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The population of Greece is increasing at a greater ratio than that of any other European country.

Lunacy appears to have increased in Scotland to a startling extent. In 1858 there were 5824 lunatics on the register of the Lunacy Commissioners, but now there are 12,595.

The British Government proposes to build a very extensive barracks at Halifax, which, in case of war, would be occupied by troops on their way to India by way of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The site for these barracks has already been selected.

One of the greatest modern industries, asserts the San Francisco Chronicle, is the product of beet sugar. Its creation has given employment to a vast number of persons, and has so cheapened sugar that it is within the reach of the lowest-waged workman.

The farm products of Vermont this season will realize \$30,000,000, which, declares the New York Commercial Advertiser, is the best year's showing for the Green Mountain State farmers since the war. Improved methods of culture are largely credited with the prosperity.

The civilized nations of the earth have agreed to co-operate in taking a photographic chart of the heavens. Some twenty telescopes are to work four years, and will result in mapping probably twenty-five millions of stars; with longer exposures probably two thousand millions could be photographed.

An expert (Hoard's Dairyman) says: "The cow is winning her way into the hearts of the Southern people. One instance in proof thereof is the first consignment of cheese ever received in St. Louis from Arkansas, which reached that market lately from the Grand Prairie Dairy Company, at Stuttgart, Ark."

Canada gives to its geological survey only \$60,000 a year, while, contrasts the Chicago Herald, the various geological surveys in our own country absorb nearly \$1,000,000 annually. Yet Canada makes a fine showing with this modest sum. The annual geological records are in part records of original discovery and research, and, with their fine maps and photogravures, are as interesting as many books of travel. Canada contains the largest unknown areas of the American continent.

Savage or half-civilized princes often prefer death to exile in a foreign country. Malietoa, the King of Samoa, jumped overboard when the Germans took him to the Gilbert Islands, and was not rescued with his own consent. Three chiefs of the Comoro Islands, off the East African coast, were taken away from home three months ago on account of the revolution which they headed against the French. They were very unhappy on board ship, and when the vessel reached Obock they tried to jump overboard, and were placed in irons to prevent further suicidal attempts.

It is said that a few years ago some of the members of foreign legations in Washington gave the police no end of trouble. They knew that they could not be punished for any ordinary misdemeanor, and frequently raised a row on the streets. When arrested they had to be released as soon as identified. Finally the police tried a new dodge. They had a few sluggers loafing around the station, who made it a point to pitch into the foreigners, and give them black eyes and bloody noses. This quieted the riotous members of the legation, and for some time past they have given the police very little trouble.

Californians now engaging in the cultivation of prunes find the profits very tempting, being about one dollar a tree, or \$100 the acre. This rate increases as the tree grows older until the fruit each year is worth almost two dollars. Ex-Secretary of State Thomas Beck has given up everything else to engage in the cultivation of the prune. The Pajaro Land and Fruit Company was recently formed for the purpose of raising this fruit in large quantities. It has bought 600 acres of land in Pajaro Valley, and will plant an orchard of French prune trees. They will be from four to six feet in height when put into the ground. The stock of these trees is to be two years old and the grafting one year. Next year they will begin to yield fruit. The average life of a tree is thirty years.

E-LIM-IN-AH-DO.

'T was in the bazars of the Smyrniotes
That we heard the lingering call,
With its mellow, musical, bell-like notes,
And its rhythmic rise and fall.
It soared o'er the camel-driver's shout,
And the hale-bent porter's angry flout—
"O—O
E-lim-in-ah-do!"

There were the figs of Omorloo,
Large and luscious and bursting ripe;
And from a cafe near there blew
The tempting scent of the water-pipe,
But Tirez's grapes would hang in vain
Upon the vines had we heard that strain—
"O—O
E-lim-in-ah-do!"

Amber, clear as a prisoned ray
Of the morning sunlight, was dying;
Rugs, rich with the hues of foyot;
From the looms of Persia, lured us not,
While the motley Smyrna world swept by,
We hung on the sound of the witching cry—
"O—O
E-lim-in-ah-do!"

