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Judge Irving Halsey, in his memorial address over the grave of the famous pacer, Tom Hal, in Tennessee recently. asserted that this peculiar stride was used by horses 2500 years ago in Greece, and that the proof of this fact is to be found in the equine figures on the marbles stolen from the Parthenon by Lord

The New Orleans Picayune predicts that the next move against immigration will be against the Japanese. California, it seems, is threatened with an influx of a class of Japanese who, the San Francisco papers think, will prove as objectionable as the Chinese, and an attempt has been made, in a test case involving four women who recently landed, to stem the tide.

The elevated railroads in New York City, which cost less than \$17,000,000, are stocked and bonded for more than \$60,000,000. The steam railroads in the country cost, on paper, says General Rush C. Hawkins, in the North American, \$9,931,453,146, of which two-fifths represent water. The street railroads of the country, horse, cable and electric, have not cost over \$110,000 per mile but they are stocked and bonded up to about \$400,000.

It is proposed to establish a Japanese colony in California, the projector being an ex-member of the House of Representatives in Japan, who has wearied of the tumoil in his native land. He has inter ested several large capitalists, and is selecting able-bodied farmers to form the first group of colonists. "From present indications," comments the New York Tribune, "a law will soon have to be passed excluding the Japanese, for every steamer sees a large number arrive. They are flocking into Hawaii by thousands, and they have been attracted here by the high wages."

The American Indians want to be rep resented by an exhibit at the World's Fair, and at the agencies in the West they are signing petitions to be granted the privilege. The petitions are addressed to the Pressident of the United States and his cabinet, and to the Commissioners of the World's Fair. In quite pathetic language they set forth the de-spairing condition of the Indians, and protest against the celebration of the discovery of America-an event so momentous and disastrous to them-without be ing afforded proper recognition and chance to make an exhibit which will not only serve as a most appropriate background upon which to illustrate the progress of 400 years, but will show that the Indians themselves have made greater advancement than is generally supposed.

Experiments by the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius seem to prove, observes the Washington Star, that dynamite explosives fired into the air from a platform not stationary cannot be depended upon to explode so as to be destructive to objects in the water or near it. It would appear that further experimentation should be on the line of securing a stable platform that could be maneuvered easily and swiftly. The guns are so long and the machinery so extensive as to require a greater space than could be secured on a man-of-war devoted to other uses. A the same time they are not able, as the recent experiments show, to find in a vessel of seventeen or eighteen feet of beam sufficient firmness for a trajectory in even moderately good weather, whereas the requisite is stability in rough seas. There is authority for the opinion that torpedo development should be on the old line of the submarine torpedo.

The largest fee ever received for pro fessional services in the United State was paid when a check was made out for \$260,000 to William Nelson Cromwell, of this city, says the New York World. He had acted as assignee of Decker, Howell & Co., the bankers and brokers who suspended payment during the panie in Wall street last November, and, as said, Judge Lawrence in the Supreme Court has confirmed the report of the referee who passed upon the accounts and stated that Mr. Cromwell was entitled to that sum. Mr. Cromwell earned this \$260,000 in six weeks. That was at the rate of \$43,333.331 a week, or \$7222.16 a day for six working days to the week, and the remarkable part of the whole transaction is that the people who ail him the money think that he undermated the value of his services and out of their way to buy him a valu

silver service worth a small fortune

APPLE BLOSSOMS

We stood within the orchard's gloom In youth and courage high, The apple boughs in clustered bloom Mere just a nearer sky!

And one, a maiden in her pride,
A quaint old ditty sang,
With glance, half shy, at him beside;
And thus the burden rang:
O true heart, 'it's long to part!

Anale boughe arrogay.

Apple boughs are gay, Sweet buds grow, blossor Thou art still away. One lingered, when they turned to go,

And plighted fast were we He would return to claim my love
When spring buds opened again;
And distant came, beyond the grove, The woods of that refrain: O true heart 'tis long to part! Apple boughs are gay;

Sweet buds grow, bloss Thou art still away. A ring upon my finger shone, He vanished in the shade, And the sweet stars looked gently down

Opon a happy maid.
That ring is like a star at night;
And in my loneliness
The pressure of its circlet light
Has seemed a soft caress.
O true heart, 'tis long to part! Apple boughs are gay, weet buds grow, blos That art still away.

