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NO.

A club in Guatemala offers a premium of \$1000 for the best hymn for the Central American nation.

The Chicago Sun estimates that the shipments of lumber from Lakes Michigan and Superior this year will amount to 200,000,000 feet to Eastern points, an increase of forty per cent. over last year.

A recently returned Mexican tourist says that the average Mexican senorita is ugly and that a beautiful woman is as great a rarity there as a truth-telling native. Many of the women look picturesque in their mantills, but on close inspection their beauty proves a delusion and a snare.

Thirty-seven French soldiers, under command of a Captain, a Lieutenant and a sub-Lieutenant, are said to have marched from their barracks at Vannes to a railroad station twelve miles distant in 1 hour and 50 minutes to salute a General whose train was to stop at the station. Not a man fell out on the march.

The New York World ascertained that bread and milk is one of the most popular dishes served for lunch at the Congressional restaurant in Washington. Glasses of pure cream or of half cream and half milk are greatly in demand among the Congressmen who come from cities, but they are avoided by the rural members.

A man named Willis has taken up his residence on the coast of Florida for the purpose of killing sharks, and he kills them by exploding giant powder in the water. In one month he has done for over 100 of them, and he says he shall make the number 1000 before he stops. A shark bit his wife in two, and this is his revenge.

Emperor William, of Germany, has resolved to cease giving jewels to those whom he wishes to honor, and will hereafter present to them cabinet photographs of himself and the Empress. "The Emperor has but recently embarked upon the mortgage-loan business, and probably finds it necessary to economize between payments of interests," is the comment of the New York Times.

The New York Telegram has discovered that J. G. Fitch, Inspector of Training Schools in England, who came to America in 1888 to study the public school system, has made a report which is not very complimentary to our schools. He says they give no better education than is now afforded by the elementary schools of England, the chief fault being that the minuteness of the rules laid down for teachers and pupils "leaves little room for the spontaneity of the former or the individuality of the latter."

The British Government got about \$500,000 out of the English estate of the late J. S. Morgan, of the American firm of bankers, Drexel, Morgan & Co., which amounted to \$11,000,000. The first duty was the probate stamp, which cost \$350,000. Another tax amounted to \$40,000, and as Morgan had left a year's salary to every person in his employment, and there is a tax of 10 per cent. on each of these bequests as well as a tax of 1 per cent. on the bequests to his children, and 3 and 5 per cent. to other relatives, another \$110,000 was almost made up.

A good deal of indignation has been excited in England over the discovery that a number of soldiers who took part in the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava are now reduced to beggary and almost to starvation. Of the survivors of the "noble six hundred" it has been found that while a few are in comfortable circumstances, there are nearly two thousand in various almshouses, and over five thousand dependent on private charity. This, declares *Munsey's Weekly*, is a sad commentary on England's lack of generosity and on the veterans' lack of veracity.

Alfred Carter, the Lancashire weaver who aspired to the hand of Queen Victoria, has escaped the lunatic asylum, announces the Chicago Times. The Judge before whom he was arraigned, recognizing the venerable common-law dictum that "a cat may look at a King," decided that a weaver may love a Queen and not be out of his wits. It is gratifying to know that in Europe, as in America, the lowest-born citizen may aspire to the highest office in the land. Even in Russia one may aspire to the throne, for the law there says: "Aspire, if you want to, and be hanged."

LOVE AMONG THE CLOVER.

Over and over the purple clover
Under the greenwood tree,
Sweet Bessie came straying, for wild flowers
Maying.
And sang in her maiden glee:
"O hey, O ho!
There's a laddy I know
Who joys my face to see.
Fair blossoms, I pray, now what shall I say
When Robin comes wooing o' me,
Dear heart
When Robin comes wooing o' me?"

Over and under the boughs asunder,
Through the wood came Robin ere long;
In the olden fashion he carolled his passion,
And the hawthorn swayed to his song:
"O hey, O ho!
The way I know
She dropped me this flower to tell;
But what she will say this blossomy day—
Would that I knew it as well,
Dear heart,
Would that I knew it as well."

