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NO. 23.

Russia has just asked for another loan, this time for one hundred million dollars. The modesty of the request, says the *New York World*, would be more conspicuous if Germany had not recently asked a loan almost as large. Peace is to be kept in Europe.

An exact copy of the United States alien labor act has been introduced in the House of Parliament at Ottawa, Canada. The bill appears to be a slap at the United States for enforcing their own act to keep Canadians from working across the border for a short time.

The Rothschilds have refused to float the proposed new Russian loan. This fact has more weight than all the rumors of war the correspondents may cable from Europe. If the European Powers could not get themselves any further into debt, the *New York Telegram* declares that disarmament would soon be a necessity.

The effect of our stringent laws against polygamy is seen in the settlement of 1,000 Mormon refugees from Utah in Canada. At present there is no law against polygamy in the dominion, and the government will be asked to introduce a measure making it a punishable offense. The Canadians view with alarm the migration of Mormons to their country.

The destruction of human life by our railways is attaining truly alarming proportions. According to the estimate of the Interstate Commerce Commissioners the mortality from this cause in a single year is as high as 5693, while for the same period the number of persons injured in railroad accidents reaches 27,898. Of course, a great proportion of both classes is made up of railway employes.

A burglar who went through a St. Louis house, generously refreshed himself on the premises at the conclusion of his labors. The consequence was that sleep overtook him and he woke up only to find himself in the clutches of a policeman. The *New York Tribune* thinks it may probably occur to him now that eternal vigilance, especially in his line of practical effort, is the price of liberty.

The Germans have been the pioneers in scientific forestry. With a total forest area of only 34,346,000 acres, of which 11,234,000 belong to the state, the German empire now has no less than nine schools of forestry, and during the three years ending with 1888 it published 177 books on the various branches of the subject. There are also ten periodicals devoted to forestry, and a general association of foresters with annual meetings, and ten local societies.

It is evident, observes the *San Francisco Chronicle*, that the Nihilists in Russia are again preparing for some great stroke such as that which ended the life of the Czar, Alexander II. There is the same feverish activity, the frequent discoveries of plots and the desperate acts of those who are caught. No wonder that the Russian police dread the Nihilists when a young girl like Sophie Perovski has the nerve to give the signal for throwing the fatal bomb that killed the Czar, and another in Moscow shoots down the chief of the secret police who came to arrest her, and then takes her own life. Swift death by her own hand was a far better fate than exile to Siberia, with the nameless indignities to which female prisoners are subjected.

As anthracite coal has come of late years to be used more and more exclusively for domestic purposes, it has grown to be a more accurate measure of the consumption of fuel by the people. Nobody will be surprised to learn that the amount of coal used for purposes of house-warming was surprisingly small during the mild winter of 1889. Yet the official figures are rather startling. In 1888, except for the brief period of the March blizzard, the country experienced little extreme cold; yet the anthracite consumption in 1889 fell short of that in 1888 by 3,111,958 tons. This has been a serious affair for the coal companies, and all of them have lost money at their business, but we suspect that the people at large will not complain. The consumer finds it extremely difficult to look at these matters from the same point of view as the producer.

**The Heights and the Valley.**  
He stood in the valley with eager eyes  
Turned to the peaks where the sunshine lay.

"O, for the heights that are near the skies,  
The glorious heights that are far away,"  
He cried, and ever his longing grew  
To climb the steep hills the heights were won.

And ever a wild unrest broke through  
The daily tasks that must be done.

"It must be lonely on those far heights,"  
Said the friend he told of his wild desire.  
"Better the valley of old delights,"  
But the heart of the dreamer was all on fire.

With the thought of reaching the hills afar,  
And he would not tarry with friends of old,  
But followed the flash of ambition's star,  
And climbed up the mountains bleak and cold.

There were rocky places where feet must bleed;  
There were awful chasms where danger lay;  
Through nights of darkness and days of need  
Towards the peaks he longed for he took his way.

And nearer, nearer the peaks of snow  
Each day the climber in rapture drew,  
Forgetting the valley that lay below  
And the valley friends who were kind and true.

