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## ONE LITTLE WORD.

It's but a word in anger breathed,  
Yet cutting like a lash,  
One little moment spent in strife,  
One blighting lightning flash;  
Yet for that word, through dreary years,  
One shall regret with bitter tears.  
"To-morrow morn she will return,  
To-morrow I will pardon crave."  
To-morrow finds one grief-struck heart  
And one cold form robbed for the grave.  
And memory, with his wild regret,  
Still haunts the one who would forget.  
—Annabel Dwight.

## IN THE OAK WALK.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

How pretty Miss Perry looked!  
Neither Miss Lane nor Phil Thompson  
had ever seen quite such a sight.

She was in black silk, though it was  
only for a morning stroll to the Oak  
Walk—black silk enveloped, as to the  
skirt, in shimmering lace.

Her little black bonnet set off her fair  
face and yellow hair; her long Suede  
gloves were as yellow as her hair, her  
parasol white and lacey.

"Your cousin is very handsome," said  
Mary Lane to Mr. Olney.

In her heart there was a shocked dis-  
approval of Miss Perry, but her cousin  
was not the one to confide in.

"Oh, yes, Mag's pretty!" Mr. Olney  
rejoined, turning languidly to glance at  
her (he did everything lazily). "But  
she's not my cousin, you know. Mag's  
step-father's cousin is my aunt."

"Oh?" said Mary.

She raised her old fashioned brown  
parasol.

"Allow me!" said Mr. Olney, and  
took it.

Mary Lane smiled.

It amused her that she, a staid little  
country schoolma'am, should be the  
recipient of the gallantries of a silk-  
hatted, eye-glassed young man from the  
city.

But it did not so much amuse her that  
Miss Perry should be the recipient of  
Phil Thompson's gallantries.

She was indignant with everybody.

With the Waltons, who boarded her-  
self and Phil Thompson, Phil's parents  
being away on a visit. Why had they  
taken any more boarders? Miss Perry  
and her mother might have summered  
elsewhere very well.

With Phil himself. In spite of the  
innocence of his wide blue eyes, Mary  
had thought Phil rather level-headed.  
Now what was she to think?

But most of all with Miss Perry.  
What right had she to do it—to put  
forth her finished charms for the undoing  
of a defenseless country youth? to trifle  
with his honest heart like a cat with a  
mouse?

Mary Lane was wrathful.  
"No, Mag's not closely related, you  
see," Mr. Olney was saying, in his not  
unpleasant drawl. "But I consider it  
my duty to look after her, rather. That's  
why I'm here. I thought I'd run down  
for a day or two and see what Mag was  
up to."

It was evident what Mag was up to.  
She and Phil were far behind now, under  
her white parasol.

Mr. Olney laughed lazily.

"I rather think it's a good thing I  
came, you know," he remarked. "I may  
be in time to rescue Mr. Thompson. You  
see, Mag's a terror, Miss Lane. She  
doesn't mean it, but on my word she  
can't help it!"

"What?" said Mary, coldly.

"Flirting, you know," said Mr. Olney,  
yawning. "I don't know how it is, you  
know, but she can't see a fresh fellow  
—a new one, I mean," he substituted po-  
litely—"without trying to get his scalp.  
On my word!"

No reply from the schoolma'am. She  
was burningly silent.

He was making fun of Phil, of course;  
that was plain. But that was not the  
worst. It was so then; she was amusing  
herself with Phil. Mr. Olney had seen  
it. Poor Phil! and her poor self, not to  
be able to say one word, to place one  
straw against the current!

"As many good shots as Mag's made,  
though," Mr. Olney added, reflectively,  
"she hasn't suited herself yet. She  
knocks down fellows fast enough, but she  
don't pick 'em up when she's got 'em  
down."

"You see the turn just ahead?" said  
Mary—she did not propose to listen to a  
rehearsal of Miss Perry's triumphs.  
"That brings us to the Walk. It is an  
avenue of oaks, which gives it its name.  
Come up here, and you can see the river,"  
said Mary, mechanically.

"A charming view," said Mr. Olney,  
adjusting his eye-glass. "Ah, Mag and  
Mr. Thompson are upon us!"

