

# SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

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Town boasts that its percentage of illiteracy is the lowest in the Union.

The London *Lancet* wants all doctors to wear a distinguishing style of hat. This has already been adopted in Berlin, but hats have been put on doctors' coats instead.

It is a mistake, asserts the Chicago *Herald*, to suppose that polar research has cost enormously in human life. Despite all the great disasters ninety-seven out of every 100 explorers have returned alive.

Count Von Moltke understood the virtues of silence. At no time during his ninety years was he much given to speaking, although he was an accomplished linguist. Indeed, it was said of him that he knew how to hold his tongue in ten languages.

Nut farming is a new industry in North Carolina. Small manufactures are prosecuted with vigor in many parts of the South, and several new plantation and forest industries are steadily developing that region. "These," comments the Washington *Star*, "are among the signs of hope on the American horizon."

At least one person in three between the ages of ten and forty years is subject to partial deafness. The great majority of cases of deafness are hereditary and due to the too close consanguinity of the parents. Deafness is more prevalent among men than among women, because the former are more exposed to the vicissitudes of climate. It is thought that telephones tend to bring on deafness when one ear is used to the exclusion of the other.

An interesting incident in connection with President Harrison's visit to Atlanta was his meeting with Mr. George Cook, a courtly, elderly gentleman, and a well-known piano manufacturer of Boston. The grandfather of Mr. Cook was the Captain Cook who saved the life of General William Henry Harrison from the Indians at the battle of Tippecanoe. Mr. Cook and Mrs. Cook had been spending a few days with Governor Bullock, and on invitation of Mayor Hemphill went up the road to meet the President. The meeting of the two gray-haired grandsons was very cordial, and they enjoyed a pleasant chat during the ride into the city.

Joe Shakespeare, the Mayor of New Orleans, was asked whether he knew how he came by his surname. "Oh," said he, "you think, perhaps, I claim descent from the Bard of Avon. Well, I'm an American, and you know what Americans are after. I never heard that the Bard of Avon left anything but a name, so I took no interest in his family. If he had left money it would be different." As a matter of fact Shakespeare did leave an estate that was reckoned good in its time. The new Shakespeare of New Orleans is a native of the neighborhood of Baltimore, where his ancestors were farmers. He is a rich iron founder.

George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, has consented to exhibit his fine art and souvenir collection at the Chicago Fair. Among his treasures are the little green harp which belonged to Tom Moore, and which he carried into hundreds of Irish homes; the massive silver vase presented to Henry Clay, when he was at the height of his popularity, by the Whig ladies of Tennessee; Washington's champagne glass; cups, saucers and glasses which came from Louis Napoleon, the late Emperor William, the late Emperor Maximilian and the ex-Emperor of Brazil, a miniature ship, formerly the property of President Andrew Jackson, and the silver waiter presented to General Jackson after his victory by the citizens of New Orleans.

It really looks now, asserts the New York *Star*, as though the action of the Italian Government toward this country had so frightened King Humbert's subjects as to make tens of thousands of them hasten to fly from Italy and seek refuge here. They are coming over as fast as they can find ships to carry them, and, according to recent despatches, the Mediterranean ports are swarming with Italians anxious to secure bunks in the steerage of the steamships bound for America. There is reason for entertaining the apprehension that, if King Humbert were to threaten to make war upon the United States, we could not find room here for the hosts of his subjects who would be seized with the desire to fly from his kingdom.

## ILLUSIONS.

Go stand at night upon an ocean craft  
And watch the folds of its imperial train  
Catching in fleecy foam a thousand glows—  
A miracle of fire unquenched by sea.  
There, in bewildering turbulence of change,  
While the whole firmament, till as you gaze,  
All else unseen, it is as heaven itself  
Had lost its poles, an each unanchored star  
In phantom haste flees to the horizon line.  
What dupes we are of the deceiving eye!  
How many a light man wonderingly acclaim  
Is but the phosphor of the path Life makes  
With its own motion, while above, forgot,  
Sweep on serene the old unenvied stars!  
Robert Underwood Johnson, in *Century*.

## UNCLE FLAXLEY'S HOBBY.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

The white, vertical light of a February day shone down through the skylight of Julian Dover's studio, its pitiless brightness bringing out every layer of dust on the Venetian red draperies, every spot and stain on the much benicked walls.

