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Men of science say that the chemist will dominate coming inventions.

Canadian newspapers express disappointment at the surprisingly small increase of population shown by the census.

Statistics go to show that the male population of the civilized world is falling farther and farther behind the female.

The helplessness of an Asiatic in time of peril is proverbial, observes the San Francisco Chronicle, but this trait was probably never shown more conspicuously than by the Japanese who allowed his wife to be swallowed by a boa constrictor. The fellow was a woodcutter, instead of using his axe on the reptile he fled and sought help. When he returned his better half had wholly disappeared within the snake's maw, but the crowd lacked the nerve to attack the reptile and it escaped.

A satisfactory test is said to have been made of a new machine designed for use on railroads to clear away wrecks, whose simplicity and power are such that a small boy would not have the slightest difficulty in pulling an engine or car out of a ditch with its aid. It is the invention of a citizen of Newton, Mich. It has been put to a practical use as a puller of stumps, which it is said to extricate as easily as a clawhammer pulls tacks. A stock company is to be organized to put the machine on the market.

Widespread interest has been aroused in the subject of cruelty to animals at sea, declares the New York Press, by the exposures of Mr. William Hosea Ballou. The Montreal Star states that he aroused discussions in the Canadian Ministry as well as on both sides of the Atlantic, and gave rise to a question of international importance. Here is a British newspaper which indorses his attitudes toward British sea captains. The English Government promptly took hold of the charges made by Mr. Ballou and is ferreting out the offenders who are its subjects.

Frank Babbitt, the Boston traveler, says horse-car conductors the world over are well informed and affable as a rule. Frank Vincent, the great South American explorer, says he has found women in strange lands more courteous than men. Mungo Park had, of course, one experience at least which must have led him to an opinion similar to Mr. Vincent's. But what is one to think of those travelers, asks the Atlanta Constitution, when Mrs. French Sheldon declares that the native men were kind and the native women she met in Africa forbidding and cruel, while Lady Florence Dixey has said more than once that she could travel all round the world unmolested but for her own sex?

A mile from the village of Dwight, Ill., on the Chicago and Alton Railroad, is the model stock farm of Mr. Prime, son of the Rev. Dr. Irenaeus Prime, once of the New York Observer. It contains some 800 acres, is in a high state of cultivation, and is one of the show places of the county. It is not unusual for trains containing several thousand sheep from California to be switched off here, landed and recruited by a few days of rest and pasturage on the farm before being delivered over to the men in Chicago. Prime's crop reports, made at Dwight, are quoted in every large city between New York and San Francisco, and the gentleman who sends them out is equally famous for his hospitality.

Says the New Orleans Picayune: John Doe owns a farm in New York on the bank of the Niagara River, and he makes an honest penny now and then pasturing cows for his neighbors. Richard Roe has also a license from him to hitch his row boat on the bank, with incidental right of ingress and egress through the pasture. Some weeks ago Richard lost his chain and improvised a rope of hay with which to moor his boat. Now, Ebenezer Dick's cow, pastured in the lot aforesaid, is fond of hay, and smelling the fragrance of the extempore rope, she waded into the river, climbed into the boat, chewed up the rope and floated down the stream over the falls, where she met an untimely death. The boat was also pulverized en route to Queenstown. Has Ebenezer Dick any right of action for the loss of his cow? If he has, of whom can he recover? Has Richard Roe any remedy for the loss of his boat, and if so, against whom? Will some one please answer?

TO A CLOUD.

Under the bending mountain skies I lay, with half-shut, dreamy eyes,
In the sweetest month of spring,—
When a little cloud came, so soft and white,
It seemed but a fleecy streak of light,
Or the flash of an angel's wing.

I had marked the mountain's fitful mood,
Its tall head wrapped in a flame-red hood,
Or its base in a misty shroud;
But through all its cliffs where sunbeams played,
And in all its shifting light and shade,
There was nothing like the cloud.

So fair, so far, it seemed to float,
With the airy grace of a white-winged boat,
And the deep-blue sky for a sea,
It might have been that an angel crew
Were voyaging the distant blue
With the Pilot of Galilee.

