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The population of India is believed to have increased in ten years from 225,000,000 to 285,000,000.

A servant in London was dismissed for refusing to wear a cap. She brought suit, and the courts sustained her on the ground that she had not refused to obey a lawful order.

The Franklin Club, a Nationalist concern at Cleveland, Ohio, demands that the city shall assume control of all vacant lands within its limits and cultivate cabbages and potatoes to be given to the poor.

United States Minister Phelps has hopes of inducing Baron Krupp to exhibit some of his immense guns at the Chicago Exposition. Baron Krupp hesitates, for he says it will cost him \$250,000 to make an exhibit creditable to his establishment.

A young woman in Cincinnati determined to die and made all of the essential preparations, including a letter of instruction to a friend enclosing the money for her burial. She then changed her mind about the suicide and tried to recover the money. The friend was obdurate and insisted upon keeping it until the specific purpose for which it was given had been accomplished. The courts decided that the friend must return the money.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad, announces the New York *Telegram*, has ordered fifty new locomotives and 1500 box cars. It will require ten trains daily for seven months, it is said, to move this season's crops in Manitoba and the Canadian Northwest. With equally abundant crops on the American side of the line the New World is prepared to keep the Old World from starving, notwithstanding the failure of the grain crops in India and Russia.

The Russian press censorship is not only very rigorous in regard to letters posted in the country, but is extended to letters in transit. An English correspondent complains that letters in course of transit from Persia to Great Britain, and vice versa, are frequently tampered with while passing through Russian territory, being sometimes cut open, sometimes detained and sometimes destroyed. The British Government has been requested to interfere.

Over 30,000 head of neat cattle and 5000 horses and mules died of starvation and pestilence last year on the lower Amazon, above the delta. The annual floods were higher than usual, and the small farmers owning the animals could not afford to hire tugboats and barges to transport them from the narrow ridges between the numerous channels of the river, on which the stock was so unexpectedly imprisoned, to the upland ten miles or more back from the valley proper.

Three charitable ladies in Chicago have started a movement which promises, predicts the *San Francisco Chronicle*, to be of great help to working girls. It is a lunch in a fine cafe, all the materials being furnished at cost, with a reading-room and parlor attached. Although it has been in existence only a few weeks, it is crowded at the noon hour and the membership is large. Ten cents a month gives a girl all the privileges of the rooms. Such a place for working girls who live in cheap lodging or boarding houses is both home and social club, and the association will probably do more real good than many pretentious charities that spend a hundred-fold more money.

The absurdity of the German laws against the importation of American pork was shown in a recent issue of the *Allgemeine Reichs Correspondenz*. The paper, after relating the vain attempts of the merchants of Berlin to induce the Government to withdraw the prohibition against the American meat, declares that the law is constantly evaded. American meat is sent to Holland and Denmark packed in ice. In those countries the meat is smoked and forwarded to Germany as "Dutch" or "Danish" meat. Recently more than 20,000 packages of such American-Dutch meats were offered for sale in the markets of the German capital. The journal quoted above declares that the Americans have offered to sell meats in the Berlin markets at forty-three to forty-five pfennigs, or ten to eleven cents a pound. At present, adds the *New York Tribune*, German meat is much dearer than that.

LIFE AND DEATH.

"I reign beyond the bourne of fate and time;

Through all the present I echo of the past; All things but God are in my leash; I climb, From star to star and quench them all at last;

I blast the blooms of promise with a breath"—

Vaults Death.

"I am the spirit in matter—the All-searcher;

I'm driven like surf by one deep, moving force;

Even in the grasp of Death my hope I nurture;

Enswathing love is both my end and source;

Peace is my handmaid and my thrall is strife"—

Chants Life.

—Craven Langstroth Betts, in *Independent*.

HE GOT IN AT BRUGES.

Mr. Portman Brown was a prosperous, elderly gentleman, of quiet ways and fixed habits. A small circle of familiar friends supplied all his social needs, he concerned himself little with the rest of humanity, belonging to the class who can live side by side in the same street with a fellow-creature all their lives without so much as knowing them by sight.

