

# SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

Terms—\$1.25 in Advance; \$1.50 after Three Months.

VOL. VIII.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1889.

NO. 8.

## SUNSET.

Slowly on all attainment or defeat  
The day dies out far in the darkening west;  
Leaving the earth, its golden stage complete,  
To muse an hour away, then sink to rest;  
Dark earth—the heavens yet touched with  
Sunset glow;  
Brightness above, and hushed, submissive  
Calm below.

Hushed is the world of toil. In every place  
A wealth of healing silence doth lie,  
Or sounds more still than silence fill the space  
Beneath that far infinity of sky;  
And softly shines the evening star on one  
Whose day lies spent, a chronicle of things  
Undone.

Even regret, in this calm air and mild,  
Bears little of its wonted anguish deep:  
One long drawn breath of sorrow, as the  
Child

Preludes a sad, sweet sinking into sleep,  
Then peace. Night registers defeat again;  
But what was I, that I should struggle and  
Attain?

—Mary Colborne-Veel, in the Atlantic.

## All's Well That Ends Well.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Old folks will be old folks," said  
Myra Manton, "and the best plan is to  
let 'em have their own way."

"Oh, yes, I know," said Leona, clasp-  
ing her hands. "But that old Leghorn  
hat, with the crown like a stove-pipe and  
the front like a wash-hand basin! Who  
could tolerate that? And everybody  
laughs when she comes into church."

"Let 'em laugh," shrewdly remarked  
Myra. "I'd be willing folks should  
laugh at me if I was worth thirty thousand  
dollars and owned the Bliven Mills into  
the bargain."

Myra Manton was "hired help" at the  
Bliven Farm—a stout New Englander of  
fifty summers, with hair cut short, no  
visible waist, and snapping black eyes.

Leona was old Mrs. Bliven's niece—a  
slim girl of eighteen, with a balsam-pink  
complexion, dreamy gray eyes, and teeth  
white and even as small pearls.

In the eyes of James Bliven, the old  
lady's son, Leona was fairest of all created  
beings. Even Myra Manton allowed  
"that she was sorter nice to look at!" As  
for Mrs. Bliven herself, she expressed no  
opinion whatever; Mrs. Bliven was not a  
person who talked much.

"She's come to make me a visit," said  
Mrs. Bliven one day to Myra. "I sup-  
pose, if she suits me, I shall ask her to  
stay for good and all."

"If you don't, I suppose Jim will,"  
said Myra, with a shrewd twinkle of her  
eyes.

"As it happens, I'm the mistress of  
this house," said Mrs. Bliven. "Well,  
we'll see how she suits."

And neither Myra the solid, nor Leona  
the sylphlike, knew, as they sat on the  
sunshiny doorstep, slicing great, red-  
hearted peaches to dry for winter use,  
that Mrs. Bliven, from the garret window  
above, where she was looking over her  
balls of carpet-rags, could distinctly hear  
every word they uttered.

"Myra," said Leona, as she replenished  
her pan from the great bushel basket,  
"I'm going to tell you something."

"Tell ahead!" succinctly retorted  
Myra.

"I've got such an idea!"

"What is it?"

"Well, one of my schoolmates at Han-  
over Hall had a grandmother. And her  
grandmother had just such a Noah's Ark  
of a bonnet as Aunt Bliven."

"Humph!" said Myra, peeling dili-  
gently away.

"And she and her sister took a pair of  
big shears and snipped it up into little  
bits and made the grandmother believe  
that the rats did it."

"Must have been a credulous old cre-  
tur," observed Myra.

"Oh, no; but it was really such a neat  
job. Don't you think, Myra, we might  
dispose of the old Leghorn hat in some  
such way?"

"No, I don't!" said Myra, spearing a  
peach on the end of her knife and begin-  
ning artistically to remove its pink-velvet  
jacket.

Leona sighed, and went on with her  
work. Myra Manton paused to call her  
frolicsome little terrier off from a brood  
of half-grown turkey poults who were  
foraging around the barn door.

"I do wish," she said, curtly, "that  
Cappen John Jackson hadn't sent me that  
plaguey beast to take care on till he come  
back from that voyage to Fayal. If he  
hurts any of the fowls, I expect Mrs.  
Bliven'll murder me."

