# SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

W M. CHENEY, Publisher.

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

VOL. X.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1892.

NO. 13.

The recent progress in railroading shows that the wooden ties must soon give way to those made of steel.

It is stated that in Massachusetts, of the 38,295 partners in eighty-three industries, 1760 are women; of the 45,731 stockholders, 11,752 are women.

Great Britain's new Postmaster-General announces there is no hope for the success of the movement for a penny postage between English-speaking

Emile Zola, the French novelist, who recently visited Spain, is credited with saying that he never saw such simplicity as that which prevails under the Government of Queen Maria Christina and her young son, Alfonso XIII., even the French Republic being far more pom-

The progress that the movement for the higher education of women is making in America is shown by the statement that there are 200 students in attendance at the Harvard Annex this fall. This is a remarkable showing, for the institution is only twelve years old. The young women of the annex receive exactly the same instruction that is given to the regular students of Harvard University. The requirements for admission and the examinations are identical. The only difference is that the annex girls receive on graduation a "degree certificate" in place of the college degree which their brothers get.

Since the Mikado of Japan permitted his subjects to emigaate to other countries, nearly 100,000 of them have left their native land. There are about 20,-000 of them in Hawaii, and more of them in Australia. They are to be found in various countries of the Asiatic continent, and some of them are in Europe. There are about 2000 of them in California, and others are constantly arriving there to work in the vineyards. In the city of New York there may be 200 Japanese, and there are a few of them in many other American cities. Wherever they go they have the reputation of being industrious and inoffensive. The population of Japan is 40,000,000.

Although this has not been a very profitable year for the Pacific Coast fishermen, it is said that 500,000 pounds of silver salmon have been shipped East. Of the other varieties perhaps twice the quantity will be marketed by the end of the season. There are four species of this fish: the "humpback," which are caught early in the season; the "jack" and the "silver," which are finest in flavor, and the "dog" salmon, of a good quality that runs until late in the year. The "humpbacks" average five pounds in weight, the "jacks" fifteen, the "silvers" six, and the "dog" salmon twelve pounds. The fishermen receive about two cents a pound for their catches. The cost of handling codfish and halibut is too great to permit the Califorian fishermen to compete with their Eastern brethren, although the waters of Puget Sound are fairly alive with these fish.

The old war horse Comanche, that alone of all the horses and riders that followed Custer on the 25th of June, 1876, survived the fight, died recently. He belonged to Captain Keogh, and like his rider had a strange history, muses the Boston Transcript. Captain Keogh was an Trishman by birth and had served in the Papal army before he came to this country. Though like most soldiers he may have anticipated falling in battle, and like most men he may have speculated as to where and when the end would come, it is scarcely probable that Keogh in Ireland or Italy every had a vision that forewarned him he would die in a defeat by the hands of a savage. Comanche, when the relief column reached the battlefield, was found covered with wounds and weak from loss of blood, but he knew the sounds of the trumpets, and dragged himself to the colors. From that day he was adopted by the Seventh Cavalry, and wherever the regiment has gone, Comanche, riderless, and bearing the trappings indicative of his dead master's rank, has marched with it, its pensioner. Towards the last when he had grown very old, he marched between two other horses whose riders directed his movements by guide reins. He had known no rider since the massacre. The regard for him manifested by the rough troopers was a revelation of the tenderness that may be drawn ever from hearts supposed to have been hardened by war and toil.

#### HUNKUM HILL

I used to gaze on Hunkum Hill And think it very high,
And one of Nature's mighty props
That help uphold the sky.
One day I toddled up its side And stood upon its top,
And then I learned the sky must rest

And there I saw it just beyond, Another hill much higher, Its summit mingled with the sky All fused with sunset fire.
That hill's a button on the earth," Said I to little John.

"The great sky spreads its buttonhole
And there it hitches on." One day I climed this other bill, And found with heavy heart The button and the buttonhole Were very far apart. But there against the crimson West Another hill was seen,
A mighty spangled cushion where

The big sky loved to lean.

And so I've kept on climbing hills

From busy day to day,
But from the topmost peaks I find
The sky is far away.
In spite of many tumbles, still This sermon I would preach, Life's greatest fun is grasping for The things we cannot reach.