The lay figure was doubled up in a most impossible attitude against a big chair, covered with cotton velvet and cheap gilt fringe; a bunch of faded roses, in an old "crackle" vase, hung limply down, and Mr. Dover, in a shabby plum-colored velvet coat, and a Turkish fez perched jauntily on one side of his handsome head, was painting desperately away, intent on economizing every second of the precious winter daylight.

"Oh, the deuce!" he exclaimed, abruptly. "What made you jump so, Charlie? A man don't want the current of his ideas disturbed just when—"

The model lifted her large, wine-brown eyes to his face, with a deprecatory smile.

"I hear Kitty Flaxley outside," said she.

"Outside she must stay, then!" remarked Mr. Dover, frowning at his palette. "I can't be interrupted; every minute is a lump of gold. Wait!" he roared, as a gentle rapping sounded on the door. "Clarie is posing for me!"

And then one perceived a slight, graceful figure in a coarse lilac cotton gown, and a striped handkerchief carelessly twisted around her rich, brown locks, leaning in an artistic attitude against a window-sash studded with many small panes, that was supported between two standards.

Her fingers were intertwined in her hair; her elbows rested on the sill, where a coarse flower-pot or two were ranged. She was not Mrs. Julian Dover for the time being; she was "The Fisherman's Wife," destined by good luck and the grace of the hanging committee to figure in the forthcoming spring exhibition.

"Oh, Julian, I am so tired!" she pleaded. "Every bone in me is cramped. Mayn't I rest?"

"You've no idea of true art," said Julian, slowly. "You haven't posed half an hour yet."

"I'm so sorry; but—"

"Jump, then!" said the painter—for the first time realizing how pale and worn the delicate, oval face was. "I suppose I can be putting in the distant sea while you gossip with your Kitty."

He caught her hand as she skipped past him, and kissed her—a kiss which was a rich reward for all the cramp and weariness she had endured—and she ran out to the hall, tugging as she went to remove the knotted red silk neckerchief which supplied an element of warm color to the picture.

There stood her quondam schoolmate, Kitty Flaxley, with cheery lips and sparkling eyes.

"Oh, Claire, how odd you look!" said she.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dover, composedly. "I'm 'The Fisherman's Wife.' Every bone in me is a separate pain, with sitting so long watching for my husband's boat."

Both laughed; and then the artist's wife led Miss Flaxley into the studio, where Julian nodded a pleasant salutation to her.

"You won't expect me to stop working?" said he.

"Of course not!" said Kitty. "It's work that I've come to talk about. Such news as I've got! The family fortunes are all made. Our Uncle Flaxley came home yesterday. That is, he isn't our uncle—he's only a sort of cousin; but mamma naturally wants to make the relationship as near as possible; so we are all instructed to call him 'uncle!'"

"And who is Uncle Flaxley?"

"That's just it," said Kitty, laughing. "He went to the South Sea Islands, thirty years ago, and people took no notice at all of his exit except to say something about 'good riddance to bad rubbish.' He comes back, and you would think him a canonized saint. Nothing is good enough for him."

"Oh!" said Dover. "He's made money?"

"Exactly," nodded Kitty. "But he's the oddest old fish—a little, dried-up, parchment-faced man, who goes about finding fault with everything and everybody, and promulgating the most outlandish theories that ever were heard of. The first thing he did was to upset all our family traditions. You know, Claire, how mamma has brought us up—like the lilies of the field, that toil not, neither do they spin! Now, we are each of us to learn a trade. I'm going into dressmaking!"

"Impossible!" cried the artist's wife.

"Theodora is going to tackle art embroidery. Constantine says she hasn't decided yet between telegraphy and

typewriting. Oh, you may well look amazed! It's all Uncle Flaxley. He says he'll give us a thousand dollars apiece when we've each learned a real, bread-winning, practical trade. He says it's what every woman ought to do. Dora wants to get a thousand dollars to get herself a stunning set of diamonds. Con would like to go to Canada with the Trelawneys next year, and I—don't tell anyone, please, Claire and Julian—but I shall give mine to Rembrandt Alison, so that he can go to Paris and study in the Louvre."