"Myra," said Leona, "are you really  
engaged to Captain John Jackson?"

"Get out!" said Myra, with a sheepish  
smile. "I dunno whether I be or not."

The next day Leona came into her  
aunt's room with a pretty black-and-  
white straw bonnet, trimmed with a jet

daggar and loops innumerable of black  
ribbon.

"Look, Aunt Bliven!" said she.

"What's that?" said the old woman,  
turning her spectacle glasses full on the  
girl.

"I've been trimming a bonnet for  
you."

"You might have saved yourself the  
trouble," sharply spoke the matron.

"But don't you like it?" pleaded  
Leona, who was beginning to tremble all  
over.

"It's very nice, I dare say, but I'm  
very well suited already with what I've  
got."

"But, Aunt Bliven—"

"Tain't worth while to discuss the  
matter," said Mrs. Bliven, drily. "I  
calculate I'm old enough to choose for  
myself what I'll wear and what I won't!"

Leona shrank into herself like the  
leaves of a sensitive plant; she crept  
back to her bedroom with the rejected  
triumph of home made millinery, and  
had a good cry over it.

Presently she heard her aunt calling:

"Myra! Myra!"

She ran out.

"Oh, Aunt Bliven, I had forgotten to  
tell you. Myra had a telegram from her  
sister up at Portland, and she had to run  
to catch the 10 o'clock train. Her sister's  
husband has had an accident, and I  
promised her I'd explain it to you. She'll  
be back as soon as they possibly can  
spare her, and I'm to do the housework  
while she is gone."

Old Mrs. Bliven sniffed discontentedly.

"Seems to me people are always havin'  
accidents," said she. "However, you  
may go and pick some Lima beans and  
sweet corn, and we'll have a dish of good,  
old fashioned succotash. Myra is a good  
cook, but she never could make succo-  
tash. And in the afternoon we'll have  
Toby harnessed up and drive over to  
Widow Sally Smith's to tea."

The long shadows of afternoon were  
lying athwart the closely mown grass  
when old Toby was led to the door, and  
Mrs. Bliven called loudly to Leona to  
bring down her bonnet and shawl.

The girl, who had no especial fancy  
for the society of Widow Sally Smith  
and her hard voiced daughters, listlessly  
obeyed.

But the moment she opened the "best  
bedroom" door, where the old lady kept  
her choicest treasures, she uttered a shriek  
of dismay. There, on the floor, in a se-  
ries of jagged strips and indistinguish-  
able debris, lay Mrs. Bliven's famous  
Leghorn bonnet!

"Goodness me!" cried a shrill voice,  
"what's the matter?"

And Leona became conscious that old  
Mrs. Bliven had toiled heavily up the  
stairs, and stood close beside her, peering  
over her shoulder. Her face grew black  
as night.

"Oh, Aunt Bliven," gasped Leona,  
"how could this have happened?"

"I see through it all, plain enough,"  
said Mrs. Bliven. "You needn't trouble  
to tell any lies about it, Leona Parish! I  
heard what you and Myra were talking  
about yesterday morning—about the old  
lady and the bonnet that was snipped to  
pieces and the blame laid on rats. It's a  
very smart, ingenious plan, I don't  
doubt; but somehow it don't suit me to  
have such very smart, ingenious folks  
about my premises. So, if you please,  
I'll dispense with the rest of your visit.  
The horse and wagon are at the door,  
and little Peter will drive you to the de-  
pot as soon as ever you've packed your  
trunk."

"But, Aunt Bliven, I never—"

"I told you I'd have no more false-  
hoods," sternly interrupted the old lady.  
"I don't know what sort of consciences  
you girls have, in this age of the world.  
Be silent, I say, and obey me."

And thus, in all the bitterness of un-  
merited disgrace, Leona was turned out  
of the house, that was beginning to be  
unspeakably dear to her.

James Bliven, when he came home,  
was thunderstruck.

"Mother, for heaven's sake," cried he,  
"what is this? The girl has no place to  
go to."

