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Look Up.

By night the heavens cradle me, the while I dream my dreams,
And when I waken, ah! how small my little chamber seems.

If on your soul the changeful world casts daily doubt and terror,
Look up to the eternal skies where never star makes error.

ON THE TRACK.

The night was dark, and a drizzling rain was falling when I arrived at the little railroad station at Rimm's Prairie, and the first man I met there was Abe Wilder, the drawbridge tender. I dismounted and fastened my horse and the one I had been leading to a tree on the sheltered side of the station building.

I had come to the station full of eagerness to meet my wife, who had been away on a visit of a couple of days to her sister in H—. We had been married only a few months, so that her short absence from our pretty home on the prairie had been greatly felt by me, and lover-like, I was full of longing and anxiety for her safe return. So my disappointment was all the greater when Abe told me the train on which she was coming but to me was two hours late. But, to while away the time, Abe proposed that I should go with him to the bridge, only a short distance down the track from the station. To this I consented, the more readily because Abe had been my rival for Annie's love before we were married, and my winning her heart and hand seemed to make him very unhappy and down-hearted for a time; but for all that he had shown me no ill will. On the contrary, his had apparently been the most sincere and heart-felt congratulations and well wishes for our future happiness and welfare. So when he asked me to go with him to the bridge, I did not hesitate to accept the invitation.

We walked down the track side by side. I did most of the talking, for he seemed uneasy and nervous, and I thought that in this way I could best calm him, and make him feel less embarrassed.

The distance from the station to the bridge was only about ten minutes' walk, and we arrived there without any interruption. I noticed, however, that Abe became more and more excited every moment, and was about to ask what troubled him, when he turned upon me suddenly, his eyes ablaze with the light of madness.

"Curse you!" he hissed, grinding his teeth and bending his face close to mine. "You have robbed me of all that makes life worth living. Tonight you shall prove to me if you are tonight of that love."

We were standing in front of the little house at the end of the bridge, and the light from the open door fell straight upon his face.

"What do you mean?" I cried in horror, for I could see that a madman, bent upon some fiendish purpose, was standing before me. His face was flushed and swollen; the veins upon his neck and forehead stood out like cords and pulsed feverishly; his glittering eyes were red and bloodshot, while his lips were drawn and pale, and bloodless.

"What do I mean?" he mocked. "Just this: I would give my life for a smile—for only a smile from the woman I love. Now I want to see what you will give for her life."

"Abe, you are crazy," I cried with as steady a voice as I could command.

"Right you are. Crazy, mad, insane, and you have helped to make me so. Only for you I might have been the happiest man on earth today. If you prove tonight, however, that you are worthy of the love of which you cheated me, I'll forgive you, and die with you."

"Well," I said, "if I had thought that it was to listen to this nonsense that you invited me to come with you, I would certainly have refused. So you will bid you good-night."

I turned to walk away; but in a moment he sprang upon me and with a blow from a coupling-pin he was holding in his hand, he felled me to the ground, insensible.

When I returned to consciousness I found myself gagged, and bound with chains to the iron rails, and so securely that I could not move my feet or body, but my hands were free.

I looked up and saw Abe standing above me, watching me closely with a demon's leer upon his face.

When he saw that I recognized him,

he sat down on the ground beside me, and rubbed his hands in glee.

"I had it all planned so nicely," he said in exultant tones. "It could not fail to catch you. I have been planning and planning, and waiting and waiting, ever since the night you and Annie were married. From that night, somehow, I could not believe that you loved her as dearly and deeply as I did, and I could find no rest night or day for that thought. Tonight, however, I shall satisfy myself, and if I find my suspicions were false, and you love her better than your life, I will die with you; if, on the other hand, they are true, I shall not hesitate to kill you as one usurping a place that belongs to another."