"Good!" cried Julian Dover. "Then it's really true that you are engaged? Kitty, Kitty, an artist's wife is a first-class martyr!"

"An artist's wife is the happiest creature in the world, Kitty?" counter-asserted Claire, her soft eyes lighted up with love. "A thousand dollars! Oh, I wish I could make a thousand dollars!"

"I'm going down town every day to learn the Graftenburgh system," said Kitty. "I shall have to work three long, endless months before they give me a diploma; but I shall have something to work for, don't you see? And now good-by! I'm off for Graftenburgh's!"

Uncle Elimelech Flaxley walked around the house of his cousin's widow, with his hands hooked under his coat-tails, and his blue spectacles balanced on the bridge of his nose, peering into everything, criticizing everything, and finding fault with everything.

Mrs. Peter Flaxley smiled at all his comments. In her eyes his conduct was perfect.

"What!" Uncle Flaxley had cried, "three girls, and not one of 'em taught to earn her living! That's no way to bring up a family, sister Annabel. Every woman should have a trade. Every woman should be able to support herself the same as if she were a man."

This was Uncle Flaxley's hobby. He trotted it out, he bridled it and saddled it and rode it perpetually, and the upshot of it was that the thousand dollar proposition was made and promptly accepted by his three nieces.

"It's dreadful!" sighed Mrs. Flaxley; "but of course it is our interest to consult your uncle's wishes in every respect."

"I've always thought I should like to learn dressmaking," said Kitty. One could clothe one's self at half the expense. And then a thousand dollars, all of one's own—think of it!"

"I know ever so many nice girls who do type-writing," said Constantia, a tall, willowy girl, with yellow hair and pallid skin. "If one must have a trade, I believe there's nothing more genteel."

But Theodora, the beauty of the Flaxley family, turned up her nose.

"Such an absurd idea of Uncle Flaxley's!" said she. "I'm a tolerably decent embroiderer already, and if the woman's exchange accepts a piece of my work, I suppose the old crank will recognize it as a token of being an expert in that particular trade!"

And as she shut herself up with silks and satins and several dozen ounces of rainbow-colored flosses and crewels, to design a pattern which should take the world of tapestry by storm.

Kitty wrestled bravely with the technicalities of the Graftenburgh system. Constantina worked diligently at the clicking marvel of the nineteenth century. Theodora was the first to look back from the plow-handles.

"I hate it!" said she, pettishly. "I can't make anything out of it! Such wooden-looking things as my cat-tails and storks are! I mean to go and see Philomel Alison about it."

Young Rembrandt Alison's studio was far smaller and less picturesque than that of his compeer, Julian Dover.

He slept on a sofa under the window of nights, and his sister Philomel, who kept house for him on the most economical principles, occupied a three-cornered closet at the rear, which she called a bedroom, and which, besides the cot-bed, held exactly two handboxes, and a chair with a wash-bowl and pitcher on it.

She was a skilled embroiderer, and worked her finger-ends off, while her brother, rapt in visions of Titian and Buonarroti, stood before his canvases.

"Children, you work too hard, both of you," said a little, old, yellow-complexioned man, who had once known their father on the Mexican frontier, and who came occasionally to the studio, and viewed them with not unkindly eyes.

"It's work or starve, sir," said Alison, with short laugh.

"What do you ask for this picture?" abruptly questioned Mr. Flaxley.

"Two hundred dollars—when it is finished."

"Tut, tut!" said the old man. "Too much! Two hundred dollars for a bit of canvas eighteen inches square?"

"It's not a mere bit of canvas," said Alison, coloring up; "it's my brain's—my ideas—the visions I see nightly in my sleep."

"I'll give you fifty dollars for it," hazarded the yellow-complexioned man. "I couldn't possibly sell it for that."

"Humph! humph!" snorted Flaxley. "The next I know, Philly here will be wanting to sell her bit of brown-and-yellow needlework for two hundred dollars, too!"

Philomel looked gravely up from her work.

"No," she said. "I'm to receive fifty dollars for it. It is an order."

"What is the world coming to?" cried Mr. Flaxley. "People must be aching

to spend their money. What is the thing, anyhow—ducks paddling in a pond?"

Philomel shook her head.

