

# SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

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NO. 7.

Italy, it is announced, is strongly opposing emigration.

The President of the Mormon Church himself admits that the days of polygamy are numbered.

The *Manufacturers' Record* claims that "the agricultural possibilities of the South are greater than those of the balance of the country all combined, based on the aggregate values and on actual profits to producers."

Five years ago those who enjoyed bowling on "ten pins" in and about New York city certainly did not number more than 5000, says the *New York Times*. To-day, if a census would be taken it is doubtful if less than 20,000 patrons of the alley would be counted.

The Indianapolis (Ind.) *Ram's Horn* says: "An erratic old gentleman in New York recently went hence and left a large fortune to be expended in teaching people to eat with their forks. Had he left one-half of the sum to provide something for them to practice on, his memory as a benefactor would have lasted longer."

A Chicago inventor claims to have produced a machine for picking cotton that will do the work in the Southern fields for one-tenth the present cost. The present cost is estimated at nearly \$100,000,000 a year. It follows that if this machine will do all that is claimed for it, the saving effected will be not much less than \$90,000,000 a year.

Great preparations are being made in Australia for the forthcoming Australasian Federation Convention, in which all the Australian colonies of Great Britain will be represented, and the meeting of which will be the first step toward a national organization that is intended to include all those colonies in one powerful union represented in a federal parliament.

Lawyer Simon Stevens says that when he sold the Mariposa grant for General Fremont the latter realized \$1,237,500. He urged the General to put \$600,000 into a trust fund. "He was at first inclined to listen to me, but Mrs. Fremont was full of ideas that it could be invested by him in speculation, where it would yield him untold millions, and she carried the day."

The fact that the French colonists in Algiers show increasing fecundity, while the French in France are steadily falling off in that respect, suggests that the mother country is overcrowded and the social system unfavorable to marriage. The cry is again raised that the Latin race is dying out, which, asserts the *Washington Star*, the fact recorded in Algiers and Latin-America do not bear out. Another reason for decadence in population is the early army age and long military service exacted, which, with other causes, prevent the multiplication of the population.

"It is singular," declares *Frank Leslie's*, "that the rise in silver threatens to seriously affect Christian missions in foreign lands. When silver was worth twenty or thirty per cent. less than it is, an American dollar was obviously worth in the debased silver coinage of foreign countries twenty or thirty per cent. more than it is now. In other words, the rise in silver has brought the currency of silver lands pretty nearly to an equality with that of countries banking on a gold basis. It is said that the Methodist Missionary Society will, by reason of the rise in silver, require a special appropriation of \$20,000 to meet the increased cost of exchange in India, and that all other religious missionary societies will be seriously affected."

It is interesting to know that when the new naval vessels are completed the effective force of the United States navy compared with the European navies will be as follows: United States, forty-two, of which five will be battle ships and ten other armored vessels; England, seventy-six armored, 291 unarmored; France, fifty-seven armored, 203 unarmored; Russia, forty-nine armored, 119 unarmored, and Germany, forty armored, sixty-five unarmored. "But the comparison with these greatest powers of the world is more flattering, admits the *Washington Star*, than that with the smaller naval powers, such as Holland, Spain, Italy, Turkey, China, Sweden and Austria; for we are surpassed by them all with the new ships added."

## REVELATION.

Brain-weary, heart-weary, soul-weary,  
I sit me down to-night;  
And sadness deep enfolds me  
As the dark ongulfs the light.  
This daily toll and struggle—  
Does it not far out-weigh  
The little grains of gladness  
We pick up, day by day?

Not for myself I sorrow,  
My lot is heavenly bright  
In contrast to the many  
That throng my thoughts to-night.  
So much of toil and trouble!  
So much of needless pain!  
So much of wasted riches  
Of hand and heart and brain!

I strive to put it from me,  
This puzzle old as Time—  
Of unrequited virtue,  
Of thriving, happy crime.  
I glance about for something  
To turn my thoughts' sad strain;  
My eye falls on the Cereus  
That wreathes my window pane.