I could not answer him, and when I attempted to remove the gag from my mouth he beat me with a stout stick over the arms and hands until I desisted.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed. "You see I had it figured out very closely, even to the providing of this stick for keeping you in order. You must understand that I intend to do all the talking, and want you to pay strict attention to all that I say. We have an hour or more to wait before the train comes along, so that we need not be in any hurry. Still, I suppose you are somewhat curious to find out what I intend doing with you; but wait with patience and you shall know all about it in good time. I have to go and set out the lights on the bridge now, so that when the train comes the engineer can see them and come right along without any fear of danger. But before I leave you I must fasten your hands, so that you can do yourself no harm."

He then fastened stout cords around my wrists and bound my arms to the rails also, and in such a way that I could not move an inch in any direction. Then he left me.

I could see him lighting and placing the lanterns on the bridge, which he did in an easy, leisurely way, which was a torture alone for me to behold.

My hands and arms were becoming tired and began to ache, so I bent my finger tips downward to find something to rest them upon when they touched something smooth and cold. I managed to turn my head far enough around to see what it was. It was a pistol lying on a cross-tie just under my hand. I could not reach it, however, to grasp it, and I knew that even if I could it would be of no service to me, bound as I was, hand and foot. I strained my eyes to see if I could possibly move it somewhere where it would be out of sight of Abe, and where I could reach it again if my hands were freed once more. Yes, if it could be made to fall off the tie on the side nearest to me it would be in darkness, and within easy reach of my hand. But could I get it there? I strained every muscle to make my bonds as loose as possible, then I bent my hand downward and with a snap of my fingers I sent the pistol spinning round and round and the next moment it fell over the edge of the tie and was hidden in the darkness.

I had barely succeeded in hiding the weapon the best way I could, when Abe returned.

"Now everything is ready," he said. "All we have to do now is to wait, and while we are waiting I will tell you what I have planned to do, with your assistance. As I said before, I don't think that you love Annie as well as I do, but I am going to give you a chance to prove that you do, and this will be the test: The train with your wife on board will be along here in less than half an hour. You are lying with your neck on the rail, and the wheels will pass over you, and, of course, you are dead in the twinkling of an eye, and the train will pass on in safety. But you can save yourself if you like. This rope" (and he held the end of one up before my face) "is attached to the end of a bar of iron swinging on a pivot at the other end of the bridge. If you pull the rope the iron will swing across the track, and upon striking against a post right opposite will tumble off the pivot and rest squarely across the rails. The engineer, seeing the signals all clear ahead, and being two hours late, will come right on with more than usual speed, and there will be a terrible jar and a crash and the train is wrecked; but you have saved your neck. Very nicely planned, isn't it?"

When he paused to see what effect

this speech had upon me, I jerked my arms as if trying to get them free.

"Ah, yes! I'll unfasten your arms now," he said, and in a moment he cut the ropes that bound them with a knife. Then he continued: "Yes, I expect you will want to use your arms before long, and having them stretched out in that way is apt to make them stiff and useless."

When my arms were free I attempted once more to remove the gag from my mouth; but as before he beat me with a stick until I desisted.

I was helpless. Minute after minute passed, and I knew that the train would come along presently. Every moment I imagined that I felt the vibrations of the wheels along the rail under my head. Abe was sitting beside me, listening intently for the first rumbling sound to reach his ears. When he heard it I knew that he would place the rope in my hands and give me the choice of wrecking the train or losing my life. I shall not attempt to describe the thoughts and feeling that went through my brain and body, for that were impossible.

Presently I threw out my hand and it fell upon the pistol, which I had forgotten all about since Abe's return. Now, however, my fingers grasped it firmly and I began to think how I could use it to save myself and at the same time avert the danger of the coming train.

I never knew how it happened, but in a moment my hand lifted the weapon into the air. Abe saw it, and sprang to his feet, and made an attempt to take it away from me, when it exploded; then he staggered backward a few steps and fell to the ground.