-S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

#### IN A STREET CAR.

BY DOROTHY DASHWOOD.

It was a little girl on a street car ing up-town. She was a pretty child in a broad brimmed, picturesque hat, loaded with ostrich plumes. She sat beside her mother, a sweet-faced woman with kind-

ly, patient eyes.

The little one carried a big bunch of flowers. "It's most as big as a bushel basket," she said laughingly to her father, as he bought them down town for her at the flower show. There were royal chrysanthemums, reses with fair, pallid faces, and others burning with of gladiolii, each one as still as if it had swallowed a ramrod, gorgeous dahlias, in flaunting rosettes of red and yellow, and towering above all, a high and mighty orchid, full of airs, but looking as much like a vegetable lobster as anything else. The child clutched them so closely that her neat little kia glove was light ready to spill. You see there, were just ready to split. You see there were so many of the glorious blossoms, that her tiny hand could hardly hold them all. "I am just thinking, mamma," she said in n happy little whisper, "how lovely they will look on the dinner table,

to-night, when papa comes home!"

There was only one vacant seat in the car, and that was just beside the little girl. Pretty soon the conductor rang up another fare, and a tall, ungainly man skid into the place. up another fare, and a tan, uugamıy man slid into the place. He looked like a consumptive, and had evidently been drinking. Only a little, though. Perhaps just enough to brace him up against haps just enough to brace him up against some trouble, and make the poor fellow feel a little bit sociable. His hand trembled slightly, and he looked kindly down at the child and her flowers.

"My! sis, ain't them pretty posies? Why them's just the sort my old grandmother used to have in her garden, when I was a little shaver! Them's the real garden roses. I can tell them by

real garden roses. I can tell them by the smell," he said in a voice that had a the smell," he said in a voice that had a good deal of pathos in it. The man's manner was friendliness itself, and his face was as honest as the day is long, but the timid little one edged along the

ittle afraid of him.

"Sho." he blurted out again, good naturedly. "Not enough, eh, for that big posy? Well, I want 'em, and I want 'em bad. So I'll go you a dollar, and here's the 'dust. You can buy candy enough with it to last you a month."

Here the little girl became so embarrassed that her mother felt compelled to say to her in a soft wore tone. "Does in the story was to her in a soft wore tone."

say to her in a sotto voce tone, be afraid, dear. Tell the gentleman that you do not wish to sell your flow-

sary for the child to speak. He raised his battered hat respectfully and hands still trembling, he turned to the child and continued, "No, sissy, don't be afeared, I wouldn't harm you or hurt your feelins for all the gold in America. I think a hean of little gal like you. I think a heap of little gals like you. I didn't mean no harm in tryin' to make a deal with you for the flowers. I wanted 'em and I want 'em yet, if you

are willin to sell 'em to me.

The mother smiled pleasantly, the child dismissed her fears and seeing that no offence was given, the man con-

"You see I've got a little niece up town about as big as you. She looks like you some, too, only her cheeks ain't always been puny like yourn, 'cause she's always been puny like. But she's smart, though! Tell you what, she's way up in 'rithmetic. She can write a letter same as a parson, and Lord, how that little one can sing! I got a letter from her worther, 'is now and I'm going up there.

dyin'. Can't live till mornin' nohow, the doctor says. She loves flowers and when I got on the cars and seen you with that big bunch o' yourn, I thought how it might cheer her up a bit to hold 'em in her poor little thin, white hand at the last."

The child was crying softly now, the tears were falling right into the faces of her cherished flowers. The mother's eyes grew brighter than their wont, while the man went on, his hands still trembling.

trembling.

"Yes, poor little Rosy! I took her and her ma off in the country, way up on Long Island, last summer, hoping the change of air might tone her up a bit. But it didn't do no good. There was just about enough of her body left to hold her little soul when we got back, and it had wore away so thin that you could almost see through it. I knew she couldn't hold on much longer, but it's awful tough on her ma, though, just the same."

Here the poor fellow brushed the back of his hand across his eyes. It shook

or his hand across his eyes. It shook terribly.

