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NO. 8.

Germany is determined to make a fine showing at the World's Fair.

The Rothschilds are predicting that France alone will have to pay America nearly \$40,000,000 in gold for wheat this year.

A frost insurance company is being formed in France, and it promises to be a successful venture. It is estimated that the loss to agriculture by frost in France is about \$15,000,000, and the company will insure against this.

According to the San Francisco Bulletin the census report will show these figures concerning fruit trees in California: "Of almond trees there were during the census year 336,464 bearing trees and 405,464 not bearing; of fig trees, 140,778 bearing and 234,300 young trees; lemon, 32,137 bearing, 121,252 not bearing; orange, 523,400 bearing, 1,641,400 not bearing; olive, 209,411 bearing, 253,843 not bearing."

A remarkable career in the teaching professions was brought to a close a few weeks since, learns the Boston Transcript, by the resignation of Miss Lucy D. Bliss from the principalship of the Plain Primary School, Stockbridge, Mass. Miss Bliss began teaching in town when sixteen years old and taught continuously, with the exception of one year, for about fifty-four years. Three generations of Stockbridge have begun their school life under the instructions of Miss Bliss.

The Nashville (Tenn.) American publishes a summary of the cost per day of keeping convicts at some of the principal penal institutions of the country. The daily average cost in twenty-two prisons is 45 65-100 cents. The cost at the Virginia Penitentiary, which has 905 inmates, is the lowest, being 18 73-100 cents. Albany Penitentiary and Sing Sing Prison come next in the order of cheapness, the State of New York being at an expense each day for each convict confined in them of about thirty cents. The cost at the Nevada State Prison in Carson is ninety-seven cents per day, the highest in the list.

The carp may now be considered a New York fish. The Mohawk and other streams of Central New York are full of carp, some of them weighing as much as fourteen pounds. During the last nine years the Kirkland Fish-Stocking and Protection Society has placed 383 German carp in the ponds and streams of the town of Kirkland, N. Y. The Secretary of the Society in a recent report says: "We have demonstrated that carp can be successfully propagated in this country, and with proper care can be made a valuable source of revenue to the cultivator and a cheap and dainty article of food for all classes." A giant carp was taken through the ice of the Mohawk above Utica last winter, and the mill-ponds in the valley where young carp have been placed are already affording excellent sport.

Shipowners are much concerned about the report of General O. M. Poe, of the United States Engineers, that the waters of the great lakes are becoming lower every year. The following figures for five years show the gradual fall: June, 1886, Lake Huron was 583.13 feet above the sea level; June, 1887, it was 582.38; June, 1888, 581.79; June, 1889, 581.04; June, 1890, 581.01; June, 1891, 580.49. The month of June is taken because the water is then at its highest. In February the minimum depth is reached, and the shipowners expect to see many exposed places in that month next year. They are, of course, more troubled about the rivers emptying into the lakes than about those waters themselves. The Sault Canal now shows a depth of fourteen feet four inches only, and at Grosse Pointe, the entrance to the Detroit River, many vessels have grounded this season on account of the low water. In the old days of shallow boats and flat-bottomed steamers the plummet was still used, but now that their places have been taken by vessels with deep holds, the state of the water is a matter of grave consideration. General Poe says that the rainfall in the lake country during the last five years has been below the normal, and that this accounts for the low water in the lakes. The shipowners, who reach these great bodies of water by tributary streams, are hardly reassured, and are asking themselves whether it would not be more profitable to build vessels drawing less water.

"WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN."

"When my ship comes in," runs the young man's song,
"What brave things shall I do
With the strength of my wealth and the
joyous throng
Of friends stout-hearted and true!"
He watches and waits 'neath storm and sun
By the shore of his life's broad sea,
And the days of his youth are quickly run,
Yet never a sail sees he.
"My ship has gone down!" in sober strain
Sings the man, and to duty turns.
He forgets the ship in his toil and pain,
And no longer his young hope burns.
Yet again by the shore he stands grown old
With the course of his years well spent,
And gazing out on the deep—behold,
A dim ship landward bent!
No banner she flies, no songs are borne.
From her decks as she nears the land;
Silent with sail all sombre and torn
She is safe at last by the strand.
And lo! To the man's old age has brought
Not the treasures he thought to win,
But honor, content and love—life-wrought,
And he cries, "Has my ship come in?"
—M. A. de W. Howe, Jr., in Harper's Weekly.

