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It is said that over thirty-eight thousand copyrights have been granted to American authors during the past year. The amount of real literature put forth is not stated.

The Sultan of Turkey is not in all respects the case-loving monarch he is reported to be, observes the *New York World*. He passes a good part of the day with his secretary, discussing matters pertaining to the empire, and it is his boast that he has never signed a State paper without reading it.

California comes to the front with an invention that will be a great boon to fruit-growers, predicts the *Chicago Post*. It is an electric frost alarm and consists of an accurate dial thermometer, electrically connected with a bell and switch in such a manner that the bell will ring when any desired temperature is reached.

A census bulletin tells us that there are 140 religious bodies in the United States, not counting the large number of independent churches which do not acknowledge the authority of any denominational organization. The increase in sect, declares the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, has been something remarkable since the dawn of our national history.

It seems necessary, exclaims the *Chicago News*, to again call attention to the fact that the much-used word "cloture," which Congressmen so delight in uttering with an infinite variety of accents, means nothing more nor less than the "previous question." The word is an unnecessary importation from the French and is almost synonymous with the English "closure." The demand for the "previous question" and the stifling or "closure" of further debate is all that is meant by the mysterious Gallic term.

The entire country—the entire world, in fact—is interested in the preservation of the giant trees which form a unique attraction in certain portions of California. An agent of the Land Office who has been making an investigation reports that some of them are in danger. The importance of Government action to prevent further destruction of the sequoias is therefore apparent. There are 2675 of the giants now standing, the largest being over thirty-three feet in diameter. Not one of them can be spared.

The origin of the National Marine Band at Washington is most curious. Nearly a hundred years ago, alleges the *New York World*, a Yankee Captain kidnapped a strolling troop of musicians on the shores of the Bay of Naples and brought them to this country. From this handful of Italians the band was developed. The descendants of these stolen Italians are now among the wealthiest people of Washington. Some of them are prominent lawyers, and others have their names connected with the best-known hotels and the largest real-estate offices in the capital city.

The Church of England, as shown by incomplete returns of the revenue report by order of Parliament, is the wealthiest church in Christendom. The income of the ecclesiastical commissioners is about \$5,750,000, nearly one-fourth of which is derived from tithes. The Welsh tithes yield about \$20,000. The gross annual value of benefices for twenty-one counties is \$10,000,000 which is distributed among 6600 clergymen, giving them an average of a little over \$1500 a year. There are parsonages, however, and other items to be added, which bring up the annual average to about \$2000 a year from endowments alone. Of the \$10,000,000 three-fourths are derived from tithes.

The *Boston Cultivator* estimates that more than half the railway track in the world is on this continent, and nearly half of the whole is in the United States. This proportion may or not be kept up, as Asia and Africa are beginning to shorten their long distances by using steam horses on the iron track. In the past four years 42,000 miles of track have been laid in America, and in the United States 30,000 miles of this, while all the rest of the world built only 24,000 miles. Railroads in Europe cost an average of \$115,000 per mile. Here the average cost is \$60,000, and this is about the rate elsewhere. Rates of fare are, however, lower in Europe than here, the denser population and lighter expense for running the roads more than offsetting the difference in their original cost.

## GLOAMING.

The setting sun has dropt below the sandy reach;  
The laggard rooks come home, belated, from the beach;  
Here in the garden-beds the flowers close their eyes,  
And twilight's soft wan mist across the woodland lies.  
Oh, is not this most sweet of any time or hour,  
After the garish day, and ere the night clouds lower?  
'Tis as though Nature's self should pause upon her way,  
Gray-clad and pilgrim-like, to meditate and pray.

## JACK TEMPLE.

My first piquant encounter with Jack Temple was when I was about seven years old. He said the Boston was the fastest boat on the Ohio. And I stood out for the Daniel Boone. The Boone had given a dinner at which my father and mother were invited, while his were not. On these facts we each based our conclusions on the comparative speed of the different boats, and tooth and nail rolled over in the dust to maintain them.

