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Typhoid fever in India is becoming so widespread that it is as much feared as cholera, and a government commission has been appointed to investigate it.

The Russian physician, Dr. Bapchinski, announces that he has discovered a cure for diphtheria. He says the disease is easily curable by inoculation of erysipelas.

According to Kirk Munroe, in an article in *Scribner's*, there is now existing in the Florida Everglades a band of Seminole Indians whose existence is legally unknown and who, in consequence, have no rights under the law that a white man is bound to respect. This is a big country.

Upon the heels of the ratification of the extradition treaty by the Senate, comes the report that Mr. Blaine and Sir John Pauncefoot, the British minister at Washington, have progressed far enough in their preliminary work on a fisheries and sealing treaty to submit its outlines to the two governments.

The rigid enforcement of the game laws in Massachusetts will at no late day result in restocking the nearly devastated woods, which especially in the region from Plymouth to the Cape are magnificent. Already deer are seen stalking about near Sandwich, and in a few seasons quail and small game will again be plentiful.

On a half acre of land in Middleborough, Ky., there are twenty-four distinct varieties of trees, as follows: White oak, walnut, red oak, poplar, cherry, sassafras, persimmon, plum, maple, mulberry, pawpaw, water beech, hickory, dogwood, sycamore, willow, ash, elm, red haw, box elder, sweet gum, spicewood, black gum, black haw.

A laboratory for the free treatment of patients suffering from hydrophobia is soon to be opened at 178 East Tenth Street, in New York city, by Dr. Paul Gibier, a professor of pathology at the Paris Museum of Natural History, and a collaborator of Pasteur and other distinguished scientists. Harper's Weekly says "he is one of the greatest experts in hydrophobia, and has also made especial studies of the yellow-fever and cholera. His laboratory here will be patterned after the one in Paris."

The New York *World* declares that "the island of Cuba needs a government with a strong head and hand. At present it has no head at all, and the condition of things is truly distressing and alarming. Several buildings have been blown up, one a railway station in which there were a number of people. Brigands have also abducted some wealthy citizens, whom they hold for ransom. This reckless sort of thing should be checked at any cost. The excitement in Havana is very great in the face of these lawless atrocities. Is Cuba incapable of governing herself?"

The force of an ice shove is illustrated by an incident related in a Montreal paper, when a house and family were swept away: "The man and woman and their two or three children were in the house, which had foundations and walls three feet thick in places. It was about 12 o'clock, and the family were at their dinner, when suddenly the ice commenced to move. The upper ice struck the sheet of shore ice and sent it like a huge knife up the bank, scraping all before it. Before the family had time to escape the edge of the knife had struck the house. It cut it clean away and left not a soul alive of the entire family. Hardly one stone remained upon another, so heavy was the crash of the ice upon the house."

The watch which Stanley carried with him into Central Africa was made in London. It is a marvel in its way and was subjected to the severest tests. For three days it was placed in heat that nearly melted it; then it was taken and put in a lump of ice and kept for another three days. It was afterwards submerged in water and all this time it did not vary a second. Back and front screwed down instead of snapping down, as is the case in most watches, and they screwed down on leather in such a way that it was impossible for a grain of dust to get into the mechanism. Mr. Stanley required to have a very perfect watch, for experience taught him that it was not possible for him to consult the town clocks as he passed through Africa.

The Hearth-Fire.

I sat and muse before the open fire
And watch the fairy flamelets dance in glee;
They wave their slender arms right merrily
And flaunt with mystic grace their bright attire.

They seem to say to me, the sportive choir,
"We are the sunbeams, hidden in this tree
Long, long ago. 'Tis thou hast set us free.
With pantomime to please thee we desire."

—Frederick L. Sargent, in *Youth's Companion*.

OLD CLOTHES.

"For once I've been made a fool of," said Mr. Pattipan, just before he went out to breakfast one morning. "I've taken bad money, and I no more know from whom than I know the Koran. And what is more," added Mr. Pattipan, "I shall offer it to some one if I carry it about with me, and get into difficulties. I'll leave it here."

