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## AUTUMN.

With shy brown eyes she comes again,  
With hair a sunny, silken skein,  
As full of light as golden rod;  
Love in her voice, love in her nod,  
She treads so softly no one knows  
The time she comes, the time she goes.

The grass is brown, the leaves begin  
Their gold and crimson dyes to win.  
Each cricket sings as loud as ten  
To drown the noisy locust, when  
You come, O maid, to bid us cry  
To summer sweet a long goodbye.

And when you go the leaves are gone;  
The aster's farewell scent is flown;  
Poor Cupid puts away his wings,  
And close to cosy corners clings.  
The rude wind ushers, with a shout,  
The winter in, the autumn out.

There's sadness in her shy brown eyes,  
Though gay her gown with tawny dyes,  
Love's in her voice—but telling most  
Of one who's loved, but loved and lost.  
She treads so softly no one knows  
The time she comes, the time she goes.  
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## THE LODE STAR TRAIN.

It was during the fall of 1865 that the Lode Star Mining Company sent an outfit from Nevada, in Iowa, across the plains from Atchison to Denver. The train consisted of a dozen covered wagons laden with various materials, including a small engine, in parts, as well as other machinery. Each vehicle had four mules with a driver and keeper, and altogether the train embraced in its connections about thirty-five men.

These men were generally armed with revolvers, and there was also distributed among them twelve Spencer repeating rifles, placed in the hands of the best men, designed to protect the train from the attacks of those buccaneers of the prairie, the red skins. The wagons were heavily loaded, it being necessary to carry grain for all the mules, as well as provisions for the men, in addition to the machinery.

The outfit made but about twenty miles per day, and when night approached the teams were corraled—that is driven into a circle within which the men and animals were grouped to feed and rest. This arrangement formed a sort of fort, behind which the men could fight to advantage, if they were attacked by the Indians, which was pretty sure to occur some time during the long journey across the plains.

The Lode Star Company's outfit had not been three days on the route before they caught sight, now and then, of Indian scouts in the distance, hovering first on one flank and then on the other of the train, as it wound along the valley of the North Platte. The redskins did not come boldly in sight, but rode up within long-rifle range behind the favoring shelter of some rise in the long roll of the prairie, and throwing themselves flat upon the ground, raised their heads high enough for the purpose of inspecting the train.

The outfit was in good hands, and under excellent discipline. There was no staggering, no lagging behind. The line was kept compact and perfect, and all hands always in call of each other. The Indians, seeing there was no chance to pick off any isolated members of the train by hanging on the skirts of the travelers, were forced to adopt some other tactics. But they were very cautious, for they were impressed by the watchfulness of the leaders of the expedition.

The cunning redskins understand perfectly the character of those constituting one of these mining trains, after a few hours of following and observation. Nothing escapes their vigilant eyes. Any want of discipline among the men, or any carelessness in the way of exposure, is carefully noted and taken advantage of, while the train that is kept well in hand by its leader, and conducted with cool calculation and caution, if attacked at all, it is only by very superior numbers and under favorable circumstances of position.

There were six or eight frontiersmen with the Lode-Star train who knew very well the Indian tactics, and who were prepared for an attack at any moment, but, in the meantime, they steadily pursued their way across the dreary and monotonous plains, appearing to take no notice of the scouts whose heads now and then appeared over the distant hillocks.

By and by the scouts became bolder, and would dash up to within rifle shot of the train upon their little wiry ponies, take a good look and then return again.

On the fifth day out from Atchison twenty-five or thirty redskins, early in the morning, came circling about the train just as it started upon the day's journey, and saluted the whites

with a shower of arrows from a good distance. This onslaught was comparatively harmless, with the exception of a slight wound in the neck of one of the mules.

Not so, however, as it regarded the Indians, for one of the frontiersmen drew a bead from his Spencer upon a Comanche warrior, and put an ounce of lead through his heart, while another shot a pony from under his rider. The redskins made a hasty retreat, leaving a dead pony on the plains and carrying off their dead comrade.

