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NO. 17,

Sir Edwin Arnold says that the people of Boston preserve the purest traditions of English speech.

The railroads of this country owe the United States Government the enormous sum of \$112,512,613, and the debt is rapidly approaching maturity.

It has been figured out that the World's Fair will cost \$21,000,000 and that \$16,000,000 of this sum must be expended before a dollar of reveaue comes

The wonderful growth of property invested in the railroads can be seen from the following: This country possesses 30,000 locomotives, costing \$450,000,-000. Of cars there are 1,109,000, of which 26,000 are used for passengers. The latter represents \$250,000,000, and the others about \$800,000,000. Coupled together, this would form a train nearly 7000 miles long and capable of carrying 1,500,000 passeagers, besides a weight of freight equal to the pyramids of Egypt and of all the State Capitols of the United States.

A lugubrious and ludicrous story of national disaster is reported from Central America. The San Salvadorean navy has been severely crippled, if not disabled, and in the event of war the position of the Republic would be most serious. The news is that Admiral Ambrosini, an Italian, by the way, who was commander of the little Criscatlan, the only war vessel belonging to Salvador, has abandoned his post and gone to San Francisco carrying with him about \$6000 of the national funds which the Government had sent to him to pay for necessary repairs to the vessel.

Some years ago a rich Glasgow (Scotland) merchant named Buchanan left the money to build and maintain a suburban home for sixteen unfortunate business men or other deserving citizens of Glasgow, the only stipulation being that they should bear the name of Buchanan. The place, which is under the trusteeship of the Provosts and magistrates of Glasgow, is now ready for occupancy. There is a park of three acres, a handsome building, accommodations for sixteen men h perfect style, and an annual revenue of \$6000. The only thing lacking is impoverished Buchanans. There are lots of that name in the town, but none who needs help, and the Trustees are going to apply to the courts for permission to install bearers with less fortunate patronymics instead.

In the Forum, Camille Pelletan quotes some striking figures to show the burden of the military expenditures of France and Germany during the last twenty years. He says that between the close of the last war and the year 1889, France spent a sum equal to \$2,500,000,000 for the support of her military and naval forces, and more than \$500,000,000 for the renewal of her military material, or say, \$3,000,000,000 in all. Except for the navy he estimates the disbursements of Germany as being very nearly the same. The one country spends annually \$190,000,000 on its army and navy, the other \$180,000,000, and the group of five great Continental powers shows an aggregate annual war expenditure of \$600,000,000. Well may M. Pelletan ask, "how long can European labor, obliged to compete with that of the New World, support such overwhelming burdens?"

A brave French officer, now on the retired list, who lost his right arm in the Franco-Prussian war, appeared as a witness before court in a city in the south of France a few weeks ago, relates the New Orleans Times-Democrat. When called upon to swear that he would tell the truth, in the customary manner, the officer naturally raised his left hand. The counsel for the defendant objected to the witness at once, on the grounds that "an oath taken with the left hand was worthless." The learned judges were unable to decide the question, and withdrew to an ante-room for consultation. In a few minutes the solons reappeared, and the President read the following decision, from a literary and patriotic point of view worthy of a Monsieur Prudhomme: "In consideration of the fact that, when the glorious remnants of our army appear in our courts to respond to their legal duties, we cannot demand that they take oath with those limbs which they have lost in the service of their country, we decide that the oath just made with the left hand of the witness is admissible."

DREAM AND DEED. What of the deed without the dream? A

song
Reft of its music and a scentless rose Except the heart outsoar the hand, the throng
Will bless thee little for thy labor throes.

The dream without the deed? Dawn's fairy

gold
Paled, ere it wake the hills, to misty gray. Except the hand obey the heart, behold,
Thy grieved angel turns his face away.

-Katharine Lee Bates.

A TENDERFOOT.

BY R. L. KETCHUM.



with a critical air. packed the tobacco pipe, preparatory to lighting that arlooked up and said: "Speakin" of ten-derfeet reminds me

oncet, since which time I hev be'n a whole lot more respective in speakin'

"Twas in the summer of 18—. was then workin' fer Ole Harvey Sker-

was then workin' fer Ole Harvey Skerrett, who kep' store an' run a ranch down at Three Forks, in th' foot-hills.

