

SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

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

VOL. IX.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1891.

NO. 34.

In 1882 there were 135 medical colleges in the United States; in 1891, 148.

The Australian commonwealth has a bright future. It has started on the right lines and, predicts the San Francisco Chronicle, will march forward steadily to freedom and greatness.

One of the streets of Palermo is named after President Lincoln. This was done by order of the Marquis Di Rudini, the new Premier of Italy, who was Mayor of Palermo at the time of Lincoln's assassination.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer announces from the platform that there are to-day 40,000 girls in the colleges of America. This gives color, admits the Boston Transcript, to Dr. Seelye's declaration that before the end of the present century the American women will be better educated than the men.

The inventor of the Gatling gun dreams of putting an end to wars by making battles fatal to all who take part in them. Possibly there may be some more effective way of stopping a fight than killing off the combatants, suggests the San Francisco Chronicle, but it has not occurred to any one to publish it if he thought of it.

"Embracery" is a new term in English jurisprudence. The apprehensions of him who is arrested upon a charge of it would probably take the direction of the divorce court. In the matter, however, he would be in error; the charge is really one of corrupting a jury. It is a very rare offense, yet, from what appears from a recent case, where a gentleman got fined \$500 for it, very easy to commit. You have only to get a juror into a public house, treat him to a glass of ale and remark that the prisoner whose conduct is under his consideration "is a good fellow, though he may have over-stepped the mark a little." The influence of a jury by flattery or other arts is in a learned counsel only cajolery; but in a layman it is "embracery"—a much more advanced stage of ingratiating.

The statute upon the subject of cruelty to animals, is pretty rigid in Pennsylvania. It makes it a misdemeanor for any person to "wantonly or cruelly ill treat, overload, beat or otherwise abuse any animal." Recently there occurred a pigeon-shooting match by the members of a gun club, and one of the members wounded, without at the same time killing, a pigeon. When this was discovered the bird was at once killed. Some humane person thought that the law had been violated, and that its penalty should be invoked, so its machinery was set in motion and a trial was held, and the accused was found guilty of cruelty. The cruelty consisted "in wounding instead of instantly killing" the pigeon. The case was taken to the Supreme Court of the State, which, observes the Mail and Express, happily took the broader view that birds are "placed here by the Almighty for the use of man," and that it was an unavoidable incident, to which this statute did not apply.

Says the Washington Star: "The phenomenal growth of the American city population is a subject for both wonder and alarm. Its percentage cannot grow without a corresponding decrease in the percentage of rural population. And this fact is fraught with economical and social dangers. Consider what these must be in a very few decades when we know that the urban increase has been during the last ten decades from three per cent. of the whole population to slightly less than thirty per cent. in 1880. And this is so far as city population proper is concerned, or the population of towns having a population of eight thousand or more. The rural population in its strictest limitation—that is on the farms and in the country stores and workshops or in hamlets of less than two hundred souls—would show that the disproportion between the town and country a century ago and now is very much greater than appears from the census enumeration. Is the American rustic disappearing? Are brawn and muscle only to be acquired in the pursuit of the manly art or in the enthusiasm of the national game? Are farmers' movements of the future to be rendered impossible by the disappearance of the farmer? The congestion of population in our great cities, and the prevailing misgovernment of these cities combine to raise one of the most serious problems that now confront American statesmen."

LOVE'S SILENCE.

Of all the words that bear their part,
In all the deeds of day to day,
One word is chiefly in my heart,
One little word I must not say.

The hills of truth are straight and steep
They have a smart in every stone;
And climbing them I needs must weep
To think that love must die unknown.

Night follows day—day chases night,
And brings a lesson strange to teach,
That love is lifeless in the light,
And silence is the fullest speech.

—Walter H. Pollock, in Longman's.

MR. SPINDLE'S TRIP WEST.

BY FRANK J. MARTIN.

