

# SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

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NO. 24.

The nations of the Old World are now so well armed, avers the St. Louis Star Sayings, that none dares fire the first shot.

In Australia no newspapers are published nor railroad trains run on the Sabbath. Telegraph offices are closed, and all business is suspended.

The Guatemalans are evidently adepts in the arts of the ward politician, thinks the San Francisco Chronicle. In their recent election the Conservatives at Esquitia are reported to have voted the soldiers in the morning in uniform and again in the afternoon in citizens' dress.

It is estimated that the expenditures necessitated by the World's Fair will exceed \$28,000,000. Over \$18,000,000 of this will be expended directly by the commission in the erection of buildings, pay of employes, etc. The remainder will be expended by the States and foreign Governments.

The production of pig-iron during the last six months of 1891 was unprecedented, but the output for January shows a further increase. It looks to the New York Commercial Advertiser as if England had been permanently passed in this line of industry. Except West Virginia the Southern States showed an increase in production last year as compared with any earlier year. Pennsylvania and Ohio showed a heavy falling off, due largely to stagnation in the rail trade.

The consumption of those delicious crustacea, crabs, in both varieties, hard and soft shell, has grown so fast, declares the Boston Transcript, that a goodly sum is invested in the fisheries. At Crisfield, Md., which has been the principal point of production since somebody there started the business about fifteen years ago, to the amusement of unbelievers, there are employed nine hundred to a thousand people, over seven hundred boats are in use, capital amounting to nearly \$40,000 is required, and the catch foots up about 5,000,000 crabs a year, valued at \$150,000.

Southern Farm, near San Leandro, Cal., has constructed and fully equipped a saltwater swimming tank, and it is believed to be the first ever built for the use of a horse-training farm. Experiment so far have all gone to demonstrate the practicability of the swimming tank as a labor-saving device for training, which will sooner or later come into general use. Horses, like all other animals, require baths, and it is claimed that while taking his bath he indulges in swimming, which affords a different but as helpful exercise as does the track. Swimming is now claimed to be a great assistance in developing speed, and the drudgery of track and road work is thereby wonderfully reduced. The tank at Southern Farm has a concrete basin, ninety feet long over all, twenty feet wide and eight feet deep. From each wall there is an easy grade to deep water, making it safe for a horse to walk down. A platform is constructed over the centre of the tank, which swings from the roof. Upon this elevation a man stands and guides the swimming horses, giving them the required amount of exercise.

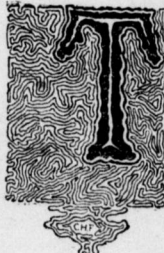
Pleuro-pneumonia is one of those things, admits the American Dairyman, that will not "down." We can keep it pretty well under control in this country, where the air is comparatively dry, but in moist England it keeps bobbing up serenely. Just now it is making considerable trouble and great losses to the farmers in various parts of England and Scotland. Sixteen outbreaks have been reported and 872 head of cattle slaughtered in the past eight weeks. This looks to us in this country as a fearful slaughter. There have been a few outbreaks on the Atlantic coast, where the air, we presume, is more moist than in the interior, but this disease has never taken on an epidemic form here, as it constantly threatens to do in some countries in Europe, and will do unless the most energetic remedies are constantly employed. Long Island seems to carry the burden of these ills for the United States, at least such is the frequent report of the authorities, but always denied by those who live there. It has the misfortune, so far as pleuro-pneumonia is concerned, to be entirely surrounded by water, thus making the atmosphere damp and arousing the suspicions of the doctors. Like conditions, they think, are liable to produce like results.

## ACROSS THE SEA.

Across the sea, the shining Southern sea,  
Is she with whom I am full fain to be,  
Though well I know her heart has turned  
From me.  
Fly through this wintry, rainy Northern air—  
Fly, Love, to her! Fly, eager Love, to where  
The purple South smiles, warm and flushed  
and fair!  
Stand by her Love, when fast asleep she lies  
And drop for me, on her dear lips and eyes,  
A kiss, that for my longing shall suffice.  
Be thou to her as song, and scent, and shine;  
Let all thy dearest memories combine  
To turn once more her queenliest heart to mine.  
—Philip Bourke Marston, in Lippincott.

