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Indian corn meal has become extremely popular in Germany.

In Samoa the adviser of the King lives in a handsome house and the King in a shed next door. The adviser luxuriates on a salary of \$5000 a year and the King starves on \$840.

Some genius in Georgia is forming "before-breakfast clubs" among the farmers. The object is for each member to set aside a piece of ground which he agrees to plant and work before breakfast, giving the entire proceeds to his wife for her use.

"Jenny Lind is truly but a memory in America!" soliloquizes the Chicago Herald. "In London the volumes of 'Memoirs of the great songstress have gone through three editions, while in this country barely fifty copies have been sold. And yet what a name and fame were hers."

Now that students of the art of living are crying out for new meat to relieve the inevitable recourse to beef and mutton, veal and lamb, it is remembered by scholars that Mæcenæus, the rich Roman patron of the poet Horace, delighted in the flesh of the donkey and served wild ass from Africa as a far greater delicacy than venison.

The genius of Yankeeism is irrepressible, boasts the Chicago Herald. "Germany has at last opened her arms to receive American corn as an article of food, and corn dodgers and johnny cake will soon become familiar articles upon the tables of the Teutonic empire. This is a gigantic stride toward the unification of the human race. These articles, in conjunction with 'hog' and 'homin,' will tend to strengthen the friendly ties between Germany and the United States and promote that harmony which shall result in hastening the advent of that period when the sword shall be beaten into a plowshare and the spear into a pruning hook, and nations shall not learn war any more, but devote their time to the cultivation of the ethics of mush and hoe cake."

A crop statistician in Kansas calculates our wheat crop for 1891 at 600,000,000 bushels, of which 255,000,000 will be available for export. To this exportable surplus Canada may add 15,000,000 bushels, and he estimates the surplus of other wheat-exporting countries at an amount sufficient to raise the aggregate to 377,000,000 bushels. On the other hand he figures the requirements of countries that have to import wheat in excess of their own production at 455,000,000 bushels, leaving a deficiency 78,000,000 bushels. This, in the opinion of the Epoch, is more cheering to our farmers than to the populations of wheat-importing countries. But the prospect in the shortage of rye, so largely used for food in European countries, is far more serious. This statistician calculates the requirements of importing countries, including Russia, at 335,000,000 bushels, while the surplus of other countries for export is only 30,000,000 bushels. This must open the way to a largely increased consumption of Indian corn.

One of the most interesting experiences of the United States troopers is patrol duty in the Yosemite reservation. Captain A. E. Wood, of the Fourth Cavalry, who recently returned to San Francisco from a tour of this attractive region, says that he had a very lively time of it keeping the reservation clear of cattle. Until the Government interfered, the herders took in as many as 2000 cattle and 90,000 sheep every summer for pasture. This has all been stopped. It is the duty of the soldiers to keep on the trot in every part of the reservation, turn the herds back and warn owners not to trespass. But, in spite of this vigilance, cattle slip in. The herders are promptly arrested and escorted to the other side of the reservation, a journey which takes five days. Meanwhile their flocks are unprotected, and bears and wolves attack the animals and kill them. By the time the herder secures a permit, gets his flock together and leads them out of the reservation, he is taught a salutary, if a severe, lesson. Another duty of the troopers is to lay out trails. Captain Wood had the authority to hire a guide, but he found no one who was familiar with the wild country, and explored it himself. During the summer the soldiers laid out twenty-five miles of trail passable to mounted men, often over mountains that had been declared inaccessible.

WINTER LILACS.