At last the terrible heights were scaled;  
Alone on the desolate peaks stood he.  
In the moment of triumph his courage failed,  
And his heart turned valleyward longingly.

O, to hear the voices of friends again,  
To clasp a hand that was warm and true!  
O, to love and be loved, and to share with men  
The little joys that the valley knew!

Better the valley with peace and love  
Than the desolate heights some souls attain.  
Lonely is life on the hills above  
The valley lands and the sunny plain.

What is fame to love? Can it satisfy  
The longing and lonely hearts of men?  
On the heights they must hunger and starve  
And die.

Come back to the valley of peace again.  
—Eben E. Rexford, in *Youth's Companion*.

## "Fifty Cents a Ticket."

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

She was spreading towels and tablecloths on the crisp, short grass to bleach, when he saw her first—a slim, Diana-like young creature, with large, limpid eyes, a brown skin not entirely innocent of freckles and a mass of jolly shining hair, which had broken loose from its coarse horn comb, and fell in ink-black ripples down her back.

There was a little brook twining its transparent spurles around the gnarled roots of an ancient tree, and a background of black-green laurel, which, with the sun-bathed meadow in front, made a sort of rustic picture that struck Paul Gessner's artistic fancy as he crossed the wooden bridge.

"I should like to sketch her," he thought to himself. "I wonder, now, what she would say to it!"

But before he could get his pencil and mill-boards out the young Dana had poised her empty basket lightly on her head and she was gone.

"I'm sorry for that," soberly pondered Gessner. "She had a brilliant Charlotte Corday sort of a face that would have stood the test of perpetuation on paper!"

And then Mr. Gessner went into the inn and set himself at work to elaborate the notes of his lecture on "The Literature of Queen Anne's Time" which was to be delivered the next evening at the village hall.

There were plenty of people at the inn. Brookbridge was a wild, sylvan sort of place, which attracted people in the summer season. Every farm house and cottage in the vicinity was crowded, and a "lecture" was something to stir the quiet stagnation of their everyday life. Moreover, Paul Gessner had a reputation for scholarly polish and graceful wit, which had reached even to Brookbridge, and everybody was talking of the lecture.

"Can't I go?" said Natty Purple.

"Oh, I wish I could go!"

The towels and tablecloths were all bleached whiter than snow, between the daisied grass and the July sunshine, and Natty was sprinkling and folding them now, with quick, deft fingers, in an obscure corner of the kitchen.

"You go, indeed!" said Miss Carrie Podham, who condescended to wait at table during the crowded season.

"You've too much to do in the kitchen, and besides, the tickets are fifty cents each!"

Natty Purple sighed dolorously.

"Fifty cents!" she repeated. "Oh, then of course it's out of the question!"

For Natty's slender wages were all of

them expended in the support of a good-for-nothing old grandire who, when he was not drinking whisky, was suffering unhealed agonies with the rheumatism. She never wore anything but calico, and dandaged away in the inn kitchen, like a modern Cinderella, without any of the eclat which, in ancient story, appertained to that young person.

But, later in the evening, the head stableman looked into the kitchen where Cinderella was darning a well-worn table napkin, and Mrs. Podham was preparing brook-trout for a breakfast for the morrow's early travellers.

"Where's Jim?" said the head stableman.

"Gone out," said Mrs. Podham, curtly.

"I want some one to row one of the boarders out on the lake," said the stableman. "He's a pater painter, I guess. He wants moonlight effects, he says" (with a chuckle). "I'd a deal rather hev feather pillow effects, myself. Then where is Dick?"

"Dick never's on hand when he's wanted," Mrs. Podham replied. "I haven't seen him since supper."

"Then he'll lose a fifty-cent job," said the stableman. "Well, I s'pose I can hunt up some one, somewhere."

"Fifty cents!" cried Natty Purple, springing to her feet. "I'll go, then! I'm handy with the oars, and I'm just perishing for a breath of cool air from the water."

"Them napkins isn't mended," croaked Mrs. Podham, discouragingly.

"I'll finish 'em when I come back," said Natty, coaxingly. "Do let me go, just this once!"

