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A FLAG OF TRUCE.

Nay, you have frowned enow,
Unkint that threatening brow,
Put wrath away,
Now
While you may.
Life is too bare of bliss
That we our share should miss,
So make amends,
Kiss
And be friends.
—G. Preston, in the Century.

RACHEL.

Royal Moore was Rachel Heath's first love, and she had reached the age of 29 before she met him—quite an old maid; and yet at that age a woman knows her own mind, and her love is much more likely to be lasting and true than the ardent passion of 18.

Rachel's life had been such that she had never any chance for what is called falling in love. Her mother had died when she was very young, and the care of an old and sickly father had come upon Rachel. She had fulfilled the trust faithfully. She had borne all the old man's querulous fault-finding with gentle patience; she had submitted without a murmur to being kept in the sick room while her young acquaintances were gathered together enjoying themselves; and though Mr. Heath might have spared her as well as not, she never called him selfish even in her thoughts. He was her father and to him she owed every duty.

So her sweet youth wore away, and woman's crowning blessing was denied her; and its cheek lost its sea shell bloom, and her dark eyes gathered shadows of thought and sadness which should never come to young eyes.

At last old Mr. Heath died at the age of eighty-nine, and Rachel was left all alone.

It was then that Royal Moore came into her life. He was a physician, and had attended her father for the last weeks of his existence.

Something about the girl's calm, quiet endurance—something in the self-reliant strength of her character—touched Dr. Moore's interest before he had even noticed that she had a clearly cut face, rather pale and a little sad, with large hazel eyes and a wealth of curling brown hair.

After Mr. Heath died and Rachel was left in the house with only her Aunt Edith for a companion, Dr. Moore applied to Miss Heath for rooms and board. Rachel would hardly have taken him, so accustomed had she become to loneliness, and so much did she dread any breaking up of old habits, but Aunt Edith was strongly in his favor, and so it happened that a fortnight after Mr. Heath's death, Dr. Moore was comfortably established in the south chamber of Rachel's house and was taking his meals opposite her at table.

A couple of months they had been engaged when Laura Sayres, a distant cousin of Rachel's, took it into her head that she needed the sea air. Rachel lived in the little seagirt town of Beauview, and to "Dear Cousin Rachel" Laura wrote she was coming.

Rachel remembered her as a child—golden-haired, blue-eyed and waxen-faced—and of late years she had heard something of her wonderful beauty, which had made her the belle of Washington the past season, for her father held an important office at the Capital, and during the winter his family were with him.

Dr. Moore was not over-pleased at the prospect, for he detested fashionable ladies, he said, and he had no doubt my Lady Laura was frivolous and vain as the majority of them were. He had so much rather have his little Rachel all to himself. Then he kissed her forehead and slid his arm around her waist and drew her to his side, and they stood silently together and heard the sea waves beat on the shore and the crickets chirp in the grass, and neither of them dreamed of the cloud which was even then gathering in the calm sky of their felicity.

The next day Laura Sayres came. Just twenty—a slight, graceful girl, with hands like sculptured marble and an arch rosekud of a face, framed in a mass of crinkly golden hair, tied up with azure ribbon and falling in a shower of curls down her shoulders. Yes, there was no gainsaying the fact that Laura Sayres was a beauty, and Dr. Moore, being a man, could not help admiring her.

She played and sang finely, too, and he was fond of music. Rachel foresaw that which was to come, but she bore up bravely against it, and was always kind and sweet to Laura and gentle with Royal Moore.

Laura, accustomed as she was to being

admired and flattered, appropriated Dr. Moore without hesitation. Aunt Edith had mentioned his engagement with Rachel to her, but Laura had lived in the world where engagements are formed and broken to suit the convenience of the parties, and she attached no importance to the communication. She had only said:

"Why, Aunt Edith! engaged to that old maid! It is too bad! Why, Dr. Moore is one of the most splendid men I ever met."

"Laura," said Aunt Edith, severely, "no man can be too good for Rachel Heath. She is the noblest and truest woman I ever met."

"Oh, yes, auntie," returned Laura, "I know she is a perfect saint; but then she is so grave and old and she wears her hair in such horrid style! Not a puff, nor a friz, and, I'll venture to say, not a thread of false hair!"

