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Russian explorers are endeavoring to extend Russian influence in British India.

Of the 900 languages spoken in the world, there are about 750 into which no portion of the Holy Scriptures has yet been translated.

In the autograph collection of the late Dr. Radford, just sold in England, was a full set of signatures of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. This brought \$4250.

Russia is now rapidly constructing the longest railway in the world. It is 4785 miles long, nearly twice the length of the Canadian Pacific, and runs from Minsk, on the eastern side of the Ural range, to Vladivostok, on the Sea of Japan. This road will make England's position in India very insecure.

The curious fact has just been brought to light in Kentucky, learns the New York Post, that from 1857 to 1860 the State loaned money to individuals. The interest from this source amounted to \$16,128 in 1857, to \$21,179.32 in 1858, to \$26,528.10 in 1859, and in 1860 to \$21,363.38. The State Auditor's report for these years shows that many prominent Kentuckians availed themselves of this means of relief from "the stringency of the money market." The loans were all called in 1861, and singularly enough, both principal and interest were paid in every instance.

New Orleans is at last to have a paid fire department, announces the New York Post, the city having been always dependent on a volunteer service. A particularly commendable feature of the ordinance bestowing this long-delayed boon on the inhabitants is the provision that the officers of the Department shall hold their positions during good behavior. The appointment of the Fire Commissioners and of the Chief of the Department is a prerogative of the Mayor. To this, the New Orleans Times-Democrat objects strenuously, holding that it will make the Department subject to the evils of political influence.

The Illinois Legislature found it easy enough to pass the law providing that "no person, firm, or corporation shall employ any child under the age of thirteen in any store, shop, factory or manufacturing establishment by the day, or any period of time greater than one day," without a certificate issued by the Board of Education that the labor of the child is the only means of support of "an aged or infirm relative." The enforcement of the law has not, however, been found so easy, learns the New York Post. No one appears to be charged with this important matter, and as a consequence the employment of children under the prohibited age goes on the same as ever.

Driving a speedy horse is so pleasant and healthful a recreation, says Harper's Weekly, that one is not surprised to learn that Robert Bonner has spent \$600,000 of his ample means in following the advice his physician gave him thirty-five years ago. The money has been used in acquiring the fastest trotters in this country, and consequently in the world, and among his pets have been numbered such equine kings and queens as Dexter, Edwin Forest, Joe Elliott, Rarus, Maud S., and Sunol. No speedier collection of horses than those on his farm at Tarrytown has ever been gathered anywhere, and it is doubtful if there ever will be again, for few persons possess Mr. Bonner's taste for fast horses, or the means to gratify it so fully if the taste existed.

According to the Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat "the supposition that there is a large emigration from Japan to the United States is without foundation. Instead of 20,000 Japanese being here, as is often stated, the number is probably less than 4000. For the decade beginning with 1861, when a solitary subject of the Mikado ventured to come to the New World, the immigrants numbered 218. For the two decades ending June 30, 1890, the figures indicate an immigration of 2491. During the eleven months ending May 31 of this year, 901 Japanese landed on our shores. The increase from year to year has been but slight, and if no greater for the years that remain of the century, there is little danger of the presence of a 'horde of Japanese,' so much feared by some labor agitators. The immigrants in 1886 numbered 194; in 1887, 229; in 1888, 404; 1889, 604, and in 1890, 691."

THOROUGH.

One and only must thy purpose be,
Whole and decided;
From giant force but pygmy deed wouldst
Were it divided.
Thou must at once thy choice forever make,
For strife or pleasure;
Must choose the kernel or the husk to take—
Repent at leisure.

Some seek for pearls, others for bubbles
mere,
On life's sea cruising;
Complain not if the bubble disappear—
'Twas thine own choosing.
—From the Swedish of Count Snoitlsky.

THE COOK'S REVENGE.

On the 8th day of September, 1863, at 7 o'clock in the morning, with the Cape of Good Hope bearing almost due east and 700 miles away, we sighted a ship dead ahead. I was second mate of the English brig Lord Clive, and we were bound from Australia to Liverpool with wool.

