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Chicago is wrestling now with the smoke problem, but has not yet solved it.

The products of the farms, mines, forests and fisheries of the United States are valued at \$25,000,000,000 a year.

The boundary controversy between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, after 200 years, has been finally settled. The early surveyors, explains the New York Press, did not understand the variations of the magnetic needle; hence the quarrel.

In addition to the usual advantages conferred by leap year on energetic young ladies, 1892 will give them fifty-three Sundays in which to employ those advantages. The year is going to be a crucial one for bachelors, predicts the Brooklyn Citizen.

Simon Wolf, of Washington, is preparing for the publication of a list of the Hebrew soldiers and sailors who have done service in the wars of the United States, including the war of the revolution. At the last annual reunion of the Eleventh Corps of the Army of the Potomac, General Stahl said that half of his old regiment "was composed of Israelites with the courage of the Maccabees."

Many of the statesmen and public men of Chile are of pretty much the same stock as many of our own people, declares the Chicago Herald. Their immediate ancestors were Europeans, and some of their public men are born Europeans. The new Chilean Minister of Public Works, Don Augustin Edwards, was born in Chile of English parents. He is a great favorite with the British residents, and a Valparaiso newspaper says: "Those who know him best love to think of him as an Englishman."

Science has been meditating upon the subject of the probable increase of the population in the United States, and it presents us with these startling conclusions: Since 1750 the increase has been from 1,260,000 to the neighborhood, in 1890, of 65,000,000. If this ratio of increase is a fair basis for prediction we shall have at the time when the ten-year-old boy of to-day shall be forty years of age, in 1920, something like 160,000,000 of people in the United States, and when that man of forty reaches his seventieth birthday (1950) we shall have close upon 400,000,000 population.

Joseph Wallace, in the Popular Science News, says that our climate has certainly been much modified within the past 2000 years. "There have been fifteen climatic changes since the beginning of the glacial age," he writes, "each change lasting 10,500 years, and each change reversing the season in the two hemispheres, the pole which had enjoyed continuous summer being doomed to undergo perpetual winter for 10,500 years and then passing to its former state for an equal term." The present epoch of a more genial temperature at this season of the year in this northern hemisphere began about 1500 years ago, and for 9000 years to come, writes Mr. Wallace, "we may reasonably expect a gradual modification of our climate."

To illustrate the strength of the prejudice against corn in Great Britain, mention may be made of an instance in the city of Glasgow, Scotland, where it was proposed by a Member of the Poor House Board to substitute maize for costlier food in that institution. The mere suggestion brought a storm about his ears, because of his inhumanity in thrusting upon defenseless paupers a food which was only fit for pigs. American canned goods of all kinds are largely sold in Europe, but canned corn is almost never seen there. If a demand for it could be created it would mean hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly to the proprietors and workers of our canneries. Agents of the Department of Agriculture have been exhibiting the cereal in this form also abroad with the hope of teaching the people to like it. Wherever corn dishes of various sorts have been prepared and distributed by them they have been received so favorably as to give good grounds for confident expectation in this regard. The use of the potato, the tomato and the tobacco plant, all of American origin, has spread through Europe and added to the comfort and happiness of millions. There seems to be more hope for corn now than there was for any of those commodities at the beginning.

GOD BLESS HER.
She never burned with passion's fires,
She never craved a man's kiss;
Her nerves were never strung on wires,
But sunshine followed where she came.
Her ways in school were circumspect,
And made her seem a trifle prim;
Her maiden manners were correct,
Her cheerful goodness naught could dim.
Although she ne'er disdained life's joys,
She ne'er forgot religion's claims:
In Sunday school her girls and boys
Were all imbued with life's grand aims.
In church she ne'er seemed sanctified,
And only sat for angel sphere;
While others talked of Him who died,
She worked in love for mortals here.
She married poorly, in the sense
That life's great goal is glittering gold
But for her pains had recompense
In love of man in God's own mold.
And further on in life there came
A group of children in her home,
Who honored e'er their father's name,
And from her guidance ne'er would roam.
Old age came on, and children brought
Grandchildren to the sacred place
Where mother, wife and maid had taught
Grand lessons to His grandest race.
Then "earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Was said at last above the bier
Where lay the flower of earthly trust,
Whose symbol rose to heavenly sphere.
God bless the homes such women make!
God bless the world where such are rife!
For hearts would love and never break
If but such shrines were found in life.
—Earl Marble, in Philadelphia Press.

