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The grip is pronounced by a Vienna physician of high standing to be miasmatic in character.

A county in New York State is considering becoming its own insurer against fire. One argument used is that the county having \$100,000,000 of property is more responsible than most of the insurance companies.

The San Francisco Chronicle opines that the cultivation of a peaceful disposition is not calculated to inspire respect in such countries as Chile. "Had we been as truculent in our dealings with fifth-rate countries as England," it believes, "the Chilians would not be speaking of the Yankees and their navy with contempt."

The new monitor Miantonomah, with four ten-inch guns and a fine lot of rapid fire weapons, will prove a formidable antagonist to any but the very heaviest foreign ironclads, observes the San Francisco Chronicle. Stationed at the right place she could keep a whole fleet of cruisers from entering and approaching close to New York harbor.

The proposition to have the old ship President, which was captured from the United States by the British in the War of 1812, transferred to Chicago for the Columbian Exhibition, is very generally approved by the officers of the navy so far as its sentiment goes, but the idea is hardly practical, suggests the Boston Transcript. The old ship now lies in the West India Dock near London, and, although she makes an excellent ship for the nominal headquarters of British navy officers who are assigned to duty in London, and an excellent drill ship as well, she is totally unable, because of her advanced age, to cross the Atlantic.

The chief figures of the chief medical officer of the Prefecture of Police show that lunacy has increased in Paris, France, in the last sixteen years some thirty per cent. The increase is due to the prevalence of two morbid types, general paralysis and alcoholic insanity. Alcoholic insanity is twice as prevalent now as it was fifteen years ago. Almost a third of the lunacy cases are due to this disease, and the tendency of it is to become more violent and to show a more marked homicidal character. A dreadful peculiarity of it is that it descends to the children of its victims. The extreme usefulness of many of the candidates for the guillotine must have been observed of late years, and the explanation is probably to be found in alcoholic insanity.

If the Prince of Wales persists in his reported intention of marrying his children into English families, observes the San Francisco Examiner, he will give his house a new lease of popularity that it needs. Albert Victor, the heir presumptive, is to marry Princess Mary of Teck, who is practically an English girl. His brother, Prince George, is said to be engaged to the daughter of an English Duke. The eldest daughter is the wife of the Duke of Fife, and it is reported that the second daughter is to marry an English nobleman. The British nation has shown a good deal of irritation at the marriage of Queen Victoria's children to the little royalty of Germany. In the brave old days when England was made, Englishmen and Englishwomen were good enough for royal blood to mate with, and the English people appear to believe that the policy is a good one today.

At last it has dawned upon the people of Northwestern Ohio, announces the Pittsburg Dispatch, that their supply of natural gas is almost exhausted. So confident have they been in its performance that the nature of the discovery is almost startling. To-day not more than one-tenth of the manufacturing in Northwestern Ohio are supplied with natural gas. At the same time the supply for private consumption has been so decreased that many a family has tossed the gasburner into the back yard and returned to hickory and coal. Many others kept constant supplies of coal on hand ready for emergency at any time. Coal is also burned with the gas when it is low by a majority of the consumers. Since gas was first used for fuel here the pressure has decreased over 350 pounds. The volume, however, is sufficient for all the drains upon it. The trouble is that the pressure is too weak to force the gas to the burners. It lies sluggish and dormant in the mains, or in a state of inertia in the rock and wells.

KISSING THE ROD.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain
And of sorrow's driving rain
We can better meet again
If it blow.
We have erred in that dark hour
We have known
When our tears fell with the shower,
All alone—
Were not shine and shower blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With his own.
For, we know, not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.
—J. W. Riley, in Indianapolis Journal.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MANUSCRIPT.

BY CLIFTON ESDALE.

JUNLIKE Frankenstein, my creator loved the thing she had created. Out of innumerable scraps was I created, and built upon a disused skeleton of some old romance. Nevertheless, I was beloved and tenderly nurtured.

When I say that my fair creator was ambitious for me, you will, I trust, not misunderstand her. She craved no jewels or costly raiment for her beloved offspring; she but asked that I might live, and appear in print. My creator, I have since observed with pride, was very beautiful.

The first distinct recollection I have is that my leaves fluttered together on the dainty desk before which sat a sweet girl-woman. In her hand she still held a gold pen, but the ink on its nib was quite dry, and she seemed buried in thought.

I looked up at her responsively, and she took me up gently and read me in a soft voice, which has ever since seemed to me closely related to the sweet odor of lilacs which were then blooming. From that moment I lived. As I lay on the desk before her, there was a sudden noise at the lattice; then someone said in a low voice, "Sister!"

