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NO. 1.

IT SEEMS BUT YESTERDAY.

It seems but yesterday that May
Tripped lightly past, nor paused to stay
A moment longer than 'twould take
To set her signet near and far,
In field and lane—the daisies' star;
To set the grasses all ashake;
To kiss the world into a blush
Of briar-roses, pink and flush,
For summer's sake.

It seems but yesterday that June
Came piping sweet a medley tune,
Where the robin and the thrush
Lent each his thrilling throat, the while
The locust there beside the stile,
Deep-hid in tangled weed and brush,
Spun out the season's skein of heat,
With now a "whirr" of shuttle fleet
And now a hush.

It seems but yesterday, and yet
To-day I found my garden set
In silver, and the roisterer wind
Made bold to pluck me by the gown,
What time I wandered up and down
The path, to see if left behind
Was one last rose that I might press
Against my withered cheek, and less
Feel time unkind.

—Julie M. Lippmann, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

"N. C. J. MARABON."

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

"N. C. J. Marabon," his name stood on the class roll. The rules of the college required that the name of each student should appear in full, and mine was there as Gabriel Pierce Belfort. His was the sole exception, and why it was so, as in the case of Lord Dundreary's puzzle, "no fellow could find out." When N. C. J. came he declined to comply with the rule and desired to give his reasons, confidentially, to the faculty. That august body, being as curious as their juniors, met in secret conclave to consider the case and listened to the petitioner. His excuses were sufficient and they accorded the exemption. But when he emerged triumphantly from the faculty chamber, just as the door closed, there was a terrible burst of laughter in his rear. This piqued our curiosity still more. The secret seemed to be impetrable. N. C. J. himself was as mute as an oyster in the matter, and we dared not pump the professors, though we always pronounced them to be old pumps. However, N. C. J. turned out to be no end of a good fellow. He was as strong as a bull and as agile as a cat, and after he had thrashed a half dozen who had undertaken to haze him and proved himself to be the best batter in the ball field he became popular. He used to tell a great many stories of life in North Carolina, from whence he came, and always, no matter how funny they were, with a grave face. So we nicknamed him North Carolina Joker Marrowbone, and it stuck, or part of it, and we addressed him indifferently as North Carolina, or Joker, or Marrowbone, as the whim struck us, and he took either in good part.

Marabon and I became quite intimate. We were chums, passed through our four years of college life together and were graduated at the same time. Then he went back to North Carolina and I took up the study of law and in three years' time was called to the bar. We kept up a correspondence, though we did not meet. About two years after we had taken our degree he came to New York and our letters continued. He was quite rich and liked New York and club life. I was not quite so well off, and lived in Brantford our county town, rarely going away, even for a vacation. I was quite surprised then when one day, a short while after I began practice, he walked into my office. Of course I was glad to see him, seated him in my clients' chair and produced a box of cigars from one of the drawers. We each lit a cigar when we leaned forward.

"Bel," he said—he always called me so for short—"I'm in a mess of trouble and I must have some advice. I thought of you and as I know you are not so great a fool as you look I ran up here by the ten o'clock train to consult you."

"Well," said I, not much flattered by part of his speech, and determined to return him a Roland for his Oliver, "the conference of two fools is not likely to amount to much, but what is it?"

"It involves a secret," he said, "which you must consider professional. By the way, what kind of a cigar is this?"

"Key West," I replied laconically.

"I thought so. Why don't you smoke Havana?"

"Can't afford it."

"Can't, eh? Well, partly as a fee and partly out of regard for yours truly, I shall send you a hundred of the right sort as soon as I get to town again."

"All right, I'll accept them; but am I to wait for your story until the cigars get here?"

"No. You see I've been expecting to

marry. The lady has confessed she reciprocates and all was sailing along smoothly when up pops an obstacle."

"Who is the lady, Marrowbone?"

"Miss Edith Keteltas. You have heard of her?"

"I should think I had. Daughter of old Keteltas who made his money in—no matter how he made it—he did make it. The lady is a belle, a beauty, his sole heiress and every one speaks well of her. Permit me to congratulate you. But what is the obstacle?"

"Take notice that all this under the rose. The obstacle is this: I shall have to give my full name when I get married. In fact, she wants to know it now. What shall I do?"