Over and over the fragrant clover,
The bees went humming till late,
And where is the laddy, and what luck had he,
A-wooing his blithesome mate?
"O hey, O ho!
They walk full slow,
Brown Robin and blushing Bess;
But what did she say in the wood to-day?
I think I will leave you to guess.
Dear heart,
I think I will leave you to guess."
—Samuel M. Peck, in *Courier-Journal*.

A HAND IN THE DARK.

BY MRS. ETTA F. MARTIN.

"Lucky fellow!"
The words involuntarily passed my lips as I threw myself into the luxurious easy chair drawn up temptingly before the open grate. They applied equally to Tom and myself. Tom was a lucky fellow, certainly—the master of the grange and the husband of a charming woman—and I counted myself almost equally fortunate in my freedom from business cares for three whole weeks, and the prospect of unlimited fishing and driving.

Cousin Tom had recently inherited a fortune; I was still plodding alone in London; but for three weeks of liberty I determined to enjoy all the blessings the gods had vouchsafed me, and to imagine myself, for the nonce, as rich and happy as Tom himself.

Although it was early fall the nights were a little keen, and Constance—Tom's wife—had ordered a fire in my room, the cheerful blaze giving to the richly furnished apartment a delightful touch of warmth and coziness.

With such a fire and such a chair, and with my favorite evening paper in my pocket, retiring was not to be thought of; so drawing to my chair a table on which stood a shaded lamp I gave myself up to the perusal of my journal.

Over the long parliamentary report I must have gone to sleep, and when I awoke the lamp had burned itself out, and but a few sparks remained of the cheery fire. The room was not in total darkness, for there was a moon, hidden by clouds, to be sure, but still throwing enough light at the wide windows to make things dimly visible.

On the instant awakening I felt that some one was near me, and, with that startled feeling one has on awakening suddenly from a sound sleep, I cried out: "Who's there?"

No answer came, and the only sounds were the tapping of a tree branch against the window and the ticking of the clock over the fireplace.

Still I was conscious that somebody—something—was near me, and I held my breath, straining my ears to catch some sound that should reveal the intruder, but only the tap of the tree branch, and the tick of the clock broke the silence.

I remembered that there were matches on the table, and turned my chair to search for them. An exclamation of astonishment rose to my lips as I did so, for on the surface of the table was a strange luminous spot—neither lamplight, firelight nor moonlight.

Up to this time my feeling had been one of annoyance rather than fear, but there was something so indescribable, so supernatural, about this light that a sudden terror seized me, and I gazed at it fascinated, unable to move.

A card and pencil I had taken from my pocket lay on the table, and over this the light grew brighter, and in the middle a hand appeared—a woman's hand, delicate and beautiful, but of deathly whiteness, and on the third finger gleamed a ruby, the stone held between two golden serpents' heads.

The fingers closed over the pencil, and after making several irregular marks upon the card, letters began to be formed, and as I leaned forward with breathless interest, I saw the pallid hand write with perfect distinctness:

"Search for the box in the old well."

In the morning the affair seemed more inexplicable than ever, and I found myself constantly thinking of the words I had seen traced by the mysterious hand. They were meaningless to me. "Search for the box in the old well." I knew of no box that had been lost and certainly I knew of no old well. The affair had a flavor of "Lady Audley's Secret" about it, and it was not hard to picture a grass-grown well concealing in its depths some ghastly secret.

If I could have laughed the matter off as a dream I should have regarded Tom and Constance with the story at breakfast, but I could not bring myself to speak of it.

"By the way, Lester," said Tom, "we are expecting another guest to-day—Miss Mabel Saunders. Charming girl, too."

"And the Grange's rightful mistress," said Constance.

I looked up in surprise.

"I thought you bought the place, Tom, so who could be the rightful mistress but Constance?"

"Only leased it, old fellow. The owner, Lee Harcourt, would not sell, though he is ashamed to show his face about here. It is my opinion he hopes to come back and marry Mabel when the feeling against him has died away."

"Tell me the story, Tom," I asked, "for that there is a story is evident."

