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"An increase of 150,000 people in ten years is not so bad for a State which has had so much trouble over paying its debts as Virginia has," thinks the Washington Star.

The Massachusetts Legislature has passed a law prohibiting the erection of buildings over 185 feet in height above the street, except in the case of grain elevators, sugar refineries, steeples, towers, and purely ornamental structures.

The Belgian Government has issued an order forbidding all freight traffic on the State railroads on Sundays and the great festival days. On these days no goods are to be received except perishable articles, which are to be conveyed by fast trains.

The Emperor of Japan has declared himself an enemy of duelling. In a recent decree he ordered that every man who accepted a challenge should be fined heavily and imprisoned from six months to two years. Any one who causes a duel is subject to the same law. Insulting a man who has declined to fight on the field of honor is also punishable.

As stated in a report of the British Board of Trade, the United States sent to British ports in 1890 504,391 cattle and 384,646 sheep, while Canada sent 83,588 cattle and 121,309 sheep. This is an enormous increase in trade since 1877, in which year the United States exported to British ports 11,523 cattle and 13,120 sheep, and Canada 7630 cattle and 10,275 sheep.

Women doctors are becoming so numerous in England that there is competition for the appointments in hospitals. When the Government decided to supply women doctors in the hospitals for Mohammedan women, there was a call for a limited number of women physicians. So many applied for the position, declares the New York Advertiser, that it will be a serious task to select from the number.

The New York Advertiser observes: Italy's "fatal gift of beauty" has brought upon her many woes. Whether it was California's fatal gift of her "glorious climate" that brought down upon her those fatal hordes of Chinese we cannot tell. But her woes never end, it would seem. Backed by Federal legislation, she is on the point of stemming the tide of Celestial immigration. But now we learn that the Japanese have found her out. There are now said to be 5000 Japs in California; a number soon to rise to 20,000.

The recent outburst against the Prince of Wales is, says London Truth, proof positive that loyalty in the old sense of the word has ceased to exist. The Queen is respected as a woman, but not as the descendant of a line of Kings. The monarchy rests upon the fragile basis of the good conduct of the occupant of the throne. As a principle it has already disappeared. It has become a mere question of expediency whether we shall have a King or do without one. Kingship will last out my time, but it is doomed. Whether England will get on better or worse for being a republic, I do not know; but a republic England is likely to become before fifty years have expired.

Thirty thousand tons, or two thousand carloads, of staff will be used in the construction of the main buildings of the Exposition at Chicago. It has been decided that all of the buildings will be faced with this material. Staff was invented in France about 1876, and first used in the buildings of the Paris Exposition in 1878. It is composed chiefly of powdered gypsum, the other constituents being alumina, glycerine and dextrine. These are mixed with water without heat, and cast in molds in any desired shape and allowed to harden. The natural color is a murky white, but other colors are produced by external washes, rather than by additional ingredients. To prevent brittleness the material is cast around a coarse cloth, bagging or oakum. The casts are shallow, and about half an inch thick. They are in any form—in imitation of cut one, rock, faced stone, moldings, or most delicate designs. For the lower portions of the walls the material is red with cement, which makes it hard. It is impervious to water, and is an excellent building material, although its cost is less than one-tenth of that of marble or granite.

WATCHING FOR THE MORNING.

When the shadows gather,
And the night grows deep,
And the weary eyelids
Cannot close in sleep;
Mid these hours of sadness,
With their solemn warning,
Comes that song of gladness,
"Watching for the morning."
When the morning clouds spread,
O'er the azure sky,
And the howling wild winds
Tell the storm is nigh;
When the stars all vanish,
Ere the heavens adorning,
Hope the gloom will banish,
"Watching for the morning."
When disease has stolen
Strength and cheer from thee;
And the careworn spirit
Writes in agony;
In the hour of sorrow,
Startled by its warning;
Comfort thou canst borrow,
"Watching for the morning."
Years are gliding onward,
Ah, how fast they fly!
Wasting is life's fountain,
It will soon run dry.
Death—he cannot harm thee—
Tread on death with scorn;
Brightest visions charm thee,
"Watching for the morning."
Though the shadows gather,
And the night grows deep,
And the weary eyelids
Close in death's long sleep;
Through that night of sadness,
With its solemn warning,
Comes the song of gladness,
"Watching for the morning."
Watching, watching, watching!
Lord, how long, how long!
When shall break the shadows?
When burst forth the song?
Haste, O blessed daybreak,
With thy bright adorning;
Let the joyous lay wake,
"Morning! Lo! The morning!"
—D. D. T. McLaughlin, in Independent.

