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NO. 4.

No bank can hereafter be established in Canada with less than \$250,000 capital.

A crusade against high buildings has been inaugurated by the Chicago Real Estate Board.

The cruiser Bennington was stormed off Cape Hatteras, and found, congratulates *Once a Week*, to be all that we claim for her—a fast and seaworthy gun-boat that neither tempest nor wave can disconcert.

The Canadians are troubled because the exodus to this side takes the best element of the population. It is believed the census of last year will show more than a million Canadians in the United States, or one-fifth of the population of Canada.

Professor Thomas E. Edison's latest suggestion is the most stupendous, thinks the *Washington Star*, of any he has made. He says that by surrounding a mountain of magnetic ore with wire, it would be possible to hear sounds from the sun. It would be going to a good deal of trouble, adds the *Star*, merely for the sake of hearing a loud noise.

The people of Iceland are the latest to be affected by the general spirit of discontent that pervades Europe, observes the *Philadelphia Record*. Numbers of them have within the last few years settled in Manitoba, and it is now said that there will be a large immigration to Alaska. The Icelanders have long been striving to secure autonomy in their home affairs, but so far the mother country, Denmark, has refused them a fuller measure of legislative power.

Charles H. Moore, a prominent lumberman of Galveston, Texas, contemplates, it is said, the shipping of a huge raft of logs from Galveston to London. He thinks there is less risk in this trip than in shipping from St. Johns, New Brunswick, to New York. Old sea captains assure him that his plan is entirely feasible. It is proposed to build the raft in three sections, firmly lashed and spiked together. It will be composed of yellow pine for building purposes.

The *London Financial Times* places the European wheat crop at 1,068,000,000 bushels this year, a decrease of 263,000,000 bushels from 1890. It estimates the net decrease in the wheat crop of the world at 78,000,000 bushels. The net requirements of importing countries are put at 467,000,000 and the surplus of exporting countries at 390,000,000 bushels. It concludes that the deficit in wheat, as well as the larger deficit in the rye crop, must be made up by imports of corn and provisions from America.

The following sentence from a letter from one of our friends in West Africa, remarks the *New York Observer*, shows how some of our missionaries live: "I think it would greatly add to our lives and strength to have fresh meat once in two months instead of once in two years, as has been about the average since we came to Africa." This statement was made in view of the fact that there is now a better prospect of securing a supply of animal food at Kamondongo. Such provision is most desirable, and we are happy to learn that it can probably be met.

Notwithstanding the improved mechanical precautions, the greater skill of employees, and the close inspection which corporations, in their own interest, are bound to maintain, the frequency of railway accidents is said to be increasing in this country. The long series of serious wrecks this summer is strong evidence of the truth of this statement.

A fact which must work to that end is the deterioration of roadbeds. One of the disasters which occurred on Western railroads this summer was manifestly due to the insecure condition of the rails. The railway authorities of the State in which it occurred notified the officers of the corporation that they must see to it that the road was properly repaired, or forfeit their franchise. The railway company's officers replied that the road did not pay and therefore did not warrant them in making the expenditures necessary to keep it in good physical condition, which was tantamount to an acknowledgment that the road had not been kept in a condition fit for use. This is no doubt an isolated case, but it is probable that many railways constructed in this country during the last twenty years are getting to that where repairs are necessary.

WHEN THE LEAVES TURN RED.

There is a purple peacefulness that covers nature's features,
Like a many-colored bed-quilt o'er a baby's trundle bed,
Nature covers all us children, nervous, tired little creatures,
Nervous, tired little children, whether princes, popes, or preachers;
When the leaves turn red,
And she spreads her gaudy bed-quilt, all aglow with golden glory,
For she knows 'twill please her children and decoy them off to bed,
They drift off in their gorgeous cribs, like babies in a dory,
Down through misty, hazy valleys that we read about in story;
When the leaves turn red,
A balm that's full of sleepiness envelops hill and river,
An air that's full of sweet content o'er all the earth is spread;
We know we dream, and yet we pray to be awakened never,
For 'tis the prayer of every soul to dream right on forever;
When the leaves turn red,
—S. W. Foss, in *Yankee Blade*.

