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NO. 26.

A shipment of fifty-two natives of East Africa arrived at Hamburg, Germany, the other day, and will enter the service of the Woomann Line of steamships as firemen. This is announced as the first experiment in utilizing a semi-savage people in this kind of labor.

One can appreciate the perfection attained by the modern science of Wall street rumor-mongering, soliloquizes the New York Commercial Advertiser, when he learns that the leading railroad manipulator of Wall street was shadowed on his recent Southern trip by a spy in the pay of the "bear" combination, whose duty it was to telegraph his employers any unfavorable news about the health of the tourist.

The Indian Territory is not, protests the San Francisco Chronicle, as often supposed, chiefly inhabited by red men. The total population of the Territory is about 158,000, and of this number 107,000 are whites. It is only a question of time when a demand for a State Government will arise, and there will be trouble, for all the land in the Territory is held by the Indians, who are not citizens of the United States, although they hold the realty. The complication promises to be a pretty one.

One of the queerest problems with which a municipal government ever had to struggle, thinks the Chicago News, is now confronting the city officials of London. According to the authentic reports that metropolis is responsible for the death of 5000 persons run over by horses and teams during the last year. As the traffic in the London streets is constantly growing there seems to be no show of an abatement of this mortality and the "Mayor and the corporation" are scratching their heads desperately to discover some way out of the difficulty.

The lake marine is undergoing great changes, notes the Boston Transcript. Sailing vessels are fast giving place to steamers, and the new steamers are larger than their predecessors and are steel. In 1886 the net tonnage on the great lakes was 634,652; in 1890 it was \$26,360 tons, while the valuation of vessels rose from \$30,597,450 to \$58,128,500. Whereas in 1886 there were but 21 propellers on the lakes of over 1500 tons, in 1890 the census expert found 110. There were 6 steel vessels afloat on the lakes in 1806, and 902 used sail power alone, or were employed as barges.

"The census returns show one feature of American life which is not encouraging," laments the San Francisco Chronicle "They prove that with the exception of France there are more childless married women in New England than in any other part of the world. One-fifth of the native married women in Massachusetts have no children, while throughout all the Eastern States, where population is most dense, small families are the rule. This means that the increase of population by birth is not keeping pace with immigration, and that the children of foreigners are outnumbering the progeny of natives, as the percentage of childless married women of foreign birth in this country is only a little over half that of Americans.

According to a report of the Statistician of the Department of Agriculture about one-tenth of our agricultural products is exported. The sum is, however, made up from a very few articles. These are cotton, tobacco, meats, breadstuffs and cheese. Seven-tenths of the cotton product goes to foreign markets. All other articles except those above stated when put together are but three per cent. of the export. The exportation of tobacco is not increasing materially or so rapidly as home consumption. More cheese could be sold if its reputation for quality should be kept up and there were more disposition to cater to fastidious or peculiar foreign tastes. Butter exports could be made larger if they were of better quality. Our great American crop—corn—is chiefly consumed on the spot, not more than one-sixth, it is said, going beyond the boundary of the county in which it is grown, and only two to three per cent. being now exported. Nearly two-thirds of this crop is produced in seven States—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, few others producing more than is required at home, and the larger portion having a deficiency to be supplied by those seven States.

## LOVE'S PARTING.

He stood before her, and his eyes  
As summer stars shone bright and fair;  
The twilight deepened in the skies  
And leaflet stir was in the air.  
Within his own her pretty hand  
Lay, soft and sweet as summer rose;  
Her pensive brow, by zephyrs fanned,  
Flushed crimson as the evening's close.  
He stooped like some gay cavalier  
And kissed the lips of blushing red;  
He saw within her eyes the tear  
That told of merry hours now dead.  
"My love, you may not weep for me,  
Though darkness lingers where I stray—  
Be brave and true; my love for thee  
Will fling a lightness o'er thy way."  
They stood till darkness, creeping down  
Veiled all the land in somber gloom;  
His hand caressed her tresses brown,  
His lips upon her soft cheek's bloom.  
Then, as the moon danced o'er the hill,  
And starlight flickered on the stream,  
And one lone chirp awoke the still  
The holy calm of their young dream.  
He stole another parting kiss  
And sadly passed, nor dared look back;  
He knew that partings oft like this  
Left tears and sorrow in their track.  
The leaflet rustled at his feet,  
And one sweet voice came singing low—  
"O heaven, be kind; until we meet,  
Guard my true love, where'er he go."  
—T. F. Rowland.

