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The English admiralty say that the total abolition of masts and sails in all future fighting ships has become absolutely necessary.

In the retirement of Bismarck, the American hog may not be vindicated, observes the Indianapolis Journal, but it is at least avenged.

China for several years has been increasing her military force in the provinces adjoining the Amoor and stout forts have been erected at points most likely to be threatened by Russian invasion.

Horseback riding is constantly growing in favor in New York and other large cities. Large sums of money are being put into "riding-schools," and the investments are proving profitable. Good saddle horses were never in better demand than now.

Vital statistics show that out of every 100,000 of population in cities only 285 persons die of consumption, while out of every 100,000 of population in rural districts, only 160 persons die of consumption. In diseases of the nervous system the figures are respectively 255 for the city, and 150 for the country.

The Washington Star says: "An open lamp in a coal mine is like a match in a powder magazine. The two sets of things have so much feeling for each other they cannot exist apart when brought nearly in contact. Pennsylvania coal mine horrors show that this principle of natural law is not fully appreciated in the Keystone state."

The United States navy is now largely made up of aliens. Admiral Porter states that 20 foreigners enlist in the navy to one American, and he points out the danger to the service liable to arise from this predominance. "It is very clear," comments the New York News, "that if a majority of men in the navy are foreigners we could not rely upon them in case of war."

It is stated that in the 492 cities in this country containing more than 5,000 inhabitants, there are 15,000 policemen, whose salaries amount to \$15,000,000 a year, and that they make 50 arrests each, annually. If these statistics are correct, remarks The Twentieth Century, it will be seen that the average labor of a policeman is one arrest a week, for which the working people of the country pay \$20.

In his annual message to the Legislature for 1889 Governor Francis E. Warren of Wyoming Territory recommended the passage of a bill absolutely forbidding the killing of buffalo within the Territory. We are glad to learn, announces the Forest and Stream, that this recommendation has been acted on, and that the Legislature, just adjourned, has passed a bill prohibiting the killing of any buffalo in the Territory for ten years. This is a matter in which all the inhabitants of Wyoming ought to take an interest, for scarcely anywhere in the United States, except within her borders, are any wild buffalo to be found.

Hypnotism in England, if the quotations sent by cable from the London Lancet are to be believed, has attained to startling perfection as an exact and practical science. A certain Dr. Bramwell appears to possess the power of exercising the hypnotic influence, not merely by presence and contact, but by letter or telegraph. A patient received a note with the following directions: "Go to sleep by order of Dr. Bramwell," and forthwith the accommodating patient went to sleep. The suggestion is a startling one. For there can be nothing about the letter or the despatch to indicate, before it is opened, that it is hypnotized.

Says the Salt Lake Evening Times: "There was never a city in the Union that has changed, as has Salt Lake, from a sleepy overgrown village to a metropolitan city, in so short a time. Where but a few years ago the common one-story adobes or the dingy frame dwellings were the only structures that greeted the eye, today large business blocks, elegantly constructed, are seen. The dirt paths along the street are supplanted by wide walks, and the patient horse which, a decade ago, with difficulty hauled a little dingy omnibus from place to place now contentedly munches oats while the electric motor dashes across the city with its loads of humanity."

My Lesson.
"You have only two!" the lady said, As she glanced at my babes at play, And I answered her, "Only two on earth." And then I went to say, As my grief came surging back again, My grief so deep, so wild, "Alas it was only a month ago, I lost a little child."

A dear little girl with bright, black eyes, Unlike the other two, The one with eyes of hazel brown, The other with heaven's blue; A dear little girl with a laughing face, And sunshine in her hair, Whose lisping voice and pattering feet Made music everywhere.

And I grieved when I miss a single note From the music of baby feet, And I weep for the tangle of sunny hair That is lost from my cluster sweet; For the prattling lips, the clinging touch, The hand upon my knee, When the chord was full, and the group complete, And my children numbered three.

And then I noticed the room was still, That the children stopped their play, That they looked at each other, and then at me,

In a wondering, sorrowful way. Then the oldest one, with the hazel eyes, Came to my side in tears, She was only five, with a tender heart, And thoughtful beyond her years.

