

SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

Terms--\$1.25 in Advance; \$1.50 after Three Months

VOL. IX.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1891.

NO. 33.

A writer describes Kodiak Island, Alaska, as larger than either of the New England States, with a genial climate capable of producing many varieties of fruit.

Thirteen members of the new United States Senate are natives of New York, Ohio comes next with eight of her sons in the Senate, while Pennsylvania and Kentucky have six each.

India silks are as cheap in Boston as in Calcutta, and they do say, whispers the Boston Transcript, that most of the charming "Indian" fabrics now for sale on the bargain counters are made in Manchester.

There is quite a little society war in England over the wearing of cockades by servants. When the custom began, the cockade on a servant's hat signified that his master was either in the army or navy. Now it signifies nothing, and military men are inclined to assert their prerogative to the exclusive right to adorn their servants' hats with cockades. As a solution of all differences, it has been proposed that Parliament should pass an act imposing a tax on cockades. Everybody who wants to put a cockade on a flunky's hat can then do so by paying for the precious privilege.

The old furniture mania has reached a second and, in the estimation of the New Orleans Times-Democrat, more rational stage. At first the rage was for old furniture, simply without reference to its quality. Now people are more discriminating, having learned that in the good old days there were bad or dishonest workmen, just as there are to-day. At the present time the old houses in Holland and Belgium are looked upon with the greatest interest by collectors of antique furniture, as they contain a great deal of the finest furniture, which has been handed down for several generations.

According to a census bulletin, the ratio of land and water surface is 93.16 and 1.84 per cent. respectively. This bulletin also gives the area of the States and Territories by counties, and the classification of the latter by sizes. The average number of persons to each square mile of the land surface of the Union is 21.08. As illustrative of the sustaining capacity of the United States, the bulletin says that if Texas, the largest State in the Union, was as thickly populated as the State of Rhode Island, it would have 83,528,628 inhabitants, while if the United States had a density of population equal to that of Rhode Island, the population of the Union, instead of being 62,622,250, would reach the enormous sum of 945,766,300, or nearly two-thirds of the present population of the world.

The condition of rural France has some resemblance to that of rural New England. The Economiste Francaise gives a digest of a number of recent documents relating to the condition of the agricultural laborer there. Wages of farm hands have quadrupled during the present century, and the greatest increase has been in the lowest form of labor. The man of all work, who was paid only \$20 per year, in addition to his board in 1884, now gets \$80, while the shepherd, "the aristocrat of the farm," who received then \$62 and board, now gets only \$120. His wages have not doubled, while those of the humbler workman have more than quadrupled. The increase of wages of farm hands is ascribed in part to the demand for labor in factories and on railroads, and in part to the military service, which takes young men from the farms at the period when their habits are forming, and gives them a taste of town life from which they are never wholly weaned. When their term of service expires, they begin to look for situations in the towns and to worry the public men to find places for them. These drafts upon the rural population, tending to lessen the number of farm laborers, raise the wages of those who remain. The result is smaller profits to the farmer and a sort of agricultural crisis. Still another fact in the matter of rural depopulation is noticed, namely, a diminution in the number of children. Several cantons are named in which there has been a marked decrease of population since 1868. In two of these the ascertained reason for a diminution of the number of births was "the desire of the parents to improve their own condition," and it is added that this effect has followed. Here we find real Malthusianism in practice.

IDEALS.
Like butterflies that fret
Entangled in a net,
Then at the last thro' some chance rift escape
Of half their raidance shorn,
With ruffled plumes and torn,
Bright mockeries of their former hues and shapes;
So in the poet's mind
The rich ideas confined
Struggle to break in music from his tongue;
He speaks—he speaks—but ah,
How changed, how different far
The thought once uttered from the thought
unsung!
So, too, the painter sees
Bewildering images,
And brush is seized, and canvass quick unfurled,
The bright creation glows,
But lo! his easel shows
Mere shadowy glimpses of that vision-world.
Know then what'er we call
From Art's fields beautiful,
Whatever fruits philosophies may yield,
Their prototypes more fair
Are blossoming elsewhere,
Sweet songs unsung and visions unrevealed;
Until the veil is rent,
Our flesh-imprisonment,
And we are borne beyond this dust's control.
Then shall our orbless eyes
Behold realities,
And soul commune immediately with soul.
—Temple Bar.

