

# SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

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

VOL. IX.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1891.

NO. 47.

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

Queen Victoria now rules, subject to the limitations of the British constitution, over a population scattered in the four-quarters of the globe and the islands of the sea, aggregating 376,000,000, a greater number than has ever acknowledged the sovereignty of one person in ancient or modern times.

German women, led by Frauine Lange, have petitioned the Government for gymnasiums for women students which shall be empowered to grant diplomas and honors equal to those granted to men. This has been granted, the headquarters being at Weimar. The setting apart of special State institutions has been refused.

The latest reports from China are to the effect that the native opposition to all work of railroad construction, if less fanatical than it was a short time ago, is still obstinate and serious. When work was begun, a short time ago, upon the projected line at Kaping, the attitude of the Cantonese was so menacing that more than one-half of the English workmen were compelled to retire.

Professor Elisha Gray remarks that electrical science has made greater advance in the last twenty years than in all the 6000 historic years preceding. More is discovered in one day now than in 1000 years formerly. We find all sorts of work for electricity to do. We make it carry our messages, drive our engines, ring our door bell and scare the burglar; we take it as a medicine, light our gas with it, see by it, hear from it, talk with it, and now we are beginning to teach it to write. What will it not yet be doing for us? asks the Boston Transcript.

Japanese immigration is disturbing the serenity of the Californian mind. There are now 5000 Japanese in San Francisco, with as many more scattered over the State. At the present rate of arrival they will number over 20,000 within five years. This immigration is considered, asserts the Atlanta Constitution, a more serious matter than that of the Chinese; for the cheap labor of the latter competed only with unskilled industries, whereas the Japanese are skilled tradesmen—carpenters, cabinet makers, shoemakers, tailors, and the like, and they work and thrive at low rates of wages.

The Census Bureau has published a statement showing in detail the receipts and expenditures of one hundred principal cities in the United States. The cities mentioned contained an aggregate population of 12,425,336, or about two-thirds of the city population of the country. The total annual ordinary expenditures amounted to \$234,626,655, or nearly \$19 per capita. Assuming the expenses of the remaining 334 cities of 8000 and upwards containing the other third of our city population to be in the same proportion, it costs \$353,000,000 to run our cities. It must be conceded, says the Philadelphia Times, that while cities may be both necessary and desirable they are expensive.

The Omaha, (Neb.) Bee prints an exhaustive review of the commercial and financial condition of Nebraska by counties, showing remarkable development. The most important phase of the exhibit is the showing of deposits in the State and National banks, which reach the aggregate of \$50,507,043, or \$47 per capita, showing that in spite of the failure of crops in the western part of a State last year and low prices for a series of years, the people are in exceptionally good financial condition, with almost enough cash on deposit to liquidate the entire farm mortgage indebtedness of the State. In 1868 the value of property was \$32,000,000; the actual valuation in 1891 is \$1,535,160,300. The estimated yield for this year in all crops is greater than ever before. Seven years ago no cattle or hogs were slaughtered. To-day Omaha is the third packing centre in the Union. The creamery capacity of the State is 50,000 pounds of butter a day. The educational system comprises 5740 schoolhouses, valued with sites and apparatus at \$4,000,000. The railroads operate 5345 miles of track, there are yet over 13,000,000 acres of unimproved land, only 10,000,000 acres under plow.

## FAME, WEALTH, LIFE AND DEATH.

What is fame?  
'Tis the sun gleam on the mountain,  
Spreading brightly ere it flies,  
'Tis the bubble on the fountain,  
Rising lightly ere it dies;  
Or, if here and there a hero  
Be remembered through the years,  
Yet to him the gain is zero,  
Death has stifled his hopes and fears.  
Yet what danger men will dare  
If but only in the air  
May be heard some eager mention of their name;  
Though they heard it not themselves, 'tis  
much the same.

What is wealth?  
'Tis a rainbow, still receding  
As the panting foot pursues,  
Or a toy, that youth, unheeding,  
Seeks the readiest way to lose;  
But the wise man keeps due measure,  
Neither out of breath nor base;  
He but holds in trust his treasure  
For the welfare of the race.  
Yet what crimes some men will dare  
But to gain their slender share  
In some profit, though with loss of name and health.

What is life?  
'Tis the earthly hour of trial  
For a life that's but begun;  
When the prize of self-denial  
May be quickly lost or won;  
'Tis the hour when love may be bourgeois  
To an everlasting flower;  
Or when lusts their victims urge on  
To defy immortal power.  
Yet how lightly men ignore  
All the future holds in store,  
Spending brief but golden moments all in  
strife,  
Or in suicidal madness grasp the knife.