The train was not halted at all, but kept steadily on its way. However, the Indians had learned a lesson of caution for the future. As was afterward known, they had lost one of their best chiefs in this useless attack, and though they had the additional incentive of revenge added to that of cupidity, yet they were held back by a wholesome fear of the Spencer rifles.

Still day after day they followed the train, almost wearing out the whites by the incessant watchfulness which was necessary for self-protection, and occasionally, when some favorable inequality of ground occurred, they would get near enough to launch their arrows and to send a few rifle shots into the ranks of the whites. One or two of the men and animals had thus been slightly wounded, but nothing more serious occurred until the train had reached the ford of the Little Blue River.

By this time, the ninth day, the Indians had increased in numbers so that the whites made out some fifty or sixty of them, and, trusting to the disadvantage necessarily encountered in getting the animals and wagons over the narrow but somewhat swift little stream, the enemy here attacked the travelers in a very persistent manner, partly sheltered by the belt of cottonwood trees which line the banks of the Little Blue at this point.

But Captain Goss, who was train master, had anticipated this, and while the drivers were getting their teams across the ford he stationed eight of his best marksmen to keep the Indians at bay. Each of these men sought the cover of the undergrowth and the body of some cottonwood tree of good size, and from thence kept up such a steady and effective fire that the redskins dared not make the charge which he had planned.

Five or six of the Indians had been sent to their long home, and several had been wounded by the time the last wagon crossed the ford. One mule and one white man had been killed by the enemy, and two of the drivers slightly wounded. But the train was soon again winding on its way, having fairly repulsed the pursuers for a time at least. Crossing the ford was hard work for the animals, and a halt was ordered a mile beyond the river and the teams corraled.

Here another of the wounded mules gave out and soon after died, leaving but two animals to draw the rear wagon.

The Indians had been severely punished, but they were very persistent, and on the following morning they were seen hovering about the rear of the train, which was now compelled to make frequent halts on account of having but two mules in place of four attached to the last wagon. The load was lightened and divided among the rest to a considerable extent, but still it was heavy work for the two animals to keep up with the rest of the outfit.

The Indians watched this rear wagon, hoping that the train-master would abandon it in his efforts to escape from them, and they were encouraged by this prospect of booty, pressing as closely as they dared upon the rear of the train. Now and then the best marksmen among the whites would get a good shot at one more venturesome than the rest, and would wound him or shoot his pony, and an Indian upon the plains without his horse is of no account.

It soon became evident to Captain Goss that he must sacrifice the last wagon, and he, therefore, ordered a halt, and, shifting everything of value into the other teams, took the two mules and placed them as additional leaders upon the heaviest wagons. Tossing into the wagon about to be abandoned a lot of comparatively valueless articles, he left in the centre a heap of blasting powder, for a sharp idea had occurred to the Captain.

Something must be done to get rid of these banditti of the prairie, or they would worry out and one by one kill off his men and animals before he could reach Denver, at the foot of the mountains.

He knew that the redskins would pounce upon this wagon in five minutes after he had deserted it, expecting to se-

cure the booty which he was compelled to leave behind. He therefore went very understandingly to work. He arranged a seven-minute slow match, which he connected with the bung-hole of the keg of powder. The train was once more ordered to get under way.

In the distance, just out of rifle range, the redskins were to be seen in full force, but afraid to approach within range of those deadly Spencers. They had lost eleven of their fighting men, besides several who had been left wounded far behind. This was a losing game, for they knew that they had inflicted but a comparatively slight injury upon the whites.

Once more the Lode Star train was gradually got on its way, moving slowly forward.

After it was fairly in motion Captain Goss himself returned to the wagon which was to be left behind and applied the match, then dashed off after his train. Rapidly as he rode away upon his little white pony the Indians more rapidly came on to secure the booty which was about to fall into their hands. It seemed to be a general race among them to see which should reach the prize first.

There were forty redskins engaged in that mad race toward the deserted wagon.

In the meantime Captain Goss had joined his command, and the train was urged forward by his orders with increased speed, until at last half a mile or so had been placed between them and the abandoned wagon. Then the train was halted.

The whites were now all watching the headlong rush of the redskins in their race for spoils.