A COUNTRY GIRL.

BY GENEVA MARCH.

"There are lots of pretty girls around here. You've come just in time."
The speaker was Jerome Wallace. He and his friend Clinton Munroe, sat smoking in the room of the former, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, a fashionable resort among the picturesque hills of Colorado.
"You ought to know, as you came a week ago," replied Munroe. "Are any of our set here?"
"None, except Miss Fortesque. I referred to the girls of the neighborhood."

"The country girls! Bah! Milkmaids and farmers' daughters, and the like. Bowsy creatures, with waists like barrels, great red hands, and feet as big and heavy as sledge-hammers. Thanks, none of them for me!"

"Sh!" said his friend, speaking in a whisper. "Not so loud. The partitions between these Western hotel rooms are very thin. Miss Fortesque's room is next to this, and, if I'm not mistaken, I saw some of those very girls go in there a while ago."

Munroe was a gentleman notwithstanding his coxcombry, so he lowered his voice also as he replied:

"Sorry, 'pon honor, if they heard. Wouldn't do anything to hurt their feelings for the world. I suppose they have feelings, you know."

"Wait till you become acquainted with some of these girls before you speak so impudently of them," said Wallace, severely. "There's Judge Horton's daughter. He was in Congress for several years, and she spent her winters in Washington. She's as fresh as a pink, and bright as a diamond; rides superbly; rows like a Harvard or Yale stroke oar; dances divinely; sings—"

"Spare me, spare me!" cried Munroe, affecting to stop his ears. "I know just the sort of thing you mean. Goes blustering about in a man's hat and jacket, apes all sorts of men's sports, talks in a man's voice, and has a mustache almost as thick as a toothbrush. A woman has no business with physical exercise. It's the fact of the age. A Fifth Avenue belle is the only woman fit for our class."

"You don't mean what you say," answered Wallace, half angrily. "You're not such an absolute fool."

The next day the two friends returning from a walk up the mountain side found themselves in the valley, where a clear, crystal stream here and there starred with water lilies flowed between wooded banks. Suddenly they heard the quick sound of oars, and the next moment there shot into sight around a bend a small boat. The only occupant was a young lady, a beautiful one, too, who sent her fairy skiff skimming along with a grace and ease that made it seem really alive. She remained in sight only a few minutes, then disappeared around another bend, coming and going like a swallow in its flight. Wallace, however, during that brief space, recognized an acquaintance, and removed his hat deferentially with a low bow. She answered with a brief smile and a nod, then was gone.

"A modern water nymph, by Jove!" cried Munroe. "Beats the old Greek ones all hollow. Who is she? Some Eastern girl, I suppose."
"That returned Wallace, gravely, 'tis one of the girls of the neighborhood of whom you made fun yesterday, you remember."

Munroe gave a long whistle.
"Oh! Miss Horton," he exclaimed; "if she's a specimen of your country girls I take back all I said. Are there any more like her?"

"Plenty," replied Wallace, "but this is not Judge Horton's daughter. This is Miss Nannie White. Her father owns a farm in the valley. A farmer's daughter, you see."

Munroe gave another long whistle, but said nothing further.
That night there was a hop at the hotel, and Clinton Munroe, in a perfect evening costume, was to be seen dancing with Miss White, not once only, but every time she would permit him.

"It really seems one of those cases," said Miss Fortesque, "so rare in this selfish world, of love at first sight, and I congratulate you, my dear," she said, turning mischievously to Miss White, who just then came up. Miss Fortesque

was a few years older, and had a way of saying what she chose. "He is undeniably handsome, beside being a millionaire."

"Dear me," demurely replied Miss White; "you frighten me. To think that this grand Sultan should condescend to throw his handkerchief to poor me, who am only a country girl."

Miss Fortesque looked at her sharply. "So you overheard that speech of his," she said. "I hoped you hadn't, for Clinton Munroe, with all his dudishness, is at heart a good fellow."

