

SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

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

VOL. IX.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1891.

NO. 43.

Rich Philadelphians allow a discount of five per cent. to tenants who pay their rents on the day they fall due.

The 1880 record for British lifeboats shows a saving of 556 lives besides rescuing twenty-seven vessels from destruction.

Boston has decided, announces the Chicago Herald, to divorce clubs from her police force—that is, she will oblige her parolmen to keep their batons “out of sight” in the pockets of their new uniforms, that they may be used only in case of an emergency.

Wild, the humorist, says that in appreciating good jokes a crowd of newsboys is the quickest and most intelligent he ever met. No point, gesture or shade of inflection escapes these alert little nomads, while on the other hand many fashionable assemblages are chilly and unresponsive until you break the crust of reserve or indifference as if with a sledge hammer.

It is pleasing, confesses the New York Sun, to obtain official information that there is no danger of the immediate extinction of the American buffalo, as this superb beast has found a quiet and happy home in the Yellowstone National Park. It is to be feared, however, that the habits and even the natural qualities of the buffalo are undergoing a serious change in the Park, and that he is becoming a tame and well-disposed quadruped. It is truly sad to think that the vast herds which roamed proudly over the plains, even as late as the middle of the present century, have disappeared.

According to the Grand Junction (Col.) News there is red tape even in the West. A Navajo pupil at Teller Institute was found to have one of his feet endowed with a surplus toe, and the Superintendent ordered a pair of shoes for him from a local shop, at a cost of \$5. Secretary Noble disputed the bill. Then the Superintendent wrote to the Secretary: “Indian boy here with six toes; can’t possibly wear Government shoe. What shall I do?” The Secretary answered: “Off with his toe.” Next the Superintendent asked: “Which toe?” And the Secretary wrote: “Sixth toe, of course.” If the Secretary thought that that ended it he was wrong. Again the Superintendent addressed him, saying: “Toe off. What shall I do with it?” To which the Secretary made final answer: “Ship to Topeka for interment in Government graveyard.”

It will be interesting to remember a prophecy which Sir John Macdonald once made to a reporter of the New York Sun with regard to the future of Canada. He said that in time the provinces of Ontario and Quebec will form a greater France. He thought France was declining, while in the old provinces of Canada the French were multiplying like nothing the world has seen before. Not only do they have large families, but they possess all the thrift of the French and are steadily buying up the land. Like that of our New England the soil is comparatively poor and difficult of cultivation, and the English, Irish and Scotch are leaving it for the prairie, the plains and the Pacific coast, “and,” said he, “whenever such a farmer expresses a desire to go West his next door neighbor a Frenchman, stands ready to buy him out. Soon there will be few except Frenchmen left in old Canada.”

California is fast gaining a prominent position as a dairy State, declares the American Dairyman, some of the finest French cheeses being made there. In 1880 Mr. L. Cantel started a factory at Petaluma for the purpose of manufacturing the celebrated French cream cheese, and, although at first he found it hard to introduce his product in San Francisco and other cities on the Pacific slope, he has by his perseverance built up a first-class trade for the special brands of fine cheese manufactured by him, which are French cream, Camembert, Brie, Neuchatel, Gerome and Roquefort cheese, all of which are popular, not only with the epicures in all the principal cities in California, but also in Oregon, and he is now exporting large quantities to the Tahiti and Sandwich Islands. If manufacturers of those fancy cheeses on this side of the Rocky Mountains do not bestir themselves, it will be but a short time until Mr. Cantel, or some other enterprising manufacturer of California, controls the Eastern trade for this fine of dairy products, which are growing in favor among the better class of consumers all over this continent.

TWO VOICES.