It was my watch—which you must know was the port or captain's watch—and we were within two miles of the stranger when the morning mist cleared and we sighted her. She was a small, square rigged vessel, driving slowly off before the western wind, and she did not show a square foot of canvas on any of her masts. I took the glass and went aloft, and my wonderment increased. There was one man aboard of her, but only one as far I could see. He was pacing the quarter deck, and had his face turned toward us. There was no signal of distress flying, and yet it was plain enough that something was wrong there.

I descended after a long look, and just then the captain came on deck. We had about a five knot breeze, and we were not long in overhauling the stranger. Her wheel was lashed, and as we came upon her starboard quarter we still failed to make out more than the one man. We were near enough to see that he was a Portuguese, and evidently one of the crew. The name of the ship was the Three Brothers, and she hailed from the Cape. We all immediately remembered seeing her at Sidney, and of her having left two weeks before we did. She was loaded with wool to be taken on at the Cape by the liners coming down from India. Our captain hailed as we swept past her, but the sailor waved his hand to signify that nothing was wanted.

"There is something very queer there," said our captain as we got clear of her, "and I propose to investigate."

We luffed up a couple of points to be clear of her and threw the brig into the wind. I was ordered to take two men and pull off to the stranger, which was drifting along at the rate of about two miles an hour. We had a boat down and were off in a minute, and in another ten we should have been up with her had not something happened. The Portuguese stood looking at us for half a minute as we approached. Then he disappeared and I suddenly caught sight of a musket-barrel over the rail. I was wondering if my eyes deceived me, when the villain fired and one of my men pitched forward on his face, shot through the back, and breathing his last within five minutes. The sailor then stood up and warned us by gestures to keep away or he'd serve out another, and you may guess that we lost no time in returning to the brig.

What had occurred only deepened the mystery. There was a ship, evidently in the best condition, but without a sail set and in charge of only one man. Instead of pursuing her voyage she was drifting like a log. If in distress she showed no signal and one of our men had just been murdered while we were on the way to offer our services. It was a pretty tough nut to crack, but our captain was determined to find the kernel. We hauled back on our course and again overtook the ship and this time we ran down so close to her that one could have pitched his cap aboard. Every man of us was looking, but we saw only that Portuguese sailor. He had five or six muskets piled up on the cabin skylight and he turned his back on us as we swept past. The decks were clear and in perfect order and the sails had been neatly stowed and furled.

"What's the matter? What has happened? What do you want?"

So the captain shouted at the man, but he paid not the slightest heed. We ran ahead of her about a mile and then luffed up again, and as the ship came drifting down the captain said:

"There's been some awful doings aboard yonder craft. It hasn't been mutiny, because there'd be more men about, but I'm thinking that man has somehow made way with every other soul! It's our duty to solve the mystery if we can, but we don't want any more murders. Mr. Piper, you will pull off to him again and try to get aboard. Take a musket with you, and if he fires at you try and kill him!"

I went off, with two more men, holding the boat across the drifting ship. When she was within musket-shot, the Portuguese began blazing away. I could only see the top of his head above the rail, as the ship had high bulwarks, and I don't suppose my bullet even whistled in his ears. He had a terrible advantage of us, but I had determined to make a dash and board him, when his third shot struck one of my men in the arm and crippled him for life, and within fifteen seconds he fired again and knocked my hat off my head.

There was intense excitement aboard the brig when we pulled back. Every man of us now felt that the Portuguese was the sole survivor of some awful tragedy, and that he meant to fight to the death to keep us from boarding the ship. We were more than full-handed on the brig, there being four men who had paid the captain a few dollars each and were working the balance of their passage. If we found the ship without crew enough to work her we could take her in and claim a pretty lump of salvage. This fact had its influence on our captain, no doubt, though I believe he would have stood by her until the mystery was solved to satisfy his own curiosity. It was now decided to send out two boats, and after rummaging around we armed ourselves with three old muskets and a revolver—all the firearms the brig could boast of. The first mate took one boat with three men in it, and I took the other with an equal number. We planned to menace him, so that he would fall into confusion, and we lay on our oars and let the ship drift down to us. I was to hook on to her bows, while the first mate kept the sailors busy aft; but we didn't know how much devil there was in him. He divided his stock of guns forward and aft, and his first bullet killed a man in the mate's boat. My boat had hooked on to the forechains, and I was thinking we had a clear way to the deck when he upset a pail of boiling water over us from the rail, and all of us were forced to leap into the sea to escape our torments. The trio of us were terribly scalded and one of the men entirely lost the sight of his left eye.

