

SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

Terms—\$1.25 in Advance; \$1.50 after Three Months

VOL. X.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1891.

NO. 3.

Over thirteen hundred trade journals are now published in the United States.

A commercial organ believes that Maine is destined to become the centre of the paper and pulp industry.

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

France is now trying to induce Brazil to enter into a reciprocity treaty similar to that recently entered into with the United States.

The Liverpool Journal of Commerce is informed that the engineering world will shortly be startled by the appearance of a new engine which will revolutionize motive power.

A few days ago, soliloquizes the Boston Transcript, American hoodlums were all headed for Canada. Now Canadian hoodlums are coming across the border. Hoodlum is a bad rule that works both ways.

A weighing machine has been invented which weighs cars at the rate of six per minute, the cars being moved along the track. A device automatically records the weights on a piece of tape similar to that used on the ticker machine.

While flats are becoming increasingly popular in France among people of moderate means, people in a corresponding position in Germany are as anxious to live in houses of their own, and a company has just been formed in Berlin to enable them to do so.

The native population of Alaska has decreased 8000, or over twenty per cent., in ten years. The cause, laments the St. Louis Republic, was the usual one—education by association with white people and the attempt to assimilate the highly developed vices of civilization.

Says the San Francisco Chronicle. Over one hundred of the Mescalero Apaches in New Mexico have asked that lands be set apart for them in severalty. Quite recently an allotment of this sort was made in the Southern part of this State. This is the correct solution of the Indian problem. Give them the same privileges as the white man, and no more, and let them sink or swim.

Two new Atlantic liners, to be 600 feet long and faster than anything afloat are guaranteed by the builders to be ready for sea early in the spring of 1893. They will be almost as long as the Great Eastern, though not nearly so wide. They will have quite as much engine power as that unfortunate steamship had, but it will be so compact and economized that it will not occupy one-third as much space nor be one-quarter the weight of the old paddle and screw engines.

It is difficult to estimate, confesses the New York News, the amount of money that has been left in Europe this year by American tourists. Taking all the expenses into consideration, however, the passages out and home and the average sum disbursed on the other side, the aggregate cannot be far from \$75,000,000. All of this has to be paid out of the products of labor in this country, and if it is not returned in the shape of the gold paid for our wheat, petroleum and other articles, it will represent the cost paid by this country for the pleasure of its citizens abroad.

In no other department of the World's Columbian Exposition, perhaps, will be seen a greater diversity of exhibits than in that of mines and mining. Not only will there be a dazzling array of diamonds, opals, emeralds and other gems, and of the precious metals, but a most extensive collection of iron, copper, lead, other ores, and of their products; of coal, granite, marble, sandstone and other building stone; of soils, salt, petroleum, and, indeed, of almost everything, useful or beautiful, belonging to the mineral kingdom. How extensive the mineral exhibit from other countries will be, it is yet too early to know, but the indications are that it will surpass any that has heretofore been made. However that may be, there is no doubt that the mineral resources and products, not only of this country as a whole, but of each State and section, will be of the most complete and representative description. Chief Skiff, of the Department of Mines and Mining, is confident that this will be the result of the plans which he is pursuing.

BETWEEN THE GATES.

Between the gates of birth and death
An old and saintly pilgrim passed,
With look of one who witnesseth
The long-sought goal at last.

"O thou whose reverent feet have found
The faster footprints in thy way,
And walked thereon as holy ground,
A boon of thee I pray.

"My lack would borrow thy excess,
My feeble faith the strength of thine;
I need thy soul's white saintliness
To hide the stains of mine.

"The grace and favor else denied
May well be granted for thy sake,"
So, tempted, doubting, sorely tried,
A younger pilgrim spake.

"Thy prayer, my son, transcends my gift;
No power is mine," the sage replied,
"The burden of a soul to lift,
Or stain of sin to hide.

"However the outward life may seem,
For pardoning grace we all must pray;
No man his brother can redeem
Or a soul's ransom pay.

"Not always age is growth of good;
Its years have losses with their gain;
Against some evil youth withstood
Its hands may strive in vain.