MARY CLARIMONT, M. D.

When Mary Clarimont's engagement was proclaimed to the world there ensued a general expression of surprise.

People are generally surprised at matrimonial engagements. There is always some cogent reason why things should have been adjusted otherwise—why John should have married Joan, and Peter should prefer Betsey. Nobody was ever yet married to suit everybody.

But in Mary Clarimont's case it did really seem as if the course of true love had interfered seriously with the current of common sense and prudence.

Miss Clarimont was only one-and-twenty, a tall, imperial beauty, with dewy black eyes, a skin as fresh as damask roses, and dark-brown hair, coiled in shining bands at the back of her head. Moreover, Miss Clarimont had a "career" before her. She had just graduated from Medfield Medical University, and taken out her diploma as an M. D.

"And only to think of it," said Aunt Jo, bursting into tears of vexation and disappointment, "that she must needs go and ruin all her prospects by getting engaged to Harry Marlow, down in New York!"

"It does seem strange," said Aunt Jo, when I sit down and think of it," said Doctor Mary, laughing and blushing. "Six months ago my profession was all the world to me. I neither wished nor cared for anything outside its limits. The future was all mapped out before me without let or hindrance; and now—"

"Humph!" growled Aunt Jo. "Any brains idiot can get married and keep a man's house and mend his shirts for him, but you were made for something higher and more dignified, Mary."

Mary's dew-bright eyes sparkled. "Higher, Aunt Jo?" said she. "More dignified? There you are mistaken. There is no higher or more dignified lot in life than that of the true wife of a noble husband."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Aunt Jo. "As if every poor fool who was dazzled by the glitter of a wedding ring didn't say the same thing! You've disappointed me, Mary Clarimont, and I'm ashamed of you, and that is the long and the short of it."

"Dear Aunt Jo," said she, "I shall not let my sword and shield rust, believe me. Harry has only his own talents to advance him in the world, and it will be at least a year before we shall be ready to marry. In the meantime I shall accept the post of visiting physician to the Aldenbury Almshouse and practise my profession, just the same as if there were no engagement."

"I wish to goodness there wasn't," said Aunt Jo. "I tell you what, Mary, I don't fancy that smiling, smooth-tongued young man of yours, and I never shall."

Still Dr. Mary Clarimont kept her temper. "I am sorry, Aunt Jo," she said, pleasantly. "But I hope that you will eventually change your mind."

"I used to keep a thread-and-needle store when I was a young woman," remarked Aunt Jo, dryly. "and I always could tell the ring of a counterfeit half-dollar when a customer laid it on the counter. I could then, and I can now—and I tell you what, Mary, there's base metal about Harry Marlow."

Dr. Mary bit her lip. "Perhaps. We will not discuss the subject further, Aunt Jo," she said, with quiet dignity, and the old lady said no more.

"Aunt Jo is wrong," persisted the pretty young M. D. to herself. "Mary is making a fool of herself!" thought Aunt Jo.

Aldenbury was a pretty manufacturing village, with a main street shaded by umbragous maples, a "west end," where people who had made their fortunes lived comfortably in roomy old houses, surrounded by velvet lawns and terraced gardens, and an "east end," where people fought desperately and not always

successfully to keep body and soul together on the merest pittance.

And a little way out of the village the almshouses, built and endowed by a certain smuggling sea captain, whose conscience had pricked him during his latter days, raised their gray stone gables to the sky, and made a picturesque background to the landscape.

Dr. Mary Clarimont made something of a sensation at Aldenbury. Up to this time all the resident M. D.'s had been stuffy old gentlemen with wigs, or pert young ones with eyeglasses.

A beautiful young lady who wrote prescriptions and compounded pills and potions was a novelty in the town, and by no means a disagreeable one. People rather liked the idea, once they had convinced themselves that the lady doctor understood herself and her patients.