Then out of the jostling crowd he came
With his crook-necked flask and his clink
Of glass;
As keen of eye and supple of frame
As a Lydian pard we saw him pass—
Saw him pass, and above the roar
Caught the lilt of his call once more—
"O—O
E-lim-in-ah-do!"

Who can measure melody's power?
It sways the soul with the same strange
spell
On lovely lips in a lady's bower,
Or those of a vagrant Ishmael,
And still floats back, with its thrilling bars,
The strain from the Smyrniote bazars—
"O—O
E-lim-in-ah-do!"

—Clinton Scollard, in Atlantic Monthly.

DOROTHY'S DIAMONDS.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"You can't be in earnest, Dotty!" said Ralph in-ay.

"But I am in earnest," protested Dorothy, his wife. "Why shouldn't I be in earnest?"

Mr. Inray laid down the pen with which he had been following a long column of figures. He was a bank accountant, and sometimes eked out his small salary by bringing home the books of neighboring firms to post after his regular day's work was over.

He looked intently at Dorothy. Nor was she by any means a disagreeable object to behold, as she sat by the shaded lamp, stitching away at a piece of yellow China silk which emphasized her purple-black masses of silky hair and the jetty light of her long-lashed eyes.

Some people, to judge by appearances, are born kitchen-maids; others are princesses. And Dorothy Inray, albeit her father was a master carpenter and her husband a bank clerk, was one of nature's aristocrats—slim, taper-fingered and swan-throated, with a delicate complexion and a profile that reminded one of a Roman cameo.

"Why shouldn't you be in earnest?" repeated Ralph. "Because, Dotty, there's a fitness in all things. A poor man's wife has no business to wear diamonds."

"Mrs. Clifford wears them!" retorted Dorothy. "And Job Clifford doesn't get any higher salary than you do."

"But her father is a man of means, Dotty."

"And Luella Dixon has the loveliest lace-bar! She showed it to me yesterday."

"Dixon and I differ materially in our financial ideas," observed Inray, shrugging his shoulders. "If a man owes money, I, for one, don't regard it as a very smart thing for his wife to be flaunting around in costly jewels. Come, Dot, give up the idea. Twenty years from now I may be able to give you diamonds."

Dorothy pouted. She sewed away with little, swift jerks of the needle.

"Twenty years from now I shall be an old woman," she uttered.

Mr. Inray laughed.

"I'll risk that," said he. "No, Dotty, if my wife were to come out in a pair of diamond ear-rings, my employers would be quite justified in scrutinizing my accounts. The topaz ornaments I gave you at our wedding were good enough for you then. Why can't you be contented with them now?"

Dorothy answered not a word. The needle seemed like a scimeter in the lamplight; the rose-red lips were tightly compressed; and Ralph resumed his pen, with a sigh.

Dotty had "got into society" lately, and the little home had never recovered its pleasant old-time aspect since.

Mrs. Job Clifford and Luella Dixon were her models now, instead of kind Aunt Rhoda and the rector's pretty young wife.

to market, and there is no one else on this floor."

Mrs. Dixon drew her chair close to Dorothy's sofa.

"Listen!" she whispered. "How much money have you?"

"Twenty dollars of my own," Dorothy answered, "and forty that Ralph left to pay the agent our rent. That's sixty. And there's fifteen that Aunt Rhoda sent me to match her old brocaded silk with."

"Seventy-five!" said Mrs. Dixon, exultingly. "Dorothy, you shall have your diamonds!"

"It's impossible!" breathed Dorothy. "But it is possible, and I'll tell you how. Come closer, dear; not a soul must know of this. Dixon has helped a shipping merchant on the docks to get his cargo in—Dixon knows a man in the custom house, you see—and he has given us a point. There was a Brazil schooner came in last night, laden with bananas. The captain has friends in the diamond mines up among the mountains."

"You don't mean—"

Mrs. Dixon laughed—a shrill, excited laugh.