"Easily told, Lester. Mabel Saunders is the daughter of an old army comrade of Colonel Denison, the late owner of the Grange, and when her parents died, in her infancy, Colonel Denison and his wife took the child to their home. She was not legally adopted, but as they had no children of their own Mabel was looked upon as their heiress, and the Colonel's attorney avers that he drew up a will four years ago leaving the property to her. Two years ago Colonel Denison was brought home dead from the hunting field, and his wife, who had been for years an invalid, survived the shock less a month. When the Colonel's papers were examined no will was found, and Lee Harcourt, the next of kin, came into possession. Many of the Colonel's friends were not slow to express their belief that Harcourt had destroyed the will, as he had been visiting at the Grange at the time of the Colonel's death, but there was no proof. He wanted to marry Mabel, probably to end the gossip, but she refused his hand, and for more than a year now has been governess for Mrs. Stanton's three unruly boys. Now, those precocious youngsters are to have a vacation, so Mabel comes to us. Indeed, we would gladly give her a home, but she is too proud to accept it. There's the story, and now for our drive. Here are the horses."

A glorious gallop it was in the bracing autumnal air, and a visit to the stables followed, so that I did not see Constance again till I came down to lunch. Meeting Tom in the hall, we entered the room together, to find Constance awaiting us, and by her side a tall straight girl with the sweetest face I had ever seen.

Tom greeted her warmly, and then Miss Saunders was introduced to me, extending her hand with some pleasant remark.

What she said I do not know, for on the hand that was laid in mine glistened a ruby—a ruby held between two golden serpent's heads.

I must have seemed strangely embarrassed for a moment. But I saw Constance look at me oddly, and with a determined effort I put aside all speculations for the time being.

That evening in the drawing-room, as Miss Saunders and I were looking over a book of engravings, I seized the opportunity to comment upon the ring, saying I had never seen that design before.

The sweet face grew sad as she answered: "It was my mother's ring. She placed it on my finger the day she died."

By her mother I understood of course that she meant Mrs. Denison, the only mother she had ever known, and I almost seemed to hear the words: "Search for the box in the old well." Could there be any connection between the missing will and my strange vision?

The days went on, every hour bringing me nearer that unhappy day when I must leave the Grange and Mabel and return to my office drudgery. I had often declaimed against sudden attachments, had often argued that love should be a growth, and here were all my theories completely shattered. At a glance from Mabel's blue eyes a flame had been kindled in my heart that grew brighter and brighter as we walked or drove together in the long, pleasant days. Still, I did not mean to ask her to be my wife, for what had I to offer? Two or three rooms in a dingy London house perhaps. But one evening in the garden, as the moonlight fell upon her upraised face, I lost my head completely and avowed my love, to find it frankly returned. And when I told Mabel how little I had to lay at her feet, she drew such a picture of a little home in London that the two or three shabby rooms became the brightest spot on earth.

Tom and Constance were delighted, and indeed I shrewdly suspect that the whole affair was one of my cousin's wife's match-making schemes.

"Ah, Lester," she said, "if that will would only turn up you might have a fortune as well as a bride. Oh, yes," as I protested that I wanted no fortune. "I know you are disinterested, but you would still love Mabel, would you not, if she were rich?"

"By Jove," said Tom, "it is a shame

about that will. Let's have another search for the box."

"The box! What box?" I cried, jumping to my feet in my excitement.

"Why, the tin box the will was in, together with the papers. Didn't I tell you the whole lot were missing?"

For a moment I lost sight of Tom and Constance, and before me I saw a pallid hand, with its gleaming ruby, and it traced the words: "Search for the box in the old well."

I turned squarely upon Tom, who was watching me somewhat curiously.

"Why don't you search the old well?" I asked abruptly.

"It was Tom's turn to jump to his feet.

"The old well! What put that into your head? But it shall be searched before the sun goes down. And, by Jove, Constance, don't you remember when we leased the Grange that Harcourt spoke about the old well as dangerous, and suggested that we have it filled up?"

