

# SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

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NO. 32.

Twenty-three States now have Bureaus of Labor and Statistics.

One of the largest manufacturing concerns in Brazil says that American machinery is superior to anything made in Europe.

Bradstreet's states that there are in New England half a hundred stock farms, where twenty years ago there were practically none, and in California the breeding of fast horses has become almost a craze.

In 1890 the largest number of Italians arrived in the United States in any one year, being 52,004, of whom nearly eighty per cent. must be classed as unskilled; in fact, 15,235 stated to the inspection officers that they had no special gainful occupation.

The New York News predicts that this will be an exceptional year for immigration. The figures for a recent month indicate a larger influx of foreigners by twelve or fifteen thousand than we had during the same period in 1890. The Italians predominate.

A citizen of St. Louis makes a good living by renting turtles to restaurants for advertising purposes. He gets \$2 per day for each, and they are always in demand. They are left outside the door the day before turtle soup is served, and create a run the next day for the soup, but they are not in it.

A recent writer suggests that the sciences might receive new names that would be self-explaining. He would give us birdlore in place of ornithology; fishlearning instead of ichthyology; plantlore for botany; starlore for astronomy, etc. Some of these are occasionally used already, and there is no good reason why we should not adopt all of them.

A New Orleans paper reminds the Italian press that twenty-two English and American tourists have been captured by brigands in Italy during the last fifteen years, and of this number nine were murdered because they could pay no ransom. The Italian Government moved not a hand in any one case, nor did England or America make any threats.

The British Medical Journal, in an article commenting on a case of hypnotism described in a New York paper, insists that England shall pass laws to prevent the reckless practice of hypnotism in Great Britain. The article expresses regret that reliable information is at hand that several physicians of standing are traveling in England under assumed names and practicing hypnotism upon all applicants, regardless of risk to health and life.

An English engineer of high standing in a recent paper on our new navy said that in general workmanship and in many details the new ships built in this country were equal to England's best, and that the armament of the battle-ships were more powerful than that of any ships of the same class built in Europe. In concluding his address he declared that the work of the American contractors was worthy of study by all Englishmen interested in the subject.

The German press is not allowed a special rate on its telegraphic correspondence, the Government making no discrimination. In all other countries press dispatches are transmitted at greatly reduced rates, but Dr. Stephen, Director of the German Telegraph, recently declared that he saw no reason whatever for favoring the newspapers thus. As a result of his illiberal policy, notes the Chicago Post, the press messages of Germany constitute only 1 1/2 per cent. of the total traffic, and the German newspapers are among the duller on earth.

A groom's right to wear a moustache has been tried in England, with the court's decision in his favor. When Mrs. Grimshaw's groom was engaged he was smooth-shaven, but after a cold he grew a moustache by his doctor's advice, whereupon Mrs. Grimshaw ordered him to shave or go without notice. The Judge held that the demand was unreasonable. If he had been a house servant, wearing powder and white silk stockings, suggests the Boston Transcript, he might have been required to shave; but a groom was an outdoor servant, and a moustache was a natural protection against the weather. The plaintiff got \$25 damages.

## LIGHT.

What does the blind man, blind from infancy,

Note in the vistas of his sleeping dream?

Living in darkness 'neath light's glowing stream,

What can dreams show him that would lovely be?

Loud would he sing, joy-brimming, suddenly

To know the blessing of day's faintest gleam—

Brighter than bright dream pictures then would beam

Life's radiant beauties in his vision free.

And would not we, reposing in the gloom,

Dreaming in shadow, reft by death of sight,

In awe-struck joy and wonder wake to see,

Like the day breaking into sudden bloom,

About us burst the rolling sea of light

That glides the white shores of eternity?

—R. K. Munkittrick, in the Century.

## MISS DILLOWAY.

BY CARRIE A. GRIFFIN.

Miss Dilloway locked the back door of her small house, and hung the key in plain sight near the kitchen window. How far the safety of her goods and chattels was ensured by this simple act she never stopped to consider; but nothing would have induced her to leave the door unlocked.

On her way down the narrow gravel walk she stopped to pull a weed here and there from the flower-bed, and to pick up an obnoxious piece of paper which had somehow found its way into the midst of the flowers. She straightened a young Balm of Gilead tree, and tied it more securely to the small stick which served as a prop; then, closing the gate carefully behind her, she walked briskly down the village street.

She had walked rather timidly along the platform of the little railroad station, and was about to enter the waiting-room when she was accosted by a man standing near, who was checking a solitary trunk.

"Wal, wal, Miss Dilloway! Go in on a journey?"

