

# SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

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Philadelphia is said to have \$15,000,000 invested in the South.

The New York World declares that "the monopolies in this country have made more millionaires in twenty years than all Europe has made in 500 years."

It is estimated that each year in New York City three thousand women find themselves stranded, not only homeless, penniless and without work, but also unable to work.

It is now a well-settled fact, observes the Atlanta Constitution, that during two months of the year—the crop-moving season—the country needs more money than during the remaining ten months.

A Cincinnati railway official rises to remark that the time will come when there will be but four or five railway systems in this country. He says that even now the Brice-Thomas syndicate controls practically all the railroads south of the Ohio River except the Louisville and Nashville.

Baron Hirsch, Austrian millionaire, and friend of the Prince of Wales, recently asked a stylish woman of rank to sell one of her horses, because he happened to have one exactly like it. She declined rather curtly, whereupon the Baron sent her his horse with the message: "Although I am disappointed, I am still desirous that they should go in a pair."

The Cherokee Strip is now practically deserted, announces the St. Louis Star. The Government order to the cattlemen having been obeyed very generally. In a few months this beautiful country will be open to settlement. It is best described as possessing the fertility and resources said to exist in Oklahoma, but which the boomer found, to his sorrow, existed not.

New York is soon to have a second hospital in which the patients, the governing and the medical staff are to be women. This, states the Chicago Herald, will be the seventh hospital of this kind in the United States in which not even the gentleman mouse mentioned by the Roman satirist will be allowed to pick up the smallest trifle of the larder. The others are in Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco and Minneapolis. What John Knox was pleased to call "the monstrous regiment of women" is moving on.

Japan now has on paper a complete legal system, abreast of the times. The remaining portions of the Civil Code have been promulgated, and the Criminal Codes, which went into effect in 1882 have been revised. These latter take effect at once, but the Civil Code does not go into operation till January 1st, 1893. This appears to be a very simple announcement; but the significance of it is tremendous, when we remember that it is Japan, hardly a generation removed from a policy of utter seclusion, shutting out European civilization, which thus comes to the front.

No matter how high the rank of a Chinese official he seldom recovers from his greed for presents. A Canton mandarin is now bewailing this fact, for on a recent visit of the Viceroy Li to his province he presented that dignity with a pair of lions, cut in jade stone, of great value. He imagined the Viceroy would admire the work and then return it, but what was his amazement when he received a gracious letter accepting his gift. It seems he borrowed the jade lions, and now he is negotiating with the owner, who demands a small fortune for the property. It will go hard with the mandarin's subjects this winter, as it will take many a "squeeze" of rich and poor in the province to recoup his loss.

M. Freycinet, the French War Minister, has retired a lot of old Generals, and a number of dashing young Colonels will soon take their places. The oldest General in France, and probably in the world, is General Mauduit, who, on the 7th of December next, will be 100 years old. He has never asked to be retired and he still figures among the officers of the reserve. He is very proud of his St. Helena medal. Three other old fellows also wear that medal—General Mellinet, born in 1798, who commanded a division of the Imperial Guard at Magenta; General Richard, born in 1795, and General d'Authouard-Vraincourt, born in 1796. They entered the service in 1813. But Mauduit's military career goes back to 1807.

## WINTER WEATHER.

When stems of elms may rise in row,  
Dark-brown, from hillocks under snow,  
And woods may reach as black as night,  
By sloping fields of cleanest white—  
If shooters by the snowy rick  
Where trees are light, and wood is thick,  
Can mark the tracks the game may prick,  
They like the winter weather.

Or where may spread the gray-blue sheet  
Of ice, for skaters' gliding feet,  
That they uplift, from side to side,  
Long yards, and sit them down to slide.  
Of sliders, one that totters slack  
Of limb; and one that's on his back;  
And one upright that keeps his track,  
Have fun in winter weather.

When we at night, in snow and gloom,  
May seek some neighbor's lighted room;  
Though snow may show no path before  
The house, we still can find the door;  
And there, as round the brands may spread,  
The creeping fire, of cheery red,  
Our feet from snow, from wind our head,  
Are warm in winter weather.

