SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

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

VOL. VIII.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1890.

NO. 26.

No less than twenty-eight private sealers are fitting out at Victoria for a raid in the Behring Sea this summer.

a indication of the spread of Eng-Msh as a language is given by the fact that it was chosen for use in the recording of important treaty engagements between Russia and China

An addition to the French Navy to the extent of seventy-eight new craft is proposed by Admiral Krantz, the Minister of Marine. Ot these fifty-four will be torpedo boats; the rest ironclads and cruisers.

There is a vast quantity of meat regaired in Europe over and above what is provided. In France, 226,000 tons are yearly required; Germany, 360,000 Dns; Austria, 15,000 tons; Belgium, 481,000 tons; England, 672,000 tons.

South Dakota claims to have been grossly libeled by Chicago newspapers, which represented that the people of the new State were starving. The Legislature, therefore, retaliated upon Chicago by instructing the South Dakota Senators and Representatives to vote for New York for the World's fair.

The Sultan of Turkey may not be much of a financier, but his ideas of meeting a monetary crisis are practical and sound. A few weeks ago an audit of his finance department disclosed a big deficit, and to meet it his Majesty ordered a reduction in the salaries his state officials. Another monarch would have raised the public taxes.

There are, it appears, in Europe, the Americas, Ezypt, South Africa, Japan, India, etc., no less than 1,714,000 miles of land and telegraphs, and their estimated value is \$258, 642, 500. Of cables, 107,547 miles have been laid down by companies, at a capital outlay of \$180,000,000. By government, 12,of \$18,500,000.

The Italian East African Company will organize an extensive factory in Africa, and do whatever else is necessary to work large plantations there. To our minds, says the New York Observer, factories are better than fortresses, and the nation that will introthan the art and implements of war, is

The National R fle Association believes it to be entirely feasible to bring together in connection with the World's Fair the expert shots of England, Ireland, Scotland, Australia, Canada and America in matches for the military chairmanship of the world. Such an attraction would prove a drawing card for even so great an exhibition as the proposed exhibition of 1892.

Wing Chin Foo, the Chine e journalist of New York city, who has American written some exposes for newspapers of the doings of his fellow Celestials, is fearful for his life. Recent developments show that \$300 has been offered for his death, and an extra planter. followed him from San Francisco

The Italian Protectorate over Abys sinia has been strengthened by the recent march of a small army to the province of Tigre. The new king, Menelek, is thereby recognized throughout the country, and the cession of the northern part to Italy made permanent. The climate of the uplands of Abyssinia is so much more healthy than that of the greater part of Central Africa that Italy may well congratulate hersell on the peculiar advantage she has gained by her venture in the Dark Continent.

It would seem that Lord Stanley. Governor-General of Canada, has a decided leaning toward blue blood, and considers the intrinsic value of coronets greater than that of kind hearts. That nobleman and Lady Stanley announce l their intention of giving two dances at the Government House, but greatly surprised the aristocracy of Ottawa by omitting from the list at least two-thirds of the Members of Parliament. Instead of these "grave and reverend seignors, he invited a number of minor officer. whose birth entitled them, in his opinion, to precedence. Great indignation is expressed in the lobbies of Parliament ever Lord Stanley's action.

The Best We Can. Then things don't go to suit us, Why should we fold our hands, And say, "No use in trying, Fate baffles all our plans." Let not your courage falter, Keep faith in God and man And to this thought be steadfast-"I'll do the best I can."

If clouds blot out the sunshine Along the way you tread, Don't grieve in hopeless fashion And sigh for brightness fled. Peyond the clouds the sunlight Shines in the Eternal Plan;

Away with vain repinings; Sing songs of hope and cheer Till many a weary comrade Grows strong of heart to hear. Is aye the wisest man. He can't help what has happened,

So, if things won't go to suit us, Let's never fume and fret. For finding fault with fortune Ne'er mended matters yet. Make the best of whate'er happen Bear failure like a man; And in good or evil fortune Do just the best you can.

