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There are now 3715 places in the United States which have a population of more than 1000.

Tolstoi, the Russian philosopher, says that the least complicated and shortest rule of morals that he knows is to get others to work for you as little as possible and work yourself as much as possible for them; make the fewest call upon the services of your neighbors, and render them the maximum number of services yourself.

Few people perhaps are aware of the fact, believes the Boston Transcript, that there was once a Postmistress-General. She did not serve in this country or in the present century, but the fact that a woman ever served in that capacity is indeed remarkable. Denmark was the home of this remarkable woman, whose name was Countess Gyldenore, or Dorothea Krag, as she was called during her term of office, which extended from the year 1703 to 1711. The present postal system in that country, which is considered one of the best in the world, was inaugurated by her.

Professor Jameson, of Brown University, is lecturing on the historic colonial mansions on the James River in Virginia, especially those at Shirley, Westover and Upper and Lower Brandon. This region and the country about Williamsburg, which the professor designates as "the quaintest place in the English portion of America," was once a virgin field of discovery for the seeker after old colonial furniture. Many a rare find of ancient mahogany tables and sideboards has been made thereabouts, and quaint Chippendale chairs used to be found there in numbers—interesting objects of treasures-trove that could be secured for the proverbial song. But time has changed all that, and such articles when discovered there now are held at fair price. It is said that much of this sort of colonial furniture may be obtained nowadays in parts of Kentucky, rare pieces having been inherited by the present generation of Kentuckians from their Virginia ancestors.

People who think that the free-pass business is carried to extremes in the United States should note how they do it in Russia. The Railroad Gazette says that the Russian railroads have been accustomed to give free passes not only to their employes, but to relative of their employes, a practice which may have been heard on this side of the Atlantic. The term "relatives," however, has been found to be extremely elastic, and recently the Great Russian Company put its foot down and issued positive orders that hereafter passes will be granted to no other relatives of employes than their wives, though a trifling reduction of seventy per cent. on the prices of tickets will be made to parents, brothers and sisters of employes and of their wives, but all aunts, cousins and stepmothers must pay full fares. If your brother receives a salary of as much as \$750 from the company, you can get your discount only on first-class tickets; if he has from \$150 to \$750, you have second-class tickets; if less than \$150, third-class tickets.

The idea of the bicycle railroad finds favor at Seattle. A line is soon to be constructed between that city and Tacoma. The contract calls for its completion within a year. The following description is given of the road: "There will be two tracks, each of a single line of steel rails. A timber will be laid on the ground across the width of both tracks at intervals of twenty feet, and across these, lengthwise of the track, 10x12-inch stringers will be laid, to which the rails will be spiked. To each end of the sills will be bolted upright timbers 2x18 inches and eighteen feet high, with 4x6-inch braces. These uprights will be connected overhead by a cap, which will support a 4x6-inch wooden guide-rail, directly above each line of rails. The cars will run on wheels under their centre on the single line of rails, and, when running on a straight track, will be held upright by their own impetus. When rounding curves, however, the cars will be held upright by two rubber wheels affixed to their roofs and running one on each side of the guide-rail, while a third rubber wheel will revolve against the under side of this rail, pressing against it and keeping it in position. It is intended in the course of a few years to replace the timbers with steel superstructure. Steam power will be used, but ultimately electricity will be the motive power."

## A GOLDEN HOUR.

A beckoning spirit of gladness seemed afloat.  
That lightly danced in laughing air before us;  
The earth was all in tune and you a note  
Of Nature's happy chorus.  
'Twas like a vernal morn, yet overhead  
The leafless boughs across the lane were  
knitting;  
The ghost of some forgotten Spring, we said,  
O'er Winter's world comes flitting.  
Or was it Spring herself, that, gone astray,  
Beyond the alien frontier chose to tarry?  
Or but some bold outrider of the May,  
Some April-emissary?  
The apparition faded on the air,  
Capricious and incalculable comer—  
Wilt thou too pass, and leave my chill days  
bare,  
And fall'n my phantom Summer?  
—William Watson, in the Spectator.