"Do! Why give it, of course. Why not?"

"But how can I ever do it? You don't know yet, but when you do you will see that it is quite impossible. I should never hear the last of it. The newspapers reporters would get it. The little boys would shout it on the streets. It would be in the comic papers. They'd sing songs about it at the minstrel shows. It is too dreadful to think of."

"What on earth can you mean? You seem excited. Take another cigar."

"Thank you, I will. Are you sure there is no one in hearing?"

"Not a soul."

"Well—N stands for Napoleon."

"A good enough name. What is there dreadful in that?"

"And C stands for Caesar."

"The two together are odd, but not so very."

"And J—well, J is for Jehosophat. Now every one nearly mispronounces my name any how, and I put it to you, as a friend, if I can go through life as Napoleon Caesar Jehosophat Marrowbone."

I had to laugh—I couldn't help it—not so much at the name as at the intense misery and despair in the countenance of Marabon. When I recovered myself I asked:

"How in the name of goodness did you come by such a queer collection of names?"

"I'll tell you a bit of family history. You see, we Marabons are of an old North Carolina family of Huguenot descent, and pretty well off. My father's Christian name was Algernon. He used to say it should have been Issachar—that he was an ass stooping between two burdens, his wife and his mother-in-law—he was given to bitter speeches. When I was born there was some discussion about a proper name for me. It was a regular family council. There were Grandfather and Grandmother Marabon, Grandmother Jenifer, father and mother. Grandmother Jenifer was a rather important personage. She was richer than the Marabons, a widow, and could leave her property to whom she pleased. My mother's younger sister, Felicia, had married with Sam Martin against her consent, and she declared none of the Martins should be the better of her money. There was no one else for her to leave it to but mother or me. So her views in the matter had to receive respect."

"She was one of your father's 'burdens,' I said when he paused.

"Exactly; but he didn't tell her so. Well, they met. My grandfather voted for Peter. 'Let us have one good, sensible, substantial name. I let my son be christened Algernon, to please his mother, but one fool name is quite enough in a family.' Grandmother Marabon thought he ought to be named after his father. Mother timidly suggested—John!"

"Then Grandmother Jenifer flared up. 'Peter is bad enough, she said, and Algernon worse; but John! Why, every one will call him Jack!'"

"Suppose they do," said mother, plucking up spirit. "John is always called Jack by those who like him. It shows he is a good fellow."

"Or Johnny!" sneered Grandmother Jenifer.

"I didn't think of that," said mother, appalled at the possibility. "What would you call him, mamma?"

"If I am to have any say in the matter," said Grandmother Jenifer, "I should suggest a name of a quite different kind. The boy bids fair to grow up to be a fine man with a great head on his shoulders; that comes from the Jenifer side of the house, at least from the Setons, for he has my father's head to a mold; and I shouldn't be surprised if he became a great soldier or lawyer, or something. He should have a name with a ring in it, a something that will stimulate him to do something to deserve it, a name to rouse his ambition and strengthen his purpose. Call him Napoleon Caesar."

"Mother agreed to this, she always gave in to her mother at last, but the others demurred. There was a tie vote, for father seemed to be barred out."

"They wrangled over the thing for two days, when Grandfather Marabon proposed a compromise. 'Let's leave it to the minister,' he said. 'Dr. Curran is a sensible as well as a good man. Let every one write down the name he or she prefers on the same sheet of paper. Algernon can hand it to Dr. Curran and tell him he is to select the one he thinks best.' This was finally agreed to. Grandfather and Grandmother Marabon both wrote what is called fine hands, and Grandmother Jenifer a bold hand. This time she enlarged it until it rose to what the boys at school called a 'big hand,' and the Napoleon Caesar went two-thirds of the way across the page. Father took the paper. He did not care a straw whether I was called Peter of Algernon, but he revolted at Napoleon Caesar. So, before he handed the paper to the minister, he wrote Jehosophat! in quite as big letters as Grandmother Jenifer's, right after hers. This was to call Dr. Curran's attention to the absurdity of the name just before. Now you see how the thing is shaping?"

"I can't say that I do, as yet."