-Eben E. Rexford, in Saturday Night.

THE STORY OF BIP.

"Bip's story is well known in the Cumberland valley, where he lived for many years, and died not long ago,' said Samuel Logan of Franklin county, Penn., "and it is one of the most remarkable narratives of slavery times ever related. I have heard the old man tell the story with tears in his eyes many and many a time, and no one who ever knew him could have the slightest doubt of its truth. Bip was born in Africa, where, as he believed, he was the son of a king or a chief, for he remembered that his father and mother lived in a bark hut surrounded by smaller ones, which were occupied by many women and children, his father's 523 miles of submarine cable at a cost hut always being approached by others in a most deferential manner. His mother wore immense gold or brass hoops in her cars and bands of metal on her arms. His father wore a big yellow ring in his nose. When Bip was about 5 years old, as he afterward calculated, his father's household and many of the tribe were overpowered by a horde of strange blacks and taken duce the industries of peace, rather captive. They were bound together and driven for days until they came to the seashore. There they were por-tioned among a number of white men, the first Bip had ever seen. The cap-tives were taken away in boats. Bip never saw his father again. He and his mother were packed with hundreds of others on board a vessel, and they were many days on the water. The vessel at last landed and the negroes that were still alive were taken ashore, and Bip and his mother were selected from the lot by a white man and taken away. It was not until after years that Bip knew and appreciated the fact that he and his parents and their tribe had fallen victims to the African slave traders, and that he and his mother had been sold into slavery to a Cuban

> "At the age of 15 Bip, which name the sugar field when he was sold and taken away. He never saw or heard of her again. The herd of young negroes was taken to New Orleans, where Bip was sold on the auction block. He was put to work in the sugar fields, but when he was 20 years old he became the property of an Arkansas cotton planter. He was taken to the Arkenses plantation, which was not far from Little Rock. His new master proved to be a kind one, but Bip felt that he was not born to be a slave, and he was determined to escape from bondage, even at the risk of his life. Late one night in the fall of 1821 he made a break for liberty. He never knew exactly the route he took. but he turned his face as near northward as he could calculate and blindly followed that course. He traveled all night, swimming rivers and floundering through swamps. In the daytime he hid among the dense brakes, and satisfied his hunger by digging turtles from the mud and eating their raw meat. He travelled in that way for three nights. and just before daybreak on the morning of the third he came suddenly upon clearing. He saw at once that it of a "face camper." In those days that part of Arkansas was wild and sparsely inhabited, and settlers

from other states and other portions of it to the hilt in the bear's breast as the plantations. The settlers usually lived during the first years of their occupancy in what was known as face camps, their first crop enabling them to put up better dwellings. The face camp was a rude board hut or shanty enclosed on but three sides. The side facing the south was left open, the climate, even in winter, being mild enough to keep as airy a habitation as a face camp entirely comfortable. The shanty was roofed with boards, and, as the whole was built with slight frame walls, it was not the most secure dwelling in the world. The interior of one of these face camps was severely simple. It contained the settler's bed, a table and a bench or two, and a loft for storing various articles of household use. The bed was a rude board bunk in one corner, made fast to the side on one end of the shanty. The loft was a similar bunk, built three or four feet above the

