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NO. 40.

Emperor William wants to nationalize the German railways. He would like to see the change made before next year.

There is a vast amount of private wealth in Chili, and the aristocrats are lavish in their expenditures. Many of the private residences in Santiago are veritable palaces and are magnificently furnished.

The arid lands capable of cultivation are estimated at 100,000,000 acres by Major Powell, of the United States Geological Survey. They can be cultivated only through irrigation. At present the sites for reservoirs and irrigating ditches are withheld by Congress from settlement or sale.

It must be a sharp surprise, surmises the St. Louis Star-Sayings, for villages that have nestled at the base of a mountain for years to be suddenly engulfed in hot lava which pours from the mountain's top. That is what happened in Armenia the other day. Inhabitants and real estate in that neighborhood have both suffered from the mountain's debut as a volcano.

In spite of the lack of faith in certain juries in New Orleans, observes the Chicago Herald, the people there keep up a custom which is indicative of the deepest respect for the courts. Visitors to the city are apt to encounter chains stretched across important streets and traffic suspended thereon. Inquiry brings the answer that the streets are closed because they lead by the courts and the courts are in session. When courts adjourn the chains are tossed aside and traffic goes on again.

The doctors are fond of telling patients, asserts the San Francisco Chronicle, that any particular symptoms which they describe are the work of their imagination, but a recent case has shown they are liable to error. A woman who has just died in Bridgeport, Conn., wanted the hospital physician two years ago to recover a set of false teeth which she declared she had swallowed. An operation showed the stomach to be empty, but the doctors told her the teeth had been found. A post-mortem examination showed she had lived two years with the false teeth in her gullet.

Only about twenty-five United States ships, exclusive of the revenue cutters and the training squadron, are now in commission, but it is estimated that five years hence there will be forty-nine ships available for active service, and that of these only three or four will be of the antiquated types that now make up the bulk of the navy. Before that time arrives, however, there will be a vast change in the make up of various squadrons. The Asiatic squadron in particular will have got itself a new outfit. Several of the vessels on that station have been kept there for years past chiefly because they were unfit for the voyage home across the Pacific.

The rage for high buildings in Chicago is increasing rather than abating in intensity. More tall structures pierce the sky than are to be seen in any other city, but they are few in comparison with the others that will rise in a comparatively short time at the present rate of construction. Every office building nowadays must run from fifteen to twenty stories high, and new ones are being projected almost daily. Where this rage will stop no one can tell. The man who puts up a twenty-two story building will be beaten by the next one, and so on, until we may yet have buildings which tower above the clouds, with occupants enjoying sunshine and fair weather while the rest of us are slushing around in the rain and fog below.

The grasshopper plague is apparently to have a successor in a caterpillar plague, notes the Chicago Herald. Reports from British Columbia state that swarms of these pests are appearing along the railroad lines, covering the tracks and giving evidence of phenomenal numbers that bode no good to the season's agriculture. The cable reports a like phenomenon in Bavaria, where men, women and children are engaged fighting caterpillars. Like gripe, it may be that this newest torment is to seize Europe and America simultaneously. Science offers no means of efficient resistance. The ravages of the locust are still visible in Kansas and other Western States. The American farmer will have a sorry year if a visitation of caterpillars is to be added to grasshoppers.

## THE STARRY HOST.

The countless stars which to our human eye  
Are fixed and steadfast, each in proper  
place.  
Forever bound to changeless points in  
space,  
Rush with our sun and planets through  
the sky,  
And like a flock of birds still onward fly;  
Returning never whence began their race,  
They speed their ceaseless way with  
gleaming faces,  
As though God bade them win Infinity.  
Ah, whither, whither is their forward flight  
Through endless time and limitless ex-  
panse?  
What power with unimaginable might  
First hurled them forth to spin in tireless  
dance?  
What beauty lures them on through  
primal night,  
So that, for them, to be is to advance?  
—Bishop Spalding, in the Century.

## OLD HUNDRED, B. C., AND THE BICYCLE.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

Old Hundred's real name was P. T. Simmons. "Just P. T.," he always insisted. "They don't stand for anything. Father and mother ran out of names when they came to me, and gave me initials." So the village was dubbed him Old Hundred, for short, and the name adhered.