## HOW I SAID "YES."

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

My godfathers and my godmothers in my baptism called me "Olive," and they lived to be heartily ashamed of themselves for it, for never was their child with a more mistaken name. A belligerent state was my normal condition. I do not remember my nurses, but I have grace enough to pity them. The mildest of my teachers considered me "unruly," and you can ask Geoffrey what he thought of me a year ago. Now it is different. I have found my master, and I believe I rather like it. This is how it came about:

Geoffrey had asked me three times to marry him, and three times I had said "No," in the most decided manner. But that never made the least difference to him. He only laughed and said I would know my own mind better next time.

"I suppose," I said, "you mean to ask me once a quarter?"  
"Is that enough?"  
"Too often, a great deal, sir!"  
"Well, then, we will say once in six months, Miss Olive."  
And then he walked smilingly away, and began some nonsensical talk with father about Doctor Koch and his bewildering theories.

This last asking was just at the beginning of warm weather, and father, who thought Geoffrey's opinion infallible, asked him where he would advise us to go for the summer.

I had made up my mind to go to Long Branch and I said so, very distinctly; but Geoffrey proposed some out-of-the-way place in the Virginia mountains. Then he painted it in such glowing colors that nothing would satisfy father but a personal investigation. It was all Geoffrey's doing, and I told him so at the railway station.

"It is your doing, sir," I said, "and I shall remember you for it."  
"Thanks, Olive," he replied; "there is nothing I fear but forgetfulness."  
I wanted to speak unmistakably to him, but the train moved, and I felt that it would be only waste material.

At the end of the second day we got to our destination. It was a pretty place: I must acknowledge that. Nature had done all she could for it, but art and civilization had passed it by. The men were simply "frights," and the women were—well, none too good for the men. The houses were log-cabins, through which daylight peeped and the wind blew as it listed. But there was, of course, a big white hotel—there always is. I have no doubt if we had gone to Stanley Falls or Guthrie we should have found a hotel and proprietor—the institution is ubiquitous. We procured rooms, and my trunks were, with some difficulty, got up the hill and the flight of wooden steps into the hall.

"Pshaw, father! I did not mean church Christians; I mean society Christians."  
"Ah, they are different, are they? Well, what do you think of Augusta Pennington for a Christian?"  
"Augusta Pennington! Is she here?" I asked, amazed.  
"No, she is not, but her brother lives within two miles, and he has a daughter about the same age as yourself. Mrs. Pennington wrote them we should be here to-day; they will doubtless call in the morning."

Well, I did not care if they did. The dresses in my trunks were sufficient to inspire any woman with comfortable assurance. The next morning I made a beautiful toilet, but neither Mr. nor Miss Lacelles called. Just after supper I heard a little stir and bustle on the stairs, a rippling laugh, the rustle of silken robes, and, leaning on her father's arm, Miss Lacelles entered. She was beautiful; I saw that at a glance; tall and pale and lady-like, reminding you of a fair white lily. We soon struck up a friendship—a girl's friendship I mean. Some one has said that there is no friendship between the sexes, and some one is mistaken, I think, for the world holds no safer friend for a woman than an honorable man. A woman's friendship is very likely to be the result of convenience, contiguity, or of being, as my father rather sneeringly remarked, "the only Christian within hail of each other." Mary showed me all her dresses and told me her secrets, and I returned the compliment, mindful of Burns's advice to still "keep something to myself" I would tell to any.