We had not only made another failure, but here was another dead man and more wounded. Our crew was now for bearing away and making no further attempt to board the stranger, but the captain cried out that he would stand by until he had lost every man and his own life, too, before he would be defeated by a single man. We had to furl everything to keep in company with the ship, and for three hours the two crafts drifted along almost within musket shot. Then we were ready for another attack. We had constructed three bullet-proof shelters along the port rail, and the idea was to run down alongside the ship and shoot the Portuguese as we passed. We made sail and ran down, but only to find that the wily villain had himself constructed a shelter and our bullets could not reach him. He gave us three shots while within range, and though he hit no one, his shooting was uncomfortably close, and proved that he was a good marksman.

There was but one other way to attack him, and we put that off until late in the afternoon. We wanted wind and sea to go down and we had our wish. Along about 4 o'clock the breeze dropped almost out of sight, while the sea was without a white-cap. We had made a heavy grappling iron, and the idea was to lay the ship aboard. When all was ready we bore down on her, and this was a move the Portuguese could not checkmate. He had to remain behind his shelter or expose himself to our bullets. We ran alongside, cast our grapnel, and the two crafts drifted side by side. Our captain then gave the signal, and five of us made a rush over the ship's rail. In doing so we were exposed to the sailor's fire, and he shot the carpenter through the heart. He had time to fire only once, however, but when the four of us piled onto him we found him almost our match. Had not help come I verily believe he would have gained the victory. He seemed endowed with the strength of a giant, and his fierceness was that of a wounded tiger. While he was being bound he got a sailor's finger between his sharp teeth and bit it clean off, and not one of us escaped without bruises.

When we had finally secured our man we began the work of clearing up the mystery. Not a soul could we find aboard the ship, nor could we at first account for the absence of the crew. Then one thing and another was brought to light to tell us the horrible story. She had left Sydney with fourteen men. The fiend of a Portuguese had murdered each and every man by means of poison in the rum. He was the cook. A week out of port she had met with heavy weather and been obliged to lie to and ride it out. This was how she came to have everything snug aloft. It was while she was riding out the gale that the captain had some trouble with the cook. Just what it was no one but the Portuguese knew. He claimed to have been brutally assaulted without cause, and to revenge himself he poisoned a demijohn of rum kept for the captain's use. Some of this rum he claimed, was afterwards served out to all hands without his knowledge and the entire crew were thus killed off.

What the real facts were could never be brought out. As we found no blood or other evidences of murder in the ordinary way, we had to accept the sailor's statement about the poison. He had dragged every dead man on deck and thrown him over, and when the gale ceased the ship had taken her own way to come about and go driving off. The villain had no idea as to where she would bring up, and he didn't care so long as he was not overhauled.

After a great deal of hard work we got both crafts to Cape Town, and there the wholesale murderer was turned over for trial. He told the story of the poisoning as coolly as you please, and I shall never forget his statement of what followed after the liquor was served out.

"Captain he fall down and cry out and die!" explained the fiend. "Then the mate he roll over and scream and go dead. Then the sailors call to God to

save 'em, but all go dead in one-half hour!"

"Then what?" was asked.
"Then I laugh ha! ha! and throw 'em all overboard! Some sink and some float away!"

I was present when he was executed. During all his trial and imprisonment he never expressed the slightest regret for his awful crime. There was a demand that he be hung alive in chains, but of course nothing of the sort could be legally done. He walked to the gallows with smiling face, bowed to the crowd gathered to see him die and shouted so that all could hear:
"I kill seventeen men, and you kill only one—ha! ha! ha!"—*M. Qual, in New York World.*

The Eagle as an Emblem.