"Near Skerrett, 'bout two miles away, Ole Si Hendershott hed a ranch. He likewise hed 'bout th' purtiest an' nicest darter thet ever wore millinery, an' Si, he was proper proud of her, you bet. Moreovermore, all of us galoots 'round Three Forks was up to our back hair in love with her-plumb, tearin', wide awake mashed, as I've heard say. But it didn't do none of us no good—leastways, only one of us. That war leastways, only one of us. That war Perry Roane, a young rancher from down Perry Roane, a young random th' creek 'bout ten mile. Perry, he cut th' creek 'bout half-tryin', 'cause he us all out, 'thout half-tryin', 'cause he was a big, han'some cuss, an' well fixed, besides havin' been t' school lots when a kid. So he went in an' winned-almost. kid. So he went in an 'winned—almost. That is t's say, he froze us out an 'kep' reg'lar company with Hetty. I guess 'twas all settled that they was t' be hitched some time or other, when 'bout May, along come a feller from Boston with a letter to Ole Si from some relation of his'n, an' jes' camped right at Si's fer the summer. He was one of these here artist chumps—not a real, genooine fottygrapher, but one of th' sort that carries a lot of paper, an' pencils, an' colors in little lead squirt-guns, and draws red, white an' blue sunsets, likewise funny-lookin' trees an' bowlders. He alked like a book an' called all th' talked like a book an' called all th' boys 'mister,' besides saying 'beg parding' if he didn't hear what ye said first

at first; but Spenceley—that wuz th' tenderfoot's name—was so doggoned at first; but spenciev—that wuz th tenderfoot's name—was so doggoned nice an' pleasant, an' took a joke so easy, we all t' likin' him tiptop. All 'xcept Perry Roane. He hated him lots soon's he seen him. 'Cause why' Jest 'cause Spenceley was under th' same roof with Hetty, an' he knowed that it might turn out kind of bad fer him 'specially as he knowed right then—which nobody else did—that Hetty wa'n't much stuck on him, anyhow, an' had only promised t' marry him t' please th' ole man. Ye see, Perry was a good deal of a bully, an' drank considerable, an' then there was an ole story 'bout his havin' skipped out from th' States, leavin' a wife that died a little later. But this didn't cut no figger with Si. He had his eye on Perry's pile, an' was willin' t' take cnances on makin' Perry treat Hetty first rate, 'cause th' ole was rease to but's de accessed. pile, an' was willin' t' take cnances on makin' Perry treat Hetty first rate, 'cause th' ole man was a toler'ble dangerous

cuss himself.
"Well, th' artist feller got t' feelin' sort of soft on Hetty himself, an' 'most ev'ry day they'd go wanderin' 'round th' country, drawin', an' ishin', and so on, an' in th' evenin' when Perry come over t' set a while he'd find Mister Artist there in th' settin'-room, cool as a cucumber an' polite as modifie him not knowin'. ber an' polite as polite, him not knowin' that Perry had a first fillin' on th' calico. An' Hetty, jest like any woman, 'njoyed

"But Perry wasn't th' chap t' stand this very long; so one mornin', happenin' t' be at th' store an' meetin' Sp



SPENCELY LOOKED AT HIM.

"One day, not long arter this, some galoot brung word thet th' 'Paches was out 'thou muzzles, an' was chawin' ev'rythin' in sight—an', moreovermore, comin' our way, an' not fur off, nuther. Nope, we dudn't wait none. Me'n th' ole man jes' tuk all th' dust in th' box, ole man jes' tuk ali th' dust in th' box, hid all th' stock we could, nailed up th' shop—'twas stone—an' lit out fer Hendershott's, t' tell them. Thar Skerrett leaves me, him havin' th' fastest little mustang in th' kentry, an' goes ont' tell folks, ez many ez he kin.

folks, ez many ez he kin.

