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## The Baby.

Pray, have you heard the news?  
Sturdy in lungs and thews  
There's a new baby!  
Ring bells of crystal life,  
Wave bouquets with blossoming tips,  
Think what he may be!  
Love cannot love enough,  
Winter is never rough  
All around such sweetness;  
One of a million more  
Lent to the glad heart's door  
In their completeness.  
Though in each year 'tis told,  
Such news is never old  
Of a first birthday;  
Welcome thou ray of light,  
In joyous wishes dight,  
Sail down thy mirth-way.  
—Rose H. Lathrop, in the Housewife.

## Mrs. Melthorpe's Mistake.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Mark Antony's widow!" said Mrs. Melthorpe, sharply. "Again! Didn't I desire you to tell her yesterday, when she called, that I was particularly engaged?"

Hyacinth Melthorpe hesitated. She was a tall, angular girl of fifteen, with feet and hands pitifully in her way, and big, frightened eyes, like those of a hare disturbed in its woodland haunts. "Mamma," she ventured, "won't you see her? She is very pretty and young, and she looks so dreadfully tired."

"No, I won't," said Mrs. Melthorpe, standing with a little Dresden statuette in her hand, and considering whether it had better be packed in a trunk or carried by hand. "I am going down to my brother-in-law Harper's, with Norine, and I have no time to spare for poor relations."

"Oh, mamma, hush! She will hear you!"

"Let her hear me. The truth never yet did anybody any harm. Mark Antony would marry her, in spite of all of us, when he might have had Prudentia Goldland with her quarter of a million, for the asking."

"Mamma, she is your brother's widow."

Mrs. Melthorpe fixed upon her youngest born a Gorgon glance which nearly froze her to death.

"Be silent, Miss!" said she. "Is it for a slip of a thing like you to contradict me and lay down the law? Tell Mark Antony's widow to go about her business!"

At this moment, however, Hyacinth was reinforced by a slight, fair-haired little woman in a very plain black gown, who valiantly presented herself on the scene.

"Do not blame Hyacinth, Mrs. Melthorpe," said she. "I called to see you because I have just returned from a visit to Harper Castle."

Mrs. Melthorpe stiffened visibly. Hyacinth looked appalled. Even Norine, the beauty of the family, who lay like a sultan among her cushions, and drank chocolate, roused herself into something like attention, lifting her big, deer-like eyes to the blushing face of the newcomer.

"She is pretty, in a wax doll sort of fashion," thought Norine, who herself was a sort of Junonian belle—large, languid and pink-cheeked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Melthorpe. "But if you will allow me to mention it, Mrs. Mark Antony, it was hardly the thing for you to besiege my poor dear brother-in-law—even at his own house."

"His wife was Mark Antony's sister."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Melthorpe, "If you expect, madame, to be adopted by all Mark Antony's relations, you will find yourself considerably mistaken. You are young and perhaps inexperienced. Allow me to warn you that too much pushing will not be tolerated by the family."

Mrs. Mark Antony Maywood colored to the very roots of her golden fringe of hair; she would have spoken, but her sister-in-law kept the floor.

"If you will read the newspapers," said she, "you will perceive that there are plenty of situations as companions, stenographers, amanuenses, and so on, to be had."

"But—"

Again Mrs. Melthorpe struck in: "Or I would recommend you to study telegraphy, or purchase a typewriter and practice diligently upon it. Anything would be preferable to becoming a burden upon your friends. Good morning!"

Mrs. Mark Antony withdrew silently. Norine Melthorpe tossed her head; Hyacinth burst into tears.

"Goosey," cried Norine, "what are you sobbing about?"

"Oh, it was too cruel," faltered Hyacinth. "You might at least have offered her a cup of your chocolate, Norine?"

"Nonsense," said Norine. "The woman has got to be taught to know her place! Let her go to work!"

"But she never was brought up to do anything. She was rich when Uncle Mark Antony married her," pleaded Hyacinth.

"She might have had a few thousand dollars—nothing to what Prudentia Goldland would have inherited; but it is no fault of ours that Mark Antony gambled them all away. Her mother should have brought her up differently."

"Mamma, it's just the way you have educated Norine. She can't even sew on her own shoe-buttons!" protested truthfully Hyacinth.