THE STAFF OF THE BRIGGSVILLE "BUGLE."

BY WILLIAM EARLE BALDWIN.

Mr. Bernard Bergeois was startled. He jumped visibly, and nearly dropped a handful of type he was taking from a galley to the form on the imposing stone. It was incompatible with the dignity of the foreman of the mechanical department of the Briggsville Bugle to lose his self control in this way, and he looked around uneasily as a fluffy haired girl at a case near by sniggered and made a whispered remark to another compositor; then they looked at him and laughed.
What made the foreman jump was a whistle from the speaking tube not far from his ear. He did not immediately obey the summons, and another whistle more pronounced and longer than the first made him glue his mouth to the tube and bawl back: "Hello!"
"Come into my room at once. Don't you understand?"
Mr. Bernard Bergeois thought he understood, and taking off his apron, went into the hallway. From an adjoining room he heard the clicking of a type writer, at intervals with a steady "plunk!" and then with brief intermissions of silence. He hesitated before knocking at the closed door; for when the "old man" used his machine that way it was an office maxim that he was in a bad temper.
And the "old man" was in a bad temper when Mr. Bernard Bergeois mustered up enough courage to face him. His eyes gleamed through a pair of gold bowed spectacles, and his hair, which was turning gray, was ruffled over his forehead. He gave the tardy foreman a reprimand for his slowness, and then made a remark that quite upset Mr. Bernard Bergeois. "Send everybody home," he said.
"I don't think I quite understand, sir," faltered the foreman. "It is but a little after 4 o'clock."
"That makes no difference. Can't you hear? Send every one away from here except my office boy. That's plain enough, isn't it?"
Every now and then the "old man" would absently strike a key with his finger, and then look up and jerk out a few words.
"But there are five columns to set—" began the bewildered foreman.
"Come earlier in the morning, then. I don't want anybody around now. How can a man write with those presses out there making such an everlasting noise, and you people in the composing-room giggling and making such a racket? Why don't you have better discipline out there?"
Mr. Bernard Bergeois had no answer ready. He was quite nonplussed. Never before in the course of his professional career had he received such an order as this. "Send everybody home!" Was the "old man" going insane? Did he not know that to-morrow was publication day?
"There are five columns—" he began again.
"Send your five columns to the deuce!" interrupted the other, furiously. "I don't care whether there are five columns or fifty, so long as every one of you gets out of here. Send me my office-boy!"
Now the office-boy, who, by-the-way, was named Cox, but who was known to his intimate friends as "Swipesey," was much more pleased with the orders he

