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Every minute, night and day, the United States Government collects \$639 and spends \$461.

A wealthy German offered a prize of \$25,000 to any astronomer who will satisfactorily demonstrate to him that the sun, moon or stars are inhabited.

Drill instructors are being appointed by the labor organizations of Australia. The members are buying guns and ammunition. Lively times are expected.

A Philadelphia surgeon says that by three strokes of the lancet he could paralyze the nerves acted on to make a man get mad, and thereafter any one could pull his nose or cuff his ears, and he would simply smile a soft, bland smile.

At Cotta, in Saxony, persons who did not pay their taxes last year are published in a list which hangs up in all restaurants and saloons of the city. Those that are on the list can get neither meat nor drink at these places under penalty of loss of license.

Harrison Ludington, the ex-Governor of Wisconsin, who has just died in Milwaukee, commenced his career at that point in 1838 as the immediate business successor of Solomon Juneau, Milwaukee's first settler. The lives of these two men cover the whole history of the great Northwest.

The New York Sun learns that Cornell is going to improve all the roads on the University property, around Ithaca, N. Y., in sections and by different methods, and thus furnish a standing object lesson as to style and cost of maintenance for the guidance of attempts to improve the roads of the State.

The Treasury authorities at Washington have just had their attention called to the fact that it would be an easy matter to tunnel from a neighboring building into their vaults, remove the coin and ship it down the Potomac. Seventy guards now watch the Treasury, and every precaution has been taken to prevent robbery.

The New York World declares that the population of the agricultural districts is less than it was ten years ago, the gains having been made in the towns and cities. But the mortgage indebtedness is increasing at the rate of \$8,500,000 per year, and the loss in farm values since 1880 is estimated at \$200,000,000, or an average of \$7 per acre for the single State of Ohio. There are States where the proportion shows a still worse condition of affairs.

The Prince of Monaco having secured a wife with \$600,000 annual income has made up his mind to be good and have no more gambling in his spacious realm after the present lease of the Casino is run out, April 16, 1892. But the enterprising managers of the tables have made arrangements to reproduce the entire establishment, theatre and all, in Andorra, the little republic in the Pyrenees on the border of France and Spain. Already \$4,000,000 of the capital stock has been taken up in Paris.

"South Carolina, like most of the Southern States, continues to be made up," notes the Boston Transcript, "mainly of rural communities. There are but twenty cities and towns in the State that have more than 2200 inhabitants. Charleston, with 54,955 inhabitants, has a long lead over the second city, Columbia, the capital, which has 15,358 population. Charleston has gained 4971 in the last decade, while Columbia's population is 5317 larger than it was in 1880. These two cities contain more than half the urban population of South Carolina."

Professor Lombroso, a student of criminals, says that out of forty-one anarchists whom he studied in the Paris police office, thirty-one per cent. showed the criminal type of features. Of forty-three Chicago anarchists the percentage of wicked faces was forty, and that is about the percentage obtained from the professor's researches among the political criminals of Turin. Regicides or murderers of presidents, such as Fieschi, Guiteau, Nobiling and historic evil-doers like Marat, had nearly all the criminal cast of features. Nobiling, Guiteau and Booth, in the specialist's opinion, had hereditary tendencies to crime. Certain socialists, like Karl Marx and Lassalle, exempted from the doctor's classification as their features are noble, but then men do not favor anarchy.

## A CHILD'S LAUGHTER.

All the bells of heaven may ring,  
All the birds of heaven may sing,  
All the wells on earth may spring,  
All the winds on earth may bring  
All sweet sounds together;  
Sweeter far than all things heard,  
Hand of harper, tone of bird,  
Sound of woods at sundown stirred,  
Welling water's winsome word,  
Wind in warm wan weather.

One thing yet there is that none  
Hearing ere its chime be done  
Knows not well the sweetest one  
Heard of men beneath the sun,  
Hoped in heaven hereafter;  
Soft and strong and loud and light,  
Very sound of very light,  
Heard from the morning's rosiest height,  
When the soul of all delight  
Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled  
Never forth such notes, nor told  
Hours so blithe in tones so bold  
As the radiant mouth of gold  
Here that rings forth heaven.  
If the golden crested wren  
Were a nightingale—why, then  
Something seen and heard of men  
Might be half as sweet as when  
Laughs a child of seven.