Life settled down into an unexciting but endurable routine. Mary and I visited each other and arranged our next winter's campaign, for I had invited her to pass the cold weather with me in New York. One day, in the middle of one of these pleasant chats, a servant came in and handed me a card. The name on it roused at once all the antagonism in my nature. It was, "Geoffrey Gardiner."

Now it so happened that the existence of this gentleman was the one thing I had kept back in my confidences with Mary. So I had now to explain who and what he was. I wanted her to come into the parlor with me; but no, she would go home first and dress; but she promised to be back to tea.

I disliked Geoffrey, yet I was glad to see him. My mental faculties were rusting for want of attrition. Father would not quarrel with me, and Mary was my only face card. I could not throw her away. Besides, I rather liked to see his great, handsome figure in the room. He was so full of life that he seemed to vitalize even the chairs and stools; they tumbled about and got out of the way in the strangest manner. I told him about Mary Lacelles, and warned him that he would lose his heart. He gravely told me he had none to lose.

Imagine six feet two inches of manhood without a heart!  
We waited tea for Mary, but she did not come till quite dark, and we had our tea. She said she had been detained by company, but I knew better than that. She was dressed with reference to candle light effect, and would not lose its influence on her first appearance. I never saw her look so lovely; her rose-colored dress, with its broad shimmering bands of white silk, wonderfully enhanced her charms. Geoffrey looked delighted, and she gave him the full benefit of both her upward and downward glances.

When tea was over, I left the room a few minutes, and when I came back, found Geoffrey and Mary sitting opposite each other, with the chess-board between them as an excuse for flirtation. The move had been so rapid that I was astonished, and a little angry, too; and father did not improve matters by whispering, as I passed his chair: "Checked, Olive!"

It was not a pleasant evening for me, and it was the beginning of many unpleasant ones.  
"How it came let doctors tell," but I began to like Geoffrey just as soon as he began to like Mary. I called up pride to the rescue, but it did not help me much, and I suffered a good deal in watching Geoffrey's attentions to Mary, and listening to her prattle about him. I thought her supremely silly, and I told her so. She was astonished at my petulance, but I don't think she suspected the truth. Only father did that, and he looked so: "Serve you right, miss," that I longed for him to be a woman for an hour or so, that I might talk back to him.

One day, after Geoffrey had been a month with us, a riding party was proposed to the top of the mountain. Father and I, Geoffrey and Mary—that would be the order, of course; and I was prepared for that; but there is a last straw in every burden, and my last straw was this incident: They were mounted and waiting for me, when Mary dropped her glove. From my window I saw Geoffrey pick it up, put it on the hand laid so confidently in his, and then kiss it. After that I was not going to ride for King nor Kaiser. I sent a positive refusal to all entreaties, and as soon as they were out of sight indulged in a good refreshing cry. I cried myself to sleep, and woke about dusk with a new-born purpose in my heart which comforted me wonderfully, the key-note of which was: "She stoops to conquer." Yet I did not dress again. I knew they were to take tea at Mr. Lacelles's; so I threw my dressing-gown around me, and taking a novel in my hand, I ordered a cup of strong tea and went into the sitting-room. As I walked in at one

door, Geoffrey walked in at the other. "I came to take you to Mr. Lacelles's, Olive," he said.  
"How do you propose doing it, sir? For unless you bind me hand and foot, and get a couple of men to tote me there, I really don't think you will succeed."  
"I could carry you myself."  
"Could you? I don't think you would enjoy the journey."  
"Will you dare me to do it?"  
"Not to-night. I should like to insure my life first."  
"Olive, you haven't been crying."  
"I have not, sir," indignantly. "And if I have, what is that to you?" reproachfully.

"A great deal. Oh, Olive, you teasing, provoking, bewitching little mortal! How often must I tell you I love you! How often must I ask you to marry me?"  
"It is not six months since the last time, Geoffrey."  
"I don't care; it seems like six years. And, oh, Olive, you know that you love me."  
"I do not."  
"You have loved me ever since you were eight years old."  
"I have not."  
"Now you must take me forever of leave me forever to-night. I have asked you three times before."  
"Four times, sir."  
"Well, four times, then. Odd numbers are lucky; here is the fifth time; you know what I want, Olive—you promise to be mine. Is it to be? Now or never!"

