

# SULLIVAN

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### Korea is becoming almost as erratic and turbulent as a South American Republic.

The great exodus from Canada to the United States has become a party issue in the Dominion.

Building ground comes high in London. Lately a plot of fifty-seven square yards in Lombard street sold at \$6500 per square yard.

The Director of the United States Mint estimates, and believes his estimate to be within the mark, that the world's production of gold for 1895 will amount to \$200,000,000.

The great decrease in the percentage of diphtheria mortality in New York City for 1895, as shown by the Board of Health statistics, is a strong argument in favor of the anti-toxine remedy.

The failure of several water-power electric plants from dry weather suggests to the Atlanta Constitution the necessity of a small steam power in reserve in case of works using nearly all their available water power in ordinary dry seasons.

Chinese rainmakers dress a dog in comic attire and carry it through the streets, in the belief that the laughter excited will cause a pleasant frame of mind among the gods and induce them to end a drought. The Chinese claim that their rainmakers are as successful as the American and far less expensive.

A French scientist has recently discovered a means of increasing the illuminating power of ordinary coal gas about fifteen times. The increase is accomplished by supplying a small but constant current of air to the flame. A tiny electric motor is fixed in the body of the gas lamp which is a diminutive ventilator. The motor is run by a current supplied by a couple of small accumulators. The flame has a remarkable brilliancy, and lamps have been constructed on this pattern with an illuminating power of 800-candle power.

The young King of Spain saw his first bull fight the other day, announces the New York Tribune. His mother, who has a horror of the brutal sport, postponed the event as long as possible; but even she was unable to override the ancient court precedent that prescribes attendance on bull fights as part of the education of a Christian monarch. The little chap viewed the sport without betraying any enthusiasm, and departed without rewarding the successful matador, in accordance with custom. And some Spaniards, therefore, fear that he may bring discredit on his order and race by taking a stand against the National sport when he grows to man's estate.

Spain now has in Cuba an army of 80,000 men. This is a force greater by 10,000 than the whole British army in India. The entire population, white and colored, is only four times as great, and its proportion to the number of whites capable of bearing arms is about that of one or two. Rarely does history record an instance where a country so small has been invaded by an army so great, and when it is remembered that the Spaniards control the whole administrative and industrial machinery of Cuba, and that they have the more or less effective sympathy of a not inconsiderable local party, the New York Times thinks their lack of success is a startling commentary both on the military skill of Spain's Generals and soldiers and on the merits of the cause for which they are supposed to be fighting.

The New York Independent publishes one of the most remarkable discoveries ever made in American history. It is nothing less than the oldest document in existence of the period of the Dutch settlement of New York. It is a long official journal kept, in the winter of 1634-36, by Arent Van Corlear, one of the leading men in the colony, who made a visit to the villages of the Iroquois confederation, consisting of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Seneca Indian tribes. This journal, which has lain lost in a garret in Holland for two hundred and sixty years, has been found by General James Grant Wilson, and brought to this country, and the translation shows it to be of extraordinary interest for the history of New York and the geography of the region between Albany and Utica, which was then wholly held by Indians. The conclusion of the journal consists of a list of Indian words with their translations, making the earliest Iroquois vocabulary. The publication of which is deemed another week.

### IN THE FIELDS.

The reapers—they are singing in the fields of golden grain. And a merry song arises on the mountain and in the plain. And it's ho! for life and living, for no blessing heaven denied, and a song of glad thanksgiving goes in music to the skies!

The reapers—they are singing, for the harvest smiles to God, Where the heavenly benediction gave the color to the cloid; There is gladness in the morning—there is gladness in the night; For the corn is hanging heavy, and the cotton fields are white!

The reapers—they are singing, for the summer days are past, and toil is crowned with plenty, and with sweet reward at last! And it's ho! for life and living, for no blessing heaven denied, and a song of glad thanksgiving go in music to the skies!

—Atlanta Constitution.