So gaunt and grim and ugly  
In its tortuous twistings there;  
So full of thorns, so graceless,  
Devoid of all that's fair!  
"Fit symbol," muse I, sadly,  
"Of our twisted, thorn-strewn lives;  
All barren, bent and wasted,  
Where hope alone survives!"

But even as I whisper  
These words of rebel gloom,  
A strange, delicious fragrance  
"Ervades my lonely room;  
And starting up in wonder,  
I trace the perfume's source  
To a bud upon the branches  
I had scorned as mean and coarse!

I watch it, wonder-stricken,  
The clasping leaves unfold,  
And reveal its matchless beauty,  
So pure, with heart of gold!  
I feel its mystic message  
To my very being's core,  
And the burden that oppressed me  
Is gone to come no more!

Could ever sweeter token  
Or surer answer come,  
Than this perfect, stainless blossom  
From its strange, unsightly home!  
A flash of revelation  
Enlightens all my soul;  
The clouds of doubt and darkness  
Forever from me roll!

My heart swells up in gladness,  
In gratitude and love,  
In faith and trust, implicit,  
To the Father-heart above!  
I know, past all distrust,  
That from our pain and strife,  
Will bloom in perfect beauty  
A glorious after-life!

—Beulah R. Stevens, in the *Housewife*.

## A DETERMINED WOMAN.

BY MAURICE SLINGBY.

In one of the back settlements of South Carolina, in the days which rendered the name of Marion, and other heroes, forever glorious in the annals of their country, dwelt a brave and devoted family of patriots, named Hart.

Abijah and Abigail Hart were scarcely past the prime of life, although they had been blessed with a large family of children, only three of whom, however—two boys and a girl—had survived the common ills incidental to childhood.

The elder son would have been two and twenty had his life been spared; but eight months before he had fallen an innocent victim to the rage and malice of the Tories, who swarmed in predatory bands throughout this section.

Upon these murdering wretches, who had thus wantonly deprived them of their eldest born, at a time when he might have been of inestimable service to them, the father and mother, and only remaining son, Silas, now in his nineteenth year—afterward the celebrated Indian fighter of Hardin County, Kentucky—swore to be revenged, whenever and wherever an opportunity should offer to wreak their vengeance.

Leah, their second remaining offspring, was a beautiful and warm-hearted maiden of seventeen, and the affianced bride of Randolph Darell, a brave young officer, at one time upon the staff of General Marion.

Young Darell was in the habit now and then, whenever he could make an excuse to obtain a furlough, of paying a flying visit to Gum-Tree Farm, the humble, though comfortable, home of the Harts.

On one of these occasions a party of seven mounted Tories pursued him nearly the entire distance from the American camp to the residence of the Harts, he, however, contriving to elude them in a piece of woods just before reaching the farm.

An abrupt bend in the road had favored him, and the Tory rangers, not dreaming of this adroit move on the part of the flying fugitive, dashed furiously on till they came to the farm-house, where they tumultuously demanded of Mrs. Hart, who was standing in the door-way, if she had seen a horseman pass by who wore the uniform of an American officer.

The woman shrewdly surmised who the officer might be who would be coming alone in that direction, and promptly inquired if the horse he rode was a sorrel one. To her seemingly careless question the Tories promptly gave an affirmative reply.

"Then he has rid into the swamp yonder, by a cartpath that leads on to the Beechknoll road," answered the quick-

witted woman, with an admirable presence of mind, and an apparently cool indifference to the subject, which carried instant conviction to the minds of the Tories, who again spurred on in supposed pursuit of the fugitive; but, to their great disappointment, the cart-road presently terminated in a bog, and, on a careful examination, they discovered that no other horse-tracks had been left there but those of their own animals.

"He must have taken to the thicket," said the leader, after fully satisfying his mind on the subject. There is no use at all in beating the ground farther, for he has had ample time already to escape. We may as well make a virtue of necessity, and go back and see what is to be got of the squint-eyed old woman at the farm-house in the way of catibles. But isn't she a big one in size, though!"

