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NO. 1.

General Miles disapproves of the plan to consolidate State militia with the regular army.

When American farmers do business with Europe, brags the Philadelphia Record, they do it on a large scale. It will take \$100,000,000 to pay for the wheat which France will this year be compelled to secure from this country.

Now Russia, following the example of England, Germany, France, Austria, Belgium and Switzerland, has adopted a magazine gun for the armies. "The United States has yet to fall in line," comments the New York Mail and Express.

The Treasury officers at San Francisco have rejected papers presented at that port by Chinamen seeking admission to the country, as certificates of identification issued by the Chinese Government, in compliance with Section six of the Restriction Act adopted nine years ago. This section provided that all Chinese, other than laborers, to be permitted to enter the country, should show a Government certificate properly identifying them. Chinamen have not attempted to avail themselves of this provision until within the last few months. The port officers suspected that the papers offered were forgeries, and have since ascertained that such documents, forged and bearing an imitation of the imperial seal of China, have been sold to Chinamen coming to this country for from \$250 to \$300.

The rapid, the startling growth of the debt of Canada, states the *New England Magazine*, which has increased from \$78,209,742 in 1870, to \$238,000,000 in 1890, with a population almost at a standstill and a stagnant trade, has struck calm, impartial observers with the idea that there has been something wrong in the government of a peaceful young State of enormous extent and great natural resources. Of course, a large portion of this debt was incurred for the construction of railways, improvement of canals, and similar political and commercial works; but the results or returns do not compensate for the vastness of the new debt, with its oppressive load of interest. They freely comment upon the fact that while the United States have reduced their debt from \$59 to \$16.50 per head in twenty years Canada has run up her's from \$21 to \$47.

A young student at the Nichols Latin School at Lewiston, Me., who goes under the name of Lewis P. Clinton, is really Somayou, King of the Bassa tribe in the southwestern part of Africa. The tribe occupies a territory running back over the Kong Mountains, 500 miles in length and 200 miles in breadth, with an outlet to the sea. In his boyhood Somayou had a strong desire to learn the English language, so that he might trade for his people. With this determination he ran away from his tribe and finally found his way to this country under the care of a missionary. He is not only a good English scholar, but has shown average ability in mastering Latin, Greek, mathematics, and other studies. He contemplates a course in Bates College, after which his plan is to go back to his people, not as a ruler, but for the purpose of establishing a civilized colony and devoting his life and energy to the interests of his people, educationally and religiously. Somayou defrays his expenses at school by lecturing.

The French earned long ago an honorable distinction by their success in the treatment of the blind, and the figures read at the recent annual meeting of La Societe d'Assistance pour les Aveugles in Paris fully sustains their reputation in this respect. The two principal institutions of the city are the Clinique Ophthalmologique des Quinze Vingts and L'Ecole Braille, the former devoted to the preservation or the restoration of sight, and the latter to the instruction of the hopelessly blind. Since its creation in 1880 the Clinique has had under treatment 108,798 patients, and the proportion of cures has reached the splendid figures of ninety-five per cent., while the expenses incurred in each case has not exceeded seventy francs, or less than \$15. The Ecole Braille has an equally creditable account to give of itself. The blind boys and girls are educated to be breadwinners, not only for themselves, but in many cases for their parents and relatives. While at the school they not only earn enough to pay for their maintenance, but are able to contribute to a savings bank fund which is used to start them in business.

"IF WE MIGHT."

If we might, oh if we might
Turn back the wheels of time, my friend,
to-night;
If to the vale of childhood we would go
And climb again from those warm depths
below
To this steep hillside; live from day to day,
The past just as we lived it once, oh say
Would you be glad to tread the pathway
o'er,
The same old steps again, no less, no more?
If we might, yes, if we might
Turn back the whirling wheels, my friends,
to-night,
And slowly wind from youth to middle age,
The tangled road; if every blotted page
We would omit and let the good remain;
In life's book skip all the grief and pain;
Would you be willing then to live them o'er,
The backward years that can return no
more?