## A SILK HANDKERCHIEF.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.



HERE was to be a picnic at the lodge that afternoon, and Cora had promised to go. "She'll never let me," Cora thought, "wielding the parlor duster with nervous hands—'never! She's got on her blue silk handkerchief to-day and don't I know by experience that she wears it only when she's feeling dismal and thinking over all the troubles she ever had or will have, and that she never wants me to do anything when she's that way. Oh, dear! And I told him—"

Cora paused in her reflections and turned to face, with a courageous smile, the stout and dignified lady who had entered.

"There's a picnic at the lodge this afternoon, Aunt Cecilia," she began—"just a little impromptu affair. They talked it up the other night at Bess Lang's party, and I promised to go. Of course I meant to speak to you first."

"Certainly!" said Aunt Cecilia. The blue silk handkerchief was folded around her plump neck in a particularly unbecoming way. "You should have spoken to me immediately. Who has invited you?"

"Mr. Pierce." Cora raised her soft eyes anxiously—"the young man who is here prospecting for the Bryan Valley Railroad, you know. They are thinking of putting a branch through here, and Mr. Pierce has been here several times this summer. He's very nice and he's invited everywhere; and we seem to know each other very well now, for he always talks to me, you know." Cora spoke with pretty, eager rapidity, her cheeks flushing. "He wants to call, and he's coming this morning to see if it is all right about my going this afternoon. I told him of course it would be. We want to start about one—"

"Pierce?" said Aunt Cecilia. "One of the West Gainesbro' Pierses?"

"I don't know; presume not. No, I think he's from—"

"I know the West Gainesbro' Pierses root and branch," said Aunt Cecilia, deliberately—"root and branch—and I would no more allow a niece of mine to associate with one of them than I would allow her to associate with—Never mind; I will not argue it, Cora. I know the Pierses. I am grieved and I am displeased that you have formed an acquaintance so unpleasant to me, whom you should have considered. I hope not to hear of another—"

"But he isn't one of the West Gainesbro' Pierses," Cora cried—"I'm sure he isn't, Aunt Cecilia! I can't think of the place he does come from. He told me, too. But oh, Aunt Cecilia, he's so gentlemanly and—nice!"

Helpless tears stood in her eyes. She had not quite realized before how much he had come to be to her—handsome, bright-mannered Albert Pierce.

"I desire you to have no more to do with him," said Aunt Cecilia, showing her niece a severe, straight profile. Aunt Cecilia was certainly good-looking; her niece resembled her. "A clandestine acquaintance of that sort, Cora! I am astonished! Even were his family worthy—"

"It is—I know it is. And 'clandestine,' Aunt Cecilia? How can you say so? And what shall I do? He's coming this morning to see about it, and—dear Aunt Cecilia—"

"I should prefer not to have him come," said Aunt Cecilia. "We will end this undesirable acquaintance here and now, Cora. He is at the Lane House, I presume? I will send Matthew there with a note, if you will write it. My niece cannot attend picnics with a stranger, and a Gainesbro' Pierce."

Aunt Cecilia moved away. If she heard presently, from her seat by the sitting-room window, something like a faint sob, she persuaded herself that she had not heard it.

For Aunt Cecilia had a heart and a warm one. Her niece knew that. Standing with her eyes hidden, childlike, on the back of her hand, which was wet with her tears—standing with indignation and real misery in her despairing heart—Cora murmured, dimly:  
"She never would have done it! Don't I know it? It isn't like her; she couldn't have! It's that blue silk handkerchief."

around early that afternoon and called to Cora.

Cora, fresh as a rose in a pink cambric dress, with white lace flounces, was playing a new waltz in lively style. Cora did not believe in worrying or sulking.

The gay gown and the music, and the bright look with which she greeted Aunt Cecilia, when she stepped into the carriage beside her, were the results of a sensible determination not to make matters worse than they already were.

Aunt Cecilia wore her blue silk handkerchief—that was enough. Perhaps—yes, surely—things would come out right somehow.

Cora hummed the waltz as they drove away.