The gaunt figure of Major Scentpenny was familiar to the citizens of Middlefield. For reasons best known to himself he had a great antipathy to labor—either mental or physical. His external habiliments bothered him little so long as, internally, there were no unsatisfied demands. His thoughts were allowed to wander with the vagrant winds—for Major Scentpenny was a dreamer. From a lack of practical engagement his mind—such as it was—contented itself with all conceived visions of future wealth. He was in the habit of making periodical visits to several houses, so that when he was seen approaching Mrs. Proudman's home, early in the evening of a balmy May day, no attention was paid to the fact. The Major, so it was currently rumored, was entered in the lists as a wooer of the buxom widow.

His usual tranquility was disturbed by the prospect of a realization of his fondest hopes. Nor was he alone with the fantasy of wealth, for, at that particular time, a score of worthy citizens of Middlefield were greatly agitated. The commotion was caused by a blue-eyed man of great suavity, who introduced himself as the Second Vice-President of the "Gold Trust Mining Company of Colorado," and who intimated that his shattered health required that he recuperate in Middlefield, and in no other locality.

The Second Vice-President, Mr. Sharpfile, to use his own phrase, had "an easy picking of it," when he exhibited, at the urgent request of ten prominent citizens, the samples of ore he carried, as he said, for his own amusement. Some were bold enough to express a desire to become stockholders in the company, and had the funds at hand to back their ambitions. Others made efforts to realize money on their possessions so as to be let in.

Mr. Sharpfile offered no encouragement at first, but finally, after a great pressure had been brought to bear upon him, communicated with the general office of his company and inquired if there was any stock for sale. The answer came that there were a few shares left at \$1.10.

Mr. Sharpfile secretly informed each prospective stakeholder that he was the lucky one and could have a few shares on condition that he would promise never to divulge the fact. In the midst of his secret sales of stock he never forgot the fact that Mrs. Proudman had ten thousand in the bank, and was not at all anxious to invest it.

Major Scentpenny became greatly attached to the mining magnate and informed him that Mrs. Proudman was beginning to seriously consider the advisability of asking the Gold Trust Mining Company to allow her to become a stockholder. Mr. Sharpfile readily comprehended the situation, and, as a direct result of his schemes, the Major was now on his way to the widow's home to prevail upon her as a friend, to invest her money in the company.

Mrs. Proudman and her daughter, Eliza, had finished their household duties for the day and were knitting when the Major applied the polished brass knocker to the front door. He found a comfortable chair, an amiable widow and her sprightly daughter awaiting him. No sooner were the formalities at an end and he was ready to speak upon the subject nearest his heart when the knocker announced the arrival of another caller, who proved to be Adam Spindle, a pedagogue and rival of the Major for the hand of Mrs. Proudman.

Men in love, like generals in war, adopt seemingly curious plans of action. The Major and Mr. Spindle had their ideas as to how to win the widow. The former believed in concentrated effort, the latter in confusing advances and retreats.

After a few comments on ordinary topics, the Major found himself alone with the widow, Mr. Spindle and Eliza having gone to take a stroll in the moonlight. The Major approached the subject cautiously. He recounted the numerous instances where banks had failed, suggested that bad crops were frequent visitors, enlarged upon the necessity of making Eliza, the sweet child, a lady independent in every respect and worked himself up to the highest pitch when he expressed the hope that the declining years of his dear friend, Mrs. Proudman, would be blessed with elegance and ease. Then he brought on "The Gold Trust Co." in regal style. The Colorado press, including the Mountain Skipper, Slippery Pass Signal and All-around Punches, had published columns about the mines and their enormous outputs. The company was worth millions and, of course, stock was scarce. He was an intimate friend of Mr. Sharpfile and that gentleman would, for Mrs. Proudman wished to procure it, so manage affairs that a four thousand block would be at her option in the course of six weeks, but not before.

Of course he was interested in her welfare as a friend, nothing more.

Mrs. Proudman had ambitions and listened attentively to all he said. His sincerity could not be doubted, and the investment, to all appearances, seemed to be a safe one. In truth, let it be stated that the Major was fully convinced of the absolute truth of all he uttered.

Mrs. Proudman, after thanking him for his efforts in her behalf, said that she would take the matter under consideration and, in all probability, would endeavor to secure the stock at the expiration of the six weeks.