"If I might, oh, if I might,
Perhaps I would, perhaps I should to-night;
I am not wise. Old friendships were so true,
Old loves so sweet, and, even if I knew,
I must have all the sorrow, all the pain,
For love's dear sake I might go back again,
The thorny pathway to my willing feet
Would not be hard, I think it would be
sweet."

But, if the spring, ah! if the spring
Lead on to summer; if the autumn bring
The winter snowflakes; if the joyous chime
Of wintry bells ring in the blossom time,
Why would you live again the same old year,
Knowing another spring will soon be here?
The dead May violets rather should you kiss
And say, "Next year they will be sweet as
this."

And if the life, ah, if the life
We live on earth, so full of restless strife,
So full of joyful love, or blessed peace
Is beautiful, why should you wish to cease
The onward journey? Do not wish again
To live life over, even without the pain,
For oh, my friend, when life's best sun is set
The bright next day is Heaven, do not
forget.

—Julia H. May, in Boston Journal.

"NONA."

Count Raymond De Villemerre awoke from his lethargy and recognized his physician who was looking at him sadly.

"Saved again!" said the patient, smiling as he turned his head on the pillow.

"My poor fellow," sighed the doctor, and as his hearer opened his eyes wide in wonder he added:

"You are a brave man, and it is my duty to tell you the truth."

"Well?"

"You have all the symptoms of Nona."

"What's that?" asked Raymond.

"A fatal malady," replied the medical man; "you have recovered from the lethargy, and will be conscious for three hours, but, at the end of that time, death will come suddenly, instantaneously."

"Bother!" said the Count.

"Be brave, my friend; arrange your affairs, you have just time. Now I will leave you. Good-by."

Ten minutes later, Count de Villemerre, clad in a flannel dressing gown was calmly making his toilet. When he had polished his finger-nails, and given the last touch to his moustache, he lighted a cigar, and casting a heart-broken glance at the box, the contents of which he should never finish, he threw himself upon a couch and reflected. He was far too brave to fear death, and yet he found his situation an unpleasant one. The day before he had been seized with a violent illness and believing that his last hour was come, had sent for a notary and a priest, and had burned his letters. Then he had fallen into a heavy sleep from which he had not expected to awake. Now he felt like a condemned man, who, after having hopes of pardon, suddenly finds himself on the scaffold.

Outside his window was heard the ceaseless rattle of vehicles in the Champs Elysees, and every one seemed full of joy and health in the bright June sunlight. He himself felt vigorous and energetic, and he could hardly believe that to-morrow there would be a lugubrious procession, a heavy jolting hearse leading the way, then prayers and droning hymns around his grave. Yet, it was true; in a few hours, his joys, sorrows and affections, his whole life would be forgotten. Stretched comfortably upon the sofa, he finished his cigar, and in imagination lived his life again. Long-forgotten events of his childhood were recalled, then his various love affairs from the age of fifteen to twenty-five years, and more distinctly than all, the first few months after his marriage. He remembered every detail of those honeymoon moons. Ah, how happy he and Odette had been! He had loved her madly and with a fierce jealousy which made them both laugh.

And it had ended in a quarrel, a rupture caused by his mistake, and an act of rash folly on the part of the beautiful young countess. So they separated by mutual consent, but they continued to love each other in secret, and although they affected indifference and passed each other with cold bows on the Boulevard or at balls, they did not deceive their mutual friends.

him, even if she made no movement in response?

He seated himself at his desk, hurriedly wrote a brief message, rang the bell, and sent his valet to the telegraph office. Then he looked at his watch, he had two hours more to live.

"She will have just time to come," he said, but then he wondered whether she would come or not. Would that fond farewell touch her heart, or would the dignity of an offended woman be inexorable even to the last! The agony of suspense was now added to the anxiety with which Raymond de Villemerre, in spite of his gentlemanly self-possession, counted the minutes as they passed. He wrote a long letter to his mother, and the act brought tears to his eyes. It was hardly finished when a ring at the front door bell made him start, and a few seconds later the door of his room opened and a servant announced:

"Madame the Countess de Villemerre."