My creator started up so suddenly that I knew Sister must be her name; and I always think of her by that name, though I have since heard her called by several others.

Sister went quickly to the window, and said, in a frightened whisper: "Jack, why have you come here, and in broad daylight, too? Uncle will storm so if he finds it out, and I shall never be able to reconcile him to you."

By this time a young boy, three or four years younger than Sister, had climbed in at the open window, and I saw how much they looked alike; but his manner, clothing, and voice were quite different. All the people I have met in the world, except Sister, are like Jack—men, I believe, they are called.

In the mean time Jack was asking her for money. "I simply must have fifty dollars to-day, Sister; you can easily get it out of uncle."

"No, Jack; he will give me anything in the world but money; and that, he says, he will not give me."

"So he knows my gentle little Sister would give it to naughty Jack? By the way, Sis, I think a bean stalk would be better for Jack to climb than a lattice and a lilac-bush. Kindly see that it is changed before I come again."

Jack had a roguish, merry face, and Sister was evidently fond of him. I began to feel a strange, sad feeling about half way down my second chapter, which I have learned since from conversation with other MSS. is not an uncommon ailment, and is named jealousy.

Sister looked cautiously around, then fushing a little, said, "Jack, I am trying to earn fifty dollars for you."

Jack gave a low whistle of astonishment. "Poor little Sister, why, how can you earn money?" he asked, looking at the silk-robbed figure before him.

"I have written a story."
"You don't say!" and Jack regarded her with surprise and pride. "Wasn't it hard to do?"

Sister came over to the desk and caressed me with her pretty hand. "At first it was hard, but not when I really got started. Oh, then, Jack, I loved it."

It was sunset, and the gray light flashed on the pretty jewels in Sister's rings as she patted me tenderly.

"But the trouble is, I must have the money at once for—"

A noise was heard in the hall, and, without finishing his sentence, Jack slid out the window, and Sister hastily took up a book. A rap on the door. Sister went and opened it, still holding the volume, with her forefinger between the leaves.

A tall and handsome old gentleman entered. He bowed with old-school courtesy, saying: "It is such fine weather, I have ordered the carriage. Are you ready to drive?"

Sister looked into the kind though

severe face. "Yes, uncle; I should like of all things this sweet evening to take a drive with you."

So she put on a pretty wide straw hat, and went away with the old man, and I felt lonely.

The sunset had gone, the pink and blue after-glow had also left, and the gray came in and tinged everything, until at last the black came and swallowed up what was left. I must have gone to sleep then, for when I awoke a great soft light shone in the window, and Sister was standing before it, saying, softly:

"How pale my white lilacs are there in the moonlight!" Then, as a slight noise was heard in the hall, she whispered, "Is that you, Jefferson?"

"Yes, miss," came from a very black old man, who entered and stood upon the threshold, as if awaiting orders.

"Jefferson, have you saved up fifty dollars?"

"Yes, missie, I has 'dat; an', fo' de land's-sake, missie, Jefferson dun' no' what to done wid dat same fifty dollars."

"Jefferson, will you lend it to me? There is something I want to get, and I don't want uncle to know, and I will pay you back ever so soon."

"I's jest too pleased, missie. I was goin' fur to ask you to keep dat money fo' me fo' de present," and the old man hurried away.

Sister came and stood in the moonlight, and I saw she was crying, but she only said, "Dear, kind old Jefferson!"

Presently he came back, and handed something to Sister, saying: "I thank ye, missie, fur keeping it for me;" and he hurried away again.

Sister went to the window. "Jack," she whispered.

Then I heard loud voices, and she handed the money out the window to some one.

"God bless you, Sister!"

"Good-night; be a good boy, Jack."

Then Sister came and knelt down by the desk, and her beautiful hair rested on my pages; then splash came two tears, and so I was baptized.

I was not a nice child; but that, I am convinced, was my own fault. Sister, however, thought I was delightful, and though she ought to know, her opinion was not corroborated by others.

I awoke one morning to find myself being roughly handled for the first time. A great ugly man was seated by a huge desk in a big office. There were many other men somewhat like him, all sitting at great desks in the same office, but the particular man to whom I refer was more disagreeable, I am convinced, than any of the others.

He tore off the paper wrappings in which I had been swathed, and flung them into a great capacious scrap basket. At that time my knowledge of scrap baskets was limited, but subsequently this part of my education was corrected.

I fluttered my leaves coquettishly as he glanced at me, but I at once became aware that he seemed to see through me without looking at me. He fumbled me over, reading a portion of the last chapter, then said, sotto voce: "More trash;" then, aloud, to a young man at the next desk:

"Here, bundle this back. I think, however, I tore the address, so look out for it."