Upon a happy maid.

Beneath the guardian trees; And thrice the apple blossoms' snow Have floated to the breeze. The summer glows, the red leaves fall. The winter hearth-fires burn; Spring comes, but never to my call Or prayer dost thou return! O true heart, 'tis long to part! Apple boughs are gay,

I stand within the orchard's close

Sweet buds grow, blossoms blow; Thou art still away. They say one should be patient; yet, If groping lost in night forever, can the soul forget The loveliness of light?

I sometimes think that in yon sky Thou art—so far from me! And then, when I to God would cry, I cry, instead to you;
O true heart, 'tis long to part!

Apple boughs are gay, Sweet buds grow, blosse Thou art still away.

To smile, to jest, to walk my way-Oh, that is not for me! To live till I am old and gray, And ne'er thy face to see Thy voice! O Love, art thou a dream By God in pity given? Clasp, clasp me close, lest joy extreme Should open the gates of heaven!

• true heart, no more to part!

Apple boughs are gay, weet buds grow, blossom Where our glad feet stray.

-Elizabeth W. Fiske, in Boston Transcript

ALMOST A CRIME.

It seemed as if Providence had deserted Randolph Perry in his old age and ut-terly cast him off. For his was, indeed, a hard lot. We do not often find a case a hard lot. We do not often find a case of such great hardship in human affairs; for, although he had begun life with the brightest prospects, with abundant wealth, a pleasant home, a loving wife and children, his seventieth summer found him stripped of all save the roof above his head, and seriously threatened with the loss of even that

with the loss of even that. Twenty long, weary years back his re-verses had begun in the sudden and dis-for an hour longer, when it abruptly tressing death of his dear wife; and this irreparable blow was soon after followed by the elopement of his daughter Annie, the pet and darling of his heart, with an artful scoundrel with a sham title, who had probably left his native land across the sea upon compulsion. The poor father heard of her but once afterward, and that was when the news of her suicide in Manchester reached him. dust, and brought with it a sickness that laid him prostrate for a twelvemonth, and nearly cost him his life.

He rose from his sick bed and ap-peared to the little world of his acquaint-ance only the wreck of his former manhood. His first inquiries were for Simeon, his boy. No one would answer him at first; they looked pitifully at him and kept silent; but when he angrily de-manded to know the truth, they were compelled to tell him that Simeon, his only remaining hope, had heartlessly deserted him during his sickness, and, as was supposed, had gone off to sea. Randolph Perry did not die with this accumulation of griefs; he lived on in a hopeless, morbid kind of way; but no one had seen him smile since he was told of Simeon's desertion. That was nearly twenty years back. He had dwelt in twenty years back. He had dwelt in the house where he had been bereaved ever since, with no society save that of the woman who attended to his small do-

This beautiful mansion, standing high surrounded with spacious and cultivated grounds, had been purchased by Perry of its previous owner, who was his friend, and upon whose assurance that the place was unencumbered and free from all legal claim he implicitly relied.

sunshine, he found himself threatened with total deprivation of his estate. As unexpectedly as though the heavens had unexpectedly as though the heavens had dropped upon his bewildered head, he was notified by a lawyer in London that he held for one of his clients a mortgage upon the place, executed by the vender a few months before the sale, upon which the principal and interest amounted to quite the value of the place, and that immediate satisfaction was demanded and expected.

Then followed a tedious and vexatious litigation, which resulted in establish-

litigation, which resulted in establishing the mortgage and declaring the petuniary ruin of Randolph Ferry. It was the last drop in the wretched sufferer's cup of gall. The little means that he could command from his broken fortunes had been swallowed up in his more tunes had been swallowed up in his un-successful defense of the suit.