"Not much of a one," she answered, curtly.

"Wal, go right in, and I'll be in in a minute."

He soon appeared at the ticket-office window, curiosity written all over his face. Miss Dilloway noted it.

"I want a ticket to Preston. How much is it?" she said.

"Oh, to Preston! Eighty-five cents. Let me see; got any relations up that way?"

"No. Can you change five dollars?"

"Oh yes—twenty-five, if you say so! Wal, didn't Ezzy's folks move up Preston way, or nigh there?"

"No; they moved to Clar'mont. How soon'll the train go?"

Old Mr. McQuestion leaned forward and looked out through the office window at the clock on the wall.

"In 'bout fifteen minutes. Set down; set down over there in the rocking-chair, and snake yourself comfortable. Taint every depot that's got a rocking-chair. Ahem! Go in to be gone long!"

"No," answered Miss Dilloway, with a slight smile, rather enjoying the situation.

"No! H'm—h'm! Wal—"

But the good man's curiosity was not to be gratified that morning. A call from the baggage-room necessitated his hurrying away, and the ten o'clock accommodation soon bore little Miss Dilloway out of sight and hearing.

In two hours' time she was standing before a large brick building, over the massive door of which were the words: "Home for the Friendless." She trembled a little as she ascended the granite steps, and waited a little time before she rang the bell.

A white-capped servant showed her into a small reception-room. It seemed as if her nervousness increased with every moment's waiting, and when a tall, serious lady came slowly into the room, Miss Dilloway wished very much indeed that she were safe at home.

"You came to see our little ones?" said the lady, with a smile which drove all the stern lines from her face.

"Ye-es; I did come to get one—no to adopt; but now I'm here, I don't know that I'd ought to."

"Perhaps you can tell better after seeing."

"Yes, yes, I suppose I can. You see I made up my mind rather suddenly. Mr. Thornton, our minister—I come from Rentham—preached a most powerful sermon last Sunday from the text, 'Whoso shall receive one such little child,' and that sermon has been haunting me ever since. He had just come from a visit to Boston, where he saw an orphan asylum; and he said it made his heart ache to see so many little children who never knew what it is to have a mother's kiss on their foreheads."

Miss Dilloway wiped a tear from her eye, and went on:

"And then he said, if the Lord was going to ask us by and by what use we had made of the talents He had given us, he didn't see why He shouldn't ask us what use we'd made of our homes, especially those folks who had been given houses bigger than they needed. He asked them if the people didn't think it wasn't burying rooms, as the man buried the talent, to keep them shut up; and he urged them to open their hearts and homes—to be mothers and fathers to some little waif who didn't have any parents."

"Then he capped it all by saying that he and Mrs. Thornton had just adopted a five-year-old boy from that very asy-

lum. They've got seven already! That's like Mr. Thornton; he always practises what he preaches.

"Well, when I sat down that afternoon with my Bible and hymn-book, I couldn't get my mind off that sermon. When I heard it, it didn't seem as if 'twas meant for me, but for married folks; but somehow the thought of Abby's chamber upstairs—Abby's my sister who died last year—kind of worked its way into my mind, and I wondered if the Lord would say to me, 'Cynthia Dilloway, have you kept that room of yours hid in a napkin?'"

"Then I thought of the cellar full of provisions, and more than enough in the bank to take care of me if I lived to be a hundred; and before I knew it, I'd said aloud, 'I'll do it! I'll give one of those poor things a home, and I guess I can be a kind of a mother to it, if I am an old maid!'"

"It's surprising how much company just the thought of having a little girl around has been, for I made up my mind, of course, it should be a girl. Since then I've been kind of getting ready—and—well, here I am!"

By this time little Miss Dilloway was wiping the perspiration from her face. She had talked an unusually long time for her.

"My friend," said the matron, who had been listening with interest to her story, "I am sure you will be blessed in sharing your home with one of God's unfortunate ones. Come with me and let me show you my 'family.'"

She led the way up a broad flight of stairs. Miss Dilloway found herself in a large room, which contained so many children that the first sight of them almost took her breath away. She had expected to see a dozen or twenty, perhaps, but here were surely a hundred. How could she choose from among so many.

Over in the corner one of the older girls was trotting a baby. Miss Dilloway was very fond of babies, and she stopped instinctively to speak to this one.

It looked up into her sweet face confidingly, and then held out her small arm toward her. She took it eagerly, and pressed the little form close.

"I do love babies so!" she said half-apolgetically, to the matron, who was looking on with a smile. "I often say to the folks at home that I don't envy them their husbands, their big houses, or their rick-racks, as they call their ornaments nowadays; but I do envy them their babies. They seem to think it's queer, I don't see why old maids shouldn't love babies as well as married folks."