"With deeper voice than any speech
Of mortal lips from man to man,
What earth's unwisdom may not teach
The Spirit only can.

"Make thou that holy Guide thine own,
And, following where it leads the way,
The known shall lapse to the unknown
As twilight into day.

"The best of earth shall still remain,
And Heaven's eternal years shall prove
That life and death, and joy and pain
Are ministers of Love."

—John G. Whittier, in the Independent.

AUNT MEHETABLE'S VISIT.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"It's all very well for them to invite me to go and visit them down in York State," said old Miss Mehetable Bevis; "but, of course, they know that I won't come."

"Of course!" snarled Mr. Bevis, who did not believe in anybody but himself. "Why should they want you, Mehetetty? You ain't very young, nor yet you ain't very attractive."

"In that case," said Mehetable, not without a lingering vestige of spirit, "I'm surprised, Brother Reuben, that you and Betsy tolerate me here."

"Wa'l," said Farmer Bevis, slowly taking the pipe out of his mouth, as if this were a new and unconsidered question, "you're my sister, Mehetetty, and you've a natural claim on me. Of course I ain't goin' to see none of my kith and kin turned on the poor-house. And I don't deny, mind, Mehetetty," he made haste to add, as he saw the indignant color mounting to her cheeks, "but that you earn your victuals. You're a smart worker, Mehetetty, and always was. And Betsy is glad, with her big family, to have some one to help around."

"I should think so," said Mehetable. "Why, Reuben, you could not hire anybody to come here and do the work I accomplish for four dollars a week, let alone the board and lodging!"

"What's all this got to do with the question? What I meant to say was that Brother Ben's fashionable city daughter and her husband can't care about plain folks like us."

"I am sure they enjoyed their visit here," observed Mehetable, knitting away as if her needles were electric wires. "And nothing could be more cordial than the invitation they gave me to return it."

"City folks are always smooth-spoken," said Mrs. Bevis, a lantern-jawed, faded-eyed, blue-nosed woman, with her face eternally tied up in a yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, and a most aggravating way of singing her sentences through her nose. "I'm glad I charged 'em a good high price for granny's old spinning-wheel, since you wouldn't let me ask no board-money."

"I should think not," said Miss Mehetable. "Reuben's own brother's daughter! Board, indeed."

"Of course, Mehetable will do as she pleases about visitin' 'em," said Mrs. Reuben Bevis, watching diligently away at her "Fool's Chase" quilt pattern. "But it was very plain that they only asked her because they thought it was a duty. And if Mehetable goes off and leaves us just now with the quilting and the peach-butter and the apple butter all at once—"

"Well, what then?" said Mehetable, knitting away faster than ever.

"Mrs. Bevis teased her head."

"In that case," said she, "you needn't be surprised if we hire some one else in your place. And, of course, you won't expect to come back to free board and lodging here."

Miss Mehetable laid down her work.

"Before this morning," said she, crisply, "I hadn't made up my mind. Now, I have. I shall go to Mrs. Walter Cherryfield's. If matters have come to such a pass that I can't go and come when I choose, but must dudge on day by day like a slave, why, then, it's time I knew it."

"You and Betsy never could agree," groaned Reuben Bevis, with a lugubrious countenance.

"It ain't my fault," snapped Mrs. Reuben. "There ain't no saint in the calendar could stand what I've stood with Mehetetty's temper."

"Guess you'd better patch up a peace,"

urged Mrs. Bevis. "Hired help is dreadful scarce, Betsy—and, as for you, Mehetetty, 'taint long one would put up with your old-maidly ways as Betsy does."

But the "little rift within the lute" once split apart, was past mortal power to mend. Betsy took herself and her neuralgia sulking out of the room. Mehetable quietly but steadfastly adhered to her resolution—and Mr. Reuben Bevis at last lost his temper.

"Wa'l, Mehetetty," said he, "go your own way. But you're as contrary a piece as ever I sat eyes on, and I don't know how I and Betsy ever got along with you all these years. P'raps it's best we should part now—but don't you come back to me for food and shelter—that's all!"