"The face camper, during his first year as a settler, depended, in a great measure, on game for the sustenance of himself and family. The woods were filled with deer, bears and other wild animals. When a deer or other animal was killed the dressed carcass was suspended on a pole in front of the open end of the camp, the pole being supported by long forked sticks driven in the ground. The face campers rarely owned slaves while they were making their clearings, but they always looked forward to the day when they would become masters. As a rule they were hard, ignorant people, and their reputation as slave-holders was such that even the slaves of the cotton planters on the lowlands pitied the negroes of a face camper. So, naturally, when Bip came suddenly at the home of one of this class he was greatly alarmed, and made up his mind to get away from that locality as soon as possible. The moon was shining full and bright in the shanty, and Bip could see the bunk and the outlines of its sleeping inmates, and the loft above it. As he stood peering out of the thicket, taking a hurried view of the curious scene, an ugly and ominous growl came from the shanty. Suppose ing that his presence had been discovered by the camper's dogs, Bip was drawing back hurriedly to escape from the spot, when he discovered that it was something else that had aroused the dogs. Out of the shadows on the opposite side of the opening came two dark objects towards the deer, and two huge bears were revealed in the moon light. They did not stop, but slouched impudently along to secure the object of their visit, the deer's carcass. Bip could not overcome his curiosity to watch and see what the result of this invasion would be. As the bears shuf-fled up to the spot where the deer hung, two dogs rushed out of the open camp. With furious barking and loud yelping they sprang upon the bears.

"The noise awoke the owner of the camp, and Bip saw him spring from \$3000 to enable the successful assassin to leave the country. He has had the anmity of the Chinese secret society at owner, was sold, with a lot of other startled-looking children rose up in the children. young negroes of both sexes, to a slave bunk. The woman and the children tler jumped out the bears made a rush for the dogs which retreated to the shanty. They almost ran over the man as he approached. He ran back and helped his wife and children from the bed to the bunk overhead. The next moment man, dogs, and bears were closed together in one indiscriminate struggle. Feeling that whatever the result migh be his own safety lay in escaping from the scene without delay, Bip hastened into the forest. He had not gone far when it occurred to him that a fellow man's life was undoubtedly in peril, and that it was his duty to aid him in preserving it, no matter what the consequences might be to himself. Without an instant's further hesitation he turned and dashed back through the thicket. He cleared the opening at a bound, and the next second had joined the settler and his dogs in their contest with the bears. The settler was being pressed by the bears against the board wall at the foot of the bunks, and the frail shanty was shaking and swaying threateningly. The man's wife and children were shricking frantically in the loft. One dog had been killed and the

> "Bip closed with one of the bears at His knife was a keen, longbladed dirk, with two edges. He thrust | ages to a day.

Arkansas were taking up land and animal lunged up against him. The gradually clearing the country into blood followed the blade in a stream. The bear staggered back. Before it rallied Bip turned to the other one. It had knocked the settler to the ground, where he lay stunned. In a second more the bear would have torn the man's throat to strings. With one slash of his effective weapon Bip severed the big arteries in the bear's neck, and laid the windpipe open. The bear raised up erect on its feet and fell over backward with its whole weight against the side of the camp. The shock was more than the structure could stand, and the shanty came down with a crash, burying bears and all beneath a pile of boards and scantling. The next that Bip knew it was broad daylight. He was lying on the ground on a deerskin. He was sore and lame but managed to get to his feet. A big-whiskered man, a pale, weeping woman, and two frightened-looking children were grouped near him. By the side of a ragged pile of boards that had been the face camp, lay the carcasses of two huge bears. The big-whiskered man came forward, grasped Bip's hand, and told him he had saved his life. The man, his wife, and two of the children had escaped from the wreck of the shanty with but slight injuries, strange as it seemed, but the other child had been killed. Bip felt that he would be safe with these people, and he told them his story. He then learned that the face camper was Israel Vawn, a noted religious enthusiast, who had settled in the wilderness to form the nucleus of a colony of his followers. Bip helped rebuild Vawn's camp, and when it was done Vawn made him promise that he would remain at the camp until the settler made a business trip to Little Rock and returned. When Vawn came back he placed in Bip's hands a bill of sale for himself from his master. Vawn had purchased the young negro and given him his freedom. The overjoyed Bip remained in Vawn's service, and was given the name of Solomo Vawn. Israel Vawn died about the time the war of the rebellion began. Bip, or Solomon Vawn, came North and settled in the Cumberland valley, where he worked as a farm hand until he died some months ago, nearly 90 years old. He is buried near Mont Alto, and his grave is on land, I beieve, formerly owned by Thaddeus Stevens."-N. Y. Sun.