"Why not adopt a baby?"

Miss Dilloway had intended to adopt an older child, and the suggestion that she should take an infant took her so much by surprise that she hastily returned the baby to its young nurse, and sat down in a chair. Then a strange thing happened; the baby's lip began to quiver; tears gathered in its eyes, and its arms were held out again appealingly to Miss Dilloway.

She took it instantly, and asked the matron:

"She ain't more'n six months old, is she?"

"He was just seven months old yesterday."

"He! Is it a boy?" she almost screamed, looking at the child as if he were to blame for not being a girl.

The baby seemed to realize that an important moment in his young life had arrived. He patted Miss Dilloway's cheek with his fat palm and then snuggled close to her side.

Miss Dilloway cleared her throat.

"Well, I never liked boys very much after they're grown up, but if I should take this one, I guess I should get used to his ways before that time. Do you anything about his parents?"

"Yes. They were very nice people. The father died only eight months ago, and the mother was so affected by his death that she never rallied after the baby came. The little fellow seems to be wholly alone in the world."

Miss Dilloway's mind was made up from that moment, and early in the afternoon Mr. McQuestion, for the first time in his life, lost his voice as little Miss Dilloway got off the train with a baby in her arms.

Of course the people of Rentham were surprised. It seems a very amusing thing to some of them that Miss Dilloway should adopt a baby, but those who knew her well and loved her, commended her worthy act and rejoiced in her new happiness—for happy she certainly was.

It was certainly a beautiful sight to see Miss Dilloway with the baby in her arms. The child crowded, cooed and was unmistakably very fond of his foster parent.

Donations of slips, stockings and socks for baby's wear came in almost daily. One thoughtful neighbor sent a cradle. Children came in with toys innumerable.

Miss Dilloway held council with the mothers in the neighborhood as to the merits of anise and the demerits of soothing syrup. Advice was freely given, but often of such a contradictory nature that poor Miss Dilloway was puzzled. Nevertheless, baby grew and prospered, and made sunshine in the little old lady's heart.

One day, about three months after baby's advent in Rentham, a very unusual sound rang through Miss Dilloway's dwelling. There were one, two, three clangs of the brass knocker on the seldom used front door.

When, with baby in her arms, she opened the door, she faced a tall, well-

built man of substantial appearance in more senses than one, with streaks of gray in his hair.

The man glanced at the baby and said, without ceremony:

"I guess I've struck the right place. This is Miss Dilloway, ain't it?"

Tremulously, holding the baby very tight, and with an awful foreboding at her heart, she answered: "Ye-es. Will you walk in?"

"Well, yes, I reckon I will, seeing I've come all this distance to see the little fellow. There, now, don't get scared! I've no notion of taking him from you. I shouldn't know what to do with him if I had him."

Miss Dilloway's face continued to express astonishment.

"Well, well," said the man, "I guess I'd better introduce myself. I'm Reuben Russell, late of Minnesota, at present of nowhere in particular. I got to Preston three days ago, and went to work the first thing to hunt up my niece Clary. I didn't know she was dead until I reached the place where she used to board. I hadn't heard from her for over a year, and I was pretty well taken aback when they told me of her death and her husband's, so nigh together."

"But I was more taken aback when I heard she'd left a baby, and that it had been sent to an asylum. Clary Dayton's baby, my neevy—or grand-neevy—in an asylum!"

"I traveled pretty quick to the place, and I don't know whether I was glad or sorry when I heard it had been adopted. Anyway, what I came here for's to see the little chap—look round here, sonny—and to make some arrangement with you about his board—or whatever you call it. I don't want Clary's child to be living on charity."

"But it isn't charity, sir, it isn't charity! You see it belongs to me." Miss Dilloway said this with a half-vidicative air. "I had the papers regularly made out."

"Well, by and by, when he grows up, he'll have to be educated, and clothes bought for him. I'll start him a bank account. What's his name?"

"I—I've always called him 'Baby.' I haven't thought of any name yet," answered Miss Dilloway, not just liking this "look ahead," when this bit of humanity in her arms would need education and boy's clothes.

"Land o' liberty! Clary's baby without a name! Well, well. Ahem! What do you say to calling him after me—Reuben?"

"I don't know that there's any objection," said the little woman, somewhat meekly.

"Well, you think it over. I've got a little business down this way that needs looking after, so I shall probably be round here for a day or two, and I'll come in again."