had received than the worthy foreman. He went down into the lower office and sat in an easy-chair, with his feet on the desk in front of him, and watched the other employes file out with a lordly air.
"Hope you have a pleasant time," he said, politely, to the fluffy-haired compositor. "We can run this office alone this afternoon, we can. I write the editorials and sets them up. The old man he's writing important letters, and can't be disturbed. Good afternoon."
Cox made himself comfortable in the easiest chair he could find, and amused himself by looking over a pile of exchanges on a desk at hand. Presently this began to bore him, and he began rummaging about the room. It was seldom that he was in the lower office alone, and he amused himself by climbing up on a high stool, and taking a pen and ink and scribbling on some of the office paper.
"I can do this, when I am one of the editors," he chuckled to himself.
Just then he heard some one coming up the stairs slowly and turn in at the door of the office. He raised his head and looked over the desk, and saw a woman standing there. She had a very pale face, but was very handsome. She looked at the boy wearily.
"Is the editor in?" she asked.
"Well, that depends," said Swipesey, still scribbling vigorously, and looking up between dabs at the white paper before him. "Which one do you want to see?"
The woman sighed wearily, and then said, with an effort, "Mr. Griswold."
"I am very sorry," began the boy, hitching his stool a little forward, and grabbing his cap off, and laying it carefully down before him, "but he is very busy—very busy indeed—and gave orders that he was not to be disturbed. If there is anything I can do—" and he paused expectantly.
"Nothing," she replied, and sat down in a chair near the window. "Will you please tell him a lady is waiting to see him when he is at liberty?"
Now the office-boy scarcely knew what to do. He did not exactly care to go up-stairs on an errand like that; it would ruin his dignity, after the remarks he had already made. Besides, the editor was in a nasty temper, and might throw an ink bottle at him, or something of the kind. The speaking-tube—there was his salvation! He jumped from the high stool and yelled the message up. There was no reply, but it answered every purpose, and he turned to the lady and said: "Very good; he will see you when he is not busy, but you may have to wait."
This was the first time that Swipesey had seen the lady face to face, and he started a little, and looked at her again. Then he put his hands behind him and stared at the floor for a moment. "I know who you are," he said presently. "You are his wife."
The woman looked up quickly and raised one of her hands to her forehead. She seemed a bit dazed, and asked, in a way that convinced Swipesey that she scarcely knew what she said, "How did you know?"
"I knew! I guessed! I put two and two together, and I know more about the old man than the rest of the people; and do you know, if you will let me say it, I think you haven't treated him right."
The woman flushed, and looked at the boy angrily.
"Don't get mad about it," he advised her, in a fatherly way. "I mind my own business. What you two people want to do is to make up and stop all this." He paused, with a judicial air.
"How did you know this?" the woman asked. "Does Mr. Griswold make a confidant of an office boy?"
Swipesey was all dignity then. "You are mistaken there. He never said a word to me about it. I don't know very much about it, only I have put two and two together. I remember about six months ago, when he bought the paper, that one day some one was in the office and asked him about you. He all to once became very cool, and said, in an uneasy way, that you were in California for your health. And one day I was cleaning up his desk, and I found a picture there—your picture. I put it back where I found it; and one night when I had to come back to the office with some copy to leave for the compositors to begin on in the morning, I found him in the dark at his desk, sitting there and crying, with the picture in his hand. He didn't know I saw him, but I did just the same. And that's why I am sorry for him; I had never seen a man cry before. And when he's cross and hard with us people about the office, I know he ain't really that way, but that the pain drives him to it, and he is trying to forget about everything."
The office-boy told all this in a grave manner, and his quietness evidently impressed itself on the woman in his favor, for she said nothing, and allowed him to go on.
"Sometimes I would see in the other papers that 'Mrs. Griswold, wife of Editor Griswold, of the Briggsville Bugle, is in Santa Barbara for her health,' and then you would be in Tacoma and all sorts of places; but he never spoke of you in his paper, and you never came here. I have heard talk, too, of a quarrel you two had, and—of course I have—have surmised that something was wrong. I don't know what separated you, or why you left him, or he you, and it isn't any of my business; but now you have come back to him, I hope you will stay with him."

