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THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY. There's many a nobleman dwells in a cot, The palace holds many a clown; And princes have beds of the tamarind bark, While beggars have couches of down. Brave kings are in cotton, serfs glory in silk, While slaves like an emperor show; For the worth of a title is stamped on the

heart, But the world doesn't look at it so.

Here misers are prodigally flinging their

To spendthrifts who hoard in their wake; There mumbles a rake in the gown of

priest To a priest in the garb of a rake. Sweet saints they are living in hovels of sin And sinners in Sanctified Row; The heart in the breast is the only true test-

But the world doesn't look at it so.

There are generals lying in graves unmarked And privates with monuments grand; The ignorant stalk in the chambers of state, But the quiet mind ruleth the land. A shadow divergent each object of earth O'ercasts from one sun in the sky;

And fancies are many as beings have birth, But the one God ruleth on high.

So I laugh at that title; that's only a sham, And at caste-but a silver-washed plate Stuck up on the door of a tenement grand, Belonging to nature's estate.

Its inmates are constantly changing and pas Each year out of sight, like the snow, Whose going but stirs up the filth of the

street; And the Almighty will look at it so. -Arkansaw Traveler.

THE COMPANY'S MONEY

"Good-by, old fellow, good-by. I trust you will have a good voyage, if you must start in such beastly weather," I said, as I shook hands with Hugh Greyham, the truest friend I have in the world, and saw him go out into storm and night. He was to take the steamer early the next morning for Liverpool, and I felt a little uncasy at his going in the worst days of severe February. My wife drew up her chair close by mine lighted my pipe, and said: "Now, George, that he has gone, suppose you tell me that little yarn you promised, about the time you and Hugh had such a quarrel."

All right, I said, it was this way. You know what sort of a man my father was, Ellen-hard, cold, money loving, bigoted. One naturally wants to speak of one's parents with reverence when they are lying in their graves, but-well, let that pass. I did not love my father, simply because I did not-so we'll just leave the matter there. My mother died the day I was born, so of her I knew absolutely nothing. A few years after her death my father married again. Do you know that people have a habit of speaking disparagingly of stepmothers? I cannot understand it. Mine was an angel. She was a fair, stout woman, and sometimes, even now, I covet the rest and peace I used to feel with my poor little head laid on her bosom, with her soft arms about me. God bless her forever! Many a cold night when my relentless father for some trifle has sent me up to my bleak room supperless to bed has this sweet woman stolen after me, and folding me in her warm arms has sung me to sleep. She loved me sincerely, poor hapless boy that I was! I think I adored her.

Well, she made my father educate me and give me my training in pharmacy; so when he died I was twenty-two years old and a drug clerk on a very small sal-

pecially good spirits because I had in my night. On the fourth chay, you remen cash box a clean \$3000 to take to the bank the next day. Hugh had also in his pocketbook \$1500, but as he said, he was "not feeling" so awfully good, as it belonged to his company and not to himself. I remember about one o'clock mother drove us off to bed. The next morning I was aroused out

anxious and excited.

"Why, what is the matter, old boy?" I asked, hardly awake.

"George I have been robbed in the night-my hunting watch is gone, and, God help me, the company's money too!'

" Gracious heavens!" was all I could say as I sprang up and got into my clothes with all possible dispatch.

Well, as you may imagine, we went into an exhaustive search-upstairs and down-everywhere. Then we called in the police. Not a trace-not a track could we find. Window locks, door locks, all unharmed. What could it energies to this affair, and at the end of that time was as far off as ever.

On the fourth night I had a splitting headache and had to go to bed, but Hugh and mother sat up later, as usual. The next morning I went down to breakfast earch again. Mother and Hugh were at a hearty "good morning" to him. He nodded slightly and immediately got up and went out. I looked at mother for an explanation. Her eyes were full of tears and her whole expression was unutterably sad.

"Mother." I said. "don't be so distressed. We must find Hugh's things. Don't give up.

"We have found them, Georgie," she said very sadly. "You have," I exclaimed. "Do tell

me where, where?" "Oh," she said, "I found them late

last night where the-the-careless person must have dropped them."

A red flush covered her face. Was my mother telling an untruth? I questioned her closely, but got little satisfaction in-She evaded my questions. I felt deed. a little hurt at her want of confidence, but I went to work and tried to forget it all.