They were, at last; Miss Perry with a  
pretty smile and gracefully-dangling par-  
asol, Phil with a somewhat dazed look  
on his handsome, honest face.

"It's done!" Mary thought, bitterly.  
"It is too late! Oh, she should be  
choked!"

"What a view!" Miss Perry was cry-  
ing, with clasped hands. "See the river,  
Marmaduke! Blue from the sky, and  
still as glass!"

"Beautiful!" Mr. Olney assented.

"And this long avenue—did you ever  
see anything like it, Marmaduke?"

Marmaduke never had.

"I thank you so much, Miss Lane, for  
bringing us!" Miss Perry cried, herself  
beautiful in her gay enthusiasm.

"Not at all," said Mary.

Miss Perry's thanks were intolerable.  
Phil—poor Phil—if she could save him!  
But Miss Perry stood near him—was  
smiling at him.

"What are those flowers down there?"  
she demanded, brightly. "Violets al-  
ready? I must have them!"

They were a dozen perilous feet down  
the steep bank, which sloped to the  
river.

But Miss Perry gazed brilliantly at  
Phil and Mr. Olney.

"We couldn't get them, Mag," said  
Mr. Olney. "We'd break our necks."

"Shame!" cried Miss Perry, blithely,  
and cast down her parasol and gloves.  
"Laggards, I'll do it myself! Go hide  
your heads!"

She was at the brink of the bank. Mr.  
Olney caught her wrist.

"You'll kill yourself, you know, Mag,"  
he drawled.

"Perhaps I shall," she retorted, rol-  
lickingly; but she turned hotly red at his  
touch. "My blood will be on your head,  
Marmaduke!"

She sprang out of his reach, and stood  
poised where her leap had taken her, her  
charming face on a level with their feet.

"Miss Perry!" said Phil, and "Mag!"  
said Mr. Olney, sternly, but got no further.

She had slipped. Down, down the sheer  
bank she went sliding, with a dire ren-  
ding of pretty skirts, a wild fluttering of  
frightened hands, till she clutched at a  
sapling rooted far below, and sank down  
with a little exhausted shriek.

"Well, how can we get to her?"  
Phil gasped.

"Upon my word, I don't know!" said  
Mr. Olney, angrily. "She's a madcap!"

Miss Perry was gazing up at them in  
comical defiance, her white hand waving.

"I'm not hurt. I suppose you're sorry  
I'm not hurt, Marmaduke?" she cried.

"You see the foot path just below you  
Miss Perry?" Mary called to her, coldly.

"If you will take that it will bring you  
gradually to a lower grade in the walk,  
where you can climb up easily."

"We will walk down and meet you  
there," said Phil. "Shan't we, Mary?"

"Very well," said Mary, frigidly.

Miss Perry, with a last defiant word or  
two, was off.

Mary led the way down the walk stiffly.  
Phil was laughing.

"Miss Perry is irrepressible!" he ob-  
served, admiringly.

"Oh, she's a madcap," Mr. Olney re-  
peated, strolling leisurely in the rear.

Mary accomplished the five minutes'  
walk in silence.

A slender figure, in draggled black  
silk, looked up at them drolly from down  
the slope.

Phil and Mr. Olney sprang down and  
pulled her up. Mary was positive she  
had stopped there purposely.

Her heart burned within her. What a  
fool she would have looked in such a  
position!

But Miss Perry was flushed and laugh-  
ing and lovely.

"What are you giggling at, you  
wretches?" she cried, tipping her bent  
bonnet recklessly over her nose, and  
spreading her lace skirt—which hung in  
tags. "Stop this minute, Marmaduke!  
I've had a delightful little excursion. I've  
enjoyed it—there now! I didn't get my  
violet, but—"

Miss Perry was turning white. She  
clasped her round arm with a shiver of  
pain. Blood was trickling on the fair  
skin.

"It was a stone—it cut it as I fell!"  
she murmured.

Now she would have pity and concern  
as well as admiration. It was a cut-and-  
dried scheme, Mary reflected, irefully.  
Phil would have to help her home.

She turned away, her lip between her  
teeth, hot and futile tears in her eyes.  
She would not look on at it!

But it was Miss Perry's ambiguous re-  
lative who offered his arm.