"If I'll run back and get you a lace fichu, Aunt Cornelia," she ventured, "won't you put it on instead—instead of—"

"This handkerchief does very well," Aunt Cecilia responded. "I have had it twenty-two years, and I wear it now and then for old times' sake, Cora."

"Um—yes!" said Cora, patiently. "What are you going to do with these two jugs, Aunt Cecilia?"

"I am going to have them filled with boiled cider at Bently's cider mill," Aunt Cecilia rejoined.

"Oh!" Cora murmured. "Never, never would Aunt Cecilia have driven to Bently's mill for two jugs of boiled cider if she had not been wearing her blue silk handkerchief for old times' sake."

"Yes, Cora," said Aunt Cecilia, gloomily. "I have had this handkerchief twenty-two years this fall. I remember perfectly how I came by it. Your Great-uncle Gold-frey had a store in West Gainesbro', and lived there—that is how I came to know the Pierses. Cora—and he gave me this handkerchief. His store burned that same winter, and the poor man lost his sight only the next year. Was it that year your Aunt Sarah died? No, that was late the next spring. An excellent woman your Aunt Sarah was. She caught a terrible cold, and it settled on her lungs, and her death was painful and lingering. The next year—"

Aunt Cecilia paused in her cheerful reminiscences.

"I wonder if Dan will be all fidgety at that machine up the road? I think not. Can you make out what it is?"

"A steam thrasher," said Cora. "Dan wouldn't mind if it wasn't in the middle of the road."

"We can manage him," said Aunt Cecilia, who was always plucky. "There are some men there to hold him if he is nervous."

She drove on.

"Nervous?" said Cora, anxiously. "I'm afraid he's more than nervous. If we could turn back—"

But Dan was prancing rapidly on toward the monster which had startled him as by a frightened fascination.

Dan was young, and somewhat skittish in his most soberest moments. He eyed the machine askant, whinnying and pricking his ears and already trembling; and when its steam whistle was suddenly blown, he gave a neigh of wild terror, threw up his head and his hind hoofs, and dashed on up the road, swerving dangerously near the ditch at right of left as his frightened senses prompted him, and oblivious of all but his foolish equine fears.

That moment seemed a lifetime to Cora. The roadside shrubs rushed irregularly passed, the dust flew.

Aunt Cecilia was pulling frantically at the lines, with no faintest effect. They would be overturned in the ditch and hurt—killed, perhaps.

In which ditch?

Cora found her benumbed mind concentrating itself on that whimsical question.

On which side of the road would they be found with broken arms or necks?

"Upon my soul!" said Aunt Cecilia, twenty seconds later.

Dan was stopped—caught by his bit by a strong hand whose possessor had first broken his speed by springing into his path and turning him aside. The hand was not so strong, though, but that it felt the powerful wrench; the young man looked pale, and was wincing. His hat was in the dust, and his dark curls lay very becomingly on his white forehead. He was broad-shouldered, strong-faced, tall, and he was smiling pleasantly up at them, and bowing to Cora, too.

Aunt Cecilia reiterated her ejaculation.

"Upon my soul! Have you sprained your wrist? You certainly have. Well, I never saw anything braver. I—Well," said Aunt Cecilia, wiping her flushed, excited face, "I can't express myself at all! You might have been seriously injured—were you aware of that? It isn't every man that will risk his own life to save a stranger's. Who are you?" Aunt Cecilia demanded, her intent, admiring eyes roving from the tall head to the firm-set feet of the preserver.

"Albert Pierce, madam. And don't thank me!" Albert Pierce begged. "I am so glad to have been of service to you—and—Miss Cora!"

His comely face shone.

"Oh, Mr. Pierce!" Aunt Cecilia echoed, mildly, studying him thoughtfully. "From West Gainesbro'?"

"From Russell County, ma'am—from Salsberg," said Mrs. Pierce.

tell Phœnicia legends till I know some of them by heart? John Pierce was my father, Mrs. Turner."

"Dead!" said Aunt Cecilia, her face softened. "Yes, yes! I remember hearing when John Pierce died. A fine man he was—a man in every sense, and of a fine family. And this is his son! And his son," said Aunt Cecilia, beaming upon him with admiration and gratitude and warmth, "has saved two lives."

