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NO. 29.

The Chicago News is convinced that a very large proportion of the Canadian people are victims of American fever.

Minnesota's Legislature has discovered that several men thrive handsomely in Minnesota by breeding wolves and selling their scalps to the State at \$5 apiece.

Great Britain's tobacco bill, as figured up by the *Pull Mail Gazette*, is \$80,000,000 a year, or \$15 per head per annum of the adult population of England and Ireland.

The *Medical Gazette* points admiringly to Germany because "nearly all her schools have connected with them gymnasiums and libraries, while many are provided with bath-rooms, supplied with hot and cold shower baths."

It has been stated that over boys under fourteen or fifteen, a woman can more easily exercise a good influence than a man, and at Scottish educational conference held this year a move was made to employ women as teachers for boys and mixed classes.

A Polish drink prepared from honey is said to be growing greatly in favor in England. A large consignment has just been dispatched from Warsaw to London. "If the fact be true that honey as a drink is becoming popular, then," observes the *San Francisco Examiner*, "we are returning to the simple tastes of our Saxon ancestors."

A statistical person in Washington announces that the proceedings of the Fifty-first Congress cover about 16,000 pages of the Congressional Record. There are about 1500 words on a page of that publication. Hence the recorded utterances of our statesmen during the two sessions amount to about 24,000,000 words.

The offer of a bounty of 100 acres of land to the head of every family of twelve children in Quebec has resulted, announces the *St. Louis Star-Sayings*, in at least three times as many claims as expected. The idea was, of course, to encourage the immigration of men who had given an unusual number of hostages to fortune, and judging from the fact that over 1000 abnormally large families have already entered claims, the idea was a remarkably good one.

"Over one hundred tools and processes, and some marvels of ingenuity and scientific knowledge," says the *Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat*, "have been invented by safe burglars. A recent burglar's outfit, captured by the police, consisted of a little giant knob-breaker, a diamond drill and a high explosive of the nature of dynamite, but put up in the form of a powder. It would open the strongest bank safe in a half hour, and without noise enough to disturb people in the next house, while the entire outfit could be carried in the pockets of an ordinary coat."

"Experiments are being made by the United States Government," said Herbert W. Hotchkiss, of Michigan, to the *New York Telegram*, "as to which spot in this country is the healthiest. That is, they are trying to find out by certain belts and prescribed areas which part of the country has the lowest death rate. I am told that the long-life circle includes Grand Traverse Bay in Michigan, near Charlevoix, and I can say that it is a place of perpetual youth. I went there to die some years ago and am now enjoying perfect health. There is no better place to build up in than there. The hospitality of lumbermen is proverbial and any man who spends three months up there and does not come out a new man had better die at once."

There are, remarks the *New York Sun*, about 200 tea tasters in this city, a well-paid class of men, most of whom in the course of nature will die of kidney disease superinduced by their unwholesome occupation. The habits of these men are exceedingly curious. Some of them refuse to ply their trade save in the morning, on the ground that the sense of taste cannot be trusted after it has been bewildered by hours of work. Most of them avoid the use of tobacco and of highly seasoned food. Their accuracy of taste is astonishing. A tea taster will grade and price a dozen qualities of tea all from the same cargo. All this accuracy seems unnecessary, however, for grocers unhesitatingly sell the same tea to different persons at very different prices, so ignorant are most persons of quality in tea.

## LIVING AND LOVING.

It isn't life's purple and gold, dear,  
That makes it best worth living;  
Not always the very costliest gifts  
Are dearest and best worth giving;  
The heart that beats in truest time  
With the music of creation,  
Is happier far than his whose will  
Can make or mar a nation.

The little sunny gleams that prove  
Our dark cloud's hopeful lining  
Are brighter, dear, than if we had  
Walked always in the shining.  
I do not think God loves us less,  
Or frowns on us hereafter  
Because we cover up a sigh  
With single-hearted laughter.

There is no heart so poor but gives,  
If it but will, a treasure  
Richer than any kings may own,  
Greater than time can measure.  
No life can ever be poor and cold,  
Or craving some new blessing,  
That hath and holdeth fairly gold,  
Love's gracious self possessing.