The hour was about twilight; the unthe hour was about twinght; the untouched meal had been cleared away, and
the old housekeeper had retired to her
chamber. Perry sat in the front room,
in a low chair by the window, and,
absorbed in his misery, he noticed nothing of the storm that was coming up.

He had not sat thus more than half an
hour when he head, the sheap unlatch.

hour when he heard the sharp unlatching of the gate, and the quick step of feet on the gravel; and then there was a knock at the door.

A tall man stood without, his garments

clinging to him in wet folds and the clinging to him in wet folds and the water running from them in streams. The old man help up the candle to his face and saw a prominent nose and a pair of keen eyes under a wide hat, and for the rest there was a handsome, rather benevolent, mouth, and a mass of auburn beard. The man was a stranger to him.

"Good evening, sir," he said, in a bluff, hearty voice. "May I come in and get dry? Such a ducking I haven't had since I fell off Freehaven Dock, long ago. you allow such a wet rat in your

house?"
"Yes, come in," Perry replied; and ushering the stranger into the room, he brought some kindlings and light wood, with which he soon made a fire in the

fireplace.

The stranger took off his coat and vest, and squeezed the water from them, hung them on a chair, and addressed himself to the drying of his extremities. The old man looked on in moody silence, and the stranger was compelled to make the first

advances.

"A nice place you have here, I should think. I saw it from the bottom of the hill, before the storm came up."

"Who are you?" Perry abruptly asked. "Do you come here on any business? Have you anything to do with that rascal Murch, who has robbed me of all my property? I don't know, sir; peraps I do you an injustice; but I have become embittered against everybody. become embittered against everybody. I'll ask you kindly, if you came here spying for Issa: Murch, to leave peaceably—and now."

y—and now."
"On my honor, then, sir," replied the "On my honor, then, sir," replied the other, much surprised at the questions, "I don't know anything of Murch, and I'm above spying for him or anybody. I came into Freehaven, down below here, this afternoon, in the steamboat, and expected to walk over to Westlock before the rain came on. I got caught, and I made for the first shelter I saw, but if you'd rather I would go"—
"No, no," interrupted Perry; "I wouldn't turn a dog out into the storm, much less a human being. Stay till you are dry, and the rain is over; and that, I

are dry, and the rain is over; and that, I think, won't be before morning. I'll give you a bed."

Finding the old man but little inclined to talk, the stranger bade his host good night and went to the room assigned to

It was then about ten o'clock. bably have forgotten the presence of a stranger in his house but for a ray of light issuing from the keyhole of the chamber which he had bade him take.

Randolp's Perry paused, and merely obeying a sudden impulse, stopped and placed his eye at the hole. He had not ne least curiosity about this man, and his act was certainly without motive. But his eye had but singled out his guest from the other objects in the room when he concentrated his attention upon him and the candle before him. Four or five piles of bank notes, new and cracklin were before him; and he counted the over rapidly, replacing them all in an oiled-skin wallet beneath his pillow. In a few moments more the light tinguished and the heavy breathing of

room; and as he stood there he was a man transformed! Could he have seen his own face at that moment he must have been terrified at the fiendish passions that peered out from it. He straightened up his bowed shoulders; his eyes lost their listless, hopeless expression and burned with a baleful light; and even his shrivelled, wrinkled cheeks flushed with the shame of the dreadful

sin with which he was struggling.
For Randolph Perry meditated murder. With this horrible resolution formed, the old man rapidly proceeded to its ac complishment. In his bureau drawe complishment. In his bureau drawer lay a sheath-knife eight inches in the That friend had died penniless two lay a sheath-knife eight inches in the years after; and now, as if to remove blade, which he had never carried since from his dreary existence the last ray of boyhood, and opening the drawer he

took it from it sheath, and holding it up to the light saw that it was sharp. The demon must have had full possession of him in that hour, for he smiled as he observed the glitter of the bright blade. Discreed the gitter of the bright blacet, Placing it in the breast of his waistcoat, he softly left his room and traversed the passage. Listening at the door of his victim, he heard his steady, regular breathing, and noiselessly unclosing in the entered and advanced to the bedside

he entered and advanced to the bedside.

