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Pennsylvania coal sells cheaper in Italy than Welsh coal.

In one part of Mexico soap is used as currency. "When their relations with the United States become a little more intimate," predicts the *Courier-Journal*, "these Mexicans may learn what soap was really made for."

The total consumption of pork products, exclusive of lard, in the United States last year, is estimated at 3,653,000,000 pounds, which would make an average annual consumption per capita of about fifty-eight pounds.

A western Kansas man says that section of the State has a great future before it. There is nothing that grows in the temperate zone that does not flourish there. Nothing is lacking but water, and that is being supplied by irrigation.

Says the *Pittsburg Commercial Bulletin*: "The discussion as to the means of remedying our immigration evils seems to fall short of the gist of the matter. The remedy that must cure the evils is one that will be applied not on this side of the waters, but on the European side."

There are eighteen counties in Pennsylvania that have no debt. They are Lehigh, Beaver, Cameron, Center, Columbia, Erie, Forest, Franklin, Green, Lawrence, Mercer, Montour, Perry, Pike, Sullivan, Susquehanna, Wyoming and York. The combined debt of all the other counties combined is \$58,979,972.

The *Hartford Times* has ascertained an interesting fact illustrative of the marvelous development of the country. It has found an aged couple who have returned to Connecticut after an absence of fifty-three years. It took them, in 1838, to go from Glasbury to their new western home in wild Illinois, three weeks and two days. They have come back in one day and two nights.

Trustworthy authorities state that in eastern New Mexico nearly 600,000 of fruit and farm lands have been reclaimed by the construction of storage reservoirs and irrigating canals during the past two years. Several corporations organized for such work are now seeking capital in the East. The above shows that private capital can be secured for irrigation schemes that promise good results.

Many English manufacturers are said to actually regard an English degree in the light of a disqualification, so that most of the posts of "word chemists" are held by non-graduates. Apparently, says the *New York Times*, they prefer to train their own men—that is, to give them such an education in researches as bears on particular problems which they themselves have to solve—or to take them from the laboratories of general analysts, where new problems present themselves from time to time.

As India is a strong competitor with the United States in the production of wheat, the *New York Times* maintains that any trustworthy statistics in regard to its agriculture are interesting. A recent census, carefully taken, shows the population of that heterogeneous country to be 296,000,000 persons, while the total area of the country is less than 900,000 square miles. Comparing these figures with those relating to the United States, we 65,000,000 of population on an area of 3,600,000 square miles, or less than one-fourth of the population on four times the area—a ratio of one to sixteen as compared with populous India. In the Province of Bengal there are 9,000,000 more people than in the United States upon one twenty-third of our area. The number per square mile is 474 persons, but taking the cultivated land only there are 715 to each square mile. In the United States we have but one inhabitant to thirty-six acres, and to about five of cultivated land. Bengal is almost wholly agricultural, and yet supports this vast population. Another agricultural province, the most productive in wheat in all the Indian Empire, has 442 persons to the square mile, which, as compared with Germany, is equivalent to more than twice the number of people on less than half the area, or a ratio of more than four to one. The increase of the Indian population is about eleven per cent. in ten years, and at present the increase is larger in the towns and cities, where manufactures are being established in the railroad centres, than in the agricultural districts.

IN THE CLOVER.

Butterfly,
Flutter by,
Over the clover,
Under the sky,
Sail and falter and fail,
And cling to the fragrant spray;
Shift and shirk,
No weather for work
Falls on a summer day.
Bumblebee,
Tumble free
Into the bloom of the tulip tree,
Cease your bustle and boom,
Swing on a stamen and sing,
Or clutch a flagon frailland fine,
And drowsily drink the wine,
And rest your rumbling wing.
Meadowlark,
Glow like a spark
That will set the fields afire;
Tenderly whistle
On top of a thistle
A "turtle" to your mate up higher
In a dusky locust tree.
There! There!
Away goes care,
And a dream comes over me.
A boy tired out with play,
On a summer holiday,
In the grass so cool and deep
While the butterfly goes fluttering over,
Between blue sky and purple clover,
And the bumblebee bumbles
And whirrs and tumbles,
Where the meadowlark's nest
And her golden breast
Have clover
All over
For cover.
—Maurice Thompson, in *St. Nicholas*.