They swept down nearly together and surrounded the vehicle on all sides, several dismounting, endeavoring to effect entrance beneath the canvas covering, both by the front and rear. They swarmed like bees about a hive, and at the distance of half a mile looked like one solid mass.

Hark! The catastrophe has occurred! The whites saw a cloud of smoke and debris rise a hundred feet into the air and spread a hundred feet in all directions laterally, then came a shock that made the earth tremble under their feet as though an earthquake had occurred.

It was a holocaust of men and horses. Limbs and bodies cast in separate directions, heads and trunks severed. Twenty lives were sacrificed in one instant of time and twenty more of the Indians were burned half to death! A few of the horses, which had escaped, were seen dashing over the prairie mad with fright and riderless.

A few of the wounded were seen escaping on their hands and knees away from the terrible spot.

"Let us return and finish them," said one of the frontiersmen to Capt. Goss.

"No," was the reply. "They have been awfully punished; our way lies toward Denver."

"But there are six or eight of the redskins crawling away; they couldn't show fight."

"For that very reason I would not attack them," said Capt. Goss.

"Chivalric feelings are thrown away upon such vermin," said the frontiersman.

"Forward with the teams," replied the Captain, sternly, pointing to the west.

This terrible experience by the Comanches occurred about twenty-five years since, but its effects upon the tribes were lasting, and they rarely thereafter engaged since in attacks upon the trains of miners crossing the plains. They will long remember the running fight with the Lode Star Company and its awful ending.—New York News.

## Value of a Life.

Before our Civil War the money value placed upon the working force in a slave, a young negro field hand, was \$1000 and upward, and upon a skilled mechanic over \$3000. Dr. Farr and Edwin Chadwick, both eminent sanitarians, practically confirm these estimates. Dr. Farr says that in England an agricultural laborer, at the age of twenty-five years, is worth, over and above what it costs to maintain him, \$1191, and that the average value of every man, woman and child is \$771. Edwin Chadwick says that each individual of the English working classes (mere children work there, we must remember) is worth \$890, and at forty years of age \$1780. Our values in this country are much greater. Take the probabilities of our length of life from the insurance tables, and put our labor on the market for that term of years, and you will find what we are worth to the community.—Medical Classics.

## DANGEROUS EELS.

A CURIOUS FISH ABLE TO DELIVER ELECTRIC SHOCKS.

The Methods Used in Capturing Them—Their Disagreeable Appearance—How They Produce the Shock.

Some years ago, at Panama, says Wilf. P. Pond in *Youth's Companion*, I made the acquaintance of a trader, and accepted an offer to accompany him to British Guiana, journeying as far as the delta of the Orinoco. This river annually rises to a height of fifty feet, and covers a tract of country half as large as the State of New York. When the water subsides it leaves large, stagnant pools along the edge of the savannahs that lie beyond the limit of the inundation, and these pools are literally alive with fish, the most common variety being the electric eel.

The natives are very fond of these fish, but having a great horror of the severe shock they are able to communicate at will, employ a peculiar method in the capture which they call "intoxicating by means of horses."

During our stay in the village a number of the natives were employed in catching them, and I found the method highly interesting. On visiting one of the pools not yet disturbed, I saw some of the fish at rest. The pool was about half an acre in extent, the surface being partly covered with aquatic growth, and floating around on the top of the water, or near the surface, were large, yellow, almost livid eels, that resembled rather water-snakes than eels. Instead of the back being straight as in the ordinary eel, they appeared to "hump" themselves, that is to say, they drew the stomach in, making a slight arch of the back.

Lazily swimming along, they would suddenly straighten themselves out with a jerk, and then curve the back again. This I learned was the action of producing the shock, also that its habit is the reverse of that of the cat family, for it straightens itself when annoyed, and betokens pleasure by keeping its body arched. All around the pool were marvelous growths of rushes, and the great Ita palms, which gives the natives food, house, clothing, drink and furniture.

The hunt, or capture of the eels, began in the early morning, soon after daybreak, so as to avoid the heat of the noonday. About fifty men started out on horseback, and surrounding a number of wild horses drove them to a pool. The animals plunged in and commenced swimming across.