For Old Hundred was one of those dried up little men who might be considered twenty if some inconvenient old ladies did not remember holding them in their arms just forty years ago. He wore a dainty juvenile mustache, walked with a smart swing, although one might notice that his heels came down rather stiffly, and played games among the most frivolous at the church socials.

He was a tailor, an excellent one, by the way, and his apprentices had by this time ceased to grin and chuckle when their master sprang down from his cross-legged position on the table every morning precisely at ten, as B. C. passed on her way to the postoffice, after the mail. He would jump down, snatch up his hat in an absent-minded, blushing way, and remark that the mail must be distributed by this time. If the apprentices had ceased to smile at this sort of thing, you may be sure that it had become an old story.

Indeed, Old Hundred had been courted by B. C. for a long, long time. And that was too bad, because B. C. deserved a better fate, a more vigorous lover. No one could tell when Susy Bennett was first called B. C. If one could have told that, you see, it would have given some clue to her age. Susy was a dear old girl, however, with kind, laughing eyes, and a shrewd little brain of her own. It wasn't her fault if she was getting up startlingly near a very rheumatic forty without netting Old Hundred.

For when a man has gone through forty years with a sneaking desire for matrimony till his heart all the while, without the grit and manliness to say so when given opportunity by the proper person once, twice, daily, Cupid despairs of him more than of the most rabid misogynist in Bachelordom. There is such a thing, you know, as a heart which is too soft for those dainty little darts, which merely nurses them as a feather pillow would.

One day the ancient twain were strolling back from the postoffice at 10:30 A. M.; with the incipient courtship-air which had been petrified so long ago. She was smiling at him, bravely and hopefully, and talking bright nothings, while his feather-pillow of a heart fluttered drowsily.

Suddenly there flashed around the corner and bore straight down upon them Will Davis and Lucy his young wife, on their bicycles, off for a day's holiday together, if one might judge from their bundles. Upright they were, noiseless, swift, graceful and full of life in every movement and in every uttering garment, glittering eye, with handsome, healthful faces.

Old Hundred and B. C. turned to gaze admiringly after them.

"How finely Mrs. Davis rides!" murmured Old Hundred.

"And how exceedingly graceful Mr. Davis is!" responded B. C. rather sharply.

"I've often thought that I should like a wheel," said Old Hundred, with, of course, no perception of her annoyance.

"And I should enjoy one very much," added B. C.

"You!" Old Hundred blurted out, before he thought. He took mental credit to himself for not finishing the sentence.

"You can get bicycles now-a-days for almost nothing," said B. C. slyly, "and of course that is the only wheel you would think of at your time of life, Mr. Simmons!"

"Hum!" said Old Hundred, and "Hum!" said B. C.

Now don't expect to be treated to a lover's quarrel. Our sedate couple had got far beyond that dangerous stage of courtship. Yet as they parted somewhat grimly, "I'll show her!" muttered B. C., and "I'll show her!" muttered Old Hundred. And that very afternoon the heart of the village bicycle agent was made glad by an order for a lady's safety, and an order for a safety for our doughty tailor.

That was on a Monday, and our narrative calmly skips a month at this point, —calmly and mercifully.

From time immemorial it had been

Old Hundred's habit to call on B. C. on Sunday evenings. At the beginning of his courtship, the hand of the feather-hearted tailor had quivered suspiciously in the operation of shaving for this important occasion. In the adjustment of his necktie his clumsiness had been phenomenal—for a tailor. His steps up the broad walk which led to B. C.'s front door had been noticeably unsteady. B. C. had coyly sent the servant to usher him in, and often, with an affectation of careless indifference, received him without rising from her chair.

All that had long been changed, but this particular night seemed to repeat the experiences of old. Old Hundred's toilet was accomplished with blundering slowness. And why does the odor of liniments follow the fiery lover from his room? And why does he groan as he bends to reach the gate-latch? And what has become of his brisk, swinging gait up the board walk? And why does not B. C. receive him, smiling, at the door? Why does she remain in that thick-padded arm-chair, and stretch her hand out to him so slowly? And what is the use of using cologne where arnica has been?