He put it into the china bowl full of visiting-cards that stood on a table in the corner of his wife's parlor as he spoke, kissed her, and took his way to those regions vaguely spoken of as "down-town," and Mrs. Pattipan looked at the counterfeit note, and in order that she might not make some mistake herself tore it across the middle before throwing it back into the china bowl.

"Mr. Pattipan never observed sufficiently," she said to herself. "His organs of reflection are large, but his organs of observation are small."

Mrs. Pattipan had studied phrenology in her youth, when it was fashionable to do so, and had a habit of attributing people's virtues or failings to their bumps. Then she went about her household duties, ordered the dinner, scolded the servant, arranged her bureau drawers and attended to Mr. Pattipan's buttons, and in the middle of this task heard the door-bell ring. It rang twice without being answered—cook and Sara Jane being in a deep quarrel, occasioned by the reproofs of their mistress—so Mrs. Pattipan, having peeped over the balustrades for some seconds, descended the stairs and opened the door herself. Through the glass she could see that it was only a peddler of some sort, who would be sent away at once, after which she would attend to the culprit below stairs.

As she opened the door she saw upon the steps without an old-clothes-man with a basket of china on his arm. A fat little old fellow with a benevolent smile, who pushed his basket into the door as an entering wedge, and said very softly and tenderly and with persuasive waves of his hand from the cheek outward:

"Lay—dear lay—a-me-able lay, will you not exchange some ole clo'es which are of no good, for some elegant new vases vich will make you always some bleasure ven you look at dem? Elegant vases! Oh, you shall see dem."

"No," said Mrs. Pattipan, "no, I think not."

But the woman who deliberates with an old-clothes-man at the door is lost. The basket wedged itself further in.

"It will cost nothing do look at dem," said the old-clothes vander. It will be a bleasure and cost nothing."

"Very well," said Mrs. Pattipan, "I don't really promise, you know; you never give much for the clothes. I think your acquisitiveness is more largely developed than your benevolence. Seems to me so, looking at you."

"Madame is very good," said the old-clothes-man, waving from him the compliment he fancied he had received. I go in—danks."

He entered the parlor. Mrs. Pattipan rested herself on a chair near the window, and the old-clothes-man exhibited his stock of common vases, at which Mrs. Pattipan looked contemptuously.

Finally regarding her with an acute eye the clothes-man restored all these to his basket, and saying:

"No, dese are not to madame's superior taste," put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a little ornament of very beautiful china—a Cupid with a butterfly on its shoulder. "Zero!" he said, spreading both hands abroad.

"Ow about zis!"

"Well," said Mrs. Pattipan, "this is lovely."

"And zero is no more; 'e come from Paris," said the old-clothes-man.

"Oh, he is sweet," said Mrs. Pattipan. "I'll see what I have."

And upstairs she rushed, and gathering from drawer and closet all the old pantaloons with baggy knees, and all the old coats with frayed cuffs and greasy collars which were in the house, laid them at the feet of the clothes-man.

But now it was the old man's turn to be scornful.

"Zese rags! Oh, madame, not zese rags for my lovely Cupid from Paris!" he sighed, reproachfully. "Madame will find something else; she will not expect ze poor old clo'es—man to cheat himself. Madame has some pretty silk dress—a cloak, a shawl—madame will see."

Madame, who could not give up the idea of possessing the Cupid, now that she had once harbored it, ran upstairs again. She searched her drawers, her wardrobes, but really she had nothing. Suddenly it occurred to her that she had a broche shawl, and that she never wore it. Shawls were out of fashion, and if she hated anything it was a shawl turned into a cloak. The thing would lie there useless for years, or she should give it to Mr. Pattipan's Aunt Jane. She would never wear it again, that was morally certain. Why not buy the Cupid with it!

She unfolded the shawl and felt an unusual contempt for it, it looked so old-fashioned. It had cost twenty-five dollars when it was bought, and was as good as ever; but what an ugly thing! Yes, she would do it! She carried it down-stairs therefore, and the clothes-man condescended to accept it. However, he also put into his bag the old cloth garments.

"I will not leave zem about to trouble madame," he said; "I will oblige her by carrying zem away."

Mrs. Pattipan returned to her parlor to adore her Cupid—certainly a very lovely little being.