"It's really quite interesting to visit those odd little foreign vessels," said she. "I'll take you there, dear, if you'd like!"

"Is that the way you got your diamonds, Luella?"

"Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies," merrily retorted Mrs. Dixon. "You have the same chance that I did. It's the duties on these luxuries that makes the host. Captain Sazeda is in a hurry to get back to Rio Janeiro. If we go at all we'll have to go to-night."

"But it's Ralph's late night at the bank!" hesitated Dorothy.

"All the better. He mustn't know a word of it. Men are so ridiculous about such things. I never would have breathed a word to you if I had supposed you would betray me!"

"I won't! I won't!" cried Dorothy, her cheeks flushed, her dark eyes sparkling. "Oh, Luella, do you think my poor little seventy-five dollars will buy anything fit to look at?"

"Great bargains are sometimes obtained in that way," nodded Mrs. Dixon. "But, good gracious, is that eleven striking? And me due at my dressmaker's at half-past ten. I must go, Dorothy. Remember I'll call for you at seven. Not a minute before dark, you know. Sazeda will send up the cabin boy to show you the way. Put on your waterproof, and wear your oldest hat and veil, and make some excuse to Bridget. Mind, sharp seven!"

All day Dorothy Inray went about her occupations like one in a dream. The strange, fantastic nature of the adventure appealed to the romantic side of her being.

She longed for diamonds as a desert wanderer longs for cooling fountains. She could tell Ralph that she had hired them, that some of their relations up in Canada had bequeathed them—she could make up any sort of a story to pacify him. The rent must wait. Aunt Rhoda would surely be in no haste about her black brocaded gown!

And Dorothy fell to thinking in what shape the stones—precious sparklers from far Southern mines—should be set.

Seven o'clock came—a raw, smoky twilight, filled with fine, drizzling rain—and Dorothy and Mrs. Dixon were picking their way along the narrow, half-lighted streets on the edge of the wharves, where the wind was full of saline odors, and the crowded masts and smoke-stacks seemed to overshadow them like some outlandish sort of forest.

A stunted lad in tattered garments trotted along in front of them, whistling as he went, and now and then casting a backward glance to make sure that they had not lost their way.

Presently he plunged into a crazy old house which seemed to balance itself on the black tides below.

Mrs. Dixon followed—so did Dorothy Inray, after one startled glance around. They descended a flight of ruinous stairs, crossed a rude gangplank, and found themselves on a stupendously dirty vessel, smelling of tar and onions, and rocking back and forth with the swell produced by the ferry-boats that came and went at intervals.

A humpbacked little man in tarnished velvet sat on a bucket turned upside down, holding a lantern which he swung toward a cabin door beyond.

"Ha, Giacome!" he uttered, "Zo signora! she come to see zo parrot an' zo cockatoo! She is welcome. Walk zat way, please."

And Dorothy and her friend descended into a low-ceiled, dirty place lined with cages of numberless shrieking foreign birds, and a jocular-looking young man with a mandolin slung around his neck was leisurely picking out a tune by the light of a smoke-blackened lamp.

He looked at Mrs. Dixon, who nodded her head, while Dorothy stood trembling and a little sea-sick at her side.

He laid down the mandolin, bowed not ungracefully, to Dorothy, and closing the doors with vigilant care, opened a shallow cigar box which lay on the table.

All at once the air seemed to flash into scintillations of light. Dorothy started back with a slight exclamation.

what Sazeda was saying—the murky cabin swam before her eyes.

"I'm afraid you feel the swell of the waves, dear," whispered Mrs. Dixon. "Let us get out as quick as we can."

In the same instant a curious expression passed across Sazeda's handsome sardonic face. The cigar box vanished as if by magic—the captain disappeared also.

"A custom house fellow," whispered the little hunchback, madly swinging his lantern to and fro. "All ashore! Quick, signoras!"

He thrust the cage of a drooping white macaw into Mrs. Dixon's hands. She nodded shrewdly, and pushed Dorothy across the plank toward the stairs. In her haste, however, the young woman stumbled.