A ROMILY.
The humblest and frailest grassy blade
That over the passing breezes swayed
Is of Beauty's palace a green arcade.
Akin to the uttermost stars that burn,
A story the wisest may never learn,
Is the tiny pebble thy footsteps spurn.
In each human heart potential dwell,
Hid from the world and itself as well,
Heights of heaven, abysses of hell.
The core of the earth is fiery young!
No matter what may be said or sung
With a weary brain and a willing tongue.
Soul self pent in a narrow plot,
Longing each morn for some fair lot,
Some bounteous grace which thou hast not.
Dull thou must be not to understand,
And blind thou art not to see at hand
Thy dreams by reality far outspanned;
For wonder lies at thy very door,
And magic thy fireside sits before,
And marvels through every window pour.
Woven the wings of the swift hours
Of splendor and terror and mystery;
One thing is needful—the eyes to see!
—Cornhill Magazine.

AUNT MEREDITH.

“That was the saddest mistake I ever made.”
From my lounge in the corner of Aunt Meredith's room I watch her with half-closed eyes as she draws her low chair before the fire, and takes her knitting from the work-basket at her side. She is always busy, it seems to me, and when I think of it, we six are enough to make work constant with her.
First, there is Uncle Clay, Aunt Meredith's brother, full of hobbies that require her constant attention.
“If I can only prove its worthlessness before he mounts it, I can save him a good deal of trouble,” she says, when a new hobby is presented; and often she succeeds.
And there is Robert, just starting out for himself under Aunt Meredith's special guidance. There is Frank, another nephew, generous and impulsive,—a regular tinder-box in temper,—with May, his sister, always ready, in her love for teasing, to put the match to the tinder-box.
And there is Richard—happy, rollicking Richard, of whom Aunt Meredith is never quite sure until she has herself tucked him in bed and sung him to sleep.
Then here am I; a cripple, dependent upon Aunt Meredith for every ray of sunshine that has crept into my poor maimed existence since the day I opened my eyes to the life which, but for her, might indeed have proved a curse to me.
So there are six of us, all under her care.
She thinks I am asleep, or else she would not have spoken of that fatal mistake which affected the current of so many lives.
The freight plays upon her needles as she patiently plies them. The blaze rises higher, and forms, as she sits outlined against it, a sort of halo about her gray head.
She is thinking of the past, I know, and that “mistake,” while she sits there waiting.
Robert is doing some extra book-keeping, and will not be in until ten o'clock. May and Frank are busy with their lessons in the sitting room. Uncle Clay rode over to Richmond to-day, and did not return until late. Richard is asleep, for I heard Aunt Meredith singing “Rock of Ages” in the boys' room more than half an hour before she went down to give Uncle Clay his supper.
While she sits waiting for the last one of the household to come in, I am lying here thinking over that mistake she made.
Indeed, I often think of it. We cripples have so little else to do except to study books and people, and all these tedious years I have studied her until I think I know her great soul by heart. And I know all about that “sad mistake,” although she does not dream that it is known to me. If I were to tell her that I learned from her own lips to call it a “mistake,” I am sure that she would think the affliction that has dwarfed and tortured my body for almost forty years has attacked my mind as well, for she does not really look upon it as a blunder.
If she ever allows herself to think of it as such, it is only when she is troubled and tired, and her thoughts go crowding back, to fasten themselves upon the brightest spot in the past.
Such moments come to the bravest and best of us. But I heard Aunt Meredith tell Uncle Clay only last night that “there can be no blunders in God's plan;” and if she can stand up so grandly amid the ruins of youth's promises and testify to the perfection of the eternal plan, few indeed have the right to sit in judgment on it.
I feel the warm tears trickling down my cheeks as I watch the figure in the firelight. I can remember the day when this white-haired woman, knitting stockings in the chimney corner, was the merriest girl in our village.
“And the handsomest one,” people said. “And the best one,” John Eastman declared, when he asked her to be his wife. “And the happiest one,” I heard her tell herself when John was gone, and with him her pledge.
I was a child then, but I remember it. I am a child now, for that matter; a child in body, a man in years; but I remember it all as plainly as if it had