And the poor old people at the almshouse grew to love Dr. Mary and listen with eager ears for the sound of her carriage wheels over the blue gravel drive which led up to the portico.

It was a brilliant December day when the young physician stood in the neatly carpeted reception-room drawing on her fur gloves previous to entering her neat phaeton once again, while she reiterated to the white-capped maid some directions concerning old Ann Mudgett's rheumatism, when the matron hurried in.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Dr. Clarimont," said she, "but I clean forgot the new old woman."

"The new old woman," repeated Dr. Mary, with a smile.

"That is," exclaimed Mrs. Cunningham, "she only came last night—a quiet old soul, half blind, and quite bad with the asthma. Perhaps you'd better just see her before you go. She brought a card of admission from Dr. Merton, the New York clergyman, who is one of our directors, you know. And she seems a decent body enough."

So Dr. Mary went cheerfully into the little brick-paved room, with its white pallet-bed, cushioned rocking-chair, and neatly-draped case, where sat a poor, little, shriveled-up woman, wrapped in a faded shawl.

She looked timidly up, as Dr. Mary came in, from under the borders of her cap.

"I'm a poor body, miss," said she, "and I'm sensible I'm making a deal of trouble in the world. But the Lord don't always take us, miss, when we'd like to go."

"This is the doctor," said Mrs. Cunningham.

The little woman would have risen up to make a feeble curtsy, but Dr. Mary motioned her to keep her seat.

"What is your name?" said she pleasantly.

"Louise Marlow, miss."

"Marlow! That is an unusual name, isn't it?" said Mary Clarimont, coloring in spite of herself.

"We're English, miss," said the old woman, struggling bravely with her asthma. "There ain't many of us in this country. I've a son, miss, in the law business, as any mother might be proud of."

"A son!" echoed Mrs. Cunningham; "and you in the almshouse?"

"Not that it's his fault, ma'am," the old creature made haste to explain. "My son is to be married to a fine, proud lady, as is fit for any prince in all the land, and, of course, he can't be expected to burden himself with a helpless old woman like me. He says I'm to write and let him know how I get along, and if I'm sick or anything he'll try to see. I sewed carpets until the asthma got hold of me, and supported myself comfortably. But, of course, I couldn't lay up anything for a rainy day—who could? And Henry couldn't help me, for he's getting ready to be married, poor lad! So I went to Dr. Merton and asked him did he know any decent place where an old woman like me could end her days in peace. And he gave me a card to come here and some money to pay my traveling expenses—God bless him!—and here I am."

Mary Clarimont listened quietly to the garrulous tale, but the color varied in her cheek more than once as she stood there.

"Is your son's name Harry Marlow?" she said, slowly and thoughtfully.

"Yes, miss, at your service," said the old woman, with a duck of her white-capped head, which was meant to do duty in place of the impossible curtsy.

"Is he like this?" said Dr. Mary, taking a photograph from her pocket.

The old woman, with trembling hands, fitted on her iron-bowed spectacles, and looked at the picture, uttering a little cry of recognition.

"Sure, miss, it is his own self," she cried. "You are acquainted with him, then?"

"Somewhat," said Dr. Mary, composedly, as she returned the photograph to its place. "And now I will leave you something to relieve this difficulty in breathing."

But the old cove eyed her wistfully. "Perhaps you know the young lady my son is to marry?"

"Yes," said Dr. Mary, writing something in her prescription book. "I have seen her."

"Perhaps, miss," faltered the old woman, "you would give her my humble duty, and tell her I would just like to look at her for once and see what she is like. There's no fear of my troubling her, miss, for I mean to end my days here. But I would like to see her just once. And if it wouldn't be asking too much, miss, would you please write to my son, and tell him where I am, for

I'm no scholar myself, and I'm his mother, after all."

"I will write to him," said Dr. Mary, quietly; and so she went away.

"I never see a lady doctor afore," said old Mrs. Marlow, with a long sigh. "But she's a pretty creature, and it seems good to have her around. I hope she'll come again soon."