But his eyes lingered upon the table; he could not withdraw them. They rested on a large family Bible, the gift of his wife in happier days, and it now lay open, as the hand of the stranger must have opened it, to the sixth chapter of Matthew. At the top of the page he saw drawn with a pencil in bold letters, but with irregular and wavering lines, as if by the hand of a child, the beginning of the thirteenth verse:

"And lead us not into temptation."

beginning of the thirteenth verse:

"And lead us not into temptation."

A change upon the instant came over
Randolph Perry. His face turned deadly pale, his limbs shook so violently that
the light in his hand was extinguished;
and, with all purpose of crime banished
from his heart, he feebly tottered from
the chamber that had witnessed this
strange scene back to his own room,
where he sank on his knees by the bedside and penitently poured fourth his side and penitently poured fourth his soul in secret thanksgiving to heaven for his deliverance.

As Randolph sat at breakfast with his guest, a chase drove up to the door, and from it alighted Mr. Murch, the hateful

agent. He entered without knocking, and unceremoniously addressed the old man, paying no heed to the stranger.

"Your time is up to-day, old fellow, and if my client still owned the mortgage, my business here would be to turn you out. But he don't; he's sold it to somehead whom you'll resolutionally see here somebody whom you'll probably see here soon enough. I was going by, and I thought I'd call in and congratulate

you."
"Heaven will be done!" ejaculated

"Heaven will be door."
Perry covering his face.
"It's just about time it was," Murch rejoined, with heartless insolence.
"You've given trouble enought about and it's anite time you that mortgage, and it's quite time you was set adrift on your travels."

"Leave the house, you scoundrel!" roared the guest, jumping up angrily and menacing Murch with his fist.

menacing Murch with his fist.

"And who might you be, my lad?"
the latter sneeringly asked.

"I am the owner of the mortgage, and,
I am able and willing to punish you for
your cruelty to this old man."

And seizing the agent by his coatcollar with a grip of iron, the strong man
spun him about like a top—slamming
him with no gentle force against the wall
till the breath was knocked out of his till the breath was knocked out of his body; and then opening the door, he cast him out into the wet grass. A minute later the crestfallen agent rose and limped out to his chaise sore and bruised and humbled in feelings. It was his first and

last visit to Woodhampton.

The stranger reclosed the door and knelt beside the astonished old man and took his hands.

"Don't you know me, father?" he asked in a trembling voice. "Will you take back your prodigal son who deserted you so cruelly? I never was bad at heart, father; it was Robinson Crusoe, at heart, father; it was Robinson Crusoe, more than anything else, that made me run away. I've come back now, after years of wandering, with money enough for both of us. I've paid the mortgage, and I want to live with you here, at Woodhampton. My heart has been yearning to you ever since I set foot in the house; I've been ready to reveal myself a dozen times, but it faltered on my lins. dozen times, but it faltered on my lips. Forgive me now, father; forgive me, and let us dwell in peace and forget the

His voice failed him and his head sank on his father's knee, and the glad old man bent over him with streaming eyes, fondly smoothing his hair and faltering, "God has given me of His bounty when I deserved His curse. May my Father in

Curious Test for Ability.

A well-known down-town contractor has a peculiar theory. It is necessary for him to employ a great number of men in his business, and they must possess certain qualifications in order to give satis faction. First and foremost a quickness of thought and action is indispensable.

Everything else is subordinate to this.

"And the best place in the world to find the very men I want is in a restaurant," said the man a short time ago to a Times reporter.

The reporter did not see why this

should be so, and the man went on to

explain.
"When in a restaurant," said he, "you see a man take up the bill of fare and spend half an hour looking through its contents you can put that person down as a man with no decision of character. n who goes into a restaurant, his hat at a peg, and gives the waiter his order as soon as he is seated is the man for me. You can depend upon it, that man can be trusted to know it, that man can be trusted to know what he is doing, and is the proper man to put in a position where decision of character is an essential qualification.

"If I were the General of an army would submit all my officers to this crucial test before intrusting them with any important separate commands."—New York Times.

