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According to the Chicago News, the leading newspapers in Havana, Cuba, advocate reciprocity with the United States.

Italy has ordered the study of English to be added to the curriculum of all Italian universities, and has endowed the necessary professorships for the purpose.

It is estimated that the railroads of the United States lose \$2,000,000 yearly by landslides, \$5,000,000 by floods, \$1,000,000 by fire, and \$9,000,000 by collisions.

At a banquet in Sheffield, England, the other day, Lord Wolseley, in addressing the yeomanry cavalry, advised them to make themselves good shots and efficient to fight on foot, because the days of fighting on horseback in England were past and gone.

It seems to be a fact, states the New Orleans Times-Democrat, that as the urban population increases, marriage decreases. The increase in the urban population of the United States during this century has been from four to twenty-two per cent.

"The romance of diamond mining is all gone," laments the St. Louis Star Sayings. "It is now a matter of excavating vast beds of blue clay by machinery, washing it and sifting out the diamonds, which, after being roughly sorted for size, are sold in bulk by weight."

The number of tramps has decreased seventy-five per cent. in the last five years, and it is the laws passed by the different States which have done it, opines the Detroit Free Press. When you make tramping a crime you oblige a tramp to go to work and make an honest living.

Statistics show that there are some two million people in this country dependent upon the railroads for support. The number of employed is put at 704,743. In case of a general strike, remarks the *Elmer Callender*, the number of people to suffer direct loss is thus shown to be very large.

The salary list of the staff of the great World's Fair is interesting. It is as follows: Gage, President, \$6000; Bryan, Vice-President, \$12,000; Butterworth, Secretary, \$10,000; Seeburger, Treasurer, \$5000; Palmer, National President, \$12,000; Davis, Director General, \$15,000; Dickinson, Secretary, \$10,000. This makes a snug total of \$70,000.

The following figures are published in a German publication that stands high as an authority on railroad matters. The table gives a summary of the world's railroad mileage last year as compared with the figures of four years ago:

	Dec. 31, '84.	Dec. 31, '89.
Miles.		
America.....	149,600	190,000
Europe.....	116,600	133,900
Asia.....	13,200	17,800
Africa.....	4,600	5,200
Australia.....	7,600	10,500
Total.....	308,000	357,400

In San Francisco the sewing girls have to compete with Chinese labor, asserts the New Orleans *Picayune*, and their wages amount to \$4.50 a week. In New York the American girls have been driven out of the clothing shops altogether by the Polish, Hungarian and Russian women, who work ten hours a day, seven days in the week, for \$4. The average wages paid the factory girls by suit, cap, cloak, feather, flower and underwear manufacturers is \$3.70. Perhaps 300 forewomen can earn \$25 a week, and a number are able to earn \$6 after ten years' service, but there are thousands of little girls and young women who begin on \$1 and are raised at the rate of seventy-five cents a year.

There is a prejudice in the rural districts of this State against bachelors, says the *Portland Oregonian*. People in every out-laying settlement are opposed to bachelors taking up claims in their vicinity. An exchange says: "There are some splendid claims on Deadwood Creek not yet taken, as good as any on the coast. The citizens want men with families to settle on them. Three of these claims were taken by bachelors last fall. The ladies of Deadwood passed a resolution placing a three years' limit on celibacy in that district, and providing all bachelors not married at the end of that time be run out of the settlement or hanged." Five bachelors moved out, one got married and two have gone into the sparking business.

THE SHEKELS AND THE CUP.

THANKSGIVING LINES.

Our grateful songs in rapture rise,
For blessings from propitious skies;
For golden harvests gathered here,
Where plenty's purple banner flies
Unchallenged through the circling year.
For bread the toiler need not lack,
If at the plow he looks not back,
And winnows from the seed the tares.
He'll find the shekels in his sack,
As Jacob's anxious sons found theirs.
Large is the loaf the harvest brings,
Feast for a continent of kings.
Are we not sovereigns lifted up?
Our nation's (as the youngest born),
Like Benjamin's filled sack of corn,
Contains the shekels and the cup!

Summer on rapid wings has fled,
Leaves that were green are turning red,
The cheerful swallows southward soar;
But He who gives us daily bread
Has filled our basket and our store.
From teeming fields bronze-labor tilled
Our vaults and bins and barns are filled,
And we have learned to toil and trust.
The rain, in plentiful showers distilled,
Fell on the just and the unjust.
—George W. Bungay.

A THANKSGIVING PIG.