—A. G. Steinburne.

## DOWN IN A STEAMSHIP.

My father was a rich man when I left New York. His partner's only daughter was to be my wife when I should return.

I was a student in a Vienna hospital when I received a cable from home that the old house had failed. It proved to be an honest failure and both families were beggars.

I counted my pocketbook from cover to cover. I had just enough to leave free of debt and get to Liverpool. How to cross? Well, swim if necessary.

In the Liverpool steamer office was an old Harvard College mate. This embarrassed me. He owed me a grudge from the football days at Berkeley Oval.

Determined to work my passage over, I entered what I supposed was not the office where my old competitor was manager. I did not see him, but he must have caught sight of me. I was surprised with the promptness with which I was told to go on board the C—, and something would be found for me to do.

Two days out I was called to the captain's own room, insulted with the charge, at first politely put, of being a stowaway, and finally stung to madness bitter enough to obey silently when the officer said: "If you really don't want to steal your passage, go report to the engineer and shovel coal."

This I did. My experience I want to describe. It is common enough to hundreds of poor scamps this moment all over the seas. But, God pity them, they have not the tongue to tell, nor, perhaps, always the sensibility to feel, what their life really is.

Dizzy already with the tossings of the sea I staggered down those series of iron stairways till I stood at last on the ship's lowest deck. Behind me were the vast bunkers of coal that glistened from a million eyes when the furnace doors were opened, and then faded out of sight. Before me the huge billows rose, not silent, but roaring monsters, so hungry that the toiling pygmies who fed them jumped to their tasks till the sweat rolled from their bare backs. The heat was, to one descending from the pure breath of the Atlantic, something fearful. I was dressed in my ordinary attire, and even an overcoat at that, so precipitate had been my action. The smell of baking lubricants and red hot iron, the dead air, poisoned with coal gas and bilge water odors, the dust, despite all showering, but most of all the sudden transition from white light to blackest darkness, momentarily proceeding, as this and that furnace door was opened and shut, almost felled me to the floor.

As I stumbled and caught my hold on the stair rail, again the hardly fellows shouted: "Give us your shilling and go back!" supposing that I was a curious passenger seeing the sights of the ship.

The voices of derision roused me. I was no passenger. I was an honest beggar like the rest; and here I was to be imprisoned for a week, watch on and off!

In a frenzy I tore off my clothing till I stood in my trousers and shoes like my fellows. I stated my hiring to the fellow in charge of the watch, and he gave me my shovel with a pitying laugh.

I was put at the boiler nearest the stair. The midships would have been a less drunken spot, but I leaped at the hardest task.

My head grew dizzy. I panted for a full vital breath. The corrugated flooring, polished till it was glossy smooth in spots, tangled my poor feet so that I repeatedly fell. Ah, that sense of whirling, whirling, whirling! How little the fair folk in the cabins, know of all this plutonian hole beneath their carpets.

Really, I thought I could describe somewhat that lurid fantasia amid these scarlet skinned, good natured demons, but I cannot. Vertigo struck me down in less than a half hour. The next I knew I was being revived in the companionway, and the sea air was so grateful. The ship's surgeon asked me if I felt able to go to work again, and courteously recognized that I was not a laborer. I was graceless enough to growl out my spleen and reassert that I was no stowaway, which the good doctor did not understand.

I turned to the assistant engineer, who

stood by, and asked him to give me a job of which I might be capable.

Thrusting his hands in his pockets, he walked off with a command to "try him at oiling."

Ed B—, the head oiler—dear, brave heart—I often go down to the dock to see him when in port here, but the engine is as dear to him as a bride or I would long ago have battered his fortunes—he took me in hand. We walked along those mere bird-cages of stair-ways and platforms, a labyrinth of passages in a forest of steel arms, wheels, shafting and steam piping. To a landsman, that endless maze of mighty anatomy is at first simply awful. It sobers one, this sullen, ceaseless throb of the monster's heart, the deep breathing of the steam chests, the sigh of the creature's spirit as the pistons make one move and yet one more herculean thrust turning the crank shaft.