Later in the day I learned that Hugh had gone West without a word of farewell.

And now followed the most unhappy weeks of my life. My dear mother was entirely kind and gentle with me; even. perhaps, more affectionate than usual. But there was something between us. I could not tell what, but something. And she! the most cheery brightest woman in the world-she seemed utterly oppressed with sorrow. My heart ached over it all, but what could I do? Lo, the weeks went on, gloomy enough, and two months had passed when I was startled out of my sadness by a sudden misfortune which cccurred to myself.

I had drawn \$1300 from the bank to pay a bill for drugs, and for the night placed it for safe keeping in a small escritoire in my bedroom, of which I always kept the key in my vest pocket. (You see, little lady, in those days I was a spoony fellow, and this was the sacred depository of your letters.)

On going to the escritoire the next

ELECTING A POPE. ber, you received a letter from Ellen, and **as** a man was waiting to see you in the store, you handed me yoar keys and said: 'Mother, please put her letter away for me.' I took the keys, but being myself very busy at that momerst, did not put the letter in the desk just then; but that night, after you retired. I unlocked the of a deep sleep by Hugh. He looked little escritoire, and there in your own most private drawer lay Hugh's watch and money! And he was standing near and saw it, too. Georgie, dear, don't say a word, not a word just yet; hear it

all, my boy, before you open your lips. I was stunned for a moment, then I fell on my knees at Hugh's feet. I said : 'Have, mercy. Oh! please have mercy on my poor boy,' and he, looking so shocked and sad, said: 'For your faithful sake, dear madam, no one shall ever know this but you and I.'

"You know what followed, Georgiehow I went about heart-broken, and all day long, and all the long nights, the mean? Four days we devoted our best horrible thought kept dinning in my head: 'Your boy is a thief! Your boy is a thief!' and yet I loved you Georgie, all through, my boy-all through.

"Well, yesterday you had a great deal to do and were very tired in the evening. After dinner I told you to lie down and feeling much better and eager to begin rest. In two minutes you were fast asleep. I sat reading and occasionally looking at the table. I kissed her as usual and said you, thinking how profoundly you slept. After a while, still with your eyes fast closed and evidently fast asleep, you got up and started out of the door. I followed. You went to your bedroom, unlocked your escritoire, took out your money, went down to the next floor and, without stopping, on down into the cellar. You know I keep a few stores there, and had yesterday (with your help) put in a barrel of new apples. You went to this, lifted the top, and most carefully took out about a dozen, then, just as carefully, put your roll of money into the barrel and covered it again with the apples. Then, very slowly, you turned around, walked up the steps and sitting room, lay down on the sofa and resumed your nap as quietly as if nothing had happened. Well, I ran back, locked the cellar door and took a seat by your side and cried my heart out for very joy, like the silly goose that I am.

"It was all explained now. You did steal Hugh's watch and money, Georgie, but you did it as unconsciously as if you had been dead when it was done. Oh! this has been certainly the happiest morning of my life," and she began anew to weep and laugh over me in the tenderest and most absurd fashion.

"But, mother," I said, "seeing is believing. Let's go and find the money." We went. It was all there-just a little soiled from cellar dust and apple juice.

Well, mother wrote a long letter to Hugh, and he came and ate his Christmas dinner with us, and was almost as glad and happy as mother was, but when we went upstairs to bed he laughed and said:

hide my watch," and since then we have no end of jokes about my sleep-walking. My pretty young wife looks up with a pair of anxious blue eyes.

"But, Georgie," she says, "this is dreadful! You are liable to walk any night and get into all sorts of trouble."

HOW THE PONTIFICAL SUCCES SOR IS CHOSEN.

Past and Present Methods-Where and How Cardinals Meet in Conclave – Secrecy of the Proceedings.

The manner of electing a Pope of the Roman Church is not an uninteresting subject at the present time, in view of the feeble health of the reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII., and the probable necessity for the naming of his successor at no distant day.

Time was when the election of the supreme head of the Church was vested in the Cardinal Bishops, "with the consent of the other Cardinals and the clergy and people of Rome, saving, also, the r due to the King of the Romans.' hono But this recognition of a kingly and imperial right to interfere with Papal elections was the cause of endless troubles.