"How I admire it! It's my ideal and my 'form,' I suppose," she said, becoming phrenological again. "I should have been an artist, having form and color so largely developed."

Then she placed it on the cabinet shelves, and as she retired to a distance to observe the general effect, saw that the counterfeit bill that she had thrown into the china bowl after tearing it across had vanished. The old-clothes-man had taken it up—there could be no doubt of that.

"But he was so acquisitive he could not withstand temptation," said Mrs. Pattipan. "Well, I hope he will not pass it on some poor person, and I don't care if he gets himself into trouble—he deserves it."

At all events she had her lovely Cupid—how much better than an old shawl that she detested! Still, she would not mention the old shawl or the coats to Mr. Pattipan. Since she had made the awful mistake of exchanging his best trousers for a match-holder, it was understood between them that old-clothes-men were not to be permitted to cross the threshold.

No; she could buy what she pleased, and Mr. Pattipan never thought of asking where it came from. It should go so. But, oh! her lovely Cupid—how she adored it!

At five o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Pattipan returned in very fine spirits.

"Well, Ducky," he remarked to Mrs. Pattipan, "I've got a surprise for you. Sha'n't tell you what it is until I have had dinner. It is a birthday present."

Then he concealed a bundle beneath the sofa.

Mrs. Pattipan felt pleased to be remembered. She was as charming as possible during dinner-time, and Mr. Pattipan made her guess what he had brought her; but her guesses were all failures. Not roses—not a book—not his photograph—not a watch—not a ring—not a dress-pattern—not a muff!

"I meant to buy a muff," said Mr. Pattipan; "but this was brought into my office by somebody—quite as though I had asked the spirits to help me, you know. Come along, my dear; I want to see you sail up and down the parlor in it. You are quite a queenly sort of figure, you know, and a shawl—"

"A shawl!" said Mrs. Pattipan.

"Ah!" said Mr. Pattipan, who was now unfolding his parcel beside the parlor table, "a shawl! It is a splendid one—a Cashmere or some Indian place of that sort—wonderfully valuable; but you know, he smuggled it, and so sold it for nothing. For a shawl like that \$45 is nothing—and I knew you were out of shawls. You used to wear them so elegantly in our

courting days, and I haven't seen one on you for years."

"Nor on anybody else," Mrs. Pattipan said within herself, but she beamed upon her husband.

"Here it is," said he, hanging it abroad. "Now put it on."

The room was not a large one, and as the shawl swept into the air it struck the cabinet on that particular spot on which the Cupid was perched. The lovely bit of china danced wildly for a moment, then toppled over and fell to the floor. Nothing remained of it but gleaming fragments as Mrs. Pattipan stooped to pick it up.

"Never mind the gimcrack, Ducky!" remarked her spouse. "I hope it is that match-safe that you gave my best trousers for—ha! ha! ha! Come, try on the shawl!"

Mrs. Pattipan, with a secret wail for her treasure, obeyed. She turned her back and allowed the drapery to fall over her ample shoulders, and glided as gracefully as possible up and down the room.

"Charming!" said Mr. Pattipan. "You must wear that freely. Don't save it for best. By Jove! I'm glad I bought it. The little old fellow came into my place with the parcel, and bless me if he wasn't a curiosity! He called me a worthy gentleman, and he wanted to show me a shawl. Well, I couldn't look at it until he told me all about the Vale of Cashmere where it was made, and asked me to smell the attar of roses; and suddenly says I, 'The very thing for Ducky!' and I had Pringle, the clerk, in and put it on him, and he said he thought it must be genuine, for his grandmother had one just like it—'" ("No doubt," said Mrs. Pattipan to herself.)—"and cut came my little fifty-dollar bill and he gave me a five-dollar note, and done it was!"

Mrs. Pattipan had reached the end of the parlor and was standing quite still with her back turned. She could not control her features at that moment; she had just recognized her own old broche shawl—the one she had given to the clothes-man! She knew it only too well by the pattern. And there was the little fray darned by her own fingers five years before, when she did occasionally wear the shawl to market.