When the noise of the pistol shot stopped ringing in my ears, another sound reached me. The rumbling of the train came to me along the rails from the distance. A few minutes at the most, and it would be upon me. I tore the gag out of my mouth and shouted.

I yet held the pistol in my hand. What use could I make of it? I could put an end to my life. But the rushing, rumbling wheels of the train would do that for me, and only too soon. My eyes fell upon the signal lights on the bridge and a new idea struck me. I turned my head and saw the headlight of the locomotive not far away. The next moment I raised the pistol, took good aim and fired at the signal lantern on the bridge, but missed it. I fired again and again until the pistol was empty, but with the same result, for the lantern was still gleaming brightly, swinging to and fro in the wind, as if beckoning the train to come and destroy me.

The glare from the headlight of the locomotive seemed to be right above me, the roar of the train drowned my voice, and the jar of the rail under my head felt like an electric current running through my body. I closed my eyes and waited for the end.

Suddenly the jar and noise stopped, and shortly I heard voices close beside me. I looked up and saw some people bending over me; but I was too weak to speak. They released me from the rails and carried me on board the train, and I knew nothing more for many days.

When I returned to consciousness I was told that the engineer had seen the flashes from the pistol when I fired, and had succeeded in stopping the train when within a few feet of where I lay; but not before it had run over the body of Abe Wilder.

It was several months before I recovered sufficiently from the shock of that our of terror to move about. It made me an old man in appearance; for my steps are feeble, my cheeks are sunken and shrivelled, and my hair is white as snow.—*Times-Democrat.*

Nothing Like a Gadget.

Dr. Knowall—My good sir, who you want is thorough alteration of climate. The only thing to cure you is a long sea voyage!

Patient—That's rather inconvenient. You see I'm only just home from a sea voyage round the world.—*London Punch.*

A Sure Sign.

Merritt—You are getting quite a man. Little Johnnie—Yes. Ma has stopped cutting down pa's clothes for me.—*Epoch.*

Among those who set themselves up as great guns the ones of the smallest caliber are the biggest bores.

A LUMBER CAMP.

Picturesque Description of Life Among Canadian Loggers.

Plenty of Hard Work, Wholesome Food and Pure Air.

In New Brunswick the chief lumber regions are the Nashwaak, the upper St. John and its tributaries, and the northwest and southwest branches of the Miramichi. The distance from the mouth of the St. John River to the confines of Maine, where much timber is cut, is not less than 400 miles. When the timber men set out they bid their wives and sweethearts good by till after the rains of the next spring.

The place selected for operations by these brawny fellows is often a piece of primeval forest showing no sign that man has ever been there before. The trees, which are spruce, pine, birch, maple or beech, grow cleanly from the ground to a height of twenty, thirty or forty feet, and horses with bob sleds can move about easily. But winter and summer those giant evergreens retain their boughs, and these are so thick that the rays of the sun can hardly struggle through them.

Arrived at their destination the men at once set to work to build two shanties, one for themselves and another for their horses. Logs are cut and notched at the end, then dovetailed together, forming when put together a quadrangular enclosure. On the top and running parallel from end to end are two large timbers placed several feet from the centre. The roof rests along these and on the walls. One wall is higher than the other, and the roof pieces, each of which is hollowed out, are fitted together concavely and convexly. They project beyond the wall on the lower side and carry off the water.

In the middle of the old-fashioned shanty is the fireplace, built of stone and capable of holding nearly a cord of wood. There is no chimney, but a hole in the roof with a wooden frame-work outside draws the smoke. The seams are stuffed with moss or hay, and the rude dwelling is quite comfortable. The men lie in bunks around and can see the stars through the great opening above.

Two huge cranes are fixed at each side of the fireplace, upon which the cook can hang his different pots. A capable hank is about the best paid man in the camp, getting as high as \$30 a month. He has a "cookee" to assist him. And these sturdy woodchoppers put windows in their rude dwellings, and it is a cheerful sight for the trapper on a frosty night as he trudges through the forest to see the ruddy light streaming out upon the snow and see the sparks and smoke ascend into the clear, bitter air.