It proved to be a fertile source of anti-Popes and other vexations, and finally became so intolerable that Alexander III., took away from the imperial line the locus standi in Papal elections; and a General Council later on, held at the Lateran, decreed that the election should thenceforth rest "with the Cardinals This Lateran decree was confirmed and developed at the Council of Lyons, presided over by Pope Gregory X., and in all its substantial features the discipline then laid down still obtains in all Papal elections.

The immediate body or convention which chooses the head of the church is called a conclave; the building or hall in which such convention is held is also designated by the same name-conclave. The election of a Pope must begin ten days after the death of the last incumbent. It is provided that the election shall neither be delayed nor precipitated; that the electors should be in no fear for their personal safety, and that they must not be subjected to any external persuasion in casting their vote. Immediately upon the death of a Pope one of the secretaries of the Sacred College notifies each Cardinal of the Pontiff's demise, and summons them to the city in which the Pope breathed his last. The election must take place in the same city where death occurs.

Should Leo XIII. go to Madrid for an asylum, as has been mooted, and die there, the conclave to elect his successor would therefore be held in Madrid. Within the in the Vatican at Rome, or in some other suitable building if it be held in another city. On the tenth day solemn mass is said, at the conclusion of which the Cardinals form in procession and march to day, and friends of the electors are perbody is turned out except the Cardinals and their immediate attendants, and no "Shut your eyes, old fellow, until I visitors are allowed to enter the portals again until the election of a Pope has been declared.

The conclave is under the absolute

jority of two-thirds. There are three valid modes of election. The first of these, and the ordinary method, is by scrutiny; the second, compromise, and the third by what is known as quasi inspiration. By compromise is meant when all the Cardinals, finding that it is an impossibility for any candidate to be elected under the method of scrutiny, agree to intrust the election to a committee of three or five of their number. The last time that "compromise" was resorted to was in 1799, when the conclave, after six months of scrutiny, appointed a committee of three Cardinals, who elected Pope Pius VII.

It will readily be seen how difficult, under the ten-day law and ordinry circumstances, it would be for an American Cardinal to participate in the election of a Pope. A Cardinal coming from a distance has the privilege of entering into the conclave after its closure, provided he announces his intention to claim the right within three days after his arrival in the city where it is being held; but under peaceful and harmonious conditions conclaves are usually of short duration, and would finish their work before an American Cardinal could reach the place of holding .- Baltimore Sun.

Golden Hair the Poet's Ideal.

Golden hair seems to have been the delight of the old poets and painters. It has been stated that in the London National Gallery, from the idealistic brush of Correggio to the prodigal brush of Rubens, there is not a single blackhaired beauty. They all seized upon golden tresses with the same inborn instinct. Shakespeare had a decided preference for golden hair and makes frequent reference to it. Portia had sunny locks" hanging "on her temples like the golden fleece." Julia, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." says of Sylvia and herself: "Her hair is auburn. mine is perfect vellow." He only mentions black hair twice throughout his entire plays. Milton, in his "Comus," speaks of "the loose train of amber dropping hair," while Allan Cunningham must have had similar hair in his mind when he wrote:

"Her hair down-gushing in an armful flows, And floods her ivory neck, and glitters as she goes.

In those old days false hair was more fashionable than it is now. Fair hair was especially the rage and golden tints were so much prized that the price paid for it was nearly double its weight in silver. When yellow hair was in fashion ten days the conclave must be constructed in London and Paris it was no uncommon thing to pay from \$ 75 to \$100 for a long plait of really gold hair. Actual white hair is very costly; & is brown, if of a very fine texture. Hot ce Walpole mentions that the Countess of Suffolk the conclave. The conclave is open to sold her hair, which was "fine, long and the public during the whole of the first fair," for \$100. She had invited friends to dinner, and being disappointed bemitted to visit them. At nine o'clock cause a remittance did not come to hand, that evening the conclave is closed ; every- sold her hair to pay for the entertainment. -Detroit Fress Press.

The Ducking Steel.