Wherever day may give our road,  
By hills or hollows over snowed,  
By windy gaps or sheltered nooks,  
Or bridged ice of frozen brooks,  
Still may we all, as night may come,  
Know where to find a peaceful home,  
And glowing fire for fingers numb  
With cold in winter weather.

—William Barnes.

## A WINTER'S CRUISE.

BY J. D. MILLIGAN.

"I have never regretted selling the 'Romance' to Wilbur."

"Yet you had to give him a pretty stiff figure to get her in your possession again," replied little Dick Freeman.

"I admit it, but I had good reasons for selling her. You see it was this way, I owned the yacht five years, and between summer and winter cruising and getting ready for both during the interim, I was so constantly employed that I had little or no time for society duties.

"Just so!" said Dicky, shaking his head and looking wise.

"Now I am very fond of ladies' society and have always stood a great deal of bantering because of my penchant, when heaven knows I was simply endeavoring to make myself agreeable. Again, I was taken to task for being 'wedded to my yacht,' but that I couldn't help, because, with the very best intentions in life I would commence a summer's cruise with firm resolutions to put the yacht out of commission in the fall, and set to work to win a wife by the most sedulous application and industry."

"You're the only man I ever met who had the courage to admit that looking for a wife was hard work; you deserve a medal," said Dicky admiringly.

"Yet I couldn't do it, for something or somebody was sure to turn up that would compromise me, and the winter's cruise had to be made; so I sold the yacht to Wilbur."

"Well! what followed?"

"The natural consequence of being invited to join him in a winter's cruise among the West India Islands, and my acceptance of that invitation."

"That was consistency with a vengeance," said Jack.

"Think so? Listen! As host I felt obliged to pay as much attention to one guest as to another, but when I became a guest that obligation ceased."

"Ah! I see; you could exercise your penchant for flirting with one lady without feeling that you had slighted another. Quite clever of you, very."

"Will you bely your interpolations for a few moments! Where was I? Oh! I accepted Wilbur's invitation, and agreed to meet him at St. Augustine. I kept my promise, and in boarding the yacht found Wilbur and his bride (the latter acting as chaperone), Lillie and Violet Meserve, and Mr. Crayon, the artist, who was engaged to Lillie Meserve."

"My traps were no sooner on board than the anchor was aweigh, sails hoisted and the yacht's head pointed seaward. As I had always directed the Romance's movements in and out of port I felt chagrined at being a witness of Wilbur's complacent yet dignified authority, and heaved a pretty big sigh."

"That was a wicked sigh, Mr. Dean," said a low and musical voice beside me. I turned to see who the speaker was, and beheld Miss Violet Meserve.

"Wasn't it? yet I have an excellent reason for its atrociousness. I suppose you know that I owned the 'Romance' only a few weeks ago."

"The young lady nodded her head affirmatively."

"Well! that sigh meant jealousy, rank jealousy."

"I knew intuitively that it was something far, and away beyond an ordinary sigh; of whom are you jealous—Mr. Wilbur?"

"I nodded my head affirmatively."

"Poor fellow! we must try and make it up to you."

"Do pray! I like nothing better than being patronized."

"The young lady looked at me curiously as if to fathom my meaning; then a mischievous gleam appeared in her eyes as she said, 'There! I have unwittingly displeased you, and yet I thought I was saying something consoling. Surely—'"

"One moment please. I really meant what I said. I want to be patronized."

"She laughed merrily and unfeignedly for a few seconds and then said 'I'm sure you do. I was told to beware of you that

you were a dangerous man. I can well believe it! Then the witch looked archly into my face and repeated her last words, 'I can well believe it!'"

"Now if that wasn't a challenge for a flirting match, what was it? To tell the truth I was surprised into silence, for I knew that Miss Violet Meserve was not a flirt, she was too generous, too nice, too gentle for any such work as that; besides, she believed that I was nothing but a male flirt, and intended to amuse myself with her during the cruise. Forewarned is forearmed was her motto, yet it was too bad that we should play at cross purposes."

"The silence was broken by one of the crew forward, singing a shanty, or song used by sailors when a strong combined pull is needed on a rope. The shanty man had a marvellously clear bass voice, and showed his cleverness in the quirks, variations, and quavers in his rendition of the simple music of his song."