There was a well, then, and I wanted to ask where; but Tom had taken it for granted that I knew all about its existence, and I did not want to tell them my strange experience on my first night at the Grange. The search might reveal nothing.

Tom would not wait a moment, but hurrying off to the stables, returned with two or three of his men, and marshaled the party to the old well, in a remote corner of the grounds.

The promise of a sovereign to the man who would make the search quickly secured a volunteer, and as he descended, the stones on the sides giving him a foothold, Tom lit a lantern to be lowered to the well. The well was quite dry, and if the box was there at all a brief search would discover it.

And we had not long to wait. Soon we heard the man clambering up the well side, and when his head rose above the curb Tom seized him and fairly lifted him out. And there was the tin box protruding from his pocket.

There is little more to tell. The will was found to be unaltered. Lee Harcourt never returned to England, thereby confessing virtually that he had stolen the will, and Mabel in due time was installed as mistress of the Grange.

And I—well, I tried to be magnanimous, and told Mabel I was no match for her and that she was at liberty to break the engagement, whereupon she declared that she would give the property to an orphan asylum and be once more the dowryless girl I had loved and won.

So I became master of the Grange, and among our most frequent visitors are Tom and Constance.

Only the other day Tom said, as we were enjoying our after dinner smoke, "That was a bright thought of yours, old fellow, about the well. I am sure no one else would ever have hit upon it."

I thought of the hand in the dark, but I said nothing. After our marriage I told Mabel the story, and we had agreed that it should rest a secret with us.

Rob McGee's Scalp.

Robert McGee, of Easton, Kan., is but thirty-nine years old, yet he has gone twenty-six years without a scalp, with a bullet in his ribs and the scars of several awful wounds by Indian arrows. It adds not a little to the interest of his case to learn that he was shot and scalped by the once-noted Little Turtle, and the ball now lodged between two of his ribs was put there by Little Turtle, with the identical pistol which President Lincoln had not long before presented to the "noble red man."

Senator Plumb, of Kansas, has introduced a bill in Congress to pay McGee \$5000 out of the general or Indian fund, and presents in support of it abundant evidence to prove the following facts: In 1864 Robert McGee, thirteen years old, was left an orphan and without means, but being quite tall for his age he tried to enlist at Fort Leavenworth. He was rejected but employed as a teamster, and started with a small train to Fort Union, N. M. On the 11th of July, near where the city of Great Bend now stands, Little Turtle's band of Sioux warriors attacked the train. The whites fought long and well, but were overpowered, and every one killed except young McGee.

It seems that the Indians at first intended to spare him for some reason, but after compelling him to witness the torture of others not quite dead they decided to kill him also. The chief shot him with the elegant pistol he carried as a souvenir, and three spears were run into his back as he lay upon the ground. Little Turtle then tore off his scalp and struck him twice with a tomahawk, fracturing the skull at each blow. The savage departed, and in a few hours a party of soldiers arrived on their way to Fort Larned. Sorrowfully they gathered the corpse for burial, but perceiving signs of life in McGee they bound up his wounds and took him to the fort.

The surgeons exhausted their skill upon him; the struggle was long and terrible, but he lived—as remarkable a recovery as any related in history. The details were laid before President Lincoln, who sent for the boy, and was deeply affected by his account. The Western generals were directed to favor him in employment. Many years after McGee's uncle acquired wealth in the West and tried to recover the scalp from Little Turtle, but unsuccessfully. McGee is now apparently in robust health, but of course terribly disfigured.—*Chicago Times*.

During the next September an exposition of milling machinery will take place in Santiago, Chili.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Aluminium bronze is coming into extensive use.

The health officer of Chicago refuses to accept "heart failure" as a cause of death.

Chicago, Ill., is 581 feet above the sea level. St. Louis, Mo., lies about 100 feet lower.

An Italian torpedo ram fires a 448-pound projectile through twenty-six inches of iron.

An immense deposit of fine oolitic lime-stone has been discovered northeast of Mitchell, Ind.

A system has been introduced for rolling liquid steel into thin sheet steel, free from blow holes and scales.