MALCOLM'S IDEAL.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

"She must be tall, Bab; she must be graceful as a willow branch, with eyes of midnight darkness, classic features, hair like the raven's wing."
Bab, who was stirring cake, looked up at the deep window-seat that separated the old-fashioned kitchen from the garden beyond. Seated there, swinging one foot idly, sat Malcolm Hoyt, describing the future Mrs. Malcolm as she existed in his youthful imagination.
"Well!" Barbara said, presently, after a glance from the tall boyish figure and frank, handsome face, to a small mirror that reflected hair of burnished bronze, the true auburn, and numerous freckles. "Well! Tall, dark, classically featured. Any other perfections?"
"Accomplished, of course. She must dance like a sylph, sing like a nightingale, draw, play on the piano."
"Make cake?" suggested Bab, vigorously stirring her batter.
"Why, no—Mrs. Hoyt will not need to make cake, I think. Not but what it is very jolly to know how," he added, hastily, "but Mrs. Clark might resent any invasion of her especial department."
"Yes, I see," said Bab, dryly. "You don't want your wife to be a kitchen-maid."
Malcolm blushed furiously; he was not quite twenty-one, and had not forgotten how to blush.
"I don't mean that at all," he said, and then laughing heartily, added, "don't you think we are talking considerable nonsense, Bab?"
"I don't know," said Bab, slowly. "You say your father wants you to marry, and as you are in quest of a wife, you might as well have some idea of what you would prefer."
"Just like choosing a necktie," said Malcolm, "though I think I should feel more interest in the necktie. By the way, what is your ideal, Bab?"
"I haven't considered," said Bab, bending her face low over the pan into which she was pouring the cake.
"Nonsense!" said Malcolm.
"As if a girl ever lived to be eighteen without an ideal."
Then Bab violated the truth with a daring voice, and bright eyes, for she said:
"My ideal doesn't sit on kitchen window-sills and talk nonsense, at any rate."
"You don't know what he might do under sufficient provocation," said Malcolm, teasingly. "I have seen Steve Hale look longingly at my perch within the last ten minutes."
"Stephen Hale!" cried Bab, scornfully, and lifted the pan to carry it to the room beyond, where the fire was lighted in summer.
Her heart was swelling with indignation. She was only a farmer's daughter, she told herself, and Malcolm Hoyt was heir to a magnificent estate and fortune, college bred, and could marry in aristocratic circles. But to think she could look at Stephen Hale, her father's "help," a man who could not read! It was insulting, little Barbara thought, and she took an unreasonably long time to adjust the cakepan on the oven-bars, and pile on fresh wood in the stove.
"Good-bye!" shouted a cheery voice, presently. "I'm off to the postoffice, but I'm coming to tea to eat some of that cake."
"I've a great mind to scorch it," thought Bab, spitefully. "I would too, if it wasn't father's favorite."
"I do believe she is fond of Steve," thought Malcolm, as he swung himself into the saddle. "She blushed as red as a peony when I mentioned him. I suppose it would be what my father calls a suitable match, but she's a thousand times too good for him. Why, she's as good a Latin scholar as half our college fellows, and she sings so beautifully, that it is a burning shame she has had nothing but a concertina to accompany her voice." Then his reverie took another turn, and he thought: "I wonder if father is ill!"
It was the nineteenth century, and Malcolm was an only child, denied no indulgence from his infancy, but he never thought of his father as the "governor" or the "old man." His mother