PHILIP'S FIRST SUIT.

BY EDMUND LYONS.

WHAT had become of Mable Stone? That was the problem that puzzled the people of Squalack, and they were no nearer to a solution in January than they were in July, when, one oppressively hot morning, Mabel's place at the breakfast table was vacant, and Deacon Stone learned from a servant, who had been kept awake by a toothache, that his daughter had arisen at four o'clock in the morning and gone out hurriedly into the gray dawn. She had not returned at nightfall, and when it was ascertained that her aunt in New York, whom she frequently visited, was ignorant of her whereabouts, and that her brother, who was trying to build up a medical practice in Boston, had not seen her or heard from her, a dark suspicion arose in Squalack that she had run away with Philip Mesmer; for Squalack was a New England town, and every inhabitant in it had grown weary of comparing his or her own goodness with that of the neighbors, and arrived at a comfortable if somewhat monotonous conclusion that the home virtues were a little purer and rather more securely rooted than any others.
If there is such a thing as an excess of righteousness, Squalack knew what it was, and a ripple of wrong doing appearing upon the otherwise unruined surface of its purity was like a little flavor of onion lurking in a bowl of salad. "Half suspected," it animated the whole. So the people of the strait-laced town were perhaps unduly hasty in grasping a forbidden fruit when they declared, with something nearly approaching unanimity, that Philip Mesmer and Mabel Stone had eloped.
To be sure, the circumstantial evidence was strong against the young couple. Philip was only twenty-two, and though all his friends said he had in him the making of a great lawyer, he had not yet been called to the bar. This would not have mattered greatly, because his life lay before him, and his crusty old uncle allowed him enough money to cover his bare expenses, with the provision that it should all be returned, with accrued interest and by increasing installments, as soon as his profession began to yield him an income. But Philip, though not yet a barrister, was too good a lawyer not to be ignorant of the dangers of delay. He had already, he hoped, carried one suit to a successful issue. It was a suit for Mabel's hand in marriage, and the young lady had rendered judgment in his favor. But Deacon Stone had reviewed this decision, reversed it, and thrown Philip's case, on motion of appeal, out of court. He said his daughter was his heiress, and, as he was rich, no penniless young fellow, on the strength of his expectations, should marry her.
Philip, however, was not easily non-suited. At a last interview with Mabel, before he went back to Philadelphia to digest more law, he offered to release her from her engagement to him; but Mabel was not the sort of girl to take advantage of his generosity, and perhaps he knew that before he exercised it. Love (especially love with a profound knowledge of law behind it) is rarely quite unselfish. She promised to wait for him, if necessary, until time was no longer young, and he assured her that he would return to Squalack to claim her as soon as he had mastered the contents of his first brief, which he expected with the new year; for he was called to the bar about Christmas, and in January the case of Colly vs. West would be tried in the