A bunch of lilacs there by the door,
These and no more!
Delicate, lily-white, like the new snow
Falling below;
A friend saw the flowers and brought them
To me,
As one who should see
A rifle, a glove, just dropped and returned
While a loving thought burned,
Dark all day was that room of mine
Till those flowers divine
Into my darkness brought their own light,
And back to the sight.
Of my spirit the fairest days of June
And the brooklet's tune;
Where the garden-door was left open wide,
While by my side
Onesat, who, raising his eyes from the book
With the old fond look,
Asked if I loved not indeed that page
And the words of the sage.
And as we spoke the cool blue sky,
The robin nigh,
The dropping blossoms of locust-trees
Humming with bees,
The budding garden, the season's calm,
Dropt their own balm.
All these, my friend, were brought back to
me,
Like a tide of the sea,
When out of winter and into my room
Came summer's bloom;
The flowers reopened those shining gates
Where the soul waits
Many and many a day in vain,
While in the rain
We stand, and, doubting the future, at last
Forget the past!

So you will believe what a posy may do,
When friends are true,
For the sick at heart in the wintry days,
When nothing ails
The restless hunger, the tears that start,
The weary smart,
But the old, old love and the summer hush,
And the lilac bush.
—Annie Fields, in Scribner.

THE WRECK OF THE SALLY.

BY H. C. DODGE.

I am the captain of the fine canal boat "Sally—No. 452," my wife is first mate and our baby is the crew. The "crew" isn't big enough to steer the mules yet or throw stones at them when they stop to dine on the bushes along the tow path, but he can do his share of yelling, and, as the mules think the yells are for their benefit and start up a little when they hear the disturbance, the "crew" earns his salt.

The cargoes we carry are of coal from the mines, and our trips often extend to the seaboard, where we see the ocean blue in the distance, while the Sally lies moored to the dock.
Sometimes, in late fall, while anchored that way in salt water, the canal will freeze over so we cannot get back, and we are then forced to spend the winter in or on the edge of the city, for, we, of course, live aboard our boat, as we own it.

My first mate enjoys this hugely, as she has been told it is quite fashionable to spend the cold weather in town. It also gives her an opportunity to go shopping, hear the opera, and attend scientific lectures—same as city women do.
I take much pride in sailing our mule yacht, and many a race I've run and won with her by sneaking past the boats ahead of us while they were heaved to for the night.

Folks think a canal boat sailor is something to make fun of, and they always like to get off their little jokes about getting wrecked in a storm on the raging canal. They take delight in speaking of the larboard mule and the starboard mule, and like to ask if we have had a spanker-boom on deck whenever they see the baby.

They like to call out "Breakers ahead" when the mules stop to kick at a fly, and "Low bridge" and "All hands to the pumps," and "Let go the main sheet," and "Weigh anchor," and other ridiculous things.

It makes my first mate mad when the Sally is treated with disrespect, levity, and sometimes I lose my patience, too, but the baby don't mind it, so after all, what difference does it do.

If the small boys catching catfish out of the canal think it is smart to display their ignorance of seamanship in those ways, or if the grown up people attempt to show off their nautical knowledge in such silly manners, they can. But if they knew that The Sally had really been to sea in a raging storm and properly wrecked and that those aboard only saved their lives by a thorough understanding of what is required in such emergencies, the laugh would be on them and not on the captain, first mate and crew of a mule yacht.

Two years ago we were spending the winter on The Sally moored alongside one of the great coal docks of Jersey City opposite New York.

Our small cabin was handsomely decorated by my wife and in it we were as cosy and comfortable as possible. The baby was then about ten months old, and in his hammock enjoyed life immensely. The mules were snugly stabled in the fore-cabin after the coal had been taken out and extra planks laid on the floor to prevent their kicking a hole in the bottom, and everything looked favorable to all hands leading a serene and happy existence aboard till spring.

But "Man proposes and God disposes," as the saying is.
About the middle of January a terrific wind storm set in, blowing great gusts

from the northwest and every day getting worse.

The cold was intense, the mercury going to fifteen and twenty degrees below zero.

Forty degrees below in the Western States was hot along side of it, for the damp, chilling air of the coast eats right into the vitals and freezes the very marrow in the bones.

Keeping warm was out of the question. If we could keep alive was enough to be thankful for.

The ever increasing and colder growing gales had raged for a week without a lull, and the fearfully angry waves in the bay were leaping mountains high and causing destruction and wreck all around.