The cook is about the most important man in the camp. But he has to rise each morning a couple of hours before the wintry stars begin to pale in the dawn to get breakfast. If the shanty is within reasonable distance of civilization he will have such delicacies now and again as fresh beef and potatoes, which he cooks in a huge, white-bottomed pot. His pans, drugging basins, pots and kettles have all been cleaned in hot water before he retires at night, and everything is ready at his hand in the morning.

Some time before breakfast is ready the teamsters get up and feed their horses, which are provided with a warm shanty. The meal is hastily made, the men light their pipes, shoulder their axes, and followed by the teamsters lead the way to the chopping ground. Usually there are a couple of guns in the party and these woodsmen are tolerable shots. Sometimes a moose is killed and handed over to the cook, who makes it into the most savory of dishes. Frequently a good sportsman will go out and get six to eight brace of grouse or "spruce partridge" as the woodsmen call them, and these the cook plucks, cleans, hangs for a few days and then stews with onions and savory, the aroma from the inviting mess rising on the air and delighting the nostrils of the hungry men as they return from work.

And what appetites these choppers have when they return to the shanties in the dusk! There is nearly always a stream hard by, and to this they go and have a wash, brushing their hair up with the crown of their soft hats or caps.

The cook is ready for them. He has

a huge pot of hot tea, abundance of hot bread and fried pork swimming in lard. Sometimes he has an enormous "batter cake," moist with lard and containing bits of pork cut up small mixed through it. Each man takes a tin dish, in which he puts his bread and pork, pouring a quantity of molasses over both. He then fills his pint tin with tea, and taking his clasp knife or a heavy metal knife provided in the camp sits close to the roaring fire. He pours plenty of molasses into his tea. Everything goes on with the best nature and after supper the pipes are lighted. In a little while the choppers go and grind their axes for the morrow, and the rest stretch around in their bunks telling stories or singing songs. They go to bed at nine o'clock.—*New York Herald.*

A Tame Seal.

"Dick" the baby seal caught in the brush near the salt works about two months ago, says a Rodondo (Cal.) correspondent of the *Los Angeles Express*, has become a great pet and a general favorite. He was set free about two weeks back and immediately made a wild break for deep water, into which he disappeared in a twinkling. It was thought he would surely join the wild herd and never come back, but in less than half an hour after his liberation he came paddling up alongside the pier under the fisherman's poles, poked his head out of the water, and began to cry and beg most piteously for fish. And so now every day from early morn until sunset, he spends his time gambling in deep water around the pier. He affords a fine chance to study the animal's habits in his native element. A few days since "Dick" went out with the fishermen about four miles from shore. When the boat stopped "Dick" climbed in and sat down on the seat to await developments. Soon a small, live fish was thrown overboard, and "Dick" jumped in after it, captured it, and immediately climbed in and resumed his seat beside the fishermen. This was repeated many times during the day. At about sundown "Dick" swims out to the steam tug Pelican, climbs up on deck and sleeps there all night. He also sometimes sleeps on shore under the end of the pier.

The Care of Canaries.

A good many people don't know how to take care of canary birds, and therefore give them the following advice, which I got from a bird fancier: "Never I give your bird sugar or figs or raisins or anything sweet, except a small piece of sweet apple (peeled) twice a week. Put the apple in the cage in the morning and take it out at night. It should have all the rape and canary seed it wants, and gravel should be kept in the bottom of the cage. Avoid feeding the bird on celery. Twice a week feed it on one-third of a boiled egg, using both the white and yellow of the egg. Grate up the egg; that is better than putting it in whole. Give it the egg the day before it gets the apple, and as large a piece of the former as of the latter. Let it have a bath every day, using water with the chill taken off."

The Year-Old Buster.