"But think of his having to associate with blowsy, red-handed, sledge-hammer-footed girls," answered Miss White, with a gay laugh. "Nay! having even to dance with them. I wonder if I would crush his dainty foot if I had chanced to tread upon it in that last waltz," and as though to emphasize the idea she put out for an instant the smallest and prettiest slipper imaginable.

"You are making fun, and I won't talk to you any more," replied her companion, with a grave affectation of reproof. "Speaking rationally, I don't know what our cities would do if they were not recruited from the country. Most of our prettiest women had mothers or grandmothers born on the farm, and to that they owe their health and good-looks, for the two are substantially synonymous. A vast majority of our leading lawyers, clergymen, physicians, and merchants were country lads. But fortunately every city gentleman is not like Clinton Munroe. You don't find Mr. Wallace disparaging the country, do you?"

A deep blush rose and spread over Miss White's face till it dyed even the tips of her small shell-like ears. She waved her fan before her face nervously, but Miss Fortesque had noted the blush, and drew her own conclusions.

In a few days every one at the hotel was talking of the conquest Miss White had made.

"Such a match for her," said the envious old maids. "How she'll adorn Fifth Avenue," said a good-hearted old dowager, who boasted of the "bluest blood."

"I thought Wallace was smitten there," said a cynical old bachelor, "but as he is only a poor lawyer, of course he has no chance, and aware of this he withdraws."

"I met Mr. Munroe and his friend Wallace," said another, "out walking this morning. Miss Horton was with Wallace, and the lovers were behind; Munroe was very attentive, I assure you."

"For my part," said a romantic miss, "I don't think Miss White will marry for money. Mr. Munroe may be very attentive, but if some one else, whom I have had my eye upon, would speak I believe she'd take him without a penny."

Who that some else was this keen observer did not say, but other people besides Miss Fortesque had their suspicions. We who are in the secret of all parties will not attempt to conceal Wallace's love for Miss White. He had stood aloof, however, ever since the night of the dance.

"If she likes him best let her have him," he had thought. "He is richer than I, and can give her luxury and ease. I will not stand in her way."

From which it will be seen that he was a very proud man, and was also slightly one-sided in his judgment in this matter, for why not give the lady a chance to take him and a moderate competence if she preferred it instead of ease and luxury?

Fortune made for her, or for him, the chance in spite of Wallace's pride. One evening after they had danced together, Munroe for once having taken out another lady, the two strolled out on the piazza, and thence allured by the moonlight down to the river. Wallace chanced to say that he expected to leave in a day or two, and something in the tone of her reply made him look quickly into her face. The secret came out, as it always does, in the most natural manner after this, and before they returned to the house were plighted lovers.

"Only you were hardly fair to me," said Miss White, "I had never, I am sure, given you any reason to believe that I was mercenary, or that I would rather be an idle woman of fashion than the real helpmate a wife ought to be. I don't believe the truest happiness is to be found in wealth alone. It is rather in knowing that others are making sacrifices for one, and that one can make sacrifices in return. I know you thought I encouraged Mr. Munroe, but I did not. I only accepted attentions that I could not refuse without positive rudeness. If he had ever said a word that permitted me to reveal my position I would have spoken quickly. Besides, you never, or hardly ever came near me, and somehow—you mustn't misunderstand me, dear, I don't wish to speak unkindly of the man, but he always seemed to take it for granted that every girl must fall in love with him; so I thought it quite fair to punish him with his conceit, at least a little if I could."

An hour later Miss White stood again by the stream, this time with Mr. Munroe.

"Mr. Munroe," she said gravely, when he had finished his avowal, "I regret you did not tell me this before—if I had to be told at all—which I deplore. For I cannot marry you. In fact, I am pledged to another."
"Ah!" he cried, with a start.
"Yes; this evening I agreed to become his wife. But," and now she drew her tall figure up to its fullest height and her voice had a tone that made him feel rather humiliated, "in no

event could I have married you. I am only a country girl," with a low courtesy, "one of those blowsy, red-handed, sledge-hammer-footed creatures."

She was gone. For with the last word she dropped another courtesy, and with a gay, mocking laugh ran back to the hotel.