been yesterday. I think we crippled ones have keener memories than those who share the mind's work with the body.
Aunt Meredith was an orphan, and had been reared and cared for by my mother, her only sister, and Uncle George, her oldest brother.
The brother and sister tenderly discharged their duty toward her, and Aunt Meredith, always conscientious, felt that an immense debt was accumulating against her; so that, when my dying mother placed my hand in hers, and with her last breath said, “As I have dealt with you, Merry,” there was but one thing for Aunt Meredith to do. She accepted the charge of the little cripple committed to her care.
She was young then—just twenty—and was soon to have been John Eastman's wife. When she had accepted the new charge she sent for her lover to tell him that the marriage must be postponed.
He protested, but Aunt Merry was firm. “Just one year, John,” she insisted. “Then we shall be better prepared to accept the new-charge.”
She would not say “burden,” but it was a burden to lay upon her young shoulders—a cruel sacrifice to ask of one who, having never known a home of her own, was about to step into that sweet peace which is found nowhere but about the family fireside.
But she did not hesitate. “I am only paying interest on the debt I owe my mother, John; I can never hope to pay the principal,” she urged.
John Eastman smothered his disappointment, and said, “It shall be as you wish, Merry; but it will be a very long year to me.”
Before the year ended Uncle George's wife died, and her two children, Robert and Annie, were added to Aunt Merry's charge.
She hesitated when Uncle George came to ask her to come over and take charge of his house.
“No, George,” she said, “I cannot.”
“Just a little while, Merry,” he begged, “until we can get things in working order; just one year.”
“But there is John!” she insisted. “I owe something to John.”
“And to no one else, Merry?” asked Uncle George. “What if Eunice and I had not cared for you when you were left alone?”
She turned pale when Uncle George reminded her of her obligation. After all, more would be expected of her than the mere interest upon her debt. Like many other debts, whether of money, of gratitude, or of affection, hers had come to face her at the moment when she was the least prepared for it.
Her lips trembled when she attempted to speak; she put out her hand as if seeking some support, and rested it heavily upon the back of a chair.
I can never forget that scene. Boy as I was, I realized that it was the sacrifice of a life. I lifted my poor twisted body upon my pillows, and from my corner watched the struggle my aunt was making.
Uncle George stood leaning against the low mantel, looked heavy-eyed and weary. Aunt Merry stood before him, with her hand upon the tall chair. The young face was growing grave—the girl had given place to the woman.
While I watched, the sunlight crept through the open window and crowned the brown braids of hair with a kind of halo, just as the freight touches the silver ones to-night. Then Aunt Merry lifted her head and said softly, “I will come, George.”
So John Eastman was asked to wait a second time. “Just one year yet, John,” Aunt Merry begged. “Let me feel that I have at least paid my debt in part.”
But at the end of the year she said, “There is so much to do, John; let us give the children one more year. We can spare so much to them. Just one! I promise not to ask another, John.”
With a heavy heart he answered for the third time, “It shall be as you wish, Merry.”
I think Aunt Merry began to feel then that an unseen power was shaping her life in a strange, uncomprehended mould.
Strange indeed! Before the year ended a scourge passed over the city. The Angel of Death hung his black banner on almost every door. Uncle George was among the first to be stricken.
“God bless you, Merry,” he said; “don't forget the children; God bless you!” With the blessing still on his lips, he left us.
Then she was glad that she had stayed with him; the sacrifice was fully repaid in that last blessing.
But the next day little Annie laid her hot cheek against Aunt Merry's, and cried out that the fever was burning her throat. For eight days the little life swung in the balance; but on the ninth she crept into Aunt Merry's arms and whispered, “Good auntie!” just once before death set a seal upon the childish lips.
The black banner floated again from our door, and met an answering signal through all the stricken town.
Death played upon many heart-strings; but none, I think, were so entirely swept as was Aunt Merry's. She had scarcely seen the clay heaped upon the grave of little Annie before a messenger came for her. John—honest, patient John Eastman—was dying.
Poor Aunt Merry! The blows fell so fast that she had scarcely time to consider the magnitude of one before a heavier sunk it out of sight.
This was the last; when the light left

