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"The South," announces the Philadelphia Record, "will shortly supply the country's lumber demand. There are 3500 saw mills running there already."

Of the \$15,000,000 that Uncle Sam is going to deal out to the sugar planters, more than two-thirds will go to Louisiana, estimates the Commercial Advertiser.

The Australian farmer is already engaged in turning his attention to the cultivation of cotton, and every assistance is being given him by the colonial authorities.

There are more women in British India (124,000,000) than there are men, women and children in Great Britain, France and Germany put together, with the population of several minor European States cast in as well.

One imperial heir in Austria killed himself under circumstances of disgrace, another fled into obscurity as plain John Orth, while still another is lying nearly dead. The haps of Hapsburg, moralizes the Washington Star, are sadly numerous.

According to reports, two-thirds of the students of the Old World have a rather brief and inglorious career. A London letter says: "One-third of the students in Europe, it is said, die prematurely from the effect of bad habits acquired at college; one-third die prematurely from the effects of close confinement at their studies, and the other third govern Europe."

R. S. Hutton, one of the leading mine-owners of Colorado, says that electricity opens up a new era in the production of silver. The reason of this statement is that many of the high mountain mines have been almost valueless because of the expense of transporting fuel to them. Now through the utilization of water power with the electric motor these mines can be operated cheaply, and a notable increase of output may be looked for. So evident is this fact that there has already sprung up a demand for electrical mining machinery in Mexico, and our American electrical manufacturing companies are now sending large quantities of apparatus thither.

"The traditional bow and arrow of the American Indian," said a Westerner, "are things of the past. The average Indian of to-day is about as skilful with a bow and arrow as a six-year old boy is with a toy pistol. It's very funny to see Easterners when they are traveling out West get Indians to show them how they use their old-time weapons. The Indian's favorite way of exhibiting his skill is to shoot at a quarter or half a dollar stuck in a split stick. The money of course, comes out of the pocket of the Eastern man and the noble Red Man will shoot at it from a distance of a dozen steps and miss it with the most monotonous regularity. As the small boy would say, he can't shoot a little bit. His weapons nowadays are two kinds, both adopted from the white man. One is the rifle which he uses upon his friend the pale face, and upon his friend's cattle. The other is whisky, which he uses upon himself, and it is quite as deadly to him as bullets—provided he can get enough of it."

One of the phenomenal business developments in this country in the last few years, says the National Stockman, has been in growth of the dressed beef industry. There has not been a year in its history in which there has not been a substantial increase. Last year a total of 3,730,000 cattle were slaughtered in the West, against 3,050,000 in the preceding year, an increase of twenty-two per cent. This fairly represents the rate of growth. Of this total by far the greater part is for consumption in this country, probably one-seventh of it going abroad, inasmuch as the aggregate weight of beef, exclusive of tallow, exported last year was 389,216,561 pounds. Of course American producers will be glad to see beef exportation increase, even while recognizing that the growth of the dressed beef trade, as far as it contributes to supplying the American market, is inimical to the interests of cattle generally. The industry, such as it is, with all its possibilities, is here to stay. To such a degree, though, has it interfered with beef raising and beef selling in the older States that it is desirable that legislation be provided, if such a thing be possible, to hold it in check. At all events, it is certain to be a great feature in the American cattle industry in time to come.

## OLD THINGS ARE BEST.

Old things are best. We wander so strangely and so lonely From here to that world yonder, Why not grow fond and fonder? In tried affections only?

Old friends are best. Their faces Each year seem dearer, dearer, And glow with new-found graces; Then, ah! These vacant places But bring the living nearer.

Old homes are best. The laughter That tells of childhood's pleasures Beneath the ancient rafter, Surpasses all that's after And all of manhood's treasures.

Old love is best. Its sweetness Makes pleasant sorrow's chalice, And spite of Time's dread fleetness It gains in calm completeness And laughs at Age's malice.

Old faith is best the teaching Of heart enraptured mothers. What profits subtle preaching, Or blind and eager reaching For doubt that mocks and smothereth!