"And uglier-looking than sin, thunderin' sight!" added one of the men. The Tory horsemen now wheeled about and retraced their way to the farm-house, which was only a short distance, just as Randolph Darell was on the point of emerging from the wood; but luckily he discovered them in season to escape their notice, by abruptly retreating back again under cover.

Alighting once more at the door of the farm-house, the Tory leader ordered Mrs. Hart to prepare dinner for the party, and bestir herself.

"How can I give you dinner when I've nothing to cook?" retorted the resolute-looking woman, angrily. "I should need a full larder to satisfy a half-dozen such dirty rascals as you are."

"Silence, woman!" thundered the Tory, in a commanding voice, "and do our bidding." "I'll soon give you something to cook," he added, leveling his carbine as he spoke, and bringing down a plump turkey gobbler that was strutting along under cover of the garden wall. "There, now, go and pluck that fine fellow, my beauty, and don't belong about it, or we might be tempted to serve you in the same way."

Leah, who had shrunk timidly into a corner, started up in alarm when she heard this threat, and made her way out to the spot where the bird had fallen.

Randolph Darell, alarmed at the shot, was just on the point of dashing out of his cover to go to the rescue of the females, when he saw his affianced rush out, and bear the turkey hastily to the house.

In a moment he divined the cause of the firing; and not apprehending any immediate danger to his sweetheart, so long as the Tories were only anxious to appease their appetites, he went back to his cover.

The quick eye of the Tory leader took in the graceful outlines of the fair girl's figure, as she rushed from the house. "By the beard of King George!" he exclaimed, admiringly, "who 'ould 'ave expected to see such a hangel in petticoats 'ere. Come, my lass, and give us one kiss from the rose-bud of a mouth."

"You dare to lay your cowardly hand on my Leah," cried the enraged mother, doubling up her great, bony fist, "and I'll strangle you like a cur!"

"Why, you squint-eyed old beauty," retorted the Tory, mockingly, "I took you for a hangel, but I find you are wickeder than a she wolf with whelps!"

The rest of the gang laughed boisterously at this weak attempt at wit. Then turning to Leah with a gallant smile, the Tory inquired how long it would take to pluck and cook the fowl.

Leah answered in a modest tone of womanly anxiety, that it would require at least three hours to serve it to their liking.

"But," she added, in a tone of conciliation, "we have a piece of roast pork and some cold potatoes and corn-cake in the pantry, if they will answer."

The hungry party, who had been some hours fasting, declared that the articles named were good enough, and that they would forego the turkey on this occasion for her sake.

With great alacrity, but with an anxiously beating heart, Leah spread the homely board, and brought forth the promised viands, which she laid out temptingly before them. She then placed what chairs and stools the house afforded around the table, and politely invited her unwelcome visitors to be seated.

Complying with her invitation, the Tories carelessly stacked their carbines near an open window, and seating themselves at the table, fell to, greedily devouring the repast.

Mrs. Hart, in the meantime, with a heroic superior to her sex, had watched her hungry guests till she saw she was not observed by them, when she slipped off slyly from their midst, and, noiselessly approaching the open window, she succeeded in drawing out three of the carbines before her little game was discovered.

The moment the Tories perceived the deadly purpose of the giants, the three nearest the window sprang to their feet in terrified astonishment.

"Stand back!" she cried, in a threatening tone, presenting one of the loaded carbines with an air of resolute determination. "The first villain of you that stirs a step, I'll shoot; and the first one that touches another mite of that pork I'll blow his brains out!"

Without heeding her blazing eye, or her stern verbal warning, the Tory leader sprang fearlessly toward the stack of arms; but before he could reach them there was a report of a carbine, and the advancing ruffian fell to the floor, while the slug, which had passed entirely through his body, struck another in the

temple, who was seated at the table, killing him instantly.

A third, rendered desperate by the trying situation, made a reckless attempt to get possession of one of the carbines, and instantly paid the penalty with his life.