A SUMMER IDYL.

BY AGNES GIFFORD.

Gwendoline met her aunt, Mrs. Newcombe, at the little station and drove her up in her own phaeton.
"Is any one here?" asked Mrs. Newcombe as they rolled along the hard white road between low green fields on either hand.
"I mean any one nice," specified Mrs. Newcombe with her soft little laugh.
"Warfield is here—Edgar Warfield," said Gwendoline, flinging a fly off Jerry's shining coat with her whip.
"Ah! That is pleasant for you."
"Pleasant!" cried the younger lady, with a note of petulance in her voice. "I don't think so. It's a bore."
Miss Ventnor's dark, handsome face settled in moody lines. She looked like her mother. She had not taken after her father, who was a blonde. But her father's youngest sister, the little widow, was very like him. Mrs. Newcombe had a charming fairness and liquid eyes. She never looked worldly.
"Isn't he thought a good parti?" she inquired.
Gwendoline made another brusque movement with her whip.
"Oh, I suppose so. He's rich, if that's what you mean. And he has no inebriance. No mother or sisters." Miss Ventnor laughed. "That ought to be a recommendation. A fellow's family is dreadfully tiresome—an awful bore."
A dog-cart, with a powerful horse harnessed to it, appeared ahead of them. As the gentleman who was driving it came abreast of the phaeton he raised his hat.
"That's Edgar Warfield," said Gwendoline a moment later.
"He is good looking. You are hard to please, Gwen."
"Oh, I don't know. I might like him well enough as a friend if he would stop annoying me."
"Annoying you?"
"Oh, hanging around."
Mrs. Ventnor was on the piazza of the cottage as they drove up. She followed her sister-in-law to her room.
"I'm awfully glad you have come, Phebe. It will be a boon to Gwendoline to have you. I wish you would talk sensibly to her, by the way. She is trifling with an excellent chance of settling in life."
"Do you mean Mr. Warfield?" asked Mrs. Newcombe, removing her dainty close traveling hat and long gauze veil before the toilet table. "Gwendoline has been telling me about him."
"What did she say?"
"She said he bored her."
"Nonsense! He's only too fond of her. He's a very affectionate fellow, and he's been desperately blue since the death of his mother, to whom he was devoted. He looks for sympathy from Gwendoline, and he does not get it. Silly girl that she is! You're looking very well, Phebe. Gray is so becoming to you. Now, Gwendoline can't wear gray at all. Vivid, rich colors suit her style. Well, I will leave you to dress. We dine at 6:30. Probably Mr. Warfield will drop in this evening. I asked him. At dinner Mrs. Newcombe was in gray again, the most delicate, pearly gray, against which her throat and face looked fair as a sea shell. Gwendoline, who was dressed in transparent black, had a bunch of red geraniums at her breast.
"You make a pretty contrast," smiled Mr. Ventnor, glancing from his young sister to his daughter.
When they rose from table, where they had lingered, Gwendoline passed her hand through her aunt's arm.
"There! I knew he would appear before the day was over," Miss Ventnor murmured.

"Edgar Warfield."