"Here's," said she, "in a marsh full of reeds and rushes. Those lines of yellow silk—see—are where the sunshine strikes the water."

Flaxley peered dubiously at the mass of bright colors.

"One has to exercise considerable imagination," said he.

"I wonder," said Philomel to her brother, after the fussy little visitor was gone, "if I ought to have told him that I was doing this work for his niece in Radcliffe street?"

"Speech is silver, silence is golden," said Rembrandt Alison, mechanically. "It's always best not to talk. Do you think, Phil, I've got the red too deep in this peasant's jacket?"

Mr. Flaxley, making his way home, thought of the studio he had just left, with a softening of the heart.

"They are nice children," he pondered. "Their father was a nice man. He took me into his ranch and cured me that time I had the gully fever. I might have died if it hadn't been for him."

Time passed on; the three months expired. Constantia copied some letters for her uncle on a typewriter with such skill and rapidity that he wrote out his check for a thousand dollars on the spot.

Kitty showed him her diploma from Graftenburgh & Co., and proudly called his attention to a trimly-fitting dress that she wore.

A second time Uncle Flaxley inscribed his autograph on an oblong slip of pale-green paper, and then Theodora unrolled a banner of dark-olive satin, glistening with rich embroidery.

"It has just been sold at the woman's exchange," said she, "for a hundred and ten dollars. Here's the receipt."

Uncle Flaxley pricked up his feather-like ears; he stared very hard through his spectacles.

"Your work?" said he.

"My work!" repeated Theodora, with dignity.

"No, it isn't!" curtly contradicted Mr. Flaxley, whose tortle was not conventional repose. "I've seen those ducks and marsh-grasses before! I saw them when Philomel Alison was working them. Young woman, you have deceived me!"

Theodora turned scarlet. The suddenness of his contradiction had stricken her gully soul dumb.

"No thousand-dollar check for you," said Mr. Flaxley. "Go and say your prayers and read over the Ten Commandments, where it says, 'Thou shalt not steal!' For you are a thief!"

He had scarcely overcome his wrath against this backsliding relative when he trotted around to Rembrandt Alison's studio the next day.

"I can't get that young fellow's wistful face out of my mind," thought he. "I guess I'll buy the eighteenth-inch square of canvas after all."

He stood wiping his boots on the mat in the studio vestibule, and plainly heard Kitty's voice saying:

"Do take it, Rembrandt! I've earned it myself. It's mine to give, and I've no possible use for it. I thought of you all the time, and I do so want you to go to Paris and study in the Louvre!"

Uncle Flaxley pushed the door open with a bang and walked in, regardless of etiquette.

"Yes, take it, Alison," said he—"take it in the spirit that she gives it. She's a trump, that girl is!"

Rembrandt Alison looked at Kitty's scarlet face with grave, searching eyes.

"I will take it," said he, "if Kitty will give me herself, also. There can be no crushing sense of obligation where love bridges the way."

"I'll give her to you," said Uncle Flaxley, bolder pushing Kitty forward.

"Things are happening just to suit me."

"Me also," said Philomel, in a whisper, her pale face lighted up with joy.

"Here!" said Uncle Flaxley; "what's the price of this picture—and this—and this? I'll buy 'em all! Gracious me! if you're really going to Paris, there's no reason Kitty shouldn't go, too, on her wedding trip."

Of all Uncle Flaxley's eccentricities, this was the most delightful. Kitty had a long story to tell Julian Dover and Claire, in their studio across the hall, that day.

"It will be such a glorious thing," cried Claire, still enacting "The Fisherman's Wife," "for you to marry an artist!"

But Mrs. Flaxley declared that her rich relation had been "shamefully partial" in the matter of the thousand-dollar proposition. It is so hard to suit everybody!—*Saturday Night*.

## Wild Horses of Lob.

Two young Frenchmen, brothers, Grum-Grimailo by name, have just returned from the ancient kingdom of Lob, in Eastern Turkey. They bring with them thousands of specimens of birds, mammals, fishes and plants.

Among the more remarkable animals are some wild horses, which are not the descendants of domesticated specimens, like the wild horses of the South American Pampas, but the real primitive wild type and the progenitor of the domesticated breed. Three of these were shot in the Dzungarian desert, just north of Guchen, after a long and difficult chase.