"Listen! Miss Meserve," I whispered; "listen to that man's shanty, low-voiced, yet clear and sweet. They are hoisting the foresail. Listen!"

"We're outward bound this very day,  
Good-by, fare you well, good-by, fare you well.  
We're outward bound this very day,  
Hurrah! my boys, we're outward bound!"

"Oh! Mr. Dean. Is that not grand! and what a flexible voice the singer has! Do you know I have always had the idea that a fine bass singer was ever a manly man, loyal, true and brave?"

"There! There! Miss Meserve," for you, see, I had discerned another mischievous gleam in her eyes—you know, too that I have a pretty good bass voice—

"There I give in, let us declare a truce; no more compliments, no more—"

"Flirting!" she said naively.

"Yes, flirting, if you call our conversation and actions so far a flirtation. Some one has given you a most unjust account of me, or you wouldn't have endeavored to fore-stall me so preemptorily. Now I want you to trust me, to take me as you find me; to judge me in fact by my conduct with you, not by the misdirected opinion you have formed of me. Is it a compact?"

"She put her little hand in mine, and said, sweetly: 'Yes; we must be friends, or rather, not refuse your friendship, for the others are absorbed in each other, and I have been quite lonely until you came. Yes,' she said, and I noticed tears in her beautiful blue eyes. 'I'm sure we shall be friends.' Then she left my side and went into the cabin. Thus it was, Dicky, that I met my wife."

"Is that all? no love-making—no description of the lady—no proposal?"

"Oh! you want the whole of it, do you? You have met my wife? No? Well, Violet is a trifle above the average stature of women, with the bluest figure I ever saw. Her eyes were of a violet color, full of spirit, yet tender and melting, and fringed with long, coquettish lashes. Her complexion is of exquisite softness and purity, with a few flecks of freckles that add measurably to the charm of her face, more beautiful than I can describe; while her hair, of a dark gold and naturally curly, outlines her features admirably. Her mind is in harmony with her beautiful exterior, and, although not posted in the 'isms,' 'ologies and dogmas of the day, she is well educated, and is a sensible wife, just the woman I've been looking for all these years."

"We were naturally much together, and in our visits ashore at Havana, St. Thomas and elsewhere in the West Indies she proved a most entertaining traveler and the sweetest, nicest companion man ever had. I fell head over ears in love with her, but I couldn't see that I had made the slightest impression on her heart. At last we were homeward bound, making a long stretch from Trinidad to the mouth of the Mississippi. Five days out we were engaged. It happened thus:

"A heavy squall struck the yacht about ten o'clock in the evening. We had been expecting it, so were in a manner prepared for it. I had just left Violet standing by the main rigging over to windward to get a light for my cigar, when the yacht gave a sudden lurch that sent the lee rail under water, so furious was the first gust of the squall. I had been taken by surprise, but managed to keep my feet only to be caught by somebody who ran against me; both of us went flying to the lee rail, where we were brought up with heavy thumps, and hearing my companion moan, I lifted her up, caught her in my arms and pressed her to my breast, 'Violet, dearest,' was all I could say."

"Jack, dearest," was the response of my fair love, and then she fainted.

"The squall had spent its fury, though it had kicked up a pretty lively sea, but I managed to get Violet to the cabin, where her sister and Mrs. Wilbur, together with the maids, took care of her. She had hurt her side and didn't leave her room for three days. When she did appear, looking so pale, yet so lovely and winsome, I had great difficulty in restraining myself from taking her in my arms and kissing her."

"To my surprise she called me Mr. Dean, and something occurring to vex me I showed more animus than my wont, whereat Violet came to me and said, 'Don't be angry with the steward. It wasn't his fault.'

"My dear," I replied, taking her hand between mine, 'I am not angry with him, but with you.'

"She stared at me with her big blue eyes for a moment, and said, 'With me! why—what have I done?'"

"When the squall struck the yacht a few nights ago, and you came tumbling

into my arms—do you remember what you said?"

"Yes," she answered, raising her eyes and looking earnestly and yet coyly into mine—"Yes, I remember."

"Well, then, dearest, I object to the formal Mr. Dean; you must call me Jack! for you have known for weeks that I love you; that night you told me plainly you loved me, and—"

"Jack, dear, you may—"

"Yes, love, I must kiss you— and that, Dicky, is all there is to tell of a Winter's Cruise."—Yankee Blade.