was but a memory, for when he was five years old, her golden-haired beauty was hidden under the daisies. He liked to think his great, blue eyes and crisp, blond curls were like those in his mother's portrait, but imagination was more potent than actual memory in recalling her.
"I wonder if father really is ill!" he thought, joggling along slowly. "He seems so anxious to have me settled. And that means married. He seems to think I will weary of dear old home, if I have no family ties to bind me there."
And then fancy painted again that exquisite, graceful and accomplished being he had endeavored to describe to Barbara. It was odd that even with this mental vision before him he thought what a home Bab would make of the stately pile that was to be his inheritance.
"There is not much that is home-like about it now," he thinks, "for Mrs. Clark is too old to fuss much, and I imagine the servants have it all their own way. But how Bab's little trim figure and red hair would lighten up those big gloomy rooms."
A week later, he is on his way to New York, to visit his aunt, to see society, and, by his father's express desire, to find a wife.
Heart-whole, fancy free, he mingles with the guests who gather at Mrs. Markham's, his aunt's; escorts his pretty cousin Mabel to opera, theatre, concert; dances gracefully with one belle, takes another out to supper, makes himself agreeable with a third on a sleighing party, escorts a fourth for a promenade, and so on—sixth, seventh, eighth, numbers indefinite, coming under his care pro tem., but not one stirring his heart as Bab's cordial greeting did when he returned from college.
Bab! There is scarcely a frolic of his lonely childhood that is not associated with Bab. How many times has her mother called him in from snow-bell fighting or conching frolic, to eat crisp, hot doughnuts or gingerbread! How many candy-pulls has he had with Bab at one end of the sweet, sticky mass and himself at the other!
Bab is not his ideal. That was tall, stately, brunette! Bab is short, merry, brown-eyed and with hair of burnished bronze that Malcolm irreverently calls red! And then, although there is no foolish pride about Malcolm, he has certainly moved in more cultivated and refined social circles than Barbara ever saw. He wonders how Bab would look in clouds of tulle, her round white arms circled with bracelets, her glorious hair starred with gems, and mentally decides that she would look "jolly!"
A letter from home reached him in the middle of November.
"DEAR MR. MALCOLM: I think I ought to write you about your pa. He won't complain, and he ain't to say sick, but he's ping, and very weak. Barbara Croft is here every day, reads to him, sings for him, plays chess and brings him all sorts of good things she cooks to please his appetite. She's the best girl in the world I think, but she ain't like your pa's own. He frets for you, though he won't say so, and I think, Mr. Malcolm, if you'll excuse the liberty of my saying so, the time is coming when you will be glad if you come home to cheer him."
"YOUR OBEIENT SERVANT,"
"MARY CLARKE."
"My dear old dad!" thought Malcolm, tearing down stairs with the letter in his hand. "He is sick! I was afraid he was last summer, and here I've been fooling away for months while he has been fretting for me!"
His remorse was deeper than his neglect warranted, but he loved his father, the ever indulgent friend of his life, his one tie in the dear old home. And so, making graceful apologies to his aunt, he started at once for Deerfield.
Mr. Hoyt was in the library when he drove up to the door, and through the window Malcolm could see the ruddy light from the grate, the deep arm chair, the figure of his father reclining there. But, pausing on the porch, he saw more. He saw that the dear face was hollow-eyed, haggard, fearfully changed. He saw a trim little figure bending lovingly over the sick man, coaxing him to eat the dainty luncheon on the table beside him. And he saw Bab more than once draw back to hide quivering lips and eyes filled with tears.
"How good she is," Malcolm thought, "to leave her bright home, to comfort a lonely old man." And he stepped softly, not to disturb the pretty scene, and went to the back door to send Mrs. Clark to give notice of his arrival.
He was disappointed when he went in to find his father alone, but he forgot all else in his sorrow at finding such a change in him.
"Why have you not sent for me before?" he asked, reproachfully.
"I knew you were enjoying your visit, my dear boy. Your letters were like gleams of sunshine; Bab read them over and over to me, but I would not let any one write but myself, for fear of troubling you."
"But you were lonely?"
"Yes, very lonely, though Barbara has been very kind. She is the gentlest of nurses, the most patient of companions," then, a little wistfully: "Have you no news for me, Malcolm?"
"None, but what I have written!"
"I so wish to see you settled in your home, before—I mean, soon."
"Married! But if I fail to find my ideal?"
"Ah, we all fail in that."
"But father, you would not have me marry without love?"
"Never!"
"I saw nobody I loved in New York."