O winsomeness of the upper sea,
My fettered thought looks up to thee,
In thy supernal place,
And long thine airy decks to tread,
Thy cloudland-charted course to thread
Through realms of trackless space.

In vain does blinded science guess
The texture of thy dewy dress
With earthly mechanism!
I view thee through another glass,
And make thy borrowed beauty pass
Through Fancy's finer prism.

But, ah! no cloud-compelling Jove
Will hear the prayers I breathe above
To stay thy wayward flight;
And while I strain my yearning eye,
Thy trailing banners through the sky
Are bidding me good-night.

—William Rice Sims, in Lippincott.

A WIFE'S TRIUMPH.

BY SHIRLEY BROWNE.

"I don't deny but what I was considerably surprised to hear of Joe's marriage," said Mr. Ailesbury, sitting in his wheelchair in the sunshine. "I didn't know he had no such idea in his head. But everything happens for the best, and the old place is clean run down for want of a nice stirrin' housekeeper. Berenice Stubbs charges a dollar and a half a week, and wants the washin' put out, at that. Things didn't go this 'ere way in the life-time of my secon' departed—no, nor yet while my first was livin'. I'm willin' now to confess that I was sort o' turbin' over in my mind the idee of askin' Pantheon Jones's widdier if she'd any objections to share my solitary lot; but this marriage o' Joe's puts things in a different light. I wasn't sartin but what he was going to be an old bachelor. I do hope his new helpme't can riz bread and flannin' cakes, and soft soap. Berenice Stubbs never made soft soap. She was fairly ruinin' me with her soap boughten at the store. And there's all my two deceased partners' calico gowns upstairs, in the blue paper trunk, waitin' to be made patchwork of. Of course she'll be handy with the needle, or Joe wouldn't hev selected her."

And Mr. Ailesbury chuckled at the prospect of "the good time coming." "Is this my new home, Joe?" The bride stood in the clean-scoured, whitewashed kitchen, looking around in a bewildered sort of way. She was slight and small, with large blue-gray eyes, and a delicate complexion. Her traveling dress was of the softest pearl gray, and she wore daintily fitting gray kid gloves, and boots so tiny that it almost seemed as if the grass of the door-yard, like the harebells of Sir Walter Scott's poem, must have "risen elastic from her tread." Her stalwart husband, standing beside her, looked down with beaming pride on her miniature beauty.

"Why, yes, pet," said he. "Isn't it like what you had fancied?" The bride laughed hysterically. "Not in the least," said she. "But I dare say I was absurdly fanciful."

"I guess," said old Mr. Ailesbury, "that Mrs. Joe had better change that a flinky dress for something plainer, and help Berenice Stubbs with the supper. Berenice is sort o' plagued with neuralgia to-day."

"She's too tired to do much to-night, father," said Joe.

"Tired! What's she done? I don't call it hard work to go ridin' in the railroad cars. Do you?" Berenice Stubbs, a hard-faced female with a waist like the town pump, and sharp, twinkling eyes thatched with sparse white lashes, regarded Mrs. Joseph Ailesbury with scant favor.

"Don't look a bit as if she could wrory through a day's wash," said she. "These small folks is powerful wiry sometimes," said the elder Ailesbury. "My first dear deceased wasn't no taller than Mrs. Joe—but my! what a hand she was to turn off work."

When Mrs. Joe came in from the garden after tea with a bunch of clover pinks in her hand, her father-in-law was ready to accost her.

"Now you're here, Mrs. Joe," said he, "to sort o' see to things, I've told Berenice Stubbs she can go home for a half a week, and I'm curious to find out what sort of a housekeeper you'll make."

Mrs. Joe looked helplessly at her husband.

"Well, it costs something," admitted Joe.

"And you'll have to stop overnight at some tavern."

"Yes."

"It seems to me," growled the old man, "that all this is a senseless waste of money. You'd both of you a deal better settle down and go to work. I didn't go mooning around the country when I married my dear deceased first, nor yet my dear deceased second. Life is made for work, not for play."

"Time enough for that, father," said the reckless Joe. "A man doesn't get married—ordinarily, oftener than once in a life-time."