I suppose every one has a good angel. Mine must have been at his post just then, for a strange feeling of humility and gentleness came over me. I glanced up at the handsome face all aglow with love's divine light; at the eyes full of gracious entreaty; at the arms half-stretched out to embrace me. Yet pride struggled hard with love. I stood up silent and trembling, quite unable to acknowledge myself vanquished, until I saw him turn away grieved and sorrowful. Then I said:

"Geoffrey, come back; it is now."  
That is the way I said "yes," and I have never been sorry for it. If I live to the age of Methuselah, I shall never be a meek woman; but still I suit Geoffrey, and I take more kindly to his authority than ever I did to paternal rule. Father laughs with sly triumph at Geoffrey's victory, and he sent me as a wedding present a handsome copy of "The Taming of the Shrew."—The Ledger.

## Mighty Small But Mighty Expensive.

"What do you suppose is the most expensive part of those incandescent electric lamps which we see burning in that shop window?" asked an electrician.  
"You would naturally suppose it would be the glass bulb, or perhaps the brass fittings for screwing it into the socket, but you would be wrong. Those two little pieces of platinum wire, so fine that you can hardly perceive them, which pass through the glass stem up in the base of the lamp, to which the fine carbon filament is attached, enter more greatly into the cost than any other part of these now almost indispensable electric lamps."

"Why don't they use some other metal than platinum for this wire?"  
"Because platinum is the only metal in which the expansion and contraction are the same as in glass, and a great fortune awaits the man who can produce a cheap metal or alloy in which this valuable property of platinum can be preserved."  
"The cost of platinum at the present market price in London is \$20 per ounce, or about the same as gold, and the amount used for this purpose alone has grown to be enormous. This demand, together with the increased cost of production, has caused the price to advance about 160 per cent. in eighteen months. In each sixteen candle-power lamp there are from four to eight grains of platinum. If six grains are taken as an average, one ounce will be used in eighty lamps. Based on the increased use of incandescent lights within the last two years, it is safe to state that the demand for sixteen-candle power lamps, or their equivalent, in the year 1891 will be 10,000,000. This means a demand for 125,000 ounces of platinum, which, at the present price, will amount to considerably over \$2,000,000 for this item alone."—Washington Post.

## His Impudence Cost a Watch.

General Bligh and his wife happened to arrive at a Yorkshire inn when there was only just so much in the larder as was sufficient for them, and, of course, they bespoke it. Some sporting gentlemen presently arrived, and on hearing what had happened, asked who was the guest. "An Irish officer," said the landlord; whereupon one said: "Oh, here he's Irish, a potato will do him. Here, take my watch up to him" (a very handsome gold one) "and ask him what's o'clock." The inquiry had, doubtless, some impertinent significance in those days, which it has now lost; at all events it brought down the General with the watch in his hand and a pistol under each arm. "I am come," he said "to tell you what o'clock it is. Whose watch is this?" Everybody hastened to deny any knowledge of it whatever. "Then I have made a mistake," said the General, "in the company." "I received an impudent message, which I came down to resent, but I find I have come to the wrong room." The watch, which would have paid the dinner bill fifty times over, he kept to his death, and left it by will to his brother, the Dean of Elphin. —Argonaut.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Sawdust is used instead of hair in mortar.  
Petroleum wells have been discovered among the coal beds of Alabama.

A machine for making shoe strings out of paper is a recent Philadelphia (Penn.) invention.  
A Cincinnati (Ohio) child has been reclaimed from idiocy by the operation of craniotomy.

A torpedo net constructed of interlocking steel rings is soon to be put to a practical test.  
If the sun were a hollow air ball, it would take 1,331,000 globes the size of the earth to fill it.

Dry ropes immersed for four days in a bath containing twenty grains of sulphate of copper to a quart of water are for some time preserved from the attacks of animal parasites and rot.