"But, nearer home?"
"Your tea is ready, Mr. Malcolm," said Mrs. Clarke at the door, and Malcolm obeyed the summons.
The subject was not renewed as father and son sat far into the night conversing. There were many matters needing supervision, and again Malcolm reproached himself that all the care of the estate had fallen upon his father's feeble hands while he was pleasure-seeking.
"But I will never leave him again," he said to himself as he assisted his father to his bed-room.
A whole week passed busily, and there came a few days of warm weather, such as November finds often in her dreary weeks. Barbara was in the garden, walking up and down, thinking.
Of what? Of Mrs. Clarke's announcement a whole week before that had sent her skurrying home like a frightened rabbit. Was Malcolm so engrossed with his idea that he had not even one hour for his old playmate? It hurt her to think so, and she missed, too, the daily care she had voluntarily assumed during his absence.
"I do believe I am blue!" she thought, pettishly. "What will happen next?"
What happened next was a crunching of gravel under quick feet, and a voice saying:
"Bab, I have come to see why you have deserted my father."
It was so sudden that Bab crimsoned as she replied:
"He does not need me, now that you are at home."
"He asks for you every hour. But, Bab, I did not come only on filial duty. I came to say somebody else needs you, longers for you, loves you! Bab, darling, won't you come to the old home for life! Won't you be mine, dear, my wife, my darling?"
She could only answer by shy blushes, by valuing the soft, brown eyes to hide their happiness. But Malcolm was satisfied; and when she asked, presently: "But your ideal, Malcolm?" he answered, triumphantly:
"She is here in my arms, Bab—my first and only true love."—New York Ledger.

American Pearls.

Not all the pearls come from the Arabian seas or from the South Pacific islands. A considerable supply is derived from a mussel found in a number of American rivers. When De Soto made his expedition westward from the Florida coast he found that the Indians possessed an abundance of pearls taken out of the rivers. The Tennessee is particularly prolific in these pearl mussels. They are also found in the rivers of Texas and other States. Sugar River, in Wisconsin, recently attracted much attention on account of its pearls. Although most of them are white, they are found in various colors, such as purple, pink, golden yellow, bronze, green, gray, black and all the intermediate shades. Some combine two colors, as a deep metallic purple, over which plays a lovely pink-red light that seems almost to stand out from the surface of the pearl. Another will be of a rich gray tint, with green reflections. Still another is black with dark purple. In brilliancy of lustre and fairness of texture they cannot be excelled. In variety and richness of coloring they surpass the Oriental pearls. Quite a number have been sent to Europe, where they have found a ready market at good prices. Single specimens have sold at \$200 and more. When a number of these pearls are arranged together in a brooch with small diamonds to throw out their colors the effect is superb. Something over \$100,000 worth were found on the banks of Sugar River within the limits of one small township last summer.—New Orleans Picayune.

Hearing One's Self Speak.

"It is a singular thing," says a physician, "that a man does not hear his own voice exclusively through his ears. The prevalence of throat deafness is a proof to the laymen of the connection between the ears and throat, and this inability to hear one's self speak just as others hear us is another instance. In some people this peculiarity is very marked, and in my case, if I speak into a phonograph and let the machine grind out the sounds again, I don't recognize the voice at all. In regard to singing, the varying ability to hear one's self with the ears plugged up with cotton makes itself evident, for while one member of a chorus will only hear the blending harmony, or discord, another will hear little beyond his or her own voice, and makes occasional bad breaks in consequence. I know a man who used to sing a very fair baritone, but whose voice is now only adapted to the weakest falsetto. Yet he doesn't realize the change, and I believe he honestly thinks he sings as well as ever. This apparent impossibility may be a dispensation of Providence to prevent men with exceptionally ugly voices being driven to suicide."—Chicago Herald.

Fairies in All Countries.