So that when Mr. Gessner came out to the edge of the lake with his picture que Spanish cloak thrown across one shoulder, and his sketching apparatus under his arm, Natty Purple sat in the boat ready to row him whither he would go.

"Hallo!" said Paul. "Why, you're a girl!"

"Yes, I'm a girl," apologetically confessed Natty. "But I'm a good hand to row, and I know all about the lake. I can take you straight to Echo Cove, where the waterlilies grow thickest, and past the Old Indian Rock, and—"

"Agreed," said Paul, good-humoredly. "But was there no man about the place to undertake this disagreeable job?"

"Oh, it isn't disagreeable," said Natty, earnestly. "I like to row! And, besides, I do so much want to earn fifty cents."

"Do you?" said Paul, as the little boat, propelled by Natty's skillful strokes, vanished into the deep shading of the overhanging birches that fringed the lovely tides. "May I venture to ask why?"

"Oh, yes," said Natty. "It's no secret. I want to go to the lecture to-morrow night."

Paul Gessner smiled to himself in the moonlight, as he sat there like a Spanish gondolier.

"Do you suppose it will be so very interesting?" said he.

"Interesting!" echoed Natty. "Of course it will be. Haven't you heard? Mr. Gessner is to deliver a lecture on the 'Literature of Queen Anne's Time.'"

"And who is Mr. Gessner?" demanded the young man.

"If you don't read the magazines, of course you can't be expected to know," said Natty Purple, with some natural impatience. "But I have read everything he writes. He is stopping at our place now, they tell me."

"Is he?" said Paul. "You are the landlady's daughter, I presume?"

"No, I am not," acknowledged honest Natty. "I help in the kitchen. I am Natty Purple."

"Well, then, to be honest with you, Miss Purple," said Paul, really feeling a sting of conscience, "I am Paul Gessner!"

Natty gave such a start that the boat careened dangerously to one side.

"You!" she cried.

"Yes, I! Now, if you will take me safe to the Echo Cove, I will give you a complimentary ticket. So, there!"

"No," said Natty, with true womanly pride, "I accept no favors, even though I am nothing but a working girl. If I am to have a ticket at all, I prefer to earn it."

Paul was silent. In truth, and in fact, he felt a little ashamed in the presence of this flute-voiced, independent young beauty.

"You must have read a great deal," said he, at last.

"Oh! I have," said Natty. "We are not so busy in winter, you see; and besides, all the girls lent me their newspapers and magazines. But I never expected to see a gentleman who wrote books."

"I hope he comes up to your expectation," said Paul.

"I must have time to make up my mind about that," said Natty, with all good faith.

And once again our hero found himself at a loss for something to say.

But when he came out into the moon-bathed glories of the Echo Cove, where all the world was steeped in silver softness and the matted masses of water-lilies were swinging to and fro on the tides like emerald carpets, his tongue was loosed once again, and before they came back he and Natty Purple were on terms of the pleasantest acquaintanceship.

But he had not sketched half as much as he had expected.

"The light was so uncertain," he said, "he could reproduce it better by the next day's memory."

Natty went to the lecture with her fifty-cent piece, and listened with a grave and critical intencness, which spurred Paul Gessner on to his highest elocutionary effects.

"It was very good," she said, the next day, "very good indeed. It has given me something to think about. And, oh! dear, I have so much time for thinking!"

"Natty," said Mr. Gessner (everybody called the girl "Natty" here). "I have been wondering why you stay here at all."

"Where else should I stay?" she questioned him with a simple directness.

"Why do you not go to Boston and teach school?" he questioned.

"Oh!" cried Natty, clasping her hands eagerly, "do you think there would be any possibility of my obtaining a situation there?"

"We must see what can be done," said Paul, reflectively.

So Grandfather Purple was left in charge of a thrifty neighbor, and stayed by himself that winter, while Natty went to Boston to try her luck in one of the grammar schools. In the spring she came back, apparently transformed into a new creature.

"I didn't want you," growled the old man. "The Widow Malley takes good enough care of me. To tell you the truth, we was married last week, and Mrs. Purple she don't want no step-granddarters around."