Old ways are the best; the gladness Of simpler lives and fitter. Ere wealth had come with madness, Or folly left its sadness, And sin its lessons bitter.

Old things are best. The glimmer Of age forbids new choices. Oh, as mine eyes grow dimmer, Faintly across the shimmer Wait me the old, sweet voices! —George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

## OLD MAN MIXALL.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"So you've got back ag'in, Lo-i-sy!" said Old Man Mixall.

"Yes, Mr. Mixall," said Louisa Hill, "I've got back again."

"Any news, Lo-i-sy?" cheerfully piped the octogenarian, folding the week-old newspaper so as to bring the "Financial News" on a level with his old steel spectacles.

Louisa shook her head.

"Well, I vum!" said Old Man Mixall.

"It's a shame!" Adam Putney always was as queer as Sancho, and I do believe he grows queerer every year he lives."

Louisa Hill sighed softly, and went about her work of preparing beans.

The morrow was bean-picking day at "Desperation Hall," and there was at least a bushel of the leguminous vegetables ready to be picked over and stemmed.

The boarders at Desperation Hall were partial to pickles as soon as the cold weather set in, and the matron was anxious to keep them satisfied and happy.

Desperation Hall was a long, low erection of gray stone that had been a snuff mill a century ago, and was now utilized for the accommodation of the town poor.

Captain Fotherindyke, a retired sea captain, was at the helm of this institution; and his wife, a thrifty dame of many resources, aided and abetted him in every respect. And of all the boarders, old Simon Mixall was the cheeryest and most helpful.

"Can't I help ye, Lo-i-sy?" said he, having down the paper. "Pears to me not a dreadful job there, with all them men."

"I'm awful sorry 'bout Adam Putney," s'pose Peter's clean out o' patience with em."

The color mounted to Louisa's cheek.

"Peter don't say much," answered she; "but, of course, he's vexed. But I tell him that the farm belongs to Uncle Adam, and if his Uncle Adam hasn't a mind to sell to these railroad people, he can't be made to do so."

"An' ye can't no ways be married without the money!" wistfully spoke Mr. Mixall.

Louisa shook her head.

"Peter has his mother and his lame sister to support," said she, with a sigh. "We shall have to wait, that's all."

Old Man Mixall shook his head over the emerald drift of beans.

"I hold with the proverb," said he, "that 'it's ill waitin' for dead men's shoes.' And the Putneys always was a long-lived race."

"He may live as long as he wants for all me," observed Louisa. "I don't grudge him a moment of his life, poor old man!"

"No, I don't believe you do," said Old Man Mixall. "All the same, it's pretty hard on you and Pete. How's Widow Bliven? Any better of the rheumatiz? Me and Nancy Bliven we've danced many a Virginia reel together in our young days, though p'raps ye wouldn't think it, Lo-i-sy."

"She's a little better," said Louisa.

"And the young folks are going to have a masquerade frolic at the Lyceum to earn money to paint the old Bliven house and re-shingle the roof before fall sets in. I'm going to borrow the Quaker dress that Libby Weldon's grandmother wore when she was married. It fits me exactly."

"I want to know!" ejaculated the old man.

"And Peter's going to ask old Squire Lomax to lend him the chest of Revolutionary uniforms and things he's got in the garret of the old house," added Louisa. "He's going to be 'George Washington.'"

"I'd admire to see him," said Old Man Mixall. "I wonder now if Cap'n Elias would object to me goin' down there and seein' your young folks rigged up?"

"I'd ask him myself," said Louisa,

who liked the kindly old soul and wanted him to have the simple treat.

"You see, I don't often ask for an evening out," said Old Man Mixall.

"Not but what I'd like it oftener, but if I ask, there's forty others would think they'd ought to go, too, an' I don't want Cap'n Elias to hev any more trouble than's absolutely necessary. But I would like to see how you look as a Quakeress, and I'm mortal sure Peter Putney'll make an A. No. 1 Revolutionary!"

And when the beams were all prepared for the morrow's pickle, Old Man Mixall strolled cheerily along the front of Desperation Hall, tying up some fat African marigold he had planted, and placing new strings for his scarlet runners to climb on, in front of the windows where old Aunt Ruggles lay sick.