Love soundeth depths that none may reach  
With any common plummet,  
It leaeth up to heights beyond  
This work-a-day life's summit.  
A little tender, human love,  
Just at the right time given,  
Goes far to make this sad old earth  
Seem like a piece of heaven.

—Mattie H. Swann, in *Detroit Free Press*.

## THE TWO ORCHARDS.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

Solomon Watts and Stephen Green were two well-to-do farmers, and they both owned good orchards. Their fruit was mostly of a choice kind, and not only found a ready market, but commanded a high price. One thing vexed Mr. Green exceedingly, and was a constant source of annoyance. No sooner did his fruit begin to ripen on his trees than nocturnal and diurnal marauders commenced petty depredations on his choicest grafts.

"It is very strange," muttered Green to his wife, "that those scamps will continue to rob my orchard. Only night before last old Towser tore the clothes nearly off from one of the villains, and from the marks of blood that I found on the fence, I should think somebody must have got pretty severely bitten; and yet last night some one was in the orchard again. I declare, it's enough to make one run mad."

"It is curious," answered the wife, "and I'm sure I can't see into it. How is it with neighbor Watts's orchard?" "That's just what puzzles me. They don't trouble his fruit at all, and he hasn't got any dog, either; and what's more, his fruit is some of it better than mine, and more exposed, too. Just let me catch one of 'em, that's all."

"It's too bad, certainly," uttered Mrs. Green for she knew not what else to say.

"Father," exclaimed one of the boys, who came running into the house, "Towser's dead. Just as stiff as a log!"

"Dead!"

"Yes,—out in the shed."

An oath escaped from Green's lips, as he leaped from his chair and hastened to the shed. There he found his dog—a real bull-dog, that he had bought on purpose to bite those who troubled him—dead, to use his own expression, "as a door-nail." This was the most severe cut he had yet experienced, and for a long time his mingled feelings of rage and chagrin rendered him literally frantic. He knew at once that the animal had been poisoned, by the froth that had collected about the mouth; and he vowed vengeance most dire on the perpetrator of the deed, if he ever found him.

It was several hours after the above event that the family were seated by the supper-table. It was already slightly dusk, yet not so dark but that the distant landscape was visible.

"By crackee, dad," exclaimed one of the boys, whose attention had been directed towards the orchard, "there's somebody down in the corner hooking apples."

Mr. Green leaped from the table, put on his hat, and then seizing astout whip, he hurried from the house. He distinctly saw two young fellows under one of his trees, and having gained the road, he carefully crept down upon the other side of the wall, until he had reached a point opposite to where the two boys,—for boys they were—were filling their pockets with the fruit that had fallen upon the ground.

"Aha! my young scamps!" shouted Green, as he leaped the barrier, "I've caught ye, have I?" And as he spoke, he seized one of the unlucky youths by the collar, and commenced beating him most unmercifully.

"I'll teach ye!" he growled, shaking the crying boy.

"O don't! I only picked up a few. O, I won't!"

"You won't, won't ye? No, I'll be bound ye won't. There, take that, and that."

Before the next word escaped his lips, Mr. Green felt himself hit in the side by a stone which had been thrown from the road by the boy who had escaped. The excited man let go his hold and sprang for the wall, but he failed to catch the nimble urchin who had assaulted him, and in the attempt he lost the one he had caught. When the farmer reached his house he was not only enraged but he was really miserable. The ill-feeling he had cherished had poisoned every fountain of feeling and his soul was the very gall of bitterness. Before he went to bed that night, he had sworn that he

would get a bear trap and set it in his orchard.

"Can I have a few of your apples, sir?" asked a traveler, of Mr. Green. The applicant was way-worn and weary, and he sat down upon a stone near the orchard wall, where the farmer was at work.

"No," returned Green. "I don't raise apples to give away."

The traveler arose from his seat and kept on his way. A little further on he came across the orchard of Mr. Watts. He stopped and looked over the wall. There were many apples lying upon the ground, and he got over to pick up a few, not noticing that the owner was near at hand.

"Good day, sir," said Mr. Watts approaching the spot. "Are you traveling, sir?"