William K. Vanderbilt has built the biggest hen house in this country, spending \$150,000 in the structure.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL

Electrical tanning is satisfactory. An Italian has invented a new fuel prepared from lignite. It has been satisfactorily used for running locomotives.

The largest telescopic lens ever ground in this country is now in course of polishing at Greenville, Penn. It measures thirty and one-half inches in diameter, five and one-eighth inches in thickness.

The application of the microscope to The application of the interescope to machine shop practice, for the purpose of proving whether surfaces are true, is pronounced by experts as being the best method of obtaining accuracy thus far

An apparatus for testing the smelling capacities of individuals was recently exhibited in Paris. It is said to determine the weight of odorous vapor existing in a given quantity of air. The invention is called the olfactometer.

A man named Jones, of Cardiff, Wales, is said to have patented a sewing machine without shuttle or bobbin. The thread is supplied directly from two ordinary spools and sews through the assistance of a rotary looper.

Moulds for casting iron can only be made in sand. Iron and other metallic moulds chill the iron, and it does not fill well. The great heat at which iron melts will burn any other material, or will stick so as to break the mould.

One of the novelties at the St. Pancras Exhibition, in London, lately, was a sausage machine, driven by electric motor. In conjunction with this machine it has been proposed to employ an electric heating attachment, whereby the savory dish can be delivered cooked.

A successful exhibition was given in Philadelphia recently, of the system of storage batteries for propelling passenger tailway cars, as introduced by Messrs. Wright & Starr. A special feature of the new system is the recharging of the batteries by a retrograde movement of the motor. the motor.

The run from Baltimore to Philadelphia of the Royal Blue Line Express is made behind what is said to be the largest engine in this country. It weighs 187,000 pounds, and runs on four driving wheels six feet six inches in diameter. It is black, without a particle of It is black, without a particle of bright color about it.

A new method of ventilating railway carriages and preventing dust from entering with the air has appeared in France. The more quickly the train moves the more rapidly the apparatus works. The air is made to traverse a reconstruct containing water, which cools receptacle containing water, which cools it and relieves it of dust, after which it goes through another filtering before entering the carriage.

State Entomologist Lintner, who was summoned to Catskill recently, to examine a new pest which was ruining the pear crop of that place, finds that an area three miles in diameter has been occu-pied by the most dangerous fruit pest that has visited the State in years. It is the Diplosis Pyrivora, or pear midge, which is common in Europe, but first made its appearance in this country ten years ago at Meriden, Conn.

The great electric scarchlights of the modern man-of-war may have an offensive as well as defensive value. There sive as well as defensive value. There was a sham attack upon Cherbourg the other day, by a squadron of the French navy, and during the manœuvres the torpedo boat Edmond Fontaine was run let be a support of the control of the contr into by a cruiser and sent to the bottom. Her officers report that they were so dazzled by the searchlight of one cruiser that they were that they were that they were the were they were the were they were they were the were t

A Remarkable Case.

In November, 1889, Thomas F. Davis, a brakeman of the Georgia Pacific Railroad, was struck by a projecting rock in Tates Cut, Ala., while climbing up the side of the caboose, and was seriously injured. The rock which projected struck him on the side and hip. His injuries beside bruises were of an in-ternal nature. He suffered a great deal Attending physicians soon discovered that Davis's heart was moved from the left to the right side. His entire insides were disarranged and began moving from one side to the other. In the course of time his heart moved eight inches from its normal position and was on the right side. Davis dwindled from a hearty, robust man to an invalid. The other robust man to an invalid. The other night he died. The case is pronounced most remarkable one by physicians Davis was about twenty-five years old, and unmarried .- New Orleans Times

Pickpockets Are Born.

A man must have the physical endow ment to be a pickpocket, just as a mar ment to be a pickpocket, just as a man must have a certain mental endowment to be a poet, says a noted criminal in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The lining of the pocket must be taken hold of about an inch from the top on the inside. It must be drawn up easily and quickly at ne same time. Not more than half a dozen move

nents of the fingers should be necessar, to get the lining out far enough. With the lining, of course, will come the pocketbook, and this should never be touched by the fingers until it is almost ready to drop into the hand of the thief Some experts never touch the book to do this should be slender; not neces-sarily long, but thin and flexible, and

the best pickpockets are those finger ends are naturally moist.