Mrs. Joe drew a long breath of relief when she found herself out from under the farm-house roof.

"Joe," said she, "I'm afraid I'm going to be an awful disappointment to your father."

"As long as you're not a disappointment to me," he retorted, laughing, "it doesn't so much signify."

"There must be a deal of work in that house—four cows, a hundred turkeys, a flock of sheep, a poultry yard full of Leghorn fowls, butter, eggs, cooking, washing, baking, scrubbing—"

"How do you know all this?" asked he.

"Miss Stubbs told me. Oh, Joe! why didn't you marry Berenice Stubbs?"

"Look in the glass, little girl, if you want that question answered."

"But I am so useless. You should have seen Miss Stubbs look at me when I said I didn't know how to make bread, and that I never had done a washing in my life."

"You'll easily learn, Ellie."

"Do you think I shall, Joe?" A little cloud, "no bigger than a man's hand," came over the pearly frankness of her brow. "Did your mother wash and bake and brew?"

"Presumably she did. But I don't remember her; she died young."

"Was she your father's first dear deceased?"

Joe nodded.

"What was the other one like?"

"Tall and pale, with a cough, and a habit of taking wintergreen-scented snuff."

"Would you like me to take to wintergreen snuff?" she queried.

He laughed.

"It hardly seems, dear, as if you could belong to the same race as those two poor, pale, drudging women," said he.

"Do all farmers' wives die early, Joe?"

Joe did not answer. He was unfolding the paper to read the latest news by telegraph.

Cousin Simeon Ailesbury was the village doctor, a pleasant old man with a bald head and a genial smile. Ellen Ailesbury made friends with him at once.

"You are very like your mother, child," said he. "She always reminded me of a little mountain daisy."

Ellen's lip quivered.

"I am glad you speak so kindly to me, doctor," said she, "for—somehow since I came to the old farm-house I feel as if I were a fraud."

"A fraud, my dear!"

The bright tears sparkled now.

"I was brought up to teach," said she. "I can do nothing about the house. And Joe's father seems to expect me to be the maid-of-all-work. Of course I can learn. I'd do anything to please Joe. But it's hard to think one is such a disappointment."

"Humph!" said Dr. Ailesbury, "I'll speak to Joe about that."

And that afternoon when Ellen and Mrs. Dr. Ailesbury were gone to look at a pretty case in the woods, the old man had a long talk with his cousin's son.

At the end of the week Joe went back to the Ailesbury farm.

"Well, I'm glad you've got the galloway," said the old man, with a long breath of relief. "All the farm work's behind, and Berenice Stubbs ain't worth half what she used to be. I hope your wife is prepared to take right hold of the butter and the poultry and—"

"No, father, she isn't," said Joe, valiantly. "Ellen isn't very strong, and she has never been used to the hardships of farm life."

"What did you marry her for?" snarled the old man.

"To be my companion and friend, father, not my drudge and servant."

"Your mother wasn't above work."

"My mother was dead and buried, sir, at the age of thirty—worn out, as all the neighbors tell me, by the hardships of her life. Your second wife, too, was a victim of the Moloch of work. I don't intend to lay Ellen in the churchyard at her side."

Mr. Ailesbury's brow darkened.

"I won't have no one in the house who don't earn their board," said he.

"Very well," said Joe. "We'll rent the little Barrow house down Locust Lane. It will be handy to my work at the carriage factory, and Ellen shall have a strong servant to help her with the house."

Old Ailesbury started up forgetful of his infirmities.

"Joe," said he, brandishing his crutch, "if you've been such a fool as to marry a mere wax doll—"

Just here his foot slipped; he fell, a dead, heavy weight, his head against the sharp edge of the table. The sentence was never finished.

"A month!" cried the old man, in a

cracked voice, "a month since I had that fall! Then I must 'a' been out of my mind. I must have had a fever."

"Well, I guess you just have," said Berenice.

"And who took care o' me?"

"Mrs. Joe, to be sure. Night and day. I ain't no hand at nursin' sick people, and there was a hull week some one had to sit up all night with you."