"If you've had enough of an escapade,  
Mag," he remarked, drily, "perhaps  
you'll let me take you home?"

She took his arm without a word, that  
warm red rising in her soft face; and  
Phil joined Mary.

Mary looked fixedly at the river. She  
felt Phil's big, blue eyes upon her, but  
she did not meet them.

She had no patience with him—a sim-  
pleton who would let a shallow flirt make  
an idiot of him!

"What's the matter, Mary?" he stam-  
mered, at last. "I—I—you don't seem  
to like Miss Perry much, Mary."

That was too much.

"No, I don't," said Mary, grimly.

"I think she's jolly, you know," said  
Phil timidly. "And I'm sorry further—  
awfully sorry!"

"It is only a scratch," said Mary, with  
forced calmness.

"I don't mean that," said Phil. He  
took Mary's elbow to help her up the  
grade, but she pulled it away. "Not  
that, you know. You see, she—I wonder  
if she'd mind my telling you—just  
you?"

"I don't want to hear it," said Mary,  
in agony.

"She wouldn't mind," Phil insisted.  
"If she told me, she'd tell anybody. It's  
about her Marmaduke—he isn't hers,  
that is, but she'd like him to be. They've  
been going on together for years, I gath-  
ered, without it's ever coming to any-  
thing; and she doesn't know whether  
Olney wants it to come to anything. He's  
so careless and lazy, she doesn't know  
whether he likes her or not. But she  
likes him. She told me that—right out,  
Mary, as innocent as a baby; seemed to  
want somebody to tell it to. And she  
cried when she said it—just cried. That  
was why she went on like that when we  
came up with you—made all that fuss  
about the flowers, and went down the  
bank—to take his attention off her red  
eyes. She says she can't marry anybody  
else; and then not to be sure—hewars for  
her—well, it is tough. If he don't want  
her, I don't know what he does want,"  
said Phil, indignantly.

Mary Lane was looking down at the  
grass.

"Was that what she was saying?"  
she murmured. "He—he said she was  
flirting with you!"

"He did?" said Phil, warmly. "He  
wants throttling. I've a mind to do it  
for him. He doesn't deserve her, the  
puppy!"

"I thought so, too," Mary faltered on.  
"I thought she was. And I was so  
angry with her for doing it!"

Phil laughed.

"And did you think I was flirting with  
her, Mary?" he demanded.

"Yes," she owned.

"Then you need throttling!" But he  
contented himself with a soft shake of  
her shoulder. "Mary, did you think I  
could flirt with anybody but you? Don't  
you know I like you, and always have?  
and mean to marry you—you, nobody  
else? Mary, for shame! Didn't you  
know it?"

The grass seemed to swim before  
Mary's eyes.

"I—I had hoped so, Phil," she whis-  
pered. "Oh, Phil, it was that! I  
thought it was just pity for you, Phil,  
and indignation and all, that made me  
hate her. But it was because I wanted  
you! It was that. She might have  
flirted with anybody else, Phil, and I  
wouldn't have cared!" she ended, amazed,  
joyfully amazed, in the sudden light  
which broke over her.

"Oh!" said Phil, eloquently.

A common impulse made them turn  
and peer at the pair behind. One look  
was enough. Miss Perry's face, sweetly  
aglow, was lifted to that of her step-  
father's cousin's nephew, while the neph-  
ew bent his lazy, handsome head above  
her, and clasped the hand clinging to his  
arm. The beauties of the Oak Walk and  
the river were nowhere.

"She's got her Marmaduke!" said  
Phil, with a silent laugh.

"Yes. Their mixed relationship will  
be simplified now," said Mary, in an  
ecstasy.

She looked back admiringly, remorse-  
fully.

"Don't you think she's the cutest  
girl?" she demanded, her throes of the  
last half-hour flung to the winds.

"There's only one cuter," said Phil,  
overlooking her inconsistencies. "You!"  
—Saturday Night.

A little girl sent out to find eggs re-  
turned without success, complaining that  
lots of hens were standing about doing  
nothing.

A story is told of a young man who was  
going to open a jewelry shop. When  
asked what capital he had he replied: "A  
crowbar."