"Yes, she used to sit up on the pile o' sweet hay out in the meadow, where she could look clean across the Sound on to the blue hills wey over in Connecticut. She called it her 'Land of Beulah.' Some She called it her 'Land of Beulah.' Some of her Sunday-school lingo, I reckon. Any way, her little crutches was there handy, and I would bring her great loads o' daisies and them yaller things that smell like pizen. I called 'em weeds, but she said they was golden rods. She'd string the daisies into long chains, and tie the others up in posies. chains, and tie the others up in posies. She always called me 'Uncle Rod' for short. My right name is Roderick. But She always caned the Child law short. My right name is Roderick. But after that she never called me anything but 'Golden Rod,' and I reckon it was all on account of them flowers. Never mind, sissy! Don't feel bad. needn't sell me your flowers if you don't want to."

By this time, the little girl was crying hard. Her mother's arm held her close, but with an irresistible impulse she sob-bed out: "Oh, mister! I can't sell you the flowers, but I want to give them to you for little Rosie! Here, take them hectic color. There was also tall spikes you for little Rosie! Here, take them of gladiolii, each one as stiff as if it had all, and, Oh, dear, I hope she won't die! Can't the doctor do something to make her get well, mamma?" The child was fast becoming hysterical. The next corner was their stopping place, and her mother hurried her off the car.

Just as she was passing out, an old fellow in the corner seat, stretched forth his hand and touched the hem of he simple, brown dress. As he did so, he blew his nose with a great snort on a big, red bandanna to make believe he wasn't crying, and then he whispered wasn't crying, and then he whispered softly, under his breath, "God bless the child!"

But the pathos of this little incident was to find yet further expression. A moment later there was a little jolt, the quick scream of a child, and the sound of a man's voice, swearing horribly. "Look sharp! ye little imp!" he yelled as he pulled up his horses with a sudden jerk. A little child lay close beside the track. Its rag of a hat was crushed upon the rail, and the skirt of its calico frock had been cut clean in two, by the edge of the heavy wheel. It was a mere tot this time.

tot this time.

"Hebbens and earf," she screamed.

"I'se all runned ober, an' me mudder's losted!" she added, with another yell that might have aroused the dead. A policeman came over from the corner to see what the row was about. The child was too little to club and so he took her in his arms and tried to soothe her with in his arms and tried to soothe her with kindly words. A crowd began to gather and she wailed yet louder still. "I tells you me mudder's lost an' I'm all runned ober! I wants me mudder!" she screamed, with both fists jammed but the timid little one edged along the seat closer to her mother.

"Say, sis! what'll you take for your flowers?" he resumed pleasantly: "Come now! Let's make bargain. How much for the hull lot? I want to buy 'em. Here he drew a shining silver half dollar from his pocket and held it in his extended palm.

"I tells you me mudder's yeat and runned ober! I wants me mudder!" she screamed, with both fists jammed tightly in her eyes. The tears were washing white streaks on the grimmy little face, and fluffy tendrils of tangled cold streamed along.

tended palm.

The child took no notice of the coin but looked appealingly at her mother. She thought the man a crank and was a little afraid of him.

"Sho!" he blurted out again, good maturedly. "Not enough ab for that teals the cost into cort of the little afraid of him. took the seat just vacated by the little girl who had carried the flowers, and tried to comfort the poor waif by showing her the big brass buttons on his coat

ing her the big brass buttons on his coat and promising to buy her some candies. But all to no purpose. Her poor little heart was broken, and she could only cry, "I want my mudder! I want my mudder!" Everybody thought what a pretty child she would be if her face were only clean. Her startled eyes were like two big purple pansies and her hair the color of a marigoid. The man with the color of a marigold. The man with the flowers couldn't stand it any longer. He had stared hard at an advertisement on the opposite side of the car without he thrust the shining coin into the grimy

hand of the poor waif.
"Take it, sis, and don't cry," he said. "Tell the copper yer name, and he'll take to yer mar. Poor thing! I reckon wants you as bad as you want her, and she's cryin' her eyes out about you this blessid minute. Take the dollar home to her and tell her to buy ye some little shoes. She'il have you back all safe an' sound. But my little gal's mar, that I'm takin' these flowers to," he added, sadly, as he stopped the car, "won't have her back again, no nore, forever."—New York News.