The existence of wild camels was also corroborated, a herd having been pursued for a long way in the direction of Lob Nor, but unfortunately the travelers were unable to come up with them.—*New York Press*.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A Bethlehem (Penn.) hammer weighs 125 tons.

Electricity runs a Wurtemberg (Germany) iron works.

Gas must be furnished at fifty-two cents per thousand feet to compete with electricity in lighting.

At Pittsburg the Second Avenue Electric Street Car Company is equipping its lines with vestibuled trains.

The system of riveting by hydraulic power is being successfully applied to the shell plating of vessels in course of construction on the Tyne, England.

A fire engine that does away with the use of horses and forces the water by means of power generated by a storage battery is a recent electrical invention.

It has recently been shown that when cast and malleable iron are used in the structure a galvanic action is set up between them and the malleable iron is corroded.

A calico printing machine has been invented in this country, the novelty of which is that the cloth may be printed on one side in eight colors, or on both sides with four colors each.

It is well known that vegetable and animal oils are unsuitable for cylinder lubrication, and recently in France where colza oil was used it was found necessary to burn out the deposits in the ports of the locomotive cylinders.

English manufacturers are bleaching paper by an electrical process without, it is stated, impairing its strength. A magnesium chloride solution is decomposed by a powerful electric current with the evolution of chlorine and oxygen.

A newly-devised insulated screwdriver has the shank so thoroughly insulated, nearly to its tip, that shock can be avoided. The metal shank is flattened and bent into a loop at one end and then moulded into a rubber handle, which gives perfect protection from the current.

A new system of house wiring for electric lighting consists of fitting the building with continuous tubes of insulating material, through which the wires are drawn. The tubes are made of paper soaked in a hot bath of bituminous material, and are said to be hard, strong and tough.

A handy lock is now used upon tricycles, boats, chests and boxes. It weighs about half a pound, and although not much larger than a watch, is considerably thicker. This padlock is a combination, and it is fitted with a numbered dial, very much like those used for safes and vaults.

The highest atmospheric pressure of record seems to be 31.72 inches, which occurred at Sempalatsinski, on December 16, 1877; and the lowest at any land station is quoted at 27.13 inches, which was recorded on the coast of Orissa, on September 22, 1885. The difference of 4.6 in these readings is probably the maximum range of the barometer ever observed at the earth's surface.

Chicago's latest rapid transit project calls for the building of a single-track, single-column elevated electrical railway. Cars will be operated continuously in the same direction in a loop twenty miles in extent and at a distance apart of 750 feet, which is equivalent to a headway of twenty and one-quarter seconds, an arrangement considered feasible with single car units, with special track-brakes. This would give 140 cars in continuous operation on the circle.

A new apparatus for water has appeared in the form of a still, which is described as consisting of "a series of large flat disks of metal, placed upright and kept in position by pipes running horizontally on the top and bottom. Water is boiled in a vessel and the steam is conducted from the same to the disk through a pipe. The steam radiating from the water is condensed in the disks by a current of air, and the water is collected in the bottom pipe." The size of still designed for family use has eight disks, and is said to distill a gallon of water in an hour.

The Papal Swiss Guards.

Most foreigners, who have been in Rome, remember the entrance to the Vatican with the Portone di Bronzo at the end of the semi-circle at the right of the Bernin colonade. On the way to the mass you pass along this portico, before the post of Swiss guards, whose uniform of "lanquenets" of the sixteenth century is one of the curiosities of Rome; and you may hear the halberds clashing upon the stone floor in salute of some religious functionary as he comes in.

I need not describe these guards, with their heavy mustaches and beards; their fresh-colored faces and their unconscious swagger and their doublets, which seem so woefully out of place in modern Rome.

On a little triangular place, at the foot of the high and massive wall of the Sistine Chapel, between the great stretch of the Pontifical garden and the colossal sides of St. Peter's Church, there is another Swiss guard, at that door of the Vatican by which, last spring, Leo XIII. made his little excursion into the outer world, which was so much talked about in the newspapers. Near by a sentinel of the Italian Army stands guard in the name of King Humbert. Here we have the two opposing principals, with their picket lines scarcely twenty paces apart.—*New York Journal*.