"Nonsense!" his son protested. "Excuse me, Mrs. Turner, but—"

"Two lives," said Aunt Cecilia, "which I risked by my own rashness. I will try to thank you, Mr. Pierce. Will you drive us home?" Aunt Cecilia queried, abruptly, there being a slight quiver in her voice and an eloquent look in her eyes.

He was in the phaeton in a second, his feet among the jugs and his eyes on Cora. Hers were dropped, and the rapidity with which her breath came was not accounted for by her fright, which had passed over.

"I thought you would be at the picnic," she faltered.

"Did you imagine I would go without you?" he whispered, reproachfully. "It wasn't you, Cora, I know it wasn't. It wasn't your idea, writing that note to me—that miserable little note? I know better!"

"You will come home to supper with us," said Aunt Cecilia. "I have a saive which is unequalled for sprains. You must let me bandage your wrist. John Pierce's son! How strangely things come about!"

"I don't believe it's sprained," said Mr. Pierce; but he looked happy.

Aunt Cecilia wore a beautiful white lace fichu at supper, and was in good spirits. She eyed John Pierce's son, and listened to him, and considered him from all points of view; and when he had gone, late and lingering, she pinched her niece's pink cheek, sighing and smiling.

"I suppose if it is to be, Cora," she said, "that I can stand it. I don't want to lose you for some years yet, and I don't think I should have looked with favor upon anybody else. But a son of John Pierce—"

"You will burn up that awful old blue handkerchief, won't you, Aunt Cecilia?" said Cora, laughing as she kissed her. "It's so—unbecoming! And you've had it twenty-two years already; and—"

"Just as you say, my dear," said Aunt Cecilia, placidly.

## Life History of the Rattlesnake.

Without attempting to enumerate the traits of character popularly ascribed to the rattlesnake, says a Florida correspondent, I may here sketch the prominent features in his life history so far as they are accurately known. The age of a rattler cannot be determined by the number of his rattles. Individuals in confinement have been known to acquire from one to four rattles in a year, and at any time they may accidentally lose one or more of these appendages. Rattles are a modification of the epidermis (a step in this direction is shown by some snakes which have the tail developed into a horny tip), and their number is added to from the anterior end of the "string." The longest "string" seen by the writer was composed of twenty-two rattles and the customary button, but there are well authenticated records of twenty-eight rattles. The sound produced by the vibration of the rattle has been variously described by different authors, the aptness of their descriptions and comparisons depends much on the ear of the listener. To the writer it resembles the rattling whir of a mowing machine, heard in the distance, and one is also strongly reminded of the "song" of the common "locust" or cicada. The rattle, however, lacks the musical quality noticeable in the note of the cicada. As a rule a rattler does not sound his alarm; he considers himself threatened and "bigger; it is then truly a note of warning, and fortunate is the man who appreciates its significance in time to profit by it.

The distance which a rattler can strike depends upon the position he strikes from. When stretched out at full length and with the muscles extended to the utmost, he could not strike one inch forward, but it is said that from this position the head can, in one movement, reach the tail. The typical position from which to strike, and the one assumed before the rattle is sounded, is the coil. This is not necessarily a symmetrical spiral, but the body is massed in more or less regular folds, the muscles are contracted, and the reptile may then be likened to a set spring. From this position a rattler can spring about two-thirds of his length. The blow is delivered with a rapidity which defies escape, and is much more likely to be received below the knee than above it. This is due not alone to the angle at which the snake strikes, but also to the proximity of the person struck at. The force of a rattlesnake's blow as compared with that of a moccasin is remarkable, and supplies the chief reason why the former is so much more deadly than the latter.—New York Post.

A French physiologist reports an interesting experiment in preventive inoculation for consumption. About eight months ago he inoculated two monkeys with the tubercular bacilli of the fowl, and after six months they showed no signs of the disease. These animals and a third were then inoculated with human tubercle, with the result that those first inoculated still continue well, while the third died after a few weeks.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Glass coated bricks are announced.

About 1500 years ago we entered the epoch of a more genial winter temperature.

Common wheat bran, or any kind of mill feed is recommended for extinguishing oil fires.

