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California's forty-five savings banks have \$114,000,000 deposits.

Texas has decided to set apart a spacious room in its Exposition building for an exhibit by the colored people of the State.

It is perfectly plain to the New York Mail and Express that the 5,140,000 soldiers who constitute the military force of the Triple Alliance only serve to create the necessity for the maintenance of the 5,805,000 men who form the aggregate French and Russian armies.

A census bulletin shows that there were 73,045 paupers in the almshouses of this country in 1890. The poor who receive outdoor relief will bring the number up to 100,000. That is not very appalling, reassures the Boston Transcript, in a population of over 60,000,000, and is a mere flea-bite in comparison with the pauperism of Great Britain.

The determination of the height of Mount Orizaba, located about 100 miles east of the City of Mexico, is the object of an expedition that has left Terre Haute, Ind., under the charge of Dr. Scoville of that city, who is accompanied by Professor Seaton of Bloomington University and Professor Woolman of De Pau University. It is believed by Dr. Scoville that the single measurement that has been made of the mountain is inaccurate, owing to the defective instruments used. He holds that more accurate instruments will show that it is higher than Mount St. Elias, now regarded as the highest peak in North America. They will establish themselves on the timber line, and besides measuring the height, they will make a collection of native insects, snakes, fish, animals, and plants. The Mexican Government, which takes a deep interest in the success of their work, has facilitated it by granting them special privileges.

Says the Washington Star: That singular Chinese revolution which aims, it has been said, at striking down the existing Manchu dynasty and substituting for it a native dynasty by looting the foreign missions, that have nothing whatever to do with Chinese politics, is still revolving in the provinces. The Imperial Government hardly appears to realize its danger, if it be in any. The celestials are a people of fixed habits and ideas, but they do change their Governors once in long ages, retaining the childlike notion of a kingly ruler who alone can commune with the Supreme Being in the temple of heaven. For the rest they have the Confucian philosophy, the Taoist mysticism, the worship of ancestors, and the widespread doctrines of Buddha imported from India. Supplementing these moral, intellectual and religious conceptions and practices, the Chinese have the thrift, the industry and the toughness of fiber of all other eastern peoples combined. A change of dynasty would mean no change of the national characteristics.

In the estimation of the Boston Transcript "one of the most significant of possible indications of the genuineness of the bonds which unite Germany and Austria was furnished recently on the battlefield of Koniggratz in Bohemia, where deputations of officers from the various Austrian and Prussian and Saxon regiments met to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of that conflict which crushed all the pretensions of the Hapsburgs to authority in Germany. Perhaps the idea may have been gathered from America, where Gettysburg and many other fields have become familiar with the spectacle of such reunions of whilom antagonists. But the thing is absolutely novel in Europe, and the fact that the Austrians and Saxons on the one side could bring themselves to drink with the Prussians on this scene of their historic humiliation helps us to measure how truly the world has been changed since the Bonaparte empire was demolished in France. Perhaps the Saxons' part in the celebration is even more remarkable than that borne by the Austrians, for Saxony still recalls with bitterness how barely it escaped the fate of Hanover after the Prussian victory. After this there can be no question of the entire homogeneity of the interests and aims inside the German Empire. William is, as it were, to put the official seal upon this complete unification of his subjects in the autumn by reviewing Bavaria's two army corps, something no German Emperor heretofore has done out of fear of wounding South German susceptibilities.

NORLESSE OBLIGE

If I am weak and you are strong,
Why then, why then,
To you the braver deeds belong;
And so, again,
If you have gifts and I have none,
If I have shade and you have sun,
'Tis yours with freer hand to give,
'Tis yours with truer grace to live,
Than I, who giftless, sunless, stand
With barren life and hand.

'Tis wisdom's law, the perfect code,
By love inspired;
Of him on whom much is bestowed
Is much required.

The tuneful throat is bid to sing;
The oak must reign the forest's king;
The rustling stream the wheel must move,
The beaten steel its strength must prove.
'Tis given unto the eagle's eyes
To face the midday skies.

—Carlotta Perry, in Boston Transcript.

LOVE OR MONEY.