"Let her go back to the boarding-  
school she came from!" said Mrs. Bliven,  
sternly. "I'll have no double-dealers in  
this house!"

"I'll go after her and bring her back."

"You'll do as you choose," said the  
old woman; "but if Leona's the girl I  
take her to be, she won't come with you."

A sudden wave of despair swept over  
James's soul as he recognized the truth of  
these words.

"Mother," he cried, "you'll forgive  
her! You'll send for her to return—for  
my sake, mother?"

But Mrs. Bliven shook her head.

"No girl that isn't frank-hearted and  
true can have a home here!" she reiter-  
ated.

Yet, in spite of all this, the house  
seemed strangely desolately without Le-  
ona's light step and winning smile.

Late at night there was a loud knock-  
ing at the door. It was Myra Manton,  
come back.

"Things is all right," said she. They  
was frightened more than they was hurt.  
Absalom Atkins always was a coward,  
and I ain't goin' to spend any more o' my  
time foolin' with 'em; so I've come back.

Was you surprised when you seen Waggy  
was gone? The dog," in answer to Mrs.  
Bliven's puzzled look, "that Cappen  
Jackson left in my charge. When I seen  
the mischief he'd done, I jest ketched  
him up and left him to Cappen's sister's  
Mary Ann Jackson, at the cross-roads,  
and afterward it occurred to me you  
might miss him and worry for fear he was  
lost."

"I never once thought of the dog,"  
said Mrs. Bliven, impatiently.

"And the bonnet?" said Myra. "I'm  
powerfully sorry, but—"

"The bonnet!" said Mrs. Bliven.

"What do you mean, Myra? What are  
you talking about?"

"You don't tell me you never dis-  
covered it?" cried Myra, bursting into a  
laugh. "Well, I do declare. What did  
you s'pose done it?"

"Done what?"

"Why, worried that 'ere Leghorn hat  
o' your'n into ribbons! It was Waggy,  
that's who it was! Pups is always mis-  
chievous, and I think he's the worst I  
ever seen. I meant to told Deacon Ship-  
man's boy, that helped me to tote my  
satchel to the daypo, to explain it 't' ye,  
but we was pretty nigh bein' left, and  
flurry and fluster driv it all outen my  
head."

"Mrs. Bliven stared at Myra.

"It was the dog, after all, then," said  
she.

"La me, who else did ye suspect?"  
cried Myra. "Where's Leona? I fetched  
home some o' them puce-colored poppy  
seeds and a slip o' rose geranium for her,  
'cause I knowed—Goodness, what's the  
matter with you, eh? What are you  
looking at me that way for?"

By the very earliest morning train  
James Bliven went after Leona, with a  
letter from his mother imploring her to  
return to the farm:

"I'm an old woman," wrote Mrs. Bliven,  
"but I ain't too old to own when I've been  
in the wrong. Come back, and I'll guarantee  
you and me won't have any more quarrels."

Leona came back, and when once again  
she crossed the threshold she was James's  
promised wife.

"Mother will be pleased at the engage-  
ment as I am myself," said the young  
man, rapturously.

And Myra's kind eyes shone a cordial  
welcome, and Mrs. Bliven herself came  
to meet Leona, wearing the simple straw  
bonnet with the jet daggar and the black  
ribbon bows.

"It's dreadful becoming," said she,  
with a complacent glance at the looking-  
glass, "and hereafter I mean to get you  
to trim all my hats for me, Leona."—  
*Saturday Night.*

## Egyptian Corn.

In raising Egyptian corn, A. J. Allen,  
of Warne, Dak., on the Milwaukee  
Road, claims to have had success this  
season. He said: "I saw a statement in  
a newspaper last season about corn hav-  
ing been brought from Egypt by a cer-  
tain explorer, and wrote to him for some.  
He responded, sending me seven kernels,  
which, he informed me, he had taken  
from an underground tomb near the bank  
of the Nile, and they were, like Mark  
Twain's mummy, 3000 years old. He  
made no charge for them, and thinking,  
as I do yet, that he found them as he  
said, I cultivated them with care and in-  
terest. Each kernel produced three  
stalks, and on each stalk grew an ear  
about eight inches long and two or three  
inches in diameter. The ears are well filled  
with kernels about the size of popcorn.  
The stalks attained the size of our Indian  
corn, and were soft and nice for fodder,  
even when the grain ripened. I think a  
great deal of the seed, and shall sow it  
next year on a good-sized patch."—*Chi-  
cago Herald.*

