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Grass and Roses.

I looked where the roses were blowing;
They stood among grasses and reeds;
I said, "Where such beauties are growing,
Why suffer these paltry weeds?"
Weeping the poor things faltered,
"We have neither beauty nor bloom;
We are but grass in the roses' garden—
But our Master gives us this room."
"The slaves of a generous Master,
Borne from a world above,
We came to this place in His wisdom—
We stay to this hour from His love."
"We have fed His humblest creatures,
We have served in truly and long;
He gave no grace to our features—
We have neither color nor song—"
"Yet He who has made the roses
Placed us on the self same sod;
He knows our reason for being—
We are grass in the garden of God."
—Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

A CAPE HORN INCIDENT.

On a December morning, in the year 1883, a mail steamer, homeward bound from a New Zealand port, was approaching the meridian of the Horn, but on a parallel more southerly than it is now the custom of steamships to take in rounding that stormy, ice-girt, desolate and most inhospitable of all headlands.

December in those distant regions is midsummer, and the weather of that morning was as fair and still as a breezeless April day in this country; but the swell of the vast track of ocean ran ceaselessly, reminiscent respirations of a giant whose conflict with the heavens is eternal, and whose breaking-pauses are very few and far between indeed. Over this long, dark blue, westerly swell the long metal fabric went sweeping in long, floating, launching curvatures, whitening the water astern of her with a mile of milk-white wake. The frosty sun, whose beams in that sea have something of the silvery brilliance of the electric light, flashed a score of constellations out of the gilt and glass and brass about the steamer's bows and quarters and decks. A number of passengers were pacing the long hurricane platform. Far away on the starboard beam, poised, star-like, upon the keen blue rim of the ocean, was an iceberg—a dash of crystalline light against the airy sky that out there, low down, wore the delicate hue of the opal. Otherwise the ocean swept naked to its confines, a plain of rich, deep blue, with the heave of the swell shouldering the morning glory under the sun as it ran, and making that part of the deep magnificent with flowing light.

The chief officer was on the bridge; the first breakfast-bell had rung, and the captain, smart as a naval officer, in buttons and lace trimmings, quitted the chart-room and joined the mate to take a look around before going below. The skipper was a man of eagle sight, and instantly on directing his eyes over the ship's bows he exclaimed:

"What is that black object yonder?"
The chief mate peered, and the captain leveled a telescope.

"A ship's boat," said he, "and seemingly full of people."

The boat, when sighted, was some three or four miles distant, and the speed of the steamer was about thirteen knots. In a few minutes the alarm in the engine-room rang its reverberatory warning, sending a little thrill of wonder throughout the ship, so rarely is that telegraph handled on the high seas.

"I count eight men, sir," cried the chief mate, with a binocular glass at his eye.

Again the engine-room alarm rang out; the pulsing that for days had been ceaselessly throbbing through the long fabric, languished, and in a few minutes, to another summons of the metal tongue below, ceased, and the great steamer floated along to her own impetus, slowly, and yet more slowly, till the boat was within the toss of a biscuit off the bow, with the passengers crowding to the side to look, and sailors and waiters and steerage folk blackening the rail forward.

The occupants of the boat consisted of eight wild, hairy, veritable scarecrows of men, dressed in divers fashions—Scotch caps, yellow sou'westers, sea-boots, toll-worn monkey-jackets, and the like.

"Boat ahoy!" hailed the captain, as she slowly washed alongside. "What is wrong with you?"

A fellow, standing up in the stern sheets, cried back.

"For God's sake, sir, take us aboard! Our water's almost given out, and there's nothing left to eat."

"Look out for the end of a line," bawled the captain. "Are you strong enough to get aboard without help?"

"Ay, sir, we'll manage it."

A rope was thrown, and one after another the fellows came swinging and scraping and scrambling up the clean side of the steamer. The passengers crowded round and gazed at them with curiosity and pity. Their sympathetic eyes seemed to find famine painfully expressed in the leathern countenances that stared back through mats of hair.

"We must let your boat go," said the captain.