"Frank, old boy, I am so glad to find you an occupant of this hotel, and, as I am a new arrival, and not posted, tell me who is here this summer."

Leonard Franklin lighted a cigar as he spoke, and balanced his chair dextrously on two legs, as he puffed away in the moonlight.

His companion, Frank Wyckham, smoking and rocking in precisely the same manner, as they sat upon the wide terrace of the Lakeside Hotel, replied:

"Some of last season's party, and some new ones."

"That's definite."

"My wife has a cousin with her this year whose name is Annie Layton. She is young, handsome and accomplished. An heiress, too, Leonard."

"What's her figure?"

"Ten thousand from a grandfather in her own right, and probably as much more when her bachelor uncle, who is her guardian, leaves this world."

"Is there any chance?"

"She is fancy free as yet, I believe, and I should be pleased to bestow my cousinly regards upon you, Leonard. But, after all, you have no occasion to look out for an heiress with your fortune."

"Bless your dear innocent heart, Frank, a man never has so much but he wants more, if it only bought dresses and finery for the future Mrs. Franklin. I think I will try for it."

Frank Wyckham and Leonard Franklin had been schoolmates and college chums; and now Frank was a Benedict and Leonard a bachelor, close friendship still existed between them. Neither of the young men were aware that their conversation had been overheard; but leaning from an upper window and concealed by the ledge, Annie Layton listened to their words, and when the two men at this point started for a stroll, she drew in her head with a very decided jerk.

"Upon my word!" she soliloquized. "I am really much obliged to Frank! So his friend will try and win my money, will he? Not a word about me! Don't even ask if I am an angel or a witch. Think he could easily dispose of my income, and would even kindly allow me to buy finery with my own money. The impudent puppy! I'll make him pay for this, or my name is not Annie Layton!"

There was a spice of coquetry in the heart of the pretty heiress that had not been crushed out in any experience of her petted life, and that fanned up into a brilliant blaze under the provocation of this overheard conversation. She was scarcely to be censured for her annoyance, and she firmly resolved that if the suitor for her money had a heart she would add to the sting of her refusal of his offer by wounding that organ if possible.

So when Leonard Franklin was presented by pretty Mrs. Wyckham, to her handsome cousin, Annie Layton, he found himself bowing to the loveliest, sweetest woman he had ever seen, and he was greeted by her with a graceful cordiality that was flattering as well as delightful.

It was after breakfast upon the terrace that the introduction took place, and the gentleman, who looked handsome himself in his seaside suit, decided that the heiress was a very fascinating little damsel. Her dress of clear white muslin was relieved here and there with vivid red ribbons that well became her rich dark brunette beauty, for she was something more than merely pretty, with her large dark eyes fringed with their jetty lashes, and the heavy wavy masses of dark hair. The crimson cheeks, and the clear olive complexion, showing to the best advantage under the brim of her straw hat.

It was on the programme for the pleasures of that pleasant sunny day, that a party was to wander in shady woods, and there to enjoy a picnic luncheon. So, as the ladies and gentlemen marshaled for the procession, it fell out that Miss Annie Layton found by her side Leonard Franklin's handsome, manly figure.

Before the morning was over, Mr. Franklin was secretly wishing that he had not been so frank with his old friend. What if Frank betrayed him to his wife, and Bessie told Annie! He shivered at the mere idea.

Already in his heart he called her Annie, and he had found out that the hand he had held while assisting his charge over a rough pile of stones, was soft and pretty; that the voice that rippled out of the delicate rosebud mouth was low and sweet; and that the deep, dark eyes could flash and melt, laugh

and sadden, in a way that was expressive as it was delightful.

He was in the net Miss Annie was spreading for him before the place of luncheon was reached. And the lady? Commencing her flirtation with her heart full of pique, and a desire for revenge, she would not admit to herself what made her morning so pleasant. She told herself it was mere gratification that her plans were working so nicely, and the prospect was so fair for her to make Mr. Franklin smart for his insolence.

Yet—and she stifled a little sigh at the thought—it was a pity that this deference, this effort to please, was all assumed, to gain her money.