What is death?  
Past its dark, mysterious portal  
Human eye may never roam;  
Yet the hope still springs immortal  
That it leads the wanderer home.  
Oh, the bliss that lies before us  
When the secret shall be known,  
And the vast angelic chorus  
Sounds the hymn before the throne!  
What is fame, or wealth, or life?  
Past are praises, fortune, strife;  
All but love, that lives forever, cast beneath  
When the good and faithful servant takes  
the wreath.  
—Academy.

## A YOUNG MAN SAVED.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

Julius May was a lawyer—that is, he was going to be one—if spending more or less hours every day in Reed & Tappan's offices could produce the arrangement for result. At first the prospect had been pleasant enough to him, but a course of winter amusements in New York must have some effect upon a young man, and the effect in Mr. May's case had not been, in a legal sense, satisfactory.

Music and the drama, libraries bound in Russia, instead of calf; fine ladies and fancy balls, London tailors and Fifth Avenue boarding houses—these, and many other splendid things, had become very agreeable to the newly-fledged exquisite. But his little fortune was rapidly disappearing, and his little salary was so extremely small that was scarcely worth counting as a means toward these desired results.

What must he do? He had asked himself this question almost every hour lately, and had never got but one answer—"Marry!" At first he had met the suggestion with a negative shrug, and a muttered "Nonsense!" but it had come back every time with a more persuasive appearance. Finally, one cold, windy night in March, he determined to devote an hour or two to a consideration of his chances in the matrimonial market.

After a careful and honest review, he was compelled to admit that among all the rich and splendid girls whom he had habitually spoken of as crazy about him, only two were likely to be crazy enough to entertain the thought of marrying him—pretty little Bessie Bell and the exceedingly clever Nora St. Clair. He was quite sure both of these lovely creatures adored him; the only point to settle was which he liked better; or rather, which it would be best for him personally and commercially to choose.

Bessie was the only child of a rich widow, who lived in excellent style, and who was perfect mistress of her income. She was a sweet, dainty little blonde, always irreproachably stylish in dress, always ready to dimple into smiles, and never at a loss for just the most agreeable thing to say.

servatories, why, then Mr. Julius May would have been no undesirable companion through it.

The new suit came home, and fitted perfectly; the tonsorial department was equally effective in results; every precaution had been taken, and he felt an earnest of success in the very prosperity of these preliminaries. He rang at Mrs. Bell's door; before the footman could open it, a gentleman came quickly out, threw himself into Mrs. Bell's carriage, and, in a voice of authority, ordered the coachmen to drive to the wharf.

The incident scarcely attracted his attention until, upon entering the parlor, he saw pretty Bessie watching the disappearing vehicle with tearful eyes. She glided into her usual beaming, pretty manner; and very soon Mrs. Bell came in, and asked him to remain to dinner.

After dinner, Mrs. Bell's clergyman called out some of the church's charities, and as the young people were singing, they went into the library to discuss them. Now was the golden moment, and Julius was not afraid to seize it. What do men say on such occasions?

Do they ever say what they intended? Do they remember what they say? I don't believe Julius did; for before he had done—right in the middle of a most eloquent sentence—Bessie laid her hand on his with a frightened little movement, saying:

"Mr. May, please, sir, please do stop! Surely you know that I have been engaged ever since I was eighteen to Professor Mark Tyler. Everybody knows it—we had a betrothal-party—he is just going to Europe for six months, that is what I was crying about; why, all our set knew about it, though he has been away for nearly two years in the Rocky Mountains and California. Mamma said we were to wait until I was twenty-one, but I love him just the same—and I am quite sure I never did anything to make you think I could care for you in this way, Mr. May; and Bessie looked just a little bit indignant.

"I have had the honor, Miss Bell, of being your escort all winter."

"Oh, dear! Did you think I was going to marry you for that? In all our pleasant little dinners and drives and dances, is there matrimonial speculation? That would indeed be dreadful!" She loved the professor too truly; she had been simply pleasant and friendly to him as she had been to all her other gentlemen friends, who, however, had had too much sense and modesty to misconstrue her kindness. Then she walked to her pretty little aviary and began cooing to her birds. Julius hardly remembered what passed afterward, except that he received a cool courteous "Good-night, sir," in answer to his "Farewell," and that he found himself walking round Madison Square in a very unenviable state of mind.

