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The Washington Star thinks the newspaper is gradually crowding the brass band out of politics. The people want to think-not listen.

It is said that the mining output in Colorado this year will exceed anything ever known in the history of the State. The snows on the mountains will furnish plenty of/water for the gold placers this summer, and the silver deposits are rapidly being developed.

One of the train despatchers in the service of the Georgia Southern Railroad is a woman, Mrs. Willie Coley. "It is a remarkable innovation in railroading," observes the New York World, "and it shows that woman is gradually capturing all the strongholds of masculine labor.

Canada's new banking law, which recently went into effect, makes the sale of stock on margin a penal offense. It also fixes the minimum capital at \$250,-000, restricts dividends to eight per cent. and provides for a redemption fund of five per cent. on circulation to pay the rotes of suspended banks.

Another depressing prospect of doubt and misunderstanding presents itself, exclaims the Washington Star. A Chinaman was arrested in New York for

passing a counterfeit note. But when it came to a question of identification, the main witness was nonplussed by the fact that a large number of Chinemen had the same facial peculiarities and could not be distinguished. Here we are with a large population of people among whom alibis may at any time grow like grass in summer

"Singular as it may appear," says the Paris American Register, "the German capital has and pays an official birdcatcher. The catching of birds is prohibited, but the collections and educational institutious of the university frequently require, for scientific purposes, hirds' eggs, nests, etc., and the taxider mist Lemm is the only person commissioned to furnish them within the precincts of Berlin, and the districts of Teltow and Niederbarnim."

A very pretty idea is carried out in London which aims to bring about a love of plants and flowers among the poorer classes. A fund is raised out of which prizes are paid for the best display of window gardening or potted plants, and the scheme has become so very popular that thousands of cottage homes are now beautified by floral effects, and it is no uncommon thing to see a window set out with plants growing in old teapots, cans or cigar boxes marked as a prize winner.

Harper's Weekly says: The impression made by Bismarck's personality has certainly been disturbed by his course since his removal. Apparently he has somewhat mistaken his hold upon Germany. It was not that of a popular leader, but of a ruler of great resources and despotic will. Consequently when he fell from power, and it was seen that there was no interruption of the usual course of events, that the situation was, in fact, unaffected, there was no strong personal feeling and loyalty upon which he could rely in opposition to the Government. It is not to be expected that Bismarck will greatly influence affairs when he reanpears in the German Parliament. In the conviction of Germany, undoubtedly, his day is past.

IN PART. Sky, soft sky! To thee I turn mine eye And read, the stars be One word of what thy glories mean And then, though much I need,

No more can read. Wind, sweet wind! Thy voice to-day is kind! Thou whisperest in mine ear Words that I just begin to hear; Thou goest from east to west-I lose the rest.

Earth, glad earth! To thee I owe my birth; In thy warm lap I sit, Thy tender arms around me knit; I question. Thou dost say Now yea, now nay.

Soul, my soul! Thou canst not know the whole; The sky can know its star, The breeze its perfume from afar, The earth reveal to thee One mystery.

But soul, my soul! Thou soon shalt know the whole, When earth and wind and sky Have vanished, thy enraptured eye Shall read the book of fate:

Then wait, oh, wait! -Julia H. May, in Boston Journal.

HOW 'LIZ'BETH FOUND HER FATHER.

BY MARGARET MANTON

'Liz'beth lived in a cellar down in No one knew what her was. 'Liz'beth could not in-Mott street. to the name was. 'Liz'beth could not in-form them. She used to wonder about it herself, as she sat looking out of her

"Liz'beth called it a window, but in Dizbeth called it a window, but in reality it was only an iron grating that overlooked the sidewalk. In order to see out of it the little girl had to sit over against the cellar wall, and then all she could see was the feet of the people as

could see was the feet of the people as they went by. Lizzbeth used to wish so the set of the feet were like, by an it was rather nice to sit and gine about it. Most of them bei, god to working people, but now and then a pair of patent leathers went by, and once in a great while a lady's kid boot and dainty French heels would pass with light tread, as if the

lady's kid boot and dainty French heels would pass with light tread, as if the owner wished as little contact as possible with that wretched street. 'Liz'beth had been up in the City Hall Park on pleasant afternoons, and there she had seen the ladies and gentlemen who wore pretty shoes. So she knew what they were like. But that was a long time ago.