We were picked up variously by old Cerberus, who was picking his banjo at one end of the hotel gallery, and by a journeyman shoemaker and a telegraph operator playing chess at the other end. This they did with divers words of scorn at the kicking boy. To this day I believe that if we had been left alone I would have whipped; for although small, I was active.

Shortly after we moved away to Washington where my father spent one year in getting a consular appointment which he held for six years. Then we came back to our village life. John Temple was now a beautiful youth, strong-limbed, broad-shouldered, with a head like a Greek god. To these physical perfections he added a charm of manner as captivating to his fellows as to the opposite sex. Underneath this lay a tenacity of purpose which made him invincible.

He was adored frankly by all girls of the school of which I speedily found myself a member. Among these he scattered his attentions according to his royal pleasure. Those who received them were elated and grateful. Those who did not patiently waited their turn.

Although younger than the others I held their barn-yard acceptance of John Temple's attentions with silent scorn. "I'd hate to run after a boy," was my inward comment.

But I was soon singled out as the one he most delighted to honor. I was younger than the others. Thus might an older boy play with a child, for the years had not greatly increased my stature. But while the other girls sued for his attentions I only accepted them. That I made no response encouraged him the more.

When a class was called John Temple always went out first. As he walked by me he would say, and he had a teacher-defying way of talking under his lips, "Kitty, come and sit by me."

There are plenty of ways in which school boys can show their chivalrous consideration for girls, and these John Temple always showed to me. It was thoroughly understood that I had a champion; that there was always some one looking out for Kitty Black. As I was not permitted to go to parties where there were boys, an arena remained where John Temple could be contented for by others. At school I was supreme.

As I moved, his fate followed me. When I achieved any honor, no one was so proud as he. There was a stolen word here, a pressure of the hand there. When we played, and no one was so heedless and reckless as I, a protecting arm always stood ready to keep me from harm.

Never did I show any signs of my conquest, although I was fully aware of its value in the eyes of others. Never was I jealous; I was too confident, too assured for jealousy. I often wonder now if I cared for him then. I do not know; but I do know that I lived and fed on his preference. It may have been only vanity.

For three years this lasted, deepening constantly, and was a matter of general comment at school. John Temple was always a matter of comment. Dashing girls from other towns came and bid for John Temple's smiles. He gave them now to one, and now to another. Meanwhile I played tag and ran races, but no one ever succeeded in winning away anything that was mine.

"Are you going to marry Kitty Black when she grows up?" one of the older girls asked.

"Yes."  
"I'll bet you don't."  
"I'll bet I do. I'll bet you a gold ring that when Kitty Black is eighteen years old she will be my wife."

The school buzzed with his bet. I was not supposed to know it. But I did, and gave no sign. Soon after I was sent to boarding school. My father had heard with great displeasure of the affair, and did not choose that such thoughts should be put in my head. Then he moved away from our old home. I was not back again until after I had graduated.

It was in summer—a summer of calm starlit nights. The town was full of young people who had put school behind them, and now pressed forward eagerly to taste the cup of joy which life presents

but once. Among them was John Temple, even more triumphant than of old, for he wore the all-conquering uniform of a West Point cadet. He had no rivals. When he appeared, others retired. He took by right, and caused no jealousy. Such was his completed domination.

It was while the gayety was at its height that I came. I saw him first, at an evening party. Rumor had engaged him to a young girl of the town who had won him by years of devotion. He had brought her that evening.

There were strangers present, one a gay and handsome Southern girl. He was bending over her when I first saw him. He pretended he did not see me at first. I am not a person that challenges the attention of the room. But I knew that he did see me, and with that subtle quiet understanding that never had needed signs between us, I knew he would be at my side presently.

His devotion to the girl grew even more marked, but I was not surprised when, although I was deep in conversation with some one else, I felt him take my hand. He drew it in his arm. "Come," he said, and led me to the long gallery where up and down we paced in the moonlight all the evening.

As we passed the long open windows I could see within. The girl to whom John Temple was said to be engaged had left the dancers and two kind-girl friends were trying to screen her unhappiness and tearful eyes.