"Wa-al, Hendershott's folks was ready, real sudden, only Ole Si, he wouldn't go. Sez he: 'I hain't goin' one foot. This here's all I've got, 'cept th' ole lady an' Hetty, an' I'm goin' t' stay right here an' hold at. Ef them wimmen hed me an' no ranch they'd be wuss off nor nothin'.' An' there Ole Si stayed, an' bundled me'n th' artist an' the women folks off fer Chloride quick. stayed, an bundled he is in a tast at the women folks off fer Chloride quick. Th' wimmen was in a light waggin, little Jose, a Greaser kid, drivin' an' two Greaser girls on th' back seat. Me'n Spenceley ride bronco back, 'lonside.

"'Long in th' afternoon, bout 3, we belted surrecuth any hore comes a fel-

looked over south, an' here comes a fel-ler on hossback, like a streak o' greased hightnin'. throwin' dust like the very dooce—an' back o' him, 'bout two 'r dooce—an' back o' him, 'bout two 'r three miles, come 'bout a dozen 'r fifteen fellers-near as we c'd guess-also kickin' up a big cloud.



"Twas a good ten mile t' Chloride. an' we thought we was goners, fer, of course, we didn't s'pose them last fellers

quiet: 'D'ye think we kin hold 'em off long 'nough, Mister Harden?' I guessed yes; but great Scott! didn't I wish I was outer that!

"Th' lone chap come racin' up. 'Twas Perry Roane, whiter na gravestone. He didn't stop, only yelled 'Injuns!' an' kep' on goin' not stoppin' t' say 'Hello!' t'Hetty in th' waggin—jes' kep' on, headed fer Chloride. Th' artist turned t' me in a minute, with his mouth curled

up, an' sez, 'stampeded!'
"We waited, all ready for them Injuns, but when they come up th' blood sort of come back t' my heart agen, 'cause we c'd see a mile off thet they was whitesurveyors an' cowboys; some stampeded theirselves, we foun' out.

theirselves, we foun out.

'Things got quiet in a day 'r so, fer it happened thet Uncle Sam hed a lot o' sojers lyin in camp near Chloride, an' th' way they kep' them Injuns movin' back south was real lively.

"Wal' in a week 'r so, up come Mister Roane jes'z big ez life, an' ez chipper, an' goes t' Hendershott's when th' old folks was at th' store and Spenceley out ridin.' I reckon him 'n' Hetty jes' hed a real lovely row. He hed th' gall t' tell 'er thet he was jes' ridin' fer a doctor fer a sick cowboy, an' hadn't heard o' no Injuns. Hetty was onto him, though, an' talked real rough t' the cuss,

queer, but said he didn't know as he'd hurt anybody.

""Well,' says Perry, 'it's my toes, an' it'll pay you t' climb from under, 'fore somethin' draps on ye. D'ye know who has th' first claim on Miss Hendershott's company? Better find out an' take care of yourself.' An' Perry started t' go out, swaggerin', but th' artist says, real sharp, 'Mr. Roane, I wasn't aware that I was interferin' with you. If I am, however, an' you don't like it, I'm sorry; but I wish you t' understand that nyther you n'r any other rowdy can bluff me one bit. D'ye understand that nyther you n'r any other rowdy can bluff me one bit. D'ye understand?

"Perry turned like he'd ben kicked. It was th' first tine we'd ever heerd him sassed, an' we was lookin' fer th' artist feller t' get bruised a whole lot. But he wasn't—not any. Perry looked at him a whole minute,, an' seen there was no scare there, so he jest turned an' walked out, grumblin' an' cursin'.

"Somebody, hid, took a shot at Spenceley a few nights later, but he never kicked none, only come up' th' store' an' blowed hisself in fer a forty-four an' took shots at a mark ev'ry day—jes' fer sport, he sez; but I kinder s'mised he was 'xpectin' Mister Roane an' him'd hev trouble in th' near foochur, which was c'rect.