## SPONGE FISHING.

### A PECULIAR INDUSTRY IN THE GULF OF MEXICO.

#### Where the Sponges are Found—How They are Caught and Their Preparation for the Market.

The water of the Gulf of Mexico is  
noted for its clearness, but at best our un-  
aided eyes cannot, with any distinctness,  
see objects further than six or eight feet  
below the surface. The water-telescope  
is therefore employed. Hyatt, in his ac-  
count of the commercial sponges, de-  
scribes this as a tube several feet long,  
similar to that used in Norway; but the  
only form I have ever seen in Florida,  
and which is known as a "water-glass,"  
consists simply of an ordinary wooden  
pail, into the bottom of which has been  
set a pane of strong glass. Sinking the  
lower half of this bucket below the water  
and pushing his face down into it, while  
the bail is shoved over his head to hold  
the bucket in place, the hooker shuts out  
the reflection of the light from the sur-  
face of the water and can look down into  
the more or less crystal depths as far as  
the light penetrates.

In this posture, bent over the rail of  
the canted yawl, his great pole resting  
across the gunwales in readiness, and his  
head half concealed in the swimming water-  
glass, the sponge-hooker is slowly moved  
over the waves by his intelligent sculler,  
while he scrutinizes the bottom for the  
inconspicuous objects of his search.

Nearly a dozen different kinds of  
sponges are named by the Gulf fishermen.  
The valuable ones are the "sheep's wool,"  
"boat," "yellow," "grass" and "glove"  
sponges, but the last two are not of much  
account. "Loggerhead," "finger"  
sponges, and the like, are useless. Ex-  
pert fishermen can tell all these apart as  
far under water as they can see them at  
all, though in six or seven fathoms the  
very largest—perhaps as big as a peck  
measure—looks very small, just mere  
purple spots on the bottom. Unless the  
water is clear, however, even the aid of  
the water-glass will not enable a man to  
see the large, deep-growing sponges, and  
a locality is often reported "played out,"  
because it is so muddy nobody can tell  
what is there. This is not a common ob-  
stacle, however; in fact, sponges would  
not grow where the water was often  
soiled.

Perceiving a sponge on the bottom—  
you or I would probably pass it over as  
a stone or a bit of coral, or not notice it  
at all—the hooker signs to his mate,  
who, by dexterous manipulation holds  
the boat stationary, while the hooker  
lets his long pole slide, quickly to the  
bottom. Guiding it with one hand and  
shoulder only, and looking through the  
water glass, he places the hook under-  
neath the sponge, taking care not to in-  
jure the body, and gives it a violent jerk.  
If it breaks, it floats up at once and is  
picked up; but sometimes several twist-  
ing jerks are required to detach the tough  
polypore, and now and then one will hold  
on so unexpectedly that the gunwale of  
the boat will be dragged under, and the  
two Conchs find themselves pitched head  
first into the water.

The hardest of all species to detach is  
the "sheep's wool," and the "yellow"  
the easiest.

When a sponge comes up bearing a  
"bud" of good size, this is broken off  
and thrown back. It sinks and survives,  
but is said not to become affixed to a  
rock, but to drift about on the bottom  
with the motion of any storm or current  
that may stir it. It increases in size, but  
easily eludes the grasp of the clumsy  
hooks that try to pick it up. These out-  
casts are called "Rolling Johns" by the  
fishermen.

At the end of a week or a fortnight a  
schooner collects her boats and carries  
her spoils to the shore, where has been  
set up an arrangement for preparing the  
raw sponges for market. This consists  
of a circular palisade of poles bound to-  
gether by withes into a pretty close pen  
about twenty-feet in diameter, and stand-  
ing in some protected shoal where at  
high tide the water may be ten or a  
dozen feet deep. Such a pen is called a  
"craw," a word corrupted from the  
Spanish corral. Into it is thrown the  
first week's catch and left to macerate, a  
process rapidly effected in the poorly  
organized tissues of the sponge-animals.

When the vessel reaches it on the next  
Saturday, these first sponges have been  
swishing about and rubbing against the  
poles until they are well rotted and par-  
tially cleaned of sarcodae. They are  
now taken to the shore, placed upon  
planks and thoroughly beaten with a

short paddle called a "bruiser," which  
treatment drives out of the interior  
of each, as well as presses from the sur-  
face, the dirty water and decayed ani-  
mal matter with which it is saturated. It  
is a very noisy and very nasty piece of  
work, and ends by slashing away with a  
knife any black and slimy particles that  
may still adhere. This done, the new  
stock is transferred from the vessels  
heaped and slimy decks to the coral, and  
left to be soaked out by the waves.