"Miss Bennet," said Old Hundred, after a few wandering remarks—(he always Miss-ed her)—"didn't I notice a bicycle standing in the hall-way?"

"Why, Mr. Simmons! Didn't you know that I could ride?" asked B. C. with a radiant smile.

"Is it possible! Why, we must have a ride together!" cried the astonished tailor.

"Together, Mr. Simmons? Can you ride, too?" inquired B. C., with real amazement.

"Of course I can! That is—um—er—in fact, I'm learning. And I'm getting on well, excellently well, Mr. Spoketire says, for a man of my age—I should say, excellently well. But how did you learn so soon?" Old Hundred asked, admiringly.

"Well, I can't say that I am through with my apprenticeship yet," confessed B. C., with a charming blush, "but Mr. Spoketire says he hardly has to hold the machine at all, and he thinks I'm doing better than most girls do who are many years young—that is, that I am doing very well. I need to be helped into the saddle."

"So do I," admitted the tailor, honestly.

"But once in, I have absolutely no trouble, provided the road is smooth and level, and Mr. Spoketire just keeps his hands on the machine, to kind of steady me, you know."

"I still find it a rather difficult task to dismount—without letting the wheel fall, that is, Miss Bennet."

"Why, do you? The last time Mr. Spoketire helped me out he said I was as graceful as a young girl. Mr. Spoketire is so nice."

"Miss Bennet, we must go out together next week, and as soon as possible! Or rather—about Saturday, eh? We'll both be in better trim by then, you know."

"Without Mr. Spoketire, Mr. Simmons?"

"Of course. What do we want with that contemptible little dandy?"

B. C. smiled happily at the tailor's manifest jealousy, yet smiled rather uneasily and fearfully. However, she agreed, with many a misgiving, and the next Saturday afternoon was fixed for the adventure.

Many a time during the following week Old Hundred and B. C. regretted their precipitancy. But B. C. was clear grit, if she was approaching that awful fortieth birthday, and the little tailor had been roused by the Spoketire hints to somewhat of the ardor a lover should have.

Saturday dawned perversely fair, with roads outrageously perfect, and the afternoon saw our hero and heroine trundling their wheels through the village out to the Middleton Road. "We'll not ride through town," each eagerly agreed, "because people might laugh," which was very true.

The Middleton Road was an excellent stretch for the purpose, in prime condition, and little frequented. Old Hundred and B. C. walked out of sight of the village, chatting gaily, avoiding all mention of the wheel. At length it became impossible to deny that the right spot had been reached, and with set faces they placed their bicycles in position.

"You must help me on, you know," said B. C., with a rather pale face, but brave withal, "Mr. Spoketire thinks it is still necessary!"

"Oh, yes! Why to be sure!" stammered the little tailor, looking awkwardly around for something to lean his bicycle against, and at last laying it down clumsily in the middle of the road.

B. C. sprang into the saddle with a feint of girlish sprightliness, and the poor tailor's weak muscles were unable to prevent a most portentous swaying of the wheel.

"Mercy on us!" shrieked B. C., "Don't let me take a header before I start! and oh, Mr. Simmons, I shall be so grateful, if you only hold on to the machine for a few steps, just until I get started!"

"Certainly," grunted Old Hundred, whose every muscle was to hold the wheel upright.

B. C. started, the perspiring tailor trotting after, both hands clutching the saddle spring contributing so materially in his awkwardness to the difficulty of the steering that the agonized maid in front soon cried back to him, "That will do. Thanks. Now mount and

catch up" and away sailed B. C., staggering all over the road.

Old Hundred trotted back to his wheel, picked it up, and glanced despairingly after the retreating safety. How could he ever catch up? But that query was merged in a greater one. Could he ever mount?

He made three attempts, each failure being hidden in a thicker cloud of dust, and inscribed in a deeper rent. But what were clothes to a tailor? There was Miss Bennett's unsteady form just disappearing over the edge of the first little hill. He must catch up with her, or be her laughing-stock forever. Luckily, a small boy just came sauntering by, to whom he gave ten cents, with full directions, and was assisted off in much better shape than poor B. C. had been.