He stood up and turning pale, exclaimed:

"Odette!"

The young woman, however, stopped in the doorway, and with a frowning glance said coldly:

"This is a senseless joke."

"A joke!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"You sent me a dispatch saying that you were dying, and I find you sitting up writing. Good day, sir."

She turned round and was leaving him, when he said:

"Listen, Odette; let me explain, I entreat you. See, read this letter—only look at it once!"

He handed her the letter he had just written to his mother, and when she had glanced at the first page, she said:

"Then it is true. Oh, my poor darling!"

The next minute she had thrown herself upon his neck and burst into sobs. Long they stood there, clasped in a close embrace which seemed to contain their regrets for their few months of happiness and their remorse for their wasted years. At last they sat down, hand in hand, struck dumb, overwhelmed with sorrow. But the Count recollected what was due to the dignity of his noble ancestors, one of whom, his grandfather had whistled an air from the Indies Galantes as he mounted the scaffold in '93.

"Bah!" said Raymond, with a smile. "I have nothing to complain of; I ought to feel thankful for being allowed to die of a malady which will be the fashion to-morrow—"

But Odette stopped him with a glance of reproach. Women are not fond of such irony.

Then they talked of the past in low tones, as if they were already in a funeral chamber, and in spite of themselves they smiled at the thought of the days gone by. When they glanced round the room many a trifling object served to recall some event which occurred before their marriage. A hunting scene hanging on the wall made them hear once more the merry "Halla! Whoop!" piercing the November mist, and they spoke of their long rides side by side over the dried leaves of the forest. Some tiny dusty fans on the mantel carried them back to a cotillon danced together and to their flirtation under the exotic plants in the greenhouse. Then they wandered in fancy along the green, cool pathways of the Bois de Boulogne, lunched in the Chinese Pavilion, and came back by the Champs-Elysees to the busy, bustling city, parting for a few hours only, impatient to meet again (after the tiresome club and the five o'clock tea) at the opera, or, still better, to pass a quiet evening together at her home.

Raymond and Odette are so busy with their reminiscences that they lost all sense of time, and of the catastrophe which had brought them together again.

A ring at the front door roused them suddenly, and they looked at each other in acute anguish.

"Monsieur, Doctor Darlois," said a servant as the door of the room opened, and the new comer exclaimed in amazement.

"What! Up? And I came to—"

"To what?" asked Raymond de Villemerre.

"I came in order to report your death," said the physician.

"Thanks for the attention, Doctor," said the Count with a smile, and Madame de Villemerre exclaimed anxiously,

"He is cured then?"

"Evidently, Madame. It is very strange, the *Echo des Cliniques* of last week gave a most conclusive article on Nona. However, I am sincerely thankful, quite delighted—"

The good man was glad, of course, but yet at the bottom of his heart there was a tiny grain of annoyance. The Count whispered in his wife's ear:

"Shall we ask him to dine with us this evening, dear?"—*From the French, in Epoch.*

Feat of a Strong Man.

The Cinicelli circus had been performing at Riga, Russia, and was on board of a steamer starting for Duppeln. The strong man of the circus, who wanted to stay at Riga a few days longer took leave of the company and did not notice the signal for the departure of the steamer. When he looked around the boat was some feet off from the wharf, the paddles revolving, but the foot bridge still projected from the shore. He bent over, caught the bridge, and drew the boat back to the wharf by his own strength, then stepped ashore and waved his hat.—*Hartford Times.*

WISE WORDS.

The worst of slaves is he whom passion rules.

The anticipation of evil is the death of happiness.

The goal of yesterday will be the starting point of to-day.

True merit, like a river, the deeper it is, the less noise it makes.

Who ever heard of a pure thought or noble deed originating in a saloon?

Love is a blessed wand which wins the waters from the hardness of the heart.