For the western light hurt her old eyes, and when the scarlet-runner leaves waved in the wind, she babbled vaguely of the green Maine forests where she had been born.

"I jest wish I was with a million dollars!" said the old philanthropist. "I'd give Pete Putney and Lo-i-sy Hill the finest farm in Middle County. I don't see what possesses old Adam to stick to his stony fields and mule-drawn pastures so tight, when the railroad people offer him five thousand dollars for 'em. Guess I'll go round an' see him about it. Lo-i-sy Hill's too pretty a gal and too good a one to be kept waitin' until Pete can dig a home out of the rocks for her. It ain't no pat'ickler fun that I know of, ain't housework at Desperation Hall."

And so, on the evening of the Widow Bliven's masquerade party, Old Man Mixall trudged around by the Putney Farm to see his ancient contemporary.

Old Adam sat warming his venerable bones in the sun. Sunshine was cheaper than firewood, if less satisfactory, and he returned his greeting.

"So ye won't sell the farm to the Quaker Company?" said Simon, sitting cheerfully down on the wooden settee beside his friend.

"I can't sell it," said Putney, drumming his wrinkled fingers on the window-sill.

"Why can't ye sell it?"

"He won't let me."

"Who won't let you?"

"My Gran'ther Putney."

"Land alive, man, what ye talking about?" cried Mixall. "Yer Gran'ther Putney, he's been dead an' buried this seventy years!"

"I dream about him every night," said Adam Putney, in the same slow, mechanical way. "I see him a-settin' on the old oak stump by the well. And he's always a-sayin', 'Don't sell the farm, Adam! I can't go agin him, can I?'"

"Wal, I calculate I should if I was you!" declared Mixall. "Dead an' buried folks hain't no business meddlin' that a-way."

"I can't go agin him!" repeated Putney, with the slow, settled policy of old age.

"But here's your nephew, Peter, as smart a lad as ever stepped, and Lo-i-sy Hill, the prettiest gal goin'. They'd have money to go to housekeeping if you'd listen to reason."

"I can't go agin Gran'ther Putney."

"And here you be, poor'n Job's turkey, holdin' on to the rockiest farm this side o' Serape Mountain, all jest for a consarned whim!" persisted Mixall.

"I can't go agin Gran'ther Putney," drearily repeated Old Adam, winking his bleary eyes in the sunshine.

And Old Man Mixall, fairly out of patience, got up and trotted down the road, muttering unutterable things as he went.

"There ain't such a dumb fool as he in all the foolish ward at Desperation Hall," said he.

And it took a good deal of the laughter and merrymaking at the Bliven masquerade to erase the disagreeable impression from his mind.

Old Man Mixall was a favorite everywhere, and the hospitable dame in charge of the refreshments cheered him with hot coffee, newly browned waffles, chicken salad and frosted cake, before he went in to see the young folks dance.

"That's Lo-i-sy!" he cried, shrilly.

"Ain't she jest as pretty as a pink in that Quaker gown and the scoop hat? And there's Pete Putney cuttin' pigeon wings in old Squire Lomax's Revolutionary togs. Wal, I never!"

And Old Man Mixall laughed until he shook like a mold of jelly.

Cap'n Elias Fotherindyke was seriously alarmed when his oldest boarder did not return until the next morning.

"Why, I swan to gracious," said he, "I allowed suthin had happened 't'ye!"

"No, cap'n," said the old man, "nothin' hain't happened. But Pete Putney, he axed me, seein' I was comin' right past the place, to leave his Revolutionary rig to Squire Lomax's; an' when I got to Squire Lomax's, they axed me to stay all night. Dretful sociable folks them Lomaxes!"

And the Old Man Mixall went out to water his marigolds and scarlet runners.

The sun was setting behind the tomato vines in the back garden when Louisa Hill came breathlessly up the path.

"Oh, Mr. Mixall," said she, "Peter has just driven away! He has taken me for a ride."

"Eh?"