BY ISABEL HOLMES MASON.



LIVE stood at the kitchen table getting Thanksgiving dinner under way, while Lolly handed her things from the closet, humming meanwhile in an undertone: "Four-and-twenty blackbirds bakin' in a pie."

The racing pell-mell overhead might have sounded like colts let loose but for girlish shouts and laughter.

"Goodness, what a noise!" Olive said, as Lolly handed her the box of summer savory. "Dan will be torn to pieces unless he turns up now."

"He said the letter I brought him was from his best girl and they're tryin' to get it away from him," explained Lolly.

Olive was preparing her stuffing with keen housewifely instinct as to relative quantities of "seasons" required. The creature to be stuffed stood on all fours on a table. Not a commonplace turkey but a pink-nosed little pig was to grace the occasion of her nephew Dan's unexpected return home after "sailing the seas over" seven years without a word to his relatives.

"Won't piggy roast a lovely brown!" Lolly said, as she watched the stuffing disappear.

"Yes, Dan will have a Thanksgiving feast this year," assented Olive. The racket overhead increased. "If they could always keep heart-whole," Olive thought with a little sigh. "But we get our growth through suffering, I suppose."

A concealed regret, which had a fashion of working to the surface on festive occasions, was uppermost just now. But she was a blithe, cheery little woman with a talent for battling off dull thoughts, and so she laughed and said lightly: "Those girls make me think I am young again, Lolly."

As she spoke her eye wandered across the brown meadow to the Ellenwood homestead and then beyond it to the white house on the hill among the larches, where Squire Ashton lived, whom her friends wondered she did not marry. What was she waiting for? She was thirty-six now, fair and comely in comparison with some of the faded married women around her who had been her schoolmates, but it would not always be so fine to live alone on the old homestead as she had done since her father's death. Offers of marriage would not come to her door always. Her own view of the matter had begun to coincide with that of her friends. Squire Ashton was a widower of fifty, of kindly, noble nature, whom she liked cordially. He had wooed her two years, until now she was losing patience with her own indecision. Why was she hesitating? To be sure his presence never quickened her even pulses, but why should she expect the tumultuous expression of an earlier love?

She had been on the border of saying "yes" to his pleading at the very moment Dan's vigorous summons with the old-fashioned knocker on the front door had brought her out from the parlor in a hurry, to be caught in the arms of her roving nephew in a regular sailor "hug."

"Wait until Thanksgiving," she had said to Squire Ashton, removing her decision a week ahead. Meantime, the six girls were chasing Dan round under the brown cobwebbed rafters, he holding the letters aloft.

"Catch him! Head him off there!" they shouted. Presently Dan, big, brown and full of true sailor jollity, changed from defensive to aggressive tactics. He set Bess on top of the spider-legged bureau in a bed of dust, tied Clara by the waist to a tall, four-posted bedstead with his handkerchief and seized a pair of old quilting frames to defend himself against Sue and Kate. His free motions with the "belaying pins" brought a swinging shelf of books to the floor, and "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," "Paradise Lost" and other classics sprang amid a heap of dog-eared schoolbooks in the dust.

"I see a letter slipping out from Robinson Crusoe!" Bess cried from her perch. Sue picked it up and turned it over.

"Why, it's addressed to Miss Olive Blossom and it's never been opened!" she exclaimed. "It looks awful old and yellow."

Dan examined it, then compared the handwriting with that on his own letter.

"The same, or I'm a landlubber," he muttered. "Likely it's an old love letter," Clara suggested from her bedpost.

"And she never got it, just as happens in story-books," added Kate. "Let us put it under her dinner plate."

"No! no!" was Sue's veto. "Give it to me. I have an idea. Quick. She's coming up."

"Oh, it was the bookcase. I thought some one was hurt," said Olive, entering as Sue dashed out past her. "Poor father! how he used to pore over these books," she continued as she stooped to pick them up. "He had 'Paradise Lost' and 'Robinson Crusoe' by heart, I believe."

"Did he ever use them for letter boxes?" Bess called from the top of the bureau.

"Hush!" said Kate warningly.

"What do you mean?" asked Olive.

"Nothing," said Bess as Sue came back with an unconscious face. She had been down in the kitchen prospecting around the pink-nosed pig still on the table with stuffing incomplete, while Lolly, out of sight in the back porch, kept humming—

Four and twenty blackbirds
Bakin' in a pie.

"I must hurry down," said Olive.

