

SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

Terms—\$1.25 in Advance; \$1.50 after Three Months

VOL. X.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1892.

NO. 23.

The railroads of Australia, with the exception of two small lines, are owned by the Government.

Many persons will be surprised to learn that the United States have, since their existence, formally declared war but once.

Argentine is being tempted. A French syndicate is said to have offered the Government \$50,000,000 for a ten years' monopoly of the sale of matches and tobacco.

A plea of insanity was set up as a defense for a prisoner before a British court on a charge of felony, but it did not save him from being sent to penal servitude for three years, during which time the judge said it would be possible to thoroughly investigate the plea and make sure that it would hold water.

The San Francisco Chronicle concludes that the belief in the contagious character of the grip must be pretty strong in England, when steps are taken to avoid marching through an infected district. It is easy to believe that the affliction may be epidemic in certain quarters of London, but it is hardly possible that the disease would menace people merely passing through them.

In Ohio last year, says the State Labor Bureau, twenty-two million dollars' worth of material was converted by the factories into 211 million dollars' worth of product, paying nearly fifty-four million dollars wages to 105,000 employees of all grades, equal to \$508, average, each. This was for 294 days, average, work each, equal to \$1.73 per day of, average, 9.7 hours, or nearly eighteen cents an hour.

The insurance men of Chicago have resolved to insist that no more buildings shall be erected with a height greater than one and a half times the width of the street, and that insurance rates on higher buildings hereafter erected be so great as to be practically prohibitive. For office buildings an exception will be made and a height of 120 feet allowed, which will give room for eight or nine stories. Whether the insurance men will succeed remains to be seen, but they have the support of the fire department, and of many leading men in the city.

The San Francisco Examiner remarks: "The Government of New South Wales has determined on rain-making experiments. To judge by the American experiments the most successful rain-maker is the imaginative correspondent who accompanied the Dyrenforth expedition. The floods of rain that that young man brought down (on paper) as the results of explosions that never occurred were the most remarkable of the year. The United States could do a graceful act by offering the New South Wales Government the use of the correspondent, and thus enable our Australian cousins to save their powder."

The recent loss of an eye by Prince Christian von Schleswig-Holstein, through the bad aim of his brother-in-law attempting to shoot a bird, recalls some similar misfortunes. Napoleon I, while hunting pheasants in Fontainebleau, shot out the eye of the most genial of his marshals, Nicholas Massena, Duke of Rivoli and Prince of Essling. Massena, however, was even a greater courtier than general, and immediately declared that the shot had come from the gun of Marshal Berthier. Berthier at once declared himself the cause of his comrade's misfortune. This diplomatic attempt to shield the Emperor greatly pleased his Majesty, and he rewarded both marshals with favors and presents.

It is not only in the United States, learns the New York Post, that defaulters continue to live luxuriously on small incomes without exciting suspicion. Herr Pfusich, who committed suicide the other day after robbing the Budapest (Hungary) Savings Bank of \$500,000, had been stealing right and left for years. He bought an estate, built a magnificent chateau upon it, entertained guests in princely fashion, subsidized a theatre for the amusement of himself and his friends without a penny of honest money to his credit outside an exceedingly modest salary. And yet nobody thought of suspecting him or examining his books, although he was cashier of the establishment. When he shot himself, and the truth came out, everybody was profoundly astonished. A clearer case of directors who did not direct could scarcely be made out.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

If Fortune with a smiling face
Strew roses on our way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up?
To-day, my love, to-day.
But should she frown with face of care,
And talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve—if grieve we must?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those who wronged us own their faults,
And kindly pity, pray
When shall we listen and forgive?
To-day, my love, to-day.
But if stern Justice urge rebuke,
And warmth from memory borrow,
When shall we chide—we dare?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those to whom we owe a debt
Are harmed unless we pay,
When shall we struggle to be just?
To-day, my love, to-day.
But if our debtor fall our hope,
And plead his ruin thorough,
When shall we weigh his breach of faith?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If Love, estranged, should once again
His genial smile display,
When shall we kiss his proffered lips?
To-day, my love, to-day.
But if he would indulge regret,
Or dwell with bygone sorrow,
When shall we weep—if weep we must?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys,
The minutes will not stay;
We've always time to welcome them,
To-day, my love, to-day.
But care, resentment, angry words,
And unavailing sorrow,
Come far too soon if they appear
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

—Charles Mackay, in Boston Journal.