Mr. Russell's business must have required more "looking after" than he at first supposed, for it detained him in Rentham more than a week. There seemed to be an hour or two in each day, however, when it did not require his attention, and these were spent in "looking in to see how Clary's baby was getting on."

I would not have got on at all if Miss Dilloway had not been present to interfere, when gingerbread horses and highly-cobred sugar soldiers found their way from Mr. Russell's pockets to baby's mouth. Something was brought for baby's amusement at every visit—a jumping-jack, a rattle or a woolly sheep—until Mr. Russell and his small grand-nephew became very good friends. Mr. Russell returned to Preston, and was gone just two weeks. At the end of that time he might have been seen one afternoon going toward Miss Dilloway's residence, boldly pushing a handsome baby carriage before him.

He was hardly seated in Miss Dilloway's small sitting-room before he cleared his throat and began:

"I've been thinking a good deal since I left here a fortnight ago, Miss Dilloway, and I found I'd become a good deal attached to—the baby; and—ahem!—it struck me that, as you're alone in the world, and I'm alone, and as the baby seems to kind of belong to both of us, it wouldn't be a bad idea to make one family. What do you say?"

Perhaps what one of the neighbors said a short time after may throw some light on Miss Dilloway's answer.

"She's sixty, and he's sixty-five if he's a day; and it's too ridiculous to see them together—with that baby!"—*Youth's Companion.*

**Manhattan Sold for \$25.**

According to popular tradition the Island of Manhattan was sold in 1624 for the sum of \$25. The conclusion one would naturally jump to would be that in the light of subsequent events the sum was a ridiculously small price. But let us suppose that \$25 had been placed out at seven per cent. interest in the year 1624 and had been allowed to compound up to the year 1884, how much would it then have amounted to? Something in the neighborhood of \$1,600,000,000. Is the Island of Manhattan worth much more than that to-day?—*Pharmaceutical Era.*

**Don't Sleep With Open Mouth.**

"Do you know why so many people get deaf as they grow older?" said a doctor. "It is because they sleep with their mouths open. Any man or woman who does this persistently for years will finally grow deaf. But that is not the only disadvantage of so sleeping. It is the cause of a score of affections of the throat and lungs, not to speak of snoring."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDIAL.

Metal shingles are here.

Copper is melted by elect

A railroad car registers the tilt of the road.

A saw has been designed cutting iron, mild steel or other metal fairly large sections.

All the bridges over the Canal at Rochester, N. Y., are to be operated hereafter by electricity.

There are now 1034 locomotives at work or building in England, 330 in Germany and 180 in North America.

The steam-hammer used in the armor plates of Bethlehem, Pa., has a plunge equal in weight to 15s. The anvil that receives this blows 1400 tons.

To prevent the evaporation of water in fire pails it has been suggested that fifteen to twenty drops of oil form a coating sufficient to obviate difficulty.

There has been invented a machine for putting tubes of paper for boxes. The operations are all automatic and the work is said to be fully performed.

Proprietors of the Pullman invention report that paper cars have run 400,000 miles under them, while the average running power of an iron wheel is but 55,000 miles.

During magnetic storms currents on the British lines of telegraph have been known to attain the strength of forty milliamperes. This is stronger than the usual working current.

American shoe machines have been introduced into Leicester, England, and has created considerable interest among the manufacturers. A writer in a Manchester paper says that "prices are miles ahead" in shoe making.

Fish are attracted by electric light the same as insects and bees, and it has been found that the place of an electric lamp of high power in a room, even at a part not frequented by fish causes members of the finny tribe to flock in great numbers.

Lima (Ohio) oil is being used successfully in a number of paper mills and factories. Rolling mill owners favor it because it does not oxidize the iron, and for that reason it is thought that natural gas will soon be superseded by it. The oil is shipped from the field in tank cars, and a movement is afoot to build a pipe line to that city.

Dr. Armand Jeannet, a young physician of Paris, is the latest in the field as a consumption cure discoverer. His cure is by inhalation. His apparatus consists of a small brass boiler, connected with a brass jar with a lid. When in operation, from under the lid escape vapors which spread about the room, one of the parts of which is prussic acid.

An ingenious Frenchman has discovered a process of recovering the tin contained in the wash waters of silk which have been weighted, and he has accordingly received from the French Society for the Encouragement of Natural Industry the prize allotted for the utilization of residual substances. It is estimated that Lyons alone will effect an annual economy of \$60,000.