"Pick up the books, went you, girls, and don't loosen the rafters?" she called back from the stairs with a wholesome recollection of her own romping days.

"What did you do with the letter?" they queried of Sue.

"That's my business."

"You might tell me," coaxed Dan.

"You after leading us such a chase after your letter."

"There's nothing in it," said Dan, tossing it toward her.

She pulled the letter out of the envelope and read:

Yours at hand. Thanks for information. Shall see you later.

"No 'best girl' wrote that," said Bess. "It's from a man."

"You were always my boy, weren't you, Dan?" Olive said fondly.

"Always! You stood by me in many a scrape," returned Dan. "Aunt Olive," he continued, "if a chum, a particular friend of mine, should happen along about dinner time would you give him a welcome and a seat at the table?"

"Certainly I should," she returned. "Your friend would be my friend, of course."

Dan gave her a queer, searching look. "Oh, that's it. The letter said, 'I'll see you later,'" commented Clara.

"I thought your letter was from your best girl," queried Olive.

"From my best friend," Dan corrected. "I want you to like him. He's a big-hearted fellow. Pulled me through a hard place when he was an utter stranger to me. We got to be chums afterwards."

"Then he is welcome on his own account," said Olive.

"I hope so," returned Dan.

"Baste! It's time to baste!" cried Sue as the oven door swung open again.

The girls were detailed to look after the parlor and dining-room fires and to set the table. They set up a lively chatter, getting in each other's way continually, but what would Thanksgiving be worth without a pleasant hubbub all round!

You should have seen the table about 3 o'clock, broad and inviting, dinner dishes with green turbaned groups under blue palm trees spread over the damask cloth, and blood-red beets, cranberry sauce and apples, making dishes of color all over it. Potatoes, changed from pink to brown, stood on the platter, garnished with crisp and toothsome.

Dan's coming friend did not appear, though a place was set for him. But everything was done to a turn and it was voted they should sit down.

Dan attacked the four-footed dainty with carving tools, plates were passed round and filled and dinner went on swimmingly.

Olive felt uneasy. The moment of decision was drawing near. Her word once passed to Squire Ashton, there could be no backing out. She wished she might remove the day still further. And yet if she was going to marry him, why delay?

"A young porker is better than a turkey any day," said Dan unctuously.



"HERE'S YOUR LOVE LETTER, AUNT OLIVE."

"Not a duck nor a darling in it," added Sue in disgust; "but I'll tell you now what I did with the other letter just the same," and she whispered in his ear.

After freeing the captives Dan went down stairs, three at a time, to the kitchen, the girls trooping after him as their lawful prey.

There was a steam concert on the kitchen stove. Pudding, chicken, squash and cranberries, steaming, stewing, bubbling, "gurgling" with a harmony of sound truly inspiring. Lolly was heaping a glass dish with red and russet apples, Olive beating eggs and butter to a froth.

"How is the pig?" inquired Bess.

"Ready for a basting," returned Olive.

"Let me do it," Sue, spoon in hand, had opened the oven door.

"Oh, oh! how nice he is browning!" they all exclaimed.

"He looks fit for a marriage feast," Dan commented, with a sidelong glance at Olive.

"Do you want to furnish a bride?" inquired Olive.

"No a bridegroom," rejoined Dan, concisely.

"Squire Ashton is only waiting," Sue spoke up pertly.

"Hush," said Olive. "Sue, shut the oven door and let the pig sizzle to its heart's content."

"I could furnish a better bridegroom than Squire Ashton," Dan said, meaningly, with his weather eye on Olive's face.

"I wish you could head him off in some way," said Bess, indignantly. "He wants to carry Aunt Olive to the house on the hill, and then good-bye to our fun."

"I'm not in the white house on the hill yet," said Olive shortly.

"I'll bet you never will be," declared Dan, boldly.

"Here's the summer savory all turned out on the table," said Olive, unheeding his remark, as she sat down her bowl of froth. "Lolly, what have you done with the box?"

"Never touched it," said Lolly. Dan was regarding Olive with a mixture of admiration and affection.

"I tell you what, girls, Aunt Olive is prettier than any of you," he said.

"Aunt Olive is in love," said Sue, as she passed her plate down to Dan to be refilled. "She isn't eating a mouthful, Dan; scoop out some stuffing that is nice and hot, please."

"What in thunder is wedged in here?" exclaimed Dan, as he proceeded to "scoop," and a small tin box fell from the porker upon the platter with a jingle.