"One day, not long arter this, some galoot brung word thet th' 'Paches was tur' 'ben my rales an' was chavin' ev're." In the down of an' hem eaut it. Hines was ies' gettin' ready fer th' per, was ies' gettin' ready fer th' per, was ies' gettin' ready fer th' per the sur it. Hines was ies' gettin' ready fer th' per he' dianted—an' Roane dru' off, an' Jose lit dianted—an' Roane dru' off, an' toel fainted—an' Roane dru' off, an' toel fainted—an' Roane dru' off, an' tellin' with chloryform,' r somethin', an' lit out for Mineral Point, fitted in the holoyform,' r somethin', an

only gagged 'er, an', be'tween thar an' th' Point, hed made 'er premise t' marry him an' make no fuss, 'r else he'd kill him an' her both—an' he meaut it. him an' her both—an' he meaut it. Hines was jes' gettin' ready fer th' performance when Spenceley rid up. Perry reached for his gun, but Spenceley was too sudden, an' caught 'im in th' gunarm, an' him an' Hines, who tumbled at oncet, tied th' cuss, arter which he ast Hetty t' marry him on th' spot, an' she done it.
"'No. I don't never play low on no

"No, I don't never play low on no tenderfoot."— in San Francisco Argo-

Curious Superstitions.

The people of the West Indies are the most superstitious in the world. To them most superstitious in the world. To them everything out of the ordinary is a "sign." In Cuba a person with a sore or wound of any kird will not look upon a dead person, fearing that the spot will become incurable and never heal. The rum used in washing a dead body is, however, regarded as a sure cure for all eye troubles. They also believe that if the light from a candle or lamp falls on the face of the dead that death will shortly face of the dead that death will shortly come to him or her who was carrying the light. Rain during a burial is consid-ered an excellent "sign" throughout the islands. If one measures his own height with a rod which has been used in measuring a corpse for the coffin he himself will die within the year. A stroke with the hand of a corpse is believed by the West Indian to be a sure cure for all pains and swellings. The lilac or "hay-brush" is a common charm against all will spirit, and is on that account usuevil spirits, and is on that account usuevil spirits, and is on that account usually planted at doorways or under windows. In Barbadoes the ground dove sitting on a house is a "sign" that some member of the family there residing will die before the birds nest again. A procession of black ants is said to be a cession of black ants is said to be a presage of a funeral in all but one of two of the West Indies. In St. Croix a small bird locally called "creeper" is thought to be the forerunner of illness or trouble.—Chicago News.

The Spontaneous Ignition of Coal.

An excellent paper "On the Spontan-eous Ignition of Coal" was read by Pro-fessor Lewis before the British Associa-tion at their recent meeting at Cardiff. In this paper the Professor points out that the common idea that spontaneous ignition is caused by the presence of iron pyrites in the coal cannot be true, because in many manufactures pyrites are largely used, and although stored in heaps and undergoing continuous oxida-tion, he has been unable to trace a single case of heating. Spontaneous combuswas nothin' but Injuns.

"Spenceley set his teeth an' looked at his guns, an' so did I. Then he rid up t' th' waggin, give Hetty a six-shooter, sayin' somethin' I didn't hear, an' told th' boy t' make them mules fly. Then sez, real the funnel or boiler

numerous in ships which have to cross tropical seas, from the greatly increased temperature to which the coal is subjected. Ventilation in many ships is jected. Ventiation in many simps is worse than useless, for it provides the coal with just sufficient oxygen to feed it when burning. Moisture is also an important factor in determining the ignition of stored coal. Professor Lewes says that if newly-won coal were stored for a month in moderate sized neaps, so as to allow it to take up its oxygen and cool down after the heating caused in the process, spontaneous ignition would be almost unknown.—Chambers Journal.

Soap is a Great Beautifier.

A curious prejudice that some people have is against soap as an application for the face; this is a great fallacy. Good soap is a great beautitier, and great preventive of the uncomely looking "blackheads" which are such a disfigurement and are so hard to get rid of. The rea and are so hard to get rid of. The real cause of these unpleasant little specks is not, as a rule, anything more serious than this: Some people have much larger skin pores than others, and the dust collects, settles and finally forms a hard, black little substance which probably would never have had a chance of developing if the skin was thoroughly washed with soap twice a day and rubbed vigorously with a coarse towel. Do not

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Ores are purified by electricity.

The process of separating iron ore by electricity is working satisfactorily in

An expert says that the left main driver of a locomotive flattens more than the right.

the right.

One or more belts running independently on the top of another will add much to the transmission of power.