The woman looked at Swipesey's intelligent freckled face, and saw the brightness of his small gray eyes. She was impressed with his red hair and his snub-nose. And she humored him by asking, "Is that what you would advise me to do?"
"Certainly," answered the boy, without hesitation. "That's what I would advise you to do."
"But suppose he wants me to come more than half way? Suppose, after all, he doesn't want me to stay?"
"That's all right. I'll fix that. I can manage it. He's been waiting for you a long time, I guess, but he's too proud to tell you to come back to him. He's upstairs now, writing a letter, and"—here Swipesey looked at her brightly—"I think it is to you. Sometimes he has started letters, which I have found in the waste-basket torn or partly burned, beginning, 'My dearest wife,' but I don't think he has ever sent them. However, that is none of my business. But to-day what do you think he did? He sent everybody home in order to be alone that he might write. It was nothing connected with the paper, I know, for the copy is all in. I think he is writing to you upstairs to come back, and he doesn't know you are here already."
"If he will only say he was wrong, and ask my forgiveness," the woman muttered, looking out of the window at the pattering rain. Then she started up, seemingly unaware of the boy's presence. "But I mustn't ask too much. I was in the wrong as much as he."
"Now I tell you what to do," said Swipesey, with eagerness. "If you put this into my hands, we'll fix it up all right." His eyes shone, and he took a few steps forward, with his small hands clasped together and his face raised hopefully toward the woman. "You let me go upstairs and sort of prepare him. I'll not say who wants to see him, but I'll just give him a hint. And then you go up and surprise him; and if you look at him and smile, and if you tell him you are sorry, I don't think he would send you away; now, do you?"
The woman looked down at the lad, and smiled sadly at him. She could not help being amused at his eagerness to help her and the lonely man upstairs.
He seemed to divine what she was thinking of, for he said, "Oh, you mustn't think I am dipping my finger into something that ain't my business, for I should like to hear him laugh as he did a long time ago; and besides, it is not right for two people to be apart the way you and him are."
The woman laughed nervously. "I don't think you had better meddle, after all," she said. "You may be a very bright boy, but it might make him angry to think I had allowed—"
"I never set up to be bright," said Swipesey, in an injured tone. "If I was an entire stranger he might not like it; but being on the staff, why, it's entirely different—see?"
The woman laughed again, and then asked, "What do you propose to do?"
"Well, you sit right down in that chair again, and I'll run upstairs. I'll not be gone but a minute, and then I'll come back for you."
Before she could say a word to stop him, he had whisked out of the room, and she heard him going up the stairs two steps at a time. She sighed again, and looked down and watched the people passing.
Then Swipesey was back with a cordial encouraging; "Come along. I've fixed it. He'll see you."
And they went up the stairs—up into the office, which had become quite dark now, and was but a cheerless place at best.
Swipesey threw open the door saying, "Here she is, sir."
The old man was scribbling. He had laid aside the type-writer for the pen, and he kept on for a moment. Then he looked up in a bewildered way, threw down his pen, rubbed his eyes, sprang up, and with a bound was across the room. "Grace!" was all he said.
And Swipesey smiled in a self-satisfied sort of way, and closing the door, left them alone. And when the editor came down stairs into the lower office a half-hour later, with a shining, happy look in his eyes, he found Swipesey sitting in the chair, with his feet high up on the desk and his hat tilted on the back of his head, buried deep in the folds of a newspaper.
"Come up stairs with me, Cox," he said, joyously. "I want to introduce you to my wife. I want everybody on the paper to know her."
"I suppose so," said the boy, discontentedly. But then, he added, in his impudent way: "You needn't interduce me to her. She and me knows each other already."—Harper's Weekly.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Flexible cast-iron is new.
Paper wheels increase in popularity.
Freshly powdered charcoal is an excellent absorbent of foul gases.
A Pittsburg house will supply the machinery for an iron works at Rio Janeiro, Brazil.
The first overhead trolley road in England is to be built in Leeds by the Thomson-Houston company.
A mathematician has discovered that a bicyclist can travel fifteen miles over a good road on his wheel with less exertion than he can walk three miles.
A six horse-power electric motor will operate the draw of the new Harvard bridge at Boston. This is said to be the first application of electricity to work of this kind.
New York parties have been buying wild marsh hay at Jefferson, Wis., and will experiment with it for the manufacture of a cheap but superior article of binding twine.
The hand saw is fast superseding the circular saw for all kinds of work. The latest application is made by the tailors, who are using it with great success for cutting cloth.
A German professor has discovered a curious gaseous compound, made up of oxygen and hydrogen. It dissolves metals, and with silver and mercury, it forms powerful explosives.
A new idea in ratchet-drills is a tool that will work in both directions, thus saving one-half of the time consumed in the use of the ordinary ratchets. The mechanism is very simple.
A number of private residences in Boston have been fitted up with elevators operated by electric motors. The elevators carry two or three passengers, and the apparatus is said to be simple and compact.
There are about 105 women to every 100 men; one quarter of the population of the world die before the age of seven years; only one in 1000 lives to be 100 years old, and only six in 1000 reach seventy-five.
Excessive moisture of the hands is a disagreeable trouble for which the following is said to be a remedy: Tincture of belladonna, half an ounce; eau de Cologne, four ounces. Rub it upon the hands several times daily.
The death of Albert Hamm, the great carman, at the age of thirty-one, revives the question of the healthfulness of athletics. Hamm's death was the result of hemorrhage of the lungs, and it is believed that overtraining caused it.
Slate is extensively used for electric switch boards, and although it is liable to fracture, yet an electric construction company recently drilled 12,000 quarter-inch holes in a slab five-eighths of an inch thick and containing but twenty-two square feet of surface.
A Liverpool man has invented an electric organ with many novel features. He does away with stop-knobs, a touch of the button instantly putting the stop in or out of operation. By the action of the "transposing switch" the music as it is being played may be transposed to a higher or lower key by the action of the electric current.
The Government of Spain has granted to two merchants in Angola, Africa, the exclusive privilege, for ten years, of exporting from the province of Angola a new industrial product invented by them and extracted from a common tubercule, which has not yet been scientifically classified for any industrial purpose. The product is to be applied to the tanning of hides.