To this speedily succeeded the thought of Nora; he must see her to-night; tomorrow Bessie would give her own version of his conduct, and then—well, he would not acknowledge that that could make any difference in Nora's liking for him. "And yet," he murmured, "women are such uncertain creatures." Where his own interests were concerned, Julius was not wanting in a certain strength and decision of character, and in less than an hour after his rejection by Bessie Bell he had so far composed and encouraged himself as to determine upon a visit to Nora, though whether he should offer himself to her or not was a point he left to the development of circumstances.

He found Nora at home, and, moreover, she seemed disposed to welcome him with extra cordiality. He noted with an admiration the refined and cultured aspect of the room—the luxurious copies of her favorite authors—the artist's proofs of rare engravings—the blooming ferneries and flowers—the cosy student's chairs—the sofa, warm rugs and carpet—the dancing firelight—the rich silk and lace that robbed the lithe, graceful figure of Nora—all these things had a fresh and delightful charm in them. In a little while he managed to make the conversation drift toward Bessie.

Would she be married when the professor returned from Europe?

"Oh, dear, no; not till she is twenty-one."

"Is it not rather a mesalliance?" Nora's eyes grew dangerously bright.

"Certainly not. Professor Mark Tyler is a wonderful chemist and geologist—a man of world-wide fame. It is a great honor for Bessie to be loved by such a great soul."

"Ah, indeed! I had not thought of it in that light. People usually spoke of a mesalliance with regard to money affairs."

"Yes, I know," replied Nora, "and just there they are frightfully wrong—there are worse mesalliances than disparities in fortune—but, however, here there is none of any kind; the professor has found chemistry a sufficiently rich alibi with a residuum admitting of no kind of doubt."

"Because I cannot afford it. I am not one of those women who would be likely to make a mesalliance—in money matters—and I repeat, I cannot afford it just yet. I have at present another extravagance before me, a great deal nicer than a husband."

"I should like to know what it is."

"A long European tour, with, perhaps, a peep at the Pyramids and a ramble about old Jerusalem."

"Oh, dear!" said Julius, in a tone half serious and half mocking. "I should have no chance, I suppose, against such a temptation?"

"None at all," she said, positively; and though she kept up the bantering tone, it was quite evident to Julius that if he asked her in sober earnest she would answer just the same with a slightly different accent.

But Nora, with a woman's ready tact, turned the conversation, and gradually led it into a very unusual and practical channel—the nobility and the necessity of labor. The glowing thoughts, the plain yet hopeful truths that fair young woman uttered, Julius heard for the first time in his life that night. Never before had he realized the profit and the deep delight which might spring—and only spring—from an honest career, no matter how humble or laborious, if it was steadily pursued until success crowned it. She hid none of her own early mistakes and struggles, and then alluding to her assured position and comfort, asked Julius "how he supposed she had won it?"

"By your genius," he said, admiringly.

"Not so, sir; but by simple, persevering, conscientious labor in the path I had marked out for myself. Therefore," she said, with a bright, imperative face, "go home to-night, Mr. May, choose what particular form of law you will study, throw yourself with all your capacities into that one subject, and success is sure to come. Depend upon it, the world is not far wrong in making success the test of merit."

"You have made a new man of me, Miss St. Clair," said Julius, enthusiastically.

"When I have proved this, may I come in to see you again?"

He had risen to go, and they stood with clasped hands—"Then you may come again." Nothing more was said, but they quite understood each other, and Julius went out into the clear starlit night, determined to make himself worthy of a good woman's acceptance, before he offered himself again.

Next evening, Bessie and Nora sat in the breakfast room, sipping their after-dinner coffee; it was an hour for confidence, and Bessie said, rather sadly:

"Poor Julius May—he asked me to marry him last night."

Nora turned quickly, but said nothing.

"That is, he wanted to marry my money; everybody knows that if he loves anybody really, it is you, Nora."

"He called on me, too, last night," said Nora, "and I saw he was in trouble, so I gave him something to do. Nothing like that old, old gospel of Work when you're in trouble. When he had done it, I told him he might come and see me again."

"Surely you would never marry him! You will just have him to dress and take care of."

"All men need women to care for them; else why were women made? But I think Julius will do very well yet. These elegant carpet-knights sometimes don armor and take the world by surprise."

"We shall see."

"Yes, we shall see. Time proves all things."

Time proved in this case what has often been asserted, "that every woman influences every man she comes in contact with, either for good or bad." Julius went steadily to work, used with economy the remains of his patrimony, became known among lawyers as a hard-reading, clear-headed, steady young man and in a little more than two years he ventured to call again on Nora St. Clair and ask her a certain question, to which she answered, with pride and confidence: "Yes."

Another evening Bessie and Nora sat sipping their coffee together in the gloaming of an early summer evening.

"Bessie," said Nora, "Julius May asked me last night to marry him."