## Cut a Whale in Two at a Blow.

The steamship H. A. Hartman arrived  
at New York recently. Captain Wahl-  
berg reports that one day during the voy-  
age the vessel struck an immense whale,  
and cut it in two. The ocean for more  
than a mile was covered with the  
cetacean's blood.

Miss Jennie Flood is the richest un-  
married woman in California.

## COLOR BLINDNESS.

### HOW DEFECTIVE VISION IS TEST- ED BY A DOCTOR.

Many Strange Mistakes Sometimes  
Made by Would-Be Railroad Men  
—A Man Who Could Not Tell  
Cherries From Leaves.

"What color is that?"

The speaker was Dr. B. F. Clark,  
physician of the C. H. and D. Railroad.

A tall man stood before a table on  
which were piled in great confusion sev-  
eral hundred skeins of different colored  
worsted. They were of every shade  
and hue, from pea-green to mazarine-  
blue, from solferino red to purple, gray,  
cherry and brown.

The doctor continued: "The object  
of this test is to select the light and  
dark shades. Now, I'll go on and select  
them first," and the doctor put all the  
light and dark shades running from pea  
green to dark green in a little pile by  
themselves. The man watched him  
closely, and the greens were all thrown  
back into the heap, and the man began.

"Don't let your hand run over the  
worsted, but let your eye do the work,"  
said the doctor, as the man began fumb-  
ling the pile.

The man put gray and light yellow  
and brown together.

"That'll do," said the doctor.

"That man is not fit for an engineer,  
fireman, brakeman, switchman, conduc-  
tor, or, in fact, any one who has use for  
signals. He is color-blind. That test  
alone is sufficient for any railroad, army  
or navy. Now to determine what this  
man's chromatic defect is we select a  
pink skein. If he is blind he will pick  
out blues or violets, or both. If he  
should be green blind he will select  
grays and greens or blue greens. Some-  
times, to verify the two previous tests,  
we lay out the red skein, and the party  
selects browns or greens in their different  
shades."

"What percentage do you find, of all  
those examined, to be color-blind?"

"About four per cent. are color-blind.  
That is one out of every twenty-five in-  
dividuals. There are more red blind than  
any other color. The C. H. and D.  
road has only the green and red lights,  
other roads have white, red and green."

"Why do you have worsteds as the  
test, doesn't the Pennsylvania Company  
use a stick?"

"Yes, they use a stick with about  
forty different colored skeins, but worsted  
is better than silk because the dye is per-  
fect and not glaring. It is often asked  
why we don't examine the men by the  
lamps. It is one of the most difficult  
things to stain the glass regularly. When  
the glass is blown it can not be made all  
the same color. Then, if the glass is  
thicker the color will be darker. Again,  
sometimes the wick is turned higher,  
and then the light has a greater lumi-  
nosity, while the other is a very dull  
light. There may be dust or steam over  
the glass, and the light will be darker.  
A dirty white flag to one color-blind  
means safety. They would take a dirty  
dark green for red, which means danger.  
This would lead to endless confusion."

"How have you proved this, doctor?"

"Why, I recollect taking one man  
down to the depot and asked him to  
name the colors from the creek up, which  
he named all right with the exception of  
the last lamp—the first one was from the  
depot—that lamp being covered with  
dust and the wick turned low. He mis-  
took the green for the red, and said 'the  
switch was wrong.' We then approached  
the lamp, and he did not discover his  
mistake until he was within about thirty-  
five or forty feet. There are often  
cases where men who are color-blind cut  
knotches in their stricks. I had one  
man who said he could not pick cherries  
—could not tell them from the leaves  
only by their form. He said the sur-  
rounding hills were red. And that the  
outside of a water-melon was red and the  
inside green, but he knew from hearsay  
that the opposite was true."