"But that slim, pale-faced creetur never done it?"

"Yes, she did. She said you was Joe's father, and there was somethin' about your eyes an' forid, as you laid asleep, that reminded her o' him. And she wouldn't leave you a minute."

"God bless her!" said the old man, turning his face away, with a curious thrill at his heart.

"Joe," said he, when his son came in a few hours later, "I've been very sick!"

"Yes, father."

"And they tell me I nearly died."

"They tell you the truth, father."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Bottles are made by machinery. Bethlehem, Penn., has the biggest hammer.

Chicago is about to add to its attractions a steel chimney, 250 feet high. Electricity is now being made to serve for use of headlights on locomotives.

Eye blinds and dark stables are said to be the greatest cause of blindness in horses.

A locomotive is running on the Chicago and Alton road which consumes its own smoke.

It has been calculated that 100 laying hens produce in egg shells about 137 pounds of chalk and limestone annually.

Henry Curtis Spalding claims that the Mea which Greathead utilized in his patents for tunneling really originated in America.

A French amateur photographer has mounted a camera on a kite, and gets remarkably clear views from a height of 100 to 150 feet.

Papier mache oil cans which are now being made are very durable, and impervious to any spirit or oil likely to be used in a machine room.

An expert electrician asserts that an electric train making 125 miles an hour would require 7000 feet in which to come to a standstill.

A physician in Craoow, Poland, has made some remarkable cures of cancer with a new medicine called cancrin. Its ingredients have not been made public.

An English physician, Dr. Lennox Maitwright, affirms that a mixture of methanol and carbonate of ammonia has proven to be the best remedy for hay fever. It is used as smelling salts.

Steel is now being used in the construction of large chimneys. Its weight is about one-third that of a brick structure of the same conducting power, and much economy in space is secured.

A hotel in Hamburg has been built entirely of compressed wood, which, by the pressure to which it is subjected, is rendered as hard as iron, as well as absolutely proof against the attacks of fire.

A light and compact form of rolled steel or iron columns has been placed on the market. They consist of two I beams bent longitudinally at right angles and bolted together with a small I beam between them.

The high price of coal on Mexican railways has resulted in the adoption of a novel type of compound engine and locomotive, and a consequent saving of twenty-five per cent. in coal is obtained with only a slight increase in weight.

Delicate electro-magnets are now successfully used in optical surgery for the removal of pieces of iron or steel which have entered the eye. The attractive power of the magnet causes such particles to be drawn to it, and they adhere when the magnet is drawn.

The largest gasometer in the world is now being built for a London company. Its diameter will be 300 feet, and the height 180 feet. Its capacity will be 12,000,000 cubic feet and weight 2220 tons. It will take 1200 tons of coal to fill it with gas.

The use of the search light on naval vessels which on blockade duty is being severely criticised, as it has been shown that they serve to show the position of a vessel when she would otherwise be invisible, thus making an attack with torpedo boats possible.

A novel idea in the running of street cars is that recently suggested and tried near Richmond, Va. Eight heavy springs are used, which are connected to the axles by suitable gearing. A winding engine will be built at the ends of the lines, which is four miles long.

Some of the monstrous cranes used in the Baldwin locomotive works at Philadelphia lift a big locomotive as easily as a mother does a baby. Each of them saves the labor of 150 men and does away with the necessity of having a complicated system of tracks for shifting the locomotives.

A late invention, the cushion car wheel, is described as being a thick rubber band placed between the tire and centre of the wheel, and which acts as a cushion, absorbing all vibrations. The rubber is so attached as to make any danger from a hot box or from corrosive action an impossibility.

A new Swedish glass is claimed to have important advantage for microscope and other fine lenses, giving greatly increased power. The chief improvements over other fine glass consists in the addition of phosphate and chlorine, which impart absolute transparency, great hardness and susceptibility of the finest polish.

An Electrode in the Stomach.

Herr Einhorn, a medical electrician, has devised an electrode for entering the stomach so as to enable the operator to send a current of electricity from the interior of the body to the exterior, or vice versa. The electrode consists of a fine wire, which is inclosed in an india-rubber tube, terminating in a capsule. The capsule is perforated so as to allow the current in the wire to escape to the stomach, while preventing the wire from touching the coats of the latter.

