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NO. 19.

China's Emperor has got tired of counting with the abacus and is now studying English arithmetic.

A New York preacher, who preaches among the most ignorant of the city's population, employs many devices to enforce his meaning—using rats, frogs, pumps, snakes, electricity, and chemicals in objectionable sermons.

The Australian city of Melbourne, which was founded less than fifty years ago, has already a population of nearly half a million, and stands fifth among the cities of the British empire. It is now a great shipping port, and its slum quarter is small.

Slavery still exists in Portuguese India. A Brahmin, at Kalloda, possesses a village of thirty-two huts, where every soul is as truly his slave and property as in the olden days; and recently a Portuguese, traveling from Goa, spoke openly of the slaves on his estate.

No colors can be "nailed to the masthead" of a new steel warship. Doubtless, suggests the Chicago Herald, Secretary Tracy and Clark Russell and the gallant jack tars of naval tradition may feel one pang of regret at this impenetrability of a metallic mast. Fortunately the metallic bulwarks are equally impenetrable.

Aconite seems to be the favorite poison of physicians who seek to take their lives. The death by this means of Dr. Douglas, in Kansas City, Mo., will recall to the memory of newspaper readers the fact that within the last six months there have been four or five cases reported of medical men who have committed suicide by the use of this same drug.

A curious fact revealed by the figures of the recent census is that while there are in the United States three cities of over 1,000,000 inhabitants each, one of between 800,000 and 900,000, three of between 400,000 and 500,000 each, and nine of between 200,000 and 300,000 each, there is not a single one having between 300,000 and 400,000 inhabitants.

In all Madagascar no secretary, clerk, artisan, soldier or civilian serving the Government in whatever capacity (with the exception of a trifling percentage received by some of the Governors of districts) is paid or even fed by the State. "The Queen honors them by employing them" (so the official euphemism runs), and they must feed and clothe themselves.

According to the Boston Cultivator the wood cutters of England strongly object to the methods of the Salvation Army in interfering in their business. One of the avocations to which General Booth has assigned a part of the outcasts and unfortunates he is reclaiming is that of wood cutters. The enterprise, backed up by benevolent contributions, has been extremely successful, so that General Booth is now one of the largest wood merchants of London. He is, of course, able to undersell those with smaller capital who have no one to set them up in business. What is needed for England is not greater competition, for it is that which has overthrown them. They need a country where competition is less fierce and the chances of success for small capitalists are greater.

An American boatbuilder who has just built a small steamboat for the Magdalena River, in the United States of Colombia, says "They get \$2.50 per 100 for freight 380 miles, and \$69 for passengers, \$10 extra if they take a room. But there is hardly one who wants a room. They all carry their bed with them. It consists of a straw mat. You will see them come aboard with beds under their arms. Along this river there is some very fine land. Everything grows without aid. They never plow or hoe, but just put the seed in the ground and go off and leave it till it gets ripe. They can raise three crops of corn a year, and fine potatoes. Vegetation of every kind grows the year round. The climate is just the same, never varies more than ten degrees. It is now seventy-five degrees. Mosquitoes and alligators are plentiful on the river. It is amusing to see the monkeys playing on the trees as we pass, and the alligators plunging into the water. There is no system about boating down here. They are never in a hurry and take no care of anything. If they had a full crew of our steamboatmen they would get rich in a short time."

DREAMING OF HOME.

It comes to me often in silence. When the fire light sputters low— When the black uncertain shadows Seem wreaths of the long ago; Always with a throb of heartache That thrills each pulsive vein, Comes the old, unquiet longing, For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities, And of faces cold and strange; I know where there's warmth of welcome, And my yearning fancies range Back to the dear old homestead, With an aching sense of pain, But there'll be joy in the coming, When I go home again.

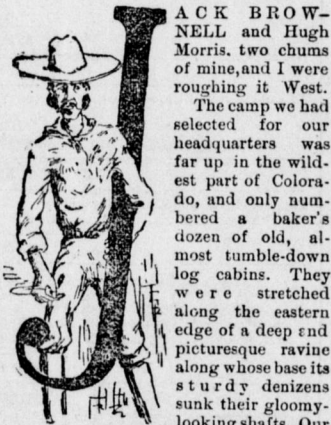
When I go home again! there's music That never may die away, And it seems the hands of angels, On a mystic harp, at play, Have touched with a yearning sadness On a beautiful broken strain, To which is my fond heart wording— When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window Is the great world's crash and din, And slowly the autumn shadows Come drifting, drifting in. Sobbing, the night wind murmurs To the splash of the autumn rain; But I dream of the glorious greeting When I go home again.

