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The latest romance of gold discovery comes from Nicaragua, where it is asserted that the old mines of the Aztecs have been found.

England is said to be moving in the direction of an imperial zollverein to hold her colonies closer together by means of trade relations with the mother country.

Says the Philadelphia Record: When William Penn laid out Philadelphia he didn't lay out that in the year 1890 Philadelphia manufacturers would furnish locomotives for a railway in the Holy Land to draw trains from Jaffa to Jerusalem.

The surviving Union Generals who commanded departments during the Civil War are: Generals Banks, Buell, Butler, Rosecrans, Sigel, Low Wallace, D. N. Couch, C. C. Augur, J. M. Palmer, N. J. T. Dana, J. J. Reynolds, H. G. Wright, G. M. Dodge, Schofield and B. F. Kelley.

Robert Bonner is authority for the statement that in 1856 there was not a horse that had trotted a mile in 2:20, and not over twenty horses in the country in the 2:30 list. The great change which has occurred during the intervening years, notes the American Dairyman, is indicated by the fact that during the past year almost one thousand horses were added to the already very large number who had covered a mile in 2:30. The greatest record thus far made was in 1885, when Maud S. reached the wonderful speed of a mile in 2:08.

The railroad statistics of the United States furnish no end of interesting figures to those who care to investigate them. Nearly one hundred and sixty thousand miles of road are in actual operation, and these roads employ about three million people in various capacities. During the last year \$1,000,000,000 was spent in railway freights, and, figuring upon a basis of 62,000,000 population, this would make \$16 for every man, woman and child in the country. This sum would pay the national debt, or supply free education to all the children in the country for a long period.

The Sandwich Islanders believe, declares the Chicago Herald, that Kaikaua was poisoned by the doctors and they feel very bitterly toward Colonel Baker, a friend and companion of the King in his illness, who, they think, should have made sure that the medicines administered to him contained no poison by first taking a dose of them himself. This was a duty due to Hawaiian royalty which the Colonel failed to perform, and though some very good reasons for it may be apparent to others, he will never be able to show the Sandwich Islanders why he should not have taken the alleged poison himself and saved the life of the King.

The proof of the adage that where there is a will there is a way to break it is seen in some statistics in a Boston legal journal. They show that in the United States last year 4000 wills were contested, 2400 of which were broken. Large as they seem, there is no reason, confesses the Chicago Herald, to doubt the accuracy of these figures. The contested will case has become a familiar feature of every Probate Court, and the skill of lawyers in setting aside wills has become proverbial. Even the will of so subtle a lawyer as Mr. Tilden was successfully contested. The situation is an unfortunate one for the man of wealth. At his death he can neither take his riches with him nor be certain that they will be distributed afterward in accordance with the behests of his will.

Has the ancient city of Moscow, Russia, gone down on its knees to the Merchant Jermokoff? This is the question now agitating Moscow society. It seems that a subscription for a certain charity was being raised in Moscow, and of the million rubles required there was a deficit of 300,000. The Mayor bethought him to make an appeal to a rich merchant of his acquaintance for the required sum. He did so; the first time in vain. But on another visit the merchant said: "Go down on your knees and beg me to give you the money." "And why not?" returned the Mayor. Like Lady Godiva, he sacrificed his pride and gained the money for the town. And now society is much concerned to know if its honor was lost, and casuists are arguing on both sides of the question. Moscow has got something to talk about.

IN EARLY SPRING.

Bright days are with us, lengthened and serene,
The clouds grow mellow, and the forest hath
Its budding pleasures; yet of Winter's scath
Some drear memorials here and there are seen.
For, though the wind no more breathes frosty-keen,
It often floats the old leaves in our path.
Or sighs along some unreaped aftermath,
To mind us of the rigor that hath been,
O thou my Joy, Spring of my Wondrous Year!
Forgive, if in thy presence aught of grief
Remain from that dead time ere thou wast here.
Now, surely, such gainsaying shall be brief;
For thou wilt set my feet where flower and leaf
And soft new sword blot out the stubble here.

—Edith M. Thomas, in Scribner.

JANIE'S ATTEMPT.

BY TOM P. MORGAN.

"I'll not come back till you call me, Miss Lang?"
"Then, I fear you will be a long time in coming, Mr. Atchison!"
Then the young fellow whacked the old fence beside him so fiercely with the stick he had poked up as he came to the trysting place that the catbird in the lilac tangle just over the fence jumped out of her nest with a squawk of wild affright and went blundering away in the gathering dusk, while the wielder of the stick turned his back upon the girl and trudged down the hill with unnecessarily heavy steps.