She recalled words that proved her suitor no mere puppy, but a man who had read much and thought deeply. She was certain that not one of her numerous suitors offered attentions more delicately, or bore himself more gallantly.

The summer days passed swiftly to two of the guests at the Lakeside Hotel, and meaning smiles hovered over the faces of the others when Mr. Franklin and Miss Layton were mentioned, or were noticed in each other's company, for the flirtation was carried on briskly.

It was only a flirtation, to punish him for his insolence, Annie sternly told her heart, when she caught herself musing over his words, recalling the expression of his large brown eyes, thinking how a smile would brighten his face, wondering if all men who had traveled were as fascinating in conversation as this one; sighing, too, sometimes, as she thought of the pleasant summer that was drawing to a close, and that the time was fast approaching when she must dismiss her cavalier from her side forever. For—and her cheeks burned then—it was to her money that this winsome court was paid, and the smiles, the deference, the attentions to her were all for the sake of handling her grandfather's legacy.

And while Annie sighed and mused, the wooer was blessing the lucky hour that brought him to that hotel for the season. Never in all his travels had he met with a face, a voice, or a manner that had touched his heart as it was now touched. He had forgotten his foolish speech made about the heiress, and he had given his heart to the woman. He saw her busy with feminine work in the morning, and his fancy pictured her doing embroidery in a home. He heard her rich contralto voice in song, and he thought of her as making the evenings fly when a husband came home to dinner. He saw her in elaborate evening dress at the table d'hôte, and he thought how proud a man might be of her beauty and taste, when the voice of society praised his wife. And all under these surface attractions, weighty as they were, he paid homage to the girl's dignity, modesty and pure heart.

The day came when his full heart found vent in speech, as the young couple walked in a shady lane, Leonard poured forth his heart's great love in words warm and tender. It was some moments before the answer came, for Annie had to battle with her desire to put her little white hand in his and give him back love for love. But the answer came cold and haughty.

"Mr. Franklin, my answer to you must be to recall to your memory your conversation with Mr. Wyckham on the terrace, the evening of your arrival, every word of which was distinctly audible in my room."

"Then you have been playing with me?" he cried fiercely.

"I have been trying to prove to you that my money had a human appendage."

It was well for her composure then that he turned abruptly from her and strode rapidly back to the hotel. She watched him disappear from sight, and then turned into a narrow by-path and sobbed out her pain in solitude. For she now comprehended that whatever Leonard Franklin had sought in his wooing, he had won her heart. She felt lonely and heart-sick when she realized all she had lost. Never again could she hear the deep, musical voice speak tender words; never see the dark expressive eyes look lovingly into her own again; never again feel the clasp of his strong hand; and never again see his bright, winning smile.

As the tears chased one another down her cheeks, one of the unerring instincts of true love came back to her heart, and she felt deeply and keenly that the love she had insulted and rejected was not the false suit of a fortune-hunter, but a true heart seeking what is the only sure guarantee for wedded happiness.

She at last wended her way back to the hotel, hiding her red swollen eyes under her veil and went to her room, hearing the voices of all at luncheon as she went hastily upstairs. Upon her dressing-table there lay an open letter, and as she read it there stole through her brain a quick, luminous idea. Over her sad face stole a look of resolution, and a certain hope, too, in her heart was pictured in her face.

"I'll try it," she said. "My eyes are in splendid condition for the purpose. I'll try it."

She took her open letter in her hand, and went mournfully into the room where luncheon was in progress of demolition. Her eyes were not so red nor so swollen but that they detected Leonard Franklin trifling with unfastened food upon his plate and trying to look as usual. As she appeared, Bessie cried out:

"Annie, what is the matter? You look as if you had been crying your eyes out."

"You would look so, too, if you had

my news to bear," was the answer with a little sob.

"What is it, dear?" and Bessie was at her cousin's side, all sympathy.

"The Northern Express Bank has failed!"

"By jove," said Frank, "all your money was in that!"

Annie hid her face on Bessie's shoulder and sobbed.

"Uncle George was married last week!"

Frank's comment on that was contained in a long whistle.