"Yes, sir," returned the stranger.

"I suppose a little good fruit must be cheering such a day as this, especially when one is weary. Just step this way, sir. Here are some apples much better than those." And as he spoke, Watts picked up his two hands full and extended them to the traveler.

"You are too generous, sir," exclaimed the man, as he thankfully took the proffered fruit.

"O no, sir, I can never see a person want for a little fruit while I have an abundance. That is one of the greatest sources of enjoyment my abundance gives me—to minister to the wants of others."

"Then yours must be a happy heart."

"It is, sir."

The traveler soon resumed his journey, and the farmer again turned to his work.

That evening Watts and Green met. It was in a small shed belonging to the former, standing at some distance from the house, and used in time of washing sheep, there being a large brook running by it.

"Watts," said Green, "haven't them scamps troubled your orchard this season?"

"What scamps?" quietly asked Watts.

"Why, them fellows that bother me so."

"No one has troubled me."

"Well, that's curious. They're romping around my orchard most every night. Last night they just about spoiled one of the best grafts I've got. I wouldn't have taken \$20 for it. O, just let me catch 'em at it, that's all."

"What would you do?"

"I'd flog 'em within an inch of their lives!"

"Then I don't wonder that they rob you of your fruit."

"Don't wonder! What do you mean?"

"I mean simply this; that you are taking just the course to bring down the revenge of these boys upon you."

"And so I suppose you would have me buy them off—that is, pay them for not stealing."

"O, no, you don't understand me. You know that these kinds of early fruit that you and I have are great temptations to the boys—and to even quite big boys, too. Now, they see the apples lying about on the ground, and it does not appear like real theft to jump over the wall and pick a few of them up. They see them lying there exposed to the bugs and grasshoppers, and I cannot say that I blame a person for occasionally picking up a few. It is certainly no palpable loss to us, and affords great satisfaction to them. Now, if you are asked for a few apples and refuse them, or if you find someone in your orchard merely picking up a few windfalls, and roughly drive them out, you may expect they will come when you don't know it, and then a feeling of pique will lead them to take as many as they can carry. In short, your orchard is a kind of glass house, and the more roughness you use to keep people away from it, the more liable you are to have it broken. You know the nature of boys as well as I do; and you know that harsh language and blows will make many, who are by no means wickedly inclined, do some very dangerous things. Now, no one troubles me. If any one wants a few of my apples to eat, I give them some; for I have plenty to spare while they are growing and dropping from the trees. I take a great deal of real pleasure, too, in doing so, for I love to see people happy on my bounty."

"But some of them pizen my dog."

"I can't say that I wonder at that, either."

"Well, I must say you have some strange notions of right and wrong," said Green, in a bitter tone.

"I didn't say that I thought it was right. On the contrary, I think it was very wrong. But then you must remember for what purpose you purchased the dog, and in what manner you trained him. I don't wonder that he was killed, for he has bitten a number of people since you had him."

Mr. Green would have made some further remark, but at that moment his attention was arrested by the sound of voices from the path that ran along by the brook, and thinking that he heard his own name mentioned, he listened.

"Did you know that some of the boys broke one of old Green's trees last night?" asked one of the unseen talkers.

"No; did they?"

"Yes, and they walked off with more than a bushel of his best apples, besides."

"Egad, I'm glad of it—the stingy old curmudgeon. He wouldn't give anybody an apple to save their life."

"That's George Grey's voice," muttered Green.

"I'll tell you a circumstance," con-

tinued Grey to his companion, both of whom had stopped upon a little bridge that spanned the brook back of the sheep shed. "You remember my brother Frank?"

"Yes."

"And don't you remember ten years ago, when he was a boy, how he saved Green's life? Green had got into the mud-pond, and had already sunk up to his chin, and every movement he made to free himself, only sank him deeper. He had gone out upon a log to get a duck that he had shot, and slipped off. There was no way to reach him, and no one dared venture after him. He groaned and cried for help. His mouth was soon under the mud, and in a moment more his nostrils would be under too. His power to cry for help was gone, and just as we expected to see him disappear, Frank came running down—he had started from the house as soon as Green fell in—and threw off his clothes and then got a man to help him throw a long board out upon the soft mud. Then he gave the end of a long rope he had got to the men who had collected on the shore, and taking the other end he ran out upon the board, then jumped upon the log and then sprang out to where Green was sinking. He soon made the end fast under Green's arms, and then, hanging on to the log, he sang out for those on shore to haul in. Green's life was saved."