### EFFECT OF A STORY.

PERHAPS it was partly her fault, or may be it was all his fault. Anyway, they had just had a quarrel, one of those unpleasant little affairs in which neither one nor the other will give in or acknowledge being in the wrong, but thinks it the duty of the other, equally blameless participant, of course, to first say, "I am sorry." And it was their first quarrel, too.

Then he falls back on the old resort and says, "I am going to the club." He gets his hat and coat and is about to open the door to step out when she half repents and asks him not to go, but to stay at home with her, "at least one evening in the week." But he is either obstinate to her appeal or does not hear her, for he closes the door with a bang and leaves her alone, to return, perhaps at midnight, perhaps at dawn. Then she takes the usual course, throws herself on a lounge and cries.

He goes directly to the club. There he meets a few of his friends and they sit down for a smoke. Thus they sit for perhaps half an hour, when the entrance of a rather fat individual seems to create quite a commotion among the smokers. He is besieged on the right and left to come and join them in their smoke and Robert Langdon wonders who this rather stout individual who enjoys such popularity can be.

"Major Hunt, one of the most capital story tellers we have had for some time," answers one of his friends, in reply to a laughing query from Langdon. "Wait until you hear one of his stories; you will think so, too."

"Major, this is my friend Langdon." The Major has hardly made himself comfortable before he is asked to tell one of his stories, and after a while yields to the entreaties of the crowd and begins:

"There is not an army post in the country, or in the world, which has not some little romance interwoven in its history. But one which I especially remember is one in which the faithfulness of women as I will call it, played such an important part as to fix the story in my mind forever."

"It was about five years ago, at a Western fort, that this incident happened. We had there a young private who came, I believe, from the somewhere. I never did find out exactly where he came from, and I have even forgotten his name now. He seemed to be an indifferent sort of a fellow, rarely joining the rest of the men in their larks, and keeping pretty much to himself. He was a handsome young man, too, nearly six feet tall, if I remember correctly. It was his mysterious manners which made us wonder what he did with himself during his spare moments—that is, when his time was not required by Uncle Sam. We tried in vain to find out. All that we could ever learn of him was that he was always in his mess room during these intervals, and his companion privates there said, 'He reads and reads all the time,' that's all. Army life did not seem to agree with him very much and we could not see why he ever entered into it. Still there was no one in the fort with nerve enough to ask him the questions we were so anxious to have answered. He was the one mystery of the fort. Perhaps you will wonder why we officers should take any interest in a common private, but before I am through you will see who that was.

"What was also a mystery to us was how he had managed to become well enough acquainted with the quartermaster's daughter to be seen occasionally walking with her. Her name, you must remember distinctly, is Genevieve Huttle. She was the belle of the fort. I do not believe to this day that there was hardly a man in that fort at that time who would not have stood even Indian torture if she had so wished—but don't be alarmed, gentlemen. No such thought would ever have entered that girl's mind. And then she was very beautiful. Perhaps this had something to do with it. Those among us who had been sick had special reasons for feeling grateful to her, for as soon as she heard of a case of sickness she seemed to be on pins and needles until she received consent from her father to nurse the sick one, whether he was officer or private. In truth, her kindness and charity to all made adores out of half the men in the fort, and the other half were dead in love with her.

path and that the men should be got in readiness to leave at almost any moment to hunt down a band of roving buccas, who were thought to be in our neighborhood, before they had much chance of robbing and killing the settlers. One morning the command came, and a troop of cavalry was detailed to go out, and, if possible, bring them in. The matter had now taken quite a serious turn, for the few buccas who had started the depredations on a small scale had been joined by the others, until several hundred of them had gone on the war-path in dead earnest. It happened that the mysterious private's troop was the one detailed to go out first on a sort of a reconnoitering trip, and if our investigation it was thought necessary to send out more men they were to return for reinforcements.

"It was a busy scene at the fort that morning. Soon the bugle sounded, the men leaped into their saddles and moved up to the gate of the fort. It was a proud moment for the men who composed that troop, for it was their first actual expedition after the enemy. Then came the sound of the bugle again and the men were off, with the cheers of their comrades ringing in their ears.