"Frank, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" said Bessie indignantly.

"Never mind, Annie. Come to my room, darling."

And Annie allowed herself to be led away to her cousin's room to be petted and comforted and sympathized with, and to listen to the warm assurances of unchanged love, offers of a home, and a thousand pleasant words from Bessie, till Frank came up and confirmed the whole of it, and added:

"Leonard Franklin desires an interview with you, Annie, in the private parlor. And Annie, before you go, will you let me say a word to you, as if I were your brother?"

"Certainly I will."

"Leonard Franklin loves you, I am sure of it; and I think he means to tell you of it. But Annie, if you do not really love him, will you remember that so long as Bessie and I have a home, you are as welcome as a sister, and as dear to both of us?"

"You may be sure I will never forget it," said Annie earnestly. "But will you please read Uncle George's letter while I am gone?"

She found Leonard waiting in the parlor, and pacing the floor with true masculine impatience.

Before she went in, she looked a moment at the tall, graceful, handsome figure, so buoyant with animation—at the handsome face, now so radiant with hope; and in her heart there lingered the refrain of a song, "He loves me, he loves me."

All the gladness was banished from her step and face, however, as she slowly advanced to meet her lover. He could wait for no formality of greeting. Abruptly, passionately, and earnestly, with his whole soul in his eye, he said:

"Annie, you rebuked me severely today for my presumptuous and insolent speech to your cousin, and I acknowledge I deserved it; and now that the money is all gone and your uncle is married, will you not believe me that the dearest hope of my life, and the dearest wish of my heart, is to win your love and make you my wife?"

"You are sure it is I you love?" she asked in a very low voice.

"Before I had known you a week, I had quite forgotten you were an heiress, darling. I only knew you were the only woman in the world I could ever love, or whose love would be precious to my heart. The few foolish thoughtless words, which I spoke to your cousin contained no meaning whatever. Surely you may trust me now. Be my wife, and every hour shall prove to you how tenderly I love you. Speak to me, Annie, why do you hide your face?"

She did not tell him it was to hide her smiling lips, and her dancing eyes; but she allowed him to draw her into his loving arms, and fold her in a tender embrace.

"You will be my wife, darling!" he whispered, and then she looked up.

"Yes, I will," she said blushing, but meeting his eyes frankly and bravely, "for I believe now you love me, and I love you with my whole heart. Stop, Leonard, do not kiss me yet, but let me first rectify my mistake. I forgot to mention my Uncle George drew all my money from the bank before it broke, and now has it in safe deposit elsewhere. Also it was a mistake my saying uncle was married. Now, darling, I have proved your love."

Frank and Bessie received an explanation and were considerably surprised.

"But, Annie," said Bessie, some time later, "what on earth were you crying about?"

Annie never told, but Leonard made some guesses to her in private that she would neither deny nor affirm.—*Yankee Blade.*

Brazil's Domestic Pet.

Rats have multiplied to such a degree in Brazil that the inhabitants rear a certain kind of snake for destroying them. The Brazilian domestic servant is the giboia, a small species of boa about twelve feet in length and of the diameter of a man's arm. It is sold at from \$1 to \$1.50 in the markets of Rio Janeiro, Pernambuco, Bahia, etc. This snake, which is entirely harmless and sluggish in its movements, passes the entire day asleep at the foot of the staircase of the house, scarcely deigning to raise its head at the approach of a visitor or when a strange noise is heard in the vestibule.

At nightfall the giboia begins to hunt. Crawling along here and there, and even penetrating the space above the ceiling and beneath the flooring. Springing swiftly forward, it seizes the rat by the nape and crushes its cervical vertebrae. As serpents rarely eat, even when at liberty, the giboia kills only for the pleasure of killing. It becomes so accustomed to its master's house that if carried to a distance it escapes and finds its way back home. Every house in the warmest provinces where rats abound owns its giboia, a fixture by destination, and the owner of which prides its qualities when he wishes to sell or let his house.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Porpoises are said to exist in Lake Nyanza, Africa.

Pleuro-pneumonia seems to be quite prevalent in Great Britain.

