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NO. 18.

China has to-day twenty-six ports open to foreign commerce.

Taking the whole land surface of the globe into consideration, there are twenty-two and a half acres for each inhabitant on this planet.

silverware belonging to Queen's table would keep her from the rest of her life, if the worst. It is valued at \$100,000.

railroads have decided to build tracks, and will go on as tired of paying \$100,000,000, explains the ne.

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clares that he has still rest in the so Domingo, Hayti. remains transferred '95 were those of the er's son, Diego.

Louisville Courier-Journal that the question of keeping down the cotton acreage for 1896 is attracting a great deal of attention in the South. The cotton exchanges are urging planters to diversify their crops and plant no more than they did in 1895.

The Statemen's Yearbook for 1895, an acknowledged authority on statistics, gives the area of British Guiana as 76,000 square miles, while in the issue of 1895 the same country is credited with an area of 109,000. No treaty is cited to account for this increase of 33,000 square miles. This seems to the Pathfinder a matter for scientific investigation. Of the increase of species there is definite knowledge, but the matter of territorial multiplication is anomalous, in fact without explanation, unless it be due to alluvial deposits along the coast.

The New York Herald says that "the cable despatch of congratulation addressed by the Emperor William to President Krueger, of the Transvaal Republic, which is worded in the customary phraseology of messages from one Chief of State to another, is an historic document of far greater importance than it appears at the first glance. It is the recognition of the absolute independence of the Transvaal Republic and a repudiation of the rights of suzerainty which England claims to exercise over the South African Republic by virtue of the convention of 1884, which provides that the South African Republic shall conclude no treaty or engagement with any State or Nation other than the Orange Free State, nor with any native tribe to the eastward or westward of the Republic, unless the same has been approved by Her Majesty the Queen. This passage is the sole foundation for England's claim to suzerain rights over the Boers, which is now denied in the German Emperor's message, issued after calm deliberation in council with his Imperial Chancellor and with his Ministers of Foreign Affairs and of the Navy."

The Atlanta Journal says that "Georgia is to have another immense colony of Northern and Western settlers, if the plans of four gentlemen who are now in this State materialize. The names of the members of the party are: Messrs. W. W. Taggart, of Breckinridge, Minn., who is in the last Legislature; C. H. Fairall, of West Branch, Iowa, and a brother of Judge Fairall, of that State; John J. Gamble, of West Branch, Iowa, and A. E. Sansburn, of Breckinridge, Minn. These gentlemen, who are all well known in their localities as business and professional men of high rank, have been in nearly all of the States of the South prospecting for suitable lands on which to establish the colony which they have in mind. They have about concluded to negotiate for a tract of 80,000 acres in the southern part of this State, having been more impressed with Georgia than with any other State in this section. It is their purpose to secure this land and divide it into lots of farms, which will be sold or rented, at the choice of the settler. The movement which started some time ago and culminated in the great Fitzgerald colony in Irwin County, has caused a current of interest in the South awakened throughout the North—strong desire on the part of people to come to this section. The winters are so severe in the Northwest that the people are growing tired of the country."

THE "OUT-OF-DATE" COUPLE.

We are "so out of date," they say, Ned and I;
We love in an old-fashioned way,
Long since gone by.
He says I am his helpmate true
In everything;
And I—well, I will own to you
He is my king.
We met in no romantic way
'Twixt "glow and gloom;"
He wooed me on a winter day,
And in—a room;
Yet, through life's hours of stress and storm,
When griefs befall,
Love kept our small home corner warm,
And all was well.
Ned thinks no woman like his wife—
But let that pass;
Perhaps we view the old life
Through roseate glass;
Even if the prospects be not bright,
We hold it true
The heaviest burdens may grow light
When shared by two.
Upon the gilded scroll of fame,
Emblazoned fair,
We do not hope to read the name
Of Ned and I.

I proudly bear;
But, happy in their even flow,
The years glide by;
We are behind the times we know—
Ned and I.
—E. Matherson, in Chambers's Journal.