"What is the matter with mama's child?" This was the answer given: "You said that you loved a little child, I thought she was gone to heaven? And why don't you look for her every day, Until you find her again?"

And not sleep a wink 'till you bring her home Out of the cold and rain?" Then I hushed my grief for the little child, Lying under the sod; I had learned a lesson from baby lips: "Not lost, but gone to God."

—*Ida J. Hall, in Atlanta Constitution.*

The Mother of Marius

"And there's an end of it!" said Marius Gray, letting his hand fall despairingly on the table.

He had just returned from his weary day's work, which had stretched itself far into the night—he was engaged on a newspaper, and was beginning to earn good wages as assistant foreman in one of the departments—and had perused a letter which had laid on the table at his lodgings.

"An end of what?" asked Harold Morse, his room-mate and companion.

"Of my three years' work," Gray answered—"of all that I've been toiling and striving for so long."

"You don't mean," said Morse, "that you would let this make any difference with your plans?"

"It must make a difference, Hal."

"In the name of common sense, what difference?"

"Don't you see? Now that my good old grandfather is dead, I've got to make a home for my mother. I've got to support her and see that life is made easy for her in her old age."

"Oh, I see!" said Morse, shrugging his shoulders. "Alice won't relish the idea of a mother-in-law—is that it?"

"I shall not ask her, Hal. My first duty is to my mother."

"But the little house you've bought, and the furniture you've been selecting piece by piece, and the carpet that you've laid up for yard by yard, and the very mossrose-bush by the door-stone—"

"I hope my mother will enjoy them, Hal," said Gray, with something like a quiver on his lip. "But I once heard Alice make some laughing jest about the terrors of a mother-in-law. It wasn't much. I don't think she attached any particular importance to it, but still it has stuck to my memory. In the recollection of that, I can't ask her to share any divided empire in my home."

"Oh, hang it!" cried Morse, flinging his paper on the table. "What do women want to be so cranky for? Why can't they bunk in together as comfortably as men do? I'll go bail Alice Ardley would go through fire and water for her own mother. Why should she feel differently toward the mother of the man she loves?"

"There's all the difference in the world," said Gray, sally.

And so he went to bed to ponder over this new complication of events; and when he fell asleep he dreamed that he had just brought a bride home to the little cottage where the white muslin curtains rustled in the wind, and the mossrose-bush was in full blossom, and somehow Alice Ardley's blooming face was frilled around with cap borders and decorated with an immense pair of silver spectacles.

"Of course, Gray will do as he pleases," said Morse; but if I were he

I'd see this old lady further before I allowed her to upset all my life-calculations in this sort of way. Why can't he get her boarded out somewhere? or admitted into a respectable 'Home' or 'Refuge,' or something of the sort?"

"I suppose," said the man who worked next him in the wall-paper designing factory, "because she is his mother!"

"Hang sentiment!" was Morse's reply.

To Marius Gray's credit be it spoken that he never for an instant hesitated as to what decision to make.

He wrote an affectionate letter to his mother, telling her of the little home which was now at her disposal, and offering to come to Montreal and bring her thither at any time which she should fix.

And this letter safely dropped into the nearest mail box, he next began to consider the forthcoming explanation with Alice Ardley.

He went to see her that very evening. She was a music teacher, and lived in one of those genteel, comfortable boarding-houses which afford so poor a substitute for real home, and she came down into the parlor, where the gas was economically lowered, and the scent of the vegetable soup that had been served for dinner still lingered.

"Oh, Marius!" she said, with a little gurgle in her voice, "I've been wanting to see you so much."

"Have you, Alice?"

He stood holding both her hands in his own.

"I've got such a favor to ask of you, Marius—and oh, I don't know how to do it, after all the hateful things I've said about mother-in-laws, and that sort of thing!" faltered she.

He stood still listening, and after a short pause, Alice went hurriedly on:

"It's my Aunt Alethea. I've got to take her home and take care of her, for the cousin who has supported her all these years can't do it any more; and oh, Marius, we can't be married unless—unless you will be very good and kind and let old Aunt Alethea come and live with us. I'm sure she can't be a great deal of trouble and I'll keep on with my music lessons to furnish her with clothes. She's a very nice, quiet old lady, and—but if you'd rather not, Marius, say so at once, and of course the engagement will be at an end."