"We in the fort had many anxious hours that day and night, wondering how the expedition would turn out, though we little thought that there would be any serious result. They would probably return, we thought, with the whole band of redskins as prisoners. We had no idea that the red impus would dare defy them or much less fire on them.

"During the night a terrible snow-storm set in, however, and we kept anxious watch to see if they would give up the chase on this account and return to the fort. But no. The night passed away and dawn still saw no trace of the men. The storm seemed to become more furious with the advent of day, and the blinding flakes made it impossible to see many feet outside the fort. Then misgivings regarding the safety of the men began to take form. We had now almost forgotten the Indians, and our only thoughts were of the men and how they would manage to return to the fort in this terrible storm. About noon there was a lull in the wind and snow, and couriers were sent out to see if any trace of the troop could be found. They might be wandering a few miles outside the fort, we thought, unable to find their way in. The searchers returned, however, after a fruitless search, saying that it was impossible to find any trace of them, not knowing exactly where to look for them. The ground, of course, having been covered by the snowstorm after their departure, it was impossible to follow in their tracks.

"About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, however, we were rewarded in the watch by seeing a dark mass off to the west, and as it drew nearer a shout went up from the watchers, as we discovered our missing troop.

"When the men rode into fort again they were plied with questions as to what they had done during the terrible storm. But the queries were cut short by the announcement that they had been pursued by at least three hundred Indians, who had poured bullets into the little troop for a while, and that one man was missing altogether. Then for the first time we noticed that many of the men were covered with blood. They had not been out of the fort five hours, they said, when they were attacked by a band of redskins most unexpectedly, for they had no idea that they were so near the fort. They seemed to have been waiting for them for their retreat back was cut off by half the band, while the rest kept up a fire on them from ambush. They managed to get out of it without the loss of any men, however. A hot fire had been kept up on both sides while the retreat lasted, and several on our side had been wounded, and, as some of the men insisted, the Indians had lost quite a few to the happy hunting grounds. They at last gave up the chase when the storm set in. The 'mysterious private' was missed when the troop emerged from a strip of woods about twenty miles from the fort. He was wounded during the fight, and had evidently given up the hunt from exhaustion. While the men were telling this we don't about and wondered that would be done to find the poor fellow, who had now undoubtedly passed into another world.

"The storm had again commenced with seemingly added fury, and we realized what a dangerous undertaking it would be for anyone to set out with the intention of finding the poor fellow's body. We retired to our quarters after hearing no end of narrow escape stories from some of the privates, to await orders from the commandant as to the next move.

"We had all given up the idea of going after the body by nightfall—that is, all but one.

"Before my time for arising the next morning there came to my ears the loudest cheering, mixed with shouts, that I have ever heard in all my lifetime. I hastily dropped into my clothes and ran out to see what was up. Near the gate I saw almost the entire population of the fort, so it seemed to me, most of them engaged in cheering and shouting over something. Before I reached the crowd it parted and two persons rode toward me—the 'mysterious private' and Genevieve Huttle. As she passed me, standing almost glued to the spot with surprise, she called out, 'Pleasant morning, Major,' just as though she had come in from a morning's pleasure ride.

"That girl had actually ridden out of the fort at dawn to find that young scamp, who did not seem to be hurt at all—save for a few scratches such as the rest of the troops had received. She had met him, fortunately, riding toward the fort, or God knows what

might have become of that brave girl in the snow. It surprised me a little, however, to see her so happy after such a dangerous undertaking. But that was, of course, natural then, as I did not know what had passed between them on that ride.

"During the absence of the young fellow one of his comrades had cheek enough to examine his effects—to find out who he was and to notify his relatives of his death, so he said, but as I believe, to see what the duce it was that kept him so busy during the evenings. But the big stories the man expected to tell of what he found are still untold, for he found 'only a lot of books, principally law books, newspaper clippings of testimony in trials and a lot of other useless trash,' as he expressed himself. What the duce the fellow was doing with these was more than he could imagine. Then a great light burst upon me. Imagine a private in the service of Uncle Sam giving up all the pleasures of army service—very few there are—for the sake of studying law, and you have a view of our 'mysterious private,' with the mystery cleared up.