This information so elated the Major that he could scarcely contain himself for joy, and uttering a few unintelligible words made his departure. He already fancied himself the husband of Mrs. Proudman, rolling in riches, four meals per day, and a spanking team of roadsters to engage his leisure-moments.

Shortly after he left the widow's home, Mr. Spindle and Eliza returned from their stroll. Eliza scampered away to her room and Mr. Spindle had the field to himself. Mrs. Proudman had great faith in him and took him into her confidence. Mr. Spindle was, to say the least, conservative and held mining companies in much the same light as he did Satan; but he listened attentively.

"Mrs. Proudman," said he after a long pause, during which he was working out a distance table in his mind, "I would advise you to go slow in the matter. Our friend, the Major, is visionary. I am going away in the morning, and will be absent at least five weeks. Do not purchase any stock in the Gold Trust Mining Company until you have heard from me."

"Where are you going?" inquired Mrs. Proudman anxiously.

"Do not press me now for an answer; simply await advice from me."

Mrs. Proudman agreed to this and early the next morning Mr. Spindle appeared at the railway station, and taking the ticket agent, an old friend, into his confidence, purchased a ticket to _____ (not even the agent could tell) and was miles from Middlefield before the gallant Major Scentpenny was astir.

The Gold Trust Mining Company's plant was located not many miles from Silverton, Col., away up a mountain above the timber line. A half dozen men, under the direction of the Superintendent, Mr. Poss, were engaged in digging into the mountain side. Vague rumors of rich finds in this mine were circulating in neighboring camps, and the statements of the men working the mine, as well as the elaborate articles that appeared from time to time in the mining journals, created a great interest in the hamlets located in the immediate vicinity.

Bright and early one morning Mr. Poss noticed a man climbing the mountain. The stranger stopped when half way up, and seating himself on a boulder, lighted a cigar and began to read a book that he carried under his arm. Mr. Poss paid no heed to this until the following morning, when the stranger appeared at about the same time and repeated the ceremony. Morning after morning this individual climbed the mountain, each succeeding twenty-four hours finding him nearer the mine, until at last he found himself within a short distance of where Mr. Poss and his men were working.

The "visitor," as the men termed him, had a bad cough and evidently realized that his days were numbered. He excused himself for intruding and passed fragrant cigars around among the men, which act made him a welcome guest at the cabin where he took lunch with the miners.

One morning Mr. Poss ventured into a conversation with him, and learned that he was an invalid who had been ordered to spend the season among the mountains of Colorado. He was wealthy, disinterested in mining, and claimed the State of Maine as his home. Mr. Poss took kindly to him and gave him a complete history of the "Gold Trust Company," as an argument that any man with a small capital, some pluck and hardened conscience, could grow rich rapidly in the mining business.

In substance the history was this: The company had been organized by one Mr. Sharpfile and himself. Mr. Sharpfile was in the East selling stock on the strength of a lot of fine samples from the big mines of the State. He, Mr. Poss, worked the other end—the mines. They had located several mines, but were working one only. The ore was poor, but they had the mine "salted" in case any investors desired to inspect it. In the event of such an occurrence, rich ore would be found at every turn. Mr. Sharpfile was meeting with great success in disposing of his artistically designed stock certificates, and both would retire from the company in the course of a few weeks.

The stranger took a fit of coughing and excused himself for the balance of the day. He was missed on the following morning, and when a week elapsed and he did not appear, Mr. Poss concluded that the cough had finished him.

The following copies of telegrams received and answered by Mrs. Proudman and clipped from the Middlefield Banner, cover subsequent events quite fully:

SILVERTON, June 21, 18—
To Mrs. Proudman, Middlefield, Vt.:

I have just obtained an admission from Sharpfile's partner that the Gold Trust Company is a wild scheme. I have been to see the mine and it is a humbug. I will not return to Middlefield unless my presence there is required.

MIDDLEFIELD, June 23, 18—
To Mr. Spindle, Silverton, Col.:
Come at once. No mining stock for me. Your presence is desired.

Mrs. PROUDMAN.