"Do you know Duzenbury?" "Well, he is a cool customer."
has he done now?" "He lives mother 'jes now, and I'm going up there.
The poor little thing has been sick all her life with hip disease, and now she's landlord for fuel."—Texas Siftings.

A bad advocate spoils a good cause. The poorer a man is the oftener he goes to law.

There is nothing so sought and so lit-tle valued as advice.

When a woman hates a man it is sign she once loved him.

Suspicion is a canker that corrodes not only the suspected but the suspicious. Nature set the mark of her abhorrence ipon egoism when she created the sexes

The head is frequently made the scape-oat of the heart, and in fact usually suffers from its burden.

The uglier a show manager is, the more he insists upon having his picture printed on all the bills.

Women will love men they cannot respect; but with men their respect must go far in advance of their affections.

If a man is good it is either because he has to be or because he enjoys it. No man was ever good from a sense of duty. There is one good thing that may be

said about faults; it is always the man you dislike most who has the most of When a woman cannot reform a man

his salvation is impossible. When she can not destroy him his destruction is not possible.

Men make laws for the protection of the brute creation in order to relieve themselves of responsibility and to escape the unpleasantness involved in per-sonal action. It is so much easier to raise the hand and point to a law when appealed to than to rise bodily and bring the offender to justice.

Most personal questions are like old-time ghosts that rise periodically to be laid again. There seems to be but one infallible method by which the ghost of a defunct question can be disposed of and wafted down the river to its proper place of retreat; that is, by giving it a companion on its journey—the soul of the unfortunate in whose breast the question was agitated.

#### Even Corn Husks Are Valuable.

The fates are combining to make things pleasanter for the Western farmer, the latest discovery of value to him being that the husks of corn will make excellent paper. Hitherto husks have only been eaten by stock under protest and during hard spells. Now, however, the establishment of paper mills in the West should put a stop to the constant shipping of paper from the East, and also convert a waste sticle into what means convert a waste article into what manu facturers would call a "residuary profit, such as coke in a gas factory. It is no many years since old rags were looked upon as the only possible raw material for the manufacture of paper, and the course from cast-off shoddy to the covering of corncobs has been both steady and interesting.—St. Louis Globe-Demo-

# Cleansing the Pipe Lines.

The cleansing of the pipe lines which connect Philadelphia and New York with the oil regions, and of which there is a strong probability that another will be constructed between this city and the new field in Southwestern Pennsylvania new field in Southwestern Pennsylvania and West Virginia, is a very ingenious matter. The crude petroleum, in passing through the pipes, leaves a waxy deposit on the sides, which, if allowed to accumulate, would soon fill them and check the flow of oil. To prevent this a clever spiral contrivance of knives is forced through the pipes with the oil from the pumping station, cutting out the wax and effectually cleaning the pipe. There are now about half a dozen pipe lines between the oil fields and tidewater, and they are kept open in this way.—Philathey are kept open in this way .- Phila-

# To Temper a Watch Spring.

The country watchmaker more than his city conterree is called upon to tem-Horological Review, can be done by pre-paring a lead bath, that is, a quantity of lead in an iron pot, raising it to such a heat that the lead is red. Into this plunge the spring, and keep it in for a sufficien length of time; then when hot enough quickly plunge into cold water or lard oil. It is necessary next so to give it the right temper, which is done by dipping the spring into a small vessel of boiling linseed oil for a few seconds and then into cold oil.

# A Rock in Midocean.

Captain John Richards, of the British ship Cambrian Monarch, reports having passed within half a mile of a pinnach rock, showing about seven feet above the water. No soundings were taken and no discolored water was seen except close to the rock. The sea was smooth and from the topsail yard the rock appeared to be about nine feet in diameter at the water's edge, but much larger under the water. Captain Richards says hs is sure that it was not a floating object.—Philadelphia Record.

# Slamming the Door on a Prince.

It is related that on one occasion when Lord Tennyson was at his residence in the Isle of Wight, the Prince of Wales called upon him, and being informed by the servant that Lord Tennyson would see no one, the Prince replied: "Oh, he will see me, I am the Prince of Wales." The servant at once remarked: "Get on with your gammon, I'm not so green as all that," and shut the door in His Royal Highness' face.—London Tit-Bits.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Languinite is a new metal. Hot water cannot be raised to any considerable height by suction.