"Do you believe this to be a congenital  
defect?"

"Yes; but it may also arise from dis-  
ease, injuries and the excessive use of to-  
bacco and alcohol. In one family I  
know of four who are color-blind, two  
brothers and two sisters; in another fam-  
ily an uncle and a nephew."

"Do you examine for anything else?"

"Oh, yes. It is just as important to  
examine for vision and hearing as it is  
for color-blindness. In order to make  
the test for vision this is the programme:  
A test plate containing letters that can be  
seen at 200 feet and twenty feet, twenty

feet being the normal eye, is placed at  
one end of the room. The room is dark-  
ened. The patient placed twenty feet  
distant, and then is requested to cover  
one eye while the other is being examined.  
If he sees what we call twenty twentieths  
—that is, the letters representing twenty  
feet—he has normal vision. Both eyes  
are put to this test—first the right, then  
then the left. If he has a vision in both  
eyes of twenty fiftieths minus—that is  
to say, if he can't see at twenty feet what  
he ought to see at fifty—he is rejected,  
provided glasses don't improve the vision.  
If a man can't see that big B, the large  
letter, which he ought to see at 200, at  
twenty feet with only one eye, then he  
has practically only one eye, and there  
have been several examined who never  
knew that they could not see out of only  
one eye."

"How do you test for hearing?"

"With my watch. The man is re-  
quired to cover up his eyes and I place  
my watch to his ear, gradually removing  
it away until the exact distance that he  
can hear the ticking is known. He says  
'No' when he ceases to hear it. Now,  
two-thirds of all the engineers are hard  
of hearing, or, better, defective in the  
right ear, which is due to their leaning  
out of the cab window, coming in con-  
stant contact with the wind—that is to say,  
the force of the wind coming in constant  
contact with the drum of the ear it becomes  
affected. The constant pressure on the  
drum of the ear has the effect of retracing  
it. It becomes concave. The range of  
vision is also tested. This is done by  
placing a man twelve or eighteen inches  
from a black board. He is requested to  
keep his eye directly on a chalk spot  
which is on a level with the eye, the  
other eye being closed. He it directed  
to say 'yes' the moment he sees any  
thing moving toward that spot from  
above, below, to the right and to the  
left. This constitutes his range of  
vision. If he has any disease or injury  
to the eye we can always map out his  
range of vision, as the range is usually  
contracted in one of the four different  
directions. To illustrate, one man had  
a range of vision in the right eye three  
inches to the left, six inches above, eight  
inches to the right and ten inches be-  
low. Of course he was rejected be-  
cause he could not see an approaching  
train."

"Why do you reject switchmen or  
brakemen who have but one eye?"

"Because there are oftentimes flat cars  
loaded with lumber projecting over the  
side of the car or ends, and consequently  
if he was blind on that side he could not  
see the car coming in and would be liable  
to be injured."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

## Thibetan Customs.

All Thibetans slain in battle are hon-  
ored by the people with offerings of  
sweet-scented flowers. They salute their  
superiors by taking off their hats and  
thrusting out their tongues three times.  
The people say the climate differs every  
few miles. The punishments are very  
severe. No matter whether the crime  
be grave or trivial, the matter great or  
small, all offenders, when caught, are  
tied up in a dark room with all their  
limbs bound, and kept there until  
dragged out for trial. Sentences of  
death are carried out by binding the  
criminal to a pillar and shooting at him  
with muskets and bows in a contest for  
drink, by taking him to a cave swarming  
with scorpions and allowing the latter to  
sting him, or by handing him over to be  
divided and eaten up by the savages of  
the U country.

They put their dead in bags made of  
hides, which they suspend for seven days  
from the ridge poles of their dwellings,  
while Lama priests chant the liturgy, and  
afterward they are carried to mountain  
peaks, where the flesh is cut into thin slices  
and thrown to the dogs to eat; this is called  
the earth interment. The bones are  
pulverized, made into pills about the size  
of beans and given to eagles to eat; this  
is called interment. The sick do not  
take medicine, but are placed in the  
scorching heat of the sun with their  
bodies daubed all over with butter.—  
*London Globe.*

## The Coldest Spot and Coldest Day.

The coldest region in the United  
States is the stretch of country on the  
northern border from the Minnesota  
lakes to the western line of Dakota. At  
Pembina, which lies near the forty-  
ninth parallel, the lowest temperature  
recorded in the great storm of the winter  
of 1873 was fifty-six degrees below zero.  
This is believed to be the lowest temper-  
ature reached in the United States.—*San  
Francisco Examiner.*

## FUN.

A story of high life—The attic floor.