Superior Court, and Colly, who was a friend of his dead father, was pledged to retain him as junior counsel to show the jury that West had cut down a tree which stood evenly on the dividing line of the West and Colly properties, and laughed derisively and scurrilously railed at Colly for saying that his half of the trunk should have been respected and left standing.
"And if that isn't a good case and a sure winner, darling," said Philip, enthusiastically, as he folded Mabel in his arms, "I wonder what is. Don't you?" Then he kissed her again, and said he wouldn't weary her with the dry details of the law. It was very encouraging.
And thus hopefully they parted. Philip went back to Philadelphia by a night train, and Mabel returned to her father's house. But the deacon gave her a very bad half-hour after supper. He said Philip was nothing better than a beggar, dependent upon his uncle's bounty; that he was a mean fellow, and too dull to succeed at any bar except a marble-topped one with bottles behind it, and somebody with him before it to pay his reckoning. He said many other things about her lover that Mabel, being a high-spirited girl, could not stand at all. She went to her room when she could restrain her tears no longer, and when she had locked her door, and relieved her heart with such tears as she had not shed since her mother died, twelve years before, she decided that she could never again have a home until Philip made one for her. She had promised her lover that she would never marry any other man; but she had also promised her father that she would not wed without his consent. The situation was rather conflicting, and only one thing was quite clear to her; that was that neither Philip nor the deacon should have an opportunity to urge her to break either pledge. She trusted her lover, and she trusted herself; and above all, she had a higher trust that her dead mother had taught her. So when she packed up a few articles of clothing in a small hand-bag, counted her savings, which amounted to about seventy-five dollars, and stole away with the dawn unobserved by any one in the house except the tooth-tortured servant, she felt lonely, and perhaps a little frightened, but not at all the guilty conscience-stricken creature that the deacon and most of the pious people of Squalack felt assured that she must be as soon as her flight was discovered.
Deacon Stone was not, any time, a man of many ideas. He had only room for one now, and that his wayward and rebellious daughter had gone to Philadelphia to join Philip. He hastened there as fast as steam could carry him, and went at once to the law student's one dingy room in Arch Street. He found its occupant wrestling manfully with the Revised Statutes of Pennsylvania, and the earnestness with which he assured his visitor that he was quite ignorant of Mabel's movements as well as his own distress as he heard of her flight, would have convinced an unprejudiced person that he spoke the truth. But the deacon was a man of very fixed opinions. He called the objectionable quality that usually won for him his own way "determination." His fellow church members referred to it as "pig-headedness," but that was only when there was no chance of his hearing of the term so applied. He now openly refused to credit Philip's declaration. But the young man listened to his rambling, vehemently told story, and then with the same coolness and deliberation that afterward greatly helped him in the case of Colly vs. West, he pretty thoroughly cross-examined him. He learned enough about the scene in the parlor the night preceding Mabel's flight to give him a tolerably clear insight as to the actual state of affairs, and his knowledge of the proud, self-reliant character of the girl assured him that when she returned it would be of her own free-will. Whatever efforts he made to find her must be advanced with the utmost delicacy, for he knew that anything like publicity would deeply offend her. It was with great difficulty that he finally persuaded the deacon to refrain from taking the police into his confidence; and the old man departed, finally, vowing that if his daughter were not back in Squalack before the end of the week he would obtain a warrant for Philip's arrest, and raise such a hue-and-cry after Mabel as would lead to her discovery if she were still above ground. Other and more important matters must have claimed his attention, for so far as Philip could ascertain, he made no further attempt to find the fugitive.
And so the dreary weeks lengthened into months. Mabel's retreat was nearly as much a mystery as ever—not as much, for Philip received one short letter from her, which relieved his anxiety. She was in New York, and was safe and well. She refused to tell him her address, but promised to write to him again when events justified such a course—say, when the Philadelphia newspapers announced that Colly had won his suit against West. With this assurance he was obliged to be contented; and in the early days of December Philip was called to the bar.
But while one man may lead a horse to the water, twenty men cannot make him drink; and Philip soon found that it is easier to become a barrister than to find clients. The case of Colly vs. West went over until the next term of the court. The parsimonious uncle had stopped supplies, and if the briefless young lawyer had not succeeded in obtaining a little literary work as book-reviewer for a newspaper, the room in Arch street might have wanted a fire.
It was warm and comfortable enough,