"How dare you argue with me, you impertinent minx!" retorted Mrs. Melthorpe, putting down the Dresden statuette and giving Hyacinth a smart box on the ear. "Go down stairs and help Bridget, at once; and don't you ever dare again to dictate to me!"

So the packing went on—for although Mrs. Melthorpe had only written to her wealthy brother-in-law that she would spend a few weeks at Harper Castle, with his permission, as dear Norine's health was delicate, and Hyacinth, sweet child, was growing a great deal too fast, still she had made up her mind to remain there permanently, when once she had obtained a footing.

"And I wonder," thought indignant Hyacinth, "what mamma calls that but pushing."

The Melthorpes went down by train the next week but one, leaving the packing-boxes on storage, and taking only nine trunks. For Harper Castle was not many miles from Saratoga, and Mrs. Melthorpe intended that "dear Norine" should have the benefit of the fashionable season.

"Albert Harper is as rich as Croesus," thought the maneuvering mother, "and there's no reason that some of the money shouldn't be spent on his niece!"

She had not seen much of the Harpers of Harper Castle, of late years because there had been no very particular warmth of affection between herself and her sister. "If I had supposed," reasoned Mrs. Melthorpe, "that Artemis was going to marry rich, I should have treated her very differently those years that she lived at home with me. But Melthorpe said there was no reason she shouldn't earn her living, and save us the extra expense of a lady's maid—and, of course, all that is a bygone now, and if we play our cards well, we can have a home at Harper Castle for the rest of our lives!"

The elegant open landau with its deep bay horses glittering with gold-plated harness, and its two coachmen in black livery, was waiting at the station. Norine entered it, more like royal Juno than ever. Mrs. Melthorpe bustled after her, and Hyacinth seated herself timidly at the back of the carriage.

"This is something like," said Norine, languidly exultant. "Mamma, we've been grubs all our lives, now we are commencing to be butterflies. I must say, I like to feel my wings."

And Hyacinth was silent.

Colonel Harper met them at the door—a superb archway beneath a row of Corinthian columns. He was a handsome, middle-aged gentleman, his hair just sprinkled with gray, his keen, dark eyes sparkling through eye-glasses. Norine kissed him effusively. Mrs. Melthorpe squeeze his hand. Hyacinth shrank back, scarcely daring to appropriate any of the welcome to herself.

"Pray walk in," said the Colonel. "I was just considering the propriety of writing to you, when I received the letter announcing your speedy visit."

"My dear Albert! Of writing to us?"

"Yes," said Colonel Harper, ushering them into a stately drawing-room. "I do not know that my affairs particularly affect the rest of the family, but I had decided to let you know of my second marriage."

Mrs. Melthorpe gave a gasp. Norine looked appalled. No thunderbolt could have taken them more by surprise.

"Artemis has been dead a year now," went on the Colonel, in cool business-like accents. "The lady who has honored me by intrusting her future to my care is a connection of this family. Evelyn, my dear" (beckoning to a

slight figure which up to this time had lingered among the shadows of the bay-window draperies), "I wish to introduce to you my late wife's sister and her daughters. Mrs. Melthorpe—young ladies—this is Mrs. Harper."

"Why!" cried out Hyacinth, in her impulsive fashion, "it's Uncle Mark Antony's widow!"

Mrs. Melthorpe had reddened as if boiling carmine paint had been poured through all her veins. Norine grasped at her lace neck-frills as if she found difficulty in breathing. Mrs. Harper greeted them with a certain calm graciousness, like a queen receiving her subjects.

"I tried to tell you about it that day in the city," said she, "I should have liked to ask you to our quiet wedding; but you declined to hear me out. You desired me to read the newspapers, or to buy a typewriter, or something of that kind. I could not get a chance to explain to you that Colonel Harper was a friend of mine in the old days before I married Mark Antony, and before he was betrothed to Miss Artemis Maywood."

Mrs. Melthorpe and Miss Norine returned to New York in the evening train. After all that was come and gone they deemed it best speedily to retire from the field. But Mrs. Harper put in a plea for Hyacinth to remain at the castle.