"Oh, that I were safe in my shop, sitting cross-legged on the table!" thought Old Hundred. "That bicycle had never been invented! That Miss Bennet were not so fond of them! How smart she is! Who would have thought it at her age!" But just here a rut upset the train of his thoughts, and all but upset himself. The small boy, left behind, was chuckling with amusement. How close the ditches seemed, and how fearfully deep? The machine, to the tailor's apprehension, seemed insanely bent on plunging over the brink. His arms were pulled almost out of their sockets. Perspiration blinded his eyes. More and more wildly with each rut swayed the crazy bicycle, and whirled Old Hundred dizzy brain. He came to the brow of the little hill, which seemed a fearful declivity. Old Hundred clinched his teeth and pushed back hard on the pedals, throwing on the brake with all his might. Just then he struck a loose stone, lost control of the wheel, and with closed eyes ran directly toward the side, and upset.

The little tailor rolled over and over down the hillside gully, and lay on top of his wheel at the bottom.

Slowly Old Hundred rose, and found to his intense relief that he had broken no bones. To his equally great relief he discovered that he had broken the bicycle. One pedal projected from the crank at a most astonishing angle.

A gay laugh rang out a few yards farther down the ditch, and lo! there on its bowdler side sat the stout-hearted B. C.; at her feet her tricky wheel!

A happy light shone in her eyes. "My wheel is broken!" said she, pointing to a handle-bar bent back some forty degrees.

"And mine, too," said the smiling tailor, showing the disaffected pedal. "Isn't it too bad! I'm afraid we'll have to go home."

With some toil they hoisted their bicycles to the road again, and set out for the town, trundling them happily.

And then it was that the tailor spoke these memorable words:

"Susy," said he, and Miss Bennett's brave old heart knew what was approaching. "Susy, you see how very unsteady these bicycles are, separate?"

"Very," said B. C., tremblingly.

"But suppose, Susy, one were to take two bicycles, like yours and mine, and put a couple of axes across, and a box on top, with two seats and a cover, what would that be, Susy?"

"A family carriage," said B. C., looking downward with a smile.

"Yes, Susy, and it wouldn't tip over, but would run smoothly and safely, and wouldn't it be nice, Susy?" and Old Hundred tried to trundle with one hand, that he might use the right arm for another purpose, but it wouldn't work.

"Wouldn't it be much nicer, Susy?"

Yes, Susy thought it would.

And so B. C. and Old Hundred walked happily back to town along that Middleton Road henceforth blessed to them both, trundling the fateful bicycles, which alone had been equal to the ending of that long courtship.

Near town, Spoketire whirled smartly up, and dismounted at sight of them.

"Had accidents, I see. Too bad. However, I can soon straighten that out."

"We have decided, Susy and I, Mr. Spoketire," said the bold tailor proudly, "to sell our wheels, and we want you to act as agent. We'll leave them at your shop. You see, Mr. Spoketire, we have decided, Susy and I, to set up a family carriage." —Yankee Blade.

Keen are the Shafts of Ridicule.

Brave heartshave flashed out of life from the din of many a field of battle, the record of whose courage could never transcend the daily life of many a woman, forced to keep a steady front turned toward the legion of annoyances that marshal behind an inadequate income. A pretty woman, forced to go looking like a dowdy because she cannot afford, or is not sufficiently selfish to wear, fine and expensive clothes, is a sight to earn the plaudits of such as appreciate heroism of the unwept and unstoned kind. It takes more strength of character to face ridicule than it does to face a battery of Gatling guns. A sneer pierces deeper than a bullet. A blow that only reaches a physical nerve center does not tell like the blow that buries itself in the soul. I can dodge a shell, if the Lord has given me a level head and a moment's time, but nothing is going to help me when my enemy rakes me with the light artillery of scorn and contempt. If we but knew the inside history of the man who goes dressed in seedy clothes, or the woman who wears old shoes and rusty gloves, we should perhaps uncover, when some of these shabby folk meet us on the way, as commoners do when royalty rides by. —Chicago Herald.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Paris has electric cabs.  
Aluminium is \$1 a pound.  
Electric boats are being made.  
Sanguinite, a new mineral, contains silver, arsenic and sulphur.