## THE RUNAWAY.

BY PATIENCE STAPLETON.

COULD they put her in the asylum," she wondered, "if they caught her?"  
Folks would surely think she was crazy.  
She stopped at the stone wall to rest, and looked back timorously at the old familiar scene.

Far behind her stretched the meadow, a symphony of olive and green in the late fall. Here and there the sunken boulder stood solitary, golden rod, or berry bushes clothed now in scarlet and gold. At intervals in the long slope stood solitary trees, where fluttering, brittle leaves fell in the gentle, chill air. In summer time she remembered well the haymakers rested in the shade, and the jug with ginger water she made for the men was kept there to be cool.

She seemed as she sat there to remember everything. The house was all right, she was sure of that; the key was under the kitchen door mat, the fire was out in the stove and the cat locked in the barn.

She held her work hardened hand to her side, panting a little, for it was a good bit of a walk across the meadow, and she was eighty years old on her last birthday. The cows feeding looked homelike and pleasant.

"Goodbye, critters," she said aloud; "men's the time I've druv' ye home an' milked ye, an' I allus let ye eat by the way, nor never hurried ye as the boys done."

With a farewell glance she went on again, smoothing as she walked the scattered locks of gray hair falling under the pumpkin hood and keeping her black scant gown out of the reach of the briars. Across another field, then through a leafy lane where the wood was hauled in winter, then out through a gap in a stump fence, with its great branching arms like a petrified octopus, to the dusty high road.

Not a soul in sight in the coming twilight. John, the children and the scolding wife who made her so unhappy, would not be home for an hour yet, for East Mills was a long drive.

Down the steep hill went the brave little figure, followed by an old shadow of itself in the waning light, and by the tiny stones that rolled so swiftly they passed her often and made her look behind with a start to see if a pursuer was coming.

"They'd put me in the asylum, sure," she muttered wildly as she trudged along.

At the foot of the hill she sat down upon an old log and waited for the train.

Across the road, guarded by a big sign, "Look out for the engine," ran two parallel iron rails that were to be her road when the big monster should come panting around the curve.

At last the dull rumble sounded, a shrill whistle, and she hurried to the track, waving her shawl as a signal.

This, in the conductors' vernacular, was a cross-roads station, where he was used to watch for people waving articles frantically. The train stopped and the passenger was taken aboard. He noticed she was a bright eyed old lady, very neat and precise.

"How fur?" he asked.

"Hosin."

"Git there in the mornin'," he said, kindly, waiting for the money, as she opened a queer little reticule, where, under her knitting, wrapped in a clean cotton handkerchief, was her purse with her savings of long years—the little sums Sam had sent her when he first began to prosper in the West, and some money she had earned herself by knitting and berry picking.

At a cross road, as they went swiftly on, she saw the old sorrel horse, the rattling wagon and John and his family driving homeward. She drew back with a little cry, fearing he might see her and stop the train, but they went on so fast that could not be, and the old horse jogged into the woods, and John never thought his old Aunt Hannah, his charge for twenty long years, was running away.

At Boston a kindly conductor bought her a through ticket for Denver.

"It's a long journey for an old lady like you," he said.

"But I'm peart of my age," she said

anxiously; I never hed a day's sickness since I was a gal."

"Going all the way alone?"

"With Providence," she answered brightly, alert and eager to help herself, but silent and thoughtful as the train took her into strange landscape where the miles where the landscape went so swiftly it seemed like the past years of her life as she looked back on them.

"Thy works are marvelous," she murmured often, sitting, with her hands folded, and few idle days had there been in the world where she had sat and rested so long.

In the day coach the people were kind and generous, sharing their baskets with her and seeing she changed cars right and her carpetbag was safe. She was like any of the dear old grandmas in Eastern homes, or to grizzled men and women like the memory of our dead mother, as faint and far away as the scent of wild roses in a hillside country burying ground. She tended babies for tired women and talked to the men of farming and crops or told the children Bible stories, but never a word she said of herself, not one.