The atmospheric pressure upon the body of a moderate-sized man amounts to about fifteen tons.

Leading European physicians express the belief in very positive terms that Bright's disease is curable.

A civil engineer has been looking Niagara Falls over, and his conclusion is that it is good for 3,000,000 years.

Waste sawdust and shavings are being utilized by Mons. Calmant, of Paris, France, for the production of fine vegetable charcoal.

The crackling sound of freshly ignited wood or coal is caused by the air or liquid contained in the pores expanding by heat and bursting the covering in which it is confined.

M. Ader, of Paris, after expending more than \$100,000 on a flying machine, has produced one in which he flew about 100 yards. He says it is propelled by a "combination of vapors."

The addition of a compound called stapanite to the charge of iron and coke in a furnace changes the output to a compound of iron and steel without changing the metal to any further treatment.

Experiments upon the phosphorescence of gems shows that it varies according to the origin of the stone. Cape diamonds show blue; Brazilian stones red, orange, blue, or yellow; and those from Australia yellow, blue, or green.

The great seltzer spring at Saratoga, N. Y., has been sounded to a depth of 3300 feet without touching bottom or encountering any obstacle. This strengthens the belief that this great northern summer resort is built over a subterranean sea.

England supplies the plant for the vast new harbor works now in progress at Yokohama, Japan. The quick-firing guns now supplied to the Japanese navy are also of British make, and it is in England that the Japanese order their railway plant.

"Guyaool," an extract from boxwood and the active principle of creosote, has been successfully used by Dr. Max Schuller, of the Berlin University, for twelve years in the treatment of tuberculosis, affecting the joints, bones, glands, lupus, etc.

Smokeless powder was used at the Wimbledon (England) volunteer review before the German Emperor with great success. The guns emitted a brilliant red flame on the discharge, unlike the smokeless compound adopted in France, which produces a pale flash resembling the electric light.

A new system of house-wiring for electric lighting consists of fitting the building with continuous tubes of insulated material, through which the wires are drawn. The tubes are made of paper soaked in a hot bath of bituminous material, and are said to be hard, strong and tough.

The French manufacture a paper linen so cleverly that it is almost impossible without examination to detect the difference between it and damask; and even to the touch the articles made of paper linings are very much like linen, and are used for many purposes to which linen is applicable.

Through experiments made by English military authorities, it has been found that whenever the atmosphere is laden with smoke or mist the power of an electric light is greatly diminished by crossing the beam of light by that of another at a certain angle. At the point of intersection the illuminated space is practically made a screen.

Some Properties of Coffee.

Coffee owes its stimulating and refreshing qualities to caffeine. It also contains gum, sugar, fat, acids, casein and wood and fibre. Like tan, it powerfully increases the respiration, but, unlike it, does not affect its depth. By its use the rate of the pulse is increased and the acting of the skin diminished. It lessens the amount of blood sent to the organs of the body, distends the veins and contracts the capillaries, thus preventing the waste of tissue. It is a mental stimulus of a high order, and one that is liable to great abuse. Carried to excess it produces abnormal wakefulness, indigestion, acidity, heart burn, irritability of temper, trembling, irregular pulse, a kind of intoxication ending in delirium and a great injury to the spinal functions. On the other hand, coffee is of sovereign efficacy in tiding over the nervous system in emergencies. Coffee is also, in its place, an excellent medicine. In typhoid fever its action is frequently prompt and decisive. It is indicated in the earlier stages before local complications arise. Coffee dispels stupor and lethargy, is an antidote for many kinds of poisons, and is valuable in spasmodic asthma, whooping cough, cholera infantum and Asiatic cholera. It is also excellent as a preventive against infectious or epidemic diseases. In districts rife with malaria and fever the drinking of hot coffee before passing into the open air has enabled persons living in such places to escape contagion.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

Is an upstart aristocracy known as a codfish aristocracy because it has more bone than blood?—*Puck.*

"FOR SUCH AS THESE."

O, earth of ours, thou'rt wondrous fair,
With heaven's sweet face o'erbending;
With birds a-whirl through the golden air,
Their songs of praise outending;
And primrose paths o'er meadows where
The gleam and glom are blending.

