

# SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

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NO. 11.

Of 100 samples of "safety envelopes," to prevent rifling in the mails, which were submitted to the conference of postoffice inspectors at Washington, all were rejected.

Alexander Hogeland, president of the Boys' and Girls' National Home association, makes the startling statement that there are 60,000 boy tramps in the United States.

A new company, in which Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, is largely interested, has been organized to manufacture dolls on a large scale. It will turn out 250,000 the first year.

A race between bees and pigeons lately took place in Westphalia. The bees were marked by rolling in flour, and the first reached home over the distance of three and a half miles twenty-five seconds before the first pigeon, three other bees arriving before the second pigeon.

Professor Behrend, an English medical authority, points out that in a practice of thirty years, largely among Hebrew patients, he has not met a single case of phthisis in the members of that faith, their immunity from its attacks being undoubtedly due to the Hebrew method of examining and slaughtering cattle.

The Russian naval manoeuvres in the Black sea narrowly escaped being a direct failure. Owing to the impossibility of procuring efficient stokers three of the largest ironclads were prevented from leaving their moorings to take part in the affair. It is impossible to find Russians enough to fill these places, while for various reasons the service is not particularly inviting to foreigners.

Probably the smallest republic in the world is the one which recently declared its independence at Franceville, one of the islands of the new Hebrides, and elected M. Chevillier its president. The inhabitants consist of forty Europeans (including a solitary Englishman, a missionary), and 500 black workmen employed by a French company. The new flag of the republic having been duly hoisted, the French gunboat Saone landed a detachment and saluted the flag.

A test of metal railroad ties will soon be made in Chicago. It is predicted that metal ties will be used before long on all railroads in the country. Beyond their technical value, observes the New York World, these ties suggest the possibility that our American forests may be saved from total destruction. The greatest drain upon our forests has been made in the construction and repair of railroad tracks. A wooden tie has only a short lease of usefulness and is to be replaced very frequently.

The Japanese minister to America, Mr. Mutsu, has just received the decoration of the Order of the Crown, conferred upon him by the emperor in recognition of his recent conclusion of a treaty with Mexico and other services for the state. Mr. Mutsu had previously been decorated by the emperor with the Order of the Rising Sun. The order was enclosed in the hollow of a bamboo stick, a method which prevails in Japan. Mr. Mutsu is not a nobleman, but belongs to a class in Japan analogous to that of the gentry in England. It is exceedingly rare that the orders which he has received are bestowed upon any but the nobility, and they indicate that he is held in the highest repute at home.

The charges made with regard to the treatment of recruits at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., have been investigated by an army court of inquiry and a report made to the Secretary of war. A number of the charges of cruelty against enlisted men were proved to be exaggerated, although the cooking was found to be bad. A number of non-commissioned officers, it was discovered, had been running games of chance whereby recruits lost a considerable portion of their earnings. More desertions occur from this post than any other. This is attributed to the fact that the post is so near a large city. Many men enlist in the East merely for the sake of getting sent out West. Many chronic deserters from the artillery and infantry enlist and get sent to this cavalry post, where the chances of meeting their former officers become very slight. In this way they manage to desert, in many cases, for the third time.

## AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

At Christmas time last year  
So many friends that are now gone were here!

So many hopes were glowing then unspoken,  
So many faiths were strong that now lie broken,  
And loving hearts that trusted without fear,  
At Christmas time last year.

At Christmas time this year  
So many of us find the world so drear  
And barren desert wherein blooms no rose,  
With mountain peaks surrounding it, whose snows  
Have chilled our hearts, and turned life's  
Foliage here

At Christmas time next year  
Who knows what changing fortunes may be near?

Take courage, then! For night shall turn to day,  
From brightening skies the clouds must roll away,  
And faith and hope and love shall all be here.

At Christmas time next year  
—Helen M. Winslow.