Old sailors who had lived at sea for years said they never saw the ocean any worse. Ships were dragging their anchors and dashing ashore by dozens and many lives were nightly lost in vain efforts to save the vessels.

I had stout and extra lines from our fresh water boat to its dock, but in spite of them our frail and unworthy craft was wrenched and tossed till I began to feel we had no business to risk staying aboard while the storm lasted.

My wife wouldn't listen to our leaving the only home we had, and vowed if I talked of deserting The Sally again she would head a mutiny to prevent it. So both of us, being only fresh water sailors and knowing but little of the force of a salt water storm, settled down to remain aboard in spite of the warnings given us by men on the dock.

It was on the fifth night of the awful and almost unprecedented gale and the chilling cold was at its lowest point. By stuffing all the crevices of our little cabin room and keeping the stove red hot we made out to be comparatively comfortable. Baby was sleeping soundly in the middle of a big feather bed on the floor and in his warm nest was happily oblivious to the tempest and arctic temperature outside.

By and by without undressing at all and in fact putting on overcoats and wraps wife and I laid down and tried to sleep and forget how the gale was shrieking in the black night without and how our boat was creaking and straining and tossing on the rough waves.

The wind and the rocking of our craft after a while made us sleepy and soon we were slumbering as soundly as the baby.

I was dreaming of shipwrecks and drowning when suddenly I awoke.
It seemed as if our boat was pitching harder than ever and being battered and knocked about frightfully.

The noise of the hitting against the wharf and the creaking of ropes I missed. I got on my feet and managed to get to the little window and peer through the frosted glass.

The city lights had vanished and nothing but intense blackness met my gaze. Something was wrong I knew. Mounting the ladder stairs and opening our little hatchway door I looked out. We had broken loose from the dock and were flying before the shrieking gale and the huge waves to almost certain death.

Where we were—what to do I knew not. I quickly roused my wife and told her of our danger. How brave and how calm she looked. Her courage made mine.

Leaving her to bundle things on the baby and prepare for what was to happen. I stuck my head outside again to try and discover a way to safety if there was one.

We were drifting rapidly across the bay, and so far, luckily, had not struck an anchored vessel.

Behind us I could see the distant and disappearing lights of New York City. In front the light-house on Robbin's Reef, and beyond that the lights on Staten Island.

If we were not carried out to the ocean through the Narrows—if we did not collide with a ship or strike the reef, we probably would bring up against some dock on Staten Island—providing our frail and clumsy craft lived to get there.

As soon as we struck anything, I realized too surely that in a moment's time after the crash we must founder and die.

Our only chance, then, was to be ready to leap, if possible on the object we should dash against, and trust Providence for the rest.

The Sally had whirled around, and was rushing stern foremost through the thundering billows, and I hoped when we struck that end on which we were would hit first. If it didn't, no use leaping, for we never could all of us make our way over the icy, slippery two foot wide deck on the boat's side to its other end.

Passing a large ship so close that I thought our end had come, barely missing the light-house reef, we were fast approaching Staten Island—and the Narrows.

For a time it looked certain that we would be swept seaward and surely perish—then we switched around and went before the wind straight for the island docks. Five minutes I calculated and our fate for life or death would be sealed.

Getting a rope I placed our darling baby, laughing and crowing at the excitement, on its feather bed, rolled the soft bed entirely around it, trusting it wouldn't smother for awhile, and bound the precious bundle firmly with the rope. Taking it in my arms, bidding my brave and quiet wife to hold me and follow I

gained the stern, over the slippery boat's deck.

Thank heaven, we were still stern foremost—dashing straight on a dock.

One more moment of suspense and horrible dread—then with a crash that smashed the boat under us like an egg-shell, we hit the wharf.

At the same instant, before the wreck could rebound, I flung bed and baby on the dock, seized my dear wife's hand and leaped for life.