Little 5-year-old Buster was celebrating his birthday yesterday and did pretty much as he pleased. He felt his superiority to baby and showed it plainly and emphatically. Mamma had made him a large cake, which he eyed avidly as dinner time approached.

"I'm the boss of that cake," he finally remarked to his younger brother.

"Yes," replied baby, "but you ain't the boss of this house."

"I know it," said the celebrant. Papa, who was sitting near, threw himself back in his chair, and inflating his chest, asked: "Who is boss in this house, my son?"

"Mamma," came the quick retort of the observing youngster.—*Rochester Union and Advertiser.*

A Long Horseback Ride.

A Cossack officer named Pyevtsoff is taking a horseback ride from Bielovchensk, on the River Amoor, in eastern Siberia, to St. Petersburg, a distance of 5300 miles. He goes quite alone on an ordinary cavalry horse and carrying his provisions with him. He started in November, and when last seen by a party of merchants near Irkutsk was in good health and spirits, and had made about a quarter of the distance. It will be the longest ride on record.

Beginning Anew.

Every day is a fresh beginning. Every morn is the world made new. You who are weary of sorrow and sinning, Here is a beautiful hope for you— A hope for me and a hope for you. All the past things are past and over; The tasks are done and the tears are shed. Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover; Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled, Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever. Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight, With glad days, and sad days, and bad days, which never Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight, Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Every day is a fresh beginning; Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain, And, spite of old sorrow, and older sinning, And puzzles forecasted and possible pain, Take heart with the day, and begin again.

HUMOROUS.

It's a wise fly that knows a bald head in spite of a wig.

When a man "trios for all he is worth" and doesn't succeed, probably he is not worth much.

Applicant for Board—Your board seems a little high. Landlady—That is so people cannot jump it.

The proverb tells us that lazy folks always take the most pains; but it fails to tell us what they afterward take to relieve the pains.

Mrs. Lumkins (reading the financial page). What are stock quotations, any way? Mr. L.—Stock quotations? Those from Shakespeare.

What's the difference between the average young woman and the average clergyman? One marries for love and the other loves to marry.

Eat cold food slowly, is a warning from the wise, and eat sparingly of it, too. If you do eat cold food don't wash it down with ice water.

First Boarder—There's a good deal of heat in this soup? Second Boarder—Well, you should be thankful that there is something in it besides water.

She—Come in! You must excuse us. I've been up in arms for two days. He—Yes, I heard you had three other beaux. You're up in arms too much.

Yes, Augustus, we believe it is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all. It is better for the lover, and the florist, and the messenger boy.

Parent (after administering a correction to his boy)—Do you know why I punished you? Small Sniveller—Y-y-yes; 'cause yo-yo-you're bigger than I am—boo-hoo!

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.

Mistress—I am very much disgusted with you. Servant—What is the matter? What have I done? Mistress—You used the same brush in brushing my shoes that you did on your own.

"If it is true that men in a way partake of the nature of what they feed on," said the hungry boarder, "the men in this house certainly ought to be plucky," and once more he sighed as he tackled the inevitable fried liver.

Husband (reading paper)—I see they have arrested some men for shooting birds on the wing. Wife—Serves them right. They should shoot them on the head or on the foot. You men have no idea how ugly a spoiled wing looks on a hat.

Tramp—"Haven't you got something for me to do?" Farmer—"No, I guess not. There is not much work just now." Tramp—"I don't need much. You would be surprised to see with how little work I could worry along."

Visitor—Are you not afraid, with so many young men calling on your daughter, some one of them will take her from you? Mamma—Not at all. There's safety in a multitude. The only danger is when she has only one gentleman calling.

In a Birmingham (England) hotel there is an announcement that all profane persons will be shown to a room kept purposely for swine. A drunken man was recently rewarded of this rule, and he asked to be taken to the apartment. He was told to go to it by a certain door. It was the door to the street.