The Colorado cliff dwellers are said by scientists to have existed 10,000 years

A vegetable cartridge shell, which is entirely consumed in firing, is now com-ing into general use in the French

army.

The skin of a boiled egg when carefully peeled and applied when wet to a boil will draw out the matter and greatly

An Italian scientist has ascertained that every fifteen grains of dust taken from the streets of Naples contain from 1,000,000,000 to 5,000,000,000 mi-Scientists show that the mosquitoes of

the Arctic region become more and more numerous the further they are beyond the northern range of the swallow and the A solution called diamond ink has

been invented which enables one to write upon glass. It is necessary to allow it to remain upon the glass about fifteen minutes before wiping off.

By a novel device of reflection on a screen at their rear, heavy guns can now be aimed and fired with the greatest accuracy without the gunners being ex-posed or even seeing the object to be fired at.

Pipes of ramie fiber are made avail-Pipes of rame fiber are made available for steam through hardening by tremendous hydraulic pressure. The finished pipe is two and a half times as strong as steel, while remaining comparations. Hoth strong as stee atively light.

Lisle thread is made of superior cotton treated in a peculiar manner. The waxy surface of the cotton fibre is impaired by carding, but preserved by combing. The spinning of lisle thread is done under moisture, forming a compact and

Dr. Peter McCahey, of Philadelphia, has found that by placing a stethoscope to a person's head he can distinctly hear the sound of an air-current within, and by the character of the sound can tell whether the person is sane or insane; and he positively avers that in the cranium of a big-headed idiot this wind current can be distinctly heard loudly

An extraordinary result has been obtained by some experiments made in England in signalling with electric lights turned vertically to the sky. The light of the Eddystone lighthouse can be seen only seventeen and a half miles, and then on a clear night; but a vertical beam of light of far less power is visible just twice as far, with a strong chance of its surmounting an ordinary fog.

M. Trouve has shown to the French

M. Trouve has shown to the French Academy of Sciences the design of a boat propelled by a sea water battery. The plates of zinc and copper are placed un-der the boat like a keel, and the current drives a motor attached to a large rotary wheel. The plates may be lowered or raised as required. Thomas Davenport, a Vermont blacksmith, made a similar suggestion or design fifty years ago.

M. Guillot, a French chemist, has de-clared that more than five million dol-lars' worth of "whitened" diamonds have been sold in Berlin alone at thirty per cent. above their value. He recom-mends diamond merchants to insist, when purchasing diamonds, on a test bath of alcohol. That is a solvent of analine, which is the basis of the process for making diamonds more bril-liant.

# The Dogs of War.

In France, Italy, Germany and Austria, as well as in Bosnia and Herzegovina, the value of war dogs has been fully tested, and the idea, I am told, has answered excellently with the outposts as well as with the patrol. But to the German army belongs the merit of having made use of the dog's sagacity for humane purposes in times of war, and it is probable that before long a number of fresh canine recruits will be permanently attached to the German regiments, their office being to search for the wounded,

The Prussian Jager battalions have already a number of such dogs on trial, all of them being thoroughly trained to seek out wounded soldiers in the field. The experiments so far have been carried out, my informant says, as follows:

A number of men hide in a wood, or

behind hedges, lying on the ground face downward, and with orders not to move. As soon as the dogs are let loose they begin the search. When they find one of these men they place their torepaws upon the prostrate body and begin to bark, an exercise which is continued bark, an exercise which is continued till the bearers appear and carry the man off, whereupon the dogs start afresh. Each company of the Lubben Jager has about twelve of these dogs.

Hunting dogs caunot be relied upon on account of their love of the chase, and

therefore sheepdogs or Pomeranian spitz-hunde are chosen for the work.

# Shooting Birds Flying.

In Smith's "History of Kerry," published in 1754, is found the statement that the art of shooting birds flying was taught to the Irish people by the French came over after the revorefugees who cation of the Edict of Nantes, and that to this circumstance is due the decline and disappearance of falconry.—Notes

#### SUNBEAMS.

In ripples of gold, o'er vale and hill, They gleam at dawn of day;
With glery the woodland nooks they fill,
And o'er the brooklets play.
They dance o'er the meadows, daisy clad,
And scatter the mists afar;
The birds sing a welcome, sweet and glad,
Wherever the sunbeams are.