We landed safely alongside our child—then down under the raging waters plunged our good boat, drowning the awful cries of the poor mules left on board.

Cutting the ropes to give air to our babe, blown along by the blasts behind us, we reached land and a house and, soon inside, found shelter and a warm welcome.

We also found The Sally after the storm was over, raised and mended her, and now she is as good as ever for fresh-water sailing, which she means to stick to for the balance of her days.

And this is why I am provoked when land lubbers try to ridicule her, or her captain, mate and crew.—Chicago Sun.

A Remarkable Career.

Robert Harvey, of England, is quite a remarkable man. One of thirteen children of an assistant overseer of Truro, he started life in an engineering firm at thirty-five cents a week, and when he came of age was earning \$2. A little time after, his firm built some machinery for South America, and young Harvey took so much interest in its construction that he attracted the attention of the owners, who took him out to superintend the fitting-up, under a three-years' agreement, at one hundred and fifty dollars a month salary. At the end of this term he picked up his traps and made for Peru, where he cast about for a job, and got one at two hundred dollars a month. Then came the "discovery" of the nitrate fields, and young Harvey showed his spirit by seeking and obtaining the position of inspector-general of the nitrate fields for the Government of Peru, at a salary of fifteen thousand dollars a year. Then came the war. He was taken prisoner, put on board one of the Chilean ironclads, and condemned to death—no one knows what for. This did not prove a very great obstacle to Robert, for he argued the Chilean Government into believing him invaluable in the working of the "fields," and they straightway pardoned him and installed him in his former position, under the new Government, at an increased salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Enter Colonel North, sent over by Fowler, of Leeds, to fit up engines. North and Harvey join forces, discover other nitrate fields unknown to the Peruvians and uncaptured by the Chileans, start large nitrate and iodine works, and prosper. Return to England, float their companies for the procuring and working, etc., of the Chilean properties, become millionaires, and, in Robert Harvey's case, purchase a sumptuous mansion at Palace Gate, and "Dundridge," in South Devon, become a Justice of the Peace for the County, a Deputy-Lieutenant for the City of London, and an aspirant for political fame. Robert Harvey, in all his commercial transactions, is as "straight" as the rivets he handled as a lad. He honors all men, fears none, has an accomplished and charming wife, and no children.—Yankee Blade.

People on Wheels.

It is interesting to observe how the habit of moving about increases with the facilities for gratifying it. When street railways were first introduced they were intended to accommodate the limited number of business men who lived a half mile or mile from the counting-rooms and women who lived such distances from the retail stores, and a slow-going horse-car was fully equal to the easy task of dragging the limited number of persons about. But the insignificant enterprise has grown into proportions that its projectors were not able to conceive at the beginning. The horse-car roads alone of New York City carried last year 162,000,000 passengers. This is 30,000,000 more than they carried in the year 1876, when the first elevated railroad was built, so that the elevated roads which, it was thought, would destroy the business of the horse-cars have not had any such effect. It might be thought that, with 162,000,000 passengers carried on the surface roads, there would be none left for the elevated ways, and their cars would run empty. And yet the elevated roads have had all they could do also. They carried last year 201,000,000 passengers, making a total of 363,000,000 for both systems. This is 240 times the population of the metropolis. So that there were 240 trips for every inhabitant. The per capita number of trips in 1880 was 175. At this rate it will be only a few years before the city will exhibit the phenomena of a population on wheels.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

A New Fever-House.

Tropical countries have been advised to establish cold greenhouses as hospitals. This idea has resulted from the remarkable success of a Cuban physician, who has been treating yellow fever by keeping the patients in artificially cooled rooms. It is proposed that each town in districts liable to epidemics of this disease shall build a great glass house for the fever victims. Then houses would be artificially cooled, and plants of cold and temperate regions would be grown in them.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The heaviest guns made for the navy are twelve-inch, forty-five-ton breech-loaders.

For such a small country, Belgium has made great progress in the adoption of electric lights.