A waterproof paper has lately been invented that will even stand boiling.  
Metals are found to corrode much faster when in galvanic connection than otherwise.

The metal in a five cent nickel piece is worth about half a cent, and fifteen cents will purchase copper enough to make \$2 worth of cents.

The Frankfort (Germany) Electrical Exhibition will be furnished with lights, and its machinery will be operated from a distance of 107 miles.

The first known weather record was kept by Walter Merle for the years 1337 to 1344. A few photographic copies of the original Latin manuscript—now in the Bodleian Library—have just been made.

Among the anomalies reported concerning the past winter is that the weather in Iceland was the mildest remembered. There was not, we are told, a flake of snow, nor a single hour of frost.

A new spool factory in the town of Alpena, Mich., turns out 80,000 spools daily. Last year the twenty-three mills in the town put out 202,000,000 feet of lumber, 52,000,000 laths and 33,000,000 shingles.

There was recently exhibited in Dublin, Ireland, a new burner for lighthouse use, possessing twice the illuminating power of the largest burners now employed. It is calculated that this new burner, in connection with a specially devised system of lenses, will transmit a light equal to about eight millions of candles, which far exceeds the most powerful light at present used.

Iron pipe is now welded by electricity at the Columbus (Ga.) iron works. Columbus is the first city in the South in which this new system has been employed. The managers of the iron works expect to effect a considerable saving over the old method, each weld taking about seven seconds. From the time of finishing one weld until the completion of the next takes about one minute. This includes clamping the two pipes, adjusting the position of the machine, welding and taking out the pipes.

An ingenious machine is used in England for preparing telegraph post arms. These arms are usually made from the best selected English oak and vary in length from two feet to four feet. They are in the first case planed on the four sides by means of a special planing machine, and then sawn to the exact length required by means of a double cross-cut sawing machine made specially for the purpose. The arms are then passed on to the shaping machine, which rapidly and effectively does its work. The machine is quite self-contained and has the driving shaft placed overhead and supported upon standards fixed to the main bed. The arrangements for dealing with the various lengths of arms have been carefully worked out. At the official test of the machine the wooden arms were finished at the rate of three per minute.

## A Caucasus Chevalier.

The Caucasus is full of highwaymen, who make the roads unsafe. But there are also knights of good order there, of whom the highwaymen are in terror. The Listok of Tiflis reports an interesting illustration: A merchant of Tiflis made his way to a neighboring city to purchase horses. He had a large sum of money with him. In the district of Bortchalinsk he was assailed by three Tartars, who tied him to a tree. One of them held a dagger over his head, while the other two unbuttoned his garments and made ready to steal what he had. But suddenly a man on horseback appeared from behind a hill. As soon as the robbers sighted him they called out, "Shaitan halir!" (Satan comes), and mounting their horses, disappeared in a moment. The man on horseback freed the unfortunate merchant and told him to mount and resume his journey. The merchant offered a hundred ruble bill to his liberator, but the latter disdainfully declined to accept it. "If thou hast many of these things," he said, "endow the poor and hide the rest. Shatro does not want thy money. Go thy way, and include Shatro in thy prayers to Allah." —Boston Transcript.

## Cleaning Car Wheels by Sand Blast.

A very efficient application of the sand blast is made in cleaning newly-cast car-wheels in the New York Car Wheel Works, Buffalo, N. Y. When taken from the soaking pit the wheel is rolled into a small chamber, where it stands in a vertical position. The tread of the wheel stands on rollers which are moved by gearing, so that the wheel is slowly revolved without changing its position. A flue, into which cinders are fed by a chute leading from a bin above, leads a blast of air against the face of the wheel, which is then reversed. The cinders used vary from the size of a grain of wheat to much larger, and are used over and over. With this apparatus one man can clean twenty wheels in three hours and a half, including the time consumed in rolling them to and from the machine. The cost is less than hand labor, and the cleaning is better done. —New York Journal.