What they start ago. long time ago. 'Laz'beth felt very sad this morning, for her kitten had just died. It wasn't much of a kitten, either. It wasn't much of a kitten, either. It wasn't much of a kitten, either. One of its eyes was gone, and some cruel boy had cut off a piece of its tail. The cold weather had wilted an ear, so that it hung forward, giving poor kitty the look of a disreptuable character. But her little mistress thought she was beau-her little dived her better than anything tiful and loved her better than anything

'Liz'beth called her kitten "Bijou." She hadn't any idea what it meant, and she couldn't have spelled it to save her she couldn't have spelled it to save her life. But one day in the pretty park a lady went by leading a curly white dog, which she called "Bijou," and that night "Liz'beth christened the kitten.

The little girl sold papers in those days, and every day she bought a penny's worth of milk, which she gave Bijou, and she used to beg scraps of meat from the market on the corner. Sometimes she found a fish in the ash-barrel, not over fresh usually hut Bijon was't spatian fresh usually, but Bijou wasn't particu-

lar. I've forgotton to tell you that 'Liz-'beth had not lived alone in the cellar always. Some one whom she called 'Mag?' used to be there. 'Liz'beth was afraid of Mag. She was good enough when she was sober, but that was so sel-dem dem.

"is baby asleep, little mother?" the voice said. And how near it was—so near that the moustached lips touched

near that the moustached lips touched the baby's cheek, and then— "How much she is like you—your mouth and chin and hair. I believe she will have your eyes, too. I wonder if that is what makes me love her so?" Love her! Who loved her? How strange that some one should love her! And what was that about the eyes and mouth and hair? 'Liz'beth got a bit of looking-glass, crept close up to the grating where the street lamps shone in and looked at her-self. It was a wistful sort of face; the

self. If was a wistful sort of face; the mouth had a quiver in it, and the eyes —yes, they were gray, but not like those other eyes. There was a pathetic, appealing look in them that made 'Liz'-beth almost sorry for herself. She put away the glass and tried to

She put away the glass and tried to woo the fancies back, but they did not when she awoke the sun was shining

in her she awore the sun was snining in her face and Bijou was mewing loudly. 'Liz'beth sat up, or tried to, but she felt very strange. Her head was light, and she laid it down again. Her throat was sore and her line was pareled throat was sore and her lips were parched. "Dear me," she thought, "it must be

I must get her some milk." She took away the brick, but there

She took away the brick, but there was no money there. Where had it gone? Oh, she remembered now. She had given it to Mag, and Mag had struck her. She picked up the bit of looking-glass. Yes, there was the mark across her cheek. It was all black and yellow, but the rest of her face was white and thin. Bijou was thin, too, and cried pitifally. "I'll go out and beg for you, Kitty; you shan't be hungry." When she got up 'Liz beth found that she was very weak. She could hardly stand, but she managed to get out on the sidewalk. A woman noticed her

the sidewalk. A woman noticed her white face and gave her a drink. "What day is it?" asked 'Liz'beth.

"Saturday.

"Saturday." "Saturday? Why, then I've been asleep two days. Isn't that funny? No wonder Bijou is hungry. She must have something to eat right away." "Will you please give me a penny, sir?" she asked of some one who had a face which seemed kinder to her than that of most men. "A penny? Here you are." And into her hand fell a bright new nickel.

A man stood by the counter whom Liz'beth had never seen there before.

He was not like the othe other folks who came there ordinarily. From long habit the child glanced at his shoes. Yes, they were patent leather, and the clothes were not like those the baker wore. The face was a handsome one, in spite of the fact that it was red and swollen and had neither been shaved nor washed that

day. 'Liz'beth forgot her hunger and stood looking at him. "Well, little one, what do you think

of me? I wouldn't take a prize, would

'Liz'beth started; there was something about that voice. What was it? "Your mouth, your hair, your eyes—I wonder if that is what makes me love her so?" "Sir?" said 'Liz'beth, looking up

"Sirv" said In term, again. "I didn't speak. You were talking to yourself. What ails you?" "Please sir, I don't know. I felt queer when I went to sleep, and I slept for two days, and I hain't had nothin' to eat." "Nothing to eat for two days! Well, I haven't had anything to eat for a I haven't had anything to eat for a

eek 'Liz'beth looked at him. "Nothin'

to eat for a week! Why, he must be awful hungry," she thought. She looked at the bright new nickel.