But what see they of primrose ways
Whose feet do faint and languish?—
How can they list to songs of praise
Whose hearts are sear'd with anguish?—
How know they aught of fair, sweet days,
Whose tears the vision vanquish?

O, not for such as these, bright world,
Is all thy wealth of blooming;
Nay, not for these are ways imperled
With sweets'neath gleam and glooming;
And not for these hath heaven unfurled
Its face for Day's illuming.

For such as these, O earth, we know
The best gift in thy sending
Is resting place—where all life's woe
May have its perfect ending
Beneath the primrose flowers that grow
Where gleam and glom are blending.

—*Lucile Rutland, in Times-Democrat.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The badger state—matrimony.—*Puck.*

The crook is always on mischief bent.
—*Pittsburg Post.*

A stirring appeal—"br-e-a-k-fast!"—
Washington Star.

Lawyers are unlike most people in one respect; nothing suits them better than great trials.—*Lowell Courier.*

It is a perfectly proper thing to poach an egg, but to poach the bird that lays the egg is quite another thing.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Dere's millions in it," said the old colored man, as he gazed over the fence at the watermelon patch.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Every man has an axe to grind, and looks upon every other man with an eye to inducing him to turn the handle.—*Athens Globe.*

It is a mistake about its being unhealthily to sleep in feathers. Look at the spring chicken and see how tough he is.—*Richmond Recorder.*

Slang was not common in the days of Governor William Penn, else the boys would have called Penn "his nibs."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

At dawn the fisherman goes away
That a batch of fish may be caught;
He wanders home at the end of day
With a catch of fish he has bought.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

A woman is getting ready to make trouble for herself when she starts out to be a heroine to the world. Her mission is to be a heroine at home.—*Athens Globe.*

The "skeeter's" military in his nightly avocations,
For generally he drills awhile, and then he draws his rations.
—*Chicago Herald.*

Wibble—"They may talk about their corn husks, must rats and all that sort of thing, but there's one sign of a cold winter I never saw fail yet." Wabble—"What's that?" Wibble—"The thermometer."—*Demorest's Monthly.*

A Fifth street doctor is something of a wag, and when a patient said: "Doctor, I have a boil coming on my neck; I felt it first in my sleeping car bunk," the doctor answered: "Ah! then I presume it must be a carbuncle."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"The better the day, the better the deed." Thus do we turn to suit our need
This proverb of olden time.
Suppose we turn it the other way,
"The better the deed, the better the day,"
And make it a truth sublime.

At a fashionable gathering a gentleman made several attempts to start the conversation, but owing to the stupidity of those present, he failed completely. After a painful pause he finally remarked: "Now let us be silent on some other subject."—*Texas Siftings.*

Mrs. Quartz—"Injun!" Hank—"Ya-as." Mrs. Quartz—"Git him?" Hank—"Dead'r winged, one'r t'other." Mrs. Quartz—"Jest look over'n see if he's got any blue beads on his moccasins. I need 'bout a thimble full more fer that 'Peace'n Good-will' motto card I'm working."

"I have a weight upon my mind," I overheard him say.
"That's good," said she, "t'will keep 'em wind
From blowing it away."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A little boy at church the other day was permitted by his mother to put the money into the contribution plate. Having on previous occasions paid fines to car conductors, etc., he understood his duty, for rising proudly, he fairly shouted to the old gentleman, "Please, mister, that's for two."—*Truth.*

"Well, but, Maud—" The absent-minded youth was interrupted by the horror-stricken girl. "Maud? My name is not Maud!" The situation was desperate, yet fortune did not desert him. "But, my darling Louise, what am I coming around here for if it is not to eventually change your name?" She thought he had prearranged the joke and he thus was saved.—*Philadelphia Times.*

An eminent scientist computes that a comet will strike the earth, on an average, about once in every fifteen million years. We hate to knock out the calculations and estimates of an eminent man of science, but cold facts are stronger than theories, and we are compelled to say that we have been here over forty years and there has not a comet struck the earth since we've lived here. If it did, it must have come along in the night.—*Burdette.*