And Mrs. Newcombe saw the young man's slight, well-built figure, in its quiet mourning clothes, approach by the carriage-way that spanned the lawn.
"You can't run away now, Gwen," she said softly. "It isn't decent. Be civil to the poor fellow, at least."
She disengaged herself gently from her niece's clasp. And after the formality of introduction had been followed by a few words between herself and the young man she wandered away with one of her sweet, indulgent smiles and re-entered the house.
"She's a dear little thing—my aunt," said Miss Gwendoline abruptly, following the little gray figure with her brilliant eyes. "Don't you think she's pretty?"
"I don't know. You can't expect one to know," said Mr. Warfield with intention.
"I wish," Miss Ventnor explained, knitting her fine brows, "that you would not say such ridiculous things!"
"Do you call them ridiculous?" asked the young man with a shade of pallor on his cheek.
"Yes," curtly.
The young man looked down and traced a pattern on the gravel with the end of his stick.
"You are awfully hard on a fellow," he said in a moment without looking up.
"Well, there is one thing," cried the young lady, "you can stand it. All men can."
Her father's voice was calling her from the house. Mr. Ventnor wanted some music. Gwendoline must sing for him.
"Come, Miss, I'll tolerate no shirking," he threatened jocosely.
"I'm not likely to shirk," announced the young lady below her breath as she bent over the piano near which Mrs. Newcombe sat. "I'm too much relieved to be freed from our visitor for a while."
"Ah, my dear, you're a cruel girl. You're breaking that poor fellow's heart," murmured that little widow.
"Not at all likely," responded Miss Ventnor prelude brilliantly.
Mrs. Newcombe had retreated to the embrasure of a window. Mr. Ventnor had ensconced himself in an arm-chair, and Mrs. Ventnor sat, murmuring in undertones to one or two neighboring neighbors of her own age. Mrs. Newcombe made a little kindly sign to Edgar Warfield, who stood vaguely near her, and he dropped, with instant gratitude, into a chair by the window. There was in this pretty woman's soft eyes a look of understanding the situation and an intimation of friendliness toward him which moved the young man deeply.
Gwendoline sang song after song, in her full, rich voice, and Mrs. Newcombe sat gently agitating her fan and listening with smiling attention.
"I know no one's voice that charms me as does Gwendoline's," she said, in a little pause, turning to Edgar Warfield. He felt his heart warming to Miss Ventnor's young aunt.
"Miss Ventnor's voice is wonderfully brilliant," he said, with a lover's formality.
"Yes, but it is not the brilliancy alone. That is a secondary matter, though it is the most obvious, perhaps. Gwendoline's voice is full of feeling, too. But it is like herself. The feeling is not flaunted on the surface."
Edgar Warfield felt as though his wound was being touched by the gentlest, most healing of sympathetic fingers. His heart beat quickly. What a charming, speaking voice this young aunt of Gwendoline's had, too. And how quaintly, delicately pretty she was. Her color had the charming daintiness, her smile the fascinating demureness of a young Quakeress. Or was it the soft, gray dress with the line of dazzling neck showing above draperies of foamy lace, that made her look so? Miss Ventnor called her "Aunt Phebe." The funny, old-fashioned name suited this exquisite little person, somehow. In this light she scarcely looked older than Gwendoline. But, of course, she must be.
When the singing was over Mr. Ventnor proposed cards. Mrs. Ventnor rapidly assorted couples, but Gwendoline, with a rapid counter-maneuvre, headed her off.
"I can only play with papa," she asserted with decision. "No one else understands my play."
"Then will Mr. Warfield play with me?" said Mrs. Newcombe. And in her charming glance and smile the grateful young man again read a full appreciation of the bearings of his case and an intention to befriend him, to help him on. Gwendoline, even with her father's vaunted understanding of her play, made a number of blunders in her characteristically reckless fashion and talked a good deal in brusque, crisp phrases, throwing down her cards with her large, shapely hand, undisguisedly brown by exposure to the sun and air.
But Mrs. Newcombe's little white paw, which crept out, with a glister of rings upon it, as gently as a kitten's, only played its cards to make tricks, and Edgar Warfield, who was a methodical and conscientious young man, was vaguely grieved and gratified; the former that the charming Gwendoline should be so carelessly indifferent to a good game of whist, and the latter that he, with his partner's help, should be making so good a showing.
On his way home that evening he said to himself that he hoped Gwendoline's aunt would remain with her some little time. She might have an influence. He had fallen in love with Mr. Ventnor's beautiful daughter because of that Diana-like independence which seemed to