BEFORE THE GATE.

They gave the whole long day to idle laughter.
To fitful song and jest,
To moods of soberness as idle, after,
And silences, as idle, too, as the rest.
But when at last upon their way returning,
Taciturn, late and loath,
Through the broad meadow in the sunset
burning,
They reached the gate, one fine spell hindered
them both.
Her heart was troubled with a subtle anguish
Such as but women know.
That wait, and lest love speak or speak not,
language,
And what they would, would rather they
would not so;
Till he said—manlike nothing comprehending
Of all the wondrous guile
That women won win themselves with, and
bending
Eyes of relentless asking on her the
while—
"Ah, if beyond this gate the path united
Our steps as far as death,
And I might open it!"—His voice, affrighted
At its own daring, faltered under his
breath.
Then she—whom both his faith and fear enchanted
Far beyond words to tell,
Feeling her woman's finest wit had wanted
The art he had that knew to blunder—
well—
Shyly drew near a little step, and mocking,
"Shall we not be too late
For tea?" she said. "I'm quite worn out
with walking;
Yes, thanks, your arm. And will you—
open the gate?"
—William Dean Howells.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Should the telephone girl wear "yellow" shoes in summer?—Boston Bulletin.
There is a whole world of difference between the North and South poles.—Life.
The proper time for experimenting with airships is in flytime.—New Orleans Picayune.
Some one asks: "Who is the really happy man?" Some other man.—New York Recorder.
The politician who wrote an open letter wishes now that he had kept it closed.—Texas Siftings.
Budgey says the most difficult part of a drinking song is the "refrain."—Binghamton Republican.
A goose farm has been started in Michigan. It will be managed by a Michiganian.—Texas Siftings.
Wooden—"What a funny head that fellow has." Wagg—"Yes. He's a humorist."—Boston Courier.
A man's idea of being good to a woman is to give her opportunities to be good to him.—Athens Globe.
Husband—"Do you suppose that you could dress on \$40 a year?" Wife—"I could, but I can't."—Lionel Citizen.
A man who will lie for himself without hesitation will recoil with horror from lying for you.—Athens Globe.
"And she rejected you?" "She did."
"By Jupiter! And yet they say that women have no sense."—New York Press.
"How contagious the gentleman behind the bat is," said a Boston girl at the base-ball match.—Washington Star.
"Papa says Mr. Blaque is a promising young man." Her Sister—"He is, indeed; he's engaged to six girls!"—Life.
Maud—"I'd hate to think that you'd throw yourself at Fred." Mamie—"Why not? He's a good catch."—Brooklyn Life.
One trouble about unpleasant people is that it generally seems impossible for them to get out of the way.—Milwaukee Journal.
Batley (in history exam.)—"They say that history repeats itself. Ah! if it would but repeat itself to me!"—Harvard Lampoon.
When Edison's kinetograph comes into general use, we shall at least be able to see what that sweet-voiced operator at the Central office really looks like.—Life.
Thatcher—"Nixon seems like a dull sort of fellow. Does he ever crack a joke?" Boxtom—"Has to—always. Can't see into it if he doesn't."—Kate Field's Washington.
Mamma—"Now, Pussie, you must go to nurse and tell her to put you to bed; it's past 8 o'clock. Pussie—"No. Mamma, dear, it isn't; cook has just told me it is only half past."—Fun.
It is so perplexing to be told that a married man has been released from his sufferings at last—you can never tell whether it is the man himself who has died, or his wife.—Fremdenblatt.
"Your son has been graduated?" "Yes." "Now the question is, will he be able to make his knowledge useful, to impart it to others?" "I guess so. He has begun to impart it to me."—New York Press.
Bolivar (an enthusiastic advocate of cremation)—"I wrote the Cremation Company last week asking them to file my formal application to be cremated." Van Dyke—"Ah! Did you receive a reply?" Bolivar—"Oh, yes. They told me to come early and avoid the rush."—Brooklyn Life.