"Going to do so, Nora?"

"Yes, dear, I am going to take care of him, and he is going to take care of me."

"That is 'all right,' I suppose."

"Yes, I am quite sure it couldn't be better."

Both girls sat silent a while, and then Nora said, sadly:

"I have been wondering how many bad husbands might have been good ones, did women always use their influence for noble ends. There ought to be a saving power in love—if it is true love—and there is, for I have proved it; and what I have done other women can do also."

—The Ledger.

A peculiar case of increase in coal consumption is reported from France. An official engineer, having been called to investigate the cause of a considerable augmentation of the consumption of fuel by a large battery of boilers, discovered that the phenomenon was due to the pressure of water in the smoke shaft. The measures which were taken to exclude the water have resulted in a saving of sixteen per cent. in the annual coal bill.

A new apparatus throws fifty pounds of dynamite three miles.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

It is estimated that at least 1,000,000 pounds of rubber are used annually for bicycle tires.

A Detroit manufacturing firm will make steel wagon wheels, with hollow felloes and spokes.

The big clock in the tower of Philadelphia's new City Hall is to be wound by a steam engine.

A consolidation locomotive weighs fifty tons, and will draw on a level about fifty times its own weight.

A Japanese recommends cleansing the hands with tartrate of ammonium to avoid poisoning from white lead.

Steam pipes have been made in England from the ramie fibre. This material is subjected to tremendous hydraulic pressure.

Electric light or power is now used in nearly forty American mines, and with such success that a rapid extension of electric mining is anticipated.

A new car of the Michigan Central Railroad does the work of 300 men in scraping the dirt dumped on the sides of the track to the edge of the fill.

An investigation in Switzerland shows that mortality from organic diseases of the heart decreases as the altitude of the habitation rises, and that it is greater in towns than in the country.

Cork covering for steam pipes has proved very successful in England, and in some cases it has been found to make a difference of 100 to 124 degrees from the temperature of uncovered pipes.

Two Austrian engineers have invented a new explosive which is called ecrasite. Its power, as compared with dynamite, is as 100 to seventy, and it may be carried from place to place with perfect safety.

An electric typewriter is being constructed which will write letters in New York as they are transmitted from Boston, and vice versa, the communications being transmitted simultaneously over four separate wires.

Twelve thousand silkworms when newly hatched scarcely weigh one-quarter of an ounce, yet in the course of their life, which only lasts about thirty-five days, they will consume between 300 and 400 pounds of leaves.

An English inventor has constructed a novel device to do away with the enormous pressure of water against the bows of ocean steamers. It consists of one or more screws on each side of the bow which throw the water aside and create a dry well in front of the vessel.

One of the recent inventions for life-saving apparatus is the Irvine pneumatic gun for throwing a line to ships in distress or to persons in a burning house. The air is admitted from a reservoir to the chamber behind the projectile at a pressure of 2400 pounds on the square inch.

## The King of Spain's Foibles.

The Paris *Figaro* thus describes the King of Spain: "He is small, very small; but sinewy, restless, full of fun, and precocious. He dreams of uniforms, flags and battles. He will not have toy horses, but for two years has desired a live horse, in order to run races. He says 'thou' to all people. He likes to nickname the old Generals. For instance, Marshal Martinez Campos, chief of the military cabinet, is called 'Campitos' by the child. When he does not get what he wishes at once he grows exceedingly angry and can be quieted only by the soft words of the Queen Regent. He is stubborn. He speaks excellent English all ready. What offends him especially is the knowledge that he is still a child. He would like to grow large at once, be a man with a great mustache without delay. He cannot understand how the King of Spain can be so small."

## The Worst Smell in the World.

M. M. Bauman and Fromm, experimenting in Freiburg, Breagan, on the organic derivations of sulphur, caused hydrogen sulphide to act upon acetone. They obtained trithio-acetone and a new compound, non-volatile and crystalline, and at the same time a very volatile substance was given off, to whose odor all the most ill-smelling substances hitherto known were as attar of roses. The discoverers think this gas is monosulphureted acetic, but they have yet been unable to isolate it. Their efforts in that line, although they used the most perfect apparatus at their command to prevent the escape of the smallest quantity of the gas, brought an indignant storm of protest from the whole city. The stench was unendurable within a radius of 700 metres.—*Picayune*.

## The Thumb Ring.

"And do they wear them on their thumbs?"

"Yes, miss, and they are right pretty, too."

A jeweler's clerk was displaying his new stock of thumb rings.

"May I try one on?"

"Certainly," he replied, and stooped low over the pink-tipped fingers, slipping on a tiny circlet of pearls.