"You may be very sure of that," said the matron, brusquely. "Dr. Clarimont ain't one to neglect poor people because they are poor."

That evening Aunt Jo, frying crullers over the kitchen fire, was surprised by a visit from her niece, who came in all wrapped in furs, with her cheeks crimsoned with the frosty winter air.

"Bless me! this ain't never you!" said Aunt Jo, peering over her spectacles.

"I drove over to see you, Aunt Jo," said Mary, "to tell you that you were right. The metal was counterfeit."

"Eh?" said Aunt Jo, mechanically lading out the brown, curly crullers, although she did not look at what she was doing.

"I have written to Harry Marlow, cancelling our engagement," said Dr. Mary, calmly, albeit her voice faltered a little.

"The man who will heartlessly let his old mother go to the almshouse, sooner than to take the trouble to maintain her, can be no fit husband for any woman!"

And then she sat down by the fire and told Aunt Jo everything; for crabbid, crusty old Aunt Jo had been like a mother to her, and the girl's heart was full to overflowing.

When she had ceased speaking, Aunt Jo nodded her head.

"You have done well and wisely," said she.

Old Mrs. Marlow died that winter in Aldenbury Almshouse, with her head on Dr. Mary Clarimont's arm, and never knew that her garrulous confessions had deprived her son of his promised wife.

And Mary sat quietly and resolutely that her profession must be husband and home to her henceforward.

"Just what it ought to be," says Aunt Jo. "No women ever yet succeeded in doing two things at once."—*Indianapolis News.*

Fresh-Water Commerce.

Probably there are few people whose attention has not been specially directed to the subject, who are aware of the magnitude of the commerce upon the Great Lakes.

It has been asserted that more tons of freight pass through the Detroit River in a year than the total imports and exports of the United States for the same period.

The commerce of the Great Lakes is carried upon more than two thousand vessels, of which more than half are propelled by steam.

About six hundred schooners, some of them great four-masted craft, ply on the lakes during the five or six months when the straits and ports are not closed by ice. Many more are small schooners; and of these a large number, on the upper lakes, are owned and manned by hardy Norwegian sailors who have emigrated to this country.

Steam is gradually displacing the wind as the motive power of the lake traffic, and steel is displacing wood as a material. The steam vessels, too, are constantly increasing in size. In 1886, there were but six steel vessels on the Great Lakes; in 1890 there were sixty-eight.

At the same time that these changes in the size and material of vessels are taking place, a change is going on in their ownership. There is a smaller proportion of vessels owned by individuals or small partnerships. The traffic of the lakes is rapidly coming under control of corporations possessing large capital.

The two great items of freight in the vast traffic of the Great Lakes are ore and grain. Many millions of tons of ore are yearly brought through the Sault Ste. Marie canal down the lakes. Seventy million bushels of wheat and four million bushels of flour go annually by water to Buffalo. The corn tonnage is still larger.

Yet the Great Lakes are closed to navigation during at least six months a year, and winters have been known when Lakes Superior and Michigan were frozen from shore to shore.—*Youth's Companion.*

Righthandedness.

There is evidently something in the structure of the human body that makes a person naturally right-handed. If this were not so the fashion of using mainly the right hand or the left would change from generation to generation, instead of remaining the same as it seems to have done from the earliest times of which we have any account. The two sides of the body are rarely the same. The left foot is generally smaller than the right, the two sides of a man's head do not curve in the same way, and the brain structure is not exactly the same on both sides.—*St. Louis Republic.*

The Strongest Race.

"The Irish is the strongest race in the world," said one of them. "We have the breadth, the chest. A few years ago two regiments of the British army were lined up, the one in front of the other. There were 1000 Englishmen of the Royal Guard in one line, and 1000 Irishmen of the Connaught Rangers in the other. The lines began at the same place, but the line of Irishmen stretched thirty-six feet further than the other. It was caused by the difference in width of chest, for the men in both regiments touched elbows."—*St. Louis Republic.*

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Heating by electricity is promised. Compressed air signals are successful.

A petroleum bicycle makes forty-nine miles an hour.

It is said that at last a satisfactory arc lamp for use on an incandescent circuit has been designed.