"She was the only one who spoke kindly to me," said she. "Without intending to be an eavesdropper, I heard her begging for quarter for me. That it was cavalierly refused was no fault of hers. You will stay with me, dear little Hyacinth!"

"If mamma does not object," said Hyacinth, secretly wondering if the world was coming to an end.

"Mamma" did not object in the least. It was something to have that tall, awkward school-girl provided for, she thought.

"But what Colonel Harper could have seen to fancy in Mark Antony's widow," as she said afterward to Norine, "I can't imagine. Perhaps all this was a lesson to Mrs. Melthorpe; perhaps not. There are some people who will never learn much in the school of that grim old pedagogue, Experience!—*The Ledger*.

## Two Delicate Operations.

There are at present in St. Mary's hospital two patients whose cases are attracting a great deal of attention among physicians and surgeons, says the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*. The most remarkable case is that of a gentleman connected with one of the leading business houses of the city, who has lately been suffering from brain trouble. His case had become so serious that it was decided an operation was advisable. It was what is known as degeneration of the brain. The only possible remedy is by removing the top of the skull and taking out the diseased matter. It is an exceedingly delicate operation, of course, and one the success of which in this case was considered exceedingly problematical, but as it was the only hope the operation was performed in the presence of a score of physicians. The patient is doing well, though the final result cannot yet be determined. The flow of blood is very great, and the operation has proved much more successful than was thought probable at the time. It is said to have been the first operation of the kind ever performed in the state.

The second case, if less remarkable, is more curious. A man in some mysterious way swallowed his teeth, not the molars which nature gave him, but the set which his dentist provided as a substitute. They lodged deep down in his throat, and put a stop to everything except breathing. A hole had to be cut in his throat and the teeth extracted. The operation was successfully performed, and the patient is doing well, and will keep his eye on his teeth after this.

## Mustard Oil as a Lubricant.

Mustard oil has of late been given some attention as a lubricant, and it is reported to have been successfully used for some time in Germany for lubricating purposes. It is said not to be susceptible to cold, and, besides, does not easily become rancid or form fatty acid which would attack metal. Its lubricating value, moreover, according to Prof. G. Herman, of Aix-la-Chapelle is of a relatively high order. No particulars have been yet given as to the cost of the new lubricant, its specific gravity, etc.

## INFLUENZA AT SEA.

How it Struck Fleets and Visited Distant Islands.

The Ocean no Limit to the Progress of the Epidemic.

The peculiarity of influenza, says a writer in the London *Pall Mall Gazette*, is that sea or an ocean puts no limits to its progress. Ships sail into influenza as they sail into the doldrums; in passing rough a certain region of the high seas they take on board something which starts an epidemic of influenza among the crew, and if they be not far from port, they will not improbably find the epidemic prevailing on shore when they arrive. The fleet under Admiral Kempenfeldt left Spithead on the 21st of May, 1878, and kept cruising out of sight of land between the Lizard and Cape Ushant.

About the end of May influenza broke out on board all or most of the ships, and so seriously disabled the crews that the Admiral was obliged to return to port in the second week of June. Another incident in the naval annals rings out a further curious side of this any-sided epidemic influence. The frigate *Rose* arrived at Portsmouth from Newfoundland on November 4, 1788, a time when influenza was prevalent at this port. At once all the dogs on board the frigate were taken with cough and catarrh, and in a short time the whole ship's company sickened with it.

Another example, similar to the last, was furnished by Lord Howe's fleet, which sailed from England for the Dutch coast on the 6th of May in the same year. Towards the end of May the disorder appeared among the crew of the *Rippon*, and, two days later, among the crew of the *Princess Amelia*. The crews of other ships in the fleet were affected at different times, some not until their return to Portsmouth in the second week of June.

This fleet, like that of Admiral Kempenfeldt, had no communication with the shore, after leaving Portsmouth, until it reached the Downs, on its return, about the 31st or 4th of June. An equally remarkable instance of an opposite kind was observed during the epidemic of 1837, when the malady is first mentioned as having been prevalent in Lisbon, and among the merchant shipping in Portuguese and Spanish ports, during the month of January. Early in February it appeared in the *Russell*, an English man-of-war, then at anchor in the Tagus, and the first man it attacked had been exposed the greater part of the day in a boat and on shore.

