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THE LAND OF THE LIVING. ("Are you still in the land of the living?" inquired a man of an aged friend. "No, but I am going there," was the reply.)
O land, so full of breaking hearts,
O'erhung with shadows blinding,
Where half the world the other half
In sheet and shroud are winding.

We stretch our eyes away—away
Past this domain of serrow,
And catch the tintings on the clouds

Each year we see the brighest leaves In autumn's hand the serest Each year the bird-notes die away, Which rang for us the clearest; Each day the cruel mouth of Death The lie to life is giving, And yet we call this fading land The region of the living! O angel man, whose silver hair Is like the ring of glory!

Is like the ring of glory:
God bless you for that precious truthOur hearts repeat the story;
And while we sit in vacant homes
Heaven's golden bells are pealing Along the darkness of the night,

#### ELIZA ANN'S ADMIRER.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA. I guess you never heard tell of Lizy Ann, did you? She's my oldest darter, and if I do say it, you can't find a higher eddicated girl in Kenboro'. She's eddicated clear up to the top notch. Jeremish, that's her pa, sed to me about three years ago, sed he. "Algiry, I've

"Hold on to it." sed I. "till you get another one to match up with it, or you'll lose it, it'll be so lonesome

Jeremiah wuz a-pulling off his boots at the time, and he'd been mowing in the medder and they stuck to his stockings and riled his temper.

"Drat them boots!" sed he, ez he stood on one foot and pulled away fer dear life on 'tother boot, "I wish the man that invented boots had to eat 'em!"

"He'd have to wear a liver pad all the rest of his life," sed I; and I looked at my husband with my earnest smile, the one I use when my minister calls and when I'm attending the weekly prayermeeting, and I added. "Jeremiah, at pect." your time of life you should not let your temper run away with you. Perfanity don't go well with gray hairs."

"What kind of hairs does it go well with?" snapped Jeremiah, and he gave that off leg of his a sudden jerk that made him lose his balance, and down he went rite on to an ottoman, where Lizy Ann had sot a couple of pie-plates that she'd painted some long-legged rusters and some bushes and water on, and he smashed them plates all to flinders!

"Where's your idee?" sed I to him when he'd got up and wiped the blood from the finger that he'd cut on that broken crockery on to the white bed

"I was a-going to say, Algiry," sed better go a few terms to the femal sem-It kinder polishes a gal off and learns her how to act when she's into company. Now there's Mulligan's daughter, see how she's got finished off since she went to that Boston school! Why,

"that Lizy Ann had better learn how to over. cook and sew them to go to wrestling with Greek and Latin! This 'ere painting craze that she's got is enough to drive anybody into the lunytick hospital. him busy the heft of the time a-rescuing She's painted almost everything in the house, and yesterday she began on the

The Papleys is an awful sot family, take it, an' throwed all the vittles into the ad-'em together, and Jeremiah is about the sottest of 'em all. So Lizy Ann was sent A boa constrictor couldn't have eat any and that language is as intelligible to off to the semernary, and I got Polly more. No, not even if he had sot up Mariah Jones to help me with the house-

year, and then she come home to live. Mebby you don't know what it is to have an eddicated female darter in the house? It's worse than having the measles and the house and didn't come back for a mumps, or almost anything else that ever week; and the two cats that was asleep it's morning.' 'I don't care,' says the

couldn't eat bliled cabbage for dinner because it disagreed with her digestive organs. She couldn't walk anywhere beshe hed the spines in her back novels. You see, the fact of it was she'd brains she had clean out of her!

But her conversation was something orth hearing. She would sit down and talk to her pa by the hour about the whichness of the whatsoever, and the surcal pleasantry, and the evolution of the genus homo; and her pa would cross his legs and stare at her in admiration, and once in a while he'd drop his under jaw, and exclaim: "I want to know!" for me, I didn't understand her talk, and I didn't pretend to, and I kept right on a-b'iling, and a-frying, and a-scrubbing, jest as if Lizy Ann warn't a-talking. She got a letter one day, perfumed so that it scented the whole house, and she come out into the kitchen with it, where m and Polly Jones was a-pickin' over dan-

delion greens, and sed she; "Ma, I have just received some very delightful intelligence."

"Have you?" says I, "what might it

"Gustavus Vere De Vere thinks he will

favor us with a visit." "The land sake!" says I, "when is he

oing to favor?" "Next week," says she.

