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MY SHIPS THAT WENT TO SEA.

One after one they slipped the stocks
And one by one they sailed;
Slow creaked the heavy tackle blocks
And low the pennants trailed,
As out beyond the restless tide
Fast ebbing—far to lee—
They drifted o'er the ocean wide
My ships that went to sea.

Adown the long horizon's rim,
I watched them as they passed,
Until within the distance dim
They faded out at last;
As happy birds, that seek the skies
When first from cage set free,
So disappeared before mine eyes
My ships that went to sea.

And other ships have come and gone
Since my ships sailed away,
And many a year in dusk and dawn
And many a night and day—
Full off the grass has shimmered green
And budded flower and tree,
But since that hour none have been
My ships that went to sea.

And yet—and yet—within my dreams
Shows every mast and rope
And sweetly on my farewell gleams
The smiling face of Hope;
My slumbering fancies grope afar—
Through visions not to be,
I see them cross the harbor bar
My ships that went to sea.

Ah, nevermore! Nay, nevermore!
Shall I such gladness feel,
For on some storm-stricken rocky shore,
Lies every shattered keel;
And still, defying all that Fate
Has brought or keeps for me,
Upon the moaning sands I wait
My ships that went to sea.

—Ernest McGaffey, in *Chicago Herald*.

THE NEW BONNET.

"A subscription for the children's picnic, eh?" said Mr. Poland, cheerfully, fitting on his spectacles, as he sat on the front porch with Neighbor Dutton's copy of the latest *Clarion of Freedom* on his knee. "Wal, wal! I s'pose I must give suthing, even if I hain't no children attendin' the Sabbath school. I was a little shaver once myself, and I'd 'a took powerful to a day in the woods, with root beer and apple-turnovers. How much d'ye want now—a dollar?"

The lank young superintendent's face brightened.

Such a cheerful admission of his claims was the exception, not the rule, in Spiceberry Center.

"You are very kind," said he.

"And I guess," added Mr. Poland, "that mebbe Hannah 'll have a little help for you. She's had pretty good luck with her eggs and butter money of late, and Hannah never was one of the stingy kind. Hannah! I say, Hannah!"

But there was no response from the kitchen, where, a minute or two before, the clink of dishwashing had made its merry, castanet-like sound.

"Wal, that's queer," said Mr. Poland. "I thought as much as could be she was there. But she ain't. Guess she must 'a stepped over to see a neighbor."

So Mr. Perkins went on his way without being enriched by any of the "egg and butter money."

"Just like father!" said Hannah, with a toss of the head, as she stood well back behind the buttry door. "As if I'd been saving for a new bonnet all these weeks, to throw away my money on the children's picnic."

And she went back to her dishwashing with renewed vigor, as the Superintendent's not particularly elastic footfalls sounded down the dusty road.

Mr. Poland leaned forward, and stared between two trails of hop-vines into the kitchen.

"Didn't know you were there," said he.

Hannah colored.

"I've been to see about going to the city this afternoon, pa," said she, "with Amanda Troll. I've a little shopping to do."

This was the truth, though not the whole truth. It was fully half an hour since she had settled with Amanda Troll to call for her at two o'clock in the rusty leather topped Troll buggy, which she fancied would be more stylish than their own mud-bespattered open wagon.

Hannah Poland never had owned that vision of delight at a "store-bonnet." And she had arrived at the age when a straw-shape purchased at Mrs. Dilworth's village emporium, and trimmed with her own selection of cheap ribbons, had lost its charms.

"What would you get?" she asked Amanda Troll, "if it was you?"

The two girls were standing together in the city millinery, with a goodly variety of gay headgear spread out on the counter before them, and an elegant young woman, with her hair frizzed into an auburn aureole, and two imitation diamond rings on her finger, awaiting their commands, with the regulation singer.

"Brown is awful dull for a young lady," said Miss Troll. "I'd get pink if I was you, Hannah, or blue."

"Pink, to be sure," said the frizzed one. "Here is the very idea—rose-colored tulle shirred, with a bunch of rose-buds, and a humming bird just hovering above them. A real Paris fancy, and just reduced to ten dollars, from fourteen."

"Ten dollars!"

Poor Hannah had but eight at her command at the utmost. She whispered this fact to Miss Troll, with her eyes glued on the rose-colored tulle.