"Quick," cried Luella—"quick! What's the matter with you?"

"I'm—I'm afraid I have sprained my ankle," wailed poor Dorothy, growing white and sick. "Oh, Luella, wait—"

And that was all she remembered.

"Diamonds, my dear—diamonds!" echoed Aunt Rhoda. "Just cut glass, and nothing more. Bright pebbles that one can pick up anywhere."

"But Mrs. Dixon—" stammered Dorothy.

"Don't talk, dear," said Aunt Rhoda, with a wave of her hand. "Ralph made me promise not to let you get excited. But I think it's best to tell you the whole story at once. They've cut and run, the lot of 'em—Dixon and his wife, that Sazeda fellow and all. They palmed off a lot of those false jewels on people who supposed they were buying smuggled diamonds, and the ship was found deserted the next day. Where did we find you? Why, fainting away all alone on the dock steps. I had followed you. I had come in that morning, and was in the next bedroom all the time that woman was putting her falsehoods down your throat."

"And I knew, in Ralph's absence, that it was my business to look after you. Bridget was with me, and together we got you home. Much that other woman cared whether you lived or died! She has left you to your fate. No, Dotty, no; don't look so grieved! It was a false step, but the Lord has mercifully preserved you, and now we'll wipe off the old scores and begin again."

And Dorothy had just enough strength left to press her lips to Aunt Rhoda's withered hand.

"Ralph," she said, when she was quite recovered, "if ever you are able to buy me any jewels—"

"Which I certainly shall do, dot, one of these days," he gaily interrupted. "Don't let them be diamonds. I hate diamonds! I never want to see one again. Turquoises, amethysts, whatever else you please, but not diamonds!"

"Well, it shall be as you please," said Ralph. "Your bright eyes, love, are all the diamonds I want!"

"Oh, Ralph," sobbed Dorothy, "how good you are to me! How I love you!"

A Church Built of Coral.

The Seychellas Islands, which are supposed by many to be the site of the Eden of the Old Testament history, form an archipelago of 114 islands, and are situated about 1400 miles east of Aden, and 1000 miles from Zanzibar. They rise steeply out of the sea, culminating in the Isle of Mahe, which is about 3000 feet above the level of the ocean, and is nearly the centre of the group. All these islands are of coral growth. The beaches which surround them are of white calcareous sands inclosed in coral reefs of the most subtle and varied structure.

The reefs form a sort of wall around the island, and when the sun's rays fall slanting on the sands the shore reflects here and there light-tinted rainbows of the most exquisite shades.

The houses are built of a species of massive coral hewn into square blocks, which glisten like white marble and show themselves to the utmost advantage in the various tinted green of the thick tropical palms, whose immense fern-like leaves give pleasant and much needed shade.

The palms grow as high as 100 feet and more, overtopping both the houses and the coral-built church. They line the seashore and cover the mountains, forming in many places extensive forests.—Boston Globe.

Curiosities About Gold.

Gold is so very tenacious that a piece of it drawn into wire one-twentieth of an inch in diameter will sustain a weight of 500 pounds without breaking.

Its malleability is so great that a single grain may be divided into 2,000,000 parts and a cubic inch into 9,523,809, 523 parts, each of which may be distinctly seen by the naked eye.

A grain and a half of gold may be beaten into leaves of one inch square, which if intersected by parallel lines, drawn at right angles to each other and distance only the one-hundredth part of an inch, will produce 25,000,000 little squares, each of which may be distinctly seen without the use of a glass.

The surface of any given quantity of gold, according to the best authorities, may be extended by the hammer 310,184 times. The thickness of the metal thus extended appears to be no more than the 568,020th of an inch. Eight ounces of this wonderful metal would gild a silver wire of sufficient length to extend entirely around the globe.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Upside down—The moustache.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Germany leads in paper-mills. Coffee mills are run by electricity. Instantaneous photographs show lip movements.

The experiment is about to be tried in Chicago of running double-decked street cars.

A street railway system, to be operated by compressed air, is to be inaugurated in Leavenworth, Kan. The power will also be applied to factories.