The gay visitor to whom she had been all devotion was laughing still in hard-strained tones, and looking about with wondering eyes; youth is hard and remorseless, I felt no pang. I enjoyed my triumph.

This was the beginning. When I was not present John Temple repaired his omissions and paid court right and left. But when I was present, I was all in all. We sat out dances and paced the sidewalks, wandering up and down the block with that freedom which village life allows.

"He can't propose to her, because he's engaged to Edith," I heard a voice say one evening.

"That wouldn't be a straw in his way," was the reply.

I saw Edith grow paler and thinner, and unhappiness settled on her face like disease. I pitied her, only her pretensions to John Temple seemed absurd. He was mine—of I cared to have him.

One evening I was late at a dance. When I came in John Temple was the center of a group of girls. There was a laughing dispute among them.

"But I have documents," he said, and pulled from his pocket a fine stained card.

"Years ago I knew there was a time coming when you would deny your ages so I took precautions to get them then. I guess I'm equal to arithmetic."

There was a cry and his hand flung up to seize the card which he quickly restored to his pocket.

"Who would have thought you could have been so sly," one cried.

"What a base advantage of innocent confidence," exclaimed another.

Well as I knew him, that he could so long and secretly cherish such a little scheme was a revelation.

He disentangled himself from them and came to me. After a few languid whiffs he said, "Let us leave this." And as usual we went out on the gallery where we sat down on a bench beneath the vines.

John Temple had never made love to me. He treated me with an air of proprietorship as one might care for a rare vase, or something too delicate and precious for common use. It was so different from the freer and easy relations of young people even when they are in love, that it had an unique and most agreeable value.

"You will always be young to me, Kitty," he said, as we sat down. "In my thoughts you are still a fiery little child."

"Are you going away to-morrow?" he asked after a silence.

"Yes."

"You must not go. I cannot let you go. You always stay so long. Ah, Kitty, you won't go?"

"There are others."

"There is only you, Kitty. Did you ever know that years ago I made a bet about you?"

"Yes, I heard of it."

"The time is up, Kitty, the gage was a ring. I have it here. But I want you to wear it. Where is your dear little hand. Yours? Mine. I can't remember the day when I did not claim it."

I began nervously to pull off my glove, warm and clinging from his strong grasp.

"Where is the ring? I put it here. He began to probe the traditional waist-coat pockets. I turned over the long glove stripping it from my hand and half revealed. "Ye gods," he laughed loudly. "I had forgotten. Laura Golden wears that ring. It is Laura's hand that is mine."

She was the Southern girl.

How, I know not, but a diamond bangle that I had borrowed from my aunt changed its place and then I tore off my glove.

The ring danced in the moonlight but my heart stood still, stunned by the brutal blow.

"You never wore that ring before, he challenged.

"Only got it to-day."

"What does it mean?"

"That there is some one at home wanting me back."

"You said you were going to Maysville."

"I am for a few days only."

"You have outwitted me."

My heart had grown steeper. I could now ask as well as answer.

"Now tell me why you have taken the trouble during all these years to play this little game?"

"When you were a little girl you humiliated me. I said then I would be revenged and I never relinquished my purpose."

My inability to understand such vindictiveness brought my head to the aid of my heart. "Do you feel satisfied?" I asked, not without malice.

"You have outwitted me, I said before," he answered sullenly, and I could have told him but for an instant's miscalculation, he had the reward of his years of effort.

"Enough of this," I said. "You have had your little game and I mine." Let us go in."

"Kitty, you are not going, you cannot." He bent upon me all the fervor of his eloquent eyes.

"Oh, can't I?" I got up.

"There is that between us which has never been said."

"The rest is silence," I answered, and my airy gown slipped through his hands.

I saw him after I went in with his head bowed in his hands.

"Take me home, Aunt Betty, I'm tired," I pleaded with my gay maiden aunt. As we went out I saw John Temple come in by the window, and as we closed the gate his blond head was drooping over Laura Golden's shoulder.