"Ah! But you must know that my father was a soft spoken man, and when he said in a low voice, 'You will find the name on this paper, Dr. Curran, you are to choose which.' The minister only caught the first part of his remarks. He looked at the paper. He was a little short-sighted; but he caught Grandmother Jenifer's big letters and my father's after them and quite overlooked the others. He thought the name queer, but not exactly open to canonical objection, and it fixed itself in his mind. So when the moment came I had the name of Napoleon Caesar Jehosophat fixed on me as tightly as the church could do it."

"Then your Grandmother Jenifer must have been pleased?"

"But she wasn't, though. She declared that father had done it on purpose to make fun of her. She left our house and took up with Sam Martin, and when she died she left to Felicia and her children everything she had."

"That was bad."

"It wasn't bad for the Martins, and I have enough. But how am I to break the matter to Edith?"

"It is the easiest thing in the world, my dear Joker. 'Napoleon Marabon' sounds very well."

"But the Caesar and that abominable Jehosophat?"

"Give them the go by. Follow the example of men of rank abroad. There isn't a king, nor a royal prince, nor the head of a noble house that hasn't from three to thirty names given him at his baptism, but he never uses but one. There is no law here that forces you to use more than one of yours. Drop the Caesar and Jehosophat, at least the Jehosophat, and with the bravery inherent to the name itself, march to matrimony as Napoleon Marabon."

N. C. J., as N. C. J. no more, took comfort and my advice. I was the groom's best man when Miss Edith Keteltas became Mrs. Napoleon Marabon, and the gratitude of my friend seems to know no bounds. He not only gave his willingness, but he never rested till I removed to New York, where he promoted my fortune in various ways. I am always an honored guest at his table, and a very young gentleman in New York bears the name of Gabriel Belfort Marabon.

But a secret will leak out. I am sure I never breathed it to any one; I am equally sure that Napoleon never did, unless it might have been muttered in sleep; but Mrs. Marabon knows all about it. Yesterday they had a good-natured dispute, to which I was an amused listener. Marabon's logic was too much for his wife, who took refuge in a retort. Looking quizzically she raised her forefinger, and to her husband's great astonishment, said: "Now, you Jehosophat!"

—New York Mercury.

An Unwritten Law Among Bee Hunters.
There is a common law among them, or there used to be among the bee hunters of the North and West, that the man who first finds a bee tree is entitled to the honey. The owner of the land where the tree grows is not brought into the question. The first duty of a man who finds such a tree is to put his mark upon it. After this if any one else cuts the tree down and takes the honey the offense, in the estimation of mountaineers, is mortal. —Washington Star.

Several thousand Japanese have gone to the Sandwich Islands.

A HUNGER STRIKE.

A REVOLT OF RUSSIAN EXILES IN SIBERIA.

The Threatened Flogging—A Desperate Protest Against Cruelty—Starving to Death—The Prisoners Victorious.

In the *Century* Mr George Kennan gives the following account of a prison revolt among the Siberian exiles: A few days later—about the middle of July—all the rest of the State criminals were brought back to the political prison at the Lower Diggings, where they were put into new and much smaller cells that had been made by erecting partitions in the original kameras in such a manner as to divide each of them into thirds. The effect of this change was to crowd every group of seven or eight men into a cell that was so nearly filled by the sleeping platform as to leave no room for locomotion. Two men could not stand side by side in the narrow space between the edge of the platform and the wall, and the occupants of the cell were therefore compelled to sit or lie all day on the plank naves without occupation for either minds or bodies. No other reply was made to their petitions and remonstrances than a threat from Khalturin that if they did not keep quiet they would be flogged. With a view to intimidating them Khalturin even sent a surgeon to make a physical examination of one political, for the avowed purpose of ascertaining whether his state of health was such that he could be flogged without endangering his life. This was the last straw. The wretched State criminals, deprived of exercise, living under "dungeon conditions," poisoned by air laden with the stench of excrement-buckets, and finally threatened with the whip when they complained, could endure no more. They resolved to make that last desperate protest against cruelty which is known in Russian prisons as "golodofka," or "hunger-strike."