Among Mr. Brown's fixed habits was a yearly tour

But he did not take it, like most people, in the summer months, but in the early spring. Regularly, as the first week in March came round, he went abroad. A common-place tour, in beaten tracks, following the usual routine of travel in steamers and trains, and lodging at palatial hotels. No adventure had ever broken the uneventful record of these tours for over a quarter of a century; no more exciting incident than an unusual overcharge at some hotel had come within Portman Brown's personal experience.

In 18—, when March came round, he made the usual preparations for his yearly tour in his usual way.

On the evening before his departure, an old city friend, Mr. Goldsmith, dined with him at his house in Harley street. When about to leave, Goldsmith drew a small case from his pocket.

"I brought this with me on the chance that you were going to Cannes. You will do me a great favor by giving it into my brother's hands there. It contains a brilliant of such rare value that I could trust it to few. It will give you no trouble, being so small; there will be no risk, as no one will know you have such a thing with you."

"Anything to oblige a friend," said Brown, lightly. "I would take the Koh-i-noor as a traveling companion under the same circumstances."

The two men were standing at the study window, the blind of which happened to be up. While in the act of placing the case in his pocket, Brown's eyes wandered to the street. At the moment the light from a lamp in front of the door struck on the face of a man who was passing—or had been standing there?—a peculiar dark face, with straight black whiskers.

The man moved on.

Brown drew back hastily.

"None of your people knew that you were giving me this commission!" he inquired of Goldsmith.

"Not a soul, my dear fellow; the matter is entirely between you and me. My head clerk alone knows of the existence of the brilliant."

"What is he like?"

"Like you, like me. Respectability itself! What are you thinking of?"

"Has he white whiskers?"

"Grey as a badger's—white even! But, bless my soul, what is the matter? What do you mean? Have you seen any one?"

"A man was standing there by the lamp post as you handed me the jewel case. He was apparently looking at us, and might have heard what we said."

"Then he must be in the street still," said Goldsmith, throwing up the window and putting his head out; Brown did the same. The night was bright. Not a soul was to be seen anywhere—the street was quite deserted.

"A neighbor or a neighbor's butler. He has gone into some house." Goldsmith withdrew from the window. "In any case, no one could have overheard, nor, I should think, have seen us. As for my clerk, Travers, I boast myself an honest man, but I don't hesitate to acknowledge that he is the honestest of the two. Your imagination is playing you tricks. I didn't know you were given that way. Perhaps you would rather not take charge of the brilliant?"

But Brown would not hear of this. Already shamefaced over his hasty and somewhat ridiculous suspicions, he dismissed them abruptly.

"Not for worlds would I give up the charge," he said. "I'm not such a fool as I seem. The man probably is one of the new neighbors; there are a good many newcomers in the street."

Portman Brown set out next morning for Lucerne via Brussels and the Rhine, staying a few days at Ostend on the way. He took his place in the undeniable comfort of a first class carriage in the express to Brussels with a mind as free from care and uneasiness as an elderly gentleman ever possessed. A life of plain, undiluted prose had, up to this, kept his imaginative faculties in complete abeyance; lunatics, hypnotists, murderers, etc., as possible fellow-travelers, had never entered his mind. As a rule, indeed, his fellow-travelers no more excited

his interest or notice than his near neighbors at home. On this occasion he was just conscious, in leaving the station at Ostend, that an elderly couple were the other occupants of the carriage; he merely gave a passing glance from his newspaper at the man, a stranger who got in at Bruges and sat down on the opposite seat.

Nearly an hour had passed before Brown laid down his newspaper, and when he did he was horrified to see in the traveler who got in at Bruges the dark-faced man who had excited his suspicions when he started from London.

At Brussels Brown dodged the dark-faced man.