## IN CAMP.

Skyward Pine, that saw it all,  
Whisper never what thou knowest!  
Many, many things befall  
When the coaxing moon is tall  
Through the tender shade thou throwest.

Blame not me, O Pine, too soon!  
I—yo all beguiled me to it!  
Had it not been night and June,  
With the pine-breath and the moon,  
I had ne'er been bold to do it.

Ah, her forehead was so white  
Where that soft ray came and kissed her;  
When the happy heaven's light  
Lingered with her as of right—  
As of sister with a sister!

All our little camp asleep:  
Only I at midnight waking—  
Waking to the moon—to creep,  
Kiss her silent brow—and keep  
Lips aye hollower for that slaking.

She, O Pine, will never know—  
Never blush amid her laughter.  
She is nothing poorer so,  
I so rich—as who shall go  
Dreaming it forever after!  
—By Charles F. Loomis, in Scribner.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A mile is the centipede of distance; it has 5280 feet. —Washington Star.

There's millions in it—The United States Treasury. —Washington Star.

The rolling stone gathers no moss; but it manages to keep on top, for all that.

The xylophone player is the fellow who makes the "woods ring." —Statesman.

A man can call his body an earthly tenement, and yet object to being called a flat. —Puck.

It was a mean artist who suggestively painted a dairy in water-colors. —Richmond Record.

The honey bee deserves recognition as kind nature's sweet restorer. —Elmira (N. Y.) Gazette.

Though some women have golden hair, others have but plaited hair. —Jeweller's Circular.

It is probable that many jolly dogs will have barks on the sea this summer. —New York Herald.

A manufacturing dentist often shows his teeth without smiling or opening his mouth. —New York Journal.

Iron is good for the blood, but no man likes to have it administered in the form of carpet-nails. —Puck.

A man never realizes until he has made a fool of himself what a laughter-loving world this is. —Athenion Globe.

He—Miss Sharpe has a very fine voice." She—"No wonder. She grinds it so much." —Detroit Free Press.

Don't under-rate modest ability. The needle has only one good point; but we couldn't get along without it. —Puck.

The good artist is known by his work, but the poor artist is obliged to grow his hair long to be identified. —Statesman.

"Is there anything brilliant about Prozer's writings?" "Yes—the stars between the paragraphs." —Chicago Herald.

Frank—"Stella's face is her fortune!" Tom—"Yes, but she's given too many certified checks to time." —New York Herald.

"Blitters began life as a school teacher." "Really?" "What a precocious little baby he must have been." —New York Sun.

There's nothing like sticking to a thing when you apply yourself to it, as the ny said when it alighted on the fly-paper. —Texas Sitings.

Little Kitty (who is doing the honors and wishes to be very pompous)—"Will you have chinking or mutting, Mr. Brown?" —Harvard Lampoon.

No, Ethel, you are mistaken. The phrase, "a literary treat," has no reference to the setting up of books by the printer. —Indianapolis Journal.

"Tastes differ," said Mugley. "Good thing they do," put in Bottletion. "If they didn't squills and strawberries would taste the same." —New York Sun.

Jack Witherspoon—"Why do you sing all the time." Jim Westhall—"To kill time." Jack Witherspoon—"You have a good weapon." —Princeton Tiger.

Some people are born musicians, others achieve music and others live next door to the man who hopes to play the cornet in the village band. —Elmira (N. Y.) Gazette.

Young Wife—"We are told to 'cast our bread upon the waters.'" The Brute—"But don't you do it. A vessel might run against it and get wrecked." —New York Herald.

Mistress (trying on one of her new gowns)—"Norah, how does this dress fit?" Norah (without looking up)—"Not very well, mem. I found it a little tight under the arms." —Chicago Tribune.

"Don't you think," said one of the doctors, "that it would be a good idea to have the study of medicine carried on under the supervision of the Government?" "I suppose," replied the other doctor, thoughtfully, "that it might be turned over to the interior department." —New York Post.

Timmins—"I—er—you know, I was talking to—I called on Miss Laura last night." Mr. Figg—"Yes, I know you did—the fourth time in one week, I believe. Why don't you come and live with us, and be done with it?" Timmins—"That's just what I wanted to see you about." —Indianapolis Journal.