"Can't help it, sir, thankful enough to be here, I reckon," answered the fellow who had called from the stern-sheets, and who acted as spokesman.

"Anything belonging to you to come out after?"

"Nothing. Let her go, sir. If sailors' sea-blessings can freight a craft she ain't going to float long."

The boat was sent adrift, the engine bell rang out, once more the great mail steamer was thrashing over the long, tall heave of the Cape Horn swell.

"How came you into this mess?" inquired the captain.

The man who had before spoken gave answer:

"We're all that's left of the crew of the Boston bark 'George Washington.' She was a whaler, a hundred and forty days out. It were four days ago. I was the first to smell fire some while arter two o'clock in the middle watch."

"It wanted ten minutes to six bells," exclaimed a man, and a general, emphatic, hairy nod followed the interruption.

"I was the first to smell fire," continued the other, "call it what hour ye like. I gave the alarm, and all hands turned to with hoses and buckets. But there was a deal of oil in the hold, and the ship's planks was thick with grease besides, and that gave us no chance. By ten o'clock in the morning the flames had burst through and was shooting up mast-high, and then we calculated it was time to look to the boats."

The others stood listening with hard, stolid, leathery faces, generally gazing with steadfast eyes at the speaker, but sometimes glancing askance at the captain and the crowd of others which stood round.

"There was an ugly sea running," the man went on, "and the wheel being deserted, the ship had fallen off and ran in the trough, and the lowering of the stern boats, whaler men though they was who had the handling of 'em, cost our company of twenty-eight souls the loss of all hands saving them as stand afore ye."

"A bad job! a measly, cruel, bad job!" here broke in a long-jawed man whose brow and eyes were almost concealed by a quantity of coarse red hair.

"Well, us eight men got away in the boat," proceeded the spokesman, "bringing along with us nothin' but a small bag of bread and about six gallons of fresh water. We've been a-washing about since Tuesday, and now, the Lord be praised, here we be with a chance of getting something to eat, and what's more pleasurable still to our feelings, the opportunity of comfortably tarning in."

A murmur of pity rang among the passengers, several of whom were ladies, and there was more than one somewhat loud whisper to the effect that the captain ought really to send the poor creatures forward at once to get some breakfast, instead of holding them, starving and dry with thirst, in talk. The eagle-eyed skipper, however, asked several questions before dismissing them.

"Since by their own confession the fire gave them plenty of time to escape from the bark, how was it they left her so ill-provisioned as they represented?"

This was most satisfactorily accounted for. Other inquiries of a like nature were responded to with alacrity and intelligence.

Every sentence that one or another of them let fall was corroborated by the rest. Their tale of suffering, indeed, in the open boat was almost harrowing; and the captain with the first note of sympathy that his voice had taken, ordered them to go

forward, adding, that after a good hot meal had been served them they might turn in and sleep for the rest of the day wherever they could make a bed.

At the breakfast in the saloon nothing was talked about but the whaler that had been consumed by fire, the dreadful drowning of some two-thirds of her crew, and the miraculous deliverance of the survivors from the inexpressible perils and horrors of an open boat in the solitude of the stormiest part of the ocean the wide world over. A benevolent gentleman proposed a subscription. Before the lunch-bell was rung a sum of thirty pounds had been collected. The incident was a break in the monotony; and when the eight men re-appeared on deck during the afternoon they were promptly approached by the passengers, who obliged them to recite again and yet again their melancholy story of maritime disaster.

On the morning of the third day, following the date of this rescue, a ship was sighted almost directly in a line with the vessel's course. As she was neared she was seen to be rigged with stump, or Cape Horn top-gallant masts; she was also under very easy canvas which gave her a short-handed look in that quiet sea. Great wooden davits overhung her sides, from which dangled a number of boats. She presented a very grim, worn aspect, and had manifestly kept the sea for some months. It was observed by the chief officer, standing on the bridge of the steamer, that the eight rescued men, who were looking at the sail ahead along with some of the crew and steerage passengers, exhibited several symptoms of uneasiness and even of agitation. Suddenly the stripes and stars, with the stars inverted, were run aloft to the peak-end—a signal of distress! The engines were "slowed," and the steamer's head put so as to pass the vessel within easy hailing distance. A man aboard the bark stood in the mizzen rigging.