A LEAP-YEAR STORY.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

It was a very small house in the heart of a crowded city, and yet, small as it was, three families made a home there. The first floor, and the one that brought the most rent, was occupied by James Saunders, retired sea captain, who was supposed to possess a gold mine, at the very least, and who had undoubtedly "feathered his nest" well in many years of prosperous voyaging.

The basement floor was distinguished by a sign over the door, and a shop window, wherein were displayed the wares of a grocer—George Davis—on a very small scale; a grocer who bought by the basket and box, and sold by the half peck and pound.

Upstairs—there was only one story above the first floor—Nanette lived with her mother, Madame Hillien. Nanette had been ten years in America, and was employed by a milliner, who made good use of Nanette's nationality when her customers suspected her of being anything but a French milliner. Madame Hillien was old yellow and wrinkled and wore an old saque of dingy colors over a black silk petticoat, and a cap of elaborate construction over very rough, gray hair. Nanette was a clear brunette, with eyes black as sloes and soft as velvet, cheeks like the heart of a crimson rose, teeth like pearls, and the triggest little figure ever balanced on two pretty feet. With scant means and her French tastes Nanette was always well dressed. Her print gowns fitted her to a nicety, her hair glossy and abundant, was always arranged becomingly, and there was never anything tumbled or soiled to mar Nanette's toilette.

Two men, at least, adored Nanette; George Davis in heart-sick silence; Captain Saunders with the audacity of wealth and position.

Captain Saunders sent always to Madame Hillien such preserves and fruits as opened wide the eyes of the favored few invited to partake of them. He had always a friend in port, just arrived from Italy, from Cuba, from Liverpool, from China, from any point where the long arm of commerce pushes her vessels; and these friends would always have foreign dainties to tempt the gold from the purse of the generous captain. It was whispered that fabrics only suited for feminine wear, jewels, fans, trinkets also came to the captain's room, but of these he said nothing. Boxes of oranges, jars of ginger, boxes of macaroni, tempting morsels from all lands were carried up the flight of stairs to Madame Hillien, but of India muslins, Canton crapes, Pon's silks, rings and bracelets the captain said never a word.

Still the face of George Davis grew longer and paler day by day, as the sight of his rival's prosperity was forced upon him. It was true that Nanette loyally purchased every pound of tea and peck of potatoes at the grocery in the basement and presented her cash with the smile of an angel. True, too, that she never passed the grocer without a smile and sometimes a little blush.

For the grocer was only three-and-twenty, with a blond beard and eyes as blue as a patch of summer sky, while the captain was nearly sixty, with grizzled red hair, a skin like mahogany, and eyes of no especial tint, unless it was sea-green. But the captain had a long bank-account, and could woo gallantly and

loudly, while the grocer only spoke with his eyes, and wondered vaguely how long two could live upon profits that were half starvation for one.

"She is so pretty!" the poor young fellow thought, with a sigh; "no wonder she likes to ride with the captain in the Park, while I am tied to the counter and cannot even afford to hire a boy to roll in the barrels. I could not send a basket home if a customer asked it."

But fortunately the customers were of that class that never trust a market-basket out of their own hands. Still, as they were very exacting as to the largest measure for the lowest price, that balanced the matter.

It was not a very flourishing grocery store, for the goods were of the cheapest description, and the profits were very small; and often when the stock had to be replenished, George Davis wore patched shoes and the shabbiest of clothes.