Then he slipped a rubber band over me, and I tumbled pell-mell into the big basket after the shreds of my envelope. At that time I was the only occupant of the basket, but in an hour, one after another, thirty other manuscripts were with me in the basket.

The youth who gathered us up seemed in a hurry, and left me, with my torn address, till the following morning; then, having more time, I presume, he picked me up, not unkindly, though he laughed in an amused way, glancing down my first page.

"Poor girl! (evidently a girl), she will be disappointed, doubtless."

Do you suppose he meant Sister?

At home again! And Sister did seem disappointed; but she read the little printed slip, and then wearily looked over my leaves.

None were torn or soiled, so she kissed me gently, and directly I was sent on another voyage.

My experience was much the same as before. The printed slip I brought back was a different size and shape, and I observed with anguish that my dear creator seemed worried, and I feared she was disappointed in me, or perhaps growing to dislike me, as others did.

One afternoon when I returned from a peregrination longer than usual, I was handed to my fair creator where she walked in the sweet-scented green and gold light of the garden, accompanied by a tall and handsome young man.

She sighed, "Again!" as she received me; then I trembled in her fingers, and somehow my string became untied, and I escaped from my wrappings.

Her companion hastened to pick me up, handling me with a consideration no other man had evinced toward me. Then he said to Sister, taking both her pretty hands as he placed me in her keeping.

"Sweetheart, if you love me, why insist on this long, this endless delay?"

Sister looked down, and a rosy color stole over her face, while her lips quivered.

"It is so hard to speak of. I have contracted a debt, and until I can repay it by my own earnings, I cannot marry; it would not be honorable; and no one will publish my story."

She was still looking down, sad and

embarrassed, so she did not note her companion's expression, but I thought he was about to rend the pale evening air with a wild peal of laughter, so sparkling were his eyes with mirth and happiness.

Imagine my astonishment on seeing him quite grave when she lifted her eyes, as he said, sympathetically:

"Yes, I understand, dear. By-the-way, have you tried the Gushington Publishing House?"

Yes; I had but just returned from their commodious scrap-basket. He seemed very kind. When he left us, Sister took me to her pretty silk-draped room. She sat by the open window, and I lay still in her lap, and wondered from Title to Finish what I could do to make her happy.

It was, I think, two days after that a letter lay beside me on Sister's desk. It was from the house of Gushington, and contained a check for seventy-five dollars, and a note from the editor stating that by mistake I had gotten in a pile of rejected MSS., and been sent to her by his assistant without his knowledge. Would she kindly overlook this, and permit his house the honor of printing her work?

Then you should have seen her. She was like a glad June morning in her loveliness. She laughed and cried all at once.

When I returned to the editor's desk, he read me over carefully, then he extracted quite a long letter from a pigeon-hole, and I had an idea it concerned myself. This surmise was correct.

The august presence deigned to permit a pleasant smile to play over his features like a fitting sunbeam as he answered the letter sotto-voice: "True, dear friend, we do sometimes print even worse from one cause or another." Then I was sent to press in the hands of a sad little "devil."

Sister and her husband have always maintained a peculiar fondness for me, but the rest of my readers say, "Strange how this magazine is degenerating!" Do you suppose they refer unkindly to me as I appear in "print."—Harper's Weekly.

About Kid Gloves.

A town called Grenoble, France, is the place where most kid gloves come from; yet of the twenty thousand or more tourists who pass through the capital of the Isere Department each year not more than ten ever go out of their way to learn something of this great national industry.

For it is national, as France holds the chief position in the world in this line of commerce, and wherever you go you are sure to find that the best gloves are of French manufacture. This success is not due to a question of taste only, but to excellence of workmanship also.

There is nothing mechanical about glove making; it is all hand labor; therefore experienced and skillful operatives are necessary to produce good merchandise. But as Frenchmen do not like to leave their homes, it is the Belgians, the Germans and the Italians who go abroad and devote themselves to the production of an inferior kind of goods for toilet purposes in other countries.

At Grenoble alone 1,200,000 dozen pairs of gloves are manufactured annually. This represents a value of \$7,000,000 to \$7,200,000, and this gives employment to 25,000 workpeople of both sexes. There are 4000 men and 21,000 women residing in a rayon of thirty-eight miles around Grenoble who live by this work. Glove making, then, is interesting from a social point of view, as it is one of the few callings open to female labor in which they can earn respectable wages without abandoning husbands, homes and little ones.