## A CHRISTMAS FAN.

ELL! It is finished at last. Isn't it a beauty?" The speaker, a pretty and bright-looking girl of eighteen, pushed away her palette, rose from her seat, and standing in the midst of the room, held up with a graceful pose a fan of silk and mother-of-pearl, exquisitely painted.

"Indeed, Eva, it is your masterpiece," said an elderly girl, tall and handsome, as she took the fan and examined it.

A pleased smile lit the pale face of a lady who reclined in a rocking-chair, engaged in the certainly not artistic work of darning linen—fine old linen which told plainly enough that the owners had known "better times."

"I will take it at once," Monsieur Fouquerein, Eva said, turning to a mirror, and beginning to adjust the pretty, gold-brown curls above her smooth forehead. "It wants only three days to Christmas, and he was anxious to get all my work in time. The rest I can finish to-morrow."

And enveloped in a thick veil and mantle, she left the house in which they had lodgings, and tripped lightly down the street to the store of a dealer in "fancy and artistic work," in a fashionable business quarter of the city.

It was Christmas Eve, and the snow was falling without, as Mrs. Belton sat in her cozy dressing-room, looking over a quantity of dainty articles, useful or ornamental, which stewed the table before her.

Opposite her sat a handsome young lady, with a magazine lying open in her lap, idly looking on, and occasionally making a rather sarcastic remark, which seemed not at all to disturb the elder lady—her aunt.

"A terrible bore, this business of presenting Christmas gifts," Mrs. Belton said, as she selected and laid aside several articles. "Such a strain upon one's purse, where one must give, and one cannot well avoid it without an appearance of being mean or stingy."

"Fortunately, you have a way of escaping both alternatives," said the young lady, laughing. "You give what costs you nothing, and so save both purse and reputation."

"I do as others do; and consider it a very commendable course to give away what you don't care to keep, and avoid unnecessary expense. Now, here is this lovely handkerchief, in an expensive and useless fancy box—a Christmas present from Mrs. Jerrold. I happen to know that it was purchased for Mrs. Jerrold herself, who, having more handkerchiefs than she knows what to do with, has kindly bestowed this upon me. Well, it shall go further. I will give it to that pretty Marie Lessing, who sends me flowers, and who, being probably not so well provided with costly gifts, will know how to value it."

"What will you give Mrs. Herrick?" She has been very assiduous in taking

you out in that elegant new carriage of hers, when you were so ill. She will expect some acknowledgment."

"That is true. I have been thinking of it, but can find nothing here exactly suitable," glancing over the table. "As for her kindness, the obligation is really not on my side. She is pushing her way up, and it was to her advantage my being seen in her carriage. Nevertheless, I must send her a Christmas token."

At this moment a servant entered with a small parcel in her hand, which she handed the young lady.

The latter received it eagerly, but after glancing at the address, passed it, with a disappointed air, to her aunt.

"For me? and in the Major's handwriting," said Mrs. Belton, with a slight flush on her rather faded cheek.

She had been a handsome woman, and was still so when "gotten up to be seen," and the gallant Major, to whom her hand was pledged, was twenty years her senior.

"Really," she added, as she unsealed the parcel and drew forth an elegant fan, "I must say that the Major displays a great taste in his selection of presents. What a lovely design, and how exquisitely painted! And yet I am disappointed, for I had hoped it was something for you, Eulalie, from Neil. My dear," with a solemn shake of the head, "I begin to fear that you will never succeed there!"

"But I will succeed!" the girl replied, with a sudden, sharp decision of voice and expression. "You will see!"

"I hope so; for, as you know, my heart is set upon this match. Neil Gordon is not rich, but between you there will be enough; and in other respects he is the safest match that I know of—and that is what you most need, Eulalie. If you will be a little less open in your encouragement of him, and we can keep him out of the way of that Maynard girl—"

"I don't believe there was anything in it," interrupted Eulalie, hastily. "I don't think he cared for her—a girl who makes her living by painting and music."