Never within the whole course of his experience in foreign ports had Brown passed a more wretched night; the morning found his nerves in a sad state. He, who had never before known himself the possessor of nerves! The fidgety man who made fussy arrangements about starting by the first train for Lucerne, and whose eyes had a way of casting furtive—not to say apprehensive—glances around, was strangely unlike the self-satisfied, phlegmatic Briton who had arrived the evening before at the Three Kings.

The success of his manoeuvre in leaving Brussels made him repeat it, and, besides, he was in a perfect fever to get to the end of his journey, and rid himself of the charge of the diamond.

His spirits rose considerably as the hour of the train's departure drew near without any appearance of the "shadower" in the station. Brown remained on the platform until the last moment, then, with a fervent sigh of relief, he entered the railway carriage. The train was just moving off when the door was suddenly opened, a breathless porter dashed in a handbag and parcel of rugs, followed by a still more breathless traveler. The door was shut, the engine shrieked the last departing signal, the train moved from Bale station. In one corner sat Brown; in another—the farthest on the opposite side—sat the man with the black whiskers!

The position in which Brown now found himself might well have appalled the bravest. He was alone in a railway carriage, with a scoundrel who had followed him from London. Brown had utterly abandoned surmise since last night and accepted each idea as an absolute certainty. The object in this scoundrel's view was the capture of the valuable diamond, which was at that very moment on Brown's person. A long journey lay before them, and Brown was unarmed. At this review of the situation his heart sank; he drew back instinctively into the corner. His eyes suddenly met those of the other man; a deep flush suffused his face, which seemed to find reflection in the other's. Brown hastily took up Baedeker and affected to read; the man opposite simultaneously did the same. A transparent unreality on both sides. Brown's furtive glances invariably caught—quickly withdrawn though they were—those of the other man levelled on him. While this went on, the slightest change of position, the least movement in the opposite corner, made Brown start. Might it not herald the approach of danger? A spring, a rush, the attack!

The tension was terrible; to remain inactive almost impossible. Brown had an inspiration, as a man in extremity sometimes has. Though he was not armed, he would pretend to be. That might do something; produce hesitation, or delay, at least. Accordingly, he deliberately assumed a bold, even threatening demeanor. Casting a truculent glance across the carriage, he plunged his hand into his pocket, affecting to grasp an imaginary revolver. To his intense delight the ruse took immediate effect. The man opposite gave an unmistakable start, and shrank back into his corner. So far, so good. But how to keep up the pretence? What to do next? At this crisis the whistle of the engine suddenly distracted

Good heavens! He had forgotten the long tunnel! They were coming to it now! His eyes, with a quick, involuntary movement, sought the lamp. It was not lighted!

Entrapped! Doomed! The wildest thoughts rushed confusedly to his brain. With a shriek the train plunged noisily into the tunnel, into darkness. The din and rattle outside contrasted sharply with the silence within the carriage. Crouched in his corner, Brown, his hearing sharpened to agonizing acuteness, listened for a stir, a rustle, the sound of human breathing drawing nearer to him. Every moment fancy detected a step, a stealthy, cat-like movement. His imagination, after the neglect of a lifetime, was now taking ample revenge. Uncontrolled and uncontrollable were its wild flights. Every railway murder of which he had ever heard flashed upon him with all the ghastly details. The spring upon the victim, the struggle, the death-stroke, the body thrown out on the rails. How idly he had read of these things happening to other men! But now to realize himself as the victim; his, the body! Absolute panic seized upon him; hardly knowing what he was doing, he tried softly to open the door. It was locked, however. His movements must have been heard, there was a stir at the other end of the carriage. The fatal moment had come, the assassin was advancing to the attack. In the extremity of his terror Brown sank swiftly on the floor and crawled under the seat.

For what length of time he crouched there, half stifled, scarcely daring to breathe, Brown knew not. Agony cannot measure time. A sudden and ex-

traordinary rush of air made his heart first stand still, and then sent the blood coursing wildly through his veins. The far door was swinging open! Something had happened! And what?