Below I give a list of the names by which the fairies have been known in the various countries: Fairies, elves, elf-folks, fays, urchins, ouphes, ell-maids, ell-women, dwarfs, trolls, hornas, nisses, kobolds, duendes, brownies, knechts, stromkarls, fates, wights, undines, nixies, salamanders, goblins, hobgoblins, pookas, banshees, kelpies, pixies, peris, djinns, genii and gnomes.—St. Louis Republic.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A pneumatic shoe sole is new. Sydney, New South Wales, has a 12,000,000 electric light. A company has been organized at Grand Rapids, Mich., for the manufacture of paper matches. Many metals, such as gold, silver and platinum, are now caused to volatilize by means of the electric current. Concentric wiring for electric work is rapidly gaining ground, it being regarded as safer for lighting purposes than the two wire system. The new system of transmitting power by means of compressed air, which was recently tried in Offenbach, showed a loss of but thirteen per cent. in the daily output. The recent losses by fire in the cargo of ships carrying cotton has shown that cottonseed oil, when held in the cotton on the outside of the ball, rapidly oxidizes and generates spontaneous combustion. A disinfectant which combines cheapness with general worth is found in permanganate of potash. One ounce will make a bucketful of disinfectant. It is a crystal and can be kept in this state until ready for use. The Cambria Navigation Company, of Wales, has recently build for one of its coal pits a ventilating fan which is claimed to be the largest ever constructed. Under favorable conditions the fan will deliver 500,000 cubic feet of air per minute. As an antidote for a consumptive tendency cream acts like a charm, to be used instead of cod-liver oil. Also aged people, invalids, and those who have feeble digestion or suffering from dullness as well as growing children, will be greatly benefited by taking sweet cream in liberal quantities. An ingot of nickel steel weighing more than twenty-five tons has been cast at the Homestead Steel Works, and it is to be rolled into a single armor plate for the United States monitor Monterey. It is the largest of the nickel steel ingots yet cast in the mill, but an effort is to be made to cast an ingot to weigh more than fifty tons. France is fortunate in possessing 1102 mineral springs, of which 1027 are turned to account, and Algeria has forty-seven in use. Of the total in France 319 are sulphurous, like that of Amelie-les-Bains; 354 are alkaline, such as Vichy; 135 are ferruginous, for instance Orezza, and 219 are of various sorts, some containing common salt, others sulphate of sodium, and a third group sulphate of lime. A California physician has invented an attachment for gas burners to stop the flow of gas automatically when the gas is blown out. The device accomplishes its purpose by means of the expansion and contraction of a liquid in a hermetically sealed receptacle, so that when the gas is extinguished the contraction of the liquid operates levers which control a safety valve, thus closing and shutting off the gas. The Prussian Government has made a report upon its buildings struck by lightning between 1877 and 1886. There were 53,502 buildings used for official purposes in Prussia; 254 of these were struck, or one-half of one per cent. per thousand annually. Of the total number, fifteen only were fitted with conductors, and only one of these escaped injury. Generally the conductors were found to be either dangerous or useless. In six they were not touched.

The Cowboy's Quirt.

St. Louis sends out every year about 30,000 whips of a peculiar character known as the quirt. No one but a cowboy, a wild Westerner or Mexican has any use for such an article, but away out on the plains it is indispensable, as it answers the purpose both of a whip and a life-preserver. A quirt is a solid leather whip, with the handle loaded with shot and so heavy that the thickest skull will yield to a blow from it. Missouri holds a practical monopoly in the manufacture of this curiously named article, St. Louis making the most and others coming out of the State Penitentiary at Jefferson City. At least 350,000 leather whips are made in St. Louis or near to it, and it is often asked where they all go to. As a matter of fact, this city stands almost alone in this manufacture, for while light buggy whips are made in various places, leather whips are not made in large numbers outside of Missouri, although there are factories in New York, Philadelphia and West Virginia. One reason why St. Louis holds the fort is that this is one of the cheapest hide markets in the world, and instead of buying tanned leather the plan here is to buy green hides and literally make the whips out of raw material.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Gorgeous Palace of an Empress.