Throwing the second empty carbine aside, Mrs. Hart caught up the third one, with which she now covered what remained of the terrified party.

There were but four left, and not one of the four dared to move a finger.

"Leah, blow the dinner-horn!" cried the mother, in a tone of resolute triumph. "It is safe now to call in Silas and your father."

The young girl, half-terrified out of her wits, promptly obeyed the maternal command, and a long, winding blast echoed and re-echoed through the intervening woods.

She had left the house and joined her mother on the outside before she essayed to blow it, and as she lowered the horn from her lips, now rendered colorless from her recent fright, her anxious eyes were bent in the direction of the distant corn-field, where her father and brother and a faithful negro servant were at work, although a narrow belt of timber stretched between them.

She uttered a quick exclamation of joyous pleasure, for at that moment she saw all three strike out of the wood and start on a rapid run toward the house.

Hearing the first shot that had been fired and then alarmed by the other two which had followed in such rapid succession, they caught up their loaded carbines and started on a run from the field where they were then at work.

The moment they had quitted the timber they saw at a glance, by the several horses hitched to the fence and the belligerent attitude of the heroic giants at the window, pretty nearly how matters stood at the house, and they all three sent up an encouraging shout to the women.

Just at this point they heard the ringing sound of a horse's hoofs in an opposite direction, and, turning suddenly, Leah beheld her lover dashing furiously toward the house. This additional reinforcement, coming so opportunely, yet so unexpectedly, filled the heart of the timid maiden with increased confidence.

"Oh, mother!" she burst out, excitedly; "Randolph is coming—see! He is just leaving the wood. Isn't it lucky for him to come just at this time, when we had no reason to expect him?"

"I expected him," said Mrs. Hart, with quiet assurance. "I know it was he the Tories were in pursuit of, and I was determined to outwit them, if it lay in the power of a woman to do it. Everything has turned out for the best; for had Lieutenant Darell ridden straight here, instead of lingering in the wood, as he did, he would doubtless have been captured, and perhaps murdered before our eyes. So you see, my girl, the ways of Providence are better than our ways, for they always turn out for the best in the end."

In another moment Randolph Darell had alighted at their side, and in the next, the blushing and happy Leah was enfolded in his manly embrace.

While the lovers were thus pre-occupied, Abijah, Silas and the negro arrived, fearfully excited and wholly out of breath.

Silas recovered first, and was about to shoot down one of the Tories, when his mother resolutely interfered.

"Don't shoot them! Leave them to me, Silas. I will mete out their punishment to them. We haven't forgotten Eben's murder yet, and shooting is too good for 'em. We will just hang them like a pack of dogs, the whole cowardly kit of them. Get the clothes line, Leah; we can afford to cut it on such a righteous and heaven sent occasion!"

Randolph shuddered, for he understood the determined character of the woman and knew that she would not be long in putting her terrible threat into execution. Nor, indeed, was she; for within the ensuing hour, in spite of their prayers and protestations, the bodies of the four Tories went dangling from the nearest tree. And thus at the hand of a resolute and heroic mother, was the death of a beloved son simply and satisfactorily avenged.

After the Tories had hung a sufficient time, they were cut down and tumbled indiscriminately, with the other three, into one common grave.

Shortly after this event, Leah and Randolph Darell were happily united in wedlock; and soon after the close of our glorious Revolution, the whole family emigrated to Hardin County, Kentucky, where they could have, as Mrs. Hart expressed it, more "elbow room," if less civilization.—*New York Weekly*.

## Trade in Cast-Off Teeth.

A medical statistician estimates that the citizens of the United States are carrying gold to the value of \$500,000 in the recesses of what ought to be their teeth. There are no people on the face of the globe who have such bad teeth and who spend so much money upon them as the Americans. No doubt the habit of hurried feeding and the wholesale consumption of sweet dishes have assisted much toward this end. But is it not a mistake to suppose, as says the medical statistician, that false teeth set in gold are buried when their owner shuffles off this mortal coil? If this is the custom in America, it is not so in England, or why the numerous advertisements offering to buy old artificial teeth? The old teeth are not bought to use again, as some nervous people fancy, but simply for the sake of the gold.—*Popular Precedent*.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A mill at Alpena, Mich., makes good Manila paper from pulp of tamarack.