The patient drinks some water and swallows the capsule like a pill. The other electrode is applied to the skin in the ordinary way.—London Globe.

OVER THE RANGE.

Over beyond yon mountain range,
That dim, blue, spreading line,
There lies a country wondrous strange,
A country that is mine.

You may have crossed that highest peak,
But, prithee, tell it not;
The spell may vanish if you speak
Of that enchanted spot.

When I was young and full of dreams,
And watched the red sun set,
I thought I caught the golden gleams
Of rounded minaret.

Of tower, and of tapering spire,
Reflected in the skies,
Then thought I (though lit by desire),
Beyond some city lies.

When twilight faded into night,
And o'er the heaped earth
Blow Southland zephyr, cool and light,
Which waked new dreams to birth,
And on the breeze a fragrance-flow
That lingered in the air,
This sweet conclusion then I drew—
The Land of Flowers is there.

Now youth has gone—my other dreams
Have faded into naught;
But with the golden sunset streams
Still lives one youthful thought;
And fairland my musing fills—
It may not, may not be—
But yet beyond that range of hills
I will not go to see.

—Flavel Scott Mines.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A catch phrase—"Sick 'em!"
A flagging industry—stopping trains.
—Baltimore American.

Gay circles naturally indulge in rounds of pleasure.—Baltimore American.

A Western farmer recently threshed 1200 bushels of wheat and two tramps in one day.—Boston Bulletin.

"I have a misgiving in this affair," as the father said when he gave away the bride.—Baltimore American.

Bessie—"Aren't the breakers lovely!"
Millicent—"Yes, but I'd rather they were breakers."
—Brooklyn Life.

The most popular reading nowadays are the cereal stories from Russian sources.—Rochester Post-Express.

"Avoid the very appearance of evil" does not mean that you must cover up your rascality.—Dallas (Texas) News.

When a genealogical tree has many branches the descendants should keep shady about it.—New Orleans Picayune.

"Your views meet with my approval," said the customer, as he bought some photographs from a dealer.—New York Journal.

Never disturb a contemplative man. It is never safe to approach too near a train of thought when it is in motion.—Richmond Recorder.

Jessie—"I don't see how a woman can kiss a man who chews." Jack—"She has to take out her gum first, of course."
—New York Herald.

"This circumstance adds weight to the step I am about to take," remarked the convict, as he glanced down at his chain and ball.—Baltimore American.

First Fisherman—"What luck are you having over there?" Second Fisherman—"First rate; the harder it rains the drier I get."
—New York Herald.

"I see Jack and Mollie have made up again. Why was the engagement ever broken?" "They had a quarrel as to which loved the other most."
—Life.

Shakespeare in the Kitchen: "Let every man get his dessert, and which of us shall 'scape whipping?" sadly remarked the cream to the eggs.—Baltimore American.

Hay Fever Victim—"Doctor, can't you tell me how I can find relief from this constant inclination to sneeze?" Physician—"Yes, sir. Sneeze."
—Chicago Tribune.

"I cannot see why I do not get along better, I am not one of those fellows who want the earth, either." "No; what you want is the sand."
—Indianapolis Journal.

Quilter—"I suppose, Fakes, you have the entree to all the theatres?" Fakes (the critic)—"Yes; but, you see, I usually give them a roast in return."
—Boston Post.

"Well! If that isn't the meanest trick I ever heard of!" "What?" "They have sent an ossified man as a missionary to the Cannibal Islands."
—Indianapolis Journal.

"I kissed her; why those pouting lips? I kissed her only once. If fault it was, 'twas small indeed." "Ah, poor, short-sighted dunder, who cannot see she pouts because you only kissed her once."
—Omaha Bee.

Papa—"I understand, daughter, that new suitor of yours is a baseball celebrity?" Daughter—"Yes, papa, he is the greatest short stop in the country." Papa—"Short stop, eh? Well, I hope he will remember his specialty when he calls on you."
—Boston Courier.