"Good gracious," sed I, "what ever made him think of coming next week? That's the time I sot to bile my soft soap, and your pa is going to kill that crooked. legged pig; and Polly Jones sot out to have the heft of her teeth pulled out, and the hens is all a-setting, and we can't git no eggs to speak of, and the spare chamber carpet is up, and the old mare's lame in her hind leg, and Uncle John he's got a bile coming, and it's kinder atween hay and grass in the vegetable line, the old taters is strong and the new ones hain't got along."

"Why, ma," says she, "you talk as if Gustavus was a sordid-minded being whose only thought was his gastronomic propensities. Ma, I assure you he is too full of soul to give a thought to such vulgar things as those you speak of."

"Good land!" says I, "he has to eat, don't he? He'd die of the hungry stomach-ache if he didn't, I should ex-

"Don't tease her, mother," says Jeremiah, coming in just then after a drink doughnut fat all afire and the room so of sweetened water. "By jingo, it's Summer's got here in airnest. I must hoe that five-acre patch of corn tomorrow. And the skeeters has got came in from the barn with two horse round as thick as hasty-pudding! Never see the beat of 'em so airly in the year.'

There wasn't nothin' for me to do but to make the best of it and get ready for our expected visitor. I didn't cook up much, because Gustavus warn't no eater, and I put off the soap b'iling, and Jeremiah he postponed the hog business, as Lizy Ann sed, sign die. Mr. De Vere arrived Monday afternoon. Lizy Ann ready for him, and she had combed her he, "that I thought our Lizy Ann had hair so that her head looked as large as a half-bushel basket, and she was powdered as white as the statoo of General Jackson in the public liberry at

Mr. De Vere was tall and lank and drah He looked as if he had been born the critter says more dictionary words tired, and hadn't got rested, and he put than our minister, and she slings 'em me in mind of that old green calico dress round as if she wasn't afraid of 'em, and of mine that didn't wash well, and as if there was plenty more of 'em. too." the color of it all kinder run into one Seems to me, Jeremiah," sed I, tuther and gin it a home-sick look all

> continerly falling off his nose and kept em from destruction.

and the new moon daubed onto it afore eater to speak of, but good land! when he had got filled up my table looked as But Jeremiah he was dreadful sot. if a full grown cyclone had swept acrost joining township! No appetite, indeed! nights, and put in eating hours. Lizy proprietor of a bird store. "I have a Ann was as hanny a critter as ever you Lizy Ann stayed at the semernary two see, and she and Mr. De Vere talked altogether in words of six syllables; and they sung some opperatic music and scared our dog Towser so that he quit in the clothes basket in the wood shed Lizy Ann she wouldn't get up to break- fuzzed up the hair on their backs and fast because it made her head ache. She tails as they listened, and then they give one terrible war cry and whisked out of that basket in a jiffy and scooted under the wood shed, and nothing could induce them to come out. De Vere and and high heels on her shoes, and there Lizy Ann walked together by the brook didn't seem to be much of anything she down in the calves' pasture, and they sot could do, except lay abed and read out on the piazzy nights and stared at the hope you don't feel cross,' he says. 'Oh, the peculiarity possessed by the genus moon, and he harnessed up the old mare jest gone to work and eddicated all the to take a ride, and he put the breeching up and indulge in a charming duet."-Deon over her head and the breast plate on troit Tribune.

over her tail, and then Jeremiah he came to the rescue and sot her agoing right end foremost.

Our hired mau, Jonas Bangs, he hitched up the oxen and went down to our 'tother farm after a load of medder hav, and as soon as Gustavus see him getting ready he was bent to go.

"It will be so sweetly pastoral to ride on the new mown hay," sed he, feeling of the spot where he expected his mus tache would be sometime in the vast and; onsartin' future-"quite like a poem.

"I dunno's you'd better risk it," sed Jeremish, "them air cattle is kinder ornery critters, and they hain't been used? and above keerful!"