"Steamer ahoy!" he roared through his nose.

"Hallo!"

"I have lost a boat and eight of my men. Have you seen anything of her?"

The captain, who had gained the bridge, lifted his hand.

"Bark ahoy!" he cried; "what bark is that?"

"The 'George Washington,' whaler, of Boston, a hundred-and-eighty-four days out."

The captain of the steamer controlled a sour grin.

"How came you to lose your boat and the men?"

"They stole her one middle watch and sneaked away from the ship."

The captain of the steamer uttered a laugh.

"We have your men safe here," he shouted. "Glad to learn that you are not burnt down to the water's edge, and that the rest of your crew look brisk considering that they are drowned men. Send a boat and you shall have your sailors."

Twenty minutes later the eight whaler men were being conveyed to their bark in one of their own boats, most of them grinning as they looked up at the line of heads which decorated the steamer's sides; and, indeed, there was some excuse for the smiles, for among them they were carrying away the thirty pounds which had been subscribed for them. It would be interesting to know what their skipper said when he learned that they had lost a fine boat for him; but ocean mail liners have to keep time, and the steamer could not wait to send a representative on board the whaler to report the many elegancies of sea-dialect which we may reasonably assume embellished her skipper's rhetoric.—New York Independent.

Greatest Fires in History.

The two greatest fires in history are: The London fire of September 2-6, 1666, in which eighty-nine churches, many public buildings, and 13,200 houses were burned; 400 streets laid waste, and 200,000 persons made homeless. The ruins covered 436 acres. The amount of loss is not known. Second, the Chicago fire of 1871, in which 3.5 square miles were laid waste, 17,450 buildings burned, 200 persons killed, 98,500 persons made homeless, and about \$200,000,000 of property destroyed.—[Chicago Herald.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

AN ELABORATE MOURNING CLOAK.

The Duchess of Aosta enjoys the distinction which attaches to the possession of the most elaborate mourning cloak that the genius of Paris could devise. It is made of very heavy lustrous silk, trimmed with flat bands of the richest ostrich plumes, and finished at the edges with soft fringes of these plumes, headed by bands of costly dull tulle.

A DEVOUT HEIRESS.

Miss Kate Dunkel, who has gone into a nunnery with her income of \$300,000 had lived, prior to taking the veil of the novice, in a small room fitted up like a cell. The walls were bare, the floor had no carpet, the heat had been turned off and the register closed, only cold water and coarse soap and towels were provided in the bath-room adjoining, and the only facilities for making a toilet were a comb and brush, nail-file and whisk. Even the mirror was excluded.—[Argonaut.

THE LATEST MARKET FOR YOUNG LADIES.

The latest fashionable "fad" is reported from Yalesville. At an entertainment for the benefit of the Village Improvement Society, eleven young ladies impersonated slaves and were put up at auction. They were draped in sheets, so as to be unrecognizable. They brought from forty to ninety-five cents each. That quotations ran so low is explained by the fact that it was incumbent upon each purchaser to buy for his slave all the ice-cream, cake and lemonade she demanded and to escort her home after the entertainment.—[Hartford (Conn.) Times.

A RARE WEDDING DRESS.

M. Arnaud, the famous man-milliner of Paris, has completed and sent to San Francisco the wedding dress of Miss Fair, who is to be married to Herman Oelrichs of New York.

The dress is of white satin, manufactured at Lyons especially for Miss Fair. It is covered with rare Alencon and Argenton lace, which was purchased piece by piece from the lace collectors and curiosity shops, and which is not manufactured at all now. The train is three yards and a half long, covered with lace a la Louis XVI. A drapery of lace trims the bottom of the front skirt, held by bunches of orange blossoms. The sleeves are of satin, covered with lace, and the neck is finished by a high Medici collar of lace.

The veil is of white tulle, to be fastened by a spray of orange blossoms.