—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

A WEDDING PRESENT.

BY CLARENCE C. CONVERSE.



Jack Brownell and Hugh Morris, two chums of mine, and I were roughing it West. The camp we had selected for our headquarters was far up in the wildest part of Colorado, and only numbered a baker's dozen of old, almost tumble-down log cabins. They were stretched along the eastern edge of a deep and picturesque ravine along whose base its sturdy denizens sunk their gloomy-looking shafts. Our cabin stood a little removed from its neighbors, up the ravine. The view from its doorstep was magnificent. The rugged peaks of tall mountains towered at the west, forming an admirable frame for its grand sunsets; at the east lay inviting green valleys broken by oddly winding passes, while here and there rose slighter peaks in fine contrast with their emerald beauty.

We sat about the doorstep one night reading the mail the stage had just brought. I had two letters, Jack and Hugh, each one. Hugh finished his first, and when I had read mine I saw he was regarding Jack with apparent interest and amusement. Jack's face was brightening more and more, every word he read of his dainty, scented little message. He was a handsome fellow then. His head was crowned with wavy, golden hair; he wore no beard, his eyes were large, dark brown, and his build was almost faultless.

"Is it from Dresden?" finally ventured Hugh. Jack nodded. We smiled. Then he turned one of the leaves nearly upside down and kept on reading. The next page, too, had writing up its side, as we told by his tilting it; but that was the end, and he exclaimed: "Boys, I am the happiest fellow in the glorious United States! Do you congratulate me?"

"I never knew you two cared for each other," cried Hugh, jumping at the conclusion Jack's words hinted. "And now you say you are open to congratulations! Do you really mean it?" I also stammered something, I forgot just what. "Yes, the heart of stern Papa Hastings was melted by my fervid supplications," cried Jack, tossing his hat into the air, boyishly. "Now you two know the secret reason why I have lost ten pounds avoirdupois in the last three weeks. It was not my climbing these perpendicular hillsides. The old ogre wanted to force Belle into marrying some lout of a lord over there. It is a wonder I have not gone stark, staring mad."

He opened the little billet-doux and read: "His name is Claverhouse, and he has two or more castles, and is one of les immortelles, and papa likes him hugely, but I put my foot down against marrying him. I would rather my—" Jack stopped there, blushing hotly, and decided not to read further. I felt as good as I would if I happened on to a ton of gold up in the hills," he exclaimed. "If we were in New York I would take you fellows down to Del's and give you the best supper he could serve."

"What of Monti?" asked Jack. "I am afraid he will do some mischief before we leave here."

"Nonsense," insisted Jack. "He is as reliable as any greaser."

"I hardly like his looks," I acknowledged. "You remember I advised not hiring him, at the first. I think we should get rid of him."

"But I am learning a lot of Spanish from him," exclaimed Jack. "And we three athletes need hardly fear one thing greaser, who appears as weak as the proverbial cat."

"I have heard you say 'si senior' once or twice," twitted Hugh. "I hardly think you will gain a hoard of knowledge from Monti, and I say with Cad, get rid of him. You are likely never to see Belle Hastings again if you don't; I run a chance of never putting foot on Broadway, and Cad the same. Shall we give him his walking papers when he appears to-morrow?"

"No, no," pleaded Jack, "I rather like him, too, for his Castilian airs. We have weapons. Let us keep him. That he is useful you cannot deny."

We finally gave up arguing with Jack, and let the matter drop. Monti's services were not dispensed with the next day. He continued to tutor Jack in Spanish, carry our packs when we made our little excursions thereabouts, and to religiously collect his pay at eventide each day.

Thus did a week slip by. On one of our rambles during that time, we came upon a fissure in a ravine's rocky side, where we thought gold might be found. It lay about two miles east of the camp in a little bit of timberland.

We had worked a day or so in the shafts sunk by the miners of the camp, for the novelty of the experience, and when we discovered this opening, one of us suggested that we put a blast in it and see if we could lay bare any veins of precious metal. The proposition was received with favor, and we settled on a day for the experiment.