After the "bruising" the skeleton  
sponges are strung on rope yarn in lengths  
of two fathom "strings" and made to  
bleach and dry on the hot sand beach,  
until the end of the voyage. All this  
work will be done by a ship's crew, even  
if they have as many as 2000 sponges in  
half a day.

The American sponges are used for the  
bath and other coarser domestic purposes  
to some extent; but a large part of the  
product is torn to pieces for stuffing  
cushions, mattresses, etc., as a substitute  
for hair and in the manufacture of certain  
rough kinds of cloth in place of coarse  
wool or hemp.—Drake's Magazine.

#### A Powerful Woman Preacher.

One of Chicago's successful preachers  
is the Rev. Florence Kollock, of Blue  
Island. In her pulpit, clad in Princess  
gown of dark fine stuff, the severe lines  
of which reveal the perfection of her tall,  
lissome figure, with her fine head thrown  
back and her dark eyes glowing, she is  
the embodiment of inspirational enthusi-  
asm. She is wonderfully magnetic, and  
carries forward her audience as if by  
magic. Still she is not in the least sen-  
sational, either in method or matter.  
Dealing in facts rather than dialectics,  
she is broad, intense and original, and  
those who have listened to her for years  
declare not only that her work is not a  
replica of early efforts, but improves in  
power, strength and finish as the years  
go on. A native of Wisconsin, Miss  
Kollock was educated at the State Uni-  
versity at Madison. For five years after  
her graduation she was a most successful  
teacher. During this time she was much  
exercised in regard to religious matters.  
The demands of her broad and humane  
nature were such that ordinary creed limi-  
tations were quite impossible to her; in  
the end she became a Universalist and  
determined to preach the Gospel as a  
minister of that church. To this  
end she took a course of study to fit her-  
self for the work of the ministry, and  
began preaching at Waverly, Wis., in  
1876. She remained at Waverly two  
years, and then followed the Rev. Au-  
gusta Chapin as pastor of the Universal-  
ist Church at Blue Island, one of Chi-  
cago's suburbs. During her pastorate  
there she established a mission at Engle-  
wood.—Augusta (Me.) Chronicle.

#### Great Fun With a Whale.

The officers and soldiers at Fort Adams  
have had the opportunity to engage in  
actual warfare, and improved the chance  
with great alacrity. An attack was  
made on the garrison by a huge whale,  
and all hands were called to repel board-  
ers. The whale is what is known as a  
sulphur bottom whale, which are plenti-  
ful on the coast of Maine, and was about  
twenty feet long. He was first seen by  
Surgeon Horton's son on the upper side  
of the south dock. He gave the alarm  
to the attendant at the hospital, who first  
attacked the whale with a pistol, firing a  
good number of shots, but producing no  
effect whatever. The officers and men of  
the battery then gathered and made a  
united attack, using sabres, guns, pistols,  
and, in fact, everything except the field  
pieces was brought to bear on it. Some  
of the men jumped overboard and finally  
got a rope around him. A piece of gas-  
pique was ten stuck in his blow-hole.  
But he soon broke away, and as he swam  
around the front of the wharf, the port  
launch was backed into him by Captain  
Lee, and he was cut into in several  
places by the propeller. The launch then  
started to chase the whale down the cove  
opposite the stable, where he was finally  
run ashore and killed. The scene was a  
very ludicrous one; many of the men at  
different times jumped on the whale's  
back, only to be flung off by the creature's  
tail.—Providence (R. I.) Journal.

#### A Strange Monster.

According to a French paper, a sea  
monster, such as no fisherman has ever  
seen before, has been stranded on the  
island of St. Honorat, near Cannes. The  
creature measures eighteen feet in length,  
and is about seventeen feet round the  
thick part of the body. It has a beak  
resembling that of a parrot and two horns  
on its head; its eyes are at a distance of  
three feet four inches from the extremity  
of the beak.