Marius Gray's face lighted up.

"Alice, forgive me!" he said. "You have shown me greater confidence in me than I have done in you. As far as I am concerned your aunt will be most welcome in any home that you and I are to share together. But, Alice, I had come here to ask you to release me from our engagement."

Alice gave a little start.

"Marius!" she cried. "Oh, Marius, you don't mean it?"

"For the reason," he went on, "that it is now incumbent on me to support my mother, who has heretofore lived with her father. I didn't like to ask you, dear, knowing your opinion on the subject of—well, of mothers-in-law, to share your home kingdom with any one else; and there was no other home to bring my mother to. But now—"

"Marius," cried Alice, "it's quite true what you say. You have put no confidence in me. If I could trust you to be good to my poor old aunt, could you not have been sure that I would love your mother?"

"I am sure of it now, Alice," said the young man, still holding her hand tenderly in his.

"And I won't release you from your engagement," declared Alice, disguising her emotion under a very effective pretence of gay badinage. "I've been taking lessons at a cooking school and I'm making up household linen, and I mean to show your mother and my Aunt Alethea what a capital housekeeper I can be. And oh, how proud I shall be when they eat the first dinner I cook in my own house!"

"Alice, you are an angel!" asserted Gray.

"No, I am not," said Alice. "I'm only a silly, chattering girl, who says lots of things that she is sorry for afterwards. But I know how good and forgiving you are, and you shall see how dearly I will love your mother for your sake until I have learned to appreciate her for her own."

So Alice Ardley and Marius Gray were quietly married, and on their wedding trip they went to Montreal to bring the old mother home.

Mrs. Gray, Senior, was a trim, erect little woman, dressed in black serge, with her rosy old face surrounded by the neatest of caps.

She came back to the cottage with them.

"I shall be glad to see how my children live," said she.

And she took a great fancy to Aunt Alethea, who was waiting on the doorstep to receive them—a meek, soft-voiced old Quakeress, who moved noiselessly about and looked like a human dove in gray plumage.

"I wonder," she said, "how Friend Alethea—for she won't let one call her 'Miss Ardley'—would like a situation as companion and reader? She reads aloud charmingly. That bit of the daily paper she read us yesterday, Alice, I declare I thought I could see with my own eyes everything that happened!"

"I think she would be delighted, mother," said Alice. "It's a dreadful trial for her to be dependent on any one for a living; but there are no such nice places to be found."

"I know of one," said Mrs. Ardley. "Where?" asked Alice.

"In Montreal."

"But I couldn't trust Aunt Alethea with any one but a very kind lady."

"Well, this lady is kind. At least she'll try to be. For she is myself, daughter Alice."

"You, mother? But I thought you were going to live with us!" exclaimed Alice.

"My son Marius and you seem to take that for granted," said the old lady, with a twinkle of her bright, black eyes. "But you are wrong, nevertheless. No, I am not going to live with you. I'm very glad to have caught a glimpse of you in your happy little home, my dear; but I've an idea that young married people are better by themselves—for a year or two at least. And my father left me some real estate in Montreal which has increased very much in value, and I can live as I please now. Some day it will all be yours; but in the meantime I shall take Friend Alethea back with me, and we'll be company for each other. Once in awhile we'll come and visit you, and mind you both take excellent care of each other."

So vanished Mrs. Gray and quiet little Aunt Alethea from the scene.

"And here we are, just where we originally planned to be," said Marius, as he and Alice stood at the door, where the mossrose was in bloom, watching the wheels of the hack that bore the two old ladies away.

"Yes!" faltered Alice with a tear in her eye; but I never thought I could be so sorry to see a mother-in-law go out of the house."

Wedding Rings.