The phonograph has been applied to the telephone, so that any conversation coming over the wires during the day may be readily reproduced.

Phosphorus is now being made by decomposing a mixture of acid phosphates and carbon by the heat of an electric arc within the mass.

The latest innovation in car decoration is a new material called "silichrome." It can be used also for depot or other interior decoration.

On the eastern frontier of the "Dark Continent" coal is so plentiful that by lifting a shovelful of clay off any particular spot it may be reached. But there is no means of transporting it to market.

The range of naval guns is roughly one mile for every inch of calibre for guns less than ten inches, but last year a 9.2 inch breech-loading rifle attained a range of twelve miles. The pneumatic gun has fired a dummy shell two miles and a half.

It is said that the local steam trains between St. Paul and Minneapolis have all been taken off, being unable to compete with the electric road, which is running trips every eight minutes, and is expected soon to change to five minute schedule.

About twice as much energy is required to stop a moving object as to start it. In order to relieve its horses of a great deal of work, the London General Omnibus Company has adopted an ingenious device by which springs are wound up when the omnibus stops. The amount of energy which is thus stored up in the springs is utilized for starting the vehicle again.

A smokeless powder has been prepared at the Newport (R. I.) Torpedo Station, which is credited with having given a rifle bullet the astounding velocity of 2860 feet per second. Moreover, it is stated that at a distance of 500 yards the report of the gun was not heard nor was any smoke visible. Gun cotton pulp is reported to be the base of the powder, but the other ingredients and their manipulation are a Government secret.

A lake has a wonderfully tempering effect on the climate. Thus, according to M. Forel, the quantity of heat accumulated in the Lake of Geneva, Switzerland, during the summer of 1889 was equal to that given off by the combustion of 31,000,000 tons of coal, or the amount carried by a coal train 1120 miles in length. The greater part of the heat is discharged into the air of the valley during the cold season, thus producing a milder temperature in autumn and winter.

Dr. Brown-Sequard in one of his lectures dwells with great emphasis on the importance of general knowledge in the matter of checking coughing and sneezing. He states that coughing can be stopped by pressing the nerves of the lips in the neighborhood of the nose, and sneezing may be stopped the same way. Pressing in the neighborhood of the ear, or right in front of the ear, may stop coughing. It is so also of hicoughing, but much less so than for sneezing or coughing. Pressing very hard on the roof of the mouth is also a means of arresting a cough, and the will itself is often found to be a wonderful preventive.

What Becomes of All Old Hats?

What becomes of all old hats? "We have about 200 old hats strewn along under the counters and in the back room," said a South Clark street hatter.

"From ten to twenty-five tramps come in daily and ask for a hat, yet our refuse supply seems undiminished. The tramps are glad to see cool or rainy weather at this time of the year. They know that it will drive in the straw hats, and they will fall heir to them. After these straw hats have done service all summer the tramps wear them all winter. For a summer hat the tramp gets the cast-off winter hat. He reserves the fashion. A great majority, however, take their old hats home and lay them up for a rainy or a snowy day. Some people will wear a straw hat two seasons, but the great majority give them to the poor. We send a large number to the charitable institutions. A great many hats are left to be called for. If not called for within thirty days we give them away. Sometimes sharpers attempt their little games on us. A small man left his hat here, buying a cut-off crown hat. The one he left was out of shape, had lost its gloss and color, and was worthless. He did not say that he would return for it, nor did he say that he would not. We put it aside, but when he called for it we could not find it at the moment. He then claimed that it was a good hat and demanded \$5 for it. We made a thorough search, found the battered tile and handed it to him. Seeing that his scheme had failed he threw the old hat into the street."—Chicago Times.

A Western man says this is a "tough world," and it is his opinion that very few who are in it now will ever get out of it alive.—Pharmaceutical Era.

CHORES.

Jed Dorcum always used to say When we asked him to come and play With us boys down in jelly cake; "I've gotter stay and do the chores." No recreation would he take For all his wealth in jelly cake; No glad fun in or out of doors, He had to stay and do the chores.