SILVERTON, June 23, 18—
To Mrs. Proudman, Middlefield, Vt.:
What disposition, if any, has been made of our mutual friend, Major Scentpenny?
SPINDLE.

MIDDLEFIELD, June 24, 18—
Mr. Spindle, Silverton, Col.:
The Major's name has been entered in the black book directly under that of Mr. Sharpfile. Come.

Mrs. PROUDMAN.

Extract from the "Society Review" in the Middlefield Banner of August 24, 18—
"Cards of invitation are out for the wedding of Mr. Adam Spindle and Mrs. Bertha Proudman, both well-known society leaders in this town. The happy couple will take up their residence at 'Knotty Knot,' the old home of the bride."

In an obscure corner of the same issue appeared the following:
SILVERTON, Col., August 22 (Special)—
The Gold Trust Mining Company suspended operations to-day. Investigation proves that it was a big swindle. Messrs. Sharpfile and Poss, the projectors of the scheme have fled the country. Warrants are out for their arrest.

—Detroit Free Press.

Some Strange Fires.

On the night of March 21, 1876, about three hours after sunset, a monster bright light arose out of the Adriatic Sea and passed from east northeast to the west of southwest, crossing over Italy in a vertical line about half-way between Rimini and Leghorn. Various estimates as to the height and size of the body were made. One scientist, with amusing exactness, declares that it was thirty-eight miles high at Calmers. At all places near its course a hissing noise like that of a sky-rocket was plainly heard. At Leghorn the sound is said to have been "like that of a large cannon quickly dying away until it sounded much like a cart running over cobblestones." Estimates of its size seem to have been as wild as those respecting its height. Some accounts say it was as "large as a house;" Le Cat says that "it was a good half mile in circumference." Bohn, who has written a very readable account of "the great meteor or strange fire of March 21, MDCLXXVI," estimates that it was "about one-half mile by the smaller diameter," which would surely make it a terrifying object to behold.

On Thursday, March 19, 1719, there appeared at London, about eighth o'clock at night, a "sudden great light moving after the manner but more slowly than a falling star. It started from a point below Orion's Belt, then lying in the southwest, and went upwards instead of downwards like a falling star. Its size, according to the testimony of numerous observers in Spain, France, Ireland, Holland and some parts of Germany, as well as those who saw it in London and all over England, was about that of the full moon. It was of whitish color with an eye in the centre as blue as the most azure portion of a June sky after a thunder-storm. It went straight upwards in its course until out of sight, leaving a track of fiery red sparks in its wake.

A fire of a strange nature appeared in Wales in 1693. According to the most intelligible account concerning it now in existence, it came up from the sea near Harlech. At several places near that place and all over Merionethshire it did much damage, burning hay, houses, barns, etc. A person writing of it said: "The grass over which it moves kills all manner of cattle that feed upon it. But what is most remarkable is that any great noise, such as the beating of a drum or sounding a horn, effectually repels it from any house."—St. Louis Republic.

Barnum's "Brick Man."

As an illustration of one of Barnum's ingenious methods of attracting attention to his museum may be mentioned the incident of the "brick man." One day a man applied for admission to Barnum, who was sitting in the ticket office. To the inquiry as to why he did not go to work, the applicant replied that he would gladly do so at a dollar a day, if he could find employment. Barnum gave him twenty-five cents to get his breakfast, and told him to return and he would give him a dollar and a half a day and easy work. When the man returned, Barnum gave him five bricks, and told him to place one in front of the museum, another on the corner of Vesey street, a third at the corner of Fulton—on the St. Paul's Church side—and the fourth on the east corner of Fulton. Returning then to the museum, he was to take up the first brick and replace it with the fifth, and then continue his rounds, putting down one brick and taking up the other each time. He was enjoined to answer no questions, and to seem not to hear, and that at the end of each three-quarters of an hour he was to pass into the museum, look around at curiosities for fifteen minutes, and then resume his rounds with the brick. Barnum says that the man played his part to perfection, and his eccentric conduct caused a great crowd to gather about the museum. Many of these, of course, went into the museum to seek some explanation as to the purpose of the "brick man." This was kept up for several days, until the police requested his withdrawal, because such crowds lingered about the museum that traffic was interrupted.—Harper's Weekly.