They sent a notification to Major Khalturin that their life had finally become unendurable, that they preferred death to such an existence, and that they should refuse to take food until they either perished or forced the Government to treat them with more humanity. No attention was paid to their notification, but from that moment not a mouthful of the food that was sent into their cells was touched. As day after day passed the stillness of death gradually settled down upon the prison. The starving convicts, too weak and apathetic even to talk to one another, lay in rows, like dead men, upon the plank sleeping-platforms, and the only sounds to be heard in the building were the footsteps of the sentries, and now and then the incoherent mutterings of the insane. On the fifth day of the "golodofka" Major Khalturin, convinced that the hunger-strike was serious, came to the prison and asked the convicts to state definitely upon what terms they would discontinue their protest. They replied that the conditions of their life were unbearable, and that they should continue their self-starvation until the buckets were taken out of their cells, until they were permitted to have books and to exercise daily in the open air, until they were allowed to direct the expenditure of their money for better food and better clothing than were furnished by the Government, and until he (Khalturin) gave them a solemn assurance that none of them should be flogged. The commandant told them that the talk about flogging was nonsense; that there had never been any serious intention of resorting to the whip, and that, if they would end their strike, he would see what could be done to improve the material condition of their life. Not being able to get any positive assurances that their demands would be complied with, the prisoners continued the "golodofka." On the tenth day the state of affairs had become alarming. All of the starving men were in the last stages of physical prostration, and some of them seemed to be near death. Count Dmitri Tolstoi, the Minister of the Interior, who had been apprised of the situation, telegraphed the commandant to keep a "skorbnoi leest," or "hospital sheet," setting forth the symptoms and conditions of the strikers, and to inform him promptly of any marked change. Every day thereafter a feldsher, or hospital steward, went through the cells taking the pulse and the temperature of the starving men. On the thirteenth day of the "golodofka" Major Khalturin sent word to the wives of all political convicts living at the Lower Diggings that they might have an inter-

view with their husbands—the first in more than two months—if they would try to persuade them to begin taking food. They gladly assented, of course, to this condition, and were admitted to the prison. At the same time Khalturin went himself to the starving men and assured them, on his honor, that if they would end the hunger-strike he would do everything in his power to satisfy their demands. The entreaties of the wretched, broken-hearted women and the promises of the commandant finally broke down the resolution of the politicals, and on the thirteenth day of the first and most obstinate hunger-strike in the history of the Kara political prison came to an end.

Electricity in Coast Defense.

Electricity plays perhaps the most wonderful part in all these huge works. Not far from the main fort, there would be built a little round building. This would be the place for the "tower of observation" of the commanding officer. From here he could see all over the harbor and away out to sea. The tower would be strong, and inside would be the wonderful key-boards of the electric system. By means of these, the commander could telephone to the Captain of any battery to load his guns, and aim at such and such an angle and direction. The Captain of the battery would do so and telephone back the moment he was ready. The commander could tell the Captain to fire, or he could, if he choose, press a little key and himself fire each gun singly or all the guns at once. He could do the same with all the batteries and forts, and he could, from his little tower miles away, by a light touch of his finger explode every gun in the harbor, and send tons and tons of metal flying with crushing force at any vessel he pleased. He could do even more. He could explode any, or all, of the mines and torpedoes at once, or he could have one grand simultaneous explosion of all the guns, torpedoes and mines. At each fort and battery would be stationed officers who by means of instruments would find exactly the course of the enemy's ships. This would be telegraphed to the commander, who would then know at every instant just where any vessel is, and how fast she is sailing. So he could predict that a ship will pass a certain spot at a certain time, and, if she did not change her course, could press the key and blow up the vessel, or send at her a huge bolt of iron or steel. If the enemy had landed a force on the mainland down the coast, and it was marching on the fort to take it in the rear, the commander could wait till he saw the force on a road approaching a fort, when, pressing another key, several iron doors of the fort would open and automatic machine guns pop out, and commence firing at the rate of six hundred shots per minute apiece, and keep it up till the key was pressed again, when they would withdraw and the shields close. It can be seen that the commander should know absolutely all that is going on, as otherwise he might fire into his own forts, or his own patrol boats. —St. Nicholas.

A Smart Bird.

There is a lady in the eastern part of the city who has a remarkably bright mocking bird. He is just two years old and can sing as divinely as though he had caught the tones from heavenly spheres.