"I shan't ask you for even that much, Reuben," said his sister, quietly rising and putting up her work. "But we're brother and sister after all, and after ten years of steady work for you and yours, I'd a little rather have parted in good will and amity."

"That's bosh!" said Bevis, gruffly. "You've had your own way, and I hope you'll find it pays best in the long run."

Mehetty went slowly to her room, packed her trunk and dressed herself in an antique debrige dress, cut in the fashion of full twenty years ago, with a shirred poke bonnet, thick calf-skin boots and pale-blue cotton gloves, while under her arm she carried a green gingham umbrella, thrifflily patched with material of a darker emerald.

"I'll settle the question at once," she murmured to herself, "whether or not they are ashamed of their old Aunt Mehetable, from Deer-Horns, up in Maine!"

And then, wishing Reuben and Betsy a pleasant good-bye, which neither of them saw fit to notice by word or look, she went straight to the stage-office.

Lawyer Darkley rushed out of his office as she stepped briskly by in her squeaking new boots which, as the errand-boy remarked, sotto voce, "was every bit as good as a band of music," and smilingly accosted her:

"Miss—ahem!—Miss Bevis, are you leaving town without any more definite instructions as to—"

"Hush!" said Mehetable, abruptly. "Not a word! Yes. I will write in a day or two. Remember, Mr. Darkley, everything is confidential between us."

The lawyer nodded, and retired once more into his little den, and Miss Bevis hurried on to catch the afternoon stage.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cherryfield were having a little evening reception that bleak November night. Miss Mehetable Bevis had not been ignorant of this fact; in truth, Mrs. Walter had mentioned it incidentally in her last letter to Deer-Horns; and she marched up the steps looking curiously at the brilliantly lighted windows.

"And now we shall decide this matter," she said to herself, "as to whether my city cousins are glad to see me."

Yes, Mrs. Cherryfield was at home. The waiter looked dubiously at the strange guest, so unlike the fancy figures muffled in soft white garments that made them seem like floating clouds, that came and went from satin-lined carriages close to the curbstone. He would call her, he said, if the lady would step into a side room and wait. It was Mrs. Cherryfield's birth-night, and—

"No," said Mehetable, "I will go in to her. Stand aside, my good man, if you please!"

Mrs. Cherryfield's face flushed with unmistakable pleasure at this unexpected apparition, as she hurried to meet the visitor from Deer-Horns.

"Aunt Mehetetty," she cried. "Oh, this is a surprise, indeed! I am so glad to see you. Here's Walter, and here are my girls! And now you must let me introduce you to my friends. This is Mr. Warrenton, the artist; you know I told you about him last summer—and Miss Brinagone, who wrote the volume of poems you liked so much—and this is Miss Stallenkamp and Miss De Vauren—but what a thoughtless creature I am! Let me take you up to my room to remove these heavy wraps!"

"No," cried cherry Walter Cherryfield. "Up to your room, indeed! What for, Alice? Aunt Mehetable shall take off her things here, and then we won't lose a bit of the fun. It's like a whiff of the fresh mountain breeze to see Aunt Mehetetty's face again—and I'll lead off the Virginia reel with her myself!"

While the girls clustered around her, eager to introduce their friends, anxious to make her wholly and entirely at home, so cordial and sunny, that Miss Mehetable scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry.

"Reuben said your invitation was a mere matter of form," said she in a choked voice. "That you didn't want to see me! But I guess Reuben ain't such a good judge of character as he thinks himself."

And then the umbrella, poke-bonnet and clogs having been removed by the trim little maid-servant with the blue ribbons in her hair, Aunt Mehetetty was whirled down the center by Walter Cherryfield in genuine country style.

Aunt Mehetable stayed a month with the Cherryfields. She drove in Central Park, looked with awe-struck eyes at the smoke-crowned serpents of the elevated road gliding above her head, and wandered through the aisles of the Metropolitan Museum. She went to see the obelisk, was taken over Brooklyn Bridge—and when she went home to Deer-Horns and tried to think of them all, she felt as if her brains had been chopped up into very fine hash.

"But if I'd be the President's lady herself," Miss Bevis always added, "the

Cherryfield's couldn't have made a greater fuss over me!"