THE POOR DUCHESS.

It was really very hard on the poor Duchess, especially after all the toil and labor she had so grudgingly expended on her unattractive progeny. Her lot had always been hard enough even since she had been a Duchess; ever before her wedding cake had grown stale she had been coping with difficulties, brutal difficulties which required all her strength of mind to face; and now, when a good share of those difficulties were laid to rest with her husband, the late Duke, in the family vault at Longlands; now, when she had just managed to retrieve the shattered dual fortune by bringing off the engagement of her ugly, discolored son, the present Duke, to Claudia Putnam, the richest American heiress of the season, now for this blow to fall upon her, it was really too bad. The only balm to her anguish was that it had fallen at Longlands, in the wilds of Yorkshire, and that the whole thing might be hushed up and hustled into oblivion without any one being any the wiser. She had gone to Longland to recruit after her superhuman expenditure of energy during the London season; her only guest was Claudia Putnam, her son's fiancée, with whom she was busy planning alterations and renovations for the new regime.

But the moment was robbed of all its savor by this horrible catastrophe; this—what else could she call it?—this drivelling idiocy of the least plain and most hopeful of her six ungainly daughters. She would have kept the hateful story entirely to herself if she could, but her heart was too full for silence, besides Claudia had her fair share of Yankee shrewdness—she might suggest a brilliant solution of the problem—so, as they sat over a cup of tea in her boudoir, the Duchess opened her new trouble to her future daughter-in-law.

"I'm afraid, Claudia, dear," she began, "that we are going to have serious trouble with Henrietta." Claudia was very fond of the Duchess, so she tried to look sympathetic, though with Lady Henrietta, who was wrapped up in parish work, who wore impossible clothes and did her hair grotesquely, she had no sympathy whatever.

"Dear me!" she replied, "I'm sorry to hear it; I hope she's not sick."

"Sick!" repeated the Duchess, "I wish she were, or anything half so sensible. The fact is, she has been and got herself entangled in a most unbecoming love affair."

Miss Putnam opened her blue eyes very wide, and set down her teacup with a jerk. "My!" she exclaimed, "and who on earth has been making love to Henrietta?"

The Duchess lowered her voice. "My dear," she said, impressively, "it is Mr. Gibson, the curate. She vows she will marry him; isn't it awful?"

"Rather awful for the curate," thought Claudia to herself; aloud she said: "Have I ever met Mr. Gibson?"

"Certainly not, dear. We do not invite him here. He's not a gentleman."

"I'm dashed if I can imagine what he sees in Henrietta. She ain't pretty; t'other way about, rather; she's got no money, and she's years older than he is. I'm dashed if I'd marry a woman like Henrietta, even if I was a saddler's son. I'm dashed if I could even feel spoozy on her."

Miss Putnam looked at him. She was going to marry a man very like Henrietta, and she did not feel very spoozy on him. She had accepted him for sundry reasons, love being by no means the first or foremost.

"He must be an awfully susceptible chap," went on His Grace, "to lose his heart to a girl like Henrietta. And he's so obstinate, too, about it; seems as if he really cared about her. I thought, perhaps, it was mostly ambition—her title and that sort of thing, you know—and I've offered him all my influence in the way of a leg-up to preferment, but he won't hear of it. Fanny thing, isn't it? Now, if it had been a girl like you, Claudia—"

"Duchess," cried Miss Putnam, suddenly interrupting her lover, "I have an inspiration. You just send Henrietta away. She can go to Jericho, or anywhere else, for a month or so, and when she comes back the engagement will be broken off. I'll manage it."

She wouldn't answer any questions. She said she thought she understood the exact lay of the land. They might leave it all to her. So to her it was left, and the next day Lady Henrietta was packed off to a married cousin in South Wales.

The following day, at Lady Henrietta's customary hour, Miss Putnam walked into the village schoolroom. She wore a dainty blue cambric frock, which fitted her as no frock in Henrietta's lifetime had ever fitted her. The little boys and girls opened their eyes wide to look at her, so did the school mistress, and so did Mr. Gibson, the curate, who was hearing the whole school in his church catechism.