On the morning of that day, we set out for the promising spot, Monti carrying a can of powder and other accessories for the blast. Hugh and I took our guns with us. We reached the spot in about an hour and a half. Then Monti dropped his load at the edge of the fissure, and we started to prepare the blast. But our drill was missing. It had either slipped from Monti's load or been left behind.

"Monti," said Hugh disgustedly, "get back to the cabin, as quick as your thin shanks will carry you, and bring a drill. Look along the ground, too, as you go—you may find ours dropped by some stone."

"Si, senior," the fellow returned. "We will take a little run down the ravine for game while you are gone—hey, Cad?" Hugh added. "All right," I exclaimed. "And I will try a snooze here, meanwhile," said Jack.

He stretched himself lazily upon a mossy knoll as he spoke, threw his coat over the powder keg for a pillow, and puffed at his corncob contentedly. It was a pleasant spot for a nap. A stunted little maple gave him shade; the stream flowing through the rocks, ten feet distant, sang a melodious, sleep-inducing lullaby.

"I should have had dreams with such a head-rest," said Hugh looking down at Jack's blond locks and smiling face. "And I, too, senior," added Monti. "You won't forget to put that pipe out?"

"Oh, no," laughed Jack. We separated then. Monti hurried off toward the cabin and Hugh and I walked up the ravine. "If we get anything out of that hole in the wall, what do you say making it into a wedding present for Belle Hastings?" asked Hugh, as we went on. "A first-class idea?" I exclaimed. "It may be a gorgeous dinner set."

"Or a glove buttoner."

"Yes," laughed Hugh. We went on a little further, and our way was finally barred by a steep ascent. I proposed that we return to Jack. Hugh was willing and we retraced our steps. We said little. Each was on the alert for game. A rabbit would make a very acceptable stew, but not a single cottontail crossed our path. Hugh tugged at his refractory mustache spitefully in his disappointment as he preceded me. A walk of ten minutes brought us to the bend in the ravine where Jack awaited us. When we turned it we beheld a tableau I shall long remember: Jack lay sleeping quietly and over him bent the pauther-like form of Monti. The greaser's sallow face bore a fiendish smile. He rested on one knee, and in his right hand he held a burning match. He had not heard our approach, and he was on the point of applying the match to a bit of fuse he had inserted in the stopper of the powder keg on which Jack's head rested. Hugh threw his rifle to his shoulder and pulled the trigger. Monti sprang back and fell with a low groan. I would have fired if I had not just unloaded my weapon. Jack started up and looked about him in surprise. "Your Spanish professor was getting a little too officious!" exclaimed Hugh grimly, to him, as we came forward, and

he told Jack of what we had caught Monti at, while I made sure that the treacherous villain's match had not ignited the fuse.

"What's up here?" cried one of three men, from the camp, coming upon us just then. "We heard a shot."

Monti lay groaning and cursing by the maple's roots, and crying out that we had tried to murder him. So I told them the facts of the case; and Jack's pocket-book which fell from Monti's pocket confirmed our suspicion that Monti intended to rob Jack and have the powder explosion cover his crime. The miners listened attentively to the explanation, and then one of them seized the wounded greaser and started off campward, beckoning for his companions to follow, which they did, after a "Good by, gents," to us.

"A miss is as good as a mile," cried Jack, shortly, picking up the drill Monti had brought while we were away. "Now for our gold mine."

"You will not engage another Spanish instructor?" queried Hugh. "Not if I live to be a hundred!" returned Jack determinedly attacking the rock, with an extra vim. "I once was foolish enough to think only the story book greaser was a villain. Now I place no reliance on one of them."

We drilled and blasted the rest of the day, and that rock-pocket yielded enough gold for a really massive solid table-set for a present to Belle Hastings. —Yankee Blade.

The Utilization of Niagara.