however, when he hurried into it out of the biting air one evening; and, lighting the lamp, he saw that two sealed envelopes lay upon the table. The one he opened first contained a circular from a New York land syndicate, setting forth the great opportunities offered to obtain prairie homes where the wilderness would soon be made to blossom like a rose. The address on the second envelope was in writing that was strange to him. It enclosed a letter from a lawyer, announcing the sudden death of his uncle, and his accession to a reasonably large fortune.
And now where was Mabel? She would not communicate with him, he knew, until good news reached her. She might learn of a successful issue to the suit of Colly vs. West, but how was she to hear of this windfall unless he told her of it? He was a comparatively rich man now, but he cared nothing for his wealth if Mabel could not share it with him, and, with a great longing in his heart, he took her last short brave letter from his desk and laid it on the table, while he drew the lamp toward him. It was beside the other two envelopes, but he knew her writing well, and looked fondly at the address as he picked up one that bore it. Then he opened it, and drew out the despised land circular. How did that wretched advertisement get there? Suddenly the blood rushed to his forehead as he saw that the addresses on both envelopes were precisely similar. Not for a moment did Philip doubt that they had both been written by Mabel. But how could such a thing have happened?
The young man had not wasted his time as a law student. He knew how to weigh evidence, and in half an hour he was on his way to New York. He hastened to the office of the land syndicate, which having a pressure of business on hand, was still open, showing people how to acquire homes on the prairie. He had little trouble in ascertaining that a Miss Mable Stone was one of its army of workers who addressed envelopes, and a young woman who was in the office gave her address to him.
He found her with a long list of names before her, and a box containing a thousand envelopes on the table. She was about to address the first when he entered, and said, quietly, "Let us do it together, Mabel."
In her amazement she nearly upset the ink, but when he had told his story she was satisfied, and allowed him to help her. Splendidly they did it. Before ten o'clock they had addressed a thousand envelopes, and earned seventy-five cents between them. Then he left her, but on the following day they journeyed to Squalack together, and Deacon Stone, though at first inclined to turn them both out of the house, was mollified as soon as he heard of the altered aspect of affairs, and was easily induced to consent to their marriage. A lawyer was a useful person to have in a family, anyhow, he said, and as he was thinking of suing the church trustees for applying five dollars of the funds subscribed for a new pulpit to the relief of a widow whose husband had been killed on the railroad track, it was well to be prepared for emergencies.
Philip and Mabel were married when the case of Colly vs. West was tried in the Superior Court. Colly's senior counsel was unable to attend, and the brunt of the battle fell upon Philip. He won it triumphantly. The jury gave Colly six cents damages, but that carried the costs.—Harper's Weekly.

The Eskimos Surely Starving.

Hitherto the Eskimos have depended for food upon the whale, walrus, and seal of the coast and the fish of the rivers. The first three animals have also supplied them with clothing, boats, and all other necessities of life. Fifty years ago the whalers, having exhausted other waters, sought the northern Pacific for whales, pursuing them into Bering Sea, and carrying the war of extermination into the Arctic Ocean. At length the few surviving whales have been driven to the neighborhood of the pole, and their species has become well-nigh extinct on a commercial demand for ivory, the whalers' turned their attention to the walrus and proceeded to wipe them out of existence likewise. Sometimes as many as two thousand of the valuable beasts would be slaughtered on a single cake of ice, merely for their tusks. Thus a walrus is hardly to be found to-day in those waters where so short a time ago the animals were so numerous that their bellows were heard above the roar of the waves and the grinding of the floes. Seals and sea-lions are now getting so scarce that the natives have difficulty in procuring enough of their skins to cover boats. They used to catch and cure great quantities of fish in the streams, but their supply from this source has recently diminished owing to the establishment of great canneries which send millions of cans of salmon out of the country annually and destroy vastly more by wasteful methods. Improved firearms have driven the wild caribou into the inaccessible regions of the remote interior.
Thus the process of slow starvation and depopulation has begun along the whole Arctic coast of Alaska, and famine is progressing southward year by year on the shore of Bering Sea. Where villages numbering thousands were a few years ago, the populations have been reduced to hundreds.—Boston Transcript.