The ducking stool is a curious relic of barbarism, and consists of a plank with a chair securely fastened on one end. The

called the Governor. The other is a was escorted to a ducking pond amid the prominent layman, whose official appellahoots and yells of the neighbors and haps they existed down to a comparativetion is Marshal. Each Cardinal is allowed their children. She was then placed in to have two members of his resident the chair and bound. Usually one of the household in personal attendance upon most abused of her victims was given the him. A number of other attendants and pleasant revenge of playing this delightminor officials are also there in common ful-to the crowd-game of see-saw. service of the conclave, including a sacrist, Of course every time the chair went a monk or friar to hear confessions, two down it was submerged in the water, and or three barbers, eight or ten porters and when it was pulled up the victim sputa number of messengers. But one entered and gasped, but seldom scolded. trance to the building is allowed to re-The relentless crowd would keep her main open, and that is in charge of prehigh in the air until the water had nearly late officials. all dripped from her clothing, and then,

FUN. Flies everywhere. Even time flies. Dead reckoning-The undertaker's

bill. Forced politeness-Bowing to neces-

sity.

A solid man-The ossified African at a dime museum .- Mail and Express.

There is not much sentiment about a Chinese laundryman, yet he daily wrings men's bosoms .- New York Journal.

He-"Come, now; let's kiss and make up." She-"No, sir; I won't." He-"Well, let's kiss anyhow."-Somerville Journal.

"How can I get ahead?" asked a dull boy of a pessimist. "By raising cabbages," was the consoling reply .- New York Journal.

"Have you a cigar about you?" "No; I don't buy any now." "What! and why, then?" "Because I want to break you of the habit of smoking."-Fliegende Blaetter.

It is said that the hogs in this country are double the value of the sheep. Is that the reason why the railway hog monopolizes two seats in a car while some sheep-faced man is compelled to stand? -Siftings.

Frank-"The deuce he did! And what did the General say?" Kate-"Papa said that if I married young Ellaby he'd cut me off with a shilling." Frank---"Bravo! Go it, Ellaby! And did you mention me?" Kate-"Yes, Frank, dear, I did. Papa said that if I married you he'd cut me off without one."___ Time.

"Papa," said Amy, hesitatingly, "I-I must confess something. Harry and I had arranged to elope to-night, but my conscience troubled me, and I just had to tell you, and spoiled it all." "It need not spoil it," replied the fond parent; "go ahead and elope, but never tell I knew it. It will save the expenses of a wedding."-Harper's Bazar.

Strange Things in Alaska

"There are so many strange things in Alaska," says the discoverer of the Muir glacier, "that have not yet come to the knowledge of the public that one who has seen them hesitates where to begin. Elephant remains are found all over the great valley of the Yukon. As a matter of fact, they are found everywhere throughout the great western slope of Alaska. Dana and Sir Charles Lyle startled the world by announcing that hairy frozen elephants were found wedged among the Siberian icebergs. But scarcely anybody knows that throughout Alaska are the remains of countless thousands of mastodons. You can dig them out and find them on the surface everywhere. I saw hundreds of them, possibly, on my last trip, and I am now anxiously trying to get up there to complete my investigations. So thick are the elephant remains that the native Indians, on finding them buried partially in the ground, decided that there were some kind of great mole that burrows in the soil. This is the story given me. I collected a lot of remains. The collecting of elephant tusks every summer is a regular business in Siberia, just over Behring Sea. We have just as many of them on the Alaska side as they ever had in Siberia. Ages ago great herds of elephants roamed over these shores. Per-

charge of two guardians. One of these plank is fastened, see-saw fashion, to an is a prelate of high standing, previously upright post. selected by the Sacred College, and is The common scold in "ye olden time"

ary. My father was supposed to be not rich, but very comfortable. And so he was, but on reading his will we found the bulk of his property given to charity ---myself entirely ignored and my sweet mother left a paltry \$7000 to recompense her for more than a score of faithful years with him! Well, she didn't complain-not she; she only said :

"Georgie, dear, we'll take our seve thousand and fight our way through life together."

We moved to a city further south. bought out a business in a poor part of the town and went to work. The city grew gradually toward us and you know the rest. I prospered always and we were very happy. We lived just for each other and she managed our modest home. It was a home with an angel in it, and again I say, God bless her.

After I had been in business about five years I met Hugh Greyham. He is an Englishman, you know, and had come to this country to look after some invest ment made in real estate by a syndicate in London. I liked him from the first and mother and he became the best of friends. He often left his elegant hotel to spend a week with us and declared he happier there than anywhere else. In the fall of '86 he was making us just such a visit, and one night we all three ast up very late talking. I was in es. about it all. I hardly slept an hour at third river in Scotland is the Forth.

morning I found it securely locked, but on opening it the money was missing. The house had been robbed a second time."