ask nothing of man, that brilliant, virginal unconsciousness, that air of never having bowed her stately young head to sacrifice or to sentiment, which sat upon her with so bright a radiance. But now he asked himself, with a sigh, whether the more conventional feminine charms and virtues did not make a girl more convenient and comfortable to get on with. Perhaps if Gwendoline could be softened a little—just a little—by the contagion of her young aunt's delightful manner, it might be an added attraction to the proud young beauty. How very womanly Mrs. Newcombe's manner was. And she looked so girlish, too. He remembered now that he had heard the Ventnors say that she had married very young, and that her husband had been a great deal older than herself. He had died, leaving her very little property, and she had never loved him. It was hard, Edgar Warfield's manly and chivalrous heart felt, with a glow, that so kindly, so dear and sweet a little woman should have had to bear anything sad in her life.
The next day Gwendoline had a letter from a friend bidding her come to make her a visit of some weeks.
"And she is going, my dear?" cried poor Mrs. Ventnor, in dismay, to Phebe Newcombe. "Nothing I can say will keep her."
"Dear Gwen, what of Mr. Warfield?" asked the little widow of her niece.
"I imagine Mr. Warfield is able to take care of himself, is he not?" exclaimed the young lady.
She left on the morrow and she was gone three weeks. On her return she learned that her young aunt's visit was soon to draw to a close.
"Mr. Warfield has been here a great deal," the girl's mother told her, "and if he has not decided long ago to discontinue his attentions to you you may thank Phebe for it. I think she tried to make him see that you would listen to reason some day. He was here again this morning. We did not expect you, quite on this train, you know, so they started for a little walk—Phebe and Mr. Warfield. Aren't they coming up now?"
Mrs. Ventnor was near sighted, but her daughter was not. The latter glanced out of the window and saw, very slowly moving up the path, her aunt, with her pretty head drooped, and Edgar Warfield, with his head drooped, too. As they came in view of the house both heads straightened suddenly.
"Is it they?" repeated Mrs. Ventnor.
But Gwendoline had, apparently, not heard either question.
"And so you are going away—to leave us?" inquired the young lady of her aunt later in the day.
"Yes, unfortunately, dearest—to-morrow," and Mrs. Newcombe passed her soft hand about her niece's arm.
Gwendoline disengaged herself.
"We shall miss you."
"How shall we get on without my little aunt, Mr. Warfield?" said Miss Ventnor to the young man within a few days. "I begin to think she was the sole attraction for you in our house. You have deserted us since she left."
A color came into the young man's cheek.
"Why, not at all, not at all! I—I assure you. I have had certain things on my mind of late. In fact, I think of going up to town to-morrow." His eagerness stumbled and grew lame.
"Do you?"
Two weeks later.
"MY DEAR AUNT PHEBE—When Mr. Warfield left for town he said, upon me questioning him, that he thought he might see you. What I am going to ask you—to tell you—to do is very, very delicate. I wonder if ever a girl was placed in such a predicament before? But you know that I am nothing if not fearless and independent. And I think that in this case the fearlessness will not be construed as boldness. It used to be admired. Briefly, the accompanying ring was given me—pressed upon me—weeks ago by a person whom I need not mention. He begged that whenever I could think well of what he urged upon me the day I tried his ring on my finger (a jest) I would send that ring to him. Nothing more. He will understand. I do not know his address just now. Perhaps you do. Will you re-address the little package, then? Yours, GWEN."
"MY DEAR GWENDOLINE—I am afraid there has been some great mistake. That is, I fear—I don't know how to say it—but, perhaps he—I mean Edgar—forgot about the ring. The truth is dearest Gwendoline, we are engaged!"—*New York Mercury*.
"There's Many a Slip 'Twixt the Cup and the Lip."
Ancæus, King of the Leleges in Samos (an island in the Grecian Archipelago), planted a vineyard; and so heavily did he oppress his slaves, that one of them, it is said, prophesied to him that he would never live to taste the wine thereof. When the wine was made, he sent for his slave and said: "What do you think of your prophecy now?" The slave made answer: "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." The words were scarcely uttered when Ancæus was informed that a wild boar had broken into his vineyard, and was laying it waste. Ancæus, setting down the cup untasted, hastened to attack and drive out the boar; but he was killed in the encounter.—*Detroit Free Press*.
Why is a mercurial temperament considered a drawback in a student? It certainly should help him in taking his degrees.—*Baltimore American*.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Pacific coast uses English coal.
Electric buggies are announced.
Perfumery is made from coal tar.
An underground railway for Berlin is being discussed by German engineers.
It is estimated that at least 1,000,000 pounds of rubber are annually used for bicycle tiers.
The telephone cables laid beneath the streets of Berlin are estimated to meet the requirements 30,000 subscribers, the present number being 15,000.
Coal in the Province of Almeria, in Spain, is so dear that there is a great rejoicing over the discovery of an inferior quality in a large vein near Albánchez.
A recent English invention is a machine which bends tubes without the necessity of filling them with some yielding material to preserve an accurate section.
An electric wire in Pittsburg parting, fell to the ground and within two inches of a pedestrian, who, though not touched by the wire, received a rather severe shock.
An electric car in St. Paul, Minn., while passing the end of a bridge in a heavy rain recently, was struck by lightning. The car was set on fire and the machinery rendered useless. Not one of the passengers was injured.
Among the novelties is an inflatable rubber chamber for bathers. It passes around the bust underneath the arms, making it possible for a bather to float in an erect position without fatigue. It can be inflated when desired by means of a tube attached to the neck.
Herr Bombel, an apothecary and chemist of Neuenhaus, Germany, claims to have discovered a process by which the lymph which Dr. Koch invented may be purged of its dangerous qualities. Experiments with lymph so purged are said to have met with great success.
Some of the single plates of armor for the armored cruiser Maine, building at the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Navy Yard, will weigh fifty tons. A special crane is in construction at Alliance, Ohio, to handle the Maine's armor. The crane will be mounted on a railway running around the edge of the stone dry dock.
The rate of growth of corals is difficult to estimate. At the meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia, Professor Heilprin exhibited a specimen of *Porites astroideus* which had been taken from an anchor east in the autumn of 1885. He estimated that the annual amount of increase was scarcely one-twentieth of an inch.
An attempt is to be made by Dr. H. Koplik at the Eastern Dispensary, situated in the tenement district of New York City, to furnish to the poor at a low price sterilized milk. It is hoped by this means to prevent the appalling mortality among the children of this class last summer by Dr. Koplik, who reports favorable results in the majority of cases.
A machine has recently been invented by a Philadelphia man by which electric power can be introduced into a dwelling house, or, in fact, any building, with but slight expense. The basis of the invention is a practical use of the power of atmospheric gravity. The gravity, or weight of the atmosphere at sea level, will raise water in a vacuum thirty-three feet. The invention consists of a process of forcing water out of a vacuum placed on the roof of a building and keeping the air out at the same time. The water is forced to the vacuum, is then driven into a tank, and in descending has sufficient power to drive a wheel. Below the wheel the water can be collected into a shallow tank and led back into the tank from which it first came, forming a continuous stream.