"A precious fool I've made of myself. We city chaps are not smart enough for these country girls," was his mortified mental comment, but when he learned to whom she was betrothed he was amazed. "Cut me out! And he a poor man! By jove, women are what no fellow can find out."—*New York Weekly*.

Bamboo for America.

It is hoped by the Department of Agriculture that the bamboo may yet be cultivated in this country, as it is in China, where it supplies a large part of the wants of the people, being applied to more than five hundred different and useful purposes. In the Flowery Kingdom it takes the place both of iron and steel. The farmer builds his house and fences out of it, his farming utensils as well as his household furniture are manufactured from it, while the tender shoots furnish him with a most delicious vegetable for his table.

The roots are carved into fantastic images, shaped into diving blocks to govern the will of the gods, or cut into lantern handles and canes. The tapering culms are used for the prongs of houses, the frameworks of awnings, the ribs of sails, and shafts of rakes; for fences, and every sort of frames, coops and cages, and for the handles and ribs of umbrellas and fans. The leaves are sewed into rain coats and thatches. The wood, cut into splints of various sizes, is woven into baskets of every form, sown into window curtains and door screens and twisted into cables. The shavings and curled threads furnish materials for stuffing pillows, while parts supply the bed for sleeping, the chopsticks for eating, the pipe for smoking, the broom for sweeping, the mattress to lie upon, the chair to sit upon, the table to eat on, the food to eat, and the fuel to cook it with.

The fernule to govern with, the book to study from, the reed pipe of the organ, the shaft of the soldier's spear, and the dreaded instrument of the judge; the skewer to pin the hair, and the hat to screen the head; the paper to write on, the pencil to write with and the cup to put the pencil in; the rule to measure lengths, the cup to gauge quantities, and the bucket to draw water; the bird cage, the crab net, the fish pole—are one and all furnished by this plant, whose beauty when growing is commensurate to its usefulness when cut down. A score or two of bamboo poles for joists and rafters, fifty fathoms of rattan ropes, and a supply of palm leaves and bamboo mats for a roof, supply material for a common hut in the south of China.—*Boston Transcript*.

Young People Need Much Sleep.
A German specialist, Dr. Cold, has recently pleaded for giving young people more sleep. A healthy infant sleeps most of the time during the first weeks; and, in the early years, people are disposed to let children sleep as much as they will. But from six or seven, when schools begin, there is a complete change. At the age of ten or eleven, and as he grows older the time of rest is shortened. Dr. Cold believes that, up to twenty, a youth needs nine hours' sleep and an adult should have eight or nine. With insufficient sleep, the nervous system, and brain especially, not resting enough, and ceasing to work normally, we find exhaustion, excitability, and intellectual disorders gradually taking the place of love of work, general well-being, and the spirit of initiative.—*Scientific American*.

Facts About the Queen Bee.
A queen can beat a hen at laying. Give her the best surroundings, with plenty of honey combing in and all that, and she will lay 3000 eggs in twenty-four hours. She does not cackle over it either. Each egg measures one-fourteenth of an inch in length and one-seventh of an inch in thickness. Even when she is only doing an average business she will lay more than twice her own weight in twenty-four hours. But, mind you, she does not do anything else. Does not even feed herself. You will see the workers constantly offering her food.—*American Bee Journal*.

Toughness of Cottonwood.
Cottonwood, which grows abundantly on the banks of many Southern streams, is coming into use for boxmaking. It is a very tough wood, as shown by a remarkable test made at Memphis. A concern there made to order for a California express company a dozen boxes for conveying treasure across the continent. These were packed solidly and then dropped from a height. Boxes of other woods were destroyed, but those of cottonwood were only slightly injured by the twisting, but otherwise were not damaged.—*Chicago Times*.

The French Army.
According to the "Annual of the French Army for 1891" the standing army will contain next year 570,603 men and will show an increase over this year of 324 officers, 7410 men, and 1018 horses. The total number of officers, doctors, and other officials of officers rank is given at 75,000. The estimated expenditures for the army next year are \$134,000,000.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Paper belts beat leather.
France makes paper linen.
Electricity heats laundry irons.
A four-day ship must have 155,000 horse-power.