I ran to the breakfast room with my bad news, and there sat my mother, with the old bright, jolly look on her dear face, looking perfectly happy and contented. I was delighted to find the sadness and gloom gone, but alas! I must tell

my direful news.

Well, I was worried nearly to death

"No, indeed," I say, "I will never walk in my sleep again."

"But how will you help it, Georgie?" "Why, haven't I just engaged a pair of white arms to hold me tight?"

She got up, drew back the curtain and remarked in a casual manner that "it was raining very hard, indeed."-New York Graphic.

A Curious Well.

A well has lately been bored on Al Mc. "Mother." I said. "mother, I've been robbed! My money (you saw me put it Intosh's ranch, near Nelson, which has produced water somewhat different than away last night, didn't you?) is all gone !' I thought she would utter an exclamathe usual run. The well was bored down tion of distress, or surprise at least, but 100 feet, and all the while no gravel was what did this unaccountable woman do? found. This seemed quite curious, as She got up, led me to the sofa and pulled there are two wells, one on each side, that my head down on her broad shoulder, as are only eighteen feet deep. When Mr. she had done a hundred times in my child-McIntosh got down 100 feet he struck hood days, and kissed my forehead and quicksand and attempted to pump it out, eyes, and then, with a sort of tender but he could not make the pumps work. The water immediately filled up the well, humility, kissed my hand.

but it emitted a very peculiar and un-"Ob. Georgie, my boy, my own boy," she said, "I've got a story to tell you. pleasant aroma. It was thought by some Don't say one single word, only listen that they had found natural gas, while my darling. Oh," she exclaimed sudothers pronounced it sulphur water. No scientific investigation has been made yet, denly, "these miserable, miserable, misbut it is thought that the well will be a erable weeks, when I thought-but let profitable thing which ever way it turns me tell my tale. You know, dear, last October Hugh lost his watch and money out .- Chico (Cal.) Chronicle-Record. and we all tried so faithfully to find them

It may sound a little queer, but the

They must exercise a strict surveilamid howls of joy from the crowd and lance over everybody going in or out, and shrieks of fright from the scold, the bath prevent the entrance of unauthorized perwas repeated several times. History resons. They must also examine the food lates that it usually had a salutary effect. brought for the Cardinals, for the pur--New York Press.

pose of preventing outside communication with them through this channel. Three days after the commencement of It is announced from Naples that the the conclave, if no result has been attained. small emptive cone of Vesuvius has the supply of food is restricted. The "fallen into its very depths," and that the stream of outflowing lava has arrived rule used to prevail that if at the end of

at the foot of the great cone. The seisfive days no election had been made the mic apparatus at the observatory indicates Cardinals were compelled to subsist upon that the disturbance is decreasing in bread, wine and water, but during the force. It was noticed that at very nearly last half century the rigor of this rule has been much abated and modified. the time when volcanic action commenced Every morning and evening the Cardiat Vesuvius the volcanic mountain of nals meet in the chapel, and a secret Lipari made an unusul display. From scrutiny, by means of voting papers, is the crater arose smoke mixed with fine instituted, so as to ascertain if any can- ashes, which fell in fine rain all over the didate has obtained the required ma- area of the Eolian islands .- Picayune.

ly recent date, too, for the hairy bodies and well-preserved bones were evidences of that.

The King of the Sedangs.

"The King of the Sedangs" is being made much of and making much of himself in Paris. His title is "Marie, Roi des Sedangs." The Sedangs are an Indo-Chinese folk, who inhabit a kind of debatable land on the Annam-Siamese frontier, notable for nothing so much as its swamps. A speculative Frenchman, M. de Mayrena, affirms that the tribesmen elected him their King, though it does not appear that they had any knowledge of such an office. As "Roi des Sedangs" he appeared in Hanoi and Hong Kong, with the object of trying to float a loan for the development of his territories. Colonial capitalists knew too much of Sedang, and so King Marie is attempting to work off his Sedang bonds in Paris.

Great Britain owns nearly half of the North American continent and twenty of the principal islands of the West Indies. She also has a colony in Central America, another in South America, and her capitalists have invested in railway and govermental securities of the various nations of South America at least eight hundred million dollars.

Vensuvius is Laboring.