The eels, driven from the bottom to the surface by the splashing of the horses, endeavored to defend their territory against the invaders, with the strange means which nature has given them. Rising to the surface they rushed at their foes, not to bite them, but to defend themselves by the discharge of their batteries. In and out among the horses they swam, curving and uncurving themselves rapidly.

The horses, crazy with the excitement and the noise of the men, and the pains from the electric discharges from the eels, with straining, terror-stricken eyes and bristling manes sought to escape from the storm that had surprised them. Swimming to the nearest edge they tried to land, but were driven back by shouting natives who viciously struck them over the head and face, while the great eels, pursuing them to the edge, were speared by the harpoons, and thrown from the points far up on the dry soil, where other natives killed them.

The livid color of the eels was greatly intensified, and they were disagreeable-looking objects as they writhed and curled in the water, while their eyes, unduly prominent when at rest, receded far into the head so as to become almost invisible in their rage at being disturbed. Once or twice a native stumbled in his excitement over some obstacle, and fell so that some portion of his naked flesh touched a squirming eel, and then a yell was heard that left no doubt that it was caused by acute pain.

At first, comparatively few were thrown ashore, but in a short time several of the horses, victims to the power of the shocks, were drowned, and gradually the eels became exhausted and seemed to be, as the natives said, "intoxicated." They swam aimlessly around, and were slowly driven down to a narrow part of the pool, where they were secured, as they lay half torpid in the shallows, by means of small harpoons and rude fibre nets. Those taken in the nets were

transported to small holes dug in the soil, and filled with fresh water, from which they could be easily taken as occasion required, while those speared were intended to be used as immediate food.

Such, however, is the terror inspired by these fish, that the natives are very reluctant to take them from the harpoons, or otherwise touch them until life has been for some time extinct.

The electric apparatus of these fish consists of a series of honeycombed-looking cells, filled with a thickish, gelatinous fluid, abundantly supplied with nerves, and situated between the head and the gills. The electrical organs are ten in number, and the number of cells varies according to the size of the fish. In one fish each organ contained four hundred and seventy, and in another, larger fish, one thousand one hundred and eighty-two. Doctor Walsh, of the English Royal Society of London, demonstrated the passage of the electric current from one of these fish through eight persons, administering a perceptible shock to each.

As soon as the eels were dead and harmless, they are conveyed to the village where one of the intermittent festivals which appear to come round about every ten days is inaugurated. The women were busy all day making cassava, which is a starch obtained from a plant-root belonging to the Euphorbiaceae, by a rather complicated process. From this cakes are made, and baked upon round pieces of iron, similar to our griddle-cakes.

A canoe full of piwarri—a drink made of cassava and water fermented—was prepared, and the fish, cleaned and rolled in sections of palm leaves, were baked and served up to the multitude, who beat drums, danced, drank, and yelled until dawn next morning, when the usual occupations of the tribe were resumed.

## The Demand for Shetland Ponies.

A great deal of interest has recently been taken in the large shipments from this city of Shetland ponies to Vermont for general breeding purposes. There is probably no one more competent to talk about these interesting little bits of horseflesh than George W. Elgin, a collector and breeder in Scotland, who arrived from the other side last week to investigate the cause of the demand that has sprung up for his pet stock. Referring to the methods of raising Shetland ponies, he said:

"The race, so far as pure strains of blood are concerned, is almost extinct. A wrong impression prevails that these ponies are bred in the Shetland Isles, whereas there are fewer there now than probably in any other quarter of the globe. There was a time when some rich families in that group of islands, with recollections of feudal times, used to take great pride in sending ponies to the lords and fine gentlemen of the Southern boroughs. Now the average Shetlander is so poor that the breeding of Shetland ponies has given way to the smoked fish industry. It is often said regarding the poverty of the inhabitants that a calf can only be permitted to live forty-eight hours, and after being served with a pail of water, is slaughtered for immediate use.