A reverse of seasons is supposed to take place upon this earth once in every 10,500 years.

In his own laboratory Mr. Aitken calculated 30,000,000 of dust particles in a cubic inch of air.

Experiments with two straight edges, separated at one end by a sheet of paper, show that light can be seen through a clean-cut opening of not more than 1-40,000 of an inch.

In some German telephone offices an electrically driven clock is attached to each telephone, which will work as long as the telephone is off the hook, and stops directly it is replaced.

Recent experiments have shown that in the dog and the cat, as well as in the rabbit, the removal of more than three-fourths of the liver is not followed by serious consequences, and that the organ regains its weight within thirty-six days.

Vaccine virus has been cultivated by a Russian physician, who finds that the artificially cultivated is as effective as the genuine product, while having the advantage of absolute freedom from germs of scrofula, tuberculosis or other diseases.

Mr. Haly, Curator of the Colombo Museum, has discovered that carbolized oil is one of the most perfect preservatives of the colors of fish and other animal specimens. The most delicate frogs, snakes and geckos retain their evanescent tints when kept in it.

The first white enamel factory in the United States will be located at Dubuque, Iowa, and the plans for it have just been received from Germany. The process of manufacturing these goods is a secret, and that it may not be discovered the building will be constructed without doors and windows except those opening in an inner court.

It has been decided to work the Liverpool (England) Elevated Railway by electricity, using motor cars, instead of separate locomotives. The line is six miles long, and the generating station is being erected near the middle of the railway. There are several opening bridges, and the structure is composed entirely of iron and steel, spanning for the most the existing dock railway, which will thus be left free for the goods traffic of the docks.

Forest vegetation is much richer in North America than in Europe, and comprises 412 species, of which 176 are native to the Atlantic region, 106 to the Pacific, ten are common to both, forty-six to the Rocky Mountain region, and seventy-four are tropical species near the coasts of Florida, as against 158 species in Europe. Six North American species of forest trees—the Judas tree, persimmon, hackberry, plane tree, hop hornbeam and chestnut—are also indigenous in Europe, all now growing there naturally south of the Alps.

## Legends of the Maories.

The Maories are sometimes generally, and even exquisitely poetical. One of them relates how the heavens and the earth were at the beginning of things united in marriage, and how the sky was torn away from the partner of her love by her own children, the storm winds. Every night she weeps over her lost husband, and her tears are the dew. Sometimes the stories are very quaintly and oddly imaginative, as where the tale is told of three brethren who took a canoe to fish, and went far, far out into the open sea, when one of them, who prepared a magic hook, caught what was supposed to be a great fish at the bottom, and, drawing it up to the surface, found that he had discovered New Zealand. That was how the land came in being, and the Maories point to three of the great mountain ranges as the stone ances in which their giant ancestors came from some far-off country to people the land. The mixture of childish naïveté and high imagination makes the collection actually fascinating.—Contemporary Review.

## How a Russian Peasant Dies.

Count Leo Tolstoy described this recently to Octave Houdaille, who visited him at Jasnaja-Pojana, how a Russian peasant dies:

"Death is dark and terrible on the canvas of the painter, but here in this country it is almost a picture of mirth. I just came from a peasant's deathbed. The man knew that he must die and his pain lasted several days, yet not once did his serenity of soul leave him. When death was quite near, and, as is customary, a waxed taper was placed in his hand, his face assumed an expression of unutterable happiness. It seems strange to me that after such a scene that I have felt so little emotion. Aside from all religious feeling, death is for these people a release from trouble; therefore, all absence of the cloud of sorrow seen elsewhere. It is the peace, the slumber which the peasant has longed for in the depth of his misery, and the sorrow of living is over."

It is said that grip germs have been caught and photographed. Wonder if they "look pleasant?"—Statesman.

## MY LITTLE BIRD'S SONG.

My little bird sings all the day,  
Sings of a magic land away  
Beyond the darkness and the gloom,  
Where all is sunshine, scent and bloom  
Where buttercups and daisies play  
In fragrant meadows through the day;  
Where sloping hills and flowing streams  
Know only blue sky's happy sheen,  
And this my little bird tells me!