"Oh, grandfather, I am so glad!" cried Natty, turning pink and white in one breath. "Because I am not coming back to stay. Mr. Gessner—"

"Oh, I understand," said Grandfather Purple, chuckling hoarsely. "You're going to be married, too."

"Yes," said Natty, "I'm going to be married."

Thus ended the little Brookbridge idyl. Natty was happy. So was Paul Gessner. As for Grandfather Purple and his elderly bride, let us hope that they were not very unhappy. For the roses and nightingales of life cannot be enjoyed by every one, and the spring-tide of the world comes but once.

## Fashionable Smuggling.

There is a great deal more of this fashionable smuggling than would generally be supposed, says a *New York letter* to the *Chicago Herald*. While it is not all confined to very rich people, yet it is certain that they do a great deal more than their share of it. The experience of the officials also bears out the general impression that it is almost as natural for a woman to smuggle as it is for her to breathe. It is hard for her to realize that bringing in bonnets and everything else which can contribute to her wardrobe whenever the chance is presented to do so without paying duty is not both her right and her duty. Consequently the women inspectors at the Custom-House have a great deal more work to do than their fellows among the men.

## Unprepared.

Palmer—It's mighty funny, but there are no less than six people with whom I have been talking within a week who are now dead.

Curtleigh—I haven't the least doubt of it. I'm sorry I can't stop to listen to you today, but the fact is I'm not prepared.

Appearances are against some people, and so are their disappearances.

## QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

At a rat hunt held in Coshocton County, Ohio, recently, 2066 rats were killed.

London is to have a "Monkeries," at which 1000 monkeys will be on exhibition.

A Florida paper maintains that bald-headed men, as a class, are distinguished for morality and benevolence.

A man in Chester, Penn., is seeking a divorce from his wife because she danced for joy when he chopped his fingers off.

Queen Victoria's crown, together with other royal regalia, is valued at \$600,000 and kept under strong guard at the old tower.

Edward A. Lahr of Fayette, N. Y., shot a white owl the other day that measured four feet and ten and one-half inches from tip to tip.

The youngest couple ever married in North Carolina have been united in Davis County. The groom was 13 and his bride but 11 years of age.

Two young girls, beating their way east on a freight train, were observed at Greensburg, Penn., seated on the ledge between two baggage cars.

Near Virginia City, Nev., the other night, an unlucky yearling colt floundered into a snow drift and stuck fast. Then some lucky coyotes came along and had supper.

The royal baron of beef for Queen Victoria's Christmas table weighed 300 pounds. It was roasted at Windsor Castle and sent to Osborne cold.

A kite 16½ feet high and 12 feet wide, made of 54 yards of linen, was recently made by five boys in Terryville, Conn. At its first ascent it went up 2000 feet.

Profiting by its previous experience, a fox at Lancaster, Penn., when released for the third time to be hunted, seized a chicken and secreted himself in a wood-pile before the hounds could be released.

A Pacific coast journal says the Indians at Round Valley Reservation now own 1000 hogs besides other live stock, have 1400 acres planted to wheat, and grow finer apples than any of their white neighbors.

The president of the New York Museum of Natural History is soon to award a prize of \$200 for the best method of breeding insects which prey upon and destroy the mosquito. There are a great many contestants for the prize.

There are over 500 swells in the city of Philadelphia who do not pay their tailors' bills. This fact was brought out when the merchant tailors of that city formed an organization for mutual protection and formed a black list of dead beats.

The price now demanded in England for whalebone is at the rate of \$12,500 per ton, which is the highest ever known. One result of this advance in price will be that next season several additional ships will be sent to Davis straits, after the Newfoundland seal-fishing is closed.

**The Great Hall of the Mammoth Cave.**  
Some important new discoveries in the Mammoth Cave were described by the Rev. H. C. Hovey at the meeting of the American Association. They are connected with the arrangement of the cave passages in tiers and the great pits or domes. Following the guide across a treacherous chasm known as the covered pit, the author found a series of these chasms exceeding in size any that had ever been discovered before. He afterward visited the pits with a photographer, Mr. Ben Hains, and means for taking photographs. As measured from above, they varied from forty-seven to one hundred and thirty-five feet in depth. With much difficulty and risk he succeeded in reaching the bottom of Charybdis, the deepest of the pits, and there discovered, by the aid of chemical fires, that the whole series of pits, eight in all, were joined at the bottom into one magnificent hall several hundred feet long. This hall was traversed from end to end. Dr. Hovey proposes to name it Harrison's Hall, after the President of the United States.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

## Easily Answered.

"When is a mermaid not a mermaid?"