She looked at the bright her dirty fingers. She turned it over in her dirty fingers. Then she looked at the man again. He Then she looked at the man again.

remembrance of the same misty sort con-cerning some one else—some one big and handsome, with kind, brown eyes and a voice not so soft as the other, but yet good to hear. "Is baby asleep, little mother?" the "Is baby asleep, little mother?" the carried swiftly upstairs, and then she was in a carriage riding away. 'Liz'beth did not struggle and scream. Why should she? The stranger meant her no harm, else he would not hold her so close and kiss her so wildly, saying over and over: "Thank God! Thank God!"

The carriage flew along the street, and before 'Liz'beth could recover her wits had stopped in front of a beautiful house. How the getleman hurried up the steps, and how he rang the bell, and when the door opened how he flew up the stairs, crying

crying: "Maud, Maud, my darling, come here! I have found our baby!" There was the story all told in a min-ute—all but the part about a carcless nurse having left her charge asleep in a carriage while she flirted with a police-man. When she returned both baby and carriage were gone. That was flive years ago, when 'Liz'beth was only a wee toddler. Close against her mother's heart that

wee toddler. Close against her mother's heart that night lay a happy child. It was not fancy this time. A real voice, trembling with happy tears, crooned an old lullaby. And in the next room a strong man sobbed as he promised God from thence forward to concure his washness. forward to conquer his weakness. New York World.

The Vagaries of Vesuvius.

The truth seems to be, says the Lon-don Standard, that Vesuvius, like most of the order of mountains to which it belongs, is in no way to be depended upon. It is an example of the uselessness of the current classification of volcances into extinct, quiescent, and active. There was a time when it would have been con-fidently pronounced to be as extinet as those of Auvergne, and when its long silence might have at least justified the available of auvergne. appelletion of quiescent. Yet we know that, if not continuously active—and in reality no volcano is so—it bursts into a

reality no volcano is so—it bursts into a fury of ashes and lava and pumice-stone so frequently that it is hard to say when it will stop and when begin afresh. A record of the eruptions since 79 is a varied catalogue of disasters. After the giant paroxysm of that year it remained for 1500 years in a condition of such feeble activity that, though many eyes were naturally directed to it, it was re-garded as having almost exhausted itself.

arded as having almost exhausted itself. Again the crater got overgrown with vegetation, villages rose on its slopes and vineyards on its rich volcanic soil, hunters tracked the wild boar to the thickets which spread rank over the spots once black with hard caked ashes, and bardsmon grazed their action at the spots once black with hard caked ashes, and herdsmen grazed their cattle on the wide grassy plains which stretched close to "the pit of Tartarus." But at length, after six months of earthquakes, always increasing in intensity, the closed crater again burst open and discharged stones and dust with such vehemence that some of the latter, shot into the upper currents of the atmosphere fell on the currents of the atmosphere, fell on the housetops of Tripoli and Constantinople. Far and near the pasty streams, akin to those which overwhelmed Pompeii, ran across the plains, until the villagers at the base of the Apennines saw these serpent-like messengers at their doors, and for the first time in its modern history lava flowed west and south, and reached the sea in many divided rivulets. So swiftly did all this happen that, though the inhabitants had been fully warned,

the loss of life was estimated at from 3000 to 18,000. Bosco, Torre del Greco, Resina and Portici were flooded by the the sheat and portice were nooded by the seven rivers of lava, though, as a rule, the ashes settling, owing to the falling rain, into the concrete known as "puz-zolona" are the most characteristic of the products of eruptions. Since 1631 there have been between sixty and sev enty on the state of the state covered with the vineyards of Lacrima Christi, that "wine of ashes" celebrated by Chiabrara as "al vin," to which "la gente diede nome dolente" and the light. some Neapolitans drink, dance and are merry as their ancestors were before the cities of Campania perished. There is for the moment no reason for believing that their mirth is unwarranted, but we repeat that Vesuvius is one of those mountains on which it is dangerous to

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

An electric organ is new.