Each time, as the piston slowly starts, it seems as if it must be the last, and infinite fatigue prevail. But no, it goes on, night and day, motion, motion, motion. Don't let me tire you, reader, but I do wish I could express to you something of the solemn impression that began to seize upon me, crawling like a fly after Ed, the oiler. Then the hiss, the scream, the little sighs and moans of here and there a jet of truant steam, almost human sounds, issuing from the jungle of polished steel!

"She's a tiger, she is!" cried Ed.

"Look out!"

I heard that kind exclamation frequently as we went our rounds. There were others doing the same work, but I became a chosen attendant of my cat-like friend. He had a sprained elbow and I helped him professionally. He got my story. We were intimate in two or three days, and I record it with honest satisfaction, for Ed B—was a genuine man.

It was one day off the Banks that we stopped. The chief got a notion that the shaft was not sound, and the next voyage it proved so, for a hair line along and around that huge polished arm of power turned out an incipient fracture. But it was on investigation decided this voyage that there was nothing wrong. Still, there we lay on the breast of the swells for more than two hours. Ed came to me and said:

"Now she's still the second engineer thinks we might go into the pit and clean out the waste and oil puddles. I don't like it, doctor, when she's got steam on. What if she turned her crank, eh?"

The brave boy went jumping down, however; down, down, till he stood directly under that massive crank, which had stopped at the half turn over his head.

The reader will understand that the space allowed for the crank to make the full circuit round below was only sufficient for the iron to sweep through. Into that now empty space Ed was preparing to step. It was dark as a grave and about a grave's dimensions. I held the torch above his head. Men working by torchlight in that place resemble imps. We were good natured imps, however, and, though very cautious, were chatting cheerfully enough.

"I never like this job at sea," resumed Ed, "nor any time, except when the last pound of steam is out of her, two or three days at dock."

"But the engineer knows we are here," I replied.

"Yes, he ordered me down—and there's no need of it—and he don't like me," Ed got off between his breath, bending to his perilous work in the pit.

"Heavens, man!" I exploded, catching at what I thought was his meaning. "That would be murder!"

"Hush, doctor! Not that, not that! But if I had refused to come, as he thought I would, don't you see he could break me—that is, discharge me when we get into New York."

A few minutes later Ed sent me aloft for an extra mop of cotton waste. I was to hurry, for we knew not what minute the captain might go ahead. I remember I had secured the waste, I was picking my way along the enigma of little ladders and platforms. Far below, through the shadows, hung from occasional gas jets the sleeping monster, like a nickel plated spider, lay prone, and I seemed to be exploring its viscera like some daring pathologist. Away below me in the light of his torch Ed reminded me of a microb.

Suddenly the gong struck from the pilot house. God help me, I can hear it yet!

I was near the engineer's landing. Quick as a flash I was on the engineer, and like a tiger I caught at the wheel which he was turning to let on steam.

"Man! B— is in the crank pit!"

But I was too late. She gave one turn, at least. Then the scoundrel or fool, I don't know which, yielded to me and we stopped her. But such a cry as came echoing up from the very heart of the engine!

"Thank God for that second cry," I fairly sobbed, as it floated up.

Then I sprang away and down. Ed lay insensible on the arm of the crank, as if the engine had stopped in pity and held him out to us. He had fainted with pain only, for the sprained elbow had been broken. How he escaped heaven only knows.

Now this is the curious part of my story. Less than a year after, when she was cold and lying at the docks without a pound of steam, that engine killed this same engineer. It must have been in the middle of the night. What he was doing down in her no one knows. A list

by cargo and tide must have moved the machinery a half a turn and crushed him.

Ed B— says that engines have souls, but seafaring men cherish queer notions. —New York Press.

## Canning Crabs.

A thriving industry at Hampton, Va., is the canning of hard-shell crabs, which was first begun in the year 1878. About the 1st of April the season for these crustaceans opens and continues until June. During that month and July the crabs are found with spawn and unfit for canning purposes. Then in August the work begins anew and from that time until about the 1st of November the canneries are kept very busy.