## Slavonic Customs.

It is customary in Polish villages to strew straw over the Christmas Eve supper tables, and for the young people, blindfolded or in the dark, to pick out each a straw therefrom. Should the straw be green, the lucky maiden expects to wear a bridal wreath or the youth to lead a bride to the altar during the approaching year; but a dried straw foretells either long waiting, possibly even until death.

"In other rural Polish districts, on the 'Christ's Eve,' wine, beer and water are placed by a girl between two candles on a table. She then retires into a corner or an adjoining room to watch the result reflected in a mirror hung for this purpose. If, as the clock strikes midnight, a man enters and drinks the wine, she is happy, for her wooer will be rich. Should he drink the beer, she may be content, for the wooer will be 'well-to-do.' If the water be chosen, her husband will be very poor. But if, as the clock strikes, no man comes to her table, the anxious maiden shivers with more than midnight terror, believing that she is doomed to be early the bride of death."

"Poland is peculiarly rich in these observances, spreading themselves throughout the year, both sexes being equally superstitious in this respect. On New Year's Eve the young unmarried men place themselves before a fire, and, bending down, look beneath their legs. Should a woman appear in the back ground, it is the one they will marry; but if they see a shape as of a coffin, it forbodes for them death during the year close at hand."—Chambers's Journal.

## Bone Grafting.

A. G. Miller, in the *Lancet*, reports the history of a case in which he used decalcified bone chips successfully to fill up a large cavity in the head of the tibia. A piece of the rib of an ox was used, being first scraped and then decalcified in a weak solution of hydrochloric acid. After cleansing, by pressure, it was placed for forty-eight hours in carbolic acid solution, one to twenty, then removed, and cut into small pieces. During the scraping out of the cavity in the knee, preparatory to the grafting, a number of small pieces of bone were removed. These were placed in a solution of boric acid for use later in the operation. The cavity was then stuffed with the decalcified bone shavings, the pieces of fresh bone being added last. The cavity thus filled was about two inches in diameter. Granulation and healing took place rapidly; the only pieces of bone that became necrosed were from the patient's own body. The author is convinced, from his observation of this case, that the healing of large bone cavities, the result of injury or disease, is greatly facilitated by stuffing them with decalcified-bone chips, that these are superior to fresh bone, and that fresh bone not only is of no use, but actually hinders the process of granulation.

## An Ocean Paradise.

The Island of Hogolen, in the Polynesia, is an immense coral atoll, 130 miles in circumference, having four entrance passages. On the reef and within it are seventy islands, four of which, near the middle, are high basaltic masses about thirty miles each in circumference, magnificently fertile, yielding spontaneously many valuable products, situated in the midst of a rockbound lake ninety miles long by half that width. This unknown ocean paradise has been for ages an arena of combat between two hostile races, one copper colored, inhabiting the two western of the great interior isles, the other upon the two eastern, a darker people with long, straight hair. The two tribes are supposed to number over 20,000.—*Asiatic Quarterly Review*.

## A Fence of Swords.

A man at Small Point is to have a fence next summer that would please Rider Haggard, though it will not be made of elephants' tusks but of the swords of swordfish. The man, Mr. Sylvanus Wallace, of the Life Saving Station, has enough of these swords, gathered during his fishing voyages, to build a picket fence forty feet in length.—*Bath (Me.) Times*.

## Cats With Human Ways.

An English writer tells of two cats which advanced daily from opposite ends of a long and lofty wall, and, meeting in the middle, fought with great fury until one or both were precipitated to the ground below, upon which the fight ceased immediately, the combatants remounting the wall and basking peacefully side by side in the sunshine.—*Boston Globe*.

An inmate of the Georgia State Hospital for the Insane imagines he is a grain of corn, and will not go into the yard for fear the chickens will eat him.