Can a dude be called a ground swell?

A poultry trust has been organized and  
thus the fowl business goes on.

First Fish—"How are you getting  
on?" Second Fish—"Swimmingly."

Occasionally you see a very rich man  
who is so economical that he would en-  
joy being poor.—*Atchison Globe.*

"This is a grate experience," said the  
nutmeg as it went through the pulveriz-  
ing process.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Friend—"Do you still continue to send  
matter to the newspapers, Cholly?"

Cholly—"Yes; but its merely for good  
faith and not necessary for publication."

—*Judge.*

Boy—"Papa, what does 'M. D.' mean  
after a doctor's name?" Papa (who has  
just received a bill from his family phy-  
sician)—"It means 'many dollars,' my  
son."—*New York Journal.*

"Nurse—"It's a boy and he's got your  
eyes and nose and chin." Newly-Made  
Father—"Got my chin, eh? That's  
good! I'm thankful he hasn't got his  
mother's."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

There is such a thing as being too  
funny, and a man realizes it when he  
kicks another man's silk hat, just for fun,  
and finds that the other man has changed  
hats with him temporarily, just for fun,  
too.—*Somerville Journal.*

"William," said the editor to the office  
boy, "take these exchanges and put them  
under the hydrant." "Under the hydrant,  
sir?" "Yes, and turn the water on. I  
want to relieve them of a little of their  
dryness."—*Washington Capital.*

NOT IN PRINT THAT WAY.

Editor—"Have you ever appeared in  
print before?"

Young Poet (proudly)—"Yes, a hun-  
dred times for certain!"

Editor—"Ah, but I don't mean visiting  
cards, you know."—*Unterhaltungsblatt.*

Clerk—"Shall I send a bill with this  
suit for the baseball editor of *The Bugler*?"

Tailor—"By no means. Write him a  
note and say there is no hurry about pay-  
ment." Clerk—"And what about this  
suit for the owner of the paper?" Tailor

"Send it C. O. D."—*Clothier and Fur-  
nisher.*

Jones was reading aloud to the fam-  
ily circle a mediæval romance: "Just  
then, five minutes past twelve sounded  
from the belfry of the castle." "But,"  
criticized Mrs. Jones, "no clock could  
strike five minutes past twelve." "Oh,  
yes, it could," replied the ingenious  
Jones, "if it was five minutes too slow."

—*Judge.*

A baby is a specimen of human nature  
uncontrolled by principle. It is a being of  
fierce instincts with no morals. It is the  
opinion of observing persons who have  
studied babies from a philosophical  
standpoint that if their capacity for mis-  
chief were equal to their ferocity, they  
would soon exterminate the adults of the  
human family.—*New York Ledger.*

## IN THE WRONG PLACE.

Plug Ugly (taking the best chair in the  
sanctum)—"Say, I want satisfaction for  
dat ting yer had in de paper terday  
'bout me. See?"

Editor—"Oh, yes; wait just a moment  
until I score one more death. I like to  
keep tally of the number of men I kill,  
you know. This makes the thirty-sev-  
enth. Now, what can I do for you?"

Plug Ugly (reaching for his hat)—"I  
—I guess I'm in the wrong office. I  
must 'a' made a mistake."—*Lawrence  
American.*

## The Forger's Pen.

I was talking with a Treasury official  
on the subject of forgery. "Did it ever  
occur to you," said the official, "that a  
forger has half his work done when he  
can get hold of the identical pen with  
which the owner of the signature habit-  
ually writes? A great many men, bank  
Presidents and the like, use the same  
pen for their names only for a year or two  
without change. A pen that has been  
used by a man in writing his name hun-  
dreds of times, and never used for any-  
thing