**Pineapple Juice for Diphtheria.**

"Nature has her own remedy for diphtheria," says a Chicago man. "It is nothing more nor less than pineapple juice. I declare that I have found it to be a specific. It will cure the worst case that ever mortal flesh was afflicted with. I did not discover the remedy. The colored people of the South did that. Two years ago I was engaged in lumbering in Mississippi. One of my children was down with diphtheria, and the question of his death was simply the problem for a few hours to determine. An old colored man, to whom my wife had shown some kindness, called at the house, and saying he heard of my little one's illness, urged me to try pineapple juice. The old fellow declared that in Louisiana, where he came from, he had seen it tried a million times, and that in each case it had proved effective. So I secured a pineapple and squeezed out the juice. After a while we got some of it down the boy's throat, and in a short time he was cured. The pineapple should be thoroughly ripe. The juice is of so corrosive a nature that it will cut out the diphtheric mucus. I tell you it is a sure cure."

**About Glaciers.**

Glaciers are composed of frozen snow and not masses of clear ice as is supposed by those who have never seen them. On the surface there is fine, powder-like snow, below that it is coarser, and beneath all is a thick stratum crushed and squeezed together by the pressure of the mass above. The contour of the mountains is well adapted for keeping the accumulations of snow and when the mass is coagulated sufficiently it begins to flow out in the form of a tongue. As the surface of the ice moves faster than below where friction retards it. In some cases glaciers move a few inches in a day, but in others they move several feet in the same time. Loose rock and debris of varying size collect on the surface of the glaciers, and this is carried down the mountain side until a valley is reached, where the ice melts, leaving the debris to cover the surface of the land.—*Boston Transcript.*

## SILENCE AND SOLITUDE.

Gods of the desert! Ye are they

We shun from childhood's earliest breath;

Our passing joys are but your prey;

Ye wait the hours from birth to death.

Over soft lawns where blossoms sleep,

Under warm trees where love was born,

I see your haughty shadows creep,

And wait to meet ye there, forlorn.

Afar on ancient sands ye rest,

Carven in stone, where ancient thought

Wrapt ye in terrors—shapes unblest,

Dreadful, by might of ages wrought.

But not alone on Egypt's shores

Sleeps the great desert; everywhere

Where gladness lived and lives no more,

There is a desert of despair.

Strange messengers! Your brows of gloom

Haunt every creature born of earth;

Ye follow to the darkened room;

Ye watch the awful hour of birth.

Ye show the lovely way-side rose,

Whose antique grace is born anew,

To eyes of grief. Grief only knows

How tender is the sun's hue.

Gods of the desert! By your hand

Through the sad waters are we brought

Into a high and peaceful land

To drink of fountains else unsought.

—Annie Fields, in Harper's Magazine.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A soft snap—The baby's bite.

A trunk line—"Handle with care."

Bound to fill a drunkard's grave—The sexton.—*Puck.*

The man who deems his house his castle has the moat in his eye.

One of the greatest of home comforts is the shirt which isn't made at home.—*Puck.*

If you want to flatter a man, tell him he can't be flattered.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A stroke of misfortune—The one we have all along been using against Yale.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

The fact that riches have wings may be the reason that they enable a man to "fly high."—*Washington Post.*

The colleges are not quite gone daft over athletics. They are still in possession of their faculties.—*Puck.*

There is nothing a man enjoys more than complaining of his great responsibilities.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"Is your teacher a big man?" "Strapping," murmured Johnny, as he unconsciously felt of the sore spot.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Judge—"What do you do during the week?" "Tramp—" "Nothing." "And on Sunday?" "Then I take a day off."—*Texas Sittings.*

Teacher—"How would you describe Henry VIII. of England?" Student—"I would describe him as a professional widower."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Before you start out to attain a seat on the highest pinnacle of fame bear in mind that it runs up to a pretty sharp point.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The men who do not agree on any possible points of doubt are the ones that seem to find the most pleasure in each other's society.—*Washington Post.*

Along the shore the city girl will soon be making treacles, and to the hotel her papa will ante up the shekels.—*Cloak Review.*

"Some people," said a clever observer, speaking of an oversensitive friend the other day, "leave their feelings lying around for other people to step on."—*Boston Traveller.*

They were talking about trees. "My favorite," she said, "is the oak. It is so noble, so magnificent in its strength. But what is your favorite?" "Yew," he replied.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

There is a man in Atchison who is always good and kind and thoughtful of others, but he never gets any credit for it. He is so homely that people seem to expect goodness of him.—*Atchison (Kan.) Globe.*

How hard it is to believe a man after we have been lying to him ourselves. It has sometimes happened that an habitually untruthful man has kept up his reputation after death by lying in state.—*Texas Sittings.*

Metamorphosis: An eminent surgeon says that with four cuts and a few stitches he can alter a man's face