Illuminated walking sticks are among the latest applications of electricity. A small incandescent lamp is concealed in the head.

Rigel, the magnificent star of the first magnitude in the constellation of Orion, has recently been discovered by astronomers to be one of the most distant stars in the celestial vault.

A new invention is an elastic rubber cushion for the soles of the shoes, the special object being to give relief to those who are compelled to stand all day on wooden or marble floors.

The new Italian rifle is a repeater and will penetrate planks five inches thick at a distance of 4000 feet. A smokeless powder is used with it, thus allowing the soldier to carry greater weight of cartridges.

Miss Annie I. Oppenheim has been awarded the diploma of the British Phrenological Association honoris causa, in recognition of her studies of the anatomy of the brain and her interest in phrenology.

A Russian electrician has invented a process of etching on metal by means of electricity, thereby dispensing with use of acids for this purpose. The image is first transferred to the plate by photographic methods.

The method of determining specific heats by the use of Joule's law has only been successful in liquids which were good conductors. A new method has been adopted for such measurement by means of a glass spiral filled with mercury.

An automatic cut-out that replaces a new fuse when one is burnt out is being introduced by a firm of electricians. A rotating drum with the sever-wires on its surface is so arranged as to turn around and insert a new fuse when a burn-out occurs.

A maritime laboratory of biology and zoology will be opened next year at Bergen, Norway. Situated in a region where the marine fauna is particularly rich and interesting, it is destined to rendered great service to science. It has been decided to allow the free use of the establishment to foreign savans.

A new life-belt has been patented in Germany. It is in the ordinary form, but is made from reindeer hair covered with canvas, and is much lighter than the belt of cork. Its weight is only two pounds, while it will support twenty-two pounds of iron in the water. Its buoyancy is not affected by prolonged immersion.

A new idea to give an ordinary room the appearance of a parquetry border is to cover the floor with wall-paper, forming a design representing wood parquetry. This is afterward varnished and the floor will then so closely resemble inlaid wood that only a connoisseur will detect the difference. An oriental rug throw in the center of the floor will complete the floor decoration.

The magnificent glacial scratches and groovings in the limestone at Kelley's Island, near Sandusky, Ohio, have been preserved from destruction and perpetually dedicated to the public by the corporation owning the quarry. These markings are unique of their kind, and the finest in the world, and their destruction would have been an irreparable loss to geological science.

In the neighborhood of Schaffhausen, close by the three rocks known as the "Schweizersbild," Dr. Ruesch has discovered an extensive human settlement belonging to the Stone Age. It is in a rocky niche about thirteen metres high and thirty-seven metres long, and is the first of that period which has been discovered in Switzerland and which is not in connection with a cavern.

One of the greatest objections to the wooden flumes commonly used in the mining districts of this country, and more lately for irrigation purposes, is the alternate shrinking and swelling of the wood, which causes warping and distortion. To avoid this galvanized iron, the upper edge of which is stiffened, is being used for flumes. These metal flumes are nearly circular in section and are usually supported in cast-iron brackets placed in timber supports.

Dr. Mitchell has invented a stuff made from the fibers of wood. Thin boards, with the knots taken out, are treated with a solution of sulphuric acid in a hollow boiler. Not only the hard matter, which is the cause of the brittleness of wood fibers, is eliminated by this treatment, but the fiber itself is chemically transformed. It is bleached, and becomes silky as well as strong and elastic. It is then treated in the same manner as any other goods, that is, combined, spun and finally woven into stuffs of exceeding fineness and different varieties.

New Mode of Catching Elephants.

The Indian mode of catching elephants by driving them into inclosures formed of felled trees in the forests seems likely to be definitively abandoned by the Madras Government in favor of what is known as the pit system. The forest officers are of opinion that if the pits are properly constructed and due precautions are taken to break the fall of the animals the pitfall method of capture is the less liable of the two to cause injury and mortality.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE THREE WISHES.