"Here is your ring Aunt Betty, it hurts my finger. But you can't tell how I enjoyed wearing it just once."

"I didn't know you were so fond of diamonds, Kitty."

"I am on occasion. This was an occasion."

"Well, I'll leave it to you in my will to remember it by."

"Never!" I shrieked. "Never! I never want to see it again." And I sobbed myself to sleep.

The next day I went to Maysville, ten miles away. The third day John Temple came up and drove by the house, waving his hat out of the carriage window. It was a "protected spree," Aunt Betty wrote me.

I never saw John Temple again. Whenever I heard of him, he was still treading on women's hearts and being fed by devotions. We never either of us married.

Last week I learned he was dead. He had been thrown from his horse on the plains and was killed. He had been drinking.

Long since I lost the power to care. I can only wonder at the prodigality of nature, who can create bodies like that of John Temple, so beautiful, so gracious, so full of charm, and then leave them to perish as should misshapen creatures, by neglecting to provide them with a soul.

—Epoch.

**What an Indian Can Stand.**

To show what an Indian can stand when he has to, I may tell of an incident which happened during the winter with them. Toward evening on a very cold winter day, when it was snowing just a little and drifting a great deal, an Indian came to the log house with a jug full of whisky and with his rifle. I imagine that the jug had been entirely full of whisky when he started, and by the time he got to the house he was in rather a jolly condition. The jug and the rifle were taken away from him, and he was ordered to get to his wigwam as quick as he could before darkness came on. He left, and was supposed to have gone to the camp, but early next morning his squaw appeared at the house and said he had not come home that night, and as the night was cold she had been anxious about him. Then the search for the lost Indian began.

He was found in one of the sheds near the barn under a heap of drifted snow, and the chances are that the snow that was above him had helped to save his life. The searchers for the Indian had gone in different directions and it was his own squaw who, with true Indian instinct, had tracked him out, and she was alone when she found him. Apparently the Indian was a frozen corpse. She tumbled him out of the snow bank and dragged him down to the creek, where a deep hole was cut in the ice for the purpose of watering the cattle. Laying the Indian out on the snow, she took the pan that was beside the hole, and, filling it repeatedly, dashed painful after painful of ice water over the body of the Indian. By the time the other unsuccessful searchers had returned she had her old man thawed out and seated by the fire wrapped up in blankets. There is no question that if he had been found by the others, and had been taken in the house frozen as he was, he would have died.—*Detroit Free Press*.

**Prayer Among the Mongols.**

On the tops of all the houses were little prayer wheels turned by the force of the wind, a simple arrangement like an anemometer placed on them catching the air and so keeping them in motion. In the hands of most of the old men and women were bronze or brass prayer wheels, which they kept continually turning, while not satisfied with this mechanical way of acquiring merit, they mumbled the popular formula "Om mani peme hum," the well-known invocation to Avalokiteshvarial, the would-be savior of the world.—*Century*.

## Effect of Wind on Trees.

Trees which grow in exposed situations have their tops always leaning away in the opposite direction from the prevailing winds and the casual observer concludes that the branches have been bent by the constant pressure of the wind and retained their position. Now, although such trees have the appearance exactly of trees bending under a gale, still it is not pressure in that way which has given them their shape. The fact is, they have blown away from the blast and not bent by it after they grew. Examination of the branches and twigs will show this.

We hardly realize the repressive effects of cold wind upon tree growth, which it partially or altogether arrests, according to its prevalence. Conifers show the effect of this more distinctly than other trees. Owing to the horizontal habit of growth of the branches, they point directly to the teeth of the gale from whatever direction it comes, and cannot, like the oak, lean over and grow in the opposite direction, hence coniferous trees growing in exposed situations produce good, long branches on their lee sides, while on the windy side the branches retain their rigid horizontal position, but make comparatively little growth, which is simply suppressed.