A nice new umbrella is used up when it is used at all.—Philadelphia Press.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Artificial marble grows in use. Plants are grown by electricity. American looms are being extensively used in England. In France and Germany horses are now vaccinated for the glanders. It is estimated by scientists that Colorado's cliff dwellers existed 10,000 years ago. Owing to its extensive use in electric appliances the price of platinum has advanced fully 100 per cent. It is proposed to unite all the islands of Japan by a system of submarine telegraph cables. The estimated cost is \$2,000,000. It is asserted in some Italian and other medical journals that protection has been afforded by heifer vaccine against measles, whooping cough and influenza. A French physician recommends vaccinating with steel pens, since one could easily afford to use a fresh one each time, and thus avoid danger of infection from the lancet. An automatic electric gas extinguisher depends on the variations in the electrical conductivity of selenium when exposed to light, and turns off the gas on the first appearance of daylight. It has been estimated that the motive power furnished by the steam engines of the world represents the strength of 1000 millions of men—that is to say, twice as many as there are workmen. A method of purifying water invented by Dr. William Anderson, and successfully used at Antwerp, Belgium, consists in passing the water through a revolving cylinder containing metallic iron in the form of scraps or filings. Electric roads cost less than cable or horse car roads. The average cost of the electric roads a mile, including equipment and roadway, is \$46,697, while the horse car and cable roads, cost respectively \$71,387 and \$350,326. A German physiologist finds that below the age of twenty there is no material difference between the death rate from consumption among prisoners and that among the ordinary population; but between twenty and forty the death rate is five times as high among prisoners as among the general population. A curious fashion has found its way into the manufacture of table hardware. The handles of table knives are now made of china to match the plates. There are sets for each course. Those for poultry have heads of the victims and little fluffy chicks and ducks upon them; those used with the game course have tiny flights of partridge and miniature long legged snipe painted on them. Recent tests in the use of the phonograph in the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Indianapolis, Ind., show that it is useful in concentrating sound upon the drum of the ear, so that many pupils, otherwise deaf, can hear it. It is thought by the Superintendent that he can by this means soon teach the use of their voices to many mutes whose inability to speak is due to the fact that they have never heard speech.

The President of Mexico.

Porfirio Diaz, the man who makes his home at Chapultepec, is rather disappointing when one from the North gets the first sight of him. While the palace is undergoing repairs at an enormous cost he makes his home in the palace, near the heart of the city. It is a plain building outside, looking much as the other houses do, but on the inside it is magnificently furnished. Diaz is an Aztec Indian of the pure blood. He is a short man, with black hair, eyes and mustache. He speaks but little English, and never attempts it in the presence of one from the States. He wears a Prince Albert in every day life, with a standing collar and broad, flat tie. He was born in 1850. From the time he reached manhood he was engaged in fighting his way to the highest position in the republic. Twice he flew to New Orleans for safety, once returning to Vera Cruz in the guise of a coal heaver. He won his greatest honors at Puebla, when with 7000 men he defeated his opposition and seized the President's chair. The last election resulted in his favor by 12,000 votes. There are no political parties in Mexico. When the day of election came Diaz had his soldiers at the polls and not a vote out of 10,000,000 population was cast against him. There was no other candidate to vote for. One of the first great acts of this man was to free the country of the bandits. They were so numerous and daring that no one was safe. They would rush into the city, seize a prominent citizen and carry him away to the mountain for ransom without a finger being raised against them. But Diaz stopped this. He made a contract with the bandits that they should have good pay serving the Government and their crimes forgotten if they would leave their life in the mountains. They can be seen every day on the paces, where they stand guard. They are mounted on fine horses, splendidly equipped with carbines and sabres, and are the most courageous soldiers in the world. Any number of thieves may raid a bank in the City of Mexico and escape to the mountains. Give them three days' start and put these bloodhound soldiers on their trail and not one will get out of the republic. The band knows every inch of the ground under the Mexican sun. They are faithful to Diaz.—New York Sun.

THE HAPPY HOUSEWIFE'S SONG.

MONDAY
The clothes I rub, and rinse out and wring,
And harbor no care or sorrow;
Assured while they hang in the freshening breeze;
That duty's well done for the morrow.

TUESDAY
The garments pure I sprinkle and fold,
With never a thought of sorrow,
And merrily sing as the iron I swing,
This task is soon done for the morrow.