"The Maynards are of good family, though poor, and these girls are well educated and ladylike. Neil thinks it nobler in them to prefer not to be dependent upon their relatives. Eva indeed, let me assure you, is a rival not to be despised; and if I had any idea of how things might turn out, I would never have engaged her to paint those water-color sketches last summer. To think of Neil going with her always to select views and act as escort and protector!"

"It was her artfulness, and I believe they have moved to town purposely to throw themselves in his way!" said Miss Eulalie, sharply.

"No, they are too proud for that; but I have taken care to put him on an entirely false trail. And he is not likely to renew his search, since I informed him of what I heard from Wilkins—that Miss Maynard is shortly to marry that clever young country parson, Mr. Boyd. Of course, I did not consider it necessary to mention that the prospective bride is Laura, and not Eva."

The loquacious lady paused in her discourse to renew her examination of the fan—the Christmas offering of the gallant Major.

"What a pity that his judgment did not equal his taste, and prompt him to select something more appropriate to my age. This is too light and youthful for me; and it strikes me now that it would be the very thing for Mrs. Herrick."

"But if the Major should see her with it."

"Nonsense! He could only see it on a close scrutiny, and then would not recognize it. Really it has come just at the right time!"

"Certainly. How Providence does provide!" laughed Eulalie, satirically.

And before an hour had passed, the fan, with an elegant little note from Mrs. Belton, was in the hands of Mrs. Herrick.

"It's perfectly lovely!" said that lady, admiringly. "But what am I to do with so many fans? I have already a score of them for which I have no use. This one, I know, is from Fouquerein's, for I saw it yesterday, and noticed these tiny initials, 'E. L. M.' among the heartsease. I will take it there, and exchange it for that

lovely bonbonniere to give to Mrs. De Lancey. If Mrs. Belton ever sees it again, she will imagine it a duplicate."

Later on that Christmas Eve a handsome young man entered the fashionable emporium of M. Fouquerein, and inquired for something appropriate as a Christmas gift for a lady.

Several articles were placed before him, one of which seemed instantly to take his fancy. It was a fan of silk and mother-of-pearl, painted in water-colors; and as he closely examined it, his eye detected, half-hidden amid blue forget-me-nots, the tiny initials, E. L. M.

At once before his vision rose a sweet, fair face, with brown eyes, and golden-brown hair shading a pure, white forehead.

How often, in the summer past, they had walked together amid fields and woods, and on the bank of that lovely river whose beauties she had so skillfully sketched!



Then, when he went back to visit her in her rural home she and her family had disappeared—swallowed up in the big city to which they had gone—and not to be found or heard of, until there came to him, from his uncle's widow, the intelligence of her approaching marriage with the young clergyman, of whom he had been somewhat jealous, even though he had, as he fancied, good reason to believe that his own sentiments were understood and reciprocated by the fair girl, who, indeed, had never ceased to think of him, despite his apparent forgetfulness of her.

"Do you know who painted this fan?" Mr. Neil Gordon asked of the polite proprietor, Mons. Fouquerein.

Certainly monsieur knew; but he was unfortunately under obligations not to reveal the name or address of the artist.

"Could the lady paint another such as this—say in time for a New Year's gift?" "I presume so, monsieur. If monsieur desire, I can at once send an order for a duplicate."

And he obsequiously took the gentleman's address.

"How soon can you send it?" the latter inquired.

"At once; in fifteen minutes; so soon as my office boy returns, if that will suit monsieur."

The gentleman left the shop, and secured the first messenger boy he chanced to meet.

For a pecuniary consideration this youth agreed to follow M. Fouquerein's office boy, take the address of the house to which he should go, and immediately inform Mr. Neil Gordon thereof, at the latter's residence.

It was a simple plot, but, as it proved, effective.

It was barely 8 o'clock when Eva Maynard came in from a walk—one of the long and lonely walks to which she was accustomed when her day's work was over. She found the little tea table laid and a small parcel for herself, with a note, lying upon the table.