But De Vere and Lizy Ann they wouldn't hear to nothing, and they mounted into the cart and went off. Hel held her perrysol over her head with one hand and clung for dear life to the rail, to none of the animal or vegetable spe of the cart with 'tother. And Jonas he jabbed the brad in the end of his goad into the oxen and sot 'em off in a canter I was busy frying doughnuts, and after

that team had been gone about long enough to get back I heerd an awful rumble, and I forgot all about my b'iling hot fat on the stove, and I rushed to the door with a lump of dough in my hand, and good gracious! there was them oxen tearing down the hill at the back of our barn on the dead run, and Mr. De Vere and Lizy Ann bouncing about on the top of the load of hay and yelling like wild critters. His hat was gone, his eye-glasses bobbed out behind him, and his long hair streamed back like a banner in

Rite down the hill went them oxen rite through a board fence that was round the cabbage patch, straight into into a swamp that lays a-tween our farm and Deacon Bridge's. There the cart stuck fast and come to such a sudden standstill that it upsot, and De Vere and Lizy Ann upsot with it. I see 'em bounce up into the air like two injy rubber balls, and jest that minit I heerd an awful swish and sizzle from the kitchen, and I rushed back to find my full of smoke that you couldn't see acrost it. I ketched the tongs and throwed the kittle out doors, and Jeremiah he blankets and a buffalo, and we made out to save the house.

Jonas had got round and fished Lizy Ann and her admirer out of the water, and the neighbors come manfully to the spot and helped git out the oxen.

My soul and body! You'a ought to have seen De Vere! He was a spectacle, and no mistake! We washed his head out in the watering trough, and put him had spent the whole forenoon in getting into some overalls of Jeremiah's, and I gin him a rum sweat to keep the cold from striking to his throat, but the pore critter was so far gone that he couldn't eat nothing for supper.

As for Lizy Ann, she took her bed and staved there till De Vere had gone home. and I don't much think he'll ever show himself here again, and I hope he never will. Jeremiah says he hain't no manner of doubt but what Jonas tetched up then oxen with the whip when they got to the top of the hill a-purpose to set 'em a-running, for Jonas is a sly feller, and fond of fun. I've had a good sound talk with He couldn't seem to talk plain, and he Lizy Ann, and I'm trying to l'arn her to but I dunno's I shall make out.

You see, she's got her brains crammed I din't say nothing about eating till hain't much room to put in any common bean pot, and had got two screech owls supper time, seeing as De Vere wa'n't no sense. Too much eddication has nigh about been the ruination of her. -Arkansaw Traveler.

### Bird Language.

"To my mind ali birds have a language themselves as ours is to us," said the pair of canaries, and I often listen to their conversation. In the morning one of them gives a 'tw-eet.' 'Are you awake?' he says to the other. The other though,' and closes his eyes again. 'Bu wing once more. 'It's time to wake up.' This time there is no reply.

"Then the other proceeds to indulge in a morning serenade. He carols up and down the scale. Then the second

## THE ORCHID.

PECULIARITIES OF THE PLANT NOW INTPUBLIC FAVOR.

Weird and Wonderful B Queer Combinations of the Gro-tesque and Beautiful—Curious Specimens—High Prices.

It is aboutfive years since the orchid made its appearance in this country as a candidate for popular favor, and its suc cess was not at that time immediate. It required some little time for the public to accustomentself to finding beauty in for quite a spell-and Jonas hain't over the weird shapes and conformations which the epiphytal revel in. There are blossoms which marvelously imitate queer, fleshyllooking insects and reptiles, or which seems monstrous creatures belonging to another world, appertaining cies known in this sphere. Their very customs are different from those of any other known plant, for although a few species content themselves with growing in ordinary soil, like other members of the vegetable kingdom, a number of the species grow'suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, in mid-air; deriving their suste nance from the limbs of trees to which they are affixed; while others cling to barren rock, spreading their gorgeous blossoms likertiny oases over a precipitous cliff.

But not all orchidaceous plants are trange merely in aspect. Some are of exquisite beauty, and nearly all are rich in fragrance. Blossoms are found which are as white and lucid as a drift of snow. such as the Cattleya Alba; while others like the Mossie, revel in every descrip tion of color, from richest violet in gradual shading through mauve, rose and magenta, to lightest pinks, and in varying gradationsffrom gold to bright ver-

have become so confused in the popular mind that to most persons the very "orchid" has become a synonym for ex-sravagance. It is true that rare speci-mens, like everything else which is difficult to obtain, bring high prices, but the average price of orchid plants ranges from \$1 to \$5, and some specimens costs as low as twenty cents. Nor does it follow that the cheaper plants are less cautiful than the high-priced ones.