"Miss Lang! 'Mr.' Atchison! The catbird, who had witnessed many a meeting at the old gate since she began her nesting in the lilacs, has never before heard the young people address each other with such ceremonious exactitude.

It had been 'Janie' and 'Phil' till the catbird, perhaps with some of the instincts of a match-maker, has grown complacently accustomed to their meetings. The young people had had occasional 'lifts,' to be sure, but never before such a quarrel as this.

Phil Atchison did not look back as he tramped away, and Janie tossed her short little curls and hurried toward the house.

"Phil is so—so commonplace, and—"
There was a little catch in her murmur as she told herself so, in spite of the fierceness with which she forced herself to believe that she was glad it was all over between them.

Perhaps Phil was commonplace. But it was only of late that Janie had discovered it. It had not been so very long ago that she had thought his honest face something very much better than commonplace and his homely talents more than ordinary. There was much of the inventor about this young fellow, who was continually pottering with some novel contrivance of his own conception, and but a little while ago Janie had pridefully regarded him as destined to accomplish great things.

But that was before her inspiration had come to her, showing her, as it gradually opened her eyes to her own possibilities, how commonplace Phil really was. To be sure, he was an inventor—as far as intent went, at least—but as yet he had never succeeded in accomplishing anything in particular, and probably, she decided, never would. Besides this, he was intensely, almost disgustingly, practical. Janie loved poetry, particularly the kind that waivered more or less distressingly about unrequited love and such sad themes. But Phil cared little for it, even, upon the night of the quarrel, going so far as to snort contemptuously at one of her most soulful and wailful selections.

Phil was all well enough in his way, but there was little of the heroic about him, unless, indeed, it might have been in the reckless way in which he placed himself in the power of some of his experiments.

When she broached a part of it Phil had promptly scoffed at her inspiration and his skepticism, or at least lack of sympathy with her ambition, had been a prime factor in bringing about the separation. Slow-going Phil, outside of his inventing, had no yearning beyond the having of a commonplace little home, with Janie as its little mistress. This prospect had seemed very alluring to her till the coming of her inspiration had whispered to her that she was worthy of better things and then that she was capable of attaining them.

She wanted—well, she hardly knew definitely just what she did want, but it was something that the prospect of being the mistress of a quiet little home did not promise. In the big, bright world beyond the village there were many opportunities and—

Her discontent began to grow as rapidly as her ambition expanded. Phil promised cheerfully that, as the invention proved the success that he fondly hoped it would be, they would exhaust some of the pleasures of the great, bright world. But Janie, impatient at his awkward sympathy and his scoffing at her poetical quotations about hearts bowed and ambitions enchain'd, scoffed in turn at his prospects. The invention, she said scornfully, would probably amount to no more than its predecessors—fantastic failures, all of them. And—

And so matters went on from bad to worse till the quarrel was followed by the parting; and Janie and her ambition

were free of slow-going Phil and his commonplace plans.

She smothered the pang in her heart as she hurried toward the house in the gloaming. There was little now to prevent her making the attempt at which she felt so sure of succeeding. Phil would have no chance to object. The indulgent, unworried old aunt with whom the orphan girl lived and who would have thought it nearly the correct thing and made but feeble objection if Janie had proposed an excursion to Peru, and did not put a veto upon the proposition that she but half understood. And, two days later, when Phil Atchison, with a very transparent excuse upon his lips and a hope for reconciliation in his heart, called at the little cottage in the lilac tangles, Janie had gone to make her attempt.

"Then Phil was angry in good earnest and inquired no more. Why that right had she to—? Then he remembered that she was no longer his promised wife and went back to his inventing, resolved fiercely to mind his own business and smother his feelings, and a discouraging job enough he found it.

Janie's idea of the advantage offered by the city had been gathered from various unreliable sources, and her going was cheered by the fancy that fortunes there were to be had almost for the taking. She could paint a little—buttercups and violets on saucers and plaques and the like—and fancied, poor child, that she was destined, if not for a great artist, to at least make something of a name and fame for herself.

Her pretty little daubs would not sell. But Janie, though sorely disappointed, was not conquered, and she set bravely to work and painted other pretty little daubs, which did scarcely better than their predecessors. One sold, after several days, and the little girl chirped up wonderfully for a time. It was slower work than she had anticipated, but with perseverance she would win success after awhile. Rome was not built in a day.