The Hungarian Minister of Commerce has under consideration a plan for the fastest train in the world, to be run on an electric railway, and to carry passengers from Vienna to Budapest, 156 miles, in two hours and a half.

The principle of the compressed paper car wheels, which are so widely used throughout the world, is applied in France to the manufacture of pulleys for power transmission. The pulleys are said to be very light, cheap and serviceable in every respect.

Forty-three vessels were built last year in San Francisco, Cal., of which seventeen were schooners, fifteen propellers, six sloops, three steamers, one barkentine and one ship. The total tonnage was 11,671.47 net, which is largely in excess of the previous year.

A new rolling mill in the Krupp Works at Essen, Germany, is probably larger than any other in the world. It will roll plate about twenty-eight inches thick and nearly twelve feet wide. The rolls are of steel. Each pair in their rough state weighed 100,000 pounds.

Pyrogranite is a new brick of Russian origin, that is being tried by English builders. It is made from a combination of fusible and infusible clay, and is strong and hard, resisting a crushing force of five and one-half tons per square inch. It takes a high polish, and the clays may be mixed to give a great variety of colors.

A patent has been granted for an electrical drill for oil wells. The device consists of a series of motors in tandem, connected in such a way as to make one motor. The design has been to get the power within a six-inch diameter, so that the entire mechanism, which much resembles a common boiler, can be lowered in the well and the power can be applied at the bottom. The drill bits are firmly fastened on the rod, which is worked rapidly in and out of a cylinder, after the manner of a piston rod.

## Books One Never Heard Of.

There is no doubt that there are hundreds of books in circulation to-day of which the general literary public has never heard books which have sold into the hundreds of thousands and brought their authors and publishers mints of money. These books are sold by subscription and never penetrate into the cities. They are sold to country families, sometimes a hundred in a single small village. Not long ago I came across the list of a subscription publishing house which printed the number of copies sold of the books on their catalogue. The figures were amazing. Of twenty-eight books not one had sold less than 50,000 copies, and several had exceeded 300,000. Yet I had never heard of one of the titles to the books. I recall the manuscript of a technical book on machinery being handed in once into a large publishing house. The firm declined it, and it met the same fate at four other houses. Finally the author sent it to a large subscription house, and they snapped at it. The publishers who had rejected the manuscript laughed. But they lived to have the laugh turned on them. I saw the author's royalty statements on that book about a year ago, which showed a total sale of 70,000 copies of that book in three years!—New York Commercial Advertiser.

## A New Dynamite Gun.

Louis Gathmann, a maker of mill machinery, exhibited in Chicago, recently, a cannon of his invention, which, he says, is to be tested in the presence of United States army officers at Fort Sheridan within a fortnight under instructions from War Department officials at Washington. The weapon is nine and a half feet long, and is designed to be discharged in rapid succession thousands of times without becoming overheated, throwing shells three feet long, filled with dynamite, nitro-glycerine, or any other high explosive, a distance of five miles, the projectile exploding by the concussion when it strikes the object. The chief novel feature is the use of liquefied carbonic acid gas, delivered automatically along the entire length of the bore at the instant of discharge, not only as an absorbent of the heat generated but as a "cooler" after the charge has left the gun.

By another new device pneumatic pressure is produced with the use of powder. Mr. Gathmann claims to have already made satisfactory tests with a small model. Should the invention prove a success, he expects that the existing systems of coast defense particularly would be revolutionized.—Mail and Express.

## THE MAN OF OUR TOWN.

There was a man in our town  
Who would not advertise,  
And so, with me, you'll all agree  
He was not extra wise.  
But when he found his cash decrease,  
With all his might and main  
He set to work to figure up,  
And make an increase plain.

Says he, "My cash must not decrease,  
It paineth me full sore;  
For lo, instead of getting less,  
It should be getting more.  
Experience has taught me this:  
The man who would be wise  
Should advertise by night and day,  
And I will advertise."