"The summer savory box," said Olive.

"Whose trick was that? I might have known—"

"Please send the box up on my plate," interrupted Sue.

Four and twenty boxes
Baking in a pie.

Bess chanted merrily.

She wrenched the cover from the box and took out the letter she had hidden there. "Here's your love letter, Aunt Olive," she said, passing it up to the head of the table.

Four and twenty love letters
Browning in a porker,

cried Clara.

"We found it in Robinson Crusoe's clutches," explained Sue.

With a puzzled face Olive slipped her knife through the browned envelope and took out the letter. They saw her face change as she glanced over it.

This was the message that came to her from the past:

DEAR OLIVE—Must the unkind word be of last evening be our last ones? I am hot tempered and you are proud, but if I could see you once again before I sail you might reverse your decision. If I may come this evening hang your red shawl from your chamber window as a signal. If I cannot part from you as a lover I shall never come back again. PHILIP.

The look in Olive's face as she read the message hushed the voluble tongues of the girls effectually.

"A letter," she said to Dan with the ghost of a smile, "that I should have received ten years ago."

"Perhaps it reached you in the nick of time after all," he suggested cheerily. Olive shook her head negatively. This was the word she had longed for after her quarrel with Philip Ellenwood long ago. She had been anxious to reverse her decision, but she was too proud to make the first venture. She had thought bitterly he did not care, and now here was his letter giving the lie to her doubt.

She recalled the long, lonely tramp she had taken to battle down her feelings

the day before he sailed. A messenger must have brought the note in her absence, and her father had slipped it between the pages of "Robinson Crusoe" and forgotten it. What a mockery it was now.

In proportion as Olive became grave Dan grew hilarious, and with his eye on her face told sea yarns in such happy style that the girls giggled until their sides ached.

The November evening closed in with a snow storm, and a lamp was brought before they got through with the nuts and raisins.

"I wonder what keeps—" Dan was beginning when the knocker sounded.

"There he is now," he finished.

"No, it is Squire Ashton's knock," said Bess with conviction, as she rose to open the door and show the Squire into the parlor.

His arrival was a shock to Olive. The past had claimed her. The reading of the letter had made her heartsick. Dan watched her unquiet face with much satisfaction as she arose from the table.

He followed her to the parlor door.

"Don't you promise to marry Squire Ashton," he whispered instinctively. "Mind, now, or you will be sorry."

She looked puzzled.

"Go on," said Dan, opening the parlor door for her. "I can trust you."

The Squire stood before the open fire, holding out his hands to the blaze. He came toward her.

"You will give me 'Yes' at last," he said persuasively.

She could not meet his eloquent, expectant eyes. A great pity for him and for herself came over her. The old Love was yet alive. And yet why should she not hide in the shelter of this noble heart? Philip was far away—dead perhaps. The old, overpowering loneliness was sweeping over her.

"If you will accept respect and esteem for love—" she began in a trembling voice.

The knocker sounded a double rap, quick and imperative. Dan had opened the door. His voice and another sounded in the hallway. Through the half open door she could see Dan helping remove a snowy overcoat. His friend had come. Had Lolly kept the dinner hot?

But the hospitable thought took sudden flight as she saw who it was that Dan was ushering in. Philip was before her, brown, matured, with the same imperious manner as of old, the same clear, flashing eyes.

"Miss Blossom, my chum, Mr. Ellenwood," said Dan in high good humor. Their hands met; their eyes read each other's hearts, as they stood in the fire-light glow.

Squire Ashton extended his hand. "So you have come back to us, Philip," he said, with a brave smile covering the pain in his heart. He had seen in Olive's face the reason why he had failed to win her.

"Yes, homesickness got the upper hand of me at last," returned Philip, cheerily.

Olive followed the Squire into the hallway.

"I am very sorry," she began.

"And I am glad for you," he said hastily. "I hope you will be very happy," and he gave her a brave, warm hand grasp.

You may guess how they all gathered round the table again while Philip ate his dinner. The finding of the letter was recounted, and Dan confessed that he and Philip had talked the matter all over before, and that he had been "prospecting" and reporting accordingly.

In the Land of the Turk.



"Take me in out of the wet."

A Thanksgiving Cry.



"I wish they'd hurry up that turkey."

INSPIRATION.