And so she struggled on. Economize as one will, board and other necessities will eat up one's savings and Janie saw the little store of money she had brought with her decreasing day by day. And still the little daubs did not sell.

Then, when at last she knew not which way to turn, she secured a chance to color photographs for a miserable pittance per dozen.

Though she worked, poor child, to the limit of her endurance, day after day, till she grew wan, hollow-eyed and always weary, the scanty pay was scarce sufficient to keep body and soul together. This was very far from achieving the fame and fortune she had so fondly expected would be here. And there seemed nothing brighter to which she could look forward.

In tearful retrospection, in the solitude of her barren, cheerless room, the quiet little village she had left seemed no longer mean and commonplace, but the brightest spot on earth. And the quiet little home that poor Phil had planned for her seemed in fancy almost like Paradise. And Phil—he was no longer the commonplace clod to which her inspiration had likened him, but his talents the brightest, his honest face the dearest and his love the most desirable in the whole wide world.

How she hated the inspiration that had tempted her to leave them and to so wrong Phil, dear old Phil! Oh, if she could only—but she was proud, this little Janie, and she could not go back to them. And so the days dragged drearily on.

Then, even the pitiful boon of the photograph coloring was denied her, and she could find nothing to do even to earn the few dimes necessary to keep life in her weary little body. Her scanty store of pennies went one by one and no more were added to them. She had no recommendations, no influence, that might have secured her a situation. Nobody knew, nobody cared for the poor little struggling, despairing child. The rent of her dismal little room came due and there was no way of paying it. In a day or two she must give it up, and then—

Day after day she had sought for something to do, be the reward ever so small, that would add to the pitiful remnant of her fast disappearing store of dimes and pennies—anything that was honorable, no matter how ill paid. But nobody wanted her, and worn, weary, heart-sick, discouraged, she dragged herself back each time to her cheerless room, to sob herself supperless to unrefreshing sleep.

She told herself that even Phil, dear old Phil, would scarcely have known her now. The bloom was gone from her face, which had grown very thin and white, and the dainty hands that he had so often held in his strong, warm ones were growing more slender and like little claws.

Presently came the day when even that miserable existence could go on no longer. On the morrow she must leave the room for which she could no longer pay. She had cried herself supperless to sleep the night before. The last of the pennies, only half a dozen of them, purchased the mite that made her breakfast. Then she set out bravely to make one more hopeless attempt in the battle of existence. Nothing rewarded her, and weary, despairing, defeated, she dragged her tired little feet back to her dinnerless room at noon.

The struggle was almost over. There seemed nothing more for her to do but to lie down and die. Her pride was broken at last, and weak, wan, hungry little Janie sank down on her hard bed

and sobbed out her pitiful loneliness and weakness and despair like a poor lorn, lost child. Oh, if only Phil—if only she had not—

Then a thought came to her. If she left a letter addressed to him, after she was gone, after the troubled spirit, weary with the battle, with the battle with privation and despair, had taken its flight, they would send it to him as the one likely to be most interested, and he, if he came, could take the cold little body and do with it as he might.

The letter occupied a long time in writing. She had not so very much to say—the pitiful story was not a long one—but her weak hand trembled and tears bedimmed her sight and dropped on the cramped lines so often. Then, when it was done, she left it lying on the table. But she could not remain there with her thoughts—her thoughts and her hunger—and so she went out again with weak steps and laden heart.

There might—but no, there seemed no hope for anything. Well, she might as well die trying! Her thin face was flushed a little now and her eyes un-naturally bright. Her unsteady steps grew quicker, and odd, queer thoughts troubled her brain. Her hunger was half forgotten as she wandered on and on with feverish strength and uncertain purpose. Her short little curls were all astray and her thin hands clenched convulsively.

Her half unguided steps led to the art store where her pretty little daubs had so unsuccessfully been exposed for sale, the kind old proprietor feeling a half pity for the lonely little child—woman who had asked so often and anxiously of their fate and had been too proud to voice her disappointments when they never sold.

This old fellow was just stepping to the door when she passed the place. The daubs were almost forgotten in the half delirium that had come over her.

"Ho, Miss Lang!" he called, cheerily. "Luck at last!"

The daubs—not one, but all—were sold! Some young fellow, much to the old fellow's surprise, upon blundering into the store, seeing the daubs, which he appeared to recognize, and making a few inquiries as to the identity of the artist, had snapped up the whole lot as if they had been very precious indeed. The man placed the money in the bewildered girl's hands, and watched her as she went weakly away after a few half incoherent words.