And soon this man of our town  
Began to advertise;  
And so, with me, you'll all agree  
That he was very wise;  
And lo! the gold poured swiftly in,  
It overflowed the till;  
Since that time he has advertised—  
Is advertising still.  
—Montreal Witness.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Hard to beat—Your way.  
Manual labor—Compiling a textbook.  
Ringing words—"Will you marry me?"

Lithographer—"What color will you have your bill heads?" Merchant—"Dun color."—Buffalo Express.

"That man has a wonderful memory."  
"How does he show it?" "He never leaves his rubbers in a restaurant."  
"It's all very well to talk of writing for posterity," sighed the poet; "but posterity isn't editing any magazines."

The Boston maid refused his hand  
Because he knocked, and she  
Inquired, "Who is knocking?" and  
He answered, "It is me."  
—Judge.

Belle—"Now, isn't that too bad! I declare, it's enough to provoke a saint!"  
Nell (maliciously)—"How do you know?"—Somerville Journal.

"Did the grocers make anything on sugar?" asked Lamkin. "Yes," said Broker Margin, "those who had any sand did."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

"To what do you attribute your longevity?" asked the investigator of a centenarian. "To the fact that I never died," was the conclusive reply.—Bazar.

Husband (during a spat)—"You had better shut your mouth; the fool-killer is around." Wife—"I don't care; you've got your life insured."—Men's Outfitter.

I rather like to break a bill—  
I'm generous, you see,  
But oh! I take it very ill  
When'er a bill breaks me.  
—Chicago News.

There is an antidote to every poison, excepting the poison of malicious gossip. The only remedy against that is to poison the gossiper.—Somerville Journal.

Miss A.—"Who is that dignified gentleman we just passed?" Mr. B.—"One of the pros." Miss A.—"What made you cut him?" Mr. B.—"Force of habit."—Yale Record.

Garrulous Stranger on a Train—"My wife's name was Wood. What was yours?" Crusty Old Bachelor—"I guess mine's name was 'wouldn't.' I didn't get her."—Washington Star.

Bridget—"Is it the feller she's tryin' to make think she's rich that's in the parlor?" Thomas—"Naw, it's the feller she's tryin' to make think she's young."—Munsey's Weekly.

"We live in penitential zeal  
Our whole lives through," exclaimed the seal,  
"For in our covering of hair  
A sort of sacque-cloth do we wear."  
—Washington Post.

Peddler—"Do buy these eyeglasses, sir! They're as strong as iron and you can't break them. Why, I've been thrown to-day out of three houses, and not a single glass was smashed."—Fliegende Blätter.

A vegetarian chased by a bull,  
Escaped; then thus enraged, to him did say:  
"Is this your gratitude, you great big fool?  
From this on I'll eat beef three times a day!"  
—Judge.

Aunt Rachel—"Yes, I like him well enough, Jerusha; but how did you ever happen to marry a man a head shorter than you are?" Niece—"I had to choose, auntie, between a little man with a big salary and a big man with a little salary."—Chicago Tribune.

The rose and lily, side by side,  
Were in a bouquet sent.  
"Ah!" the rose exclaimed, "your fair to see!"  
And the lily said, "Of course—tee hee!  
But you cannot borrow augit from me,  
For I haven't got a scent."  
—Fick Me Up.

The following is an excellent lesson in physiology, in which some of your readers and the Jackson Township scholars might be interested. The question asked by the teacher was: "In what part of the body is the liver?" and she was a good deal surprised when the tall boy replied: "South of the lungs."—Myerstown (Penn.) Enterprise.

Proprietor of Livery Stable—"Eleven carriages at six o'clock in the morning? What in the world do you want of so many?" Mr. Billus (in a tremendous rage)—"Just got a telegram from Mrs. Billus. She's on her way home from a trip east. She says, 'Meet me at depot at six o'clock in the morning.' There are eleven depots here. Mrs. Billus shall be met with a carriage at six o'clock to-morrow morning, by jocks, if it costs a house and lot!"—Chicago Tribune.