"Well, as you have perhaps already guessed, they both left us a few months later. The young fellow's enlistment expired, and I guess he went to New York, I believe, taking the bull by the horns with him. I have strong reasons to believe that this was settled during that ride into the fort. I heard of him once since then. One of his friends at the fort said he had quite a law practice down East here.

"The Indians were rounded up afterward and subdued. They were scared, I guess, by what they had done, and—"

"What's the matter, Langdon, not going already, are you? The story did not effect you so seriously, did it? Why, man, I actually believe there are tears in your eyes!"

"Well, no—but—I really have to go now. I have an appointment at home and I've got to go now, or I am liable to be late.

Whether Robert Langdon had an appointment at home or not, does not matter much. Sufficient is it to say that he did go directly home, where he found his wife on the lounge, just where she had thrown herself as he left to go the club. A sob greeted him as he approached her.

"Genevieve, can you forgive me? It was all my fault, and if you'll forgive me, I'll never do it again."

She turned up her tear-stained face to him and he bent over and kissed her, wondering how it ever entered into him to be so cruel.

"No, it was not your fault, it was mine. I actually drove you to that horrid club, when I know you don't care to go there."

"Well, you will not fight about that just now. Do you remember Major Hunt at the fort? I heard him tell a story at the club to-night—a story of how a young girl at a Western fort, a few years ago, rode out into the snow to rescue a man who had got lost from his troop, and how she brought him in safe and sound. Shall I tell it to you? I remember it, word for word."

"No, you need not, and if you're not going to stop your ever-lasting talk about that I am just going to get angry again; now!"

He stopped.—Chicago News.

### Transplanting Teeth.

Among the wonders of modern surgery there is nothing more remarkable than the transplanting of teeth. Some years ago a dentist on the Pacific coast created a sensation by extracting a tooth from the jaw of one person and inserting it in the jaw of another. Since that time the operation has been repeatedly tried, but with not altogether satisfactory results. At least twenty-five per cent. of the cases have failed of success. Considering that the experiment is in its infancy, this is encouraging. The method is to select the tooth required for the purpose, pains being taken that it is of just the size and shape to fit the space of the one removed. The crown is severed from the root, which is then deprived of its perricementum and shaped to suit the operator. A thorough cleansing of the nerve canal is next in order, then the apex of the root is filled and hermetically sealed with a tiny platinum tube carefully fitted into the nerve canal. After the most careful course of antiseptic treatment the socket is prepared to receive the new root, which is secured in place and so covered that it is safe from shocks and pressure. After about six weeks, or when the union has taken place, provided the operation is successful, a porcelain crown is attached to the root and the patient has a fine, strong and natural-looking tooth.—New York Ledger.

### A Baby Born Fond of Bicycling.

A lady in Reno has a baby less than a year old which has inherited a peculiarity. The child has been very pugnacious and appeared to be constantly craving something. One thing after another has been given to it and every means known to professional nurses was used in an endeavor to satisfy this craving.

### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

#### Over seven thousand varieties of microscopic sea shells have been enumerated by naturalists.

The perfume of the autumn flower is said by some naturalists to have an intoxicating effect on small birds.

The ivy-leaved lotus opens its leaves and flowers at 8 o'clock in the morning and generally closes again by 4.

A Canadian experimenter preserves wood from the boring beetle by soaking it two or three months in a saturated solution of lime.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company will use crude petroleum from the Los Angeles oil fields as fuel for a number of their locomotives.

One legal ohm equals 1.0112 British Association units; hence, to transform resistances expressed in British Association units to legal ohms, the numerical values have to be reduced by about one-tenth per cent.

It is reported that a vein of iron ore has been discovered in Midland County, Michigan, lying from a few inches to a few feet under the surface, running for a distance of one and one-half miles before coming to the end, the vein being eighty rods in width.