My little bird sings in the night,  
Sings of that magic land of light  
Where never diamond stars arise  
To stud the shadow-spangled skies.  
For there the hours go glancing gay—  
They know no other than the day.  
With bud and blossom blushing bright  
And dances of dainty sunbeams light—  
And this my little bird tells me!

I asked my little bird to-day,  
"This magic land doth lie which way?  
East? South? Where sunset's gates wide sweep?"

Perhaps the North star sentry keeps!  
My little bird up in his swing  
Just pauses, nods, then blithely sings,  
"The olden road of love commands  
Sole entrance to the magic land!"  
—St. Louis Republic.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Under the rose—The thorn.  
A roll of music—The drum solo.  
The best thing out—A conflagration.—  
Drake's Magazine.

"Does giblets move in the best society?" "Yes; he has to move. He never pays his rent."—Yale Record.

To begin at the top rung of the ladder and to end at the lowest one is the great combination of success in case of fire.—Puck.

The old man in his second childhood is rarely as ridiculous as the young father in his first babyhood.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Vigilance Committee in Montana is gunning for a church organist because he passed off a false note.—Binghamton Republican.

Considering Mr. Gladstone's achievement with the axe, wouldn't it be more appropriate to call him the "Grand Old Feller?"—Boston Post.

A great deal of mystery attends the running of the cars to the summit of the White Mountains; they always go up incog.—Lowell Courier.

Manager at the Dime—"What's all that racket up there?" Attendant—"Why, a dog got in and has been gnawing the ossified man."—Minneapolis Journal.

Richard—"I know people consider Miss Smart pretty, but there's something about her face that I don't like." William—"Perhaps it is her noes."—Boston Transcript.

A powerful example of moving eloquence is when the old gentleman put his head into the parlor at 2 o'clock and says it is time for callers to go.—Binghamton Republican.

"What do you think of a man who will deliberately tell you that his baby is no smarter than the general run of babies?" "I think he is a liar."—Indianapolis Journal.

She—"Promise me if I die you will never marry again." He—"What! And let people think my dear little first wife was such a terror that I didn't dare to?" Never.—Brooklyn Life.

Master—"Mary, I wish you would be more careful. I am very sorry to hear my wife has to scold you so often." Mary—"Oh, don't you mind me, sir. I don't take any notice of it."—Comic.

Women are more faithful to a memory than men. All of them cling as tenaciously and as long to their youth as they can, and yet with many of them it is a mere memory.—Philadelphia Times.

The beggar was a reckless wight—  
Perhaps it was his fate.  
I handed him a nickel bright,  
For to relieve his hungry plight;  
He sought the nearest slot in sight.  
And straightaway tried his weight!  
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Helping Him Out; Bingo—"Did you succeed in cutting down your shopping expenses this month as I requested?" Mrs. Bingo—"Oh, yes, indeed, dear. You know that nice woolen underwear you wanted? Well, I got something in cotton much cheaper."—Cloak Review.

Mrs. Shoddy—"I want to make my son's wife a birthday present." Jeweler—"Would you like to see our styles of diamond necklaces?" Mrs. Shoddy—"Yes, I want to get her something handsome to wear around her throat. Give me some of those diamond tiaras I have read about in the paper."—Texas Siftings.

Captain's Wife (to her husband)—  
"Arthur, love, I want you to give Jack a good dressing down to-morrow." Captain—"What for? I am perfectly satisfied with the fellow." She—"Well, you know, he has got to beat the carpets to-morrow, and he strikes ever so much harder when he is in a bad temper."—Swabische Dorfzeitung.

"Scrawk! Scrawk! Scrawk!"  
Shovel the snow from your broad sidewalk;  
Wake up the neighbor who sighs for a snow;  
Rest for a moment; then give him some more.

"Scrawk! Scrawk! Scrawk! Scrawk!"  
Heed not the whirlwind of wild wicked talk  
That answers each burst of your snow shovel din.

Piling up volumes of records of sin,  
Just when the dawn is beginning to peep,  
Just when we feel the true value of sleep,  
Get out the shovel and all slumber hark  
With a "Scrawk! Scrawk! Scrawk!"  
—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.