On again, guided by kindly hands through the great bewildering city by the lake, and now through yet a strange land. Tired and worn by night in the uncomfortable seats her brave spirit began to fall a little. As the wide, level plains, lonely and drear, dawned on her sight she sighed often.

"It's a dre'ful big world," she said to a gray bearded old farmer near her; "so big I feel e'enmost lost in it, but," hopefully, "across them deserts like this long ago Providence sent a star to guide them wise men of the East, an' I hain't lost my faith."

But as the day wore on, and still the long, monotonous land showed no human habitation, no oasis of green, her eyes dimmed, something like a sob rose under the black kerchief on the bowed shoulders, and the spectacles were taken off with trembling hand and put away carefully in the worn tin case.

"Be ye goin' fur, mother?" said the old farmer.

He had bought her a cup of coffee at the last station, and had pointed out on the way things he thought might interest her.

"To Denver."

"Wal, wal; you're from New England, I'll be bound."

"From Maine," she answered; and then she grew communicative, for she was always a chatty old lady, and she had possessed her soul in silence so long, and it was a relief to tell the story of her weary years of waiting to a kindly listener.

She told him all the relations she had were two grand nephews and their families. That twenty years ago Sam (for she had brought them up when their parents died of consumption, that takes so many of our folks) went out West. He was always adventurous, and for ten years she did not hear from him; but John was different and steady, and when he came of age she had given him her farm, with the provision that she should always have a home, otherwise he would have gone away, too. Well for years they were happy, then John married, and his wife had grown to think her a burden as the years went on, and the children when they grew big did not care for her; she felt that she had lived too long.

"I growed so lonesome," she said pathetically, "it seems I couldn't take up heart to live day by day, an' 'yit I knowed our folks was long lived. Ten years back, when Sam wrote he was doin' fair an' sent me money. I began to think of him; fur he was allus generous an' kind, an' the gratefullest boy, an' so I began to save to go to him, fur I knowed I could work my board for a good many years to come. Fur three years he ain't hardly wrote, but I laid that to the wild kentry he lived in. I said 'bars and Injuns don't skeer me none, fur when I was a gal up in Aroostook kentry there was plenty of both, an' as fur buffaloes them horned cattle don't skeer me none, fur I've been used to a farm allus. But the lonesomeness of these medders has sorter upset me and made me think every day Sam was further off than I ever calculated on."

"But what will you do if Sam ain't in Denver?" asked the farmer.

"I hev put my faith in Providence," she answered simply, and the stranger could not mar that trust by any word of warning.

He gave her his address as he got off at the Nebraska line, and told her to send him word if she needed help. With a warm hand clasp he parted from her to join the phantoms in her memory of "folks that had been kind to her, God bless 'em," and then the train was running on.

But many of the passengers had listened to her story and were interested, and they came to sit with her.

One pale, little lad in a seat in front, turned to look at her now and then and to answer her smile. He was going to the new country for health and wealth, poor lad, only to find eternal rest in the sunny land, but his last days brightened by the reward for his thoughtful acts of kindness.

"She probably brought those boys up," he thought, "and denied her life for them. Is she to die unrewarded, I wonder? There cannot be any good in the world if that be so." He thought of her and took out his purse! There was so little money in it, too, every cent made a big hole in his store; but the consciousness of a good deed was worth something. "I mayn't have the chance

to do many more," thought the lad, but-toning his worn overcoat.

He slipped off without a word at a station and sent a telegram to Denver. "To Samuel Blair"—for he had caught the name from her talk—"Your Aunt Hannah Blair is on the W. and W. train coming to you."

It was only a straw, but a kindly wind might blow it to the right one after all.

When he was sitting there after his message had gone on its way, she leaned over and handed him a peppermint drop from a package in her pocket.

"You don't look strong, dearie," she said, "hain't ye no folks with ye?"

"None on earth."

"We're both lone ones," she smiled; "an' how sad it be there ain't no one to fuss over ye. Aur' be kearful of the drafts, and keep flannels allus on your chest; that is good for the lungs."