The latest thing in wedding rings comes from England, and is a narrow but thick circlet of 22-carat fine gold. This has come in fashion in America in the course of the last year, replacing the old style ring, which is both heavy and wide, being sometimes half an inch broad. These latter have been in use as far back as I can remember. The Germans always buy two plain gold rings, the lady giving one to her betrothed and he one to her. The "alliance" ring is sometime called for, and often manufactured to order. It is made of two circlets fitting into each other and coming apart something like a puzzle, and is a revival of a very old style. The ordinary wedding ring costs from \$7.50 to \$15, although the English ring is somewhat more expensive. In engagement rings individual taste is the only law, but set stones are great favorites. A novelty is a ring of three circlets, almost as narrow as wire, each set with a band of different stones, such as pearls, turquoises and conch-shells.—*St. Louis Globes Democrat.*

Splendid Horsemanship.

The finest seat riders as a class are the stockmen of Australia. Their horses, when yarding cattle or heading a fugitive bullock, gallop like race horses, and turn of their own accord as short and as suddenly as a sheep dog. Three of these horses will put 1500 wild fat bullocks into a yard with the rein loose on their necks and untouched the whole time. They watch and chase each fugitive like a sheep dog shases a stray sheep, the stockmen merely sitting on their backs and using their twenty-foot stock whips. The sudden drops, step, and turn of one of these horses would unseat, and dangerously upset, the best horsemen in an ordinary hunting field.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

They talk about a woman's sphere

As though it had a limit;

There's not a place in earth or heaven

There's not a task to mankind given,

There's not a blessing or a woe,

There's not a whisper, yes or no,

There's not a life, or death, or birth

That has a feather's weight of worth,

Without a woman in it.

—*Kate Field's Washington.*

QUEER SCENES IN A COURT.

The Skowhegan correspondent of the

Fairfield (Me.) Journal gives the following

description of the homelike appearance

of the Maine Supreme Court room during a recent term of court:

"Ladies in the gallery bring their needlework

and sit out the long hours of the session. It is interesting to watch

them threading needles, tying knots, basting,

occasionally pausing to catch some portion of the evidence and again

to confide in a neighbor something relative to some newcomer, interspersed

with the slight click of the scissors, all of which tend to impress the lookers-on

with the solemnity of the occasion, and add perceptibly to the 'homelike' appearance of our judicial residence."

THE RAGE FOR SIMPLICITY.

Simple as the present fashions are,

they have not yet reached the limit of simplicity.

For next winter the skirts of gowns will be entirely plain from the waist to the hem, which may be finished with a handsome border of embroidery or applique. The bodice will also be plainer than at present, with the exception of the vest trimming and the sleeves. The ornamentation of the sleeve will be the distinctive feature of gowns for a year to come. Where the rest of the gown will be simplicity itself, the sleeve will be of a different stuff from the rest of the costume—as rich a stuff as possible—made full as now, thickly embroidered or braided, or decorated in some way from wrist to shoulder. What the sleeve was to the costume in the time of Queen Elizabeth, it is to be to the dress of the woman of today. Let the fashionable woman look well to her sleeve.—*New York Sun.*

AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN QUEEN.

Miss Edwards in a recent lecture on

"Queen Hatsua and the Women of Ancient Egypt," said Queen Hatsua

was the daughter of Thothmes I. of the Theban line. Very early in her

childhood she married her oldest brother, Thothmes II.

Such alliances were then common. She thus became possessed of the "double crown."

After his death, in order to have retained this, she must have married her brother Thothmes III.

This she refused to do, and, after the death of Thothmes III, she reigned alone and gloriously. In the monuments of Egypt she was always represented as a Pharaoh, and was referred to in documents as "Hatsua His Majesty."

In some bas-relief she is represented as a man, with a beard tied on. She was one of the greatest builder sovereigns in Egypt. She erected on the east side of the Nile a temple which has no parallel except in the temples of Chaldea. On its walls were bas-reliefs depicting the great event of her reign—the building and despatching of the first exploring squadron in the world.

BUTTONS THAT WILL STICK.

"When I get a bright idea I always

want to pass it along," said a lady, as she sat watching a young girl sewing; "do your buttons ever come off, Lena?"

"Ever? They're always doing it. They are ironed off, washed off and pulled off until I despair. I seem to shed buttons at every step."

"Make use of these two hints when you are sewing them on, then, and see if they make any difference. When you begin, before you lay the button on the cloth put the thread through so that the knot will be on the right side, that leaves it under the button and prevents it from being ironed or worn away, and thus beginning the loosening process."