A scientific journal states that a little sugar put on the hands with soap will greatly increase its lather and cleansing power, and will remove dirt, chemical

An engineer of Berne finds that 600,-000 effective horse-power can be ob-tained from the streams of Switzerland for electric lighting or electric power transmission.

Belts running over pulleys of small diameter at high speeds ought to be thin and as wide as possible. Orange tan leather of uniform thickness answers remarkably well.

A young man who has never had the sense of smell has been the subject of some curious tests, which have shown Professor Jastrow that many things which we eat with relish are not tasted, but only smelled.

A Frenchman has invented an improved method of telegraphing, so that it is practicable to transmit one hundred and fifty words per minute on a single wire. The message when delivered from the machine is type-written.

Those engaged in the production of quinine, whether from bark or chemically, suffer with a peculiar skin affection caused by the inhalation of the vapor from hot solutions of the drug. Fever is an accompaniment of this malady.

It is said Inventor Edison is engaged in a modification of the phonograph to fit it to become the successor of the raised letter system in production of books for the blind. The changes are chiefly in the way of increasing the capacity of the explinators. cylinders.

What is described as the most perfect known specimen of a petrified human body has recently been discovered in Arizona. The figure is evidently that of a fully-developed woman. It is five feet ten and a half inches tall, and weighs 580 pounds.

The largest steel spring in the world is 310 feet long, six inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick. The manufacture of this spring is a remarkable accomplishment in metal working and was compissment in mean working and was successfully undertaken by a Pennsyl-vania firm, although the principal Euro-pean iron works had previously refused the order.

In an electric hammer that has been devised recently the piston is of a mag-netic material and the cylinder is comnetic material and the cylinder is com-posed of a series of coils, through each of which a current of electricity may be passed. The passage of a current through the upper coils raises the piston. By cutting off the current and tranferring it to the lower coils the piston is released and drawn down. The blow may be shortened or lengthened, as desired, by regulating the distribution of the current

Provision has been made for neutral Provision has been made for neutralizing the deteriorating effects of acid spray from a battery of accumulators where metal fittings and brass or copper conductors are around. The medium employed for this purpose is an anti-sulphuric acid enamel. It is applied like varnish, in black or other colors. It is found to withstand the attacks of the strongest sulphure acid for weeks, and round to withstand the attacks of the strongest sulphuric acid for weeks, and is now largely used in England for coat-ing woodwork, iron and copper in the neighborhood of batteries.

William Henry Harrison.

William Henry Harrison.

William Henry Harrison the ninth President of the United States was of an old Virginia family, around whose mansion is spread the beautisul estate of Berkely. In it a singer of the Declaration of Independence had been born, and again one of the Presidents, Harrison was born February 9, 1773. He graduated at Hampden Sidney College, and then went to Philadelphia to study graduated at Hampden Staney Conege, and then went to Philadelphia to study medicine. But he was a born soldier, and when an army was gathered to fight the Indians in the west he immediately joined it. At the age of nineteen he was with Wayne in all his conflicts with was with Wayne in all his counters with the northwestern tribes, where he greatly distinguished himself by his wisdom and bravery. In 1801 he was chosen Governor of that immense dis-trict now including the States of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. The Illinois, Michigan and wisconsin. The population of this tract was much scattered and exposed to continual attacks from the Indians. For nearly fifteen years he remanned in this far west and distant country, watching it settle into distant country, watching it settle into peaceful and wonderful prosperity. He was inaugurated Chief Magistrate in March, 1841; and perhaps no man since Washington has received such an enthusiastic and spontaneous welcome as the hero of Tippecanoe. For only twenty days did he bear the clamor of office seekers and the fatigue of the routine of state business; then his slight constitution, already undermined by his Western life, gave way and just one month after his inauguration he died. He was an honest man, a brave general, and a true lover of his country. The last words his lips uttered were a wish for the perpetual existence of the Con-stitution. At his death he was in his sixty-ninth year .- Detroit Free Press.