The crabs are caught chiefly with trot lines and nets. Beef tripe is used for bait and each line is attended by one man in a light skiff. The average daily catch per man in Hampton Roads is from sixty to seventy-five dozen, although 250 dozen catches have been occasionally reported.

Large boats go out every day and collect the crabs from the fishermen. Upon arrival at the cannery the dead ones and spawners are thrown away. The others are placed in open slat-work cars and conveyed to a wooden steamer having a capacity of 250 dozen into which a car is rolled. Steam is then turned on and the crabs cooked until they turn red, when the car is rolled out and the contents shoveled into baskets. These are delivered to men technically termed "strippers," who remove the shells, small claws and entrails. These men pass the cleaned portions to a force of women and children called "pickers," who take out all the meat and place it in large pans. The large claws are crushed and the meat deftly extracted. As these pickers receive but from two to three cents a pound, it naturally follows that they must be quick and agile workers. The most rapid pickers can generally prepare about twenty-five pounds a day, but the average is about sixteen pounds. The hard parts and other refuse are dumped into sheet-iron barrels, placed in scows and sold to the neighboring farms for fertilizing purposes. The upper shells, which the strippers remove, are carefully cleaned and used as receptacles for deviled crabs, being packed up and sold with the cans containing the meat.

After being weighed, the crab-meat is taken to the "fillers," who pack it in one and two-pound cans. Each pound can is estimated to contain the meat extracted from thirty-eight crabs. In order to prevent spoiling in the cans, the contents must be very thoroughly cooked, and consequently after being sealed these receptacles are placed in boiling water for half an hour. They are then taken out and vented by piercing a small hole in the top of each and immediately resealed. After this they are given a final hot water bath, in which they remain for two hours. Another process consists in placing the cans in a strong solution of chloride of lime water.

Upward of 11,000,000 crabs are thus canned each season in the Hampton establishments, and find a ready sale in all parts of the United States.—Detroit Free Press.

## Convicts Off for Siberia.

The Moscow correspondent of the London News says: "To-day I witnessed the departure for Siberia of the first batch of convicts this season. They stood in marching column at the railway station, surrounded by a guard of about 100 soldiers with drawn swords. At the head came the worst class of convicts, about 300 in number, all having leg fetters and chains. Many had the right half of the head shaved, an indication of long-service sentences. Then came about 100 without fetters, convicted or suspected of lighter offenses, most of them being without passports, and therefore liable to punishment. Next follow about 100 women, some convicts and some prisoners' wives. It is pathetic to see little children and some infants starting on this long and terrible journey of exile. The dress worn is gray, with a yellow diamond on the back. The bystanders throw money to them to enable them to purchase comforts on the journey."

## Married the Family.

A story of a Florida man who married three wives from one family is going the rounds as something remarkable, but there was a family in Maine consisting of six girls, and of the six three married men named Bickwell, three married to the name of Young, one married a Livermore and one never was married. Another paradoxical feature is that there were only five husbands in all. The explanation is that two of the Bickwells died, leaving widows, and Mr. Young, who had two of the sisters before, took one of the widows. Then Mr. Livermore took the other. So that there were seven weddings in the family, and only five men and five women concerned in them. Mr. Young had lost one wife before he began on this last one.—Manchester Union.

## Custer's Last Sword.

The sword which Custer used in his campaign against the Indians, and which he lost with his life at the battle of the Little Big Horn, is now in the possession of a Chicago man. Its battered blade is as flexible as whalebone, and it looks as though it had been through many a hand-to-hand encounter. It is covered with innumerable designs of drums, flags, cannons and other implements of warfare.—Indianapolis Journal.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Marmoreine hardens plaster.

Electricity is to revolutionize mining. Many of the big paper-mills have turned out paper belts said to be superior to leather.

The juice of a half lemon in a teacup of strong black coffee, without sugar, will often cure a sick headache.

The skin of a boiled egg is the best remedy for a boil. Carefully peel it, wet, and apply to the boil; it draws out the matter and relieves soreness.