"And what do you think? We're to be married next week?"

"I—want—to—know!"

"And Uncle Adam is going to sell the farm to the Quaker Company, and give the money to Peter, and he's to live with us!"

"Wal, I declare!"

"Uncle Adam says he saw Gran'ther Putney last night a-settin' on the old oak stump by the well, just at midnight. And this time he was all dressed in the suit he fought at Bunker Hill in—musket and cocked hat and all—and he says, says he, 'Sell the farm, Adam—sell the farm,' as distinct as ever ye heard anything in your life. And Uncle Adam, he says it's a direct message from his ancestor, and the deeds are to be handed over to-morrow. And we shall be happy at last!"

"Did—you—ever!" said Old Man Mixall.

"It was a dream, of course!" said Louisa.

"Oh, of course!" said Old Man Mixall.

But when she was gone to tell Mrs. Fotherindyke, the octogenarian walked slowly out to his scarlet runners, and laughed long and silently.

"I hain't outlived all my usefulness yet," said he.—Saturday Night.

## Their First Day in Court.

It is always amusing to watch young lawyers when they appear in court for the first two or three times. Either they are very much frightened and forget all they wanted to say, or they are very bold and seem to think that they can give the Judge more points in five minutes than he could otherwise get in half an hour. Some have committed to memory what they want to say, and while they go on glibly with no obstacle ahead, let the Judge ask a question and they are swamped, and founder about hopelessly, unable to give a coherent answer, until the Judge gives it up and lets them get back again to the set speech.

And the effect these young lawyers have on the old and toughened Judges is astonishing. Some of the Judges are thrown into their crosser moods by the appearance of one of the youngsters. They will make suggestions and ask what the law is on that point, and what authority there is for that proposition, until the ablest lawyer might well wish he was somewhere else.

Other Judges are caused to remember the first time they themselves appeared with fear and trembling before some stern judicial light, and they at once set about making the young fellow feel as much at ease as possible. They nod approval and speak encouragingly and refrain from making any suggestions that might throw the novice into a flurry, so that he goes away feeling that he has done pretty well after all, and is rather surprised and pained when he reads the court's opinion showing the utter fallacy of his whole argument.—New York Times.

## Regreening of Vegetables.

It may be a superfluous task to paint the lily or to gild the refined gold, but the regreening of vegetables has assumed the proportions of a gigantic industry, which has its headquarters in France, and gives employment to 20,000 persons, and represents a business of \$8,000,000.

Nine-tenths at least of the green preserved vegetables sold in France or abroad are said to be regreened with sulphate of copper to give them the appearance of freshness.

According to the British Medical Journal the Glasgow Health Committee have decided that, as the French Government have annulled their regreening prohibition, it remains for consumers to take care of themselves.

"A foolish British public," says the Glasgow report, "expects to get green peas at Christmas such as it gets from the market gardens in summer. The French manufacturer makes them to suit his whim. The consequence is that it eats stale peas greened with sulphate of copper all the year round."

A curious fact is said to be that the largest sale of preserved peas takes place in that period of the year when fresh peas are in season.—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

## Electrifying a Postal Card.

On a dry day rub with a brush or with the hand a thin piece of paper. It will become electrified in a short time and will adhere to your hand, your face or your coat as if it had glue on it, and you will not be able to get rid of it.

Electrify in the same manner a thick piece of paper, a postal card for example, and you will see that, as with sealing-wax, glass, sulphur or resin, this card can attract light bodies (small pieces of cork, etc.). Balance a cane on the back of a chair and waver any one in the audience that you will make it fall without touching it, blowing it or moving the chair.

All you need do is to dry the card well before the fire, rub it vigorously with your sleeve and put close to one end of the cane, which will follow it as iron follows a magnet, until, having lost its equilibrium, the cane will fall to the floor.—Churchman.

## "Derrick."

Derrick is the name of a crane used in shifting and lifting heavy weights. It is said to be so called from one Theodor, who, while serving at Cadiz as a soldier under Robert, Earl of Essex, was doomed to death for some crime, but pardoned by his commander on condition that he would hang twenty-three other malefactors. Such are the revolutions of fate that subsequently he was employed in London to behold Essex, the man who had saved his life.—Philadelphia Record.