Fishing With a Club.

Here is a fish story that is absolutely true. On last Friday E. M. Terrill and Zadoc Bethards, two farmers living a short distance east of this place, went down on the creek bottom where the water had overflowed to catch or kill fish. There is a deep ravine running from the creek up in the bottom, dug there to drain the water off, and beside this deep ravine furrows had been plowed in many directions up the bottom to attract the water to the ravine. The water was all over this bottom on Thursday and large fish from the creek went up this ravine and many of them went out in the plow furrows in quest, we suppose, of something to eat. On Friday the waters began falling, and of course the fish began drifting back to the creek so as not to be left out in the bottom. Mr. Terrill and Mr. Bethards situated themselves along the furrows and watched for the fish to pass by. The first one killed was a large German carp, weighing eight pounds. They killed in all seven fish—four German carp and three buffalo, all of them together weighing thirty pounds. We believe there are more large fish in the creek near this place than in any other stream in the county. It has overflowed its banks perhaps half a dozen times during the spring when other streams would only be filled half bank full and high water attracts fish upstream. Many more large fish were seen by Messrs. Terrill and Bethards that they were unable to kill. They used sticks or clubs in killing them, striking them across the back.—*Shelbyville (Mo.) Herald*.
Merely a species of pitchfork—A tuning fork.—*Boston Post*.

ARTFUL CUPID.