## Zululand and Cetewayo.

Zululand is situated on the eastern coast of Africa, north of Natal. Its area is about 10,000 square miles, and its population before the war with England, in 1879, was about 250,000. This war, which brought the Zulus and their king, Cetewayo, into prominent notice, was forced upon them by the representatives of the British Government in Natal, who had long been anxious to annex the country. In order to have some pretense for a forcible occupation of the land, Sir Bartle Frere demanded of Cetewayo that large fines in cattle should be paid for offenses of the Zulus on the border; that he should disband his army, and not attempt to form it again; and that he should allow a British officer to live in Zululand and assist him in administering the government. This, naturally, brought about the desired war.

At first the Zulu army, which numbered about 42,000 men, was successful in every battle, and had Cetewayo desired to push his advantage after the battle at Isandlwana he could have crossed the border and completely annihilated the English; but from the first he insisted that he was fighting on the defensive only, and his soldiers were under strict orders not to go over into Natal to fight. The final battle in the war was fought on July 4, 1879, resulting in a total defeat of the Zulu army, and on August 13 Cetewayo was taken to Cape Town as a prisoner. Subsequently he was taken to England, but in December, 1882, he was reinstated King of Zululand, to rule it as a vassal of England. In 1883 he was wounded in a battle with one of the subordinate chiefs, who had been left in possession of a large tract of country at the north, and died at Natal in March, 1884. It was in the Zulu war that the young Prince Imperial of France was killed, he having joined the English army in search of renown.—*Brooklyn Citizen*.

## Blue Jackets Are Mostly Americans.

"There is a general impression that our naval service is full of foreigners," said Lieutenant Simonson to me. The lieutenant was formerly in the navy, but is now engaged in private enterprises. He continued: "I often hear gentlemen say with great assurance that our navy is recruited largely from natives of Norway and Sweden, who are good sailors. This is only true in so far as it imputes sailorlike qualities to the Scandinavian race. The facts are that about one-half the men in the naval service of the United States are native born Americans. I was at the navy yard in Brooklyn when the Maine was launched, and ran over the roster of her men. She has a total of 477, not counting officers. Of these 198 were native Americans. The next highest nationality was Irish, 89; then the Scandinavians, 73; and after that I did not explore any further. I have no doubt but the men on the Maine are a fair example of the entire navy. Nearly all of the sailors are naturalized Americans, whether born in France, Germany or Great Britain."—*New York Press*.

## Petroleum as Hair Persuader.

Not a suspicion of hair remained on the cranium of a Pennsylvania engineer. He had heard of petroleum as a hair-restorer, and, as he ran into the oil regions, daily, decided to try it. Procuring a felt skull cap he lined it with cotton waste from the cab and continually kept it moist with the crude oil. His duties occupied his attention and he soon became accustomed to the odor. In a few weeks he was surprised by a silky down which made his head feel soft to the touch, and in a few months astonished his friends with a beautiful crop of short curly hair.

Being almost bald myself last May, writes one who subscribes himself as "Experience," and rapidly losing what hair was left I began to use kerosene. Every time my hair lost its gloss I would again rub a half-thimbleful on the scalp, and soon it ceased to fall. After six weeks of kerosene I changed to vaseline, not, however, before short, fine hair had appeared. I am still oiling my poll with this odorless by-product of the crude oil, and still does the covering continue to thicken and refuse to fall. To bare the head to sun and wind is also unobjectionable.—*New York Tribune*.

## Manufacturing Bass Voices.

Luigi Cherubini, the creator of "The Water-Carrier," was rather eccentric. One winter afternoon, a caller on Cherubini was surprised to find him in an unheated room in company with three full-bearded men, who had their feet in tubs of ice water. "In the name of heaven, what are you doing?" asked his friend. "To-morrow we shall give a new mass," answered Cherubini, "and I need a couple of very heavy basses. None of the men here has a voice heavy enough, and so I am trying to deepen their notes a little."—*Argonaut*.

## South Carolina's Redbones.

There is a singular race of people in South Carolina called the Redbones. Their origin is unknown. They resemble in appearance the gypsies, but in complexion they are red. They have accumulated considerable property and are industrious and peaceable. They live in small settlements at the foot of the mountains and associate with none but their own race. When the Civil War broke out several of them enlisted in the Hampton Legion, and when the legion reached Virginia were taken for colored men.—*New York Dispatch*.

## THE RACE.

To live is but to nobly strive—  
To strive against the savage earth,  
Against the tireless days that drive  
Men deathward from their hours of birth.