When your face and ears burn so terribly bathe them in very hot water—as hot as you can bear it. This will be more apt to cool them than any cold application.

The compounding of locomotives will soon be gone into on a large scale, and triple expansion engines will soon be adopted in the larger manufacturing establishments.

The breaking weight of a bar of iron one foot long and one inch square is 5781 pounds. A piece of seasoned hickory of the same dimensions would break at 270 pounds.

A Philadelphia company recently made a fly-wheel which weighs 180,000 tons. It is twenty-five feet in diameter, eighteen inches thick, and twenty-eight inches wide. It will be operated by a 3000 horse power.

Borers of the city artesian well at Fort Worth, Texas, are of the opinion that the drill will soon penetrate a huge volume of boiling water, as the temperature increases with every few feet they go down, and at last accounts was 121 degrees, at a depth of 2900 feet.

Chatin has proved that a parasite growing on plants of the Strychnos genus contains neither strychnine nor brucine. The mistletoe growing upon the oak does not contain the blue tannin of the latter, but exclusively a green tannin. In like manner other parasites are shown not to absorb the peculiar principles of their hosts.

Neuralgia in the face has been cured by applying a mustard plaster to the elbow. For neuralgia in the head, apply the plaster to the back of the neck. The reason for this is that mustard is said to touch the nerves the moment it begins to draw or burn, and to be of most use must be applied to the nerve centres, or directly over the place where it will touch the affected nerve most quickly.

Sarno, a German chemist, finds nitric acid abundant in annual plants, and more or less in nearly all families of plants. A singular observation is that where plants formerly supposed to be root-parasites, and now called saprophytes, are connected with certain bush roots. Such roots have no nitric acid. For instance, the cancer root is only found under beech trees, and yet no connection exists between the beech and this plant. These roots ought not to have any nitric acid, if Sarno is right.

For many years a spring of dirty water ran from the house of a certain M. Korotneff, in the heart of Sebastopol, and caused the proprietor much trouble. At times the spring would cover the best street in the city with mud. Of late the spring has become a public nuisance and the city authorities compelled M. Korotneff to build a small reservoir around it and lead off the muddy substance by sewer pipes. But as soon as this was done it was discovered that the substance in the new reservoir was pure naphtha. For the last three months since the discovery was made nothing has been done to utilize this wasting treasure.

## Bright Thous—Merry.

Frank R. Stockton tells with great glee how once, many years ago, he invented a dish and got \$2 for the invention. It was while he was sub-editor of *Heart and Home*, a weekly paper of which Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge was the editor. He had contributed to every department save the household department. This put him on his mettle. So he handed in a receipt of his own concocting. Mrs. Dodge accepted it, and paid for it at the current rates—\$2. The dish is called "Cold Pink," and here is the receipt: Take all the white meat left over from the Thanksgiving turkey, and chop it up very fine. Pour a thin cranberry sauce over the cold meat. Mix well, put it in a china form and set it away to get cold. When cold, serve it. It makes a delightful dish. But alas! as Mr. Stockton himself remarks, there is never any turkey left over from the Thanksgiving dinner.—Epoch.

## A Curious Name Combination.

"What is in a name?" has been a question sufficiently unanswered to still remain a subject for discussion, but what is in two names should have a double interest. If you don't think so, take two names as well known as any in American history and look at them. They are the names Lincoln and Hamlin. Of course, there is nothing peculiar about them as they stand, but set them differently and observe the result. For an instance, place them thuswise:

HAM LIN

LIN COLN

Read up and down and then across. There is something in that, isn't there? Now, again:

ABRA—HAMLIN—COLN.

Can you find two other names of two other men whose official lives and names combine as these do?—St. Louis Republic.

## LETTING DOWN THE BARS.

Fair Jane stands near the woodland where  
The barn lane joins the field;  
The cows are coming at her call,  
Their treasure white to yield.  
The sun is sinking through the trees  
To give place to the stars,  
And to the task the maiden bends  
Of letting down the bars.