"You are very kind to take an interest in me," he smiled, "but I am afraid it is too late."

Another night of weary slumber in the cramped seats and then the plain began to be dotted with villages, and soon appeared the straggling outskirts of a city, the smoke of mills, the gleam of the Platte River and a network of iron rails, bright and shining, as the train ran shrieking into the labyrinth of its destination.

"This is Denver," said the lad to her, "and I'll look after you as well as I can."

"I won't be no burden," she said brightly. "I've twenty dollars yet, an' that's a sight of money."

The train halted to let the eastward bound express pass; there was an air of excitement in the car, passengers getting ready to depart, gathering up luggage and wraps, and some watching the new comers and the rows of strange faces on the outward bound.

The door of the car slammed suddenly, and a big bearded man with eager blue eyes came down the aisle, looking sharply from right to left. He had left Denver on the express to meet this train. His glance fell on the tiny black figure.

"Why, Aunt Hannah!" he cried, with a break in his voice, and she—she put out her trembling hand and fell into the big arms, tears streaming down the wrinkled face.

"I knowed Providence would let me find ye, Sam," she said brokenly, and no one smiled when the big man sat down beside her and with gentle hand wiped her tears away.

"Why, I've sent John twenty dollars a month for five years for you," he said angrily, as she told him why she ran away, "and he said you could not write, for you had a stroke and was helpless, and I have written often and sent you money. It's hard for a man to called his own brother a villain."

"We won't, Sam," she said gently, "but just furgit; and I wouldn't be a burden to ye, fur I can work yit, an' for years to come."

"Work, indeed! don't I owe you everything?" he cried. "And my wife has longed for you to come. There are so few dear old aunts in this country, they're prized, I tell you. Why, it's as good as a royal court of arms to have a dear handsome old woman like you for a relation."

Then he found out who sent the telegram and paid the lad, who blushed and stammered like a girl, and did not want to take it.

"I suppose you want a job," said the big man. "Well, I can give you one. I'm in the food commission business. Give you something light? Lots of your sort, poor lad, out here. All the reference I want is that little kindness of yours to Aunt Hannah."

"Here's the depot, Aunt Hannah, and you won't see 'bars and Injuns' nor the buffaloes; sunniest city you ever set your dear eyes on."

He picked up the carpet bag, faded and old fashioned, not a bit ashamed of it, though it looked as if Noah might have carried it to the ark.

They said goodby, and the last seen of her was her happy old face beaming from a carriage window as she rolled away to what all knew would be a pleasant home for all her waning years. —New York Herald.

## The Astronomers Are Puzzled.

One of the most mysterious changes witnessed in the ever-changing solar system is the variation in the brightness of the moons of Jupiter. Two of the four satellites occasionally cross the planet's disc as dark objects, although it is known that their sunny sides are presented to us and should appear no less brilliantly illuminated than the planet itself. The third and fourth satellites often make these dark transits and the first is sometimes seen as a brown object, but the second has never been noticed otherwise than as a bright disc. The phenomenon still remains without satisfactory explanation. —St. Louis Republic.

## Masterpiece of Burmese Art.

Prince Bismarck has just received a valuable present from the German colony in Burmah. It consists of a centre-piece of solid silver two feet long and three feet high. The pedestal is entirely covered with beautifully worked figures, and at each corner are artistically wrought dragons, each of which carries a huge ivory tusk, which is hollowed out and decorated with Burmese carvings. This gift is pronounced by experts to be the most perfect masterpiece of Burmese art-industry which has ever reached Europe. —New York Post.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Electric welding is now applied to the work of manufacturing iron wheels.

Zinc expands up to the melting point. A bar of hammered zinc six inches long will expand 1-100 of an inch in raising the temperature 100 degrees F.

The average mortality of unmarried men between the ages of twenty and twenty-five is 1174 in every 100,000, while that of married men is only 597.