The electrical underground railway in London has proved that a speed of twenty-four miles an hour is practicable.

The electric arc is composed of a stream of vapor arising from the actual boiling or vaporization of the solid ends of the separated conductors.

To secure uniformity in the painting and varnishing of their passenger and freight cars some railroads employ expert chemists to analyze the paints and oils used.

A double hulled ship has been devised by Captain Meacon, of Chelsea, Mass., which is said to be absolutely unsinkable. His plan has received indorsement in the highest quarters.

A new electric appliance is so constructed that in railway train signalling it is impossible to give a clear signal before the delivery of orders intended for the approaching train.

The only onyx polishing works in this country, located in Rutland, Vt., will be removed to Missouri and engage in preparing for market the vast quantities of onyx mined in Crawford and Pulaski counties.

One of the two chimpanzees at the Paris Jardin d'Acclimatation inoculated with Koch's lymph died forty-eight hours after the operation. The lungs of the creature were sent to the Alfort School of Medicine to be carefully examined.

At Mont-Dol, in Brittany, already well-known geologists and paleontologists, the remains of about a hundred elephants have been discovered, gathered on a small surface of about 1900 square metres. All the bones are broken, and it is thought that the animals must have been eaten by prehistoric men.

In response to inquiries as to how hard rubber can be polished, the following instructions are given: Use a felt charged with the finest grade of pumice stone mixed with enough lard oil to make a thick paste. Run the lap at a high speed, and of course, apply the rubber to the side and not to the rim of the lap.

A device has been recently patented in England for the purpose of removing grease from gloves or fabrics. It is called a benzine pencil, and consists of a cylindrical body about the size of an ordinary lead pencil, containing benzine. At each end there is a thick piece of felt. One piece is intended to be moistened by the benzine, while the other end of the pencil is kept perfectly dry to take up the superfluous moisture.

A number of experiments on the comparative palatability of insects, etc., are recorded in *Nature*, by E. B. Titchener and F. Finn. The insects experimented upon—consisting of beetles, moths, bees, etc.—were offered to domestic mice, common toads, and a common mynah. The results evinced considerable variability and some caprice in the tastes of the animals fed, but do not indicate that their appetites were voracious for the delicacies given them. The stronger beetles were taken with some hesitation. The mice declined to take bumble-bees; the mynah ate wasps greedily; the toads readily took wasps and bees, and were often stung, without seeming to pay much attention to the accident. The cockroach was eaten by the toads. The mynah for a long time refused, and only took it, as well as the earth-worm, finally, in the dearth of our insects. A few centipedes were given to the mice and the mynah, but were never eaten, though the mice, in one case, eagerly seized and killed a large specimen.

Tin in Silk.

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

The gentleman deserves his reward, for the history of the reclamation of waste products, although it has been full of surprises and may be considered an amazing testimony to the genius and patience of man, contains nothing more remarkable than this profit derived from the refuse of this excessive adulterant.

The question has been more than once asked why silk rags had no value, but they may yet be sought after by dust contractors and marine store dealers, not for the sake of the silk, but of the tin, and if we had an industrial mint we might contemplate the contingency of an old silk gown split and torn because it was as much metal as textile, being converted into a dripping pan or some other kitchen utensil.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Pardoning the Dead.

The Emperor of China has a curious way of expressing his gratitude for the faithful services of a deceased minister. In the issue of the *Pekin Official Journal* which followed the death of the Marquis Tseng an imperial decree was published announcing that his majesty freely pardoned the dead statesman all the faults and crimes which he committed during his life.—*Chicago News.*

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Back from the road, up the old path,
Unmindful of harvest and aftermath,
With empty casements, drear and gray,
The house stands, facing down the bay—
And either side the slanting gate
The faithful sentinel lilies wait.

Deep tanging vines with close embrace
The porch's fluted columns trace.
And busy swallows dart and call
From out the rain-stained, sagging wall—
And longing, watching, desolate,
The faithful sentinel lilies wait.