"Yes, I've heard of it often, and I remember it, too, for I was quite a boy at the time."

"Well, to-day, Frank came home. He has been gone to Canada for most nine years. He came by where Green was at work, and asked for an apple, and don't you think the old wretch turned him harshly away without even giving him one. Of course, Green didn't recognize him, and Frank didn't then choose to make himself known. The old skinflint must feel nice when he finds out who it was he turned away."

"I should think so," returned the other.

"But Mr. Watts gave him as many as he wanted," continued young Grey.

"That Watts is a noble man."

"That he is. You wouldn't find anybody troubling his orchard. Why, there isn't a boy within twenty miles of here that would do him harm, or lay a hand upon anything that belonged to him, without permission. I love that man, and everybody loves him. Come, let's be going. It's getting dark."

There was a bright tear in the eye of Mr. Watts, as he turned to look upon his companion.

"Frank Grey!" murmured Green, while his face showed the mortification he felt.

The lesson that had thus been given to the farmer was not lost upon him. It had struck him too forcibly, too keenly, to be forgotten, that kindness could only be secured by kindness and forbearance and a generous hospitality commensurate with his means.—*Yankee Blade*.

## The Spanish Man-Servant.

A Spanish man-servant is, indeed, a curious type. In grand, aristocratic houses, the footmen and flunkies are the same all over the world; but the "major-domo," or butler, is a person to be feared and respected in his black cloth and silver chain. He is very honest if you trust him, and he does his work splendidly. He burnishes the silver plate until it shines like the sun at noon time, and he brushes his master's clothes until all the nap is taken off. But it is in minor questions of style or tact that a Spanish man-servant of this class is deficient. He can never be made to stand up straight on his legs; his invariable rule is to assume a lounging gait—to lean upon a table or against a wall, while he condescends to receive your orders. He is, however, so good-natured, and grins so heartily at any remark overheard as he waits at table, that you cannot find it in your heart to get angry with him. He will at times volunteer a reply to a question put by you to a guest; and if no guests are present he has been known to join in the family conversation. He is exceedingly fond of gorgeous neckties and pea-jackets; and if you go the length to bestow a "frac" or dress-coat upon him, he looks so awkward and ungainly when he puts it on that you are fain to regret the general impulse which prompted you to such munificence. You sigh to see him once more in his old clothes. This is a sort of man-servant everybody has in Spain; the poor fellow is badly paid, for he never earns more than thirty or forty "pesetas" a month.—*Boston Transcript*.

Ammonia as a Fire Extinguisher.

Considerable alarm was occasioned at Queensferry, near Hawarden, in England, recently, by a serious explosion and fire at the works of Messrs. J. Turner & Co., chemical manufacturers and tar distillers. A still charged with anthracene oil, ten tons in quantity, exploded with terrific force, owing to the choking of the worm, and shot a volume of flame skyward that illuminated the district over a wide area, and was visible ten miles off. The burning oil scattered itself over the yard and to the pitch house adjoining, where hundreds of tons of pitch was stored. The pitch ignited, and the conflagration assumed alarming proportions. Luckily, all the day men had just left the works, but three who were burned. The Sandycroft Fire Brigade was promptly on the spot, and by using ammonia water from a 50,000-gallon tank, they subdued the fire in an hour and a half.—*Journal of Gas Lighting*.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Aluminum at \$1.25 per pound is in the market.

By the whetstone automatic system 600 words are telegraphed a minute.

A boiler alarm that keeps automatic watch at all valves is a new invention.

One of the most admirable uses to which rubber has been put is for horse-shoes.

The running of steam from mills to the sewer has been prohibited at St. Louis.

American inventors still hold the lead in the use of compressed air for firing large masses of dynamite.

An Australian photographer is reported to get excellent pictures of objects at a distance of sixteen miles.