OPPORTUNITY.

sing through a garden fair, Once, passing through a garden law, Youth spied a flower unfolding to the

day; Its blood-red-bud lips longed to snare In conquest the young traveler on his way. So filled with life that flower, its soul is

spent
In fragrance, which was mutely eloquent.
"Take me!" it breathed "to you I all re-

sign."
Youth answered: "On the morrow you'll be

That which was called the morrow came; The sweet bloom strained its petals to the

light; Its fragrant furnace glowed its ruddies

flame; So strong was expectation, it betokened

The bright day waned, nor for a rose would

stay; Unto his bed night led his bride, the day; The flower, forgotten, paled and sickly

grew, While from its being fell cold tears of dew.

At last one day did Youth appear, Seeking the beauty he before denied; No kindly welcome showed as he drew near, For that dear life had lived its day and

Ashes of splendid hours—beauteous in birth. Now fire extinguished, fallen

To earth! the cradle of the great and small, The inevitable bier that awaits us all.

-H. T. Dodsworth, in Boston Transcript.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Wives of great men oft remind us. We should pick our wives with care; So we may not leave behind us Half our natural crop of hair."

When a pretty woman goes to a man with her troubles she is likely to gain more his sympathy, his heart, and

Yabsley-"Does your wife ever choose your clothing for you?" Wickwire-"No; she merely picks the pockets."—Indianapolis Journal.

The cautious nature of the Indians may account for their preference for accepting official statements with reservations. Baltimore American.

Miss Flirthard—"I think Mr. Greatheart is so silly," Miss Likewise—"Why so?" Miss Flirthard—"Why, he gets

so?" Miss Flirthard—"Why, he gets serious so soon."—Boston Courier.
"Women's voice is best adapted to the telephone, they say." "So I have heard. She seems to find plenty of other uses for it, though."—Indianapolis Journal.
"What's your fee for collecting this?" He inquired with nervous thrill; And the lawyer calmly made reply: "The whole amount of the bill."—Judge.

"John," said the wife of a dying man, "here's Dr. Parsonberry come to talk to you." "Tell him I'll see him at the funeral," gasped John.—New York

Mr. Dudlet-"I have great talent, Miss Caustic, and could do wonderful things if I only had a mind to." Miss Caustic -"Yes; you only lack the mind."-

Comic.

He tells her how wicked he use to be,
Till she shudders and softly cries "La".
But never, not ever, no, never does he
Tell any such yarns to her ma.
—Indianapolis Journal.

"Now, John,"said Mrs. Deporque to
the new gardner, "I hope you will remember all that I have told you. And
whatever you do, don't forget to water
the electric-light plant."

Miss Guehler... "Oh, what lovely

Miss Gushley—"Oh, what lovely poetry. And did you really write this out of your head?" Rimer (provoked)— "No, indeed; I was quite sane when I wrote it, I think."—Boston News.

Now that we have the safety bicycle and the safety razor, it would not be a bad scheme of some inventive genius to gild the market with a safety accord for the benefit of beginners.—Puck. Little Man-"I understand, sir, that

you have called me an unnitigated liar."
Big Man—"No, I didn't use the word
unmitigated." Little Man—"Then I unmitigated." Little Mail I have accept your apology."—London Punch.

"We do our own weigh," say the little fish,
As they wiggle their forked tails;

"We do our own weigh because, you see
We always carry our scales."

—Detroit Free Press.

not be my wife. Is it because I am poor? There are better things in this world than money." She—"Quite train, but it takes money to buy them."—Bos-

Relative-"Well, I sincerely hope you will be happy with him, Mandy. Is he a steady young man?" Miss Mandy—"Steady? My goodness! Aunt Judy, he's been coming to see me for more than eleven years."—Chicago Tribune.

He (despairingly)-"It doesn't matter if I have got lots of money, I cannot for-get that my grandfather was a stage driver." She (sweetly)—"That's all right—you can refer to your aucestral haul without going into particulars."— Brooklyn Life.

Fashionable Tourist (wiping his fore-head on the Alps as he suddenly turns round a rock)—"Just to think of it! Here I've climbed six thousand feet up the side of this mountain only to meet face to face one of my heaviest creditors."— Fliegende Blaetter.

He--"What made you think that picture in the Academy was mine? You must be a judge of style, because it was unsigned." She (modestly)—"You flatter me. I really didn't know it was yours until I saw everybody laughing at it."—Funny Folks.