The Empress of Austria's new palace at Corfu has cost six hundred thousand dollars. The bill for the wood carvings in the Pompeian suite of seven rooms, which is the great feature of the house, amounted to fifteen thousand dollars. It may be hoped that the Empress will be more satisfied with this abode than she was with a villa she built a few years ago in the neighborhood of Vienna, for after it was finished she took a dislike to the place, and has never lived there, although upwards of four hundred thousand dollars had been expended on the house and grounds.—Ora-a-Week.

NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up! It is wiser and better Always to hope than once to despair; Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetter, And break the dark spell of tyrannical care. Never give up! or the burden may sink you; Providence kindly has mingled the cup; And in all trials or troubles, bethink you, The watch-word of life must be, never give up! Never give up! There are chances and changes Helping the hopeful a hundred to one; And, through the chaos, high wisdom arranges Ever success, if you'll only hope on. Never give up! for the wisest is boldest, Knowing that Providence mingles the cup And of all maxims, the best, as the oldest, Is the true watch-word of "Never give up!" Never give up! Though the grasp-shot may rattle, Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst; Stand like a rock, and the storm and the battle Little shall harm you, though doing their worst. Never give up! If adversity presses, Providence wisely has mingled the cup; And the best counsel in all your distresses, Is the stout watch-word of "Never give up!" —Martin F. Tupper, in New York Weekly.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Benjamin Franklin was the original lightning calculator. Crops that grow by the electric light—Wild oats.—Boston Journal. "Ask popper," said the fire-cracker fuse when a match was suggested. That money talks I don't deny; To me it always says, "Good-bye." —Puck. It is odd enough that burglars take such risks in a safe opening.—Baltimore American. The head waiter reminds one of matrimony. He is a high mental, it will be remembered. A stingy man can be relied upon to keep everything but his promise.—Elmira Gazette. "Capital punishment," as the boy said when the school-mistress seated him with the girls.—Bazar. A man finds the poorest companion-ship when he "entertains a suspicion." —Washington Star. Your friends may not know much, but they know what they would do if they were in your place.—Athenian Globe. Stranger (brightly)—"Fine day!" Chronic Grumbler—"Ye-es—locally—probably raining somewhere." —Puck. Now is the time when the small boy of the family is caught poaching on his mother's preserves.—Baltimore American. All animals have their good points, but for abundance of the same none can compete with the porcupine.—Texas Sittings. It isn't so much that a man objects to pay the debt of nature; it is nature of the debt that trouble him.—Boston Transcript. The peacock may not be inclined to gossip, but he loves to spread a highly colored tale about the neighborhood.—Elmira Gazette. A man can always keep himself in good credit so long as he doesn't ask for it. Paste this in your hat and dodge the fatal request.—Puck. "If I were only in politics," mused the car-horse as he started up the hill, "what a lot I could do with the pull I have."—Baltimore American. "I don't look like a very formidable fellow," soliloquized the hoarse milk dealer; "and yet I've made lots of bigger men take water." —Life. Binklers—"Hello, Winklers. I hear you married a woman with an independent fortune." Winklers—"No-o; I married a fortune with an independent woman. Mudge—"I hear that Timming's girl has induced him to give up his cigars." Yabsley—"H'm! That's more than any of the boys could do."—Indianapolis Journal. People who are constantly saying "what is due to society" often forget altogether what is due to themselves, to say nothing of what is due to the butcher and baker. "Sir," said the tailor, "my suits talk for me." "But, my dear sir!" expostulated the customer, "can you expect me to believe statements made out of the whole cloth."—Baltimore American. He—"You say you love me, but cannot be my wife. Is it because I am poor? There are better things in this world than money." She—"Quite true, but it takes money to buy them."—Boston Budget. THE BALD MAN REJOICES. I love the crisp, cool autumn days, They fill my soul with glee. For then in poses I go my ways With not a fly on me. —New York Herald. Olden—"Remember, my son, to always keep your expenses within your income." Young-un—"Got a better plan than that. I propose bringing my income up to my expenses."—Indianapolis Journal. "Dinguss is a man of expensive habits, is he not, Shaddolt?" "Yes. Dinguss's habits since I have been acquainted with him have cost me \$156, without counting a cent for interest."—Chicago Tribune.