To give heartfelt praise to noble actions is, in some measure, making them our own.

The scholar, without good breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable.

We seldom condemn mankind till they have injured us; and when they have, we seldom do anything but detest them for the injury.

If you have built castles in the air your work need not be lost; that is where they should be; now put foundations under them.

Haste and rashness are storms and tempests, breaking and wrecking business, but nimbleness is a full, fair wind blowing it with speed to the haven.

Let any man once show the world that he feels afraid of his bark, and 'twill fly at his heels; let him fearless face it, 'twill leave him alone, but 'twill tawn at his feet if he flings it a bone.

A New Locomotive.

The St. Paul Railroad is building two engines which promise a revolution in locomotive building. These engines will consume their own smoke and will have no smokestack. They will be fitted up with an electrical headlight, placed immediately in front of the boiler, thus giving the engineer an unobstructed view of the track ahead. The driving-wheels will be larger than on ordinary locomotives, and are intended for greater speed.

It is hardly possible to overestimate the value of the discovery of a smokeless locomotive, if the plan shall prove a success. To think of riding in a car without being exposed to a rain of soot and cinders when the window is opened, or being choked half to death with smoke when going through a tunnel or a snow-shed, is something almost too good for even the imagination. Railroad travel is thus a positive pleasure under such circumstances.

Nor is this all. The smokeless and cinderless locomotive does away with the danger of burning up wheat fields—a thing which occurs many times every year with the present style of engines. Spark arresters have been invented, but they do not do their work perfectly, and every summer the railroad companies have to pay for fires caused by sparks from their engines.

Again, where railroads run into cities the vicinity of the road is continually smeared and grimed up by the smoke and soot from the passing and repassing locomotives, and the housewife who hangs out her week's washing often has occasion to do anything but bless the present style of engines. This evil will be cured by the adoption of smokeless locomotives.

Every railroad in the United States ought to adopt these engines if they prove a success, and if they seem unwilling to make the change the law should lead them the necessary stimulus. The comfort and convenience of the people should be considered before the extra cost to the railroad companies.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Grafting Teeth.

Much has been written of late about skin-grafting, and a Reading physician has even succeeded in transplanting a mustache to the upper lip of a woman. But there are several local dentists who have met with remarkable success in grafting teeth. The process is known as implanting, and should not be confounded with either transplanting or replanting, both of which have been done for years. In implanting a tooth the gum may have entirely healed over, in fact a tooth may be implanted years after its predecessor has been removed. With the aid of cocaine the operation is not attended with any great amount of pain. The gum is thoroughly saturated with cocaine and an incision is made exposing the jawbone. A socket is then drilled into the bone, and a tooth, after having been placed in an antiseptic solution, is fitted into the socket and tightly bound in its place. The wound heals quickly, and in two weeks the grafted tooth partakes of all the nature of a perfectly natural tooth.—*Philadelphia Record.*

To Straighten the Eye.

Any squint or cast in the eye can be cured without the expense of going to a physician or an oculist. It is only necessary to get a pair of spectacles with plain glass in and to color the center of one of the lenses black. The eye will naturally make an effort to look straight ahead all the time, and after a few days the effort will be imperceptible. With a child a cure can be effected in a week, and with a grown person a month will suffice to remedy the worst case. Wearing smoked glasses is the best possible safeguard for weak eyes when in a strong light, and even these will help to get rid of a "cast" by strengthening the eyes and relieving them from unnecessary exertion.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

There is no way to bend wood better or cheaper than by steaming.

Recent experiments show that with proper appliances ordinary gaslight can be used in making photographs.

Fahrenheit at first used alcohol in making his thermometers. He was led to use mercury after experimenting with boiling water.

By a recent appliance to kitchen ranges the refuse from the kitchen is thoroughly dried, converted into charcoal, and used as fuel.

At the naval exhibition in London there is a colossal electric lamp, constructed by the Admiralty, which gives a light equal to 5,000,000 candles.