"It is my mother-of-pearl fan," she said, after glancing over the note. "Mons. Fouquerein has a customer who wants both this and a duplicate, to be ready for New Year's. I was sure it would be liked, and now I think I shall soon get plenty of custom."

An hour after, when her mother had retired, and she sat reading aloud, while Laura sewed on what looked like a piece of bridal tulle, there came a ring at the front door bell.

The girl whose business it was to wait on Mrs. Sutton's lodgers, hastened to answer the summons, and immediately appeared in Mrs. Maynard's rooms.

"A gentleman to see you, Miss Eva; and here's his card, mum."

Laura glanced at the card in Eva's hand, and then at the blushing face of her sister; and well posted in such delicate matters, slipped out of the room as the visitor entered.

"It is Mr. Gordon, mamma," she answered, to her mother's inquiry. "I knew he would come some day, though Eva doubted it."

And when, an hour later, Eva came, radiant yet subdued, it needed but one glance at her face to know what kind of an interview she had had with the lover she had deemed so forgetful.

Mrs. Belton learned in time, to her

great vexation, that had she been more appreciative of the Major's Christmas present, her late husband's nephew had probably never married "that Maynard girl," who, as Mrs. Neil Gordon, was now so much admired in society.

She still owns the Christmas fan, but has never painted its duplicate.

**Yule-Log and Mistletoe.**

The Yule-Log and the Mistletoe are traditional garnishments, so to speak, of the English, and largely of our own Christmas holiday. From Scandinavians, who in winter built immense fires on the hill-tops in honor of the sun's return, we borrowed the yule-log. And it became an English custom to preserve a bit of one year's yule-log to light the fires on the great hearth at the following Christmas-tide, in token of warmth and plenty to abide in the household throughout the year. When the log was ready to be brought in, the youngest child of the family was seated upon it, and all the rest assembled to witness its entrance, drawn by the merry retainers, and to prepare it for the lighting.

An English superstition is that the bees sing in their hives between the 24th and 25th of December, while mysterious bells can be heard echoing underground.

From the Druids come our Christmas decorations of evergreen garlands and the mistletoe. The latter was sacred to them, particularly that which grew upon an oak tree. It was considered medicinal, and especially believed, until a late day, to be a certain cure for epilepsy.

With great pomp, at the winter solstice, the priests and people surrounded the oak upon which the sacred vine grew, and the chief priest in his white robes ascended into the branches to cut down the twisted stems and waxen berries of the mystic plant, with a golden knife. There must have been steel in the yellow blade, however, for the mistletoe bough is tough. Then followed the slaying of "two snow-white bullocks," as one chronicle has it, while another saith just as positively, "two milk-white heifers."

Then in both accounts are given ghastly details of human sacrifice.

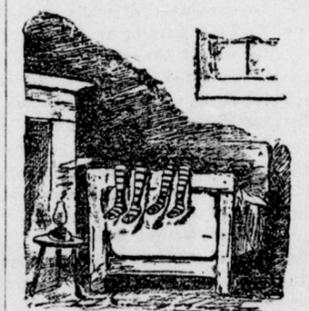
But this is past, and to-day the mistletoe remains to us a joyous harbinger of merriment and harmless cheer.

It maketh spring in winter—  
Our merry Christmas Day;  
May it chase frost and snow  
Forever far away.

**Bound to Attract Santa Claus's Attention.**



Having no stockings to hang up, they stripe their legs—



And leave the lamp burning, so Santa Claus can see them. We hope he will!

**Christmas Fun.**

Christmas is the great modern give away.

Now, girls, bring out the fifty-cent necktie for Charles, and prepare to receive a \$50 locket.

The best Christmas gift is what every man may give himself. And that is a good record.

"Books suitable for the holidays," reads an advertisement. But it fails to mention the most important—pocket-books and bankbooks.