"Poor child!" he muttered to himself. "She looked ill and half starved! I wish—why, I declare, I forgot to tell her that that young had been very particular to inquire her address, and exhibited strong symptoms of intending to call on her."

Meanwhile the buyer of the daubs, with his purchases in a bundle under his arm, had made all haste to proceed to the address the art dealer had given him.

No, Miss Lang was not in, the landlady informed him. She had probably gone to look for a new abiding place, as she was about to leave her present quarters upon the morrow.

Was Miss Lang enjoying good health? Well, now that she thought of it, the landlady was moved to confess that for some time the young lady had appeared to be sort of fading and failing.

What was the matter? The landlady could not say. A woman with the cares of a shabby genteel lodging house, a worthless husband and valueless children could not be expected to find time to pay more attention to her patrons than to know that they paid their dues promptly and did not make way with the furniture.

When did she expect the young lady back?

She could not say. Maybe, now that she thought of it, Miss Lang would not return at all. She had been given warning to vacate the room and might have done so already. There was a letter on the table addressed to Mr. Philip Atchison. It might possibly—

"That's me!" interjected the visitor, with much promptness and profound contempt for the restrictions of grammar.

Five minutes later Phil Atchison was reading the letter in the dreary little room.

Such a pitiful, disconnected, tear-blotted letter it was! And when the visitor had read it through he rubbed the back of his hand across his eyes and there were other and fresher tear spots on the page.

"When you read this, Phil, dear, dear Phil," the letter said, "my struggles will be done. I've tried so hard, Phil, but it was no use. The battle is almost over, and when it is done, you can lay me among the lilacs. And, oh, Phil, forgive the wrong I did you, dear, dear Phil. Oh, if you could only come to me now. I am so tired, so tired and hungry. Come to me, Phil! Come!"

There was a catch in the young fellow's voice as he spoke:

"Her struggles will soon be over one way or the other! Well, I am glad my inventing wasn't a failure at last! And the golden harvest it is bringing me shall be devoted to making Janie, little Janie, happy if I find her alive!"

He started to read on again.

"Oh, Phil, come back to me! Come!" The door opened just then and Janie entered. Her step was less weary and her eyes more nearly happy. A good supper will do wonders for one.

"Janie, little Janie!"

"Dear Phil!"

"You called me and I have come!"

"Forgive me, Phil! I—"

And then she was half smothered in

his protecting clasp and knew that her struggles were over at last."

"And now you can see all of the great bright world you desire," said the young fellow, somewhat later.

"I don't want to see it!" the girl returned, holding him fast with her thin little hands. "I don't want the great world or anything but that quiet little home of which we used to plan, and—and you, Phil!"—New York Mercury.

History Depicted on Fans.

In this country a fan can scarcely have any more serious definition than an elegant adjunct to the toilet of a lady. But in Japan even the commonest variety may possess a deep political significance, and even in the present day, according to a London paper, fans have occasionally to be suppressed for much the same reason that a Western newspaper has been confiscated—for being a vehicle invented to sow ill-feeling and contempt for statesmen or officials by means of cartoons and epigrams.

On examining an ordinary bamboo fan it must not be supposed that it is a mere creation of the artist's fancy. Those queer little men and women, to our eyes the fac-similes of each other, represent to the Jap well known historical or romantic characters. Those impossible looking landscapes on the reverse side all depict localities around the capital, famous shrines and pilgrim goals, at once recognizable by any traveler in the country.

A collector of Japanese fans of ancient date finds himself in possession of a complete history of the times, for before the newspaper was established in the land, the fan to a large extent supplied its place. There is no doubt, as an instance of this, that much of the ill-feeling displayed in Japan against foreigners some thirty-six years ago was due to the extensive circulation of fans bearing outrageous caricatures of Western life and manners.

Dream of an Onyx King.

According to William Cooper, the Mexican onyx king, there is enough onyx in Mexico to last about a decade and then it will become an extinct material, unless mines are discovered elsewhere. Such a great demand exists for onyx, both in this country and Europe, I cannot supply with all my mines, he said. I keep hundreds of miners at work quarrying onyx, and yet I cannot half supply the demand. No man now would think of erecting a fine house without having the interior decorations largely composed of the finest onyx. A certain millionaire who is building a house on Fifth avenue intends to have a grand staircase of onyx, which will cost something like \$300,000. The famous staircase of the famous "peacock" mansion of Mr. Leland, of London, will sink into insignificance beside this grand Corinthian staircase of translucent onyx. I expect to see a solid edifice of onyx in this city. It would stand longer than the Coliseum.—New York Herald.