His straining ears detected no sound but the outside rattle and roar of the train through the tunnel; within all was silence. He remained listening in intense excitement and amazement until the hope which had hardly dared to stir in his breast grew into vigorous life. He was alone in the carriage? He was saved! Deliverance had come miraculously—why and how he knew not!

The tunnel was coming to an end; light began to stream into the carriage. Cautiously and slowly Brown peeped from under the seat. He was quite alone. The man had disappeared.

The fact of his escape was, at the time, enough for Brown. Afterward, in thinking over the adventure, he surmised that the man, deceived by his (Brown's) attempt to turn the handle of the door, had followed in supposed pursuit.

At the station, just outside the tunnel, Brown—alighting almost before the train had stopped—changed his place for one in a crowded second-class compartment. A few hours later the brilliant was safely transferred from his charge into that of Goldsmith's brother at Lucerne.

The rest of his tour was uneventful; he neither heard of nor saw his persecutor again.

Brown's adventure made quite a sensation on his return to London. He was the hero of the hour in his circle. Whether or not he related the circumstances exactly, as here set forth, need not be mentioned. His friend Jones, among others, gave a dinner party in his honor. Brown, with his usual punctuality, was the first of the guests to arrive.

"By the way," Jones said chaffingly to him, as the two stood chatting together on the hearth-rug, "you must look to your laurels to-night, Brown. Do you know Leroy, your neighbor in Harley street?"

"Never saw the man in my life. What's the joke?"

"A rival adventure! In Switzerland, too, and culminating in a tunnel—not sure that it wasn't the Olten one also!"

"Dear me! What an extraordinary coincidence!"

"In his case it was a lunatic, not a robber. He was shadowed at hotels and trains. You must hear the story from his own lips; he's dining here to-night. The climax is terrific. Shut into a railway carriage alone with a lunatic, aforesaid lunatic armed with a revolver. A long tunnel, an extinguished lamp, the lunatic crawling in the darkness to the attack, an escape by the skin of the teeth. Leroy has sufficient presence of mind to open the door and pretend to get out, in reality crawling under the seat instead. The ruse saved his life. He supposes that he fainted in the stifling air, for, when he was next conscious, the train had left Olten and he was alone in the carriage, from which all traces of the lunatic had disappeared."

Jones was so engrossed in telling the story, he did not remark its curious and startling effect on Brown.

Just then the door was thrown open, and the footman announced "Mr. Leroy."

Jones, springing forward with effusion to greet the new comer, led him gushingly to Brown.

"You two must know each other," he said.

And they did. The recognition was instantaneous on both sides. With a gasp, Brown stared in speechless wonder on the man with the black whiskers, while Leroy stared back aghast on encountering the gaze of the lunatic!—*London Truth*.

Ducks as Fire Extinguishers.

Once at a large house in the country the chimney took fire. The flames spread to the woodwork in different parts of the house, and although the fire was extinguished at each place it caught, it still burned in the chimney, and from time to time spread in some other direction. The fire grew hotter and hotter, and threatened to burst the chimney. It was hard to reach, and there seemed no way of putting it out.

The gentleman who owned the house was fond of fowls, and possessed some valuable ones. A boy who stood by looking at the fire saw the danger, a bright idea struck him. He ran to the duck pen and startled the sleeping ducks by seizing by their legs as many of the largest as he could carry. The ducks squawked vigorous protests, but were hurried off. A ladder was called for, and before any one realized what he was going to do, the young fellow mounted to the roof, and made his way to the chimney.

Flames and smoke were pouring out, but the boy went as near as he dared, and by a dexterous motion tossed a duck down the narrow shaft. It disappeared, fluttering and squawking. The flames subsided a little, and the smoke grew denser. The boy threw down another duck, and after a minute another. The cloud of soot and dust carried down by the flapping wings of the ducks smothered and checked the fire with such good effect that the advantage gained was easily followed up, and the fire soon put out without further damage.—*Harper's Young People*.

It takes an unusually good swimmer now-days to float a loan.—*Boston Herald*.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A wood-carving machine is successful.