In Scotland many small vessels are now propelled by water jets, and some of the Clyde steam ferryboats are thus driven.

Seaweed is now made into a tough paper, which takes the place of window glass. When colored the effect is similar to stained or painted glass.

The newest boiler presents a large heating surface and takes up little room. It is made of tubes. Things seem to run to tubes and tubercles these times.

Chicago has underground and successfully working 404 miles of electric light cables, 650 miles of telegraph wires and 6080 miles of telephone wires and cables.

The Royal Meteorological Society of London has received an account of a lightning stroke in Ireland which shattered the shells of some eggs without breaking the inner membrane.

Dr. Goropians, of the French Academy, once made a professional examination of a thirteen-year old girl who was ten feet four inches in height. She was probably the tallest woman of her age that ever lived.

A gigantic pendulum—a bronze wire, a hundred and fifteen metres long, with a steel globe weighing ninety kilograms at the end—has been suspended in the Eiffel Tower, for the purpose of demonstrating visibly the motion of the earth.

Dr. Broadbent tells the British Medical Association that a mark of a weak medical man is the indiscriminate use of stimulants in fevers, a ready resort to narcotics and sedatives, treatment directed to symptoms only, and a fondness for new drugs of high-sounding names.

A portable boat has been devised by Colonel Apostoloff, of the Russian army, which may be constructed instantly by making a framework with the lances of the Cossacks and covering with a tarred cloth. Two boats are capable of carrying thirty-six men, with their baggage and arms.

A leprosy commission has been dispatched from England to India, which, after an investigation of one year, is expected to report concerning the desirability or otherwise of encouraging the voluntary partial withdrawal of lepers from among the non-leprosy population; of enforcing the complete isolation of all lepers; and of enforcing the isolation of certain lepers. It will also report on the best methods of accomplishing whatever may be decided upon.

What "Modus Vivendi" Means.

Under the treaty of Utrecht, and others following it, the French claim that the right of catching and drying fish on the west shore of Newfoundland was given them, and that it includes the right to catch and can lobsters, as well as other marine animals. The colonists, on the other hand, maintain that the treaties cover only the cod fishery, that being the only one then known. The French right to land at any time and anywhere on the west coast during the fishing season is established by a British proclamation of 1763, which contains no limitation as the kinds of fish to be caught. France is opposed to British occupation of the west coast, because, even though there be room for both nations, there is no possibility of limiting such occupation. The colonists are opposed to arbitration in the matter, knowing that it must result in recognition of French territorial rights, even though the fishery rights be denied; and the recognition of the French rights as exclusive would deprive the colonists of the west shore industry. British purchase of French rights seems, therefore, the only remedy. At the opening of the fishing season of 1890, a *modus vivendi*, arranged in March, gave the colonists equal rights with the French for the present season; and provided that the canning factories built last season should remain, but that no new ones should be built without consent of the British and French naval commanders. The *modus vivendi* was maintained only by the presence of British and French cruisers. Delegates were sent both to Ottawa and to London, to impress upon the authorities the hardships due to the *modus vivendi*. Two bills aimed at restriction of French fishing operations were passed by the local Legislature; but under instructions from London, the Governor withheld his sanction, unless clauses should be introduced exempting the French shore from their operation. Protests have been made against the attitude of the home Government and threats of annexation to the United States have been uttered. The *modus vivendi* has been prolonged, and the islanders have been informed that England and France must come to terms of settlement, irrespective of colonial opinion.—*Detroit Free Press*.

## MY REWARD.

Beside my path a slender tree  
Drooped 'neath a winding-sheet of snow,  
Its fettered arms appealed to me,  
I shook it free, and bade it grow;  
Next spring it bore my fruitage rare,  
Repaying many fold my care.

Beside my path a fellow-man  
Lay prone upon the frozen heath,  
Wretched his raiment, pale and wan  
His features with the hue of death;  
I held my hand to him, and lo!  
He scowled, and cursed, and bade me go.

"Alas!" I sadly thought, as then  
I left him to pursue my way,  
"Have trees more gratitude than men?"  
I heard a voice within me say:  
"Patience, 'twas heaven gave the tree  
The fruitage that rewarded thee."  
—*W. B. Seabrook, in Youth's Companion*.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Always on time—His forelock.  
Early to bed and early to rise makes  
little boys very tired.—*Life*.