The disease rapidly spread, and affected eighty-four of the crew. In the same year the *Canopus*, with 650 men, after three years of service on the Mediterranean station, left Malta on the 1st of January, and, after having stopped twenty-four hours at Gibraltar, and part of a day at Barcelona, reached Plymouth Sound on the 1st of February. The weather was cold and wet, and influenza was prevalent on shore, and yet the crew continued in perfect health until the 15th, when the epidemic struck down two-thirds of the men in one day. In March the disease reached such a height at Barcelona that business was almost suspended.

Another curious phenomenon is in the epidemic catarrh which breaks out among the inhabitants of such remote islands as St. Kilda and Iceland, when strangers touch at the former, or the first spring ships arrive at the latter. The St. Kilda influenza used to be thought to be a mere fable, although Dr. Johnson believed in it against the scientific opinions of his day.

During a seven years' residence in Norfolk Island, the well-known settlement of the descendants of the Bounty mutineers, I had opportunities of verifying the popular local tradition that the arrival of a vessel was almost invariably accompanied by an epidemic of influenza among the inhabitants of the island. In spite of the apparent remoteness of cause and effect, the connection had so strongly impressed itself on the mind of the Norfolk Islanders that they were in the habit of distinguishing the successive outbreaks by the name of the vessel during whose visit it had occurred. But the phenomenon is not confined to Norfolk Island.

Barns and stables are not suitable places for hen roosts.

## Bravery of the Russian Soldier.

The Russian soldier, says a Russian general in *Harper's Magazine*, dies at his post. I have seen him in winter on sentry duty on the heights of Shipka die standing, surrounded by snow, and transformed literally into a statue of ice; I have seen him die on the march, striding over the sandy desert, and yielding up his last breath with his last step; I have seen him die of his wounds on the battle-field or in the hospital, at a distance of three thousand miles from his native village—and in these supreme moments I have always found the Russian soldier sublime.

Although a child of the plain, where his eye rarely descends the most modest hill, we see him boldly scale the topmost summits of the Caucasus, and climb the rocks and glaciers of the Thian-Shan, fighting all the time. He feels at home everywhere, whether in the steppes of the father-land, in the tundras of Siberia, or the mountains and deserts of Central Asia. He has an exceptional faculty of putting himself at his ease wherever he may be, even in places where others would die of hunger and thirst.

I have seen the Russian soldier at home in time of peace, or during truces in the enemy's country, rocking the peasant's child in the village where he was stationed; I have seen him bivouacking in the desert, with his tongue parched and burning, receive his ration of a quarter of a litre of salt-water; I have seen him in heat and in cold, in hunger and in thirst, in peace and in war—and I have always found in him the same desire to oblige, the same abnegation of self for the sake of the safety and the good of others. These special characteristics of the Russian soldier—his self-denial, his simple and natural self-sacrifice—give him peculiar powers as a warrior.

## Climbing Stairs and Hills.

The doctors tell us that a moderate climbing of stairs and hills is beneficial. It stimulates the action of the heart, and where this organ is sluggish in its movement it is well to accelerate it by walking slowly up any ordinary ascent. It is, indeed, becoming a noticeable habit to avoid everything in the way of second or third stories, and those conservative persons who cling to their upper offices and have no elevator are let alone by idle visitors at least, and by nearly all who can satisfy their demands as well in more easily accessible places. Indolence, like appetite, grows by indulgence, and it is only occasionally that the well-protected garden where our vanities and foibles are cultivated is invaded by a disturbing breeze. When we hear, for instance, of the old women who act as general servants in the apartment houses of Paris and with the ease with which they mount six or seven flights of stairs many times daily, we are willing to confess to a little of both compassion and envy.

But we need not go so far away from home. Only last week a woman who sat down breathlessly at the head of two long flights of stairs, and summoned her first words to utter a complaint, received from the friend who offered her sympathy this unintentional reproof: "We should all here spend more time in giving utterance to vexed words were it not that Mr. Blank, who is 89 years of age, comes here every day to attend to his business, and never says a word about the stairs, or seems to think of fatigue." Perhaps the elevator will be not an undisguised blessing after all.—*Boston Herald*.