"I'll lend you the other two," Amanda whispered back. "It's a pity to lose such a bargain. Just think how it'll outshine all the other bonnets at church next Sunday."

"Shall I try it on?" said the frizzed dandy, as she lightly adjusted the hat on her own head. "You can form some idea of its general style by that."

The saleslady had bright tresses and a delicate stay-in-doors sort of complexion. Hannah Poland was sunburned and freckled, with colorless hair like dry grass, which uplifted itself at the parting in a genuine "cowlick." But neither she nor Miss Troll took these little inconsistencies into account.

"Lovely!" Hannah cried, ecstatically. "The prettiest hat I ever saw!" declared Amanda Troll.

"But won't pa think it rather gay?" whispered Hannah.

"He ain't going to wear it," said Amanda. And pink is Frank Bond's favorite color, you know."

This decided the question. The bonnet was purchased, packed into a paper box and safely bestowed under the buggy seat.

Hannah Poland went home half-frightened, half-delighted, with the bargain she had made. But she was thankful that on their return it was twilight enough for her to smuggle the bonnet, unscanned, into her own room, while she satisfied her father's curiosity with a sight of some calico she had purchased, a few yards of ribbon, a wide-brimmed straw hat for the old gentleman's own use, and half a dozen palm-leaf fans.

"But you didn't spend all your money on this?" said Mr. Poland, checking up the sums on his fingers.

"No—I bought a bonnet."

"How much ye give for it?"

"Six dollars."

The truth again, but not the whole truth.

"Six dollars! Whew! Your ma never give that for a bonnet in her life."

"Things cost more now, pa."

"Wal, you must be awful savin' of it, that's all. Then there's two dollars left. Guess you'd better send that to old Aunt Betsey up at Three Big Pines. We ain't done much for her this year, and she was your ma's own aunt. Will you write to her, or shall I?"

"I'll write, pa," said Hannah, with a sinking heart.

She was already beginning to repent of her bargain in bonnets.

She repented still more that night when before her cheap little pine-framed mirror she tried on the new treasure. In itself it was undoubtedly very pretty; but the delicate color seemed to accentuate every freckle, every patch of sunburn, every separate hair in the cowlick.

"I look like the owl that Peter Hibbard caught last week," she muttered to herself. "But perhaps if I used a little pomatum, and washed my face in butter-milk every night until Sunday—"

And she put away the new bonnet with a sigh.

"The Bismarck brown with the gilt quills would have been far more becoming," she thought. "I wonder if they would exchange it?"

Mr. Perkins called the next day to see if Miss Poland would contribute anything for the children's picnic, and with burning cheeks and heart throbbing with secret mortification, Hannah was obliged to decline.

"I know he thinks me mean and stingy," thought she, "but what am I to do?"

Amanda Troll was the next visitor.

"Oh, Hannah," said she, "could you make it convenient to let me have that two dollars I lent you? I've a chance to buy a silk cape real cheap—all jetted, you know, such as Mrs. Deacon Wales wears—and I'm a little short of money." Hannah turned first red, then pale.

"If you could take it out in eggs—"

she began.

"Eggs, indeed! Who wants eggs?" said Amanda, crossly. "When I lent you that money I expected you to be ready to repay it when I asked for it. However, I dare say your father—"

"Oh, don't say a word about it to pa!" cried Hannah.

And she went to a little table drawer, where she knew that Mr. Poland kept his money, took out a two-dollar bill and handed it silently to Amanda.

"I'll replace it when Mrs. Willett pays me for that butter," she thought. "It's only a loan."

At sight of the cash payment Amanda regained her equipoise and smiled again.

"Have you heard the news?" said she.

"No. What news?"

"Frank Bond is engaged to Kitty Pell."

Hannah felt herself grow scarlet to the very roots of the redoubtable cowlick. How she hated herself for that dreadful habit of blushing at the wrong time!

"I—I hope they'll be happy," stammered she, and Amanda secretly chuckled to herself.

"Then it's true," she thought. "Hannah Poland was dead in love with Mr. Bond. As if he would ever have given a second thought to such a coarse, plain girl as she is!"

Poor Hannah! She had had her day-dreams, and many was the scalding tear that dropped into the milk pan of currants that she was stemming to make jelly that day.

She went over to Mrs. Willett to ask for the butter money as soon as the currant jelly was strained through the flannel bag. Mrs. Willett, however, like many another boarding house keeper, was short of resources.