It is stated that a German firm has perfected a means of making a profitable disposition of sawdust. An acid is mixed with the sawdust and the whole mass molded into blocks or any other form, resulting in a fine material for building purposes.

A new machine is being used in England to level the tips and nails in the bottoms of boots and shoes and to produce a fine polish and finish hitherto impossible by hand work. The machine is arranged to run by power and is firmly placed on an iron base, with counter shafting and pulleys.

A design of an electric boat, propelled by a sea-water battery, has been exhibited before the French Academy of Sciences. The battery plates are under the boat, in the form of a keel, and the current generated drives a motor operating the screw. The plates (copper or zinc) are raised or lowered by means of pulleys.

In the Electricity Building at the World's Fair, Chicago, there will be forty thousand panes of glass, or more than in any other exposition structure. This building will be especially conspicuous at night, as, owing to its extensive glass surface, the brilliancy of its electrical exhibit will be strikingly visible from the outside.

Thomas Meehan says that striking variations in plants occur at times suddenly by bud variation as well as by seeds. The curled-leaved weeping willow suddenly assumed this character on a tree of the ordinary kind; the red sweet potato is also a bud variation from the ordinary white variety; the double flowered tuberose is believed to have originated by bud variation.

One of the most attractive of the exhibits at the Frankfurt Exposition is that in which the process of manufacturing the celebrated Sevres china is shown to the public. Bohemian girls, attired in their national costume, manipulate the plastic clay and wax into life-like leaves and birds. The mass is then placed in a furnace and the heat is so regulated as to solidify the substance without the least fracture. A second furnace evaporates all that is left of the wax, leaving a very friable dead white china flower. On this the coloring artist reproduces the delicate shading of the natural flower and the article is again placed in the furnace to burn the color.

A Philadelphia scientist has made an analysis of the brains of a gorilla, and the results of his investigation are calculated to give little comfort to those who have maintained there is only a "missing link" between man and the gorilla in the chain of evolution. It was found that the brain of the gorilla was really of a much lower order of development than that of the orang-outang or the chimpanzee. The gorilla's frontal lobe, instead of being round and convex, was pointed and concave, and the lower portion of the brain, visible in the chimpanzee as well as man, is missing. The gorilla, instead of standing at the head of the monkey tribe, is lower than at least two other members of it.

## No Wonder Indians Are Dying Out.

The conversation had drifted on to Indians, and apropos of the topic a lumberman in the office remarked that at the last camp on Prairie River, from which he had just returned, he had seen a goodly group of these noble aborigines camped near the lumber shanties. "They came to look after a horse," said he. "Lost a horse?" "No, we lost one; got killed, and they came down to cut him up." "What for?" "Why, to eat him." They stayed right by the carcass and hung up and dried every pound of meat on him. Queer how they found it out. The horse hadn't been dead twenty-four hours before the whole tribe were after him; crows couldn't have done better.

"That's nothing," said an old logger standing by. "Last winter six horses died in our camp of epizootic, and I'll be hanged if they didn't pick the bones of every one of them clean. There is no trouble in accounting for the rapid reduction of the Indian population when you know what they eat." —Minneapolis (Minn.) Lumberman.

## Fruit Prices in Pioneer Days.

The early fruit growers of Oregon had a wonderful market for a few years at San Francisco. In 1854 500 bushels of apples were shipped from Oregon to California, and returned a net profit of from \$1.50 to \$2 per pound. In 1855 the shipments rose to 6000 bushels, which sold at from \$20 to \$30 a bushel. In 1856 the shipments rose to 20,000 boxes. Even in this year big prices were received, and for choice fruit fancy figures were obtained, one box of Esopus Spitzenbergs selling for \$60. The Californians planted apple-trees, and after 1860 the shipments of apples from Oregon began to decline. Apple-raising was more profitable than gold-mining for the first half dozen years of the industry in Oregon. —Eugene (Oregon) Guard.

## WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

With the kingle, klangie, klinge,  
Far down the dusky dingle  
The cows are coming home.  
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,  
The airy tinklings come and go,  
Like chimings from a far off tower,  
Or pattering of an April shower.  
That makes the daises grow,  
Koling, kolang, kolingelinge,  
Far down the darkening dingle  
The cows comes slowly home.  
And old time friends and twilight plays,  
And starry nights and sunny days,  
Come trooping up the misty ways  
When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,  
Soft tones that swelling mingle,  
The cows are coming home;  
Malvine, and Pearl and Florimel,  
DeKamp, Red Rose and Gretchen Schell,  
Queen Bess and Sylph and spangled Sue,  
Across the field I hear their loo-o-o  
And clang of silver bell.  
Goling, golang, golingelinge,  
With faint, far sounds that mingle,  
The cows come slowly home.  
And mother songs of long gone years,  
And baby joys and childish tears,  
And youthful hopes and youthful fears,  
When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,  
By twos and threes and single,  
The cows are coming home.  
Through violet air we see the town,  
And the summer sun a-skiping down,  
And the maple in the hazel glade  
Throws down the path a longer shade,  
And the hills are growing brown  
Toring, torang, toringelinge,  
By threes and fours and single,  
The cows come slowly home.  
The same sweet sound of woe-less psalm,  
The same sweet June-day rest and calm,  
The same sweet smell of buds and balm,  
When the cows come home.

With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,  
Through fern and periwinkle,  
The cows are coming home;  
A-loitering in the checkered stream,  
Where the sun's rays glance and gleam,  
Clarine, Penchbloom, Phoebe and Phillis,  
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies,  
In a drowsy dream.

Tolink, tolank, tolinkleinkie,  
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,  
The cows come slowly home.  
And up through memory's deep ravine  
Come the brook's old song and its old-time  
sheen,  
And the crescent of the silver queen,  
When the cows come home.

With kingle, klangie, klinge,  
With loo-o and moo-o and lingie,  
The cows are coming home;  
And over there, on the Merlin hill,  
Sounds the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will,  
And the dew-drops lie on the tangled vines,  
And over the poplars Venus shines  
And over the silent mill.  
Koling, kolang, kolingelinge,  
With a ting-a-ling and a jã,  
The cows come slowly home.

Let down the bars, let in the train  
Of long-gone song and flowers and rain,  
For dear old times come back again  
When the cows come home.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Startling figures—Ghosts.  
A catch phrase—Sick him!  
A man may be lantern-jawed and yet his face never light up.—Easton Free Press.

The astronomer who has made a telescopic discovery is naturally proud of his good looks.

The moon is above all human follies and always looks down on lovers.—Elmira Gazette.

A coal dealer can't be a musician. He can never learn to run the scale accurately.—Binghamton Republican.

The most dangerous "charge of the light brigade" is that made by the gas office clerk.—Columbus Post.

When a man is "beside himself" he generally demonstrates that he doesn't like the company.—Boston Courier.

Plenty of tall men are "short," loose men "tight," cold men "warm" and big men "small."—Philadelphia Record.

From the prescriptions of some physicians, it is evident that they have forgotten their boyhood.—Columbus Post.

"Will the coming man use both arms?" asks a scientist. "Yes, if he can trust the girl to handle the reins."—Philadelphia Press.

Prominence has its drawbacks. The drum major doesn't see near as much of the parade as the man on the curbstone.—Indianapolis News.

Anarchist—"We expect to argue our cause with bombs, sir!" Quiet Citizen—"A bomb, my friend, is an argument that has been exploded long ago."—Chicago Tribune.

Jobson (at the restaurant)—"Waiter, give me some chicken salad and a bottle of soda." Jagson—"Give me the same." Jobson (who is from Boston)—"Excuse me; it cannot be the same—say, similar."—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Bullfinch—"How is that little mining scheme of your getting along? Any money in it?" Wooden—"Any money in it! Well, I should say so! All of mine, all of my wife's, and about fifty thousand that I got from my friends."—Boston Courier.

A World's Fair envoy to Africa astonished the natives with an Edison phonograph and talking doll.