As Broad as She is Long.

Comparatively few people know that the largest woman in Georgia lives in Houston County, yet such is doubtless the fact. She is a colored woman, is forty-seven years old, the mother of eight children, and lives on the Dick Johnson plantation, near Grovania. Her name is Anroe Brown. From actual test of weights and measures the following figures were obtained by a party of gentlemen who saw her last Sunday. Her weight is 500 pounds. She is five feet, eight inches in height, seven feet, two inches is her circumference around the shoulders and body, six feet, four inches around the waist, and thirty inches around the arm near the shoulder. One man was unequal to the task of measuring her. She came remarkably near being as broad as she is long. It is said she fills completely the body of a one-horse wagon, and is a full load for one horse to pull. Within the last twelve months she has gained about 100 pounds in weight.—New York Journal.

Subbeams Will Sing.

A wonderful discovery has been attracting the attention of scientists. A beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism, so as to produce the solar spectrum or rainbow. A disk, having slits or openings cut in it, is made to revolve and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it and fall on silk, wool or other material contained in a glass vessel. As the colored light falls upon it sounds will be given by the different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts. If the vessel contains red worsted and the green light flashes upon it louds sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colors make no sound at all.—New York Journal.

The Indians Made Maple Sugar.

That maple sugar has been made by the Indians from a remote time, according to Henry W. Henshaw, is shown by their language, their festivals and their traditions. They collected the sap in birch-bark vessels, and evaporated it by throwing hot stones into the reservoirs. They ate the sugar with corn, and boiled venison and rabbits in the sap. Sometimes the pure sugar was their only diet for a month.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

Never judge an insurance company by the quality of the blotting paper it gives away.—New York Continent.

"THE INVISIBLE."

The red men, whom we so despise
And proudly try to civilize,
Are wiser in some ways by far
Than we and all our teachers are.

We preach the after-life, and range
Through nature's round of ceaseless change,
And search the hopes and fears of men
To prove that we shall live again.

We only half believe; at best
Our faith stands not the greatest test,
For when our friends depart, we weep
More than those who do but sleep.

And on each marble slab we write
Some legend of the spirit's flight
Lest, passing by, we might forget
That he who died is living yet.

The Indian, with a single phrase,
The ghost of doubt and terror lays,
And lifts the veiled curtain spread
Between us and the so-called dead.

He knows no "stead;" just for a space
His friends have faded, form and face,
Through Nature's strong and subtle spell
They have become "invisible."

We are too fine and wise; we need
Much less of logic and of creed.
Oh, let the untaught forest child
Teach us his credence undefiled!

Let us no longer say "Our Dead,"
Nor think that those we love have fled.
They are "invisible," as we
Shall close our eyes some day, and see.

—George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

In times of financial panic, even words fail.

Did they write Hog Latin with a pig pen?

A domestic tyrant—General Household.

A reliable trade mark—Hardened hands.

Aptly named—The "Cornerstone" of the Stock Exchange.—Puck.

Beauty is but skin deep, and frequently it hardly gets below the powder.

"Jay Gould is a very silent man."

"Yes, but then, you know, his money talks."

"An' phwy d' yeas cah' yer stove an' Injun range, Pat?" "Faix, beca'se it's a good hater."—Puck.

Why are colts like rich men's sons? Because they won't work until they are broke.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Let who will make the country's laws,
Yea, e'en her ballads, grave or funny;
Here most of us would serve her cause,
Content in helping make her money.

You can't tell how valuable a girl's affections are until you are sued for blighting a set of them.—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

Student—"Did Stanley discover the African Pygmies, do you gather?" Professor di Gamma—"Yes; he and Herodotus."—Puck.

A boss of street laborers is looking around for that "fine Italian hand" that he has read about, and offers to make him a foreman.—Puck.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going to catch me a man," she said. "Cast me your bait, my pretty maid." "I'm fishing, sir, for a man."—New York Sun.

Grin—"See a dog fight?" Barit—"No; the dogs only stood off and yelped at each other." Grin—"Ah, a bark mill, as you might say."—Buffalo Express.

Good: Professor to one of his pupils—"When Alexander was as old as you, he had already conquered the world."

"But you said he had Aristotle for his teacher!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Cumso—"They say Brown has a very poor memory for faces." Banks—"And he has. Why, the other day he looked into the mirror and asked his wife whose reflection it was he saw."—Bury Bee.