WEDNESDAY
As the dough I knead in flaky loaves,
My soul no trouble can borrow;
My hearty darlings they eat and live;
So gladly I toil for the morrow.

THURSDAY
The needle I ply with whirling wheel,
And banish all care and sorrow,
While washing garments so deftly made
To cover my loved ones to-morrow.

FRIDAY
As the grime and dust I sweep away,
My mind no trouble can borrow,
For better disease, which lurks therein,
Is routed to-day, for to-morrow.

SATURDAY
The nourishing food I mix and stir,
And joyously sing, for no sorrow
Enters my life of labor for love,
Sweet rest cometh sure on the morrow.

SUNDAY
I go to the Blessed One who knows,
Every form of earthly sorrow;
He giveth me manna for my soul,
Best comfort to-day and to-morrow.
"Enough for the day is the evil thereof."
This promise a surcease of sorrow;
For guidance, and strength, each day I pray,
And joy cometh on the glad morrow.
—Frances L. Fancher, in Godey's Lady Book.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The bank-wrecker may be bailed out; but the bank itself goes down in the deep sea of distress.—Puck.
You can't agree with a bigot without agreeing with him in thinking that you're a fool.—Elmira Gazette.
It is well for the small man to practice until he knows how to apologize gracefully.—Somerville Journal.
Charity may begin at home, but it is wiser for subscription-seekers to call at a business man's office.—Puck.
It doesn't follow that because a man is a master of dead languages he has a killing style of speech.—Boston Post.
One of the queerest things we ever heard was regarding a watchmaker who slept on a pallet.—Jewelers' Circular.
Both men and women have their failings. With men it is the big head; with women, the big hat.—Boston Transcript.
The snare of a drum is not dangerous. It is the snare of the wily drummer that you want to look out for.—Boston Post.
It does not necessarily follow because a clergyman is affected that his hearers will be affected by his sermons.—Boston Transcript.
After much solicitation, the German Government has decided not to send the Watch on the Rhine to the World's Columbian Exposition.—Jewelers' Circular.
Why does she wriggle and squirm around
And look so ill at ease?
Because the minister's looking at her
And she's trying not to sneeze.
—New York Herald.
Life is made of compensations. By the time a man is old enough to realize what a lot he does not know he is too old to worry over it.—Indianapolis Journal.
Mr. Fligg—"Tommy, my son, do you know that it gives me as much pain as it does you when I punish you?" Tommy—"Well, there's some satisfaction in that, anyhow."—The Comic.
"I wish I hadn't eaten that apple," said Fatty, ruefully. "Why, was it a bad one?" "Well, I believe it was spoiling for a fight," and his face took on a look of pain.—St. Joseph News.
He—"Do you think there is any truth in the saying, 'Distance makes the heart grow fonder'?" She—"I'm sure of it. I like you ever so much better when you are away."—Brooklyn Eagle.
Mrs. Wickwire—"Just think of it! Mrs. Bragg's husband accompanies his wife whenever she goes shopping. Isn't he good?" Mr. Wickwire—"H'm! I've got more confidence in my wife than that."—Indianapolis Journal.
It is a little odd about life insurance. It is universally admitted that the good die young, but no company cares to take a risk on the bad man, when if the converse of the proverb be true, he ought to live till all is blue.—Boston Transcript.
Mr. Blackhills (displaying his collection of Indian curios)—"That is a specimen of the war paint of the Sioux. I brought it when I came home from my last trip." Fair Visitor—"Ah, yes, I see; sort of a Sioux veneer."—Boston Post.
Did it ever occur to you that Columbus was in a very melancholy state of mind when he was on his voyage to the New World? If not, remember what the old song says, "In 1492 Columbus crossed the ocean blue."—Boston Transcript.
Not Entirely Sure: Father—"Well, Tommy, how do you think you will like this little fellow for a brother?" Tommy (inspecting the new infant somewhat doubtfully)—"Have we got to keep him, papa, or is he only a sample?"—Chicago Tribune.