"It would delight my heart," Nanette said once to her mother, "if I could once get my two hands in the 'linen-closet' of Monsieur Davis and repair his collars and cuffs. They are frayed. Oh!"—with uplifted hands—"how they are shabby!"

"You had better look at something else than the cuffs of Monsieur Davis," said Madame Hillien, severely. "In my country maidens do not look at young men."

"But, mamma, when I must look at him every day how can I but see him? Do I not buy of him sugar and tea and all that we have to eat?"

"If you were wise you would not be compelled to buy food in a little store like that. Listen: Monsieur, the captain, has told me that if he marries he will buy the whole house. Ah, think of a whole house!"

"But we are comfortable in three rooms."

"Bah! We live! But comfortable! You have no sense, Nanette! Twice already has the captain spoken to me. You will lose him."

"Let him go! I have my work and we have five hundred dollars in bank. Why should I marry an old horror like that?"

"He is not horrible."

"No, you are right. He is kind and good, and I am sorry he will love me when I cannot love him."

"But, why?"

"Ah, why?" said Nanette, shrugging her pretty shoulders. But she ran away then and began to concoct a marvelous omelet for supper, singing in a loud, clear voice, so that her mother could not make her hear from where she sat in an inner room. Why? Never a word of love had the young grocer spoken, though his honest eyes told his adoration; but Nanette knew that she always had the choice of the market set aside for her, and there was always a little overweight of all the choicest things in her basket.

But the attentions of the captain soon became a burden; not because of his persecutions, but because Madame Hillien became fretful and exacting on the subject. It was all foolishness on Nanette's part, and no modest girl refused the husband her mother-offered her, she said.

But Nanette had been too long in America, though she was but twenty-two, to give up her freedom of choice for any old French custom.

"Here girls choose their own husbands," she said.

And Madame Hillien screamed:

"You would offer yourself to him?"

"Not so bad as that, mamma, though this is leap-year," said Nanette, for 1883 was but a week old.

"Leap-year! Ah, you are a bold girl!"

But Nanette was not bold, and her tender heart was sore over her lover's silence. He was her lover of that she was sure; but he was poor, so very poor, and needed a wife to help him grow rich. How she could help him! How she would save in house-keeping, and make his clothes last twice as long, and tidy up the rooms the open door showed to be so forlorn. She was a true woman, this little Nanette, longing to give loyal service where she gave loyal love. But he would not speak.

"It is already two years we have been in the house," Nanette thought, "and I know he loves me."

Something wonderful happened just at this time. There was an old uncle in France, a close-fisted miser, who had refused often and often to help his widowed sister by so much as a pinch of salt, and he died, leaving to Nanette a sum that made ten thousand American dollars.

It fairly stunned the little milliner. To be so rich as that, when—and here a choking sob came into her throat—when the man she loved had not a good coat to his back, though he worked faithfully to earn one. Nanette grieved over her access of fortune as much as she rejoiced. She shrewdly suspected the cause of George's silence, and knew that this legacy would be another bar between them. Already her mother was talking of moving into a better neighborhood and more commodious apartments.

The captain had offered his congratulations rather ruefully appreciating the weight of this new phase of affairs.

"I was sure of the mother," he thought, "but now I am not so sure."

It was dusk when he rattled the key in his own door, and did not see a tall figure near him, until a familiar voice in the darkness, said:

"May I leave the keys of the basement with you, captain?"

"Hey, what? You are going away?"

"Yes, I am going away," said George

Davis, very sadly. "I hope you will be very happy."

"Oh, you do! Pray, what is there to make me especially happy, just now?"

Then George flashed out:

"If such a woman as Nanette were going to marry me, I should not ask that question," and something suspiciously like a sob ended the sentence.

"Who told you I was going to marry Nanette?"

"Madame Hillien."

"Then she told a—ahem!—she made a serious mistake. Nanette has refused me distinctly on separate occasions. So the way is open to you."

"Ah, no! I am so poor, so very poor, you see. I have no capital to start anything, and I can only scratch out the barest living. And now this money has come. No! I will go away! You see I love her so much, I cannot stay any longer. My heart is breaking."