"I can't pay ye, Hanner, till my city family pays me," said she. "And what's more, I don't like to be dunned, neither. P'raps on Friday or Saturday—"

And with that, Hannah was forced to be content.

On Sunday morning, she dressed for church in her best white gown, neatly laundered by her own hands, and went to take out the pink tulle hat with the humming-bird.

But, to her dismay, the closet door had been left open—she had not replaced the lid on the bandbox; and there, in the very centre of the rosebuds and tulle trifles, lay the old gray cat with a family of three downy kittens!

Hannah went to church dispirited and sad, in her old straw hat, with its faded yellow daisies and dyed strings.

Her father stared at her as she climbed into the wagon.

"I thought you had bought a new bonnet," said he.

"The—the old cat has made a nest of it," faltered poor Hannah, with tears in her voice.

"Wal, I declare!" said Mr. Poland.

That afternoon, of all afternoons, he saw fit to count over the money he had been saving to pay the interest on a mortgage which had brooded on the farm for full ten years.

"The Bond family are dreadful punctual," he said to himself. "And it won't do not to be prepared."

When Hannah came in from church, she saw her father sitting at the table with a pale, stern face.

"Hannah," said he, "I shall have to send Billy away."

"Billy" was the farm-boy, who had been recently hired—a bright, willing little fellow, the only support of his mother, who was a widow and rheumatic. He was an especial favorite with Hannah. She looked aghast.

"Why, father," said she, "I thought you liked Billy."

"So I did, Hannah—so I did! But here's two dollars gone outen my interest money. Gone! And if Billy hain't took it, who has?"

Hannah sank limply into a chair and hid her face in her hands.

"I took it, father," she sobbed.

And then and there she confessed to him the whole story of her folly.

Farmer Poland was a kind old soul, and he remembered that Hannah was young and motherless.

"Don't fret, daughter, don't fret," said he. "It's one step wrong, but it can be undone. Only mind and be more careful next time. Hush! there's young Mr. Bond comin' up the path. Run and wash your face and slick your hair."

And presently, flushed and agitated, poor Hannah came down stairs to meet Frank Bond.

He's come to take you buggy-ridin', Hannah," said her father. "I guess ye can go—eh?"

"I've come to tell you some news, Hannah," said young Bond, when they were well out into the breezy roads.

"I know it already," said Hannah, faintly, wondering if she were to be asked to officiate as one of the bridesmaids. "Kitty Pell—"

"Exactly, and since there's to be one wedding in the family, why shouldn't there be two?"

"I don't understand you."

"Why, if my brother Joe marries Kitty Pell, why shouldn't I marry Hannah Poland—that is, if she will have me?" cried Bond, gaily.

Hannah started, her colorless eyes glowed, her whole face seemed to brighten into actual beauty.

"Oh, Frank!" she exclaimed.

"Then it is 'yes,' Hannah?"

And strange to say, Hannah began to cry.

"Only to think," said Farmer Poland, "that my little gal should make the best match in Spiceberry Centre! One of Squire Bond's sons! But I will say he ain't none too good for her. No one could be that!"

And Hannah trimmed her own wedding-bonnet, a pretty split-straw, with loops of white watered ribbon and clematis wreaths. And Amanda Troll, eyeing it keenly, whispered to Rose Forester, who sat next to her:

"I'll bet a quarter that hat came all the way from New York! There's a kink to it that Bridgeport hats don't have."—*Saturday Night*.

A Child-Faced Rat.

A singular freak of nature is on exhibition at the rooms of the Natural History Club, in Houston, Texas. It was brought in yesterday by a German family named Schweinfeldt, living in the suburbs of this city, who tell the following remarkable story in connection with the strange creature:

A few months ago they were aroused one night by a shrill scream of pain from their year-old baby. Rushing to the cradle nothing was seen of heard, but the next morning, while bathing the child, the mother observed two red spots on the arm near the brachial artery, looking as if they had been punctured by a needle. The arm swelled a good deal and was still very sore. In about a week the baby was found dead in its cradle and bathed in blood. The jugular vein had been bitten through.

The physician who was called in, on seeing the small but fatal wound, which consisted of a hole the size of a darning needle might have made, and hearing the history of the swelled arm, immediately said that both bites had been inflicted by a rat.