Jupiter is larger than all the other planets and satellites of the solar system. The sun is a little more than 1000 times larger than Jupiter. But Arcturus is 550,000 times larger than the sun.

A philological statistician calculates that in the year 2000 there will be 1,700,000,000 people who speak English, and that the other European languages will be spoken by only 500,000,000 people.

A scientific observer publishes a pamphlet to show that the European jaw is narrowing through the lesser severity of its labors that accompanies civilized food. The lower jaws of the later English are smaller than those of ancient Britons or even of Australians.

To the inhabitants of the moon, if there be any such beings, the earth appears sixteen times larger than the sun and of a blue color. That the aurora borealis is the tail to the earth like the tail to comets, and as seen from the moon streams out behind our globe in a bright and beautiful trail.

The rate of growth of corals is difficult to estimate. At the meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, Professor Heilprin exhibited a specimen of Porites astroides which had been taken from an anchor cast in the autumn of 1885. He estimated that the annual amount of increase was scarcely one-twentieth of an inch.

The latest plan to improve the draft of the furnaces of ocean steamers is to increase the height of the smoke pipes. The new steamer Scot, of the Cape Mail Line, is provided with smoke pipes 120 feet high above the grates, being the loftiest pipes ever put into a steamer. A draft of three-quarter-inch water pressure is thus obtained, all the steam needed is easily secured, and the use of fans is dispensed with. Her speed is nineteen knots.

Bombay has the greatest piece of solid masonry construction that the world has seen in modern times. For years past the water supply of Bombay depended upon works known to be defective, involving the possibility of a water famine. A consultation of eminent engineers was held, under the direction of the Government, with the result that a large dam was determined on to inclose the water shed of the valley which drains into the sea south of Bombay.

At Sophia experiments have been made in the last few weeks to ascertain the accuracy of the rapid-firing cannon recently received from the Gruson Works in Magdeburg. At a distance of 5600 feet a target representing two field cannon and ten men was almost completely demolished by twenty-five shots. A line of thirty wooden soldiers, lying six feet apart, so that only the heads were in sight of the marksmen, received twenty-six loads of chain shot and nine of shrapnell. Twenty of the chain shot and forty-one pieces of shrapnell struck fourteen wooden soldiers.

Wonderful Growth of Electric Trains.

Only twelve years have elapsed since the first crude suggestions of the practical working of an electric railway were made, and four years ago a list of a dozen would comprise every such road in the world in even passably successful operation, whatever the method of application. The first large commercial electric railway was, after many difficulties and discouragements, opened in the early part of 1888 at Richmond, Va.; and since that demonstration was made, the industry has grown until there are now in operation or under contract, on the general lines laid down at Richmond, not less than 350 roads in the United States, Europe, Australia, and Japan, requiring more than 4000 cars and 7000 motors, with more than 2600 miles of track, a daily mileage of nearly 500,000 miles, and carrying nearly a billion passengers annually. Fully 10,000 people are employed on these roads, and there has never been an authenticated report of death on account of the electrical pressure used. Over \$50,000,000 are invested in this industry in this country alone.—*The Forum.*

For the King's Pleasure.

In ancient records we find mention of four-wheeled carriages drawn by mules, to convey in vessels set apart the water of a noted river, for the use of a king then engaged in battle; for none other would the royal gentleman accept as a beverage, and even that not only until it had been boiled in silver vessels. In such princely manner rumbled the water-cart wetherover it might please his Highness to travel.—*Harper's Weekly.*

How is it that the same weather which makes your collar shrink from public gaze brings your battered cuffs down over the knuckles of your hands?—*Puck.*

THY BEST DELIGHT.

When thou who lovest well thy kind
Despairing ones shall chance to find,

Be their relief thy best delight,
And lead them forth from doubts dark
night,

Beyond the miasmatic breath
Coursing along doubt's vale of death,
To sunny hills where roses bloom
And faith's clear light dispels the gloom;

Where they shall hear the chorusing
Of all the sweetest birds that sing;
And sweetest brooks that ever sung,
Since brooks and birds, and time were
young

Shall purr and sparkle in the light
Succeeding unto sorrow's night!