## FUN.

A baldheaded man says his hair re-  
minds him of a fool and his money—it is  
easily parted.

What a glorious world this would be if  
the people lived up to the epitaphs on  
their tombstones.

A man in Southbridge, Mass., has a  
five legged mule. It is treated with more  
than ordinary respect.

Mrs. Winks—"Well, I declare! The  
weather forecasts are right for once at  
last." Mr. Winks (looking over her  
shoulder)—"Humph! That paper is a  
week old."

Teacher—"If you had three oranges  
and ate two, how many would be left?"  
Scholar (positively)—"None." Teacher  
—"Yes. One would be left." Scholar  
(dodgedly)—"No, it wouldn't. I'd eat  
that, too."

The latest medical pronouncement,  
says the Pittsburgh Dispatch, is that smok-  
ing after meals is injurious. Since it is  
already established that smoking before  
meals is injurious, the only refuge is to  
stop eating.—Oil City Blizzard.

"See here, Mr. Grocer," said a house-  
wife, "if you are going to bring me any  
more goods I want them to be the very  
best." "We keep none but the best." "I  
presume so; you must sell the worst in  
order to keep the best."—Hartford  
Post.

"That's the way with the world," he  
growled. "You do something the peo-  
ple don't like and they turn on you quicker  
than you can say 'Jack Robinson.' Ethel  
can go home to her mother if she wants  
to. As long as I have the house and  
something to eat I won't care. But great  
heavens!" he exclaimed, as he looked  
about the pantry, "I'll be hanged if the  
milk hasn't turned, too."

#### Devices of Hindoo Criminals.

Some curious devices practiced by  
criminals are mentioned by the writer of  
a series of articles in the Times of India  
on "By-paths of Crime in India." One  
curiosity which he was shown on a visit  
to the jail in Calcutta was a heavy lead  
bullet, about three-quarters of an inch in  
diameter. This was found on an habitual  
thief, and was being used to form a pouch  
or bag in the throat for secreting money,  
jewels, etc., in the event of his being  
searched. The ball is put into the mouth,  
and is allowed to slide down gently until  
it reaches some part near the epiglottis,  
where it is held in position and is kept  
there for about half an hour at a time.  
This operation is repeated many times  
daily, and gradually a sort of pocket is  
formed, the time being longer or shorter,  
according to the size of pocket required.  
In some cases six months have been suf-  
ficient, in others a year, while in some cases  
two years are necessary. Such a pouch  
as this last is capable of holding ten ru-  
pees, about the size of ten florins. The  
thief, therefore, can undergo search, and  
nothing being found, he goes away with  
the spoil in his throat, the power of  
breathing and speech being in no way in-  
terfered with.

About a score of prisoners in the Cal-  
cutta Jail have such pouch formations.  
In the hospital of the prison the visitor  
learned some of the malingering practices  
of Indian criminals. In one case he saw  
a youth who was a perfect skeleton, with  
lustrous eyes looking out in a ghastly  
manner from a worn, haggard face. It  
was discovered that he had for two years  
been taking an irritant poison, with a  
view to produce diarrhoea, in order to  
shirk work and get pleasant quarters in  
the hospital. But he had overdone the  
part, for he had reduced himself to such  
a condition that recovery was all but im-  
possible. This taking of internal irritants  
is a common practice among the habi-  
tual criminals of Calcutta. Castor  
oil seed, croton seed and two other seeds  
which have no English name are the  
agents most commonly employed. One  
man was pointed out who, in order to get  
off his fetters, had produced an ulcer by  
rubbing the chafed skin with caustic lime  
and then irritating the sore by scratching  
it with a piece of broken bottle.

#### The Telephone Nets of the World.

According to the statement of a Ger-  
man authority the telephone nets of the  
world are as follows: United States, 750  
nets, with 200,000 subscribers; Ger-  
many, 167 nets, with 26,000 subscribers;  
England, 125 nets, with 20,000 subscrib-  
ers; Sweden, 150 nets, with 15,000  
subscribers; France, 39 nets, with 10,  
800 subscribers; Italy, 49 nets, with  
9690 subscribers; Switzerland, 71 nets,  
with 8000 subscribers; Russia, 36 nets,  
with 7600 subscribers.