An Iowa court has decided that a meteor belongs to the person on whose land it falls.

Montana claims to have the largest and finest Jasper quarries in the world, recently discovered.

A new gun has been perfected by Signor Guidoli, of Lucca, which will fire sixty-four shots a minute.

For every fifteen yards we descend into the earth the temperature increases about ten degrees Fahrenheit.

The fastest ship in the French navy now has a speed of 19.68 knots per hour without engine strain.

An Italian savant claims that injecting a current of electricity through milk delays its souring for several days.

A new system of ventilation, never before used on ocean steamships, is to be a factor of the two new vessels now being constructed for the transatlantic service of the Cunard Line.

A rich bed of coal has been discovered in the Russian Amoor province of Siberia, on Usuri River. The quality of the deposit is said to be equal to that of the best English product.

It is the opinion of noted specialists on diseases of the nose, throat and lungs that one baby in every three has a growth in the nose that obstructs respiration. It is due to covering up the head.

One of the steel saws at the Washington Gun Foundry recently cut through a piece of gun-carriage metal four inches in width by five inches in thickness in twenty minutes. The saw is of English make.

Two chemists are experimenting at Freeport, Penn., with the view of producing carbon points for electric lighting from natural gas. It is said that by burning the gas in a specially prepared furnace pure carbon is obtained, but as yet at a cost too great for practical purposes.

A twenty-two-inch iron pipe which was recently exhumed after being buried in the earth for fourteen years, at Lassen, Cal., came out as good as new. The pipe was coated with asphaltum when it was put into the ground. This may be taken as a good test of the preservative virtues of asphaltum.

An old sea captain's argument is recalled at the completion of the race between the steamships City of New York and Teutonic. His was the view that the City of New York would win the eastward passage and the Teutonic the westward, because the vessels are evenly matched, and one is better adapted to English and the other to American coasts.

The Buffalo (N. Y.) fire department has lately received a novel fire engine which has excited much interest in that city. The carriage is constructed entirely of papier mache, all the different parts of the body, wheels, poles and the rest being finished in the best possible manner. While the durability and powers of resistance possessed by this material are fully as great as those of wood the weight is, of course, much less.

A new machine has been designed for the excavation of sewer trenches. The material in this system of excavation is handled but once, and the operation is continuous, a line of loaded buckets passing out and a line of empty ones returning to be filled at the same time. Ordinary excavating machines require the empty buckets to be returned over the same line over which the full ones are sent out, and it is claimed that for this reason the new machine can work more rapidly and cheaply.

The six-inch ordnance rifle which succeeded in demolishing the British armor plate at Annapolis is capable of hurling a projectile through 10½ inches of wrought iron placed 1000 yards from the muzzle of the gun. The power of the eight-inch gun is 16 3-10 inches, same distance, and of the ten-inch gun twenty-one inches, same distance. The twelve-inch projectile will pierce twenty-eight inches at a distance of 3000 yards. The thirteen-inch guns, which will be provided for the battle ships, are capable of demolishing the heaviest armor.

A New Puzzle.

A new puzzle has been sprung upon the inoffensive people of this weary world. It is an innocent-looking affair, and an inexpensive one withal, but more deadly than "pigs in the pen." This latest brain-racking device consists simply of three columns of figures, arranged thus:

1	1	1
3	3	3
5	5	5
7	7	7
9	9	9

Nov. the point is to add together any six of the above figures and make the total 21.—*Philadelphia Record*.

One way of getting along in this world is to walk.—*Detroit Free Press*.

## LEAVES.

The leaves, so brilliant before they were shed,  
How changed they seem when they cover our dead!

Silently fallen with patios of tears,  
How like they are to the vanishing years!