At dusk in the old house I see
A dancing light's weird mystery.
Is it a firefly's fitful gleam,
Or some ghost candle's flickering beam?
Is it for this, when the hour grows late,
The faithful sentinel lilies wait.

—Boston Transcript.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A spring dish—Frogs' legs.
Hand-over-hand—The highwayman.
Dead men tell no tales, but they leave
no end of them in print.—*Puck.*

Of all sad words of tongue or lip,
The saddest is: "I've got the grip."
—*Danville Breeze.*

You need help to raise a laugh, but
you can sigh alone.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The greatest philosophy is in not wanting
things you can't get.—*Atchison Globe.*

The father gathers his dollars in cents;
his son scatters the cents in dollars.—*Troy Press.*

"Soft and low," sang the peddler,
who was closing out some over-ripe fruit
at reduced rates.—*Statesman.*

"Fetching little thing, isn't it?" as
the owner of a retriever pup remarked
to a friend.—*St. Joseph News.*

Women are not cruel to dumb animals.
No woman will willfully step on
a mouse.—*Richmond Recorder.*

It takes nine tailors to make the modern
man. One to make the clothes and
eight to collect the bill.—*New York Recorder.*

Miss Tence—"I like to meet a man
with a history." Mr. Tence—"So do I
—provided he doesn't have it for sale."
—*Puck.*

Mrs. Brown—"My baby is the prettiest
in the town." Mrs. Black—"Why,
what a coincidence! So is mine."
—*Harper's Bazar.*

Styles of female beauty are said to
have changed within the past few years.
Short women are not in good favor—any
longer.—*Lovell Courier.*

"Move forward a little!" roared the
street car conductor. "I can't," gasped
the man in front, "I don't know how to
ride horseback."—*Harper's Bazar.*

My name's "Responsibility."
I'm awful hard to fix;
But when well fixed, to fix the fix
is one of my sly tricks.
—*Puck.*

It is not safe to judge a man's courage
by the tone of voice he employs when he
speaks to the office-boy. Wait until
you hear him address his wife.—*New York Recorder.*

"Jack doesn't call on Miss Goldie
now." "No; I heard he was put out
with her father." "I rather guess it is
because he was put out by her father."
—*New York Press.*

"What! you say that Mr. Smith, the
merchant, has gone blind! Here's a
pretty how d'ye do. I've got a bill on
the man which is made out 'payable at
sight!'"
—*New York World.*

Mrs. Malaprop sometimes hits the nail
on the head. It rained in torrents as she
left the church Sunday morning without
an umbrella. "How irritating this is!"
she ejaculated.—*New York Herald.*

Judge (to youthful witness)—"My
son, do you know what would become
of you if you should swear to what is not
true?" Youthful Witness—"Yes'r. The
lawyers'd git me."
—*Chicago Tribune.*

It is hard on a man to have his beard
shaved off for fun, just to see if his
friends will recognize him, and then to
be bitten by his own dog at the front
gate when he comes home to tea.—*Somerville Journal.*

Wickwire—"And what is your opinion
on the issue of an elastic currency,
Mudge?" Mudge—"If it will enable a
man to stretch his week's salary from
one pay day to the next, I'm in for it."
—*Indianapolis Journal.*

He stole her glove,
For deep in love
He was, and badly smitten;
But, later viewed,
The crime he rued,
When he received—the mitten.
—*Judge.*

Tommy—"Can we play at keeping a
store in here, mamma?" Mamma (who
has a headache)—"Certainly, but you
must be very, very quiet." Tommy—
"Well, we'll pretend we don't advertise."
—*Art in Advertising.*

Judge—"You are an incorrigible
young scoundrel! You stole from your
parents and then left a good home.
Why did you do that?" Penitent—
"Your honor, it was impossible for me
to take it with me."
—*New York Herald.*

"That's a little hint I give my land-
lady once in a while," said Mr. A. Star-
boarder; and as he spoke he deposited
on the floor the advertising sheet of the
Whirled, from which half-a-dozen of
the "Boarders Wanted" advertisements
had been cut out.—*Puck.*

Wire-wound guns are the latest ac-
quisition of the United States Navy.