Electricians predict that the fireworks of the future will all be electrical.

The first plant in Chicago to employ electric welding for pipes has just been established.

An electric drill in an Idaho mine recently performed the feat of boring a two-inch hole through twenty feet of solid granite in four hours.

A Portland (Me.) man has discovered a process for utilizing sawdust by con-verting it into wood pulp, which makes an excellent imitation of wood.

An electric transfer table, seventy feet long, and with a capacity of 225,000 pounds, is now in use in the Denver shops of the Union Pacific Railroad.

If photographic prints are immersed in a mixture of four parts of methylated spirits and one part water, between ton-ing and fixing, blisters will be prevented.

An important industry along Lake Erie is grape-basket making. The bas-kets are made of basswoed, of eight pieces, and an expert can finish about fifty an hour.

Ball bearings for machinery are rap-idly growing into favor, the savings in lubricants alone being considered, while the diminution in friction is said to be extraordinary.

An automatic sprinkler plant can be too delicate in its action, as was shown recently at Falls River, Mass., where fusible plugs melted on a very hot day, causing some damage to property.

Information has been received at the United States Navy Department that the new Driggs Schroeder rapid-fire six-pound rifled gun has just passed a suc-cessful test at Annapolis. This is a new American gun intended to form part of the secondary battery of a man-of-war.

C. A. Casperon, a Swedish ironworker, has discovered a method of determinin the hardness of iron and steel. It is by means of an electric current run through the metal, the harder the metal the longer it takes to fuse it. By the use of an amperemeter the degree of resistance is determined.

The substitution of camel's hair, cotton, paint and chemicals for leather in machinery belting is said to be meeting machinery betting is said to be meeting with some success in this country. It was first invented in England, and it is claimed for the new material that it is stronger than any other belting, more durable, more efficient and as lowpriced.

The new bureau of the Department of The new bureau of the Department of Agriculture for the microscopic exami-nation of hog products for export was put into operation recently by Secretary Rusk. The force comprises thirty mi-croscopists, but it will be increased until it is large enough to examine, under the magnifying lens, a piece of the diamagnifying lens, a piece of the dia-phragm and of the tenderloin of each hog killed. Those found to be diseased will be condemned.

Half-Dollars Not Popular.

There is one unpopular coin issued by ncle Sam. It is the half dollar, and it Uncle Sam. It is the half dollar, and it has a tendency to work its way back into has a tendency to work its way back into the Treasury vaults, where it isn't wanted. As money, nobody objects to the half, but the popular fancy is for the same value in another form. That is, the average citizen prefers to have two quarters. They are a trille more con-venient. If he wants to pay out half a dollar he can use the half or the two quarters with could convenience, but if quarters with equal convenience, but if twenty-five cents is to be paid out the quarter is far the handier coin.

This may not seem to be a very im-portant matter, but it counts in the long run. Little by little the halves find their way back to the Government vaults, and way block to the Government vanits, and there they stay, like poor relations. In fact, so far as coming home in disgrace goes, the half dollar is the Prodigal Son of the Mints. She—"Oh, yes! I quite believe there's a fool in every family. Don't you." He —"Well—er—my opinion's rather biased. You see, I'm the only member of our family."—Judy.

A very large proportion of the \$20,-000,000 of fractional silver on hand at Washington is made up of halves. This

NO. 48.

INNOCENCE. In bonny Scotland, 'cross the sea, Upon a summer's day, A little lass trudged merrily

Along the public way. And for the first time in her life

This happy peasant lass Gazed on the world beyond her home In yonder mountain

With beaming face and happy song

She tripped on toward the town and reached the borough turnpike gate And reached the borough turn Long ere the sun went down

She gently tapped upon the gate. Afraid to pass it by, And waited patiently without

For some one to reply. And when the good old gateman came,

With body long and lean, She asked, "Pray, will you tell me, sir, Am I at Aberdeen?"

"That's where you are, my bonny lass," Heanswered with a grin. "Then can you tell me, sir," she said, "If Peggy is within?"

-Clifford Howard, in Washington Star.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

It's a wise hen that knows her own No man is a hero to his valet. He is

martyr.-Puck. The cyclone actually takes a town by torm.---Washington Star.

Merit may win, but it makes awfully slow time.—*Elmira Gazette*.