John Eastman's eyes, hope left Aunt Merry's heart, to follow into and fix itself upon that unknown land into which his soul had drifted.
“Don't reproach yourself,” he had said, at the last; “you did your duty, Merry. God bless you!”
We never called her “Aunt Merry” after that—never but once. It was the day they buried John Eastman; and she turned to me with a look of hopeless sorrow upon her pale, sweet face, and said, “Call me ‘Aunt Meredith,’ child.”
The years have crowded fast, in spite of crippled bodies and hearts that give back echoes answers. Thirty and five; I have notched them upon my crutches; ten upon two, the last one fifteen. For the twisted body is well-nigh spent, and the last crutch is as good as new, save for the notches where my knife has recorded the years.
I have borne my burden tolerably, with Aunt Meredith's help. She has borne hers grandly, without help.
Without help, did I say? Then I spoke too quickly; for one evening I found her sitting alone on the west piazza, among the honeysuckles and jasmine vines, watching the sombre cloud-banks piling across the sunset, or forming into a purple bridge to span the crimson cloud-lakes.
She did not hear my crutch upon the soft sward, and her voice was scarcely more than the hum of the bees in the yellow jasmine bells.
“No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.”
Every step of my life, the clouded and the cloudless, has been blessed and brightened by her. She has paid her debt, interest and principal, and is now herself the lender; for when Uncle Clay's wife died ten years ago, four others were admitted to her household—Uncle Clay himself, Frank, May and Richard.
Frank and May have both been in to say good-night since I have been lying here, thinking about Aunt Meredith's mistake. May hugged her with both arms, and said, softly: “The blindest, best auntie!” while Frank stood a moment behind her chair and softly stroked the silver braids and recounted the day's trials and its pleasures.
“I shall be a man soon, and take care of you, Aunt Meredith,” was his good-night.
Aunt Meredith nodded and smiled, and went to open the door for Robert, pausing as she passed my lounge to draw the covers more closely about my shoulders, while I lay here as if asleep.
Then for half an hour she and Robert sat there before the fire, while Robert told her everything.
First, he had thought he might take still another set of books to keep. By staying an hour later every night he could accomplish it. But Aunt Meredith said: “No, dear. It is not right to stay out so very late;” and the books were given up.
Then the clock struck half-past ten. Robert rose and lighted Aunt Meredith's candle; and again the halo seemed to form around the silver braids, and showed me the smile upon her pale face as Robert bent his head to kiss her faded cheek.
Now she is gone, and it is Robert who bends over my pillow and whispers, “Poor Clarence!” as he draws the covers ever so lightly over my chest.
And now, he, too, is asleep; but his bed is so near that I can touch him if I choose. A little silver call-bell is in reach on the other side.
“You may want water, dear,” Aunt Meredith said, when she put the bell there; as if I did not know what it is Aunt Meredith fears. It is the black banner on the door-knob.
But I am not thinking of that to-night. I am thinking of Aunt Meredith; and thinking of her life, so full of promise and so barren of fulfillment, and of my life so devoid of promise, and yet so full of peace.
I am thinking, too, of the lives of the children asleep in their beds; of the young man about to enter the world—pure of heart and strong of purpose; of the graves of the two men who blessed Aunt Meredith with their last breath; of the dying pillows made easy by her promises; of the little child who only left the shelter of her arms to slip away to God's.
When I remember these, I bless Aunt Meredith's mistake.—*Youth's Companion.*