The more expensive orchids are sold at prices ranging at from \$500 to \$1000 and even \$1500.

The climate of this country renders it well-nigh impossible to raise orchids satisfactorily from bulbs and seeds, so that each plant must be shipped while yet in growth from the countries which yield them. Central and South America and Africa are the chief sources of supply, and the work of collecting the plants is constantly going on.

The plants usually arrive here in full bloom, for the collector will not risk sending worthless specimens by not verifying the blossoms they produce. And a beautiful sight they present at their landing at the wharf. There is wellnigh an acre of the gorgeous white, orange, crimson, amethyst and blue convoluted and crimped, hairy and mottled, freckled and striped freaks of nature; and unless it be midwinter, when there is a demand for the flowers, all on the stalk, with no one but the garden ers to appreciate their fragrance and

Orchid blossoms seem so fragile that it is no wonder that people look upon them as ephemeral. Yet, as a fact, they will outlast almost any other flower when severed from the stalk. Nor does their cultivation necessitate more watchfulness than that of other exotic plants. The terrestrial species are planted in shallow pans filled with a compost of peat and moss, while the celestial ones are for the most part allowed to hang to the bits of bark to which they originally clung, or of wood, in which broken brick and moss supplies them with their sustenance. The temperature required for the orchid varies with each species ranging from an lazy mate, tucking his head under his atmosphere which is almost cold, in the case of the Calanthe (known as the Christ orchid, the blood-red mark in the centre of the five-petaled flower giving it the appearance of a wound hand), to the bird pokes out her head and shakes her feathers. 'It's really impossible to sleep or "carnivorous plants." This last under the circumstances,' she says. 'I grewsome epithet, by the way, is due to no, only-' And then they patch it all of apparently swallowing the hapless insects which light on them. The form of agingly; "so far I am with you."-- Chithe flower is that of a pitcher, hanging cago Herald.

low from a long and slender stalk. The sensitiveness of the particular causes it to close its tiny lid whenever an insect penetrates into the bowl-shaped cavity, and hence it has long been believed that the plant derived its sustenance from in-

Other curious specimens are the Sarra cencia Drummondi, whose tall flower is like a tube in which moisture is secreted. and the Dionæa muscipuia, "Venus's fly trap," whose wing-like claws exhibit more than ordinary plant life, and promptly close when touched, though ver so lightly.

The use of orchids for decoration has been more prevalent the last two seasons than ever before. Nothing could be more adapted for a banquet table than those harmonies of color whose strange ness excite the imagination, and whos delicate perfume cannot displease the most sybaritic taste. Untold sums are spent each year by rich New Yorkers for doral decorations for ball or dinner rooms and the greater part of all this money finds its way into the orchid growers pockets. A table decoration not infrequently costs \$200, when the richest specimens are used; but good effects can pe got for \$20 to \$50. The fashion which was set by Joseph Chamberlain of using orchids for personal decoration is being largely followed, and boutonnieres and bride's bouquets of the plant are at present much in use .- New York Comercial Advertiser.

#### An Odd Journal.

The oddest journal in the metropolis is the so-called newspaper published by the Mongolians of Mott street. It is written with a camel's hair pencil upon vermilion paper and is pasted upon the wall of No. 16 of that thoroughfare and on the two large telegraph poles which stand between Chatham Square and Pell street. All day long it is read and studied by almond-eyed crowds. Even in the evenrunning his eyes over its tea-chest charcters. Yesterday I was one of the throng, and thanks to a friend who is a good Chinese scholar, was enabled to get a fair knowledge of the day's issue. There was considerable similarity between it and our own dailies. There was the latest proclamation from the Emperor of China; a communication from the Embassy at Washington; a letter from nese outrage in Idaho; a news item of flood in China; a dozen of "Want ads;" a few laundries for sale; a death notice and a call for a meeting of some benevolent society. The editors are called scribes, and write at the order of their customers, charging a good figure for their skill with the brush. The favorite editor is said to make as high as \$20 a day; but, beyond his editorial work, he writes cards, literary compositions and prayer tickets for his customers.

One feature of this journal is worthy of imitation. If a member of a trades union is thrown out of employment, he puts up a notice to that effect, and thereupon every other member is bound to help him to a job. The result is that within twenty-four hours the applicant usually has a number of offers from every sort of business in which Mongolians engage. If he is sick, he or a friend announces it in a similar notice, and his society thereupon sends him a doctor and him until he is well. If impecunious, they pay all his expenses, even going so far as to settle his rent .- New York Star.