A new megaphone has been introduced in England, which magnifies the human voice so that it can be heard several miles.

Water and the sap on trees expand not only in proportion as they rise above, but also as they go below the freezing point.

An immense electrical plant is to be erected near Brinton Station, Pittsburg, Penn. It will be 600 feet long and 400 feet wide.

A deposit of black slate 1800 feet wide and two miles long has been found near Pine Grove, in Pennsylvania, on lands belonging to a railroad.

New England capitalists have agreed to invest \$1,000,000 in Laredo, Texas, in putting up textile mills, and the City Council have accepted the proposition.

Toast is more easily digested than plain bread—if the toast is eaten soon after it is made. Toast that has grown cold is not so easily digestible as bread.

Duplex telephony, it is now thought, will play an extremely important part in the solution of the difficulties in connection with the long-distance telephoning.

An Oakland, Cal., mechanic has invented a new rail for railroads, consisting of two parts, put together so as to leave an opening for any number of telegraph wires, whereby perfect insulation is secured.

A large quantity of clay is used in paper making to give it body and a smooth surface, but not to cause the fibres to interlace and hold together. This they do naturally and very firmly as the paper is pressed between the heavy heated rolls.

The Louisiana Electric Light Company at New Orleans, La., have given orders for two new driving belts, which will be 160 feet 72 inches (six feet wide) double belt and 550 feet 48 inches (four feet wide) double belt. These are the largest belts ever made, and it will require the hide of more than 600 head of cattle to make them.

The extreme scarcity and high price of camphor in this country has induced two or three firms to place on the market a highly refined naphthalene suitable for the preservation of woollens, furs and other articles from the destructive attacks of insects. The naphthalene is produced in several forms, the more saleable being balls, tablets, scales and granulated.

A regular industry is being started in this country in the manufacture of gearing for electric railways out of raw hide. It is preferred to metal, as it makes far less noise and wears better. The material is said to finish up in the working as well as metal. The use of this material indicates that very severe strains are brought to bear upon cogs not capable, if of metal, of standing the stress.

All freight cars hereafter built by the roads in the Vanderbilt railroad system are to be equipped with air-brakes, and all colored line and local box and stock cars of thirty-four feet in length and upward now in service on the Vanderbilt roads are to have air-brakes attached as fast as they come into the shops for repairs, and all such cars so built or repaired are to be equipped with a self-coupler.

Concerning the Cat.

Dr. Johnson once went to market and bought an oyster for his sick cat. Tasso wrote a sonnet to his puss. Petrarch had his embalmed at its death; and Cardinal Wolsey had his sit in a chair beside him when he was administering justice. The great Duke of Wellington himself imported into England the breed of the royal cats of Siam, which are kept only in the palace at Bangkok. Archbishop Whately dignified the cat with the remark that there was but one noun in the English language that had a vocative case, which was cat, vocative puss. Mohammed is said to have cut off a portion of his sleeve on which a cat lay asleep rather than wake it when he was called away. Not is intimacy with the gentle animal confined to the great of the human race. Godolphin, the famous Arabian horse whose ancestry so many of our best thoroughbreds claim, had a friendship with a black cat, which, after his death, insisted on sitting on his body until its burial, when she crawled into a corner and died broken-hearted. In the time of the early Kings of Britain, wild-cats made a part of the royal menage, being kept for hunting, and having officers of equal rank and consideration with the master of hounds. To-day an item in the French budget is the price of meat furnished cats kept in the public printing offices to prevent damage to paper by mice; and there are also in this country a number of cats that may be said to be employed in the postal service.

"In the swim"—Codfish aristocracy.

DANDELION.

See the flower fairies flying
When the dandelions are d'ing,
With their snowy skirts extended
And their downy wings outspread.
See them on the brooms riding—
On the sunbeams dancing, gliding—
Up and upward ever rising
To the meadows overhead.

In those meadows grouped together,
Far above the wind and weather—
Where the heavenly dew and sunshine
Coax the blossoms to unfold—
See the dandelions growing—
In each heart a jewel glowing—
All the blue ablaze with splendor—
Flower fairies changed to gold.