The smaller the country circus the big-

When a baby gets a feather in its throat the mother feels down in the

"I hear Gus is going to get married." "Yes." "Is he in love?" "No; in debt."

The saddest feature of the day we

Do not imagine that the young lady means yes when she nods after midnight. —Dallas News.

The music of a drum is always on tap, usually with a "stick" in it.--Bingham-ton Republican.

The man who carries his heart on his

sleeve doesn't display an equal amount

"He sat on my joke." "That was safe." "Safe?" "The. There wasn't any point to it."--Judy.

When the plumber sends in his bill the dancing and paying the piper are done by the same person.—*Philadelphia*

It is natural to suppose that when you

stroke a cat's back the wrong way the poor animal doesn't feel fur straight."-

The words "sunstroke" and "nerv ous prostration" cover a multitude of plain drunks in the summer season.----Washington Post.

A man never knows how lucky he is

in escaping jury duty until he sees the newspaper pictures of the unfortunates who are caught.—Puck.

Marie-"Harry married that rich Miss

Firetung. He made a great catch." Julia—"Yes, and from all accounts he has been catching it ever since."—*Trutk*

He failed for half a million, straight And this was most surprising; But not so much, as was the sun. He made by compromising. --Washington Star.

Author-"These two books-I hardly

know what to call them—are waiting for titles." Joblots—"Why don't you call them 'American Heiresses,' then?"—

"That was

celebrate is the week we recuperate

ger the posters .-- New York Journal.

mouth.

"Yes.

-- Punch.

Chicago Mail.

of brain.-Puck.

Lowell Courier.

Harvard Lampoon.

Times.

The Pennsylvania Deaf and Dumb Asylum, near Philadelphia, has discarded the use of sign language and will adhere hereafter to the so-called oral system of instruction. An account says: "Moses Moses, a boy of Easton, Penn., who has been in the institution since 1886, is one of the marvelous products of the 'oral instruction' system. He was born deaf. and has never heard the sound of his own or of any other person's voice. But he can now move around among his fellows in the world outside of the institution, and no one would ever know that he was either deaf or dumb. By a la prious process he has been taught how ve his lips and vocal chords and rame sounds, and now he talks ho has heard conversation on since the cradle. He has to understand what is said atching the movements o lips and throat, and now ,' or come near enough to e activities and duties of

Sometimes Mag would be away for a whole week, and 'Luz'beth would dread to have her come back, she was always so ugly.

Once she came home more fierce than usual; she was in trouble and wanted money. 'Liz'beth had been lucky for a money. 'Liz'beth had been lucky for a week and had saved almost \$1. She got it out from behind a brick-that her bank-and gave it to the wretched woman, who struck her in return and

went away. 'Liz'beth was pretty well used to blows; she'd had a lot of them; but somehow it hurt worse than usual this time. Her head ached, and her poor time. There have ached too. There little desolate heart ached, too. There was a tight feeling in her throat, and the first thing she knew she was crying so hard that Bijou, who lay in her lap, was all wet

It seemed to her she could remember when some one with pretty hair and soft gray eyes had held her and rocked her and sang—what was it she used to sing? "Jiz'beth closed her eyes, swayed to and the closed her eyes, swayed to and iro, and tried to tunk

Softly through the mist of almost-forgotten things came the shadowy mem-ory of that song—so softly that it seemed only the ghost of words that whispered;

A sleepy kiss is the only fare; Dear little passenger, say good-night. Into the station of dreamland we go, Baby and I, in our rocking-chair.

How queer it seemed! "There's surely comething the matter with my head." said 'Liz'beth, and then she began to think again; the fancies were pleasant If they were queer. The next thing that came to her was a

ot taken his eyes off her.

"Poor man, he does look awful hungry," she said to herself. And then, with a sudden impulse, she held out her

precious money. "A week's lots worse'n two days. "A week's lots worse'n two days. I can stan' it a little longer, I guess, but I'd like a cent to get some milk for Bijou. 'N' you can have the rest." The stranger started. His dull eyes opened wide and something glistened in

Why, you poor little beggar," "Why, you poor fittle beggar," he said, brokenly, and then he stopped. Here was a lesson in giving which many self-rightohus ones might copy to ad-vantage. "Did you think I didn't eat because I hadn't cause I hadn't money, baby?" The child looked at him in wonder.