"The ambition of the Shetlander seems to have died out with the departure a few years ago of a favorite sheriff of the islands, who is now Governor of the Island of Mauritius. He was accustomed to encourage the industries of Mainland, the island of which Lerwick, the principal shipping port, is the capital. His wife used to drive a four-in-hand basket phaeton, drawn by four shaggy specimens of the genuine Shetland pony. With the sheriff's resignation the Shetlanders resumed their listless apathy, and there is no such a thing as the weekly steamer plying to Lerwick bringing a single consignment. Even the old family of Bruce sold all its belongings this summer, and now dealers have got to depend upon what can be obtained from the farms in Aberdeenshire.

"The diminutive little horses are shipped by steamer to Leith and thence to Glasgow. It is from the latter city that the American market is supplied. All the characteristics of the Shetland pony have been lost and the familiar shaggy hair has been supplanted by the sleek coat of brown or smoky gray. The finest pair of ponies in the United States, named "Dot" and "Pet," were raised by the Duke of Buccleuch and are owned, I believe, by a young lady of twelve summers, who lives in the neighborhood of White Plains."—New York Star.

The drum was used by the Egyptians and brought by the Moors into Spain

## FUN.

The greatest of all poetry is a girl's first love letter.

In a driving storm no one seems capable of holding the reins.—*Statesman*.

A man lost \$2,000,000 in less than one minute the other day. Cause, heart disease.—*Binghamton Republican*.

A writer says that whipping a boy may make him stupid. It may be, but it is more likely to make him smart.

"James, you have been fighting. I can tell by the look in your eye." "Yes, but mother, you should see the look in the other boy's eye."—*Life*.

Jones has been commended by his friend to send a telegram to her dearest friend. Clerk—"The message costs twenty-five cents, sir, but the postscript comes to \$2.50."

"Is there anything a man cannot do?" asks an exchange. We have never yet found a man who could scold the children with his mouth full of pins.—*Lawrence American*.

Young Man—"I have come to answer your advertisement for a 'young man with plenty of push.' What is the position that is open?" Blobson (pushing a baby carriage)—"My wife refuses to do it, and I don't have time; so I shall have to hire a substitute."—*Lawrence American*.

Ada—"So you have been to see your husband's folks, have you, Lulu? And how did you like his mother? Lulu—"Oh! ever so much, Ada; she made me feel so much at home. Why, in less than twenty-four hours after I arrived there she had me in the kitchen washing dishes."

## Forty Proverbs of the Sea.

He who would learn to pray should go to sea.

When one falls into the sea he stays there.

When you walk, pray once; when you go to sea, pray twice; when you go to be married, pray three times.

Women are ships and must be manned.

The sea refuses no river.

All the rivers go to the sea, and it never overruns.

The sea is not soiled because a dog stirs it up.

To a drunken man the sea only reaches to the knees.

If the sea boiled, where would one go to find water to cool it?

What comes by starboard goes by larboard.

Being at sea, sail; being on land, settle.

He that will not sail till he have a full, fair wind will lose many a voyage.

Unless you have the wind astern you must know how to navigate.

You cannot sail as you would, but as the wind blows.

In a calm sea, every man is a pilot.

To a rotten ship every wind is contrary.

What fear would he have of the waves who had Noah for a pilot?

Every sea, great as it is, grows calm. A large ship needs much water.

Where the ship can go the brigantine can go.

It is easier to get away from the bank than from the bottom.

The ship which doesn't mind her helm will mind the hidden rocks.

He who can steer need not row.

It will not do to have two mainmasts in a ship.

Better lose an anchor than the whole ship.

Good roller, good sailer.

Do good and cast it into the sea; if the fish ignore it, God will know it.

If clouds look like they had been scratched by a hen, get ready to reef your topsails then.

The full moon eats clouds.

He who sends a man man to sea will get neither fish nor salt.

Every port serves in a gale.

A mariner must have his eyes on the rocks and sands as well as on the north star.

Ill goes the boat without oars.

From the boat we get to the ship.

Don't judge of the ship from the land. The freshest and sweetest fish come from the saltiest sea.

No one can complain of the sea who has been twice shipwrecked.

He gets his passage for nothing and winks at the captain's wife.

The sea isn't burning.

He that is embarked with the devil must sail with him.—*United Service*.

One of Lord Tennyson's greatest regrets is that he has never visited this country.