"And why were you discharged from your last place?" "I'd served me time."

## THE A-D-V.

There are three little letters  
That are used on every days,  
In every publication,  
With undisputed sway.  
That are so very modest  
Ne'er prominent they'll be,  
But 'way down in a corner  
Lurks the a-d-v.

You read about a shipwreck,  
A hundred people drowned;  
The wreckage of the noble ship  
For miles is strewn around.  
Your heart then swells in pity  
For those upon the sea.  
Until you read on further,  
To the a-d-v.

Or perhaps upon a railroad  
You'll read of a big smash,  
And many people injured  
In the overwhelming crash.  
You wonder if some relative  
Upon the train could be;  
Then you kick yourself, because  
You see the a-d-v.

And so you find it daily;  
In everything it lurks;  
'Tis seen in every paper,  
And ne'er its duty shirks.  
To tell the truth, dear reader,  
And we laugh aloud with glee,  
This poetry's not paid for—  
It's an a-d-v.

—Printer's Ink.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

In purple and fine linen—A bandaged black eye.

A burst of eloquence is a consequence of mental dynamite.—*Boston Courier*.

Not intimate: "Have you met with success?" "I know it only by sight."—*Puck*.

Marked down—The young man's mustache when it begins to be visible.—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

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

When a bachelor is asked to rock the cradle he feels more like stoning the baby instead.—*Somerville Journal*.

Consider the man who is always punctual—how much time he wastes waiting for other people.—*Elmira Gazette*.

Tramp—"Will this dog bite a poor old tramp?" "Hired Girl—" "Just as quick as a fat young one. Git!"—*Epoch*.

When the other man begins to quote statistics you may assume that you have won the argument.—*Hinsdale Gazette*.

Boulanger is having another desperate wrestle with obscurity, and with all the chances in favor of obscurity.—*Boston Post*.

Fogg says that, after all, your true hues-ers of wood and drawers of water are your landscape artists.—*Boston Transcript*.

He—"So Jack isn't devoted to Kate any more. Did they fight?" She—"Yes; they had an engagement."—*Yale Record*.

"The man I'll wed," says sweet Sixteen, "Must beauty have and youthful be." "Of him I'll wed," says Thirty-five, "I but demand that he'll love me."—*Puck*.

The saying, "Nothing succeeds like success," was probably invented before the modern "business failure" system of succeeding was discovered.—*New York Herald*.

Really Enthusiastic: "Oh, Mr. Brown, your picture is absolutely enchanting. Only one Italian word can describe it—and I have forgotten that."—*Belleville Blatter*.

"Here's your bill," said the milk dealer to the dissatisfied customer. "Well, turn about is only fair play; suppose we chalk that up awhile."—*Washington Post*.

"It strikes me that Russian authors have a remarkably venerable and careworn look." "Yes; but then look at the language they have to do their thinking in."—*Washington Post*.

Clara (just engaged)—"Ah, Emma, if I only knew how to make Edward happy!" Emma (a student of human nature)—"I'll tell you, my dear. Don't marry him."—*Fliegende Blatter*.

"I can command my salary," said the Thespian in reply to the remarks of an envious rival. "No doubt," was the reply. "It's so small it would be afraid to disobey you."—*Washington Post*.

"The Superfluous Man" is the title of a recently published essay. This is the first time that the man who goes shopping with his wife has figured in serious literature, we believe.—*New York Recorder*.

Miss Caustique—"I hear you won the 440-yards run." De Boaster—"Oh, easily. The other fellows weren't in it." Miss Caustique—"Ah, you were the only one entered, I presume."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

"The face of the returns," said the chairman of the meeting, "shows sixty-seven eyes and no noses." "What a queer-looking face that must be," remarked an old lady in the back row.—*Washington Star*.

Mrs. Snaggs (reading)—"A first cousin of the King of Sweden is living in Lynn, Mass." Snaggs—"Poor fellow! Why do they bring that up against him if he's trying to live a respectable life."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

An effort was made in Ohio to cure a girl of a dog-bite by using a madstone, but it failed. The trouble was the stone was used too late. It ought to have been applied to the dog before he bit the girl.—*Baltimore American*.