In British India 28,000,000 acres are cultivated by irrigation.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Blasting is done by electricity.

Electric cranes are exceeding in use. The brain of man exceeds twice that of any other animal.

A man breathes about twenty times a minute, or 1200 times an hour.

One dollar a minute is the charge for using the new London-Paris telephone line.

The great telescope of Lord Rosse, in Ireland, has a speculum six feet diameter, fifty-five feet focus.

Pennsylvania makes fifty-two out of every 100 tons of rolled iron in the United States, and sixty-nine out of every 100 steel rails.

It keeps three large Chicago factories busy to manufacture the locomotive headlights and railroad lanterns that are used in this country. The factories give employment to 1100 men and boys.

A number of fine residences in the Back Bay section of Boston are being equipped with elevators operated by electric motors. The machinery is very simple and compact, and the elevators will carry two or three persons at good speed.

An English firm manufactures a combined oil engine and dynamo. A large number of these engines have been built and sent throughout the various colonies, where they are said to be operated with especial economy for small plants.

Phosphorus is now made by aid of electricity in England, the mixture of phosphoric acid being decomposed by the heat of an electric arc embedded in the mass. This local application of heat is said to be more economical than heating in large retorts by the ordinary process.

Electricity has superseded steam power at the royal foundry at Wurttemberg, the dynamo being driven by a large turbine water wheel. The stream furnishing the water is some distance from the works, the electricity being conveyed across the town by overhead conductors. The current operates some twenty-five lathes and polishing machines.

A Warsaw engineer has invented a new harness by which the danger of slaying horses is averted. It is so arranged that by pulling a string which is attached to the driver's seat the horses are at once unhitched and the vehicle is brought to a standstill. The invention was tried by the best horsemen in the city and found perfectly successful. A model of it has been sent to St. Petersburg with an application for a patent.

M. Marcellacy has made some additional improvements in diving apparatus which have received the approving indorsement of the French authorities. In this arrangement, instead of the heavy electric hand lamp, employed ordinarily by divers, the plan is to affix powerful glow lamps at the top of the helmet, so that the diver's hands are at all times free for work. The lamp is connected by a conductor with a battery either on shore or in a vessel above as the case may be.

The practicability of telegraphing without wires has recently been demonstrated by the success of several experiments. Not long ago Mr. Preece, the head electrician of the postal telegraph system in England, succeeded in establishing communication across the Solent to the Isle of Wight, and telegraphed also across the River Severn, without wires, merely using earth-plates at a sufficient distance apart. It is now proposed to make practical use of this system in communication with lightships.

## A Canine Hero.

A correspondent of an English paper writes: "I recently witnessed the following little incident on the Thames, near Twickenham, when the river was full of land water, and therefore, very swift and dangerous. Two dogs, one a large animal, the other a little terrier, were enjoying a swim near the bank, but soon the little one was carried out some distance and was unable to get to shore. By this time the big dog had regained the shore, and, seeing what was happening to his companion, began running backward and forward in the most exciting manner, at the same time whinpering and barking, and evidently not knowing for the moment what to do. The terrier was fast losing strength, and, although swimming hard, was being rapidly carried down stream. The big dog could contain himself no longer. Running some yards ahead of his struggling friend, he plunged into the water and swam vigorously straight out until he got in a line with the little head just appearing behind him. Then he allowed himself to be carried down, tail first, until he got next to the terrier, this being accomplished in the cleverest manner, and began to swim hard, gradually pushing the little one nearer and nearer to the shore, which was gained after a most exciting time. The fact of this canine hero going so far ahead to allow for the strong current, and the judgment shown in getting alongside, and then the pushing, certainly seemed to me to betoken instinct of a very high order."

"I haven't had an outing for two years," complained Mrs. Jaysmith. "That's too bad," replied her husband sympathetically. "I'll look at the advertisements and see if there isn't a free excursion to a sale of lots you can go to to-day."—Wasp.