A Czar's Cure for Obesity.

Peter the Great was once traveling incognite in a part of Finland, just conquered, where he was executing some naval works. He met an over-fat man who told him he was going to St.

Petersburg. "What for?" said
the Czar. "To consult a doctor about my fat, which has become very oppressive." "Do you know any doctor there?" "No." "Then I will give you a word to my friend, Prince Menschikoff, and he will introduce you to one of the Emperor's physicians." The traveler went to the Prince's house with a noce. The answer was not delayed. The next day, tied hands and feet, the poor man was dragged off on a cart to the mines. Two years after, Peter the Great was visiting the mines he had forgotten the adventure of the over-fat man, when suddenly a miner threw down his pick, rushed up to him, and fell at his feet crying: "Grace, grace! what is it I have done?" Peter looked at him astonished, until he remembered the story, and said: "Oh, so that is you? I hope you are pleased with me. Stand up. How thin and slight you have become! You are quite delivered of your over-fat: it is a first. rate cure. Go, and remember that work is the best antidote against your

Well Matched.

There are now living in Washington married couple, Paul and Albins Hellmuth, who were born at Baden, Germany, within four miles of each Even through their childhood, playing in the streets of the same town, they were strangers to each other. In the course of events they came across the ocean to the land of promise, and at different times and by different paths they drifted to Washington, where they met and loved and wedded. Upon comparing notes to take out their marriage license they discovered, to their mutual surprise and gratification, that they were not only natives of the same place, but rejoiced in exactly the same

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

the Grand Chartreuse, accompanied by his faithful St. Bernard dog, was on his way home up the mountain one day, when, by a sudden mischance, he slipped over a steep place, and fell into the snow many feet below. His dog could not help him but by going home to fetch the monks, and this he did, plainly telling them at the monastery by his barking and gestures that they should follow him. Seeing that Father Nicholas was not with his dog, they set out with the faithful creature, which led them with joyous gambols straight to where the monk lay halfburied in the snow; and he was rescued from what would have been certain death.

THE LITTLE ROPE-WALKER. A great many years ago-more than half a century, in fact—a family of French acrobats traveled through Europe and made their living by giving entertainments in the villages through which they passed.

They did not perform in theatres or opera houses because there were none in the hamlets of France and Germany in those days. No, this family of acrobats performed in the market place or on the open green, and stretched their long rope from the ground to the top of the tallest steeple.

All the members of the family were acrobats, and their parents before them had been acrobats, too, journeying from one village to another, and buying their bread with the pennies and sixpences that the country people threw into the father's hat. I said that all the members of the family were acrobats, but I had forgotten little Henri, who was only four years old, and too young, therefore, to do his share in amusing the public. So little Henri went about with his father and mother and sister and big brother, and slept in the wagon at night and alord with the big dog or saidled about the village green while his elders were dancing on the long rope. It was his sister Jeanne who took care of him, washed and dressed him in the morning, put him to bed at night, and taught him to say his prayers before he went to sleep. She was a kind, good girl, and little Henri loved her more than any one in the world, and when he saw her take her long pole in her hand and dance gracefully up the long rope toward the top of the steeple while the people looked on and clapped their hands, he though there was no one in the world as lovely and charming as his sister Jeanne.

One day they stopped in a beautiful old-fashioned village on the banks of the Rhine. They stretched their long rope from the ground to the top of the steeple, and Jeanne took her pole in her hand, bowed and smiled to the people and danced lightly and gracefully up toward the top. And little Henri, standing on the ground, with his father's cane in his chubby hands. watched her with as much delight as if he had never seen her do it before. But when she had gone about half the distance a gust of wind shook the rope; she tumbled, almost lost her balance, and cried out in terror.