"Good morning," said Miss Putnam, sweetly. "I am staying at the Towers. I have come in Lady Henrietta's place this morning. She has gone away for a few weeks, and she would like you all to know it."

She looked around the room as she said it, and finally fixed her eyes on the curate's frank, simple face.

"I hope," he began hesitatingly, "that Lady Henrietta is not ill. This absence is so un-forgotten."

"Guess not," said Miss Putnam. "She isn't ill, she never was better in her life, but the Duchess thinks a change will do her a world of good."

"Her Grace is very cruel," murmured the curate. "I beg your pardon?" said Claudia, blandly.

"I was about to say," resumed the curate, turning to the expectant children, "that as her Ladyship is unable to come this morning, you will be deprived of the interesting object-lesson she generally gives you. I'm sure you will all be very sorry."

"Oh, they shan't miss their object-lesson," said Claudia, still more blandly. "I've promised Lady Henrietta to give it to them for her."

The curate had been in the habit of staying for Lady Henrietta's object-lesson—to keep order for her, he would have said had the Duchess questioned him. So he stayed to keep order for Claudia, which was quite superfluous, for if her manner of administering instruction was not of a nature to keep the attention of restless children, there were her fascinating gown and her pretty trinkets, not to speak of the charm of her face, to hold her audience spellbound. And when the lesson was over he had got into the way of walking with her Ladyship along the school lane and through the park. He escorted Miss Putnam to-day, because he wanted to ask how long his liege Lady's banishment was to last.

"I don't know," was Miss Putnam's reply. "I suppose she won't come back till the Duchess chooses."

"The children will miss her sadly," moaned the curate.

"Guess she must make it up to them," said Claudia, graciously; "I've promised Henrietta to stand as much in the gap as possible."

He gave her a grateful look. "When shall I come and give another object-lesson?" she went on. "To-morrow?"

"Oh, no," said the curate; "to-morrow's geography day. Her ladyship always gives a geography lesson on Thursday."

So Claudia put on another bewitching frock, varied her trinkets and did her best with a geography lesson on Thursday. On Friday she wrestled with sums, and by degrees she learned the whole school routine. She also visited, under Mr. Gibson's escort, one or two of Henrietta's old women, who, he thought, would feel themselves neglected in her absence.

Her fiancé laughed at her. "I see what you are up to," he said; "of course, it's a clever move, but it's rather rough on a susceptible lass like Gibson."

"Why do you call him an ass?" asked Miss Putnam sharply, "because his father is a saddler?"

"It's a splendid opportunity for you to make yourself popular in the parish, dear," said the Duchess. "Of course, when you are mistress here, you will like to be popular among the people."

And Lady Henrietta was still in banishment in South Wales. Finally, Miss Putnam's stay at Longlands came to a rather unsatisfactory end, for she went away to London leaving the wedding day unfixed and the hangings for the new drawing room unchosen.

The day after her departure there were two letters for the Duchess, one from the curate, the other from Miss Putnam. She opened the former first, because she felt more curious as to its contents.

"Madam," it ran, "although Your Grace did not seriously entertain my proposal for the hand of Lady Henrietta, I feel myself in honor bound to let you know that my eyes have been opened to the folly and unsuitability of the marriage for which I would fain have had your sanction. I have written to Lady Henrietta explaining, as far as I can, the folly of our past, and begging her to forgive me if she is in any way a sufferer by my mistake. I am leaving Longlands at once, therefore the embarrassment of any further meeting will be avoided. Yours faithfully, W. GIBSON."

The Duchess heaved a sigh of intense relief. This was Claudia's doing. Claudia was a right down clever girl. She had certainly spent a great deal of time in treading in Henrietta's footsteps, but she had not seriously entertained my proposal for the hand of Lady Henrietta, I feel myself in honor bound to let you know that my eyes have been opened to the folly and unsuitability of the marriage for which I would fain have had your sanction. I have written to Lady Henrietta explaining, as far as I can, the folly of our past, and begging her to forgive me if she is in any way a sufferer by my mistake. I am leaving Longlands at once, therefore the embarrassment of any further meeting will be avoided. Yours faithfully, W. GIBSON."