Odd confidences! Well, yes; but I think it must have been the dark that opened their hearts to each other. They were such honest, childlike hearts, both of them, to belong to great, bearded men.

I am quite sure the dark was unanswerable for what followed. George was standing leaning against the banister when he said:

"My heart is breaking!"

Suddenly there was a little soft rustle above him; then he felt two arms steal round his neck, a soft cheek touch his, and into his ear stole a whisper:

"Don't go away or you will break my heart, too!"

The captain's door opened with a jerk and shut with a bang, but I do not think those two at the foot of the staircase heard it. What did they say! Ah, who can repeat the rapturous speeches of one; the shy whispers of the other.

But one thing Nanette said at last, as they went arm in arm upstairs to confront Madame Hillien:

"You will not tell anybody, will you, George, that I proposed to you, though it is leap-year?"

"Never!" was the emphatic reply.

Madame Hillien cried and laughed and was none too well pleased; but, after all, she loved Nanette, and so she gave George her hand at last, and a motherly greeting.

But the strangest part of all was yet to come for the captain made Nanette a wedding present of all the finery he had purchased especially for her, and then offered his hand and heart to Madame Hillien. He bought the whole house too, and a brand-new grocery-store was started next door with a portion of Nanette's money. The neighbors "always knew" it was the widow the captain was courting, and it would be difficult to say which household is the happier, that of jolly Captain Saunders and his wife, or that of honest George Davis, grocer, and pretty Nanette.—The Ledger.

The Private and the Bear.

Private McNamara, of the Fourth Cavalry, stationed in the Yosemite National Park, got leave to go hunting, and went over to Devil's Gulch, the roughest canon in the country and the best hiding place for big game. McNamara had good luck, and killed about a dozen gray squirrels, which he slung to his belt. He had turned homeward, and was picking his way through fallen timber, when a grizzly arose from behind a log about fifty yards away. McNamara raised his carbine and fired. The bear howled and started for him, and McNamara felt in his belt for another cartridge, but none was there. He had fired his last shot.

McNamara realized that he had to trust to his legs to get him out of that scrape, and he turned and ran faster than he ever sprinted in his life. But the bear was the better runner, and gained rapidly. The dangling squirrels impeded McNamara's action, and as he ran he tried to get rid of them. He pulled two loose and dropped them, and the grizzly stopped to investigate. Bruin found them good, and he ate them in two gulps and resumed the chase.

McNamara dropped some more squirrels and gained several yards. He repeated the trick until he had a good lead, and then he unhooked his belt and dropped all that were left, and when the grizzly finished the lot McNamara was out of sight across the river and getting his second wind for a long run home.—New York Sun.

Sure Way of Drawing a Stopper.

One of the small annoyances of life occasionally is the attempt to draw an obstinate glass stopper. Immersion in hot water for some minutes is sometimes efficacious, but far from always. A sure method is to lock a bureau drawer, tying a cord to handle or key, holding the other end firmly, and over the taut cord run rapidly the neck of the obstinate bottle. In less than two minutes the glass will be too hot to touch and will have expanded all around the refractory stopper, which will fairly fall out.

Steam and Magnet.

The researches of Strouhal and Barus have shown that with long-continued heating in steam, magnets lose from twenty-eight to sixty-seven per cent. of their power. If, after this, the magnets are remagnetized and again exposed to the action of steam, only a very slight loss of magnetic power is found to take place. Repeated steaming and magnetizing are therefore recommended for securing magnetism in hard steel.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Germanium is worth sixty times its weight in gold.

A light steel telegraph pole has been patented by a Wisconsin man.

To extinguish an oil fire, bran or any kind of mill feed will be found effective.

An Athens (Greece) student asserts that Hippocrates and Galen used antiseptic dressings for wounds.

Sixty gas motors were shown at the last Paris (France) Exposition. In 1863 only three were exhibited.