In ancient mythology the eagle was believed to carry the souls of the dying to their abode on Mount Olympus, and was called the Bird of Jove. The eagle was first taken as a symbol of royal power by the ancient Etruscans, who bore its image upon their standards. In the year 87 B. C., a silver eagle, with expanded wings, poised on the top of a spear, with a thunderbolt held in its claws, was adopted as the military standard to be borne at the head of their legions by the Romans. At the time of Hadrian a golden eagle was substituted for the silver one. A two-headed eagle was adopted by the Byzantine emperors as a symbol of their control of both the east and the west. The double-headed eagle of Russia was adopted on the marriage of Ivan I. with a Grecian princess of the eastern empire; that of Austria was first used when the Emperor of Germany took the title of Roman emperor. The national standard of Russia bears a black eagle, that of Poland a white one. Napoleon I. took a golden eagle for his standard, model of pure gold, and bearing a thunderbolt, after the pattern of the eagle of the Romans. This standard was disused under the Bourbons, but was restored by a decree of Louis Napoleon in 1852. The eagle was first used on American coins in 1788, on cents and half cents issued from the Massachusetts mint. It was adopted in the plan of a national coinage as a design upon all gold coins and on the silver dollar, half dollar and quarter. The design of the eagle was at one time suggested for the national flag, but was abandoned.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Electrical Voting Machine.

In the "Braisserie Flamaude" at Brussels there is exhibited an election machine, invented by M. Moreau, a Belgian engineer. The remarkable apparatus looks like a grand piano. In place of the keyboard there are two rows of buttons, similar to those used for electric doorbells. If an elector wishes to vote, all he has to do is to press one of the buttons. Above the buttons the names of the candidates are set, for each button one name. As there are many electors, especially in Belgium, who cannot read, Mr. Moreau has constructed his machine in such way that a photograph (picture) can eventually appear along with the names of the candidates. Below the button rows a box is found containing the electrical numbering or counting machine. Every button registers the names by ones, tens, hundreds and thousands. The electrical current is under the box. As soon as the elector steps on the platform, which is part of the apparatus, the electrical current begins to play. Against fraud and repeating the inventor has also guarded in making it impossible for one elector to press twice at the same button without the intermission of several seconds. To vote again he must step from the platform, then wait a few seconds, after which pause he again can ascend it if the officers allow it. The secrecy of the ballot is guarded by a screen which shields the whole apparatus. After election time is over the box is taken out of the machine and the result is found as the votes were already (added) counted by the machine.—*New York Recorder.*

His Secret of Longevity.

A Ruthenian, 124 years old, is living in the town of Belgorod, Russia. His name is Bogdan Nitchinorenko. He is still hale and hearty, only his hearing is somewhat impaired. He ascribes his old age to his manner of living. At the age of twenty-five he became ill, and as there were no physicians in the neighborhood, a Tartar practitioner, or "wise man," was engaged to cure him. For three weeks he was under the Znakhar's treatment until his health was restored. Parting from him the Znakhar told him that if he wished to live long he must never eat any old or stale food. For fear lest he fall sick again, Nitchinorenko observed this rule scrupulously. He ate nothing but spring fowl, veal or lamb, and never touched a piece of meat of an old animal. Even garden fruit he ate only when it was quite young and fresh; he never touched canned or pickled food of any kind.—*Picayune.*

Catching a Nebula.

The recent improvement in photography and its use in astronomy has proved most valuable to the study of that science. A dry plate can be exposed for a suitable length of time in the telescope, and the image thus obtained will contain the details of a nebula, even where the amount of light would be imperceptible to the naked eye, thus producing an image far more useful and accurate than could be obtained by a drawing.—*Philadelphia Record.*

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Paris is soon to be lighted, as to its streets, almost entirely by electricity. A cubic foot of aluminum weighs 157 pounds. A cubic foot of copper weighs 558 pounds.