"My dear Duchess," she read, and with each succeeding line her dismayed astonishment increased; "I'm glad I came to stay at Longlands before I took the irrevocable step to the altar. I don't want to say anything nasty or mean, but, really, I never did care about the Duke; I only accepted him because I thought you'd make up your mind to have me for a daughter-in-law. I should have made him perfectly miserable if I had married him. Mr. Gibson finds that he made a great mistake in thinking he cared for Henrietta. He explained it all to me, and I am quite satisfied. He and I are going to be married before long. I shan't have a saddler for a father-in-law. Yours always, CLAUDIA PUTNAM."

The Duchess threw the letter across the table to her son. "Read that, Southdown," she said; "we've got Henrietta out of her scrape most splendidly."

It really was too hard on the poor Duchess.—St. Paul's.

A Victim of Reform.

For twenty years an old clerk in the appraisers' building had worked in the same little room. In all that time the single window which was intended to light the room had never been cleaned or opened, and was covered with cobwebs and dust. For twenty years the old clerk had worked by artificial light and the walls that were once white had turned black and grimy.

During all the twenty years the floor was never swept and the door was never opened except to let the old clerk in or out. For twenty years the old clerk worked away at his desk, smoking an old pipe almost continuously, but he would never let a speck of the old dust or so much as a breath of the moldy and fetid air escape from the room.

For twenty years the old man worked in that room and he never sick a day. A short time ago Collector Wise ordered the window cleaned, the place swept out, the walls whitened, the old furniture removed and new substituted, and gave the old place a general overhauling. A ventilator was put in the window and the transom was propped open, so the room was well aired and lighted.

The old clerk sneezed all day when he went back and sat in the fresh air, and the light hurt his eyes so that he had to go over and buy a stronger pair of glasses.

On the third day he took his bed, and he never before he was out. Since then he has not been well a day, and he is begging the Collector to stop up the ventilator, close the transom and put a shade over the window.—San Francisco Post.

Lodging in a Rope House.

The latest addition to the curiosities of St. Louis is what Secretary Saunders of the election commission calls a rope house. It is a combination saloon and hotel at Levee and Spruce streets, kept by a man named Peterson.

Across the room the proprietor has a rope stretched tautly, and in front of it and parallel with it is a row of ordinary wooden chairs. Every chair, upon payment of five cents, is given a chair and is allowed to sleep with his head resting upon the rope.

They are allowed to sleep until 6 o'clock in morning. Promptly at that time the bartender is required to see that every lodger is awakened and made to move on.

This is accomplished by striking one end of the rope with a bung starter. The blows have pretty much the same effect as striking the sleeping boarders on the head with a billy, and they generally move on.

If this fails, one end of the rope is unfastened and the remaining sleepers are allowed to fall sprawling on the floor.—Chicago Tribune.

A Rare Copper Coin.

Fred D. McDonald, a druggist, of Kennett Square, has just sold an old copper coin for \$200. The coin is very rare. It is of the date of 1783, and on one side has the bust of Washington and the words "Washington and Liberty," and on the other "one cent." He took the coin in trade at his store for its face value, one cent.—Philadelphia Record.

Scarcity of Cuban Cedar.

There is said to be a scarcity of Cuban cedar for cigar boxes since the outbreak of the revolution in that country. A good substitute, and one often used, however, is lumber wood, which is dyed in the popular color.

WHY JOHN BULL IS REJOICING.



John Bull—"Well done, Bradford. One year's Yankee Free Trade has done over \$17,500,000 better for you than their blarsted Protection. If Grover hain't gone back on us haltogether, and don't sign their—New Tariff Bill, you'll 'ave this snap for two years more."

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

SECRETARY MORTON'S ANNUAL REPORT CAREFULLY REVIEWED.