"It doesn't look so bad after all," said she, "you see the band is so narrow and the pearls so small that the effect is not awkward, as I expected it would be. I'll take that one."

The advent of this unique little ornament is greeted with rather more favor than was at first expected by the jewelers.—*New York Recorder*.

## A SONG OF REST.

Oh! sing me a song of evening,  
A song of peace and rest,  
When, weary with useless flying  
The wild birds seek the nest;  
When the lamps of home are lighted  
And those we love draw nigh,  
And overhead the kindly stars  
Are smiling in the sky.

The day has been dark and dreary,  
The shadows fall thick and fast,  
And my limbs and my heart are weary  
From battling with the blast;  
And now as the shades of evening  
Creep darkly o'er the land,  
I sigh for a breath of peace and rest  
And the touch of a friendly hand.

My thoughts turn back in the twilight,  
To scenes long passed away,  
When, free from the thrall of labor,  
I wandered in childish play;  
I see the vine-clad doorway,  
Where oft my mother stood,  
And the thoughts of a home I know no more  
Come o'er me like a flood.

Then sing me a song of evening,  
Of peaceful love and rest;  
I am weary of useless striving  
And I long for the sheltering nest.  
The rugged shadows of evening  
Are filling all the land,  
And I sigh for a breath of love and rest  
And the touch of a mother's hand.  
—Mortimer C. Brown, in *Yankee Blade*.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Dear little things—Diamonds.—*Puck*.  
Because you feel good is no reason you are.—*Pittsburg Post*.

You can buy a fine 5 kt. diamond for \$500, if you have the \$500.

The deed of an incendiary is correctly referred to as a "burning shame."—*Atlanta Journal*.

The deaf mute should express himself in musical language; he uses a hand organ of speech.—*Puck*.

Always hope for the best. You will never get it, so there will be no excuse for abandoning hope.—*Puck*.

Though "make hay while the sun shines" is a proverb neglected,  
"Make love while the moon shines"  
Is forever respected.  
—*Washington Post*.

Girls should bear in mind that hauling young men over the coals does not tend to make them pop.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Handsome is as handsome does. A five-cent fan will give as good a breeze as one all gold and feathers.—*Boston Transcript*.

When a man wears an air of resignation, he may be suspected of being a bank officer about to visit Canada.—*Texas Sittings*.

Capital and labor could get on well enough together if there were not so many men trying to get capital without labor.—*Texas Sittings*.

He loved her, but her scornful laugh  
Embitters now his lot;  
He tried to take her photograph  
And showed her what he got.  
—*Washington Post*.

When we come to reflect how hard it is to keep down the natural instincts, isn't it a lucky thing there are no Indian hair-cutters or barbers?—*Philadelphia Times*.

"It is very strange," said the amateur gardener; "I planted radishes there, and nothing but a lot of green stalks have come up, with not a radish or sign of a blossom on 'em."—*Puck*.

Dashaway—"I hear that you upset some soup on Miss Palisade's dress at the dinner last night." Stuffer—"Yes; and I was fearfully put out about it. You know it isn't polite to ask for soup twice."—*Cloak Review*.

Gentlemen—"But I'm afraid he wouldn't make a good watch-dog." Man with Pup—"Why, bless yer 'art, it was only las' week that this 'ere very animal held a burglar down by the throat and beat his brains out with his tail."—*Brooklyn Life*.

"You couldn't guess my age, now, could you?" said Miss Passiegh to Billy Biven. "No," was the reply, "I am sure I could not." "I have seen just twenty-five years." "I say, Billy," muttered Dick Snuggens, at his elbow, "ask her how many years she was blind."—*Washington Post*.

"I say," said Gus De Jay, as he laid the paper across his knees, "this article says that a flood of intelligence is going to sweep the country." "Well, dear boy, don't let it worry you," replied Willie Washington. "You're not likely to be any flood-sufferer, you know."—*Washington Post*.

"How did your revival over at Apache Gulch pan out?" "Well," answered the Arizona evangelist, "it wasn't exactly a success. At the third meeting I happened to say that I believed Apache Gulch was the wickedest place of its size on earth. After that my words fell flat. It was the first time the town had been rated as first-class in anything, and they didn't care to lose the distinction."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

A little girl who is just learning to read short words, takes great interest in the big letters she sees in newspapers. The other evening, after she had kept her mamma busy reading the advertisements in the newspapers to her, she knelt down to say her prayers. "Lord!" she lisped, "make me pure!" Then she hesitated and went on, with fervor, a moment later, "Make me absolutely pure, like baking powder!"—*Christian Register*.