The cost of this dainty wedding garment was \$5,000. The insurance over the Atlantic was 3,000, and the duty to the United States nearly \$1,600.—[New York Herald.

FASHIONS IN HEARTS.

The Queen of Hearts is monarch of all she surveys and the jewelry shops have all their designers busy bringing out new ideas in hearts. The most expensive have either an opal, a moonstone, a sapphire or a turquoise in the centre, with a framing of diamonds; but the one in most general use is of gold or silver with a little inscription on it. A very thin gold chain suspends the heart about the neck. It is supposed to be very lucky to keep it on all the time. On the tiny gold ones some very amusing inscriptions are done in fine letters. One that I saw the other day had on it: "To a good girl." The jeweller said: "When that order was given I knew exactly who it was for. It was for a woman to give another woman, and she is the only one in New York that I believe would get such a complimentary inscription and deserve it. She never interferes with her friend's love affairs; she never makes trouble by repeating disagreeable things, and she is quick to tell the agreeable ones. She doesn't ask questions and she thinks woman to woman should be as honest and honorable as man to man. That's the reason I know the little heart was meant for her."—[Philadelphia Times.

WEARING FALSE NECKS.

"The use of the false neck is more common than one would naturally suppose," writes Lucy Hooper from Paris. "It is worn by ladies who are too thin to look well with their necks entirely uncovered, and also by those who have delicate lungs and so are forced to keep the throat thoroughly protected from the cold.

"I once saw one of these false necks worn by a Parisian belle who had just recovered from a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs. The dress was cut square in front, the opening being only filled in with a single thickness of tulle, slightly frilled and met at the top by a collar necklace of pearls fitting closely around the throat. Under this slight veiling of tulle there was visible what was apparently the rose-tinted flesh of the fair wearer.

"But I noticed that after she had indulged in a dance and came panting back to her seat, that part of her neck which was shown by the square opening of her dress, never moved; it was not stirred in the least by her quickened breathing. My notice was attracted by this phenomenon, and on looking closely I could see how the thing was managed.

"The false neck was in wax, fitting closely to the chest, and met at the throat by the collar of pearls. Sheets of flesh-tinted wax slightly softened in warm water to render them pliable are moulded upon the wearer's chest and shoulders by skillful fingers so cleverly that it is almost impossible to detect the deception of the handiwork.

"It is said that \$25 is the charge of such beautifying. The Princess of Wales is reported to use one occasionally."

NOVELTIES OF THE SEASON.

Fashion has introduced fine cloth, tight fitting jackets with passementerie braid at the edge and down the back seams, especially suitable for elegant youthful figures. They are, however, outdone in splendor by jackets intended for young married ladies, made of rich dark or black velvet, with the front literally covered with handsome jet embroidery. The back seams are also marked out in jet embroidery, but the chief ornament of these elegant, satin-lined jackets is a broad collar made of ostrich feathers. We have also very nice wigogue mantles for elderly ladies who prefer comfort to show; they are very wide and full, only tight to the figure at the back. The lining is rich satin the same color as the upper stuff. Jet beads are much used for the fashionable dresses of the day. The very newest cloth dresses have the front of the skirt, the yoke of the pleated bodice and the seams profusely trimmed with jet. Another characteristic novelty of the season is the highly coquettish sleeveless Circassian jacket with rich braiding, worn over the popular dark red wigogue costumes. These becoming jackets are made of velvet with cord or gold embroidery, for wearing with evening dresses. The newest cut for princess robes has an entirely invisible fastening. It would be a rather interesting puzzle in many an elegant assembly to try and find out where and how many of the dresses are fastened.

FASHION NOTES.

The newest crepe fashions have rows of finely plaited crepe lisse run diagonally down the sticks.

It is thought that after the summer days have passed and gone, the puffed shoulder sleeves will have their fling.

Oval cuff buttons of dead black enamel, rimmed with tiny pearls, are considered correct for mourning wear.

Worth affects the classic style very much just now. Greek draperies, Greek key borders as garniture and antique models of corsage and sleeves.