Capture of the Markets of the World Signally Failed—Foreigners Only Buy Our Farm Products at Cheap Prices—Conditions, Not Theories, Confront Farmers.

It was with relief that we received the annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture for 1895. Having hunted in vain, month after month, through our statistics of exports for some indication of the capture of the markets of the world by American farmers, we felt sure that comfort could be gleaned from Secretary Morton's report. We gather the following facts:

During the 1895 fiscal year there was a decrease in our exports of cattle of 39,236 head as compared with 1894. On the other hand we imported 63,716 head of cattle from Mexico. But the wonderful stimulus given to our wool growing industry is shown in our exports of 350,808 head of sheep, an increase of 300 per cent. over 1894, when only 85,809 were shipped abroad.

Concerning the foreign markets for American meat products, Mr. Morton says that "prices for bacon averaged considerably lower during the year 1895 than in the year 1894." Though there was "a very considerable advance in the price of bacon" in the British market in the summer, "United States bacon did not participate to any appreciable extent in the general advance."

During seven months of the year we sold 15,680,000 pounds more of bacon, but received \$1,000,000 less money for it. It is with bacon as with other of our farm products, the markets of the world are willing to take them when they need them, not when we want to sell them; and at their price, not our price. Of our live stock trade in the British market Mr. Morton says:

"Up to the present year the United States and Canada have had an unquestioned monopoly in the supply of imported live cattle to the British people; but now there is vigorous and growing competition from Argentina, and also insipient competition from Australia."

Evidently this market of the world cannot be maintained for us, as other countries are trying to effect its capture. Again it is said that "shipments of chilled beef from the United States fell off during the first eight months of the present year 11,000,000 pounds." Of our cheese we learn that: "Throughout the year United States cheese has commanded the minimum figure upon the English market. We also shipped to England, in eight months, nearly 117,000 cwt. less than in the 1894 period. We supply that market of the world with only one per cent. of its total imports of butter. There is a great market for eggs in England, that country paying \$12,380,917 for foreign eggs in a year. But the money goes to Russia, Denmark, Germany, Belgium, France and Canada. The United States gets none of it."

Farmers can, during the winter months, reflect upon the importance of these captures of the markets of the world, to which our free trade Secretary of Agriculture has drawn their attention.

English Farm Failures.

English farmers once tried an export bounty. Next they tried free trade, and, finally, they have come to the policy of protection to save themselves from utter ruin and annihilation. This is a lesson to American farmers.

With Bradford's Best Wishes. May your Christmas be unmentionably happy, and your New Year's one of unchecked prosperity.

No Breeches of Delight and Love, Tho' Life may you e'er see, But, where you go, may Fortune strew Unmentionable glee.

May Joy and Peace, that never cease, On you be always "spooned." And Care and Doubt be both Played Off Like Cat and Pantaloons.

What a shame and insult to American labor, when the exports of shoddy made goods from England alone during the last eleven months of this year reached following gigantic figures:

	1894.	1895.
Woolen and worsted	419,552	432,816
Yarns	9,778	142,787
Woolen tissues	207,173	1,386,607
Worsted tissues	1,031,434	4,433,055
Increase	41,418,990	45,415,325

BRADFORD, ENG., DECEMBER 21, 1895.

A "Robber Baron" Bill.

The publication of the October import and export statement was a little late, no doubt owing to the pressure of work at the Government printing office when it is issuing the departmental annual reports. However, it is just as interesting as ever. It enables us to compare the effect of the new tariff in helping our agricultural and manufactured products to capture the markets of the world. Taking the first ten months of each of the years given, we have the following:

TEN MONTHS' EXPORTS TO OCTOBER 31.			
Products.	1891.	1892.	1893.
Ag'l. Prod.	\$538,527,849	\$566,438,546	\$416,463,438
Man'fd.	141,088,716	125,159,207	161,572,481

Under the McKinley tariff our agricultural exports grew larger, being worth \$28,000,000 more in the 1892 than in the 1891 months. Our manufactured exports declined by \$16,000,000. The McKinley tariff did not help manufacturers to capture the markets of the world; it gave them the home market. What the Gorman tariff has done for the farmers is to shut them out of the markets of the world to the extent of \$150,000,000, in ten months, as compared with 1892. And it has not increased the home market for farm products. But it has helped manufacturers to sell \$40,000,000 worth more of their goods abroad, by cheapening labor which forms the bulk of the cost of production. The Gorman tariff is a regular "Robber Baron" bill.