The most recent steel rails have a higher percentage of carbon and the steel produced is harder.

Some remarkable experiments in talking with monkeys by aid of a phonograph are made public.

At Wilkesbarre, Penn., the electric lights and long days have reduced the price of gas from \$1.80 to \$1.60 per thousand.

Pennsylvania makes fifty-two out of every 100 tons of rolled iron in the United States, and sixty-nine out of every 100 tons of steel rails.

Professor Gardner has decided to go to Africa to engage in the ungenial but scientific study of the language of monkeys in their native state.

In the Island of Cuba great progress has been made in establishing electric light plants. This is notably the case in Havana, where the central station has a capacity of 6000 lights.

A military force on the march seems to suffer less from what is popularly known as sun-stroke than civilians walking our crowded streets or engaged in mercantile and mechanical pursuits.

Some plants appear to be able to grow and develop in total darkness. A committee of the Royal Horticultural Society has been told of hyacinths that developed colored flowers, although prevented by some accident from coming above the ground.

One of the London street car companies has in use an automatic "starter." Two powerful spiral springs, fastened to the front axle, are wound up through being applied to the car's stoppage, so that when it is desired to go on again they are capable of starting it.

The great Homestake Mine at Lead City, South Dakota, uses powder to blast the ore. When the ore is crushed, it is then stamped into powder and washed over a quicksilver plate to catch the gold. More than 1500 men are employed, with a pay roll of \$100,000 a month.

The Chinese Government is about to begin the manufacture of steel, and blast furnaces on the Cleveland principle, capable of turning out 100 tons per day, are being erected at Han-Kow. Bessemer and Siemens-Martin plant, bar rolling mills, etc., will also be put up at the same place.

A pneumatic chisel has been introduced into a stone-cutting establishment in Germany. It resembles in appearance a syringe, which the operator holds with both hands, and as he lets it slide over the surface of the stone or metal the chisel chips off splinters and particles. Compressed air, acting on a piston, imparts a rotation of from 10,000 to 12,000 revolutions a minute.

An ingenious apparatus has been introduced to prevent the wheels of electric and other street cars from slipping. It consists of a revolving brush connected with the forward axle by a belt. As the axle revolves it sets the brushes in motion, clearing a path for the wheels. There is also operated in connection with the device a box which allows the escape of a sufficient amount of sand or salt without the slightest waste.

Southerners Excel in Horsemanship.

The Southerner has been in the saddle constantly for many generations, and today boys and girls alike ride the colts in pasture, with only a stick to guide them. In the North these conditions and habits ceased long ago. Riding is a mere fashion of very recent origin, though it has acquired such an impetus that it may have come to stay.

The Southern seat is practically the same as the true military seat; and except that the bridle hand is wont to be held a trifle too high, which is a habit caught from the high pommel or roll of blankets or other baggage in front of the soldier, this seat, when not exaggerated, is, all things considered, the best for road-riding, and perhaps would enable a man to do a greater number of things in the saddle than any other one style. And though the English pigskin is perhaps a neater and more available rig, the Southerner is, in gait and style and knowledge of road work, by far the best model for us to copy, as his saddle-beast is the best for us to buy.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Across the Arctic at Two Miles a Day.

As we have seen, the objects from the "Jeannette" drifted in three years from the New Siberian Islands to the west coast of Greenland. If we assume that they required one year for the drift southward from latitude eighty degrees north, on the east coast of Greenland, only two years remain for the rest of the journey, and this requires a speed of no more than two nautical miles in every twenty-four hours. This does not seem too high a rate when we remember that the "Jeannette" drifted at the same speed during the last half year of her drifting, and that in the last days before she sank she drifted at a much higher speed, which sometimes reached even eight nautical miles every twenty-four hours. It cannot therefore be considered probable that we should reach open water on this side of the Pole within two years after our start from the Siberian side; and if we take provisions for five years we may consider that we have an ample margin.—*Forum.*

AT THE BEND OF THE ROAD.