Barred, plaided, checked and striped mohairs and alpaca come in all the color combinations seen in the wool tartans and zephyrs of this spring.

Shepherds' plaids still hold their own, and are in new shades and pin stripes in two colors; or two or three shades of the same color will be fashionable.

The new gingham and zephyrs come in new and novel, fancy as well as clan tartans and in stripes and broche figures on stripes and plain grounds.

Sleeves will remain very full at the top, narrowing toward the fore arm, where they are buttoned or mock buttoned to wrist and variously ornamented.

The extremely full sleeves noted upon street garments during the winter are considerably modified, although all coat and wrap sleeves are high at the shoulders and full at the top.

No Show.

Joe Beal 'ud set upon a keg,
Down to the grocery store, an' throw
One leg right over 'tother leg,
An' swear he'd never had no show;
"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't had no show!"—
Then shift his quid to 'tother jaw,
An' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw.

He said he got no start in life,
Didn't git no money from his dad,
The washin' took in by his wife
Earned all the funds he ever had;

"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't had no show!"—
An' then he'd look up at the clock,
An' talk, an' talk, an' talk, an' talk.

"I've waited twenty year—le's see—
Yes, twenty-four, an' never struck,
Altho' I've sot roun' patiently,
The fust tarnishment streak er luck.

"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't had no show!"—
Then stuck like muck to the spot,
An' sot, an' sot, an' sot, an' sot.

"I've come down reguler ever day
For twenty years to Piper's store;
I've sot here in a patient way,
Say, hain't I, Piper?" Piper swore,

"I tell ye, Joe,
Ye hain't no show;
Ye too blame patient,"—ther hull raft
Jest laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed.

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

HUMOROUS.

Too fly—The young bird.
Fatal fall—unhealthy autumn.

Extraordinary phenomenon in nature—a feat of arms.

"Gas is going up," as the aeronaut said when he cut the balloon rope.

There are some men to whom a loss of their reputation means mighty good luck.

The man who is going down hill meets lots of people with their noses turned up.

"Has your chum any vices?" "I only know of one." "What is that?" "Talking of his own virtues."

Squimps—How's the new baby? Jenkins—How is he?—He's a howling success, and don't you forget it!

The reason that a great many people fall into the blues is that they don't look at things in the right light.

Evangeline—How pale the moon is, Louis. "Yes, love; it has been up until quite late for several nights."

Boatman—Were you ever in a squall? Landlubber—I should say so. I tried for an hour last night to stop the baby's crying.

There is something annoying about a glass eye. The man wearing it may know it's a fraud and still he can't see through the fraud.

Customer (in cheap restaurant)—I hope you don't call this a square meal? Waiter—Well, we'll call it square when you settle for it.

Squiggs: "I never see you and Miss Mary Ann out together any more. Have you quarreled?" Biggs: "No, not exactly. We're married."

A rather indolent young lady read of the storm in Kentucky, and said she would like to live there because the cyclones do all the sweeping.

Hardware—No. The Egyptian felahs are not employed in cutting down trees; they are not that kind of "fellers." You should not axe such questions.

Dentist—Can I see your mistress? Servant Girl—No, sir; she has the toothache. Dentist—How is that possible? Why, I have her teeth in my pocket.

"It is said to be fashionable now to move at night." The fashion is not new. It was introduced years ago by the young man who was a few weeks in arrears for his board.

"Why, Mr. French, you talk to me half the time as if I were only eight years old." "Well, Miss Newall, you must remember you never told me just how old you are, so I hope you'll pardon me."

Mrs. Artless—Good morning, Mr. Palette. I've but a moment to spare; can you tell me briefly the secret of your art? Artist Palette—Certainly, Madam. You have only to select the right colors and put them on the right spot. Mrs. Artless—Oh, I see. Thank you very much.

Logical Reasoning.

Teacher—Who was the richest man of ancient times?
Freddy Fangle—Methuselah, Ma'am. What?

Yes; he had more time than anyone else, and time is money, you know.—[Epoch.