Japan Injures Manchester.

The cotton industry continues to boom abroad and starve at home. The latest Shanghai mail advices say that three cotton mills are being proceeded with with all dispatch, egged on by the rumor that one of the leading Japanese companies had decided to erect a mill at Shanghai to run 20,000 spindles. By next May it is expected that all four mills will be running. On our side the announcements are of mills stopping.—The Textile Mercury, England.

Exports of Domestic Products.

	Harrison, 1890-93, annual average.	Cleveland, 1894-95, annual average.	Annual excess for Harrison
	\$891,081,727	\$81,305,588	\$59,776,139

Chinese Wool Competition.

Ten months ending Oct. 31.	Pounds.	Value.	Price per pound.
1894	13,201,168	\$942,936	7-10 cents
1895	18,188,774	1,158,381	6-5 cents

The foregoing figures represent the extent of a new competitor to American wool. Last year in ten months we imported 13,201,168 pounds of wool from China. This year the quantity had increased to 18,188,774 pounds. The shrinkage of this wool is light, less than forty per cent. in scouring, hence last year's imports took the place of 22,000,000 pounds of American wool. The price of this wool, 7-10 cents per pound in 1894, has fallen to 6-5 cents this year. This indicates that American sheep raisers must hereafter be prepared to meet Chinese wool competition on the basis of six to seven cents per pound. There is no theory about this. It is a plain, straight condition that exists, condition that confronts American wool growers.

Tariff for Revenue Results.

If the Gorman tariff were intended as a revenue measure, it was framed by men who were ignorant of the duty that they undertook. In almost every instance where the rate of duty has been lowered, the effect has been to diminish the amount of revenue while, in most instances, increasing the quantity of the goods imported. It must be patent to everybody, even to the free traders themselves and to those "placid old fogies" who constitute the Tariff Reform Club, that a tariff cannot be "reformed" in the direction of free trade without creating a deficiency in the revenue of the Government, unless money be provided by some mode of direct taxation upon the people. This must be done in a manner that is not unconstitutional. The customs revenue for the 1895 fiscal year was \$25,000,000 less than for 1892 and \$50,000,000 less than in 1893. This renders it imperative upon the House of Representatives to pass a bill that will cover the deficiency.

A Word From the West.

The safety of our American institutions against foreign invasion lies not only in a patriotic citizenship which at a moment's notice would create a volunteer army of defense, but it also consists in the great natural resources we enjoy. Destroy the wool industry and what would be the result in case of a foreign war, with our ports blockaded and dependent upon foreign wool to clothe our army and our people? This is, in my opinion, one of the strongest reasons for protecting and fostering the productions of wool.—J. W. Babcock, M. C. from Wisconsin.

Free Trade Flocks.

In June, 1895, English farmers carried 4,500,000 head of cattle. Three years before the same farmers owned 5,000,000 head. Thus a decline of ten per cent. is shown in thirty-six months. In 1895 there were about 30,000,000 sheep in Great Britain. The falling off in English flocks during the last few years has been very marked.—Annual Report of the Secretary of Agriculture.

Women May Practice Law.

The Bar Association of Pittsburgh, Penn., decided to permit women to practice law. A resolution to exclude women from practicing law was overwhelmingly defeated after a spirited discussion of nearly two hours, at one of the largest meetings ever held by the association.

Chinese Expelled From Nicaragua. Shiploads of Chinamen have been expelled from Nicaragua as fleeing to the Bahamas of Panama.