Terrorite is more powerful than dynamite.

A pound of phosphorus is sufficient to pit 1,000,000 matches.

A Swedish cavalry officer has invented a horseshoe on which the calks and clips are changeable.

A street railroad to be operated by motors run by fuel oil will soon be in operation near Prague.

The Philadelphia mint has installed an Eddy electric motor of twenty-five horse-power, which is run by wires from the street.

It is estimated that twenty thousand horse-power will be required for the electric lighting plant of the Columbian Exposition.

Observation step-ladders are to be used in the Belgian artillery, the object being to enable a commander to better direct the fire of his gunners.

The Michigan Central Railroad has in use a new machine that does the work of 300 men in scraping the dirt dumped alongside of the track to the edges of the fill.

A spring has been discovered in Greenville, N. H., which contains an almost phenomenal amount of lithium, even more, it is said, than the famous spring at Londonderry.

Watch crystals are made by blowing a sphere of glass about one yard in diameter; after which the disks are cut from it by means of a pair of compasses having a diamond at the extremity of one leg.

A device has been invented by which an engine may be stopped on any floor of a building by simply pressing a button, thus making an electrical connection with the governor of the engine.

A toilet brush is made of two halves which are hinged and are detachable, one half being the brush and the other half the mirror, while in the space between is a comb, a tooth brush and a button-hook.

The Munich Poellier Physical and Optical Institute have constructed for the Chicago Exhibition an enormous microscope, manipulated by the aid of electricity. It has a magnifying power of 11,000 linear perspective and has cost \$8750.

It is stated that Dr. Lehner, of Augsburg, Germany, has solved the problem of manufacturing artificial silk. The fabric is said to be superior in lustre to natural silk, and cannot be distinguished from it; and that a limited company is to be constituted to work the invention. If this is true, and is found to be thoroughly practicable after a fair trial, it will revolutionize the whole industry of producing and manufacturing raw silk.

Mr. H. Darwin, of the Cambridge Scientific Instrument Company, has devised a "cup micrometer" for measuring the rate of growth of a plant. A thread is attached to the upper end of the plant and passes over a pulley. To its lower end is fastened a weight, which descends as the plant increases in height. The amount of its descent is a measure of the vertical growth of the plant, and it is obtained very exactly by means of the micrometer in question.

In a paper read to the French Academy of Sciences, M. Colin discusses the action of cold on animals. The rabbit endures considerable cold. Adults have lived in ordinary hutch suspended from the branch of a tree or standing on a heap of snow, and their temperature has only been lowered about one degree in five or six days, when the outside temperature varied from ten to fifteen degrees C. Other individuals have lived in perfect health for two months in cubical hutches, completely open on one side, when the temperature ranged from ten degrees to twenty-five degrees. Sheep and pigs are also able to live through severe weather, but the dog and horse are killed by it.

Checking Coughing and Sneezing.

Dr. Brown-Sequard, in one of his lectures, dwells with great emphasis on the importance of general knowledge in the matter of checking coughing and sneezing. He states that coughing can be stopped by pressing on the nerves of the lips in the neighborhood of the nose, and sneezing may be stopped in the same way. Pressing in the neighborhood of the ear, right in front of the ear, may stop coughing. It is so also of hiccupping, but much less so than for sneezing or coughing. Pressing very hard on the roof of the mouth is also a means of arresting a cough, and the will itself is often found to be a wonderful preventive. Dr. Brown-Sequard points out that in addition to the many ordinary reasons why people should know these simple facts, there are conditions under which this knowledge may prove of the greatest value. In bronchitis and pneumonia, or any acute affection of the lungs, hacking or coughing may lead to serious results, and the ability to readily mitigate or arrest them is of the highest importance.—*Chicago News*.

"Don't you think bye-bye is rather a silly sort of expression for sedate folks like us to use when we part?" she asked as she stood in the door of his office preparatory to her shopping tour. "It depends, my dear," her husband replied, "on how you spell it, I mean 'b-u-y, b-u-y.'"—*Washington Post*.