Young neighbor John, of manly mold,  
But timid as a quail,  
Climbs o'er the fence and gains her side  
And helps her move the rail.  
Her warm blush tells a tale; but fear  
From speech his tongue debars  
Fill eyes meet eyes, then of his love  
Her glance lets down the bars.

O woodland's breath and meadow's breeze,  
And soft eye-kine and birds!  
Know ye the rapture in your midst  
That cannot flow in words?  
Nor wish for wealth, nor thought of fame,  
Nor aught the moment mars;  
These guileless souls find all their world  
While letting down the bars.

—New York Advertiser.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Erasures on account-books are sure signs of a bigger scrape coming.—Puck.

When a man fights in his mind he always comes out victorious.—*Atchison Globe*.

When one denies his own statements he is practicing much self-denial.—*Dallas News*.

Mr. Crossly—"I tell you before I go that I want beef for dinner, and when I get home what do I find?" Mrs. Crossly—"Fault, every time."—*New York Sun*.

He (accepted)—"Ah, what happiness! Now I can call you mine, love!" She—"Ah! You haven't got through with your interview with papa yet."—*Texas Siftings*.

A Sad Case: Mrs. Murphy—"An' sure, Mrs. O'Brien, did your poor man die aisy, rest his soul!" Mrs. O'Brien—"Indade no, Mrs. Murphy. It nearly kilt poor Pat to die."

Jake Jimson—"You are the apple of my eye, dear." Cora Bellows—"And you are the peach of mine." "Why the peach?" "You are such a perpetual failure."—*New York Herald*.

Mr. Oldgrad (Class of '60)—"Ah, this is our class picture. Ah, old boy, they were younger then than we are now." Mr. De Gree—"Yes, and know a great deal more."—*Brooklyn Life*.

"How will I enter the money the cashier skipped with," asked the book-keeper, "under profit and loss?" "No; suppose you put it under running expenses."—*Philadelphia Times*.

They say that a woman cannot reason, but as long as she has her faculty of intuition she seems to get along all right. Besides, she can usually get a man to reason for her.—*Somerville Journal*.

There may not be any royal road to wealth, but there is a royal road to learning. When a man gets rich the world is willing to regard everything he says as the utterances of a sage.—*Somerville Journal*.

She—"I am afraid that bell ringing means another caller." He (impudently)—"You know there is such a thing as your not being at home." She—"Yes, and there is such a thing as my being engaged."

Genius may be merely a capacity for hard work, but it is hard to make the neighbors believe that there is any genius about the young woman who practises the scales four hour a day.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Emersonia Dorchester—"Olivinia Holmes is not the recherche girl I thought she was." Russellina Waldo—"What has occurred?" Emersonia Dorchester—"I noticed to-day that she was wearing her winter spectacles."—*Jewellers' Circular*.

Prudence—"Why did you hurry around the corner when you met Briggs a moment ago?" "Afraid of him!" "Why?" "Yesterday he paid me back a dollar he borrowed six months ago, and I'm shorter than usual this week."—*New York Recorder*.

"And what," asked the young woman who is sometimes facetious, "is the rank of the individual who brings up in the rear with a bucket and a tin cup?" "Oh," replied the member of the militia, without hesitation, "he is a lemonade de camp."—*Washington Post*.

Alice—"I met Minnie Renee to-day, and she showed me the engagement ring that Horace Fledgely gave her." Gwen-dolin—"Is it a pretty one?" Alice—"You remember the one he gave you and me!" Gwen-dolin—"Let me think. Oh, yes!" Alice—"It's the same ring."—*Jewellers' Circular*.

They took the Fitzburg from Boston to Troy. At the Falls the brakeman thrust his head in at the door and seemed to interrogate—"Hoosick? Hoosick?" Alfred Rufus looked inquiringly around the car, and discovering no object in need of a physician's care, appealed to his father—"Papa, who is sick?"—*Pharmaceutical Era*.

A small Bath schoolboy, who had been sent home by his teacher because his sister had the measles, was noticed by that teacher at the next recess playing with the other children in the school yard. "Johnny, didn't I tell you not to come to school while your sisters had the measles?" "Yes, but I am not going in school; I only came to play with the boys before it begins."—*Bath Times*.