Example: I measured the branches of a Nordmann's spruce, growing in a position fully exposed to the north and south. One branch on the north side of the tree had fifteen annual nodes or growths, and was seven feet long, and its opposite had the same number of nodes, but was nearly two and one-half feet longer, all the lateral branches being proportionately long and well furnished.—*The Garden*.

## The Music of Chinese Speech.

There is in China not only an intimate association between music and poetical speech, but also between music and speech generally. The Chinese being a monosyllabic language, depends to a great extent upon musical intonation to convey meaning. If you listen to the conversation of your Chinese laundrymen you will discover that their ordinary speech is almost as musical as the recitative secco of the Italian opera.

Many words in the Chinese language take from three to six different meanings according to intonation. These intonations, as Dr. S. Wells Williams forcibly urges, have "nothing to do either with accents or emphasis." They are distinctly musical, and it is much to be regretted that Dr. Williams was unable, for obvious want of the musical talent, to study them from a musical point of view, as it is all but impossible to convey a clear understanding of their nature by description.

There seems to be many variations, but generally there are four of these intonations, or shing, named and defined as follows: One, pig shing, or "even tone"; two, shang shing, or "rising tone"; three, k'eu shing, or "declining tone"; and four, jun shing, or "entering tone."—*Century*.

## An Indian Romance.

Rain-in-the-Face is a smart and exceedingly dangerous Sioux warrior. His daughter had a romance that makes a rather interesting story. She fell in love with a Lieutenant in the army once, when the Lieutenant visited the Sioux Reservation. Later he was transferred to Fort Laramie. Not long after that a band of Sioux obtained a hunting pass and roamed over into Wyoming. The Indian maiden persisted in accompanying them. She saw the Lieutenant, and upon learning that he was married she fell upon the ground moaning and tearing her black tresses. The young squaw refused to return with the Indians, and they continued to camp in the vicinity for several weeks. One day the Indian girl ended her unhappy life by cutting her throat with a hunting knife. She was buried with the usual ceremonies of Indian obsequies.—*Denver Republican*.

## A Thirteen-Pound Knife.

"Yes," said a Main street hardware dealer to a *Cincinnati Times-Star* reporter, "that is the largest knife in America. It was made to order by a firm in Germany. One man did the whole job, and it took him just a year."

The knife in question is known to almost every person in Cincinnati and perhaps for one hundred miles around. It has fifty-six blades and is a chest of tools in itself, containing anything from a slender toothpick or a cigar punch to a pair of scissors or a hand-saw. The handle is of tortoise shell and the immovable parts are gold-plated. It weighs thirteen pounds and a modest card says: "For sale, \$500."

## An Owl Kills a Dog.

In a Main street window in Pawtucket there is a fine specimen of the cat owl, stiff and apparently ugly. It was caught above the Diamond Hill Reservoir in rather a curious manner. One of the residents in that vicinity was in the woods with his dog, a Gordon setter, when the owl attacked the dog, catching it by the throat. The owl succeeded in killing the dog, but its beak or talons were caught in the dog's hair and its capture was easy.—*Providence (R. I.) Journal*.

## A Town With But One Man.

A town in England, Skiddaw, Cumberland, stands unique as a township of one house and one solitary male adult inhabitant. This man is deprived of his vote because of the fact that there are no overseers to make out a voter's list, and no church or public building on which to publish one if made.—*New York Journal*.

## SONG OF THE BULLET.

It whizzed and whistled along the blurred  
And rad-blent ranks; and it nicked the  
star  
Of an epaulette, as it snarled the word—  
War!

On it sped—and the lifted wrist  
Of the ensign-bearer stung, and straight  
Dropped at his side as the word was hissed—  
Hate!

On went the missile—smoothed the blue  
Of a jaunty cap and the curls thereof,  
Cooling, sweet as a dove might coo—  
Love!

Sang—sang on! sang Hate—sang War—  
Sang Love, in sooth, till its needs must  
cease,  
Hushed in the heart it was questioning for—  
Peace!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The supreme court—A youth's first  
wooling.

A good thing to have around the  
house—A fence.—*Statesman*.

"Is Mr. Robinson a single man?"  
No; he has a twin brother.—*Life*.