She had not been at the village hotel more than two days before her brother Reuben drove over in his funny little one-horse buckboard.

"Mornin'," said Reuben, succinctly "Heard ye had a nice time at Alice's."

"I never enjoyed myself so much in all my life," Miss Mehetable answered, with spirit, "nor never was treated better!"

"Humph!" said Reuben. "Wa'l, Betsy don't seem to get along with the hired help we've employed; and so, as we concluded you'd be glad to get home again, I've fetched the buckboard for you."

"Much obliged," said Miss Mehetable; "but this is home."

Reuben stared around the room. "Why," said he, with lobster eyes of amazement, "this 'ere must cost you a dollar a day, at the very least!"

"About that," said Miss Mehetable, serenely. "But I calculate, Brother Reuben, that I can afford it. I didn't tell you, did I, about those Leadville bonds I took just to accommodate Leander Jarvis's widow, before she went West. I held my tongue about 'em, for I was afraid I had done a foolish thing, but they've quadrupled in value, and Lawyer Darkley has just sold 'em out and invested thirty thousand dollars for me in government stock. So I can live pretty much as I please."

Reuben involuntarily took off his slouch hat—a sort of tribute to the heiress of all this wealth.

"Well, I do declare for 't!" said he, "Some folks have all the luck. Why, Miriam Jarvis wanted to sell me them bonds at par, and I told her I'd have nothing to do with such wild-cat stuff, not at no price."

"And," added Miss Mehetable, with a secret satisfaction in the too perceptible changes of her brother's flint-like face, "I've made my will, and I've left it to my niece Alice and her girls. I like to think that honest and friendly folks will enjoy it when I am gone."

Reuben turned silently and went out. And when he related the story to his wife, he added, with true matrimonial courtesy:

"It's all your fault, Betsy. You must put an end to quarrel with her when there wasn't no occasion. Women is such blamed fools!"

"Everything is always my fault," answered the despondent Betsy, bursting into tears. "There never was a woman so tried as I be!"—New York Ledger.

First American Water Works.

John Christopher Christensen, a Danish Moravian, built the first water works in the United States in 1762 at Bethlehem, Penn. The machinery is thus described in an early print. It consisted of three single-acting force-pumps, having a calibre of four inches and an eighteen-inch stroke, which were worked by a triple crank and geared to an undershot water wheel having a diameter of eighteen feet, and two feet clear in the buckets. The total head of water was two feet. On the shaft of the wheel was a wallower of thirty-three rounds and gearing into a spur-wheel of fifty-two cogs, attached to the crank. The three piston rods were attached each to a frame or cross-head working in grooves to give them a parallel motion with the pump. This cross-head was of wood, as were also all the parts containing the grooves as guides.

At first these works were capable of raising the water to a perpendicular height of seventy feet, but afterward were so arranged that the power was increased to 114 feet.

As late as 1833 the primitive affair continued in full operation. Gum wood was used in the construction of the first rising main, because it was strong enough to resist the great pressure at that point, but the remainder was composed of pitch pine. Thirty-six years after this main was laid lead pipes were substituted, and in 1813 iron ones were introduced and served the purpose until the works were replaced by those of more modern pattern.—Detroit Free Press.

Primitive Pottery.

The primitive potters kneaded clay by hand and baked the articles made from it in the sun, but they were very porous and fragile. Then it occurred to the potters to subject them to the action of the fire and thus increase their consistency and resistance, but the wares still remained porous, which led to the discovery of making them impermeable by covering them with a glaze. The early glaze was, however, hardly more than a varnish, and the white enamel glaze of the present day has been attained by a long series of experiments too intricate to detail in this column.

Pottery which is coated with this enamel is by the French called faience. In Italy it is known as majolica, because the methods employed by the Italians were imported from an island of that name.—Philadelphia Record.

Asiatic Pheasants in Oregon.

It is said that the Asiatic pheasants were imported and set free in the forests of Oregon some years ago, have fully justified the hopes of their importers by the rapidity with which they have multiplied where they have not been molested by hunters. These birds are of very gorgeous plumage, and are excellent game fowls, being strong and hardy, of large size and very good eating. Stringent laws have been passed to protect them from pot hunters.—Picoyana.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Coffee acts as a germicide.