Cochmen for Berlin doctors are to wear white hats.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Electric welding is spreading. Pails and tubs saturated with glycerine will not shrink.

Galveston, Texas, has twenty miles of electrical railway.

The street cars of Springfield, Ill., are supplied with electric heaters.

Copper tubes now manufactured by means of electrical deposition.

Since 1880 over 700 applications for patents for electrical accumulators have been made in England alone.

A good water-proof cement can be made, it is said, from equal parts of red and white lead worked into stiff paste with boiling linseed oil.

The creosoted wood floors of a building recently burned in New York were the only portion of the structure not destroyed. They were only charred.

To obviate the waste of steam in steam hammers an improvement has been introduced in fitting the hammers with two pistons of different diameters, compounding them in fact.

Mica, which stands unique among minerals as an insulating substance, is destined to become one of Connecticut's leading products. Three new mines have recently been discovered in that State.

A new embroidery machine for use in making linen handkerchiefs can turn out finer work than any work done by hand. The north of Ireland must adopt the new methods if it wishes to retain its present leadership.

A late innovation is an electric railway express service established in a Western town, by means of which, for a small charge, all the packages bound outward for the suburbs are gathered up at the depot and then delivered along the route.

The production of electrically welded steel chains will soon become an important industry in this country. The steel chain will be one-third lighter than the present iron chain, with as great a tensile strength, and can be produced at considerable less cost.

At the coming Frankfort electrical exhibition a large balloon will be sent up. The power sending up and maintaining it will be electricity, which will be obtained from a large dynamo on the ground. A telephone will connect the passengers with those on terra firma.

Cream of tartar is the tartaric acid of grapes, and may be used in water with sugar as a substitute for grape juice. It is the substitution of mineral acid for those of fruits and vegetables that is so injurious to health; for instance, sulphuric acid in vinegar for the natural fruit acid.

The North German Lloyd Steamship Company's managers have concluded to stick to the single screw for all their new steamships, believing that a single propeller whirled by a mighty triple-expansion engine is more effective than twin screws operated by two engines whose combined power does not exceed that of the single-screw ship.

A saw has been designed for cutting iron, mild steel or other metals of fairly large sections. The inventor of this appliance claims that it is a cold iron saw at once simple, powerful and effective. It is always in readiness for work, and can be manipulated by inexperienced workmen. The machine is stated to be capable of making 400 cuts through bars of Bessemer steel four inches in diameter, each cutting occupying six minutes on an average, without changing the saw.

Hats and Heads.

It has been noticed by Henry Heath, who sends hats all over the world from Calcutta to Peru, that different nationalities possess heads of distinctive sizes and shapes. For instance, Germans have very round heads, a peculiarity shared by our own royal family. The average English head is what hatmakers call a good shape—that is, rather long. The Scotch, one is not surprised to learn, are very long-headed. Canadians are distinguished by exceptionally large heads, South Americans by very small ones. Australians, again, have rather small heads. The subject is an interesting one and worth pursuing further if space allowed. The heads of individuals also vary a good deal from time to time, shrinking during illness or mental worry, and generally becoming smaller with advancing years. As to shape, there is such a thing as fashion, but it only affects waders; men stick to much the same shape year after year.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Swimming to Church.

A girl named Nyangandi, who lived near the Ogowe River, West Africa, one Saturday came in her canoe with two bunches of plantains to sell to the missionary. When she was going away Mrs. Batchelor, the missionary's wife, said to her: "Now, you must not forget that to-morrow will be the Sabbath day, and you have already promised to come every time." "Yes," said the girl, "I will surely come if I am alive." And so she did, but no one knew how she got there, until, at the close of the service, she told the girls that in the night her canoe had been stolen, and none of her friends would lend her one; but she had promised to come to church, and so she felt she must. She swam all the way. The current was swift, the water deep, and the river fully a third of a mile wide; but by swimming diagonally she succeeded in crossing the river.—New York Observer.

SONG.