About 4500 species of wild bees are known, and of wasps 1100.

The electric motor is said to have now found a use in connection with nearly 300 branches of productive industry.

The greatest known depth of the ocean is near the Ladrome Islands, where soundings have been made to a depth of 36,850 feet.

Mr. F. Walter claims that an alloy of ninety-five per cent. of tin and five per cent. of copper will strongly cement glass to metals.

It has been lately pointed out that the air is much contaminated with arsenic, especially in English cities, from the burning of coal.

A German substitute for leather in some of its uses consists of thin boards with wire netting between, the whole glued together and pressed. The material is tough and pliable, and suited for trunks, etc.

An instrument whereby a star is caused to record with absolute accuracy the time of its transit across the meridian has been perfected at the Georgetown (S. C.) College observatory. The instrument is called the photochronograph.

The fourth edition of the Russian Pharmacopoeia is soon to be published, and will describe 808 substances used in medicine. In the third edition the number was 1026, of which 318 have been discarded, while 100 have been added.

Dr. M. C. Cooke, of London, finds that 4600 species of mushrooms and toadstools are now known to science, 1400 of them being found in the British Isles. Only 134 can safely be regarded as edible, while thirty are decidedly poisonous.

A "locomotive steamboat" is being built in Sweden for the navigation of a chain of small lakes separated by falls. The boat is to be fitted with wheels fitted a track, and power can be applied either to the propeller or to the locomotive driving wheels.

Professor Frank H. Bigelow, the eminent astronomer, is said to have computed, by a very complicated process of calculation, the exact period of the sun's revolution on its axis. He makes it twenty-seven days, nine hours, fifty-two minutes and fifty-two seconds.

In Oldenburg, a fall of temperature from thirty-seven degrees above zero to twenty-two degrees below is reported to have occurred in twenty minutes on November 18, 1890. A heavy rain preceded the change. Some thirty Kirghises, who were returning to Oldenburg, were drenched with the rain, then frozen on their horses.

Dr. Giraud's recent experiments in France in the transformation of the thermic energy of combustion into electrical energy, and the consequent generation of heat, have resulted in the construction of a stove which may possibly, when modified and perfected, come to revolutionize our present modes of heating dwelling-houses.

The enormous mass of extra dead fuel, due to the carrying of the boiler, fuel and water in the old locomotive, will be entirely unnecessary in the railways of the future, which will be propelled electrically. Unquestionably the future electro-locomotion will show a motor on every axle, or, at any rate, upon two axles of each car, and every car running as a unit, in which case they can run coupled together in a train or not, as may be convenient.

An Astonishing Discovery.

In 1799 a discovery was made which profoundly agitated the scientific world. During that year a man named Schumacher, Chief of a wandering tribe of Tunguzes, built a cabin for his wife on the borders of Lake Onoucl, and went to search on the seashore for mammoth tusks. One day he saw in an icy cliff a shapeless mass which piqued his curiosity. About a year afterward, passing this point, he observed that the object in the ice cliff was more detached from the ice than it had been before. He noticed two long projections, but he could not yet tell what they were. Toward the close of the next summer the whole side of the animal projected beyond the wall of ice. The Chief returned now to his cabin on the shore of Onoucl, and told his discovery to his wife and friends. They were seized with consternation.

The old men told over again the stories they had heard from their fathers, stories of a like monster seen once in an icy cliff of the same peninsula, and they told what their fathers had said of the calamity which befell the discoverer and his household. They perished miserably, every one. Schumacher was terrified and fell sick. On his recovery avarice began to get the better of superstition. The ice cliff was explored again, but the mammoth was found still imbedded. At last, toward the close of the fifth year after the first discovery, the ice had melted so much that the great beast had slid down along an escarpment more than 200 feet high and lodged on a bank of sand on the seashore. Here Schumacher found his mammoth and cut off the tusks which he sold.—*Washington Star*.

The banjo girl is a back number.

A LITTLE GARDEN.