The child looked at more the weeple She knew of no other reason why people still didn't eat, and her eyes widened still more when the strange man put his hand in his pocket and drew out a big hand-

in ms preasured in the state of "There," said he, "take this and buy "There," said he, "take this and buy a barrel of milk it you like. I'll take a drink of milk, myself. It will be better than what I've been taking for the past ten days.

'Liz'beth got her milk and a pie. She was rich now. She hurried back to the cellar. Bijou had ceased crying and lay on the bit of old blanket in the corner quite still.

"Come here, Kitty, and get your milk," called Liz beth. But the kitten was dead. No amount of coaxing would milk, "called Liz beth, But the Alten was dead. No amount of coaxing would make it stir, and the little girl was heart-broken. She forgot her pie and sat looking drearily out of the window through her tears. The feet went by as Her Hair Grew After Death,

calculate.

A prominent citizen of Warren Sum-mit, N. H., recently caused the body of his mother to be disinterred for the purpose of burying it in another spot, when it was found that the coffin was completely enwrapped with the strands of the lady's hair, even the grave being filled with the silky masses, which had to be cut through before the coffin could be removed. Upon opening the coffin the remains, with the exception of the hard ware found to have priced but head, were found to have perished, but head, were found to have perished, but the scull was wonderfully preserved and even the skin intact, and from this had grown a quantity of hair such as no liv-ing person could carry. The lady has ing person could carry. The lady has been dead nearly twenty years, and at the time of her decease her magnificent suit of hair had been clipped short, so that there is no doubt of all that was

found in the coffin having grown after death. -- Philadelphia Times.

"Young Chumpleigh 1s quite versa-tile, isn't he?" "I guess so; he never does anything right."-New York Press.

Washington is made up of halves. This is the lot which Secretary Foster was so anxious to get rid of, and about which he talked with the New York bankers when he made his visit here. Nobody then manifested any wild desire to take the Secretary's load off his shoulders. It is probable that a good many of the halves stored up in Washington will be recoined into quarters and dimes. In that way they will be more convenient for popular use. And Mr. Foster will sleep more comfortably o' nights—which will be a good thing and a benefit all around. around.

around. Of course, lots of halves are used and will continued to be used. Their coin-age will be kept up and nobody will have any more difficulty in geting them than usual. But the proportion of other coins will be increased because the peo-ter being them better.

The New York Sub-Treasury has its share of halves on hand, and the other day it tried to work off some of them. It was a day when pension checks were being paid, and nearly every one was cashed partly in halves. Before the close of the day a good many of the halves were back in the Sub-Treasury. And they are there yet.—*New York Times.*

"Is young Mr. Gotham familiar with Browing in any degree?" "Familiar?" repeated the Boston maid. "He is positively flippant."--Indianapolis Jour-

"I am not going away for the sum-mer," said the tired looking man to an inquisitive friend. "I am going to stay right here and let the summer come to me as usual."—Washington Post.

She (trustingly)—"Am I the only girl you ever loved, Jack?" Jack—"Why— yes—certainly, my dear—that is to ay —the only girl I ever loved as 1 love you, my darling."—Somereille Journal.

Mudge-"Is it foolish for a young man without capital to indulge in the hope of getting rich." Wickwire—"Yes, that's getting rich. so. The better way is for him to quit hoping and go to work."-Indianapolis

She (fishing for a compliment)-"Do you think my voice needs cultivation?" He (anxious to pay her a compliment)— "Not at all; not at all. Cultivation couldn't improve a voice like yours. New York Press.

"And so you think she no longer loves you?" "I know it. She used to let me help her on with her ten-button gloves, and lately she has worn nothing but the one-button kind. Oh, I can take a hint."-St. Joseph News.

S. Ponge—"Can you let me have \$10 for a week or so?" G. Enerous—"I've only got nine, but you can have that if it will do." S. Ponge—"All right, I'll take that and then you will owe me a dollar."—Harvard Lampoon.

"Was that your brother walking with you in the park yesterday? asked old gentleman jocosely. "My brother?" she replied. "Indeed it wasn't, and what's more, he's not going to be if I can help it."—*Philadelphia Times*.