Electric pleasure-boats are successful. An automatic electrical pump has appeared.

A process for photographing in colors has been patented in London.

It is estimated that the coal strata underlying Colorado exceeds 30,000 square miles.

To make cloth that is used in lining shoes waterproof, use oiled silk or heat the linings in melted paraffin.

A station of the maritime zoology of the Johns Hopkins University has just been opened at Port Antonio in Jamaica.

A society has been formed at Berlin for the purpose of co-operating in astronomical and meteorological researches.

A mining corporation in the copper region of upper Michigan will sink the deepest shaft in the world—over 4000 feet, at least.

Minute electric lights are successfully used in dentistry, making the very small cavities visible when they would otherwise escape notice.

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

Although diamonds will stand a very high temperature when held in vacuum, the admission of air causes them to burn almost as readily as coal.

A recent invention used in factories enables any person in any part of the factory to stop the main engine by simply pushing an electric button.

Edison is now at work on an electric motor to replace the ordinary locomotive. It is designed to take up electricity from a central rail and to develop at least one thousand horse power.

The French have planted works at Havre, France, for utilizing the ebb and flow of the tide to work turbine wheels to generate power for the dynamos to supply Paris with light.

Small cups are now being used with great success by oculists for the cure of long-sightedness and kindred diseases of the eye. The cupping restores the circulation and strengthens the tissues.

A new invention by which it is said that the stamps on 40,000 letters can be canceled in an hour is on trial in the New York Postoffice. It is operated on the rotary system, and is run by electricity.

A new treatment for yellow fever has cured every case of this disease in Santiago de Cuba. The principal part of the new process consists in placing the patient in what is termed a "polar" room.

In establishing the longitude of McGill College in Montreal, Canada, by means of the telegraph, it was found that it took the electric current 1.05 seconds to cross the ocean and return, a distance of 8000 miles.

At the naval exposition in London, there is a colossal electric lamp, constructed by the admiralty. It gives a light equal to that of 5,000,000 candles, and is placed in a model light-house, fifty-six meters above the ground.

Notwithstanding the assertion that there is no animal life in Death Valley, the Government surveying party has found 200 varieties of mammals and sixty varieties of reptiles, specimens of which have been forwarded to Washington.

There are said to be no moles in Ireland. Mr. C. I. Trustad, of the British Naturalists' Society, has never seen a mole-hill in that country, and an acquaintance of his at Belfast, a naturalist, says, "It is a fact that moles do not exist in Ireland."

Progress in electric roads can be seen from the following: In 1885 there were only three in this country. Now we have 325 roads, with 4000 cars. The comparative cost per car mile is 18.12 cents, while for horse cars we have 18.16 cents and for cable 14.12 cents.

Professor Karl Myer, who is conducting the Government experiments for producing rain artificially, has invented what he calls a "sky bicycle." It is a torpedo-shaped balloon, to which is suspended a machine similar to the framework of a bicycle. Curious paddlewheels produce the propelling power for the apparatus.

Sink or Swim Eggs.

"Hi, there! These eggs don't swim," exclaimed a man in a Milwaukee restaurant one day last week.

He had been trying to float some soft boiled eggs in a glass of cold water.

"They don't swim! Well, supposin' they don't?" replied a waiter, who had come to find out what the man was yelling about.

"That's what's the matter; supposin' they don't. I'll tell you what's the trouble pretty quick. Do you notice that egg? It sinks to the bottom ketchup when put into cold water. Now, my wife is just as good a cook as there is in this town, and she says that an egg that will sink in cold water like that after it has been soft-boiled is just about ready to hatch. Sh! Can't you hear a peep?"

The eggs that could not swim were exchanged for others that were fried, while a number of other customers who had soft-boiled eggs spoiled glasses of cold water to find out whether their eggs were sink eggs or swim eggs.—Peck's Sun.

DOWN THE STREAM.