"I'm coming," screamed little Henri, and while his mother turned away to return, he balanced his cane as his rope to help her. It was the first time he had ever been on a slack rope in his life, but he was not afraid, nor did it make him dizzy. He ran up to where Jeanne was clinging and threw himself into her arms. She held him tight until his father came and carried him down. "He will make a great rope walker," said his mother, as she clasped the little boy in her arms. "He takes to it as a duck takes to water. It must from that day little Henri's education

Years afterward this same little ! stretched a rope across Niagara Fall and walked across it as easily as if it had been a barn floor, and then the whole world resounded with the fame of Blondin. And one day, after he had performed in Paris in the presence of thousands of people, he sat in his tent and told me the story of how he had run up the long rope to save his

The London market is largely overstocked with diamonds.

A Monk of the Alpine Monastery of

her face, and his father implored him sister balanced her pole and ran up the be in his blood," said the father; and as a tight-rope walker began.

sister. -Pitsburg D spatch.

Town Topica

pictures flatter me? The poseur-Ah, madame, that question I must answer in the negative.

From Night to Light.

Friend, you are sad, you say?
Your grief once in the past,
All shall be clear to you;
The sorrow shall not last,
But then be dear to you

So consolation find; Believe joy waits for you, And, in the future, there Opens her gates for you. Be then resigned!

—George Birdseye

HUMOROUS.

Most any city can look well if it has

If experience is so great a teacher, why do we speak of a "green" old agel

The only way to be happy on five hundred a year, is to live on four hundred and ninety-nine.

First Little Girl—Is your doll a French doll? Second Little Girl-I don't know, she can't talk.

The most disagreeably obstinate person on earth is the coal dealer when he insists on having his own weigh.

No wonder the toy pistel cannot be exterminated. People are always teaching the young idea how to shoot.

The plumber executes his work very finely, as a rule. When you get his bill, you feel as if you would like to execute the plumber.

Old Gentleman (to little girl) -Sissy. what makes your eyes so bright? Sissy (after a little thought)-I guess it's cause they're kinder new.

Some men will get up out of bed at night in the coldest of weather to go to a fire who cannot be induced to get up at 7 to start one in the stove.

The two most exciting periods in a woman's life are when she is listening to her first proposal and bidding on a basket of broken crockery at an auc-

A new variety of clam has been discovered. As it is tenderer than the old style of clam, it will not be used for chowder, but will be worked up into chewing gum.

Mrs. Bloodgood-What! not an open fireplace nor a stove in the house? How does your father warm his slippers, Willie? Willie (rucfully)-Warms 'em on me, ma'am.

"A man may smile and smile and be villian." This probably accounts for the existence of so many villainous pictures of persons who have been told to look pleasant.

The nuisance of the hotel was in the parlor warbling, "Oh, would I were a bird." "Well, here's a beginning for you," said the landlord. And he handed him his bill.

A delinquent walks into the prison carrying his head high and with a certain patronizing air. Pointing to the constable who is leading him by the arm, he says: - "Allow him to pass; he

position," she said, as she turned on the piano stool. "Shall I play the rest?" "Yes," he replied, abstractedly, "play the rest by all means; play all the rests you can find."

"Miss N-, how could you think that I had ever said in company that you were stupid; quite the contrary, whenever your name was mentioned I was always the only one who didn't say

At agricultural journal advises: "Grit, jour own bones." When aman is in such a condition that he he has no further use for his bones, he is altogether too exhausted to grind them. He sometimes "grinds his teeth," but there he draws the line in the matter of self-bone grinding.

Wit That was Appreciated.

There must be an element of surprise in what a man says to make it wit. Don't you agree with me?

Wilson-Perfectly. That was a clayer witticism you got off the other day. Tompkins-I forget. What did I

Wilson-You said, "Here's that five I borrowed from you."-Harper's

At the Photographer's. The professional beauty-Will my