—Mrs. H. T. Hollands, in *Detroit Free Press*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Scotch soldiers bear arms, and legs, too.

"After you, sir," as the sheriff said to the defaulter.—*Puck*.

"Well, you have nerve!" as the man said to his aching tooth.—*Racket*.

The bright side of the convict question.—The "outside."—*Prison Mirror*.

Goes without saying—The young man too bashful to pop the question.—*Texas Sittings*.

Briggs—"Say, old man, what are you doing for that cold?" Griggs—"Coughing."—*Life*.

When a man goes to live in the top of a six-story flat it is all up with him.—*Binghamton Republican*.

Giles—"What did Terwilliger say about the twins?" Merritt—"Said it was one too many for him."—*Life*.

"Why does she sing with her mouth closed?" "She has a falsetto voice, and is afraid it will drop out."—*Chatter*.

"Who would not be a boy?" demands the poet. Well, the girl with a new engagement ring wouldn't, for one.—*Life*.

Edith—"It's the little things that tell in this life." Alice—"Well, you'd think so, if you had two small brothers, as I have."

He—"This horse puts me in mind of Lord Nelson." She—"Why?" He—"Because he would rather die than run."—*Yale Record*.

"Speech was given man to conceal his thoughts." What he needs most, however, is some expedient for concealing lack of thoughts.—*McGee's*.

Mother—"Now, Fannie, you must cut the apple in halves, and give the larger half to your little sister." Johnnie—"Let her tut it!"—*Chatter*.

"We'll soon take the starch out of you," said the warden to the refractory prisoner. "You will, will you?" "Yes; we'll iron you."—*Boston Courier*.

"Oh, dear!" cried Miss Passee. "Here they've gone and cut the day down to eight hours. Why, I'll be a hundred before I'm forty."—*Times-Democrat*.

Miss Beacon—"This waltz is divine! Do you ever dance the lancers, doctor?" Dr. Boylston—"No, but I sometimes lance the dancers."—*Boston Budget*.

There is really no tangible objection to violently plaid trousers except that they keep one constantly wondering whose move it is.—*Washington Post*.

Man wants but little here below. For years we've heard the poets sing; But from plain prose of life we know He wants a little of everything.—*Puck*.

"I've changed my mind since I saw you last," said Cadley. "I hope the new one is better than the last," put in Cynicus, and Cadley got mad.—*New York Herald*.

Mr. McAllister—"Would you believe it? I have had that idea in my head for six months." Mrs. Berry—"What a dull time it must have had there all by itself."—*Chatter*.

"Ice is too expensive, Mary. You must get along without it." "But how am I to keep the beef fresh and the butter and milk cool?" "You have a fan, haven't you?"—*New York Sun*.

"Let me never hear of your disobeying me again," said his father as he laid the hair-brush aside. "I w-won't," sobbed Tommy, "if I can help it. I-I-didn't-tell you t-t-his time."—*Harpur's Bazar*.

One of the funniest things about children is the way when they have hurt themselves, they start and run all over the house until they find somebody to hear them cry.—*Burlington Free Press*.

"My true love hath my heart, and I have his!"—*Life*.

So sang Sir Philip in the old time verse; But in these days the pleasant version is: "My true love hath my heart; I have her purse."—*Munsey's*.

"Let me see! Was it not Emerson who said, 'Hitch your wagon to a star'?" "Yes, I believe so." "What a beautiful thought!" "Yes, and how much cheaper it would be than keeping a horse."—*Lowell Citizen*.

Professor—"Mr. Clumpy, I am anxious for your father's sake to break the long list of demerit marks you have won here. Do you think you will ever learn anything?" "No, sir." "Mark Mr. Clumpy as having correctly answered all the questions put to him this lesson."—*Philadelphia Times*.

"I will be a sister to you," she said. "No," he replied sadly; "I've got one sister who wears my neckties, borrows car-fare, loses my hair brush, puts tidies all over the furniture in my room, and expects me to take her to the theatre twice a week. I think I'll go out into the world and forget you."—*Washington Post*.