A telephone wire has just been completed between Melbourne and Adelaide in Australia, a distance of 500 miles.

A curious fact, common to England, France and Germany, is the special severity of the grip epidemic at the seaside.

A few years ago the Belding Brothers, silk manufacturers of Northampton, Mass., sunk a well at their silk works to the depth of 3700 feet without obtaining water.

Hot water taken freely half an hour before bedtime is helpful in the case of constipation, and has a most soothing effect upon the stomach.

The mean descent of the Ohio River from the junction of the Allegheny and the Monongahela to the Mississippi is about 5 1/2 inches per mile, the distance being 975 miles.

London (England) streets are now paved with a new compound of granulated cork and bitumen pressed into blocks and laid like wood paving. The especial advantage of the material is its elasticity.

Good peat in Germany furnishes a cellulose which is valuable to paper makers. Besides serving as a wholesome litter for live stock, it is also used to preserve perishable goods. Meat and fish are now packed in peat litter for transport between Trieste and Copenhagen.

By the subjection of ordinary air to a pressure of seventy-five atmospheres, or 1124 pounds, with a condenser kept at minus 130 degrees centigrade, air has been reduced to a liquid form, and the liquid, when allowed to evaporate, produces, it is said, a temperature of minus 200 degrees centigrade. This is within seventy-three degrees of absolute zero.

Shad are of different families, which come from the ocean to the rivers to spawn. The shad of Florida are not the same as those of the Hudson or the Connecticut or the Susquehanna. The same fish come each year to the particular river where they were born, and in their appearance are slightly different. Each river is the home of a separate colony.

A number of magnetic foci have been found in the Alps by Signors Sella and Oddone, the rocks with distinctly magnetic properties being magnetite, serpentine, diorite and syenite. A magnetic rock on Punta Gufetti showed traces of fusion, as if it had been struck by lightning, and it is suggested that this circumstance has given the rock its magnetic properties.

A tube inserted in the throat of a child suffering from membranous croup gave relief, but had disappeared when the physician, Dr. J. Bleyer, came to remove it. It was located by passing an electric probe through the larynx, a click being heard in a connected telephonic receiver when the tube was touched. Its exact position being known, it was successfully removed by tracheotomy.

A speaker at the recent International Congress showed by experiments upon school children when three or four sums in arithmetic were given in succession, that each sum showed an inferiority to the previous one, both in correctness and as regards the time in which it was completed. The one faculty employed was gradually exhausted, a fresh piece of evidence showing the necessity for diversity of work.

A Little Heroine.

Maud Hood is only a tiny mite of thirteen, and therefore not capable of doing anything on what the world would call a great scale, but nevertheless her name merits a place in the large "Book of Golden Deeds." There are seven motherless little ones in Maud's home in Lowe Sydenham, all young. Their father, a working watchmaker, has to earn the household bread, and one brother helps in the process by acting as a green grocer's errand boy. Another is an invalid confined to bed and the cares of the household and the oversight of the younger ones all fall upon little Maud. While she was attending to the invalid, Arthur, four years old, severely scalded himself by upsetting a teapot at the fireplace. Maud and the elder boy got him into bed and dressed the wounds with oil as best they could. The green grocer's customers were waiting, and the errand lad had to go, leaving his sister in sole charge. She decided that the burned child required better treatment than she could give, so she marched off to the home for sick children to lay the case before them. Yes, they would take him in, but she must get a letter of admission. Where? They gave her the names of several subscribers. Off she went to canvass and was happily successful. How to get him to the house? She borrowed a perambulator, carefully placed the injured child upon the cushions, and wheeled it herself to the institution, where the invalid was at once admitted. All this energy and devotion were of no avail, for the burns were too severe.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Sweet meets—Trysts.

THE CHICKADEE.

Care keeps its hold with constant clasp,
Whatever may betide us,
Grief waits the shrinking heart to grasp,
Facing, half veiled, beside us;
But oh, the sky is blue,
And oh, the sun is bright!
And the chickadee in the dark pine tree
Carols his meek delight.