WE AND THE WORLD.

The world is the same as it used to be, But there have come changes to you and to me.

There is just as much right and as little of wrong.

There is just as much summer and sunshine and song.

But we—oh, we look through our tears and our care,

And we fancy the fields are all cheerless and bare,

And we say of the picture, "How sadly deranged!"

But it isn't at all, it is we who have changed.

The birds sing as sweetly, and brooks as they flow

Are babbling the songs of the glad long ago.

The butterflies dance in the meadow to-day, And the children are laughing about in the hay.

Our ears have grown dull and bedimmed is the eye, And we miss all the beauty of earth and of sky.

We are shut in ourselves; were we not we could see

That the world is the same as it used to be.

—*Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Herald*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The love of show is a sort of pompadour.

A commanding presence—The subpoena.—*Puck*.

A day-scholar—The pupil of the eye.—*Puck*.

Old age tells on one and so does youth.—*Dallas News*.

Cupid is ex-officio a member of every archery club.—*Washington Star*.

The knife-grinder ought not to be out of work in dull times.—*Picayune*.

Strange as it seems a collector's work is done while it is doing and when just begun.—*Judge*.

A cobbler would not be laying a heavy wager if he staked his awl.—*Detroit Free Press*.

There should be naught but admiration for an athlete's big feat.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A good man must stand on his dignity when he has nothing else to stand on.—*Picayune*.

Women may not be deep thinkers, but they are generally clothes observers.—*Texas Siftings*.

Making both ends meet—when the head of the family foots the bills.—*Washington Star*.

After people take a spin it is quite natural for them to feel like a top.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

If ignorance is bliss, the wonder is why so many people complain of being miserable.—*Atchison Globe*.

"This is very well put," remarked the editor as he dropped the poem into the waste basket.—*Washington Star*.

Georgia has a woman train dispatcher. Every small boy knows of a woman switendenter.—*Washington Star*.

The reason why a fly is generally monarch absolute of a bald head is because there is no hair apparent.—*Philadelphia Times*.

"Would you permit me to read you my last poem, my dear young lady?" "If it is your last really, certainly."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"In getting through a failure successfully," says old Mr. Cumrox, "a good deal depends on a man's lie-abilities."—*Washington Star*.

The world owes us a living, yet no man can collect the debt unless he pulls off his coat and takes it from the world's hide.—*Texas Siftings*.

"What do you sell a pound of tobacco for?" "Cash," was the laconic answer. "How much for a pound?" "Sixteen ounces."—*Philadelphia Times*.

The only objection to the self-made man is that in so many cases he has failed to put himself together so as to work noiselessly.—*Washington Post*.

It is about as easy for a beginner to keep his seat astride a bicycle as it is for a venturesome youth to ride the trick donkey at a circus.—*Detroit Free Press*.

How doth the little busy bee Improve each shining minute? Go search the little hat and see It's not so buzzing in it.—*Detroit Free Press*.

At 6 A. M. Tommy (yawning)—"A river must have a good time." Dick—"Why?" Tommy—"Because it doesn't have to get out of its bed."—*Lowell Citizen*.

Brown—"I say, doctor, what will happen to a man if he drinks about four quarts of water in the morning?" Doctor—"Can't say, certainly. But I can say what has happened to him."—*Chicago News*.

"If I were to commit suicide," said Gus de Jay to his father's physician, "What kind of a verdict would the coroner bring in?" "Justifiable homicide," was the emphatic reply.—*Washington Evening Star*.

Merchant—"I missed you from the store yesterday afternoon." Clerk—"Yes, I was down to the Y. M. C. A. rooms leading a prayer-meeting." Merchant—"Is that so. How was the unpinning?"—*Binghamton Leader*.

Papa—"See the spider, my boy, spinning his web. Is it not wonderful? Do you reflect that, try as he may, no man could spin that web?" Johnny—"What of it? See me spin this top. Do you reflect that, try as he may, no spider could spin this top!"—*New York Sun*.