Then ever shall a voice for thee
Sing hope-inspiring minstrelsy
Far sweeter than the singing heard
From any brook or any bird

In happiest glen of all the world,
And like the brooks that joyous purled

In Eden when the earth was young
And all the stars together sung!

And dost thou doubt, and point to men
Who bless and are not blessed again,

But live in grief, and grieving die
Of much bestowing charity?—

Perhaps not here, yet in some clime,
Perhaps not now, yet some good time

Of God's sure years, shall greet the eye
That moistens here with sympathy

Scenes bright as those the seer of old
Entranced on Patmos isle beheld,

When full the radiant glories shone
From gates, and temple, and the Throne!

—*Aella Greene, in Boston Transcript.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

To err is human, to forgive, divine;
But Justice says: "We can't remit the fine."
—*Puck.*

An abandoned barn is not half so bad
as an abandoned farmer.—*Lovell Courier.*

"This is a very wet country. What
do you raise here chiefly?" "Umbrel-
las!"—*Puck.*

"I am feeling my ground," said the
man who slipped up in his own door-
yard.—*Washington Post.*

Poet (in newspaper office)—"Have you
an efficient staff?" Editor—"Perhaps
not; but I have a very effective club."
—*Puck.*

George—"Maude, do you love me for
myself alone?" Maude—"Of course I
do; but how many of you are there, any
how?"

The fact that brevity is the soul of
wit may explain why some of our bright-
est people are so unremittingly short.—
Washington Star.

Maud—"I wonder why they call it
the angry sea?" Webb—"Perhaps be-
cause so many people persist in crossing
it."—*Boston Post.*

Blanche—"Did you part owing to a
misunderstanding?" Rosalie—"Good-
ness me, no! We understood each other
too well."—*Judge.*

"Sir, how dare you disagree with
me?" said the cannibal, indignantly,
to the missionary whom he had just swal-
lowed.—*Washington Star.*

The man who fools around a mule,
Long after he's forbid—
Although he may not know it all,
Will know more than he did.
—*Philadelphia Times.*

Merritt—"She doesn't seem to get
much good out of her money." Cora—
"No; she spends it in getting things
which she says are too good to wear."
—*Judge.*

The difference between the amuse-
ments of an Arcadian shepherd and a
modern politician is, after all, only the
difference between piping lays and lay-
ing pipes.—*Our Society Journal*

He forgets not to boast what he does for his
brother,
Procuring him victuals and pelf;
Though it's not half so hard to beg for an-
other,
He finds, as to beg for himself.
—*Judge.*

First Hen—"There comes the woman
to drive us out of her garden." Second
Hen—"Yes; and she's picking up stone,
too. Let's fly out quick." First Hen—
"No, no; stay here." Second Hen—"But
she's aiming right for us." First Hen—
"Yes; and if we move we might get
hit."—*Liverpool Porcupine.*

In a battle, a soldier was wounded in
the head by a javelin. The surgeon ex-
amined the wound and told the man
that, as the weapon had not touched his
brain, there was every prospect of his
recovery. "Had I possessed any brain,"
said the soldier, "I should not have been
in the battle."—*Argonaut.*

"Oh, yes; he's quite a remarkable
man. Able to concentrate his mind on
one particular subject, no matter how
great the crowd and confusion around
him. His power of abstraction is simply
wonderful." "What is his special branch
of science?" "Kleptomaniac. I believe
they call it."—*Washington Post.*

Things one would have said differ-
ently: A young lady was calling for
the first time upon acquaintances, whose
friendship was exceedingly glad to
cultivate, and before whom she wished
to appear as advantageously as possible.
But as she withdrew gracefully from
the parlor, she exclaimed, cordially,
while shaking the hand of her hostess:
"Dear Miss G— do come and see
me soon, and don't stay as long as I
have done!"—*Christian Union.*