Hope, love and prayer—these things are real,  
More sweet and precious than we know;  
Yet, like star-glimpses, they reveal  
The sombre skies above, below.

And what if some cry: God, forbear!  
And others still: Why live at all?  
Life moves through triumph or despair  
To its Creator's deathless call.

Though one man falters on his way,  
And one stands railing to the end,  
There is no hand nor will to stay  
That purpose which is foe or friend.

That purpose which exalts a soul,  
Even while it robs a soul of grace,  
Which sinks the atom in the whole,  
The individual in the race.

—Geo. E. Montgomery, in the *Cosmopolitan*.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Brings down the house"—A Western cyclone.

The man who is "waiting for something to 'turn up,' might turn up his sleeves and go to work.—*Puck*.

If the lungs contain 75,000,000 cells, as a contemporary informs us, why not use them for a penitentiary!—*West Shore*.

"I understand, Pat, that you have a big family dependent upon you?" "Yes, sir, tin children, seven pigs and the old 'oman."

"Terrapin," says a writer "is an acquired taste." So it is. A taste of terrapin is among the most difficult things to acquire known.—*Washington Post*.

The slang that from her lips fell pat,  
Oft made her English busy;  
She once was heard to murmur, "that  
Chrysantherum's a daisy."

Crawford—"Time is money, you know." Merritt—"And yet I would sooner have a girl who has forty millions than one who has forty years."—*Chicago Light*.

"Doesn't that man look sheepish?" asked Mrs. Keedick. "Yes, but perhaps he has had the wool pulled over his eyes," replied Keedick.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

Watts—"Potts shaves here sometimes, doesn't he?" Barber—"Yes; Mr. Potts is one of my regular clients." Potts—"Clients! Don't you mean patients?"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Brown—"Fenderson is a very entertaining fellow; don't you think so?" Fogg—"Yes, but the deuce of it is you can't begin to laugh until after he has gone."—*Boston Transcript*.

Some wag recently started the story that Mrs. Stanley is about to write a book entitled "How I Found Stanley," and she is receiving letters from people who think it is true.—*New York Tribune*.

His Fiancee—"Are you sure you would love me as so tenderly if our conditions were reversed—if you were rich and I were poor?" He—"Reverse our conditions and try me."—*Brooklyn Life*.

"What is the name of the other vagabond who was with you?" asked the magistrate. "Jimmy the Calico." "How did he ever get a name like that?" "Because he won't wash."—*Philadelphia Times*.

"Look here! You just jabbed me in the eye with your umbrella." "Too bad. Here's my father's card. He's an eye doctor, and if you'll use my name he'll give you bottom rates."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Johnny—"Mr. Hankinson, ain't you shaped just like other men?" Mr. Hankinson—"I suppose so, Johnny; why?" "Papa says you ain't exactly square, and Irene says you seem to be always round."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Dealer—"I am sure, madame, you could look the city through and not find a handsomer carriage than this." Mrs. D'Anno—"Oh, it's handsome enough, but it looks too comfortable to be stylish."—*New York Weekly*.

"I am going to be indiscreet, Miss Chicago." "Oh, you can't be with me, Mr. Boston." "No? Well, I was just going to say how elegantly that big diamond ring does harmonize with your hands."—*Philadelphia Times*.

Mrs. Bingo—"Clara has been shopping all day. Oh, here is the delivery wagon with some of the things she has ordered." Bingo—"But where is Clara?" Mrs. Bingo—"She is probably waiting for the change."—*New York Sun*.

The only thing that mars the dandy's peace of mind is the fact that he isn't imported, like everything he uses. Meanwhile, from his lofty place in the menagerie, the imported monkey looks down on him, and marvels.—*Puck*.

"Do you find enough to keep you busy these days?" "You bet. I'm putting in a bigger day's work these days than I ever did before." "Why, I thought you'd given up your job." "So I did. I'm looking for another."—*Buffalo Express*.

Jack—"Why are you looking so sad?" Tom—"I saw Maud throwing sly glances at Harry to-night." Jack—"Cheer up. It was doubtless for you she meant them, though Harry got them. Women can never throw straight you know."—*Harper's Bazar*.

New York boasts of the publication of 2706 distinct newspapers and periodicals.