## A SONG FOR TWILIGHT.

Now the winds-a-wailing go  
Through the serene, forsaken trees!  
Now the day is waxing low,  
And above the troubled seas  
Paint stars glimmer, and the breeze  
Hovers, sad with memories.

Now the time to part has come,  
What is left for us to say?  
Shall we wander sad and dumb  
Down this garden's leaf-strewn way,  
Or by tossing waves and gray  
Hand in hand together stray?

In this garden shall we stand,  
In the day's departing light—  
Here, where first I touched your hand  
On that unforgetful night  
When you stood, 'mid roses bright  
Dream-embodied to the sight?

Where we met, Love, shall we part!  
In this garden shall we twain,  
Mouth to mouth, as heart to heart,  
Loving turn, and kiss again—  
In this garden shall we drain  
Love's last bitter-sweet, and pain?

Nay, Love, let us leave this place;  
Let us go, Dear, to the beach,  
Where in happy summer days,  
Sleeping Love awoke to speech;  
And his voice, tho' low, could reach  
To the deepest heart of each.

There the sea winds drifting sweet  
From some strange land far away,  
And the blown waves as they meet  
One another in the bay—  
These together haply may  
Hint some word for us to say.

Let us kiss, then, Dear, and go  
Down together to the sea,  
We will kiss, Dear, meeting so,  
If the days that are to be  
If my heart should then be free,  
In you should remember me!

—Phillip B. Marston, in Independent.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Lies at death's door—The obituary. Makes noise enough for two—Twins. Going the rounds—The man climbing a ladder.

A bird in the hand is not worth two on a bonnet.—Life.

Shadows of a great city—Inspector Byrne's men.—Life.

Of course a fisherman knows what his net income is.—Lowell Courier.

One of the barbarisms—Toasting ladies in hot weather.—Chicago Light.

The West Point cadet defines a kiss as a report at headquarters.—Detroit Free Press.

After all, a tuning fork is merely a kind of pitch fork.—Binghamton Republican.

The Gallant (humbly)—"I am not wealthy, Miss Laura but I am" the Beauty—"That will do, Mr. Golightly, No!"—Puck.

Sensible landlords are preparing to get your surplus money if it takes all summer.

If we had microscopic eyes, beauty would not be skin deep.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Take a lesson from the strawberry box. It is never full.—Westfield (N. J.) Standard.

A man whose soul is harrowed is not necessarily a cultured individual.—Boston Herald.

About the poorest occupation you can find is to sit down and admire yourself. Ram's Horn.

Great men are only ordinary men with their hair combed and their faces washed.—Acheson Globe.

The best method of keeping books—Don't let your friends know you have any.—Boston Post.

The world would be much better than it is if men would live up to their obituaries.—Cape Cod Item.

There is one lucky thing about spoiled children—we never have them in our own family.—Elmira Gazette.

The angler first lies in wait for his catch, and then lies in weight of his catch.—Harrisburg Telegram.

The man who talks in his sleep is not as much of a nuisance as the man who sleeps in his talk.—Boston Courier.

Men would be very wise if they could only learn as much as their boys think they could teach them.—Ram's Horn.

If you want a thing well done, do it yourself generally; but when it comes to sewing on a button you had better ask your wife.—Somerville Journal.

Society Note: The groom's present to the bride was a handsome diamond brooch, besides many other beautiful things in cut glass.—Elmira Gazette.

One of Dr. Howard Crosby's characteristic puns was his translation of "In vino veritas," which he Englished as "Brandy peaches."—New York Independent.

"My social instincts are always very strong," said the policeman. "It gives me intense satisfaction to meet some good clubbable fellow."—Washington Post.

Smith was about to die, and was mad about it. "Let me place your head lower on the pillow, dear," said Mrs. Smith, gently. "Soy!" said Mr. Smith, faintly, "who's doing this dying, you or I?"—Judge.

A Matter of Taste: "Say, barber," said the victim to the artist, "you are using a different brand of shaving soap than you used last week." "Why do you think so?" "It tastes different."—New York Observer.