**Under the Mistletoe Bough.**

She (cooly)—"Now, you must only take one, George."

He (gallantly)—"But one from one leaves nothing, Mable. Let's make it one each and tie."

She (blushing)—"It's very sudden, George, but you may ask papa."

With children a Christmas present beats any Christmas past.

## Baby's Reflections.

I'm a very little baby,  
Little face and hands and feet,  
And my mother says she never  
Saw a baby half so sweet.  
It's nice to hear them talking  
In that way, but I can see,  
Oh, a lot of little babies  
Who all look and laugh like me.  
When I look out of the window  
There's a baby in the glass,  
And he wags his hand as I do  
To the people as they pass;  
When I put out hands to touch him  
And pat him on the cheek,  
He will look and act as I do,  
But he'll never, never speak.  
There's a baby in the mirror,  
There's a baby in the spoon,  
And there's one in front of mother  
When we play a little tune.  
These are very funny babies,  
Where I go they always come,  
But I never hear them talking,  
So I guess they're deaf and dumb.  
—London Figaro.

## HUMOROUS.

There's nothing like leather—especially in a pair of \$1 shoes.

The occupation of a wheelwright is in one respect a tiresome one.

Why poach your eggs when you can honestly buy them at a fair price!

Asking a man to go on your bond is likely to have a bailful influence in your future relations.

"I have been in a country," said a Nebraska preacher, "where the hand of God never set a foot."

First Arizonian—So Pete is dead. Did he die a natural death? Second Arizonian—Yes—hung first and then shot full of buck and ball.

Dock: "Bess, I have three millions and I love you." Bess: "No mistake about the three millions, is there?"

"You never saw my hands as dirty yours," said a mother to her little girl. "No, but grandma did," was the reply.

Foodlebody—"Not at home! Why, I told her I'd call this afternoon." Footman—"Yes, sir; so she told me when she gave me the message."

Disgusted Tramp: What! hard boiled eggs, madam! Old Lady: Ain't they fresh? Tramp: Bless yer, mam; don't yer see yer've forgotten the salad!

"Now, really, what was the most astonishing thing you saw in Paris, Mr. Spicer?" asked Miss Gusher, and without a moment's hesitation, Seth answered, "My hotel bill."

Old Gentleman—Little boy, if you don't want to lose your dog you'd better collar him. Little Boy—No need of that. Pa said the police would collar him, and I guess I'll wait.

There is a man traveling through the East delivering lectures to newsboys. His avowed purpose is to prevent tramps in the future. If he succeeds he will cause a big aching void in American humor.

Grocer—"I've got a lot of Limburger cheese that I'm going to sell at cost. I want to stick up some taking notice of the sale. Can't you give me something?" Raddiwit—"How would 'unapproachable bargain' suit you?"

Fond Mamma—Oh, uncle, you should see our darling baby when I play the piano! He just listens by the hour, and when I cease playing the nurse has to take him away, he cries so awfully Cynical Uncle—Perhaps—aw—my dear, he—aw—weeps for—aw—joy!

## Short Names.

The family in France which has no other surname than the letter B, has, since the publication of the account of a registry official's perplexity over the name, developed several rivals.

In Belgium there is a family of some distinction whose name is O. One branch of this family is said to be descended from a French Marquis of O, who was a court official in the reign of Henry III. In addition to the French village named Y, there is a river Y; and in Sweden there is a village called A.

It is said that there is in China a village named V; but as the Chinese have no equivalent for our alphabet, the bestowing of this name upon it on the maps must have been the result of the ingenuity of the geographer, who had no room to get in "Yes" on his chart.—Youth's Companion.

## Too Tough for Him.

Mr. Pancake (to tramp): Well, what do you want?

Tramp: Here, mum, is der pie I stole off yer window yesterday. There may be two or three teeth stickin' in it, but otherwise 't ain't hurt any!