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Electrical smelting is announced.
Compressed coal dust is coming into extensive use in France.
The laundries in Rutland, Vt., are now run by electric power.
An electrician predicts that electrical fireworks will soon supersede those now used.
A wool of good quality is said to have been made from the fibre of the fir by the aid of electricity.
The maximum safe velocity of cast iron fly wheels should not exceed a rim speed of eighty feet per second.
Of 305 weather forecasts issued in South Australia in 1890, 250 were verified and forty were partially verified.
It is stated that coffee is a germicide, the bacilli of cholera and typhus having been destroyed by the infusion of coffee.
An attempt to produce artificial rain is to be made in Kansas. Balloons filled with hydrogen and oxygen gas will be sent up and exploded by electricity.
Thunder storms are gradually decreasing in number in the larger towns of Natal, South Africa, according to the Superintendent of the Natal Observatory.
A Parisian camerist has devised a method of taking panoramic views by causing the camera to revolve on an axis so that the sensitive paper may “take in” the horizon.
A German biologist says that the two sides of a face are never alike. In two cases out of five the eyes are out of line; one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten and the right ear is generally higher than the left.
In Sweden an improved quality of glass for use in microscope and other fine lenses is secured by the addition of phosphorus and chlorine. Absolute transparency, great hardness, and susceptibility to the finest polish are thus obtained.
More than 140 different applications of electric motors have been enumerated, and the number is still increasing. The sizes of the motors range from those having the power of a mouse up to one of 6000 horse power, which is in operation near London.
Experiments with electric motors in elevating and depressing heavy guns and turning them in the right direction have been made in France. A saving of time was effected. The three Chilean warships building in France will be provided with such appliances.
The latest scheme for direct railway communication between England and France provides for a double water-tight tube, capable of containing two railway tracks, and sunk about forty feet in the channel. “The engineer proposing this method proposes to utilize the displacement and buoyancy of the tube to give the necessary support, piles being driven into the channel, to which the tube would be chained to prevent its rising.”
The “schisophon” is the name given to an instrument for discovering flaws in metals, invented by Captain Louis De Place of the Paris school of cavalry. The instrument consists of a microphone combined with a mechanical striker and a sonometer. In using this instrument one operator directs the striker over the surface of the metal under examination, while another listens at the telephone in an adjoining room. When the striker hits a point over a flaw the sound is increased, and the increase is so magnified by the microphone that the listener at the telephone can detect its presence. Tests of the instrument were made at Erment on the rails for the Northern railway company, and in every case where a flaw was indicated by the instrument it was found to exist on breaking the rail.
Raisins From Grapes.
Raisins are merely dried grapes prepared by several processes, but in Europe only two are generally practised. One of these consist in partially cutting through the stalk of the ripening bunches and then allowing them to hang on the vines until the berries shrivel and dry by the heat of the sun. These are considered the best raisins and are known as the Muscatels. Large quantities are raised and exported from Malaga. In the other process the grapes when gathered are hung on lines or spread out on drying floors to dry in the sun. When dried they are dipped in hot lye, to which has been added a little olive oil and salt. After dipping the fruit is spread out on wicker work to drain and dry still more, after which the raisins are stripped from the stalks and packed in boxes. But all the grapes from which raisins are made are different from any of our native species and varieties, none of which will answer for raisins, as their pulp is not firm and hard enough, and when we undertake to dry them there is little left but skin and seeds. A good raisin grape must have a flesh of a firm consistency, somewhat like that of a good plum or prune, as the imported article is called. The raisins of California are made from the European varieties of the grape and not from any of the American species. Raisin grapes will not thrive in Pennsylvania unless raised under glass, against walls, or other protected situations.—*New York Sun.*
Out of the conflicting statements concerning the season's crops, the only thing certain is that the hair crop generally equals to shortness.—*Philadelphia Times.*

AB ASTRIS.