At the bend of the road you waved your hand,
A token and sign of a last adieu,
And the twilight fell on a lonely land,
And over my soul a sorrow now.
And you turned into the world from me
Who watched you with eyes whose hot
tears flowed.
The cruel world which I could not see
That just begins at the bend of the road.
And a trouble dropped on the silent land
With the darkness unstayed by a moon or
star,
For my hope and my love, and the light
hand in hand.
Followed you into the future afar,
Followed you faint as the heart that sent,
The heart that lingered beneath its load
As into the great, wide world you went,
The world that begins at the end of the
road.

To-night at the bend of the road I stand
And a year has flown and many a day,
And the twilight falls on a lonely land,
For my love and the light of my hope
delay.
I hear the far sound of forgetful strife,
And a fear forlorn doth my soul forlorn.
What hast thou done with my lover, my
life,
O, world that begins at the bend of the
road!
—A. W. Bellair, in *Detroit Free Press.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The bed of the river should be covered with winding sheets.—*Life.*
The mercury enjoy a sunny climb now-a-days.—*Binghamton Republican.*
Every dog has his day, but it is a mean cur that will bark at night.—*Life.*
Good laws are of little avail when bad men are depended upon to enforce them.—*Texas Siftings.*

Gummy—"Bunting is right in the swim." Gargyle—"Yes; and he finds it difficult to keep his head above water."—*Judge.*
"Well, Hardup, did you succeed in raising anything on your promise to pay?" "Oh, yes; I raised a smile."—*Baltimore American.*

Oh, yes; there is a skeleton in the closet in every family, but it is so common a thing that we make no bones of it.—*Boston Transcript.*

"There are some unpleasant features in this business," muttered the photographer as he surveyed a row of his patrons.—*Baltimore American.*

Sarcastic yell after a dude in loud plaid trousers: "Say, get them chloroformed quick, or dey'll ring out the payrol."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"Please give me a glass of soda water without any suds on it," was the order a small boy gave at a local drug store the other day.—*Binghamton Leader.*

"When I marry," explained the lieutenant, "my wife must have sufficient dowry for me to support her both in style and comfort."—*St. Louis Blotter.*

"Chicago? Chicago? Oh, yes; that's the name of a place on the Illinois Central Railroad." "Indeed! Which side of the track is it on?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Justice—"What's the charge against this prisoner?" Officer O'Fagan—"Dis-savin' her perlace, yer honor. He put ther sound soide av his apples on ther outside."—*Yale Record.*

"That 'o' av moine 'll make his mark in the wuruld," said an Irishman. "He will that same," replied his neighbor, "if it's only by puttin' 'is fut in the mud."—*Washington Post.*

The tuft-hunting American young woman of fortune, when she reaches the other side of the water, exclaims, in the language of the turf: "Put up your dukes."—*Boston Transcript.*

In Australia they use eggs for currency. When the Government wants to work up a strong money market it simply fails to redeem its circulation for a few weeks.—*Danville Breeze.*

The most trying circumstances under which a boy can be is when another boy is in the alley winking at him and his father is offering him a nickel to carry in a pile of wood.—*Texas Siftings.*

Briton—"If you are such a rampant American, I should think you would remain where Americans are most appreciated." American—"I do—in London and Paris."—*Kate Field's Washington.*

A Chicago man has invented an electric drill with which he proposes to bore a hole to the center of the earth. Maybe he will decide to bore clear through the earth, and make a whistle of it.—*New York Sun.*

Lady (to tramp)—"This is the third time you have called here to-day." Tramp—"It is true, madam; but I am sure you wouldn't want a man to get along with any less than three meals a day."—*Cape Cod Item.*

Attorney (to witness)—"What is your age, sir?" Old Beau—"What has that to do with the case?" "I insist upon an answer." (After a pause) "I was just five years old at the breaking out of the war." "What war?" (With extreme reluctance) "The Blackhawk war."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"What wonderful progress the science of optics has made in the past ten years! The difficult complaints, astigmatism, myopia, hyperopia, emmetropia and others, have been found." "There is one thing I can't understand." "What's that?" "How they found out their names?"—*Jewelers' Circular.*