## Treachery of Australian Natives.

A conspicuous trait in the character of the Australian native, says Carl Tumulholz, is treachery, and the colonists are wont to give the stranger the warning, "Never have a black fellow behind you." Nor should she, as a rule, rely on them. How difficult it is for them to lay aside their uncivilized habits may be seen from the following incident, which happened at Dawson River: A squatter was walking in the bush in company with his black boy hunting brush turkey (Talogalla). As they sauntered forth the black boy touched him on the shoulder from behind and said, "Let me go ahead." When the squatter asked why he wished to go before him, the boy answered, "I feel such an inclination to kill you." The black boy had been on the station for several years, where he had served as shepherd and had proved himself very capable.

## The Mist and the Night Wind.

The mist rose from the river,  
It sifted through the trees,  
And wended about the wooded hills  
A gray and ghostly frieze.  
And the wind amid the pine trees hissed  
Its lofty soars of the valley mist.  
The mist spread over the valley,  
It swept on quiet wings  
O'er sedge and marsh and meadow,  
O'er rocks and fairy rings.  
And the night wind told the trees it kissed  
Its mate for the low-born valley mist.  
But when the day was dawning,  
The pallid mist grew gold,  
And to the azure o'er the hills  
In clouds of glory rolled,  
While amid the pines, and in its pride,  
The scornful night wind sank and died.  
—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

## HUMOROUS.

The coming man will fly when the coming broom is after him.

The boy who is left unmolested in the pantry is likely to strike a pudding.

When a woman wants the earth, it is with the view of giving it to some man.

A young man whose girl went back on him says that he suffers from heart failure.

First Dentist—Are you meeting with any success? Second Dentist—Oh, I am pulling right along.

No one is allowed to destroy pavements, yet it is not unusual to see a man go tearing up the street.

If a lovely woman smacks me on one cheek I will turn her the other also, bravely ejaculates a humorist.

"Good-night; I hope you will sleep well," said the friend of the policeman as the latter went out on his night tour.

In Siam it is death to mention the king's name. In Russia it is destruction to the jaw to pronounce some of the names of the common people.

Scientist—Bring me a decoction of burned peas, sweetened with glucose and lightened with chalk and water. Waiter (vociferously)—Coffee for one.

The Good Friend—So, good-bye, dear old fellow, and if ever you want \$50 come to me and we'll go together and find some one who will lend it to us.

Man of the House (coldly)—To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit? Caller (with folded document)—To the firm of Allwood & Co.—\$7.60. I'm their new collector.

She—Why do you look so unhappy, George? Don't you know we are one now? He—Yes, I've heard that before, but when it comes to paying the hotel bill the landlord doesn't seem to think so.

How inconsistent some men are, to be sure! There's Bleigh, for example. He is forever boasting that he never does anything by halves, and yet everything that is done at all in his house is done by his better half.

Woman—Here, take this coat. Tramp—I know it's a hard winter, but style or nothing is my motto. Fashion decrees that single-breasted usters shall be worn, and you will notice, madam, that this coat has two rows of buttons. I cannot take it.

"Don't sleep with your mouth open," said Fred to his younger brother. "You should breathe through your nose." "But I don't know when my mouth's open. What do you do when you wake up and find your mouth open?" "What do I do? Why, I get up and shut it."

Takes two, they say,  
To make a fight;  
And when they quarrel  
Neither's right.

## Sold Her Body for Ginger-Bread.

'Squire Smith Kennedy says that he has attended several hangings in his life. The most notable one was the hanging of a black woman, a slave, near the Fair Grounds. She was hanged for poisoning a couple of her master's children. She sold her body to some medical students at Lexington for all the ginger-bread she could eat while she was in jail awaiting for the execution. After the hanging the students placed the body in a coffin, and swung it under a wagon and drove off to Lexington in hot haste—their horses in a fast trot—hoping to arrive there in time to resuscitate the body with electricity. Just before arriving there the rope broke and the corpse fell to the pike and the coffin broke into halves and the corpse rolled out. They gathered it up and carried it into Lexington by hand-power. As nothing more was heard of the woman, it is fair to presume that their experiment was a failure.—*Dawson (Ky.) News*.