I saw the stars sweep through etheral space,—
Stars, suns, and systems in infinity,—
Our earth an atom in the shoreless sea
Where each had its appointed path and place,
And I was lost in my own nothingness.
But when I said, Dost thou not know that He
Who guides these orbs through trackless space
Guides thee?
No longer, groveling thus, thyself abuse,
For in the vast, harmonious, perfect whole
In infinite progression moving on,
Thou hast thy place, immortal human soul—
Thy place and part not less than star and sun.
Then with this grand procession fall in line,
This rhythmic march led on by power divine.
—Anne C. L. Botta, in the Century.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A bald headed man's hair is like a fool and his money.
Never attempt to sit down in a chair that isn't there.
Banker Wales is reported seriously embarrassed.—*Boston Herald.*
Poems on “washday” should be called clothes lines.—*Danville Beece.*
Magistrates have a great many fine opportunities in life.—*Philadelphia Times.*
The man who stole the chicken made a clean breast of it.—*Boston Transcript.*
A tunnel must be completed before it can be called under way.—*Elmira Gazette.*
Some men's talent for discovery is altogether in the line of fault finding.—*Boston Courier.*
Many men do not smoke, yet there are but few who object to an occasional puff.—*Lowell Courier.*
It would not be wise to suppose that the floating population lives entirely on water.—*Statesman.*
If a man tries to be just to himself he will begin to have trouble with his friends.—*Athol Globe.*
A man is willing that a woman should have the last word if only she says “Yes.”—*Somerville Journal.*
Tom—“Do you believe in hero-worship, Jack?” Jack—“No, but I do in heroine-worship.”—*Yankee Blade.*
He Was Loaded: Judge—“What's the prisoner charged with?” Officer—“Whisky, yer honor.”—*Harvard Lampoon.*
Mudge—“I'd much rather a man called me a knave than a fool.” Yabsley—“Of course. It's the truth that hurts.”—*Indianapolis Journal.*
A Bad Shot: He—“I have never yet met the woman I thought I could marry.” She—“No, they are very hard to please, as a rule.”—*Life's Calendar.*
They say that I have cut a tooth,
But why I cannot see,
If they would only heed the truth,
They'd see that it cut me.
—*Harper's Bazar.*
“Several important steps quickly taken,” murmured the young man when the girl's father helped him over the front door sill.—*Washington Post.*
“What is unselfishness?” asks a subscriber. “Unselfishness is one of the rarest qualities in the world to find in anyone else.”—*New York Recorder.*
“Mother, may I go out to swim?” “You do, if you dare, my son; and then I'll take a hickory limb to dry you, sure as a gun.”—*New York Journal.*
“Is it true that a graduate soon forgets what he has learned at college?” “No, sir; it is not. I can play football just as well now as when I was at Yale.”—*Pack.*
“Who isthat weakened-looking little man with the squeaky voice on the platform?” “That's the grand supreme dictator of the Royal Panjandrums.”—*St. Louis Republic.*
“What is that?” said a visitor, as the dogcatcher's wagon went down the street. “That,” replied the Western man, “is one of the latest ideas in rabid transit.”—*Washington Post.*
Miss Fussanfeather—“I like to see a girl stick to her colors.” Young Crim-sonbeak (brushing the paint from his nose)—“So do I; and I like to see her colors stick to her!”—*Statesman.*
Mrs. Bondclipper—“Doctor, what do you think is the matter with me?” Doctor—“I'm inclined to think your blood is not pure. I'll have to give you something to purify your blood.” Mrs. Bondclipper (haughtily)—“You are probably not aware that I belong to one of the old Dutch families of New York.”—*Texas Siftings.*
“Cyrua,” said his wife, as he came in wearily and threw himself on the lounge after an evening downtown. “I wish you would let politics alone. The excitement and worry are just ruining your health.” “I can't help it, Emily,” replied the Alderman from the St'venth Ward. “I am not in politics for my health.”—*Chicago Tribune.*
Brobson—“You look all broken up, old man. What's the matter?” Craik—“I called on Miss Pruyu last night, and no sooner had I entered the parlor than her mother appeared and demanded to know my intentions.” Brobson—“That must have been rather embarrassing.” Craik—“Yes, but that was not the worst. Just as the old lady finished speaking Miss Pruyu shouted down stairs: ‘Mamma, mamma, he isn't the one!’”—*New York Sun.*

New York Dispatch.