When I add that out of the \$7,200,000 worth of gloves in that region at least \$3,000,000 are distributed in wages among an almost infinite number of families, you can imagine the anxiety with which recent parliamentary deliberations over the proposition to franchise the raw material were awaited by the population. A tax on skins brought into France would have meant ruin to many hard-working people who get a comfortable living out of the industry.—New York Recorder.

A Curious Matiny.

There are some curious points in the case of the mutineers on board the French ship Aime, who were recently tried at St. Pierre, Newfoundland. The vessel started from Bordeaux but had not proceeded very far upon its course when the crew deposed the captain and put him in irons. The first mate took command. His purpose was to reach the Azores. But in a few hours it became apparent that he did not know what he was about. Accordingly, the crew sought their ex-captain next day, lashed him to a mast, and commanded him to steer for the Azores. He refused to do so unless he was released. The crew set to work again on their own account—got more muddled than before, and finally accepted his condition. Forthwith he put the ship about, and carried them to St. Pierre, where they were promptly seized, tried and condemned.

The extraordinary feature in all this is the fact that the captain was the only man on board having any knowledge of navigation, and the question arises whether this condition of affairs is common on French ships, or in the mercantile marine of any other nation. In all well found ships the first mate, at least, is supposed to carry a master's certificate.—Boston Transcript.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

White tar is new.

Electric cranes increase.

Chess matches by telephone are popular in England.

A mechanical letter-stamper worked by electricity is being tested at the post-office in Washington.

A German inventor has patented a system of employing the trolley electric system to propel boats on canals or rivers.

The Industrial Society of Mulhouse, England, offers a silver medal for the application, in any form, of electricity to calico printing.

Immense bituminous deposits have been discovered in Alsace, Germany, and no less than seven companies have recently been formed to work them.

It is proposed to make the employment of the electric light in the German factories compulsory in places where artificial light is required during working hours.

Professor Dewar, an English scientist, found, in making some experiments with liquid oxygen, that it has strong magnetic properties, adhering closely to a magnet until entirely dissipated.

The output of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, Penn., last year was 918 locomotives, of which 101 were compounds. The output for 1890 exceeded this number by thirty-five.

The iron work of the railway up the Rigi, Switzerland, has been found to suffer less from rust than that of the ordinary surface roads. The ties are wonderfully well preserved, those laid seven-teen years ago being still in good condition.

In popular histories of the seven wonders of the world we read that the Pharos, the first light-house, could be seen at a distance of 100 miles. In order for this to have been possible the Pharos must have been a mile and a quarter in height.

A new torpedo was recently tried at Portsmouth, England. It is intended for discharge under the water, and with engines developing fifty-two horse-power, it can realize a speed of thirty knots an hour. The maximum diameter of the torpedo is eighteen inches.

Down to the time of Homer, oil flourished 207 B. C., as little was known of the surface of the earth as is now known of the interior. Greece was then regarded as the center of the earth, which was then surrounded at the distance of 500 miles by the ocean river. Later the land was extended further and a limited form given to the old continent.

Very extensive and valuable deposits of nickel have been found at Sudbury, the junction of the Canadian Pacific and the "Soo" Road about 130 miles east of Saul Ste. Marie. The mining is confined largely to three companies, one of which is an American company with headquarters at Cleveland, Ohio, and its works represent an investment of between \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000.

To distinguish genuine butter from oleomargarine the following test is recommended: Draw a knife through a piece of the questioned butter and separate the parts thus divided. If it ever saw the inside of a churn there will be watery exudations in the track of the knife, but if it is a combination of prepared and disguised fat there will be a smooth greasy surface only. This test is largely used by butter merchants.

A Famous Maine Mansion.

The old Pepperell mansion at Kittery Point, Me., built over 200 years ago, has probably sheltered more famous people than any other house on this side of the Atlantic, with the exception of Mount Vernon and Monticello. The house was built by the first William Pepperell, a great merchant and ship-builder of his time, who accumulated vast wealth by trade, and his mansion reflected the extent of his means. Facing the sea and surrounded by a great park where herds of deer disported, the old mansion was a delightful place of residence. The famous Sir William Pepperell, son of the builder, enlarged and adorned the mansion at the time of his marriage, in 1734. This William Pepperell, the only American baronet, was a remarkable man. He was the richest man in the colonies, and had at times as many as 200 vessels afloat. He was a successful General, and was seen at Louisburg, and his political influence was very great.—New York Sun.

The American Sandwich.