After the baby's burial the Schweinfeldts naturally determined to rid their house of the dangerous rodents, and consequently traps of every fashion were placed about. Many were caught and drowned. One night, several months after the death of the baby, a rat was heard running about its narrow prison, and simultaneously the crying of a child was heard near by. The head of the family procuring a light, rushed to the place whence the cries seemed to come. To his astonishment it proceeded from the rat-trap, in which could be seen one of those animals.

Taking up the trap he examined the rat closely and was further amazed to find that the creature's face strongly resembled that of a human being, while yet it retained the characteristics of a rat. It cried piteously and so much like a hurt child as to be easily mistaken for one when out of sight.

It is this rat which is now on exhibition at the Natural History Club's Rooms. Its eyes are somewhat larger and more human-looking and have more distinctive lids than are usual. The nose, however, is the most remarkable feature, being decidedly marked and prominent, with swelling nostrils. The mouth is small and has unmistakable lips, but the teeth are long, keen and rat-like. The feet show a slight resemblance to the human hand, although the nails are curved like claws.

Dr. Pinning, President of the Natural History Club, and a noted naturalist, agrees with the Schweinfeldts in thinking this must be the offspring of the rat that killed the baby, and the phenomenon is due to her milk being formed from the child's blood which she sucked.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Li Hung Chang, Prime Minister of China, has accepted control of the railways in the North of China, and it is proposed that Chang Chi Tung shall have control in the south. It is stated that tenders will soon be invited for the construction of a railway from Peking to Hankow. The Chinese Government appears to mean business.

St. Louis proposes to celebrate April 30, 1903, the 100th anniversary of the purchase of Louisiana, which was accomplished by Thomas Jefferson.

CURIOUS FACTS.

In Africa they ride ostriches as we do horses.

The Sandwich Islands alphabet has twelve letters.

A dog down in Piedmont, W. Va., has two tails, and he wags them in different directions.

At the funeral of a young man named Rice, at Shamokin, Penn., four young ladies were the pall-bearers.

Greenlanders bury with a child a dog to guide it in the other world, saying: A dog can find his way anywhere.

A ram recently sheared at Metamora, Mich., yielded thirty-eight and one-quarter pounds of wool on one clip.

Blankets are said to have been first made at Bristol, England, in the fourteenth century, by Thomas Blanket.

Celery is said to have been introduced from England in 1704. From England it later found its way to this country.

The vicinity of Black Rock, a short distance below Buffalo, N. Y., was the scene of stirring events in the war of 1812-15.

The heart sends nearly ten pounds of blood through the veins and arteries each beat, and makes four beats while we breathe once.

Robert Fulton built the Clermont. It was the first steam propelled vessel to make regular trips. The date of its construction in 1807.

It is said that if you saw off the tips of a goat's hoof you may keep him how and where you please. Otherwise you will keep him where he pleases.

Among the curious things exhibited at the Royal Society's conversation in London the other evening was a tail of a Japanese barndoor cock eleven feet long.

There are in New York 3658 men, women and children, who are professional beggars, liars, hypocrites and deceivers, and the average income of each one is \$5 per week.

Peter Anderson, a Wisconsin man, has hair that fluffs out from his head like wool, ten inches thick, so that he has to wear in lieu of a hat a silk turban, with an elastic band at the mouth.

A gorilla in the Bombay (India) zoological gardens takes a bar of iron two inches thick and bends it nearly double in his hands, and with one bite of his teeth he shivers a mahogany knot into match wood.

Simon Gratz and Ferdinand J. Dreer own the largest and most valuable collections of autographs in the country. They are Philadelphians. Mr. Gratz's collection is worth \$50,000 and Mr. Dreer's three times as much.

A man who lives near Platt, Sullivan County, Penn., claims to have a scheme whereby he can manufacture shoes with movable soles, so that when one sole wears out the old one can be replaced with a new one without any trouble.

William Mooney, of West Pike, Potter County, Penn., has a peculiar head of hair. When a storm approaches every hair in his head stands out straight, and as he wears his hair very long he is quite a ridiculous sight. On that account he never leaves the house when it is cloudy.

Into a Burning Mine in Divers' Suits.