We drove a woodchuck in the wall But Jed he paid no heed at all; A circus passed through Lower Town But busy Jed, he couldn't go down. The elephant went tramping by And shook the earth and touched the sky; The tiger howls, the lion roars, Jed stays at home and does the chores.

Much like Jed Dorcum are we all Who long for great things and do small; We mull among the trivial sods Within the gardens of the gods, While the dark clusters hang above Rich with the juice of life and love. We cannot reach and pull them down, These fair pomegranates of renown; Whose juice life's early hope restores, For we must work and do the chores.

Above us sternly loom forever The mighty mountains of Endavor, And whose on their summit stands Looks on the sun-kissed table lands. We grasp our mountain staff to climb Their sky-enrouded peaks sublime, Up where the crystal torrent pours— And then we pause to do our chores.

We start with courage in the heart To try the endlessness of art, In hope that we may speak some day The word the Spirit bids us say, But ere we speak the word aright The shadows come and it is night. Put out the light and close the doors, For good or ill we've done our chores. —Sam Walter Foss, in Yankee Blade

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Cast iron—Quits. Men with well knit figures are seldom worsted in a fight.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The girl who has had a faithless lover should be sharper the next time—she is a cutlass.—Lowell Courier.

"Financial embarrassment" is the only kind that ever troubles young America.—Boston Courier.

A ring around the moon is a sign of rain, and a ring around the eye is a sign of blow.—Texas Siftings.

The crank with a theory is like a dog chasing his tail—it's nothing new when he grasps it.—Columbus Post.

"Ah, yes," said Aunt Sary, "Jennie's a great singer; some day she'll be a regular belladonna!"—Columbus Post.

The ocean wearily exclaimed, "Incessantly I go; I wonder that I don't get corns Upon my undertow."

If the world, as it is, owes everybody a living, the world ought to get a mortgage on itself to pay its debts.—Texas Siftings.

If men were half as wise in their actions as they are in their minds, the word "fool" would be out of use.—Acheson Globe.

The peacock may not be inclined to gossip, but he loves to spread a highly colored tale about the neighborhood.—Elmira Gazette.

In looking for causes, the little thing under our nose is hardest to see. Just try to cast your eye on the centre of your own moustache.—Puck.

"Why is it so much easier to contract debts than to pay them?" "Because we run into debt, but usually have to crawl out."—New York Herald.

Facetious Tourists—"Is it true that your canton is full of idiots?" Merry Swiss Peasant—"Yes, sir, in summer. But they don't stop long."

Carruthers—"Of what use is a family tree, anyhow?" Waite—"Why, to cast one's neighbor in the shade, of course."—New York Herald.

Ethel—"I am sure now that George thinks me an angel." "Maud—"What makes you so positive?" Ethel—"He asked me to fly with him."—New York Herald.

"Why do they ring the bell in that railroad station in that style? It sounds like it was tolling." "Probably it is—for the passing of the dividend."—Baltimore American.

"Mrs. Garrill fell down stairs and bit her tongue in two." "Poor Garrill! If that woman has two tongues, heaven knows what will become of him!"—Harper's Bazaar.

Mrs. Blacklot—"Yes, my boy's doin' well to Harvard. He's studyin' fer a doctor now." Mrs. Nextdore—"Dear me! Can't the doctor do his own studyin'?"—Boston Post.

Bride (in anticipation)—"I should like to give my intended a little surprise before our marriage. What would you advise?" Female Friend—"Hum! present him with your certificate of birth."—Flying Blade.

"Can you help me?" said the tramp, addressing the doctor, who was riding past. "Perhaps I can," said the doctor humorously. "I'm a physician. What's your trouble?" "I think, sir, I need a little change most." He got it.—New York Press.

Joachim, the musician, was having his hair cut, and strenuously insisted that it should not be very short. "Well, sir," said the barber, losing patience, "if you, as a gentleman, don't mind being taken for a foreign musician, I'm sure I don't care."—Christian Union.