A little garden, prim and square,
Has little owner, sweet and fair.
A little garden hedged about,
With little beds and walks laid out;
Where little hollyhocks grown tall
Stand close against the garden wall,
And up their slender stalks there twines
A host of morning glory vines;
Where little roses, from their treas,
Send spicy calls to little bees,
And little daisies, pink and white,
Crowd little bluebells, blue and bright;
Where little pansies, put between
Verbenas red and white, are seen,
And all around the borders set,
Are little plants of mignonette.
Alyssum, heliotrope together
Run riot there in summer weather;
And pinks and asters, lovely grasses,
Fill up the little garden spaces;
And little butterflies that flit
Complete the dainty charm of it.
Ah, little garden, well I know
What little maid, not long ago,
Plucked all your choicest buds to be
A little nosegay just for me!
—Eva Lovett Carson, in *Independent*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Eaten out of house and home—Picnic lunches.—*Boston News*.
The "words that burn" go into the waste-paper basket first.
The woman who says she "has waited an age" is very careful not to add it to her own.—*Puck*.
"The Chinese are a queer race." "Aren't they. What you might call a scrub race, too."—*Life*.
"I never have any luck," groaned Chipsley. "You are fortunate. I have plenty, and it's all bad."—*Puck*.
He (proudly)—"My motto is live and let live." She (wearily)—"I wish it was sleep and let sleep."—*Boston Courier*.
Photographer—"Now, look pleasant, please." Customer—"It is quite impossible, sir. I'm a ticket agent in a railroad office."
He—"Are you sure you care for me?" She—"I wish your wife could be so sure. I've asked yet to see your bank book?"—*Life*.
Age before beauty—After time has turned it into antiquity, people may go crazy over the ugliest article we can make to-day.—*Judge*.
Miss Dorcas—"Have the poor any pleasure, think you?" Miss Ann Thrupe—"Oh, yes! They criticize the characters of the rich."—*Puck*.
"Do as I say," thundered an angry father. "My will shall be law." "Well, then, I'll bet it wasn't drawn by a lawyer," returned his son.—*Life*.
"Pa, how do you scalp?" said the Indian boy to Oyster-that-Laughes. "First catch your hair," sententiously replied the noble red man.—*Boston Transcript*.
He swore long ago to succeed in life, and the crown that he wears is not dim; For a race-horse to-day is named for his wife, and a tug-boat is called after him.—*Judge*.
Architect—"What do you think of my design for the female college?" Friend—"I notice one incongruity—it has a man-sord roof."—*Washington Republican*.
"Pop, what does 'commons' mean?" "Why, food—rations." "Then," said the smart youngster, with a wink, "isn't a hotel the House of Commons?"—*Baltimore American*.
"Is that the President of the bank?" "Which one?" "That stylish looking fellow who says, 'I and the Board of Directors so much.'" "No; that's the janitor."—*Brooklyn Life*.
"No wonder the papers talk about political extravagances," said Mrs. Gill-hooley. "Didn't I hear my husband talking the other day about a convention that wanted a silver platform?"—*Baltimore American*.
Visiting Aunt (consulting railroad guide)—"I never could understand one of these things. It's all Greek to me." Boston Child (aged three)—"If that's all it is, auntie, let me have it. I'll read it for you."—*Chicago Tribune*.
Responsibility: "To look at that young clerk one would think that he carries a greater weight of responsibility than the proprietor." "Well, he does, for that matter. The proprietor can make mistakes without losing his job."—*Indianapolis Journal*.
"Now, gentlemen," said the eloquent advocate, "I leave the case in your hands. In closing I have just one remark to make." And the experienced juror in the dark corner of the box settled himself for another comfortable half-hour nap.—*Buffalo Express*.
She assisted the fire with the heroism: She always persisted in following that plan in spite of her missus's rage, and now she has flown from this dull vale of tears.
At the soft, tender age of ninety-five years—She had to succumb to old age.—*Indianapolis Journal*.
According to the *Burlington Hawkeye* an old stage driver remarks that life may be compared to a set of harness. "It has traces of ease, bits of good fortune, breaches of good manners, bridled tongue, and every one has a tug to pull through." It may be added that it is saddled with great responsibilities.—*Lovell Courier*.