"Turn about, Ducky," said Mr. Pattipan. "Now, do you know, I haven't seen you look so elegant for a long while! We'll go to the opera tonight—comic—and show it off. I know women like to exhibit elegant things when they have 'em—and here is the change the old fellow gave me out of the fifty—a five-dollar bill. Take care; it's been mended. You'll want some little fallal."

As Mrs. Pattipan came to her husband's side she was aware that she should see the counterfeit bill that the old-clothes-man had stolen from the china bowl, and indeed she did; and I can not help believing that some of the very finest phrenological developments must have been hers, for she smiled up into Mr. Pattipan's face and said: "My dear, you are usually generous!" and put the worthless bill in her pocket with a little air of coquetry, and actually wore the faded, old-fashioned broche shawl to the theater that evening—and was happy in it.

But, after all, to have a husband who thinks one a beauty at forty-five, and is anxious to make one happy, compensates for any such little mortifications as that which Mrs. Pattipan experienced when the lady in the seat behind her whispered audibly:

"Well, that shawl must have come out of the Ark."—*Vivisection Companion*.

Warm Milk a Cure For Consumption.

The fact that consumption can be cured is daily becoming more and more impressed on the mind of the layman. One of the simplest and best methods of fighting this dread malady is the warm-milk treatment, and while undergoing it the patient is advised to go on some farm, where he is sure to get it fresh, and where, moreover, he can pass his days in horseback riding. When the entire treatment is undergone recovery from consumption would not only be possible, but would very likely occur, unless the lungs had been too seriously diseased. An outdoor life in pure air, good, wholesome food and plenty of it are the surest cures for the malady, and no one of these features is more important than either of the others.—*N. Y. Evening Telegram*.

Mystery lends a charm to almost everything excepting mince pie.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

THE COMING COLOR.

The leading color of the coming season will be violet. We shall not be pinned down to one particular shade of this trying color, however, as heliotropes, lavenders and other light hues will be worn. At the private view of the old masters I noticed several coats and costumes of an aggressively violet shade and a few of a dull heliotrope tint, and I was more than ever persuaded that the color is not one which the majority of women can wear with impunity. The criant violet that is just now to be seen about looks well against nothing, but there are certain shades that harmonize exquisitely with other colors, and in which fair and delicately complexioned women look charming. But at the best it is a dangerous color to affect, for, if it does not make the wearer look leaden hued, it generally clashes with the apparel of all one comes in contact with, as well as with the decoration of one's own and everybody else's room.—*Lady's Pictorial*.

FISH-NET OVERSKIRTS.

Fish-net is a novelty for overskirts, reported as likely to be fashionable, not in the original tanned twine which smells so strong on sunny beaches when the trawlers are laid idly by, but something similar in mesh and texture, made of a material fit to be draped over a rich silk. It is a freak of dress, for which no occasion or cause can be given; something similar to the hats of rushes or hay, or dresses of toweling in which ladies sometimes indulge so as to be singular. There may be artificial seaweeds, shell buttons, or trident brooches to follow, and nobody knows what other things nautical besides. But fish-net is not new, for it was introduced a few years ago, not satisfactorily; and there was at another time a kindred sensation in twine trimmings, both in natural and other colors, for flannel and serge costumes. As to that, net fabrics are of remarkable antiquity, not merely to entrap "the scaly monsters of the deep," but as an airy covering for man and womankind.—*New York Telegram*.

CHANGING NATURE'S WORK.

"Let the women beware how they go to cultivating the Titian red tints in their hair," said a hair-dresser. "It can be done easily and without harm to the hair, but therein lies the very mischief of it. The Titian red hair belongs just where nature has bestowed it, and nowhere else. It goes with a certain extremely delicate coloring in skin and eyes. The skin is pink and white—not the clear pink and white of the golden blonde, but with a touch of warmer color underneath. The eyes are oftenest of a warm golden brown, with dark brown setting, though they may be hazel or gray."

"Now imagine a woman with black eyes and the dark skin that belongs with them, or with pale blue eyes and a muddy complexion, thatching her head with the splendid Titian red. Upon my soul, the effect would be about as artistic and as correspondent to nature as if she had stained her face a bright green and died her hair a royal purple. Nature doesn't mismatch colorings, and if she gives a woman brown hair she gives her the tints of skin and the eyes that go with that hair; and when a woman tries to change nature's work, she will only throw the whole scheme of color out of harmony. I do not hesitate to say that every woman who changes her hair to the new shade will look only the worse for it, and not the better."—*New York Sun*.