They wander where towers the palace grand, They peep in the cottage door; They brighten the heart, as a fairy wand, And joy and hope restore.
They follow the rain, and calm the strife,

Wherever their kisses fall; Ah! sweet is the zest they give to life And the lonely hearts of all!

Oh, keep them forever in thy heart, The sunbeams that fall each day! And make them of life the better part Wherever thy feet shall stray! Give thanks to the Giver every Till the pleasant journey's end,
For the sunbeams He ever keeps in store And to all below doth send!

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

-John Keynton

It never does any good to air opinions that need fumigation.—Elmira Gazette. Wise medical men do not treat somnambulism as a pillow case.—Boston Cour

Banks of clouds are often broken by heavy drafts of wind.—Baltimore Ameri-

The hotter people feel toward each other the cooler they act.—Atchison

It was the reporter who attended an execution who went out with the tied.—
Boston Transcript.

A man's declining years begin at fifty; a woman's begin from fifteen to eighteen.—Atchison Globe. An owl is regarded as an embodiment

of wisdom because he knows how to keep dark.—Galveston News. Willie—"Pa, what's a rhinestone?" Father—"A glass instrument used to skin suckers."—Jewelers' Weekly.

It doesn't seem to require any pre-monitory training to know how to make an assignment.—Boston Courier.

There are so many teachers of music, one would think music ought to be quite well informed now .- Pittsburg Chronicle. Not a few people seem to think the

keeping of an appointment a matter of no particular moment.—Detroit Free Press. Reading maketh a man full-that is, it fills his mind with words that he does not know how to pronounce.—Indianap-

olis Journal. How fortunate for us that the Indian, when he disappeared from New England, forgot to take his summer with him!

Lowell Courier. Never speak ill of anybody; you can do just as much execution with a shrug of the shoulders or a significant look.--

Milwaukee Sentinel. North Side Mother-"Oscar, why can't you be a good boy?" Wayward Four-year-old—"Mamma, it makes me so tired."—Chicago Tribune.

Leary-"Still waiting for your ship to come in, eh?" Weary—"Oh, they've come. Whole fleet of 'em. All hard-ships."—Indianapolis Journal.

I do not love my fellow man,
By no means as I ought'er.
But great Jemima Goose-grease Jane,
How I do love his daughter!
—Detroit Free Press.

"Do you think those shoes are worth
mending?" "Vell, yes, if I sole and heel
ten and put new upners on tem. The

tem and put new uppers on tem. The strings are still goot."—Leather Dealer.
"Did you steal my scales?" demanded

the excited grocer. "By no means," responded the suspected; "I merely made a weigh with them."—Baltimore Ameri-Lace (enviously)-"I see you are to be

in general use this season." Jet (complacently)—'Yes, I am among the glit tering generalities of society."—Balti-more American. "Why isn't Pauline married?" asked the family friend. "She's surely old enough." "Yes," answered the loving

mother, "but, you see, I'm too young just yet myself."—Fliegende Blaetter. "This tipping business is getting beyoud all proportions," grumbled De Peyster. "Why, I cannot even get my hat to convey my respects to a lady on the street unless I tip it."—Baltimore American.

"Aren't you afraid that you are living too well for your health," asked the chicken. "I ain't in this for my health," answered the turkey, between pecks. "I am out for the stuff, so to speak."-

The jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty." Judge Duffy said admonshingly to the prisoner: "After this you ought to keep away from bad company." "Yes, your honor, you will not see me again in a hurry."—Texas Siftings.

Chambermaid (lately from the country, now in a city situation)—"I the Forget Me Not Waltzes." Dealer—"For four hands?" hands! Of course not. Do you think my mistress is a monkey."—Fliegende

Blaetter. Wool-"A friend of mine recently wool—"A friend of mine recently wrote a poem for a magazine with one hand and thumped the piano with the other, to amuse the baby." Van Pelt—"What was the poem about?" Wool—"Nothing; didn't I say it was for a magazine?"—New York Sun.