There's a nest in the orchard green,
And the sweet south wind, as I pass,
Whispers soft and low,
Blow, wind, blow!
Summer will fly and birds will go.

There's a song amid the orchard trees,
That is heard o'er the hum of the mufmuring bees.

And the soft south wind as he passes
Scarce moves the tops of the waving grasses,
Sing, fledglings, sing!
Summer will fly and birds take wing.
—Jessie Jarvis, in Youth's Companion.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Ideas loaded with words are slow to go off.—Washington Star.

Luck is a good thing to depend upon if you have no desire to succeed.—Somerville Journal.

Why is a defeated candidate like the earth? Because he is flattened at the polls.—Texas Siftings.

Judge—"Single or married? (Prisoner sighs deeply.) Oh, yes, I see. Married."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Emin Pasha has sent word from Zanzibar that he is about to go to Ujiji, a place famous for its jays.—Philadelphia Ledger.

If slander did not hurt its victims there would be no particular pleasure in it for the slanderer.—New Orleans Picayune.

Two Milwaukee dentists have dissolved after a partnership of twenty-three years. They could not pull together any longer.—Statesman.

First Farmer—"I suppose you heard about the cyclone over here!" Second Farmer—"Yes, we got wind of it."—Washington Post.

Reporter—"What shall I head this bargain-counter story?" Editor—"Call it 'An Hour in Woman's Paradise.'"—New York Recorder.

The man who "feels himself to be different from other men" shouldn't always brag about it. Dime-museum freaks are in the same fix.—Puck.

If you have anything to give, give it to the "hail fellow, well met." If you have anything to lend, lend it to somebody else.—Dallas News.

He's so afraid he won't offend
So long as he confines
Himself to ensure, he'll pretend
To read between the lines.
—Judge.

Missus—"What would you do, Bridget, if you could play the piano as well as I can?" Bridget—"Sure, I'd go on learnin' until I could play it decently."—Munsey's Weekly.

"Why, Janet! What in the world is the matter with Fido?" "He's got a severe cold, dear. I think I must have left his muzzle off too suddenly, you know."—London Judy.

"Do you mean by this," said he, "that you wish me to cease calling here?" "Not at all," said she. "Papa and mamma will always be glad to see you."—Harper's Bazar.

Babies are so slow in learning to talk because they have to devote so much of their time and energy in trying to understand what in the world it is their mothers say.—Somerville Journal.

Son Jack, when young and wild of whim,
I could not put a check on him;
Now, older grown, he is more meek,
And begs me for a cheque a week.
—Judge.

"Your brother, the dentist, is very slow and torturing at pulling out teeth." "I know he is, but you see he's rich and only follows the business for the pleasure it gives him."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"I'd like to know why you hired a young woman for a type-writer?" demanded Mrs. Hilow of her husband. "So I could have some one to dictate to."—Chicago News.

There is no person in the world so self-conscious as the man who has just had his moustache shaved off, unless it be the woman who found out that her dress doesn't hang even.—Boston Transcript.

"Which one of us do you think the handsomer?" asked one of the two pretty girls. "It is impossible for me to compare you," said the diplomatic young man. "You are both incomparable."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Mamma," said a precocious youngster at the tea table the other evening, after a long and yearning gaze toward a plate of doughnuts, "Mamma, I think I could stand another one of those fried holes."—Drake's Magazine.

Mrs. de Kild—"If you want a name at once graceful, aristocratic and unique for your baby, why don't you have it copyrighted? Authors are entitled to a full right on the titles of their own works."—Munsey's Weekly.

In Court: "Have you anything to say in your defense, prisoner?" "Nothing, your Honor, except that I made a mistake in the number of the house. I did not at all intend to break into that house."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"I hear that Mrs. Barlow is disputing her late husband's will." "Why, I thought he left everything to her." "So he did, but she never let the old man have his own way. It's a matter of principle with her."—New York Sun.

All in the Family: "You can't do any business with me," said the new settler to the village doctor. "I intend to be my own doctor." "That's all right," returned the physician. "Let me introduce you to my brother, the undertaker."—New York Recorder.