SCHOOL GIRLS.

The average school girl rises only in time to eat a hurried breakfast and reach school at 9. The girls under twelve, who are not the ones to break down, are not too dignified to romp at recesses, and in that way they fill their lungs with fresh air every day. Those above twelve or thirteen rarely have a breath of outside air from 9 till 2 in the afternoon. They eat their luncheons curled up in heaps in comfortable corners, if they can find them. They take little exercise, except in a few schools, where they dance for a few minutes. A solitary lunch of cold or "warmed-over" food on reaching home is followed usually by an hour or two of study instead of a brisk walk or other exercise.

There is more study after supper, ambitious girls studying late into the evening. If there is any well-established

physiological fact it is that girls in their teens need an abundance of sleep, and sleep before midnight if possible. The teachers must give a certain amount of home work to their pupils in order to keep them up to the grade, more is the pity; but since that is a necessity, the fathers and mothers at home should make everything else bend to that and health. There is no one thing that is so necessary and that might be so easily secured, if firmness were exercised, as a long night of sleep for the fast-growing brain and the girlish frames that are rapidly assuming the proportions of maturity.—*Christian Register*.

A "SPECIAL SALE."

"Special Sales" are a feature of New York commercial life in the retail dry-goods line, and they contribute more to woman's pleasure and caprice than any other one phase of shopping experience. Those who have never been to one have missed a heap of fun. In one of the large uptown stores recently there was a "run" on gloves. They were of a superior quality, and sold for 45 cents. The sale started at 9 in the morning, and directly there was a spirited scene around that counter. Women pushed one another away in their wild endeavor to get a pair of gloves. One gave a \$5 bill and clamored for her change. Another held a pair over the heads of the crowd and endeavored to give her money to one of the salesgirls. This woman, after patiently waiting for a time and seeing no chance of getting up to the girl, quietly put the gloves in her muff and sauntered off. She had a bargain. After awhile the change from the \$5 was brought back. The salesgirl had by this time become rattled with the confusion and rapidity with which the gloves were being bought, and handed the money to the wrong woman, who put it in her purse and walked away. The lady to whom the money belonged, getting uneasy at the long delay, finally elbowed her way through the crowd, demanding her change, and creating no little excitement. The rush was so great that the girls behind the counter grew frantic, and began to cry. The floorwalker ordered the sale closed for three hours, announcing the time of reopening. Then a scene of wild confusion was dispelled, and the glove purchasers dispersed themselves over the store and were soon busied with other purchases. Three hours later the glove sale began again, only to find even a greater crowd clamoring for covering for their hands than in the morning. It continued only thirty minutes, when it was again stopped because the clerks could not wait on the anxious customers. It was never reopened, but the establishment, all the same, got a first-class advertisement out of the attempt to sell dollar-and-a-half gloves for 45 cents.—*New York Star*.

FASHION NOTES.

There is a movement against the long and uncomfortable waist.

Rich tea gowns are made of India shawls, combined with Oriental embroideries.

Black serges with checked borders, black on black, are likely to be favored the coming season, by ladies in mourning.

An especially dainty bonnet was of pearl gray Suede kid, trimmed with gray velvet, ribbon and a bow of steel lace.

Some of the daintiest brocade gingham are crossed by a plaid of lines in satin effect, or are striped with satin lines.

An oddity is achieved in evening wear by arranging a puffy structure of lace, using the merely rudimentary sleeve on each shoulder.

Fowls that are overfed are not healthy, neither will they lay eggs regularly. Some farmers feed too much and what is worse don't know it.

The crowns of the newest bonnets are longer than heretofore, the coque shape being the leading design, with the strings placed in the middle of the back.

The latest strategy of a Parisian newspaper for attracting readers is the engagement of two eminent physicians to attend gratuitously upon its annual subscribers.

Fur shoulder capes will be worn all through the season with wool dresses that are not provided with wool jackets to match, and also with black net and India silk gowns.