"Then, before you begin sewing, lay a large pin across the button so that all your threads will go over the pin. After you have finished filling the holes with thread draw out the pin and wind your thread round and round beneath the button. That makes a compact stem to sustain the possible pulling and wear of the buttonhole. It is no exaggeration to say that my buttons never come off, and I'm sure yours won't, if

you use my method of sewing."—*Chicago Times.*

MILLINERY ODDITIES.

Just now there is a rage for millinery

oddities, the quaintest of which is the butterfly bonnet, a Parisian novelty

originally designed for some stage beauty. In the model the entire crown

was formed of an exact reproduction of the body and wings of a butterfly in

ruby velvet, the body being lined with jet of variegated tints. Along the brim

falling on the hair was a dainty bordering of ruby featherings, surmounted by a twisted diadem of velvet. These

butterfly bonnets are now brought out in black, white and colored net or tulle, the gauzy wings being sprinkled

with gold and crystal that glitters and shines in beauty under the gaslight.

Another fancy is a piece of wild game mounted on a wired rosette of lace, and secured to the head by means of ribbon strings. These gulls, prairie chickens

and wild ducks come from abroad, cost as much as a small poultry yard, and are considered very smart with a tailor-made suit. Leather bonnets are among

the luxuries indulged in by women of means. These novelties are as hard in

effect as the tarpaulin hat, but equally as serviceable, the dampness of the sea

or the mists on land making no impression on them. As now ordained the votaries of fashion have the privilege,

if the money, of selecting oozle leather for shoes, gloves, bonnet, card-case and pocketbook.—*N. Y. World.*

SOME REMODELED HOUSE GOWNS.

Owners of last summer's gowns, made

with a round skirt and bodice gathered at the waist line, may easily alter their

appearance to accord with more advanced ideas. Put a border—above

the hem of the skirt—of lace, embroidery or velvet, cut in shape, vandyke

points upward. Have a row around the waist, points up, as a girle; on

the wrists, and a row round the neck, with the points down. If the form is

rather thick-waisted omit the girle, and have a belt of ribbon tied on one

side and pointed in front like a girle. If you have a dull black dress brighten

it with full sleeves, collar and yoke of red or blue tartan surah, cut on the

bias. Short-waisted people should wear a tapering V-shaped vest,

rather than any yoke trimming. Wear half-worn skirts, after

putting them in order, with loose blouses or fancy jacket basques, which

are described elsewhere. Afternoon dresses, of old-rose cashmere, are universally becoming, stylish and reasonable,

as pretty shades come as low as seventy-five cents a yard. The round skirt has three great box plaits in the

back, and the rest gathered, with three rows of black velvet ribbon as a border.

The leg-o'-mutton sleeves have three rows of the ribbon for cuffs, and piece

velvet is taken for a belt ending in girle points in front, held by an elongated jet buckle. The bodice is

without darts, the fullness is laid in tiny plaits, and has a bluntly-pointed

yoke of velvet, with a turn-over frill of old-rose silk, or white lace as neck

finish.—*Ladies' Home Journal*

FASHION NOTES.

Gold braid is put on gray dresses and silver on brown.

For a walking costume soutane cloth of military blue is very stylish.

The new steel and silver "art" jewelry is just now very fashionably worn.

A black fan of turkey's feathers is considered chic with the most delicate evening toilet.

Girls in bright red jackets of box cloth are seen in the park every afternoon, walking or driving.

If you want to seem tall and commanding, carry a white parasol and wear a white hat or white aigrette.

Many of the spring wraps have vandyke yokes richly wrought in silk embroidery, to which cape-shaped mantles are applied.

A fan made of human hair is displayed at a London store. Even what appears to be beautiful lace fringing the sticks is real hair.

Orange velvet borders, cuffs, collars and waistcoats applique, with gold cord and thread embroideries, are favorite trimmings on white cloth dinner and evening gowns.

Bodices and basques, finished with a side effect, whether double-breasted or la Russe, suggest the pretty rosette or bow of ribbon pinned on the shoulder or collar under the car.