As I went walking down the dale,
Master Cupid ran beside me,
And with many a winsome tale,
Laughingly the trickster plied me,
Seeking with his subtle art,
Entrance to my guarded heart.
"Nay," said I, "tis no avail."
Yet the little rover defied me;
"Ah," said he, "I never fail;
None hath ever yet denied me.
Thou shalt see what cunning art
I can practice on the heart."
"Braggart boy! I pass unharmed;
Boasting hath undone thee, stupid."
On I walked, forewarned, forarmed,
Smiling back at Master Cupid,
Vainly with his vaunted art,
Seeking entrance to my heart.
As I looked I saw he wept
O'er the sad defeat before him.
Ah, my sentiments must have slept
As I bent in pity o'er him,
For the imp of wondrous art
Leaped into my open heart.
—Willis B. Hawkins, in *Detroit Free Press*.
HUMOR OF THE DAY.
The board of health—Three square meals a day.
Adam was proudly conscious that he never made a mistake in his boyhood.—*Texas Siftings*.
The work of a tramp is very scarce, and the demand for it is very great.—*Chicago Times*.
The detective who is going round at all hours reminds one of a hunting case watch.—*Puck*.
Women look into the back of a book first, because they always want to 'ave the last word.—*Puck*.
True to some deep, mysterious law Unfathomed by the stud'nt,
The furnace now begins to draw That all the winter wouldn't.
—*New York Press*.
When you begin to argue with a man and he talks loud, walk off and leave him. You can't convert him.—*Galveston News*.
"Tramp—'Can you put me on to something?' Farmer (whistling)—'No, but I can put something on to you.'"
—*Epoch*.
Riches have wings. What they need, according to the average man's idea, is a tail that will steer them his way.—*Somerville Journal*.
"I am going to Venice," said the banker. "What for?" asked the cynical friend. "To see how they keep banks afloat."—*Truth*.
"Does stamp collecting pay?" asks a contributor. It does. Several men have made large fortunes out of stamp collectors.—*New York Recorder*.
"I really don't know how to get rid of young Van Arudt. He is such a persistent and devoted admirer of mine."
"Why don't you marry him?"
He was a man who bragged about His lineage so much that he Was by his neighbors taken out And hanged upon his family tree.
—*Detroit Free Press*.
Mr. Oldie—"Why, daughter, you broke that young fellow all up." Daughter (who knows him)—"Oh, that's all right. It's his normal condition."
—*Washington Star*.
"I have such an indulgent husband," said little Mrs. Doll. "Yes, so George says," responded Mrs. Spiteful. "Sometimes indulges too much, doesn't he?"
—*Boston Transcript*.
When he was young he thought he knew About as much as anyone; But now he thinks he made a slip— He is "not in it" with his son.
—*Puck*.
Mrs. Brown—"I wonder why Dr. Finn didn't bow?" Mr. Brown—"Devotion to his profession as a surgeon, you know—he delights in cutting people."
—*Munsey's Weekly*.
In regard to modern languages, it is said that the Chinese is the most difficult. We find this out when we try to explain to our Chinese laundryman that a pair of socks are missing.—*Texas Siftings*.
With money plenty, and no care, He spends a life that's heedless; And in two senses we declare He is a man that is needless.
—*Puck*.
"I guess Nippum can hold his own in the world," remarked one of that gentleman's acquaintances. "No doubt of it," was the reply. "His own and a good many other people's."—*Washington Post*.
"Where is that black cloud going to?" Asked the boy of his grandma dear; And the old lady said, as she shook her head "It's going to thunder, I fear."
—*Detroit Free Press*.
Clergyman (looking at the contribution boxes)—"Judging from the nickles and pennies, you must have thought when I asked you to remember the poor that recollection would do just as well as collection."—*Detroit Free Press*.
The summer girl Now takes a whirl In zephyr-wooling clothes; Her ribbons gay With the breeze's play, And she has bows and beads.
—*New York Recorder*.
What fear hath chilled the giddy throng? What terror stilled the merry song? What numbs the dancers' flying feet? What woe hath come the house to greet? The guests from banquet table fly with a pallid cheek and glaring eye; The landlord groans, the feeble clerk turns off the gas, and all is dark. Of light and love and mirth bereft, the lonely tavern still is left to hear Miss Dell Sartay recite how "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight."—*Burdette, in Philadelphia Press*.