It is amusing to hear him practice—he is vain—and loves to do well; so recently, when his owner tried to teach him to sing "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut," he would stay awake all night and practice "Johnny get"—it didn't quite suit him, so he began again, "Johnny get your hair!"—again there seemed to be a discord—but perseveringly he went back to the beginning and that time he succeeded satisfactorily. For weeks this was kept up every night to the annoyance of the sleepers in the house, but finally when the tune was learned it stopped. This bird tries many airs, and sings some of them real well; for instance: "The Elephant Walked the Rope," "Molly Put the Kettle On" and the "Kimball House Waltz," are on his list. —Atlanta (Ga.) Weekly Journal.

Pigeons as Bearers of Ill Tidings.
Carrier pigeons will be kept on board the Ostend mail boats for the future, so that news of an accident may be sent to shore at once without depending on passing ships. This plan will prevent any repetition of the troubles experienced by the Princess Henriette when her machinery broke down during the voyage, and she had no means of summoning help.

RUN.

Makes attractive waist places—A snub. Always gets "fired out"—The cannon ball.

Even a cloud occasionally gets on a burst.

Some transatlantic lines—Ocean cables.

The up's and down's of time—Clock weights.

"So live that when the summons comes"—you won't be afraid of the sheriff who serves you with it.

Diffidence between a ship and a street sprinkler—One walks the water and the other waters the walk.

We occasionally hear the expression "pocket the loss," when the meaning is, the loss has been unpocketed.

Greece is to put up a monument in memory of Byron. It should be "Maid of Athens" marble.—New Orleans Picayune.

"No one can tell the effect of a smile," says a philosopher. Can't, eh? Suppose you try apple-jack and see.—New York Journal.

Singley—"How much you resemble your sister, Miss Bjones? I would take you for her." Miss Bjones—"W-well, Mr. Singley this is so sudden; but you may ask pa."—Lawrence American.

A Rare Entertainment: Gus—"What did you think of our amateur theatricals, Miss Mamie? Rather a rare entertainment, was it not?" Miss Mamie—"Well-er-yes; it wasn't very well done, to be sure."—Harper's Bazar.

Curious Clocks.

"Mechanical clocks," said a local horologist to a New York *Star* reporter, "are greatly in demand all the year round. They are mostly imported, and range in price up to \$75 each. Oh, as to styles, there are many, representing nearly everything in art or nature. Some jewelers keep a large assortment of these horological curiosities. A good deal of advertising is done by means of mechanical clocks. They look like toys, but they are excellent timekeepers, and placed in store windows attract considerable attention. I have seen crowds standing in front of these curious clocks, watching the movements. It may be a gilded maiden swinging to and fro, or listening to the sweet music of a chime of bells ringing as the pendulum oscillates. Yes, the mechanical devices are very popular as advertising schemes. In some of the clocks the mechanism has its own separate spring, while in others the same power runs both that and the timekeeping movement."

"Who are the best customers for mechanical clocks?"

"That depends on the style of the clock. You see that artistic little boiler all in nice working order? Well, a contractor or builder will come along and snap it up for his office, sure. So with the others. Some aesthetic woodworker will buy that bandsaw clock, a machinist will fall in love with that triphammer movement. While the pretty little wind mill will, perhaps, gladden the heart of some Western miller on the lookout for novelties in his line."

Some of the prettiest specimens of mechanical clocks are to be met with in New York. Many stores attract goodly custom by exhibiting these curiosities.

Thought He Would Wait.

A well known Scotch bishop never married. While he held a certain see he was of course a subject of considerable interest to the celibate ladies of the neighborhood. One day he received a visit from one of them who had reached the age of desperation. Her manner was solemn, yet somewhat embarrassed; it was evident from the first that there was something very particular upon her mind. The good bishop spoke with his usual kindness, and encouraged her to be communicative. By and by he drew from her that she had a very strange dream, or, rather, as she thought, a revelation from heaven. On further questioning she confessed that it had been intimated to her that she was to be united in marriage to the bishop. One may imagine what a start this gave to the quiet scholar, who had long before married his books and never thought of any other bride. He recovered, however, and addressing her very gently, said that doubtless these intimations were not to be despised. As yet, however, the designs of heaven were but imperfectly explained, as they had been revealed to only one of the parties. He would wait to see if any similar communication should be made to himself, and when it should happen he would be sure to let her know.—Boston Traveler