In the case of muck, as it comes to the refiner, the odor is so pungent and unpleasant that those who have to examine the pods in which it comes have to wear cloths over their mouth and nose, and in some cases inhalation of the odor produces bleeding at the nose.

Behring's law says that the blood and blood serum of an individual which has been artificially rendered immune against a certain infectious disease may be transferred to another individual with the effect to render the latter also immune, no matter how susceptible this animal is to the disease in question.

Among the latest foreign rivals to cordite is "normal powder," which is manufactured in Sweden, and which its owners say, is more reliable than cordite. They offer to bear the expense of competitive trials between this and all the best known rifle powders in Europe. They claim also that by "normal powder" remarkably even velocities and low pressures are obtained.

The cotton thread used for the filaments of incandescent lamps is parchmentized after carbonization by passing it slowly through a solution of sulphuric acid two parts, water one part, and finally washing it in water until every particle of the acid is removed. The parchmentized thread, after drying, is reduced to a uniform diameter by drawing it through dies, after the manner of wire drawing.

#### Acme of Ingratitude.

A well-known auctioneer, interviewed in London recently, tells this story:

"We had the conduct of a sale of the library and effects of a gentleman well known in his day for his speculations and his varied career as their result, and the usual crowd attended the auction. The first day's sale passed without any incident, but in the second day's proceedings a remarkable incident occurred. Just before the first lot of the books was offered a gentleman walked into the room and asked the auctioneer if he could purchase the library in its entirety, so that the books should not be disturbed. There could be no objection to this as the library had been previously valued, and its price was named by the auctioneer. The would-be purchaser drew his check for the amount and the library was his—for a few minutes only, for he said, 'I am unknown to the man whose books you have just sold, and I wish you to send them back to him with my card.'

#### Brought Them Back.

A New York man bought his own despised horse back at an auction sale not many moons ago, and now a tale to match it comes from London. A man with a passion for good bargains in second-hand furniture failed to secure a wife who abated it. When the house got so full of relics that there was no room for more, she selected a few pieces which she thought would not be missed and sent them to an auction room to be sold. The evening of the day of the sale came, and with it a return of all those pieces and a few more. Her husband had happened in on the sale and, not recognizing his own furniture, bought it over again at a bargain which made the terms of the original purchaser sink out of sight.—Detroit Free Press.

#### An Enormous Steamer.

The Westmeath, a new freight steamer recently launched at Wallsend, England, is a wonder in ship architecture. She is 465 feet long, fifty-six feet beam, 34 feet moulded beam, and has a carrying capacity of 10,500 tons dead weight of cargo, or 14,500 tons by measurement. The engines are triple expansion, with 180 pounds pressure. The bottom is double, and the construction is a system of colossal tanks. It is supposed that the vessel is practically unsinkable; but there have been so many accidents and failures in this line that even the most sanguine believers in water-tight compartments have grown skeptical.—New York Ledger.

### UNCLE SAM'S SICKNESS.



We regret that our artist has been compelled to bring Uncle Sam's serious condition so forcibly to our attention. There is evidently a failure of circulation in his system. He has already suffered from three serious attacks, the last of which impaired his vitality to such an extent that Uncle Sam is still a very sick man.

Uncle Sam's advisers, not satisfied with the treatment which was being administered by the family physicians, called in the services of Doctor John Bull, giving him complete control over their patient and curtly dismissing the doctors who were formerly in attendance. By the injection of strong doses of gold cure, Doctor Bull was enabled to restore Uncle Sam's vitality to a normal condition, but weakness has again shown itself. His circulation has become seriously impaired as the following statistics show:

#### CIRCULATION OF MONEY IN THE UNITED STATES.

Date	Total	Per Cent. Increase
October 1, 1893	\$1,701,339,918	\$25.29
October 2, 1894	1,655,938,992	24.97
October 1, 1895	1,585,599,509	22.72

Decrease since 1893, \$116,346,409 22.72

A loss of upward of \$116,000,000 in circulation, within a couple of years, would kill many people, but Uncle Sam's extraordinary strength and resources have enabled him to pull through, although his reserve force has again fallen below what is usually regarded as a safe limit to sound health.