"No," said Aunt Edith, "Rachel's head is too full of good sense to allow herself to be done up in hair from the scalp of any lunatic or criminal."

Laura flounced out of the room in a pet, and revenged herself by hunting up Dr. Moore and coaxing him to take her out in his boat. It was twilight when they returned, and Rachel sat on the piazza and watched them come up the shell-paved walk with an odd pain in her heart. She did not understand Dr. Moore. Suddenly something seemed to have come between them and to have changed the genial, happy young man into a restless and capricious trifler.

All the brief summer Laura lingered at Beauview, and Dr. Moore was ever her most devoted cavalier. Riding, walking or boating, the two were always together, and though Dr. Moore used at first to ask Rachel to come with them she always declined, and after a time he ceased to ask her.

Laura confided her hopes to Rachel one night after the girls had gone to their rooms.

She should marry Dr. Moore, for she liked him vastly, and then he was rich and of a good family.

"I did think he was engaged to you," went on the selfish girl, "but, of course, that is all over. No man loves and neglects a woman at the same time. And you must be ages older than him!"

"I am twenty-nine—Dr. Moore is thirty," said Rachel, in a cold harsh voice, which surprised herself, "and if he loves you I should advise you to marry him."

"You are such a dear, good creature," cried Laura, kissing her, "and I am so glad that you do not care anything about him. It would be so awkward, you know, if you did. But I hear him coming to his room and we must be quiet. So good night and pleasant dreams."

Pleasant dreams indeed! Poor Rachel never closed her weary eyes that night, and the next morning she looked so worn and ill that even selfish Laura insisted on bathing her head and coddling her to sleep on the sofa.

It was early autumn now and the evenings were growing chilly. Rachel had a fire lighted that night on the sitting-room hearth.

Laura, all in a diaphanous cloud of white muslin and azure ribbons, sailed in just before it was time for Dr. Moore to come from his office.

"A fire! a wood fire!" she cried, gayly; "how charming! Royal and I are to practice that new song together, and really, it would have been chilly here without the fire. You are very thoughtful, Cousin Rachel. I wonder if I will be as good when I am as old?"

She went close to the fire and held her small, white hands out to the ruddy blaze. Her sweeping skirts trailed over the hearth—a breath of air from the open door as Aunt Edith came in swayed them a little nearer, a tongue of flame seized upon the flimsy fabric, and in an instant the unfortunate girl was wrapped in a cloud of fire.

A fearful temptation beset Rachel. Do not temptations, at times—temptations dark and evil—beset the best of us? If Laura perished, Royal Moore would be hers once more. The thought went through her brain like lightning, but she cast it behind her with impatient scorn.

The next moment she had torn up the hearth-rug and wrapped it around Laura, and forcing the screaming girl down to the floor, she succeeded in smothering the flames, just as Dr. Moore entered the room.

She thought it very strange that he should spring to her side, and ask if she were burned, before he every looked at Laura; but afterward he lifted the poor

young girl in his arms and carried her up to her room and dressed her wounds and soothed her as best he could.

By-and-by he came down, and found Rachel out in the moonlight under the yellow maples. She had bandaged both her hands, for they were fearfully burned, and she had told Dr. Moore she was not hurt.

"My dear little girl!" he said, drawing her into the sitting-room, "you have deceived me—you are burned. I must see after this myself." And he took off the wrappings and grew pale at sight of the poor scarred and blistered hands.

She submitted to him quietly. His touch brought back to her some of the sweetness of the old time. And she had made up her mind to tell him this very evening that he was free.

"Rachel," said he, when he had finished dressing the burns, "I want to talk to you a little while. You have given me no chance lately, and I have been very unhappy over it. I have at times almost begun to fear that after all you did not care for me as I thought you did!"

"I desire your happiness above anything else," began Rachel, bravely, "and when I saw that you were pleased with Laura, and indeed it is not strange, for she is young and handsome—"

"Pleased with Laura," said Dr. Moore. "I was never pleased with her, dear. I have been playing, you will think, a very mean and dastardly game, but my conscience approves me! Two years ago, Rachel, that girl flirted with my brother Henry and broke his heart! He was young, romantic and very susceptible! Her beauty enthralled him. She, like the heartless fiend she is, led him on until he knew no rest nor joy away from her. Then, when his devotion became troublesome—for there was another suitor on hand—she laughed at him for an idiot and frankly told him she had never thought of marrying him."