It is quite likely that the first large contract the company will take for the delivery of power at a distance from its central station will be to light the city of Buffalo. This will require 3000 horse power. The present value of a horse power generated from steam in Buffalo is \$35 per annum. The company is now willing to contract to furnish on its grounds at Niagara Falls horse power per annum of twenty-four-hour days at these rates: For 5000 horse power, \$10 per horse power; for 4500, \$10.50; for 4000, \$11; and so on down to 300 horse power, for which there will be charged \$21 per horse power per annum. If there be not a very great loss of power in the transmission to Buffalo, it seems very likely that the company will have no difficulty in underbidding any concern now using steam as the motive power for the electric lights, as the loss by transmission is considerably less than twenty per cent. About the new use of water power of the great falls in Buffalo within a year or so there can be no doubt. When it shall be brought to New York is another matter, but about that there are not so many elements of improbability as to excite men to scoff, for power has already been transmitted electrically a great distance, and that too with reasonable economy. At the recently held electrical exposition at Frankfort-on-the-Main, power to operate some of the machinery was transmitted by electricity from Lauffen-on-the-Neckar, a distance of 108 miles. At Lauffen there was a waterfall from which a turbine was opened, and a dynamo on the shaft of the turbine generated the current which was transmitted to Frankfort over a wire one-sixth of an inch in diameter. It was found here that the loss in transmission was only twenty-five per cent. Therefore it is likely that the power can be transmitted four times the distance without a loss so great as to make the scheme impracticable. When it does reach the great city, and by the water which leaves its natural channel for a brief space in the Niagara River, our streets lighted, our factories run, the machine of the seamstress kept in motion, and the very drill the dentist uses to bore our teeth impelled by it, then we shall more than ever feel that around the earth has been placed a girdle, a living belt that throbs and pulsates at the bidding of science, an encircling band rich in the potentialities of mighty but well regulated movement.—Harper's Weekly.

Fee of \$200 for Advice of One Word. Not long ago Mr. Morris Butler, son of John M. Butler, who had just arrived home from an evening party at 2 o'clock in the morning, heard a carriage drive up to the house, and a moment later answered a ring at the door bell. A young man of handsome face and energetic manner blurted out without ceremony: "What States can cousins legally marry in?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Butler, as soon as he could recover from the effects of his visitor's bluntness, "but I will ask father."

He went up stairs and, after much knocking, aroused his father. "Father," said he, "what States can cousins legally marry in?"

"Kansas," was the single word in response, between what sounded suspiciously like snores.

Mr. Butler returned down stairs. "Well, what does he say?" asked the visitor.

"Kansas," replied young Mr. Butler, laconically. "Thank you!" The door was closed and the young visitor was gone.

Nothing further was thought of the incident until yesterday's mail brought Mr. Butler a certified check for \$200 for "legal advice" from his hitherto unknown client. This is probably the highest rate per word ever paid for legal advice. It divides into \$100 per syllable and \$33.33 per letter.—Indianapolis News.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A cushion car wheel is new. Germany stands at the front in electrical science.

German physicians report several cures of whooping cough by inoculation. A naturalist says that of all animals the horse has the acutest sense of hearing.

The largest known moth is the Giant Atlas, a native of China, the wings of which measure nine inches across. The engines on the Manitou and Pike's Peak Railroad are reported to have successfully used crude Colorado petroleum for fuel.

There is a very strong flow of natural gas in the bed of the river about three miles from Ventura, Cal. A lighted match will set fire to a space six or eight feet in diameter.

A careful examination of the aqueous humor of the eyes of cattle will determine whether they are suffering from tubercle or not. The bacilli will be found there in all cases where the disease exists.

The word knot, signifying a certain distance over water, is one-sixtieth of a mean degree of the earth's meridian, which in figures is 6,076,818 feet, 2025.6 yards, or one mile and 26.56 yards.

A new railway is projected on which, instead of trains, single cars of great length will be propelled by electricity supplied to them through the rails. The speed to be attained is from 120 to 150 miles per hour.

In order to prevent the accidents that so often occur when life-boats are lowered from the sides of a ship there has been invented a raft that supports the boat, and from which it is launched upon reaching the water.

Many savage tribes constantly use without harm the flesh of animals killed with poisoned weapons; and in recent investigations with animals killed by various poisons—such as strychnine, tartarized antimony and eserine—the flesh was found to be of unimpaired flavor and to produce no ill effects.

Professor R. L. Garner, the prominent scientist of Washington, who has been in consultation with Paul du Chailu, the African traveler, in regard to his proposed trip to study the languages of monkeys, has entered into negotiations with Philadelphia for the construction of the cage to be used in Africa.

In a new method of hardening plaster of paris, communicated to the French Academy of Sciences, the plaster is mixed with one-sixth of its weight of fine, freshly slaked lime, and used with as little water as possible. When thoroughly dry, it is treated with a solution of either zinc sulphate or iron sulphate. With the first, the color remains white, while the second, by gradual oxidation, yields the color of iron rust.