Three little girls sat idly on the bench
One like a lily, tall and fair,
One brilliant with her raven hair,
One sweet and shy of speech.

"I wish for fame," the lily said;
"And I for wealth and courtly life."
Then gently spoke the third: "As wife,
I ask for love instead."

Years passed. Again beside the sea
Three women sat with whitening hair,
Still graceful, lovable and fair,
And told their destiny.

"Fame is not all," the lily sighed,
"Wealth futile if the heart be dead."
"I have been loved," one sweetly said,
"And I am satisfied."
—Sarah K. Bolton, in Boston Transcript

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A rousing speech—"Get up!"
The best thing out—An aching tooth.
Onions form a large percentage of too many dinners.

The dust has been laid. Its name is mud.—Pittsburg.

A man goes to law to get justice or to keep it from some other fellow.

The bill-poster knows his place, and there he sticks.—Providence Telegram.

The American hog is a success. He has often been "tried."—Columbus Post.

All who invest in good deeds will be cutting coupons in the sweet by and by.

Only a very selfish man or woman can have the blues persistently.—St. Louis Republic.

The wharf builder is a man who is pretty sure to be tried by his piers.—Lowell Courier.

There's pitch in the voice, and that's why some singer's notes stick.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

When there is work to be done the buzz saw is always willing to take a hand.—Statesman.

The anaconda who tried to swallow itself should have credit for being a self-contained animal.

A Boston boy recently defined a wedding as nothing but a prayer meeting with a sociable after it.

Why is buttermilk like something that has never happened. Because it hasn't a curd.—Texas Siftings.

Young people in the country are not so slow. They often make love at a rattling gate.—Statesman.

She—"The man I marry must be handsome, brave and clever." He—"How fortunate we have met!"

The sluggard who goes to his aunt and gets nothing is forced to deal with his uncle.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The watch that is placed over the people's interest at the polls must not be a repeater.—St. Louis Republic.

It's bad enough to bite off more than you can chew, but it's worse to try to chew it.—Detroit Free Press.

We should like to see the man who would make no bones of eating a fresh mackerel.—New York Mercury.

"You're a dead loss to yourself" is the latest sarcastic way of telling a man he is no good.—Philadelphia Record.

Man is a good deal like a fish. You know the fish would never get in very serious trouble if it kept its mouth shut. Of love and naught else would he chatter; He would often persist till near dawn. At first 'twas "A truce to this matter!" A trousseau it was later on.—Judge.

She—"Tell me what difference is there between a ready made tie and one you tie yourself?" He—"About an hour."—New York News.

"What did you get for your birthday?" "A watch-chain." "Where is it? Let's see it." "Can't. It's with the watch."—Harvard Lampoon.

The people shout, the bands all play,
And louder every minute,
The bass drum has all things its way;
The ear drum isn't "in it."
—Philadelphia Press.

"Did you run for office the other day?" asked Spriggins of a defeated candidate.

"No," said the candidate, sadly, "I walked. The other fellow ran."—Somerville Journal.

"I am of a very sympathetic disposition," said N. Peck. "Whenever I come home and find my wife with a nervous headache I am sure to catch it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Singleton—"I am suffering dreadfully; cutting my wisdom teeth, you know." Doubleup—"Don't say. I didn't cut mine till after I was married."—Kats Field's Washington.

"You needn't open your mouth so wide," the dentist remarked; "I shall stand outside." And then he was shocked at the back talk's flow that came with the tooth when the roots "let go."

She—"Am I not clever, dear? I have just given the porter twenty-five cents not to light the lamps when we go through the tunnel." He—"Yes, dear. But I had already given him half a dollar for the same thing."—Brooklyn Life.

"Do you think you could tell the difference between a kleptomaniac and a shoplifter?" "That's easy," said the would-be floor-walker. "The shoplifter is unable to pay double price for the goods, if detected."—Indianapolis Journal.

Travelers have remarked the absence of song birds on the Pacific coast. An effort is being made to introduce hard varieties from Germany.