A comb may show its teeth, but it  
never gets its back up.—*Binghamton  
Republican*.

The favorite plant of the political  
worker is the famous itching palm.—  
*Chicago Post*.

"I draw the line right here," as the  
fisherman said when he got a bite.—  
*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Customer—"Is the manager in? I  
want to buy some doors." Boy—"Yes,  
he's in—but he's out of doors."—*New  
York Herald*.

A lawyer defending a burglar used as  
an argument in favor of insanity the fact  
that the burglar left \$10 in the safe.—  
*Danville Bee*.

Age comes to every man, but fate  
is kind to woman fair.  
For when she reaches twenty-eight  
She stops right then and there.

—*Cape Cod Item*.

Father—"Another bad report from  
your teacher! I hope next time you will  
do better." Son—"That's right, papa—  
don't lose your courage."—*Flying  
Blatter*.

Patient—"That medicine you gave me  
for my cold, doctor, cured me entirely."  
Doctor (in surprise)—"Did it? Well I  
believe I'll try it myself. I can't get  
rid of mine."

Visitor—"I suppose your daughter is  
busily preparing for her wedding?"  
Mother—"Yes; she is up to her room  
now, destroying all her old letters."—  
*Household Monthly*.

The Duke of Norfolk, who was much  
addicted to the bottle, asked Foote, the  
actor, in what new character he should  
go to a masquerade. "Go sober," was  
the instant reply.—*Chicago News*.

"I'm sadder when I sing," I said;  
"Was little Maud I said it to."  
She sighed and raised her pretty head  
And spoke—"There's others just like you!"

—*New York Herald*.

"How does it happen that Dr. World-  
y performs the marriage ceremony for so  
many old maids?" "Oh, he always asks  
them in an audible tone if they are of  
age, and they all like him."—*New York  
Herald*.

Fashionable Young Lady—"Papa,  
what would you do if you found out I  
was going to elope?" Father—"Why,  
I'd stand outside the house and hold the  
ladder for your Romeo."—*New York  
Journal*.

"If you wish in the world to advance,  
Your merits you're bound to enhance,  
You must stir it and stamp it,  
And blow your own trumpet.  
Or, trust me, you haven't a chance."

The newspapers are forever speaking  
of "the blushing bride." Well,  
when you reflect upon the kind of hus-  
band not a few of the brides marry, you  
cannot wonder that they should blush.—  
*Boston Transcript*.

"What kind of a physician is Dr.  
Scalpel?" "Splendid! I never saw his  
equal. His diagnoses are wonderful.  
He makes a dead sure thing of it every  
time." "Does he? Well, I guess I won't  
have him."—*Boston Transcript*.

Salesman (showing samples of wall  
paper to young couple)—"Here, now, is  
a pattern with a beautiful chocolate back-  
ground that—" Youthful Bride—"Oh,  
Herbert; that will just suit me! You  
know I almost live on chocolate."—  
*Chicago Tribune*.

"Five years ago," began the stranger  
to Wentman, "I sought that woman to be  
my wife. I believed her to be congenial,  
light-hearted and beautiful. Has our  
married life been pleasant? No!"  
"Why not?" asked Wentman. "Why  
not? Because she declined to marry me,  
of course!"—*American Grocer*.

**A 7000-Mile Circuit.**

The most remarkable wire ever known,  
it is said, is the Cambridge, Mass., San  
Francisco time circuit, which was in  
operation in 1871-2. The wire extended  
from the Cambridge Observatory to San  
Francisco, by way of Boston, Spring-  
field, Hartford, New York, Buffalo, Chi-  
cago and Omaha, returning over the  
same route to Chicago, then to Pitts-  
burg, Harrisburg, New York, New Ha-  
ven, Providence, Boston and into Cam-  
bridge.

The observatories were "looped in" at  
each terminal, forming a complete cir-  
cuit 6852 miles in length.—*New York  
Journal*.

Yokohama, in Japan, is 5300 miles  
from San Francisco.