The agony that Uncle Sam appears to endure is probably increased by the knowledge that, in his weak and helpless condition, Doctor John Bull has pocketed a ten million dollar fee. There is a mingled look of pain and disgust upon his honest old countenance. He will recover, however, with better treatment from wiser counselors.

### WHERE IS THE MCKINLEY CASE?

### Woolen Goods Made in Bradford England and Marketed in the United States.

How do hands in Woolen Mills of the United States like the prospect?

September 1894; to August 1895. Value £334,454

## GREAT BRITAIN

### BRADFORD WOOLEN GOODS

Per British Steamer

(Scale) 1000 Handmade Worsted 400 Handmade Worsted 300 Handmade Worsted 200 Handmade Worsted 100 Handmade Worsted

September 1892 Value £22,152  
August 1893 Value £22,152

#### The Rag Picker Busy.

We are informed that upwards of sixty per cent. of the orders for the spring trade in woolen clothing have been placed abroad. Taking the census statistics of 1890, and applying this sixty per cent. loss of business, would give us 787 factories closed, 47,610 hands out of work, \$17,087,358 less money earned in wages in the woolen goods industry, and \$49,362,201 less money paid for material used—the wool of the farmer. Perhaps the result might not be so bad. We might be able to snatch some of the trade at the last minute by using shoddy instead of wool as the Yorkshire manufacturers do. Business must be quite lively with the European rag picker.



#### Won't Buy Our Provisions.

We are capturing the markets of the world in great ships. Our provision trade exports show that we shipped abroad to the extent of \$3,106,000 less last month than in September, 1894. We sold over \$890,000 less cattle, \$173,000 less hogs, \$125,000 less canned beef, \$360,000 less fresh beef, \$55,000 less salt beef, \$55,000 less tallow, \$1,800,000 less bacon, \$130,000 less hams, \$18,000 less oleomargarine, \$43,000 less oleo oil, and \$447,700 less cheese. This is a remarkable record of captures in one month. It is a record that farmers will appreciate. Strange that the free trade papers don't make much of it. Why so silent?

#### Berlin's Industrial Exhibition.

Berlin is to have an industrial exhibition next year which, it is thought, will attract a large German attendance. There will be an interesting feature like that of "Old London" at the last exhibition at South Kensington. It will represent "Old Berlin" and be on a large scale. One of the items will be a copy of the ancient Rathaus, which was the scene of many historic incidents, and of a few existing episodes which were dealt with by the poetes of that day against the barbers.

#### The Pecan Crop.

The pecan crop of Texas will be very large this year, and the quality will also be above the average. Estimates by dealers place the coming crop at about 3,000,000 pounds. Prevailing prices four cents per pound.

#### The Threat No. Withdrawn.

The Democratic press of the country is seeking to turn aside the eyes of the people from the issue of tariff protection. The profession is made that the tariff issue is at an end. But these papers have not told us when and where it was that Mr. Cleveland retracted his deliberate threat, made when he denounced the Gorman-Wilson bill as "party perfidy and party dishonor," that he would enter the ranks as a private soldier and fight to overthrow the Gorman bill and substitute free trade. Nor does it appear that Mr. Wilson, who is the acknowledged exponent of the Administration's views upon this question, has retracted his threat to make unceasing warfare upon the Gorman bill.

#### Books Out of Pumpkins.

There will be an auction sale of pumpkins at Helywood, Penn., the proceeds of which will be used to buy a new library for the Methodist Church at that place. Last summer each member of the church was supplied with five pumpkin seeds for planting. On the day set for this work the members held a prayer meeting and invoked the divine blessings on the seed, the soil and the planter. The harvest amounted to upward of 1000 pumpkins, and it is these that will be auctioned off.