"She had only been amusing herself, and had supposed he was doing the same. It was so ridiculous for people to get in love. Henry went to his lodgings, entered his room, locked the door, and blew out his brains! And when this girl, who had caused his death just as surely as though her own white hands had held the pistol—when she heard of it, she cried out: 'What a fool! But there! I always thought he was rather weak somehow! and he was so fond of me! Dear me! how disagreeable it is to have men falling in love with one!' By the side of my poor brother's dead body I made a vow that if ever destiny threw this false and treacherous girl in my way I would punish her for her sin against him, and I have kept my word. Perhaps it is not noble or generous for me to say it, but I believe she loves me. And, Rachel, darling, I love only you!"

Despite poor Rachel's involuntary shrinking back, he took her into his arms and kissed her in the old slow, sweet way.

So her lost happiness came back.

Laura Sayres was not able to leave her room when Rachel and Dr. Moore went quietly to the village chapel one morning and were married.

And when Aunt Edith told Laura of what was going on—and Aunt Edith had a wicked sort of enjoyment in telling her—you may well believe there was a scene.

The next day Laura went home.

A month afterward she married old Goldbrim, who was seventy years old, and worth a million; and the old fellow still lives, and leads her a life of it.

Dr. Moore and his wife are living their contented, quiet, country life, all the happier, maybe, for the cloud which once came across the heaven of their love.—*New York News.*

Leather Made From Wood.

A process for making leather from red beech wood has been invented by a Vienna doctor and works are to be started for its manufacture. The trees selected are from fifty to sixty years old, and when cut down must be worked immediately while the sap is flowing.

The bark is first peeled off and then the trees are treated by a chemical process, which is the secret of the inventor. By heavy pressure strong and thin pieces are produced, which can be used for sole leather. The new works when completed will start with about seventy hands. If they are successful other factories will be started and the inventor will endeavor to adapt the process to the manufacture of leather for all purposes.

All grain in California is put up in sacks, holding from 100 to 120 pounds, and which cost from seven to eight cents each.

TWINS.

MYSTERIOUS SYMPATHY WHICH EXISTS BETWEEN THEM.

A Great Antipathy Shown Toward All Twins by Some Savages—The Peculiar Customs of the Ishogos.

Few things are more mysterious than the undefinable sympathy which often exists between two beings who came into the world together. There can be no doubt that this sympathy is real, and not the effect of the imagination, as some have supposed. So far as is known it does not always develop itself, and when it is present its cause is not by any means understood. A very real affection generally exists between twins, and often seems to show itself in the earliest days of infancy. It is no uncommon thing for a twin who has lost his or her counterpart to pine away, drooping gradually into the clutches of the destroyer, who in taking away the other, has deprived life of all its joy. But though intense fondness is no doubt to a great extent the cause of such sad occurrences, the sympathy which twins have for one another shows itself here. With many savage races twins are hurried out of the world immediately they have entered it; others allow them to live, but only under certain conditions. In western Africa, a little below the equator, between 10 degrees and 12 degrees east longitude live a large tribe called the Ishogo. They have many peculiar customs, but none more so than their treatment of twins and of the mother who is so unfortunate as to bear them. An idea seems to exist with them that no woman ought to produce more than a single child at a time, and they seek to rectify the error by giving their deities every chance of killing one of the children before they have arrived at the age at which they are considered able to take care of themselves. This is held to be at about 6 years old; once that age has been passed, is thought by these people that a proper balance between life and death has again been struck, and they do not deem any further precautions necessary. Immediately the birth of twins takes place, the hut in which the event happened is marked in some manner which will render it readily distinguishable from all others in the village.