Narrow and steep the pathway we must tread,
And even then the crown may be of thorn,
Which all the years thereafter must be borne,
Till silence numbers us among the dead;
Hard must we toil to win this bitter bread,
And through the clear flash of the radiant morn,
Oft see the clouds, with edges tempest torn,
Rise in dense gloom, by disappointment led.
Yet is not all this strife a better gift
Than aimless wanderings through sunlit days?
Does not each upward struggle serve to lift
The soul to where God's clearer radiance plays,
Till through some stern and rock-embattled rift,
We reach at last life's firm and level way?
—Thomas S. Collier, in *Youth's Companion*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Unless a man is agreeable to all the women he meets they go around pitying his wife.—*Atchison Globe*.

U—"What makes Smith so straight?" I—"I don't know, unless it is his circumstances."—*Texas Siftings*.

Austin has a very precise business man who never pays a visit without demanding a receipt for it.—*Texas Siftings*.

Marriage is not a lottery; it is a raffle. One man gets the prize, while the others get the shake.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Book Agent—I have just the kind of work you want." Chappie—"But my dear fellow, I don't want work of any kind."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

First Girl (proudly)—"Our baby can say pa and ma." Second Girl—"Dat's nuffin. My cousin, wot's rich, 'us got er wax wot kin do dat."—*Life*.

Of all the queer men of the times
And unto cranks the nearest,
The man who asks you questions is
Undoubtedly the queerest.
—*Hussay's Weekly*.

Mrs. Dobbins (reading)—"Countess Maria von Kinsky, of Bohemia, has bagged 138 hares in one day." Dobbins—"Her husband will soon be baldheaded at that rate."—*Epoch*.

"Kitty," said the lover, as they sat in the dark corner of the piazza—"Kitty, close your eyes." "Why so, George?" "If you don't everybody will be able to see us."—*Harper's Bazar*.

An exchange says there are 250,000 women married annually in London. The average Seattle woman thinks herself lucky if she is married four times in a lifetime.—*Seattle Press*.

"Dream on, dream on," the singer cried, "And roused him from his trance—"
"Oh, how I wish that you," he sighed,
"Would give me half a chance."
—*Washington Post*.

A Canadian doctor has just been testifying that a murdered man's heart stopped "right in the middle of a beat." That's nothing; policemen often do the same thing.—*Utica Herald*.

She—"There goes poor Miss Price with her fiancé. Why, the man is old enough to be her father and ugly enough to be her brother!" He—"Oh, but he is rich enough to be her husband."—*Life*.

A student who acted as a waiter at a White Mountain hotel the past summer is about to marry the daughter of a family at whose table he served. All things come to him who waits.—*Boston Post*.

Silver and gold bands for the hair are very popular among fashionable ladies, but the brass band makes more noise in the world—especially if it contains a bass drum and a bassoon.—*Jewelers' Circular*.

He's surely a difficult person to kill,
His frame seems of adamant;
He's dying each day, but remains with us still,
The "oldest inhabitant."
—*Boston Courier*.

Miss Passee (examining the medal of a recent graduate)—"I have a medal, too." Young Friend—"You have? Why on earth don't you wear it?" Miss Passee (with a sigh)—"I would, but I can't get the date off of it."—*Harper's Bazar*.

He—"Shall we marry in October or April?" She (carelessly)—"Really, I don't know. Let's toss up and see." He (feeling in his pockets)—"By Jove, I haven't a penny." She (frigidly)—"Ah! It isn't necessary to toss."—*New York World*.

Smithers (who had just proposed)—"Why do you smile? Is my proposition so utterly ridiculous that—"
Lizette—"Not at all, Mr. Smithers. I am only looking pleased. I bet Mr. Hicks a box of candy I'd have the refusal of you within a week."—*New York Sun*.

A young man had been talking to a bored editor for quite a quarter of an hour, and at last observed: "There are some things in this world that go without saying." "Yes," said the editor, "and there are still more persons in the world who say a good deal without going."—*London Globe*.

Miss Terriut—"When mommer and I were in Yurruup, oh, the awfulest thing happened! There was a prince—and a count—and—and they fought a duel—about poor me—with pistols." Yabsley—"Ah! were they loaded?" Miss Terriut—"No, they weren't! They were just as sober as could be."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Mis Flora (forty-five and homely)—"Oh, Mr. Blunt, I had such a strange dream last night." Mr. Blunt—"What was it, Miss Flora?" Miss Flora—"I dreamed that we were married and on our wedding tour. Did you ever have such a dream?" Mr. Blunt (energetically)—"No, indeed. I never had the nightmare in my life."—*Texas Siftings*.