A young lawyer was making his maiden effort before a jury in defense of a criminal. The evience was all in, and he arose to utter the brilliant thoughts that had been surging through his brain. He was primed for a fine display of oratorical pyrotechnics, but somehow or other he could not get a start. His mind became a blank and he stood trembling for moment. Then waving his arms he began: "May it please the Court and gen tlemen of the jury-My-ahem! - Officer, kindly get me a drink

He waited for the attendant to return and tried to gather his faculties. After taking a sip of water he began again: 'May it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury. I am happy-no-yes."

arm and exclaimed: "May it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury. My

This impressed him as a particularly bad opening, so he again hesitated. "Go on, counselor," said the Judge, encour-

#### FUN.

The train of ideas is an "express." A fashion paper says: "Pockets are not found in ladies' dresses now." Were they ever?-Statesman.

There are fewer men who never open their mouths without saying something than there are who never say something without opening their mouths .- Washington Star.

George-"What is your favorite pet name for your father, Louise?" Louise (looking at George in a most pathetic and appealing manner)—"Pop!" (They are now engaged.)—Boston Post.

An instrument has been invented for registering the "pulse beat." What is wanted more is one that will register the "dead beat," without littering up the merchants' books with his name .- Dans

Mother-"Oh, doctor! My darling boy has swallowed a needle. What shall I do?" Doctor-"Do not be alarmed. madam. He will soon have a stitch in his side. We can then locate the needle, and extract it."-Munsey's Weekly.

Mrs. Figg--"Isn't there any way to get rid of that young Jinx who keeps calling on Clara, without positively in-sulting him?" Mr. Figg-"Why, certainly. Just give him the baby to hold the next time he comes."-Terra Haute

Mr. Hardfist (to beggar)-"There is no excuse for being hungry in New York. There are plenty of cheap restaurant where you can get a good dinner at a mere nominal cost." Beggar-"But I haven't the mere nominal to meet the cost."-Texas Siftings.

#### Leather Cannon.

"Let me give you a bit of history," said a New York leather merchant to s Journal reporter, "that many a student has overlooked. The objects of peace are not all that leather figures in, for it is to leather that we owe the introduction of light artillery. Leather cannon have been actually tried on the battle-field, and what is more, turned the tide of one of the greatest battles or modern times. The inventor of leather artillery was a certain Colonel Robert Scott, a Scotchman in the service of Charles I of Eng-

"He constructed guns of hardened leather and experimentally tried them. The result was that they were pronounced superior to guns made of brass or iron. The Colonel, however, did not live long enough to enjoy the greatest triumph ci his invention. He died in 1631, and a monumunt erected to his memory I have seen in a churchyard in London. This monument represents him as an armorclad, fierce-looking man, wearing a heavy mustache and a pointed beard.

"In the very year of the Colonel's death the effectiveness of his leather artillery was amply proved on the memorable field of Leipsic, where, September 7, 1631, Gustavus Adolphus achieved his splendid victory over the Imperialist under General Tilly. It is said that it was owing to the invention of Colonel Scott that the victory was obtained.

The guns were found to be so easily carried that a small battery could fly from one part of the field to another and thus artillery be brought to bear when most needed, a thing impossible to the is that leather artillery was used in this great battle by Adolphus, though it is equally certain that the guns were never used afterward. The reason of that, how ever, was that the leather guns having demonstrated the value of light artillery, a way was discovered of making the metal guns lighter, and the great durability of the latter gave them the superiority.

"As used in the battle of Leipsic the leather gun consisted of a copper tube of thickness of parchment, strengthened by plates of iron running parallel with the ength of the gun, bound with iron bands. The tube was then bound with several coatings of cord, with a cement of mastic between each coating, and the whole enclosed in a case of tough leather. The weight of the gun was such that two men could easily carry it.

### The Old Driver's Last Words.

Joseph Coit, for fifty years a stage coach driver in the southern tier counties of New York, died a short time ago at the ripe age of eighty-six years. He was as guileless and honest as a child, and he died poor. His last words, spoken as he lay in a condition of restless semi-delirium; were professional and character-"Doctor," said he to the physiistic. cian at his bedside, "I can't get my foot on the brakes," and with that he died.