The unique experiment of sending down divers in sub-marine armor to locate the fire in the Idaho mine, near Grass Valley, Col., and to find the bodies of the two miners who perished, has proved a failure. The men descended in ordinary clothing to the 700-foot level, where they put on divers' suits. Hundreds were at the mine watching the rope as it slowly uncoiled with the load of living freight. There were frequent stops, and at each signal the watchers became more anxious. When the cage got below the 900-foot level three sharp bells were sounded as a signal to hoist. It was then known something was the matter. The cage was brought to the surface.

The men had got below the 900-foot level, when the heat became so intense human life could not exist, and the adventurers were compelled to retreat. The helmets became hot and the rubber gossamer began to melt at the wrists. While the divers were down the shaft, between the 900 and 1000-foot level, they both got a whiff of gas in their helmets. This happened to both at the same time. How the gas got in they cannot tell. This compelled them to send the signal to be hoisted up.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

A project for extending the irrigated areas of Egypt by 250,000 square miles is being considered. It will give employment to many thousands of people.

FUN.

Two brothers may be eccentric but they are never odd.—*Terre Haute Express*.

The college man, like the thermometer, is known by his degrees.—*Boston Transcript*.

Scrub-oak ought to be utilized in the manufacture of brushes and brooms.—*New York News*.

Isn't it rather paradoxical for a man to be wrapped in silence for sound reasons.—*Baltimore American*.

Auctioneer—"How much for this racket?" Judge Guffy (absent minded)—"Ten dollars or ten days."

Men think it's goodness of heart that makes them generous at times when in reality it is only regularity of the liver.—*Merchant Traveler*.

It is probably from humane motives that a railroad will not allow its trains to stop along the way more than ten minutes for refreshments.

Gadby, whose father was a circus tumbler, now goes about boasting that he is one of the sons of revolutionary sires.—*Boston Transcript*.

Mrs. Oldgold—"Are you going to Bermuda next winter?" Mrs. Newladegge—"No, indeed, you know I can't bear the smell of onions!"—*Lovell Citizen*.

"Ah," said the fly as it crawled around the bottle, "I have passed through the hatching age, the creeping age, and now I am in the moulage—" then it stuck.

Mudge—"For goodness sake, Bosworth, have you been sandbagged or in a railway accident?" Bosworth—"Neither. I hid under the bed the other night to scare my wife."—*Courier-Journal*.

Raising Horses Pays.

"Raising trotting and running horses is not a very unprofitable business," said Senator Stockbridge, a few days ago, as he leaned back in an easy chair in the room of the Senate Committee on Fisheries, of which he is Chairman. The Senator had just returned from Michigan, where he had spent a delightful day on his stock farm, situated a few miles from Kalamazoo.

"I had not been out to the farm for some time," said the Senator. "So one fine day I arranged with my partner, Mr. Brown, who is manager of the place, to go out and look over the stock and take a sort of inventory of it. We started about nine in the morning, and when we arrived at the farm the horses had all been fed and groomed, and were feeling and looking in first-class condition. We got out the pedigree book, and then carefully examined every young animal on the place. Well, after I had entered all the horses and set a very moderate value upon them, in no cases exceeding the price which they would bring in any open market, I found that we had just \$103,000 worth of horseflesh.

"We bought the farm three years ago, and organized a stock company with a capital of \$75,000. We owe a few thousand dollars for running expenses and things of that kind, but all this is more than offset by the value of the farm. So that, deducting the amount of capital we put in, the profits in three years, without any particular effort to run the farm as a money-making concern, were more than \$100,000, which, you see, is more than a Senator's salary. Some horses raised on this Kalamazoo stock farm have turned out to be very valuable and very fast."—*Chicago Herald*.

A Millionaire's House-Boat.

Alexander Graham Bell, the millionaire inventor of the telephone, is going to enjoy his summer in a novel fashion. A Baltimore boat-builder has built for him the most singular looking craft that has ever been put afloat, patterned somewhat after Mr. Noah's historic craft. Mr. Bell calls it a house-boat. I am told it is an immense catamaran, housed over with a charming cottage that contains double parlors, dining room, billiard room and spacious sleeping apartments, besides kitchen, bath rooms and servants' quarters. The house is elaborately furnished and fitted up with every comfort and convenience that can be found in a modern residence. It is propelled by two powerful screws, and in smooth water it is estimated that the boat will attain a speed of fifteen miles an hour. It was put together in Nova Scotia.—*New York Graphic*.