Love! It began with a glance,
Grew with the growing of flowers,
Smiled in a dreamful trance,
Reckoned not the passage of hours:
Our passions flood rose ever,
Flowing for her and me,
Till the brook became a river,
And the river became a sea.

Grief! It began with a word,
Grew with the winds that raved;
A prayer for pardon unheard,
Pardon in turn uncraved;
The bridge so easy to sever,
The stream so swift to be free,
Till the brook became a river,
And the river became a sea.

Life? It began with a sigh,
Grew with the leaves that are dead;
Its pleasures with wings to fly,
Its sorrows with limbs of lead;
And rest remaineth never
For the wearier years to be,
Till the brook shall become a river,
And the river become a sea.

—Robert Lord Houghton.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Ups and downs of poverty—The ragged edges of your collar and your trousers.

There are tricks in all trades, particularly horse trades.—Binghamton Republican.

Kammerer—"How do you feel when a man strikes you?" Hammer—"I feel for him."—Puck.

When a man begins to blow you may know he is trying to take things by storm.—Galveston News.

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed little Johnnie, "the trees in our yard are getting bald-headed!"—Binghamton Republican.

The oratory of some men may not move mountains, yet it often succeeds in making a big bluff.—Westfield Standard.

"The shoemaker who breathed his last" should not be pointed to as a man of phenomenal lung power.—Washington Star.

Mrs. Steptin (calling upon Mrs. Solder, the plumber's wife)—"And how is Mr. Solder?" Mrs. Solder—"Oh, he's mending slowly."

She—"I suppose in Bohemia every one is Tom, Dick and Harry?" He—"Well, yes; but Bills are rather more numerous."—Brooklyn Life.

We may boast about our refined civilization; but when a man doesn't turn to look at a dog fight, it is safe to bet that he is either blind or deaf.—Puck.

However much we feel of woe
From saying things we dread,
We find it harder still to know
The things to leave unsaid.

—Judge.

"What was the collect this morning?" asked papa, desiring to see if his son remembered anything of the church service. "Foreign missions," returned Tommy.—New York Herald.

"Good nature or amusement, among the people of the earth," writes an inhabitant of Mars, "is expressed by a movement of the mouth which exposes a portion of the skull."—Puck.

Traveler—"What is that tall chimney for? Someone putting up a factory?" Citizen—"Naw. That's Jim Bisbee's well. Cyclone turned it inside out."—Indianapolis Journal.

A street-car driver in Toledo recently ran over a young lady and she was thrown to the ground. He was promptly fired by the company for knocking down the fare.—Dejane's Crescent.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going to Sunday-school, sir," she said. "Can I go with you, my pretty maid?" "We've had our picnic, kind sir," she said.—New York Herald.

"Remy, my son, that the owl's reputation for wisdom is not due to his staying out all night. It is rather due to the fact that he has too much sense to stay up all night and day too."—Indianapolis Journal.

Watts—"I don't approve of this idea of burying every eminent citizen with a brass band." Potts—"It would not be so bad, though, if they'd bury a brass band with every eminent citizen."—Indianapolis Journal.

Maud—"What are you reading?" Pimm—"A Man Without a Country." It's such a painful story." Maud (looking drearily up and down the beach)—"It isn't half as painful as a country without a man."—Chicago Tribune.

"Why is this boat backing up?" asked the passenger on the steamer. "Oh," said the mate, "the captain's wife and baby are on board, and the baby wouldn't go to sleep until he'd seen the engines reversed."—New York Sun.

Madam is at the draper's, in the act of selecting material for a new dress. "No, that is not the kind of thing I want; it is too bright—too loud. My husband is very ill and I should like something a little quieter—say half mourning."—Le Petit Illustré.

Swayback—"Hello, Jaysmith! What did that straw hat cost you?" Jaysmith—"I gave the clerk a five-dollar note for that hat." Swayback (incredulous)—"What?" Jaysmith—"And he gave me back four dollars in change."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Husband (newly married)—"Don't you think, love, if I were to smoke it would spoil the curtains?" Wife—"Ah, you are really the most unselfish and thoughtful husband to be found anywhere. Certainly it would." Husband—"Well, then, take the curtains down."—Wasp.