What precious, consoling thoughts they inspire,  
In hearts now as still as a broken lyre!

Under the leaves and, though sadly laid there,  
With a trust as sweet as an infant's prayer.

Under the leaves and the shadowing trees,  
Their requiem sung by the moaning breeze,  
Under the leaves and the moon's tender light,  
Under the stars of the soft, jeweled night.

Under the leaves and the sun's splendid ray,  
Prophetic sign of eternal day,  
Under the leaves and the dear summer flowers,  
Fragrant with memory of happy hours.

Beneath the autumnal and storm-swept sky,  
Yet peacefully resting where pansies lie,  
Under the leaves and the white, vestal snow,  
Emblems of pureness the angels know.

Under the leaves and the blossoms of spring,  
There awaiting our risen King,  
Under the leaves and the sweet song of birds,  
Can love be lost that was deeper than words?

O'er the sad, dead leaves, oh, do not grieve long,  
But breathe a prayer that shall blend into song;

For under the leaves, though the mortal lie,  
How grand is the soul on high!

There, through eternity's cycles untold,  
The love that was true shall never grow cold,  
And there, at last, by the beautiful stream,  
May our love and life be like a sweet dream.

—The Interior.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Noah's arc—The rainbow.  
Each addition to one's kindred is a relative gain.

A fiery temper gives adverse criticism a warm reception.  
The cat has nine lives, and spends them all in vocal culture.

There wasn't enough of the Swiss revolution to go round.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

"Well," said the baseball captain, "our cake is all dough!" "How do you account for it?" "We haven't a good batter."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Fred—"What is the matter? You look positively ill." Tom—"Negatively ill, you mean, isn't it? My best girl has said no to me."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

The oldest inhabitant is an interesting personage; but he doesn't make half as much noise in his immediate locality as the youngest inhabitant does.—*Puck*.

The man who thinks he knows it all upon his nose may take a fall. But he who sometimes is in doubt, may find that weakness helps him out.—*Puck*.

Politeness generally pays. A gentleman who gave up his seat to a lady on an elevated train, afterward found out that she had been robbed while occupying it.—*Puck*.

We are rather at a loss to know why sunlight is so often described as "golden." The "silver" moon is accounted for by coming in quarters and halves.—*Berkshire News*.

"How long has your daughter been practicing on the piano?" "To be exact she began one month before our neighbor went crazy, and he's been in the asylum a year."—*Figaro*.

The Obliging Peddler—"If you don't stop talking to me about your wares I will whistle for my dog." "I have some most excellent whistles, sir; just try one or these."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

Landlady—"Mr. McGinnis, may I ask what you are trying to find in that cream pitcher?" Boarder—"I am trying, Mrs. Irons, to rescue an unfortunate fly from a watery grave."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Willie took his father's razor and his shaving cup  
To shave himself last week;  
The doctor charged a fever when he sewed the gashes up  
In little Willie's cheek.

"Humph," remarked a young man, "my cigar has gone out." "Well, that settles it," replied his room mate. "I was wondering which of us it was, myself or the cigar."—*Washington Post*.

Grocer—"What's that about the dozen eggs you bought this morning?" Brown—"They were all bad except one, and I've called to see how much extra I owe you for the good one."—*New York Sun*.

"This bell," said a well meaning sexton, when showing the belfry of an interesting village church to a party of visitors, "is only rung in case of a visit from the lord bishop of the diocese, a fire, a flood, or any other such calamities."—*London Figaro*.

Travers—"How much are these trousers?" Tailor—"Twenty dollars, sir." Travers—"And you say you require a deposit from strangers?" Tailor—"Yes, sir." Travers (warmly)—"Already I feel myself growing intimate with you."—*New York Sun*.

Briggs—"I want to get some soiled neckties." Astonished Clerk—"Soiled neckties, sir? Soiled, did you say?" Briggs—"That's what. When you call upon a girl four times a week and she's making a crazy quilt, you will understand that a man has got to buy neckties at job-lot prices or suspend payment."—*Clothing and Furnisher*.