The earth in silent snows is bound;
Want grinds and pain oppresses;
Life's awful problems who shall sound?
Its riddles sad who guesses?
But oh, the sky is blue,
And oh, the sun is bright!
And the chickadee in the tall pine tree
Sings in the cold's despite.

Give me of thy wise hope, dear bird,
Who bravest the bitter weather!
Share the glad message thou hast heard,
And let us sing together.
Thy winter winds blow wild,
No storm can thus affright.
Thy trust teach me, oh chickadee,
Sweet chanting from thy light.
—Celia Thaxter, in the Independent.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A grip-sack—The doctor's saddle bags.
Lightning talkers—Fire insurance agents.

Most people laugh not when they want to, but when they think people imagine they ought to.—Aitchison Globe.

DeSnithers—"Do you object to colored waiters at the club?" BJones—"I object to green ones.—The Club.

The man who laughs in his sleep, should be relegated to the society of him who talks through his hat.—Puck.

A man's goodness to his wife depends entirely on her ability to make him enjoy being good to her.—Aitchison Globe.

It is always proper to call upon the superintendent of the streets to "mend his ways."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

No one can ever tell what a woman will do next. If any one did tell she would be sure to do something else.—Somerville Journal.

The flush upon the cheek of the society girl is not hectic; it is permanent until it is scraped off with the butcher knife.—Galveston News.

It's rumored as a strong proof of nature's disposition to assert itself that few girls learning the violin care to use the chin rest.—Philadelphia Times.

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.

Ethel—"Mr. Hobson and Mr. Hubbell will call this evening, Grace, you know. What shall we do to entertain them?" Grace—"Let's propose."—Boston Post.

The barber is a sort of bellicose individual. He has his little brushes right along, he lathers people, and he occasionally smashes their mugs.—Binghamton Leader.

Miss Ongwee—"I think your charms are simply horrid!" Jeweler—"Yours, miss, are irresistible." Miss Ongwee—"I'll take half a dozen, please."—Jeweler's Gazette.

"Carber is still in trouble. His lawyer now makes serious charges against him." "I thought he won his case?" "So he did, and that's what his lawyer is charging him for."—Lowell Citizen.

Charlie (who has been blowing the cornet for an hour)—"Ned, do you think there is any music in me?" Ned—"I don't know. There ought to be. I didn't hear any come out."—London Tid-Bits.

He—"I am rather in favor of the English mode of spelling." She—"Ye-es?" He—"Yes, indeed. Take 'parlor' for instance. Having u in it makes all the difference in the world." Indianapolis Journal.

Brown—"Yes, he was a brave man—one who could meet death without blanching." Fogg—"I see. The gentleman was in the undertaking profession, I presume; or was he only a doctor?"—Boston Transcript.

Seeker—"You have been farming many years in this section and know the peculiarity of the soil pretty well; what do you consider the hardest thing to raise on your farm?" Meeker—"The money to run it."—Boston Courier.

"Ah," said Chappie jocosely to Miss Keene, "this is leap year, don'tcherknow; do you intend to avail yourself of its privileges?" "I really cannot tell what I might do," she said with a smile, "if a man should come along."—New York Press.

Binks—"I don't like to complain about trifles, Mrs. Jingle, but my hash appears to consist largely of fragments of dead board." Mrs. Jingle (the landlady)—"Well, what kind of board do you expect for five dollars a week—polished mahogany?"—Wasp.

She—"Did you succeed in mastering French while in France?" He—"Nearly. I did not succeed in making the Frenchmen comprehend me, nor could I make out what they were driving at; but I got so I could understand myself when I talked."—Funny Folks.

Lady (engaging cook)—"Why did you leave your last place?" Cook—"I couldn't stand the dreadful way the master and missus used to quarrel, m'am." Lady—"What used they to quarrel about?" Cook—"The way the dinner was cooked, m'am."—London Spinster.