Those who have read accounts of African travel will probably remember the unanimous testimony which explorers of the dark continent bear to the extraordinary loquacity of its natives. Africans talk as they breathe—unceasingly, and yet the unfortunate mother of twins is forbidden to exchange a single word with any but the immediate members of her family. She may go into the forest for firewood, and perform the household work necessary for the existence of herself and her children, but it must be all done in strict silence, unless she finds herself near one of her close relatives. The consequence of this peculiar custom is that the Ishogo woman dreads the event of twins more than anything, except, perhaps, being childless; and nothing irritates a newly-married woman more than to tell her that she is sure to become the mother of two children at a birth. When the six years of probation have dragged out their weary length, a grand ceremony is held to celebrate the release of the three captives, and their admission to the society of their fellows. At daybreak all the village is aroused by a proclamation made in the principal street, and the mother and a friend take up their stand on either side of the door of the hut, having previously whitened their faces. The rest of the inhabitants of the place congregate round about, and at a given signal the women march away from the hut, followed by the twins, the mother clapping her hands and capering about, the friend beating a lusty tattoo upon a drum and singing a song appropriate to the occasion. After this procession has gone the round of the village there is a general dance. Then every one sits down to a great feast, and eating, drinking and dancing are carried on for the rest of the day and all through the night. As soon as the next day dawns all restrictions upon the mother and her offspring are held to be removed. This ceremony is known as "M'paza," a word which signifies both the twins, and the rite by virtue of which they and their mother are admitted to the companionship of their kind.

Cases in which one of a pair of twins has felt some disturbing influence at work within him when evil was befalling his other self are numerous. As with all matters of the kind, the instances related

are apt to border upon the land of fiction, but there are many which are perfectly well authenticated. Though twins are usually alike in form and feature this is not invariably the case. The writer knows twin brothers who can scarcely be said to bear even a family likeness to one another, and whose complexions go to the very extremes of darkness and fairness. But though unlike bodily, they resemble one another mentally to such an extent that they passed from the bottom to the top of one of our great public schools side by side.—*London Standard.*

Aborigines of Ceylon.

Of the aborigines of the island of Ceylon only a few—perhaps 2000—remain. They live among the mountains of the northern portion, and of them, until very recently, scarce anything was known. They are small in stature, rarely more than four feet six inches in height, but well proportioned, muscular and active. On the approach of a dreaded foe, they go up a tree with the agility of monkeys. They are savage in their habits and modes of life, and yet of comparatively mild and harmless disposition. They avoid the settlements, and show no disposition to make the acquaintance of other people. They are exceedingly simple, even primitive, in their habits, are usually in a state of nudity, and provide themselves but little in the way of houses or fixed habitations. They have been looked upon as the lowest type of the human race; it was said they never laughed, and their language was scarcely entitled to the name of human speech.

An explorer from Queensland—Stevens—however, has recently paid them a visit, lived among them for a time, and adds much to the general stock of information concerning this peculiar people. They are not so low in the human scale as had been supposed. On reaching their country he found them suspicious of his presence, and disposed to be hostile. He succeeded, however, in convincing them of his amicable intentions, and on adopting their habits of life was permitted to live among them. They are almost destitute of art, use bows and arrows of their own construction in the chase, while a small axe of Singhalese manufacture is almost their only implement besides. They rarely venture on the sea, live chiefly on the natural products of the soil and are great bee hunters. They prize honey for food, and manufacture a crude beeswax, which they manage to exchange with neighboring tribes for the small axes in common use.

Mr. Stephens notes their strange apathy in relation to the dead. They made no objection to his exhuming the bodies and carrying away the skeletons of their nearest relatives. On one occasion, when out hunting, one of their number fell over a cliff and was killed. They asked him if he wanted the body, and sat by in entire indifference while he removed the flesh and prepared the bones for transportation. But for the warm climate and productive soil they could not live at all, and as it is, they are gradually dying out. Accidents are somewhat frequent, for they climb about the cliffs in search of honey, and they are not proof against the jungle-fever; and so the indications are that not many years will pass till the race has disappeared.

The Long-Horned Beetle.