"When she's on exhibition in a dime museum."

## Sub Rosa.

I have heard the robins singing  
Where the sweet magnolia grows.  
I have seen the zephyrs flinging  
Twilight kisses to the rose;

But a sweeter song has filled me  
Than the birds in perfumed bowers,  
And a softer kiss has thrilled me  
Than the south winds on the flowers.

I have felt the lilies blowing  
Dewy fragrance in the morn;  
I have seen the sunbeams gliding  
Golden blushes on the corn;

But I know a flower that's fairer  
Than the lilies ever grew,  
And I love a blush that's rarer  
Than the sunbeam's softest hue.

I have seen the moonbeams flying  
Over starlit, silvery seas;  
I have heard the zephyrs sighing  
Through the orange-blossomed trees;

But a purer ray has blessed me  
Than the moonlight on the sands,  
And a softer sigh caressed me  
Than the breath of Tropic lands.

She is fairer than the flowers;  
She is sweeter than the rose,  
And her heart of kindness showers  
Blessings every where she goes.

Altruistic—without sinning—  
She's an angel from the sky  
(Far above my earthly winning)—  
She's engaged! and so am I!

—LARRY CHITTENDEN.

## HUMOROUS.

The oyster carries his shelter with him.

A watchmaker belongs to the sell-tick race.

Little dogs bark the most, because that is all they can do.

A prudent man is like a pin—his head prevents him going too far.

A fruitless search—The one a farmer makes after the small boy has passed through the orchard.

Tommy—Pa, what does "the lap of luxury" mean? Mr. Figg—Means a cat drinking cream, I suppose.

Carberry—It strikes me you are rather long paying that bill. Snoddy—That's because I am so short.

Jessie—I'm sure Charlie loves me, but he's afraid to propose. Bessie—Well, that shouldn't surprise you at all.

Photographers are the most charitable of men, for they are always anxious to take the best view of their fellow-creatures.

"Alfred," she said, disengaging her hand, "those horrid men saw us—what did they say as they passed by?" "How touching."

"So Smith has failed. How much money did he get with his wife?" "Her face is her fortune." "No wonder he had to make an assignment."

"What do you value that handsome spaniel at, if I may ask?" "Well, if you want to buy him he's worth \$500, and if you're the assessor I reckon he's worth about 19 cents."

Two howling pet dogs in a back yard uptown were struck by two bullets last night. Howling dogs should cut this out and paste it in their hats.

The quintessence of laziness is illustrated by a Dutch artist who was commissioned to paint a picture of "Jonah and the Whale," and who thereupon painted a picture of a very large whale, explaining that Jonah would be found inside the monster.

Little Brother—Can't you walk straight, Mr. Mangle? Mr. Mangle—Of course I can. Why do you ask? Little Brother—Oh, nothing; only I heard sister say she'd make you walk straight when she married you! And ma said she'd help her.

John—I'm sorry I shall be away so long, Miss Janet. You don't know how I hate to say "good-by" to you, but I suppose the best of friends must part, you know. Janet—Oh, yes, and what's the use of people who are nothing to each other growing sad over separation? That's the way I look at it.

## A Watchful Goose.

A citizen of Elberton, Ga., has a pet goose which keeps a better watch around his house at night than most dogs would. The citizen recently said to a visitor: "I've got the worst pet goose you ever saw, and if you come around without hallooing or striking a rock with your stick you'll think something's taking you off like a buzz saw; she's a bad one, and after we go to bed she makes a path around the house like a circus ring, and every forty feet she yelps out 'kaap quiet, kaap quiet,' and if you don't mind she'll be tearing off your pants and giving somebody a job of patching. She's the best watch dog I ever had, and we wouldn't feel safe if our pet goose should die."