A DAY IN SONGLAND.

Wandering through the land of Spring, Have you heard its voices sing? Throb of earth, swift whir of wing, Skimming, scudding clouds which fling Harmony

From the glad green of the hills, And broad blue the sky which fills; In awakened, gushing rills, Nature's hidden music trills Melody.

Where the purple lilacs sway, Blossoms bloom, then float away! Listen to the song of May, Hint and hush and whisper say, "Heart, but see

Summer land of flowers not far, Where gold gates of song ajar Swing back noiselessly afar; Bud and bloom and music are All for thee.

But from distance faintly swell Tink and tone of evening bell! Day is dying, shadows tell Of a lingering farewell To the light!

Bathed in showers of ruddy gold. Sunset's radiant realms unfold; Now from twilight hands is rolled Eventide, by stars foretold;
Then—the night.
—Philadelphia Times.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A stirring appeal.—Spoon, please. The light of the world-Caucasians. Above his business-The boss.-Puck. "What's Tim doing now?" "Time." The smaller the rooster the louder the

The bogus dollar is hard to push; but it often is lead. An overdrawn account-The sensa-

tional reporter's table .- Puck.

You can never lift a mortgage by pulling at a bottle, -Elmira Gazette.

The man that "gets out on a foul" isn't necessarily a chicken.—Lowell Mail. The xylophone player is the fellow who makes the "woods ring."—States-

Some of the new cannon which shoot twelve miles won't shoot anything else.-Washington Star.

A man would do pretty poor fishing if he used a book-worm for bait.—Binghamton Republican.

Teacher "Now, ton, who can tell me the plural of 'child?" The Bright Pupil-"Twins."—Paris Figaro.

It is said the first anchors were invented in 587. They have been a drag on the maritime service ever since.—Pica-

You can never judge how well a man can keep a secret by the way he keeps one that is unfavorable to him.—Atchison Globe. "Did you enjoy the circus, Johnny?"
"Very much. I had a ride on a big leather animal with a snake on his nose."

Farmer—"Did that tramp over yonder leave this house?" Wife—"Yes; but he took our money with him."—New York

"What is a skin game?" asks a correspondent. A skin game is one where the other man makes the money.—New York Recorder. The editor of a comic paper is said to

be insane. One would think a man with all his wits about him couldn't go in-In Boston men are beginning to emancipate themselves from the gentler sex. A man has started a millinery

tore. - Texas Siftings. Very petite ladies doubtless intend to be as truthful as any one; but don't you notice that they almost invariably drew the long beau?—Puck.

The things that promise most su Will vanish while we look; It always is the biggest fish That wriggles off the hook. —Washinator

Boggs—"An American girl always makes a bargain when she marries a lord." Fogg—"How do you make that out?" Boggs—"Because he is cheap, at any price."—Life. --- Washington Post

Doctor-"There, get that prescription filled, and take a teaspoonful three times a day before meals." Pauper Patient--"But, doctor, I don't get but one meal in two days."-Texas Siftings.

When a lady of uncertain age tells you coyly that she has seen twenty-seven summers it is altogether impolite to ask her if she remembers how the last one

"No, mum," said Bridget, "I don't bring any reference. I don't think you would care for the opinions of some of the persons I have been working for." And Bridget was promptly engaged .-

Mizpah Say (the evening before her wedding)—"Suppose the minister should want to kiss me after the ceremony, dear, what shall I do?" Miss Vinnie Garr (her dear friend)—"He won't want to."—New York Press.

How Celluloid is Made.

The base of celluloid is common paper; by action of sulphurio and nitric acid it is changed to gun-cotton, then dried, is changed to gun-cotton, then dried, ground and mixed with from twenty to forty per cent. of camphor, after which it is ground fine, colored with powder-colors, cast in sheets, pressed very hard and at last baked between sets of superheated rollers.