State Entomologist Lintner has received from Howe's Cave a specimen of beetle which has riddled a painted kitchen floor in that place. The holes are about a quarter of an inch in diameter. The beetle is about an inch long, gray, with black velvety dashes on its wings, and the males have horns. Professor Lintner finds that the predator is the long-horned pine-borer. Its larva, or grub, is the one that causes the injurious and unsightly burrows so often seen in pine lumber. In this instance the grubs must have been in the pine logs before they were sawed into flooring. From some unknown reason the grubs occasionally remain in a dormant or unchanged condition for a long time. In the Museum of the Peabody Academy of Science at Salem, Mass., one of these beetles is preserved which had eaten its way out of the wood of a pine bureau which was made fifteen years before. As showing a greater imprisonment of beetles in furniture it is traditionally said that in 1786 a son of General Israel Putnam, residing in Williamstown, Mass., had a table made from one of his apple trees. Out of this table, twenty years afterward, a long-horned beetle gnawed his way out, and a second one burrowed his way out twenty-eight years after the tree was cut down.—*New York Times.*

FUN.

What was it the buzz saw? Saw teeth, of course.—*New York News.*

When a man goes to work he generally takes off his coat, but if he is a painter he puts on one.

"Dorothy, my love, I think you are dreadfully extravagant to buy all those things." "But, my dear Rufus," said dearest, "I had them charged."

A private Broadway detective agency advertises that it will do "pumping." A private detective agency generally has to get a new "sucker" every time it commences to pump.—*New York News.*

Tramp—"Thank ye, ma'am, for given' me the grub, but I kin never eat without a fork." Farmer's Wife—"Well, amble along, and you'll find a fork in the road a little further on."—*New York Tribune.*

"I have met this man," said a lawyer the other day, "in a great many places where I would be ashamed to be seen." And for a minute he couldn't understand why everybody laughed so uproariously.—*New York Tribune.*

Nine of this summer's graduates at Agontz, the aristocratic Philadelphia school were Chicago girls and the class numbered only twenty-one. They all spell "pork" with a "q-u-e" now.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Jenny—"Here comes Jack, auntie. I wish you would come down and stay in the room." Aunt—"Why?" Jenny—"I'm afraid he's going to propose and I can't trust myself—he looks so poor and so handsome."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Johnson—"But can you speedily circulate the rumor in a roundabout way so no one will know where it starts from?" Anderson—"Yes, I've told it to my wife as a secret, and she will attend the sewing society meeting to-day."—*Omaha World.*

Merchant (to drummer)—"How do I know that these goods are what you represent?" Drummer—"You have only my word for it, but (proudly) I am from Chicago, and a Chicago man was never known to tell a lie." (Merchant dies.)—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

Stranger (in Chicago)—"I don't see how you can sleep nights when you know that bloody Jake is roaming around loose." Chicago Man—"Jake don't do anybody any harm now. He's been given a nice position on the police force."—*New York Mail and Express.*

How to Strengthen Children's Teeth.

Teeth are the just as easily starved to death as the stomach. In one way it is a blessing to have been born of poor parents. What food the poor give their children is of the variety that goes to make strong bones and teeth. It is the outside of all the grains, of all cereal foods, that contains the carbonate and phosphate of lime and traces of other earthy salts which nourish the bony tissue and build the frame up. If we do not not furnish to the teeth of the young that albumen they require, they cannot possibly be built up. It is the outside of corn, oats, wheat, barley and the like, or the bran so called, that we sift away and feed to the swine, that the teeth actually require for their proper nourishment. The wisdom of man has proved his folly, shown in every succeeding generation of teeth, which become more fragile and weak. These flouring mills are working destruction upon the teeth of every man, woman and child who partakes of their fine bolted flour. They sift out the carbonates and the phosphates of lime in order that they may provide that fine white flour which is proving a whitened sepulchre to teeth. Oatmeal is one of the best foods for supplying the teeth with nourishment. It makes the dentine, cementum and enamel strong, flint-like and able to resist all forms of decay. If you have children never allow any white bread upon your table. Bread made of whole wheat ground, not bolted, so that the bran which contains the minute quantities of lime is present, is best. To make a good, wholesome, nourishing bread, take two bowls of wheat meal and one bowl of white or bolted flour and make by the usual process. Nothing is superior to brown bread for bone and tooth building. This is made out of rye-meal and corn-meal. Baked beans, too, have a considerable supply of these lime salts and should be on your table, hot or cold, three times a week. In brushing the teeth always brush up and down from the gums, instead of across. Brush away from the gum—and on the grinding surface of the teeth.—*American Analyst.*

Some \$9,000,000 was sent out of the country last year by immigrants to their friends in the old countries.