"What has been the greatest mistake  
of your life?" "Making so many."  
—*Puck*.

"Do you play by note?" "No," replied  
the violin virtuoso; "I play for  
cash."—*Puck*.

Money is the root of all evil, but the  
need of money is the evil itself.—*Bing-  
hamton Leader*.

Never judge a man's mind by the  
length of time it takes him to make it up.  
—*Boston Traveller*.

The world never sits down twice on a  
man who has any point about him.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

If you wish to be entertaining just  
forget yourself long enough to talk to  
somebody about himself.—*Dallas News*.

Friend—"Is the play a go?" Budding  
Dramatist (sadly)—"Yes, but I had hoped  
it would be a stay."—*American Grocer*.

Ah, you do not know the anguish of  
being cut by your best friend till you be-  
gin to shave yourself.—*Elmira Gazette*.

Humor, a kindly little bee,  
Makes laughter sweet as honey;  
While Wit is like a wasp, for he  
Stings when he'd fain be funny.

The average man would sooner pay  
dues at a gymnasium than saw his own  
wood for exercise.—*New Orleans Picay-  
une*.

"What was that noise I heard in the  
parlor last night, Maria?" "It was Will-  
iam breaking his engagement."—*Boston  
Gazette*.

"Medicine," said a little girl to her  
playmate, "is something that makes you  
be careful not to catch cold again."—*Washington Post*.

Passenger—"Which of the fool ques-  
tions you hear every day tires you the  
most?" Conductor—"That one."—*Indi-  
anapolis Journal*.

Upon Downes—"Say, old man, lend  
me a five until pay-day." Rowne de  
Bout—"Which—your pay-day, or the  
day you'll pay me?"—*Puck*.

The oyster leads a calm and placid life.  
While he lives he is never known to get  
"hot." It's only after he dies that he  
gets in a "stew."—*Epoch*.

Professor—"Didn't I see you coming  
out of a saloon?" "Ninety-four." "Well,  
sir, you wouldn't have me stay in one,  
would you?"—*Yale Record*.

Little Susie—"We have had a great  
awakening in our church." Little  
Ethel—"Why, in our church they never  
go to sleep."—*Chicago Times*.

"All's fair in love," that is my creed;  
Who doubts it is a churl.  
All's fair in love; ah, yes, indeed!  
Especially the girl.

"Robbie," said the visitor, kindly,  
"have you any little brothers and sisters?"  
"No," replies wee Robbie, solemnly;  
"I'm all the children we've got."  
—*Bostonian*.

"And I suppose, like a brave soldier,  
you followed your colors." "Yes,  
whenever there was a battle I noticed  
that the colors were flying, so I flew,  
too."—*Buffalo Express*.

"Why won't you take Flickeles as  
partner?" "My dear fellow, Flickeles  
was engaged to my wife before I married  
her. And would you have me take for  
partner a man who is cleverer than I?"  
—*Flickeles Blatter*.

The Little Trader: Moritz received  
from his teacher a box on the ear, but  
undeservedly, for it was his neighbor  
who had been out of order. "Now,  
teacher," he said, "you see that it was  
not my fault. Don't forget to credit  
me with that box on the ear, will you?"  
—*Flickeles Blatter*.

Dejected Tramp—"Yes'm, I've had a  
sad history. I've traveled this country  
for years and years, homeless and hope-  
less, in search of something I fear it  
would break my heart to find." Kind-  
hearted Lady—"And what is that, my  
poor man?" Dejected Tramp—"Work,  
ma'am."—*Chicago Tribune*.

## A Chimney 460 Feet High.

The chimney for the royal smelting  
works of Saxony is to be 460 feet in  
height, and to have an inside diameter  
of twenty-three feet at the base, tapering  
to 15 feet. A flue, 1093 yards in  
length, connects the works with the  
chimney, which is on a hill about 200  
feet higher than the works.—*American  
Mechanic*.

France exported shoes to the value of  
\$12,781,989 in 1890.