Dr. Marey, the eminent French physiologist, has been studying the flight of insects by photochronography, the apparatus used to obtain photographs allowing exposures to be made so short as 1-25,000 of a second. His observations indicate that the wings of insects in flight, by meeting obliquely the resistance of the air in to-and-fro movements, act in a very singular manner to the sculls used to propel boats.

A method of recovering the gold and silver waste of photographic processes consists of suspending in the liquids containing the metals in solution a plate of carbon attached to the positive pole of a battery and a zinc plate connected with the negative pole, the two being separated by about an inch and a half. The closing of the circuit causes the metal to be precipitated to the bottom of the solution in the form of a black deposit, which is dried and reclaimed in the form of metal by melting in a crucible.

Peculiar Fancies About Meat. "It is funny what peculiar fancies people have about meat," said a Union Market butcher to the Man About Town. "Now, most people think that people who have plenty of money get all the choice meat on the market, while those who cannot afford to pay fancy prices do not fare so well. Now, that is not true, but the contrary is and the reason is this, as a rule people who pay fancy prices want a fancy looking piece of meat and in order to get it we have to waste a good deal in the cutting, and, of course, we do not propose to be the losers by the transaction. Poor people do not care for the looks of a piece of meat and so, of course, there being no waste in cutting for them we give them better meat at lower prices.—St. Louis Republic.

Bamboo Cuts Are Painful. A cut inflicted with a blade of grass or a sheet of writing paper is bad enough, but the most disagreeable wound that can be inflicted on the human body is that made with a strip of bamboo. The outside of the bamboo contains so much silica that it will cut like a knife; in fact, the Chinese and Japanese do make knives of it, which are cheap and for a time tolerably effective. A cut made with bamboo is exceedingly hard to heal and obstinate ulcers are apt to result. Whether the silica poisons the flesh or the bad consequences are due to the ragged wound is not certain, but anybody who has cut his finger with a bit of cane or torn his hand on a fishing-rod will have some idea of the unpleasant effects of a cut with a bamboo silver.—Globe Democrat.

AT TWENTY-ONE.

A minor yesterday, To-day a man in years. Shall I look far away, Through telescopes of tears? Or gaze with hopeful sight Upon the rising sun, Because its radiant light Has crowned me twenty-one?

'Tis little that I know, The past in vain I scan; But I would wiser grow And be indeed a man. The wisest of the wise, A sad career may run, If he alone relies On "self" at twenty-one.

Be this a time to turn A leaf in history; With honest hands I'll earn The bread of industry. And store my mind with thought When daily tasks are done; Thankful for lessons taught, For I am twenty-one.

The banner at my mast, Shall wear no stain of sin; The lesson of the past Is writ my heart within. I hope for strength and grace, The path of wrong to shun, While I renew the race Of life, at twenty-one. —George W. Bungay, in the Argosy.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There is no particular harm in riding a hobby, if you do not take up the whole road with it. Bashed young men ought to practice sparring with dumb-bells.—Binghamton Republican.

A cut from an incompetent tailor is one of the saddest things that a social aspirant has to bear. The older the man grows, the less he is disposed to see how near he can skate to a danger sign.—The Waterbury.

Husband—"We must economize." Wife—"Well, dear, what do you want me to give up."—New York Press.

It is quite natural with some men that the thread of their narrative should become badly warped.—Columbus Post.

"Oh, yes, I often have to sit on the jury," said the Supreme Court Judge, as he administered a reprimand.—Life.

Silence is not golden for the poor maiden who is dumb when a rich suitor asks for her hand.—Morning Journal.

When a man starts out to reform him self he has undertaken a job that will keep him busy for life.—Ram's Horn.

"Cheer" this month has an article on "Boiled Batters." "Roasted Umpires" are more common.—Minneapolis Journal.

"Sweet is the bread of industry," It hath been sagely said, And yet by loafing off is made The sweetest kind of bread. —Chicago Tribune.

Bachelors are creatures who have consulted their female relatives before venturing on matrimony.—Milwaukee Tribune.

The trouble with "men of iron" is that they are apt to get rusty without knowing it.—Bismarck for instance.—Puck.

Looking too closely at a dollar doesn't make it any bigger, but it very often makes the soul a good deal smaller.—Ram's Horn.

"He stole a watch," said the police man, referring to the prisoner. "Then he shall do time," replied the judge.—The Waterbury.