"The great American sandwich is now an established national institution," said Frank P. Brodie at Hurst's Hotel. "Did you ever think how the term originated? A great many people suppose that the popular comestible is in some way connected with the Sandwich Islands. This is a mistake, because the civilized world had sandwiches long before it knew it had any Sandwich Islands. Another popular fallacy is that the sandwich was invented by the English Earl of Sandwich, from whom it took its name. The fact is, the name of the man who foisted the sandwich on the world is unknown. It was known, however, in the times of the Roman Empire, and the soldiers of Claudius Caesar included it in their rations. As an article of food the sandwich dates from the time to which the memory of man runneth not back. As an instrument of torture and death it made its advent with the first railroad eating house."—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

ATTAINMENT.

Passing, I saw a woman fair and sweet
With lilies at her feet;
A flush of triumph on her lifted face
As if her soul victorious in its race
In Love's ethereal flight unfettered sprang
through space.

I saw her once again, her sad eyes wet
With limitless regret,
Fallid with countless wounds that hidden
bled;

The lilies in her pathway lying dead,
Yet, in despair, sublime her soul still swept
o'erhead,

Crowned by its own defeat.
—Mrs. Whiton-Stone, in Boston Transcript.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A double chin—when two women meet.

You can't measure a girl's love by its sighs.—Elmira Gazette.

Of two women choose the one that will have you.—Texas Sittings.

Nebraska has an Indian lawyer. Of course he is a Sioux.—Minneapolis Tribune.

The dark ages are the ones that elderly spinsters refuse to divulge.—St. Joseph News.

It is when the turkey is in the oven that the cook studies Browning.—Lowell Courier.

A literary man becomes a nobleman when he is baron of ideas.—Lowell Courier.

A statesman can always get a pull by going to the dentist's office.—Binghamton Republican.

There are too many people in the world who use their nest eggs to make cake of.—Atchison Globe.

Smiles that crack in the middle with their metallic hardness convey but little cordiality.—Charleston News.

When wild young men start out for fun they are going to have it if they have to fight for it.—Dallas News.

Of course it is possible for a woman to be "fair and square," but we like her better if she is round.—Boston Post.

The debtor may have the consolation of knowing that there is always somebody thinking of him.—Columbus Post.

Mrs. Bacon—"What a sour look Dr. Pill has." Little Minnie—"I guess he takes his own medicine, mamma."—Statesman.

Stephen Tehee has been elected second chief of the Cherokee Nation. Well, we should giggle.—Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

A man's character is like a photographic negative. It is black until it has been subjected to the chemistry of circumstances.

"Did Ann gain much by going to Vassar?" "Yes. She gained an E on the end of her name. She is Anne now."—Brooklyn Life.

"A man can accomplish a great deal," said the Missouri judge, "if he only has time—therefore I give you four years."—Columbus Post.

"This is a bad sign," says Hicks, as the shingle of Bludboory, Blithers & Co. has blown from its place and landed on his high hat.—Harper's Bazar.

The man who never puts off till tomorrow what he can do to-day must inevitably eat a great deal more than is good for him.—Somerville Journal.

"Let's go into the restaurant and get something to eat." "But I'm not hungry." "That's no matter; you will be before you get anything."—Tid-Bits.

"Why do you go to the concert if you don't care for music?" "To amuse myself. You have no idea how happy I feel when it's over."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Patient—"Doctor, I fancy, somehow, I've got a touch of the gout." Doctor—"Fancy, my dear sir! If you had, you wouldn't fancy—you'd know."—Comic.

He—"I never can understand you, but I suppose that's natural." She—"Why?" He—"Well, I suppose it's impossible for a pretty girl to be plain."—New York Press.

"I am afraid that George is trifling of me." "Why, dear?" "He has been telling me I am too good a woman to be the wife of such a man as he is."—Indianapolis Journal.

New Clerk—"What do the jobbers mean by putting 'c. o. d.' on all the packages they send us?" Jeweler—"I guess they think we are a little fishy."—Jeweler's Weekly.

Watts—"Every man has his own secret sorrow, I guess." Potts—"Yes, indeed. Even the happiest appearing man has a skeleton in his midst."—Indianapolis Journal.

"All is fair in love and war, isn't it?" she said. "I don't know," he replied doubtfully, "I've been in love a good many times, but I never was married."—Detroit Free Press.

"How are you coming on with your tragedy?" "Better than I expected. I've killed off all the principal characters except two, and they are not on speaking terms."—Texas Sittings.

"A cynic is a man who is tired of the world, is he not?" the young language student asked. "No, no, my child," replied the knowing tutor. "A cynic is a man of whom the world is tired."

"What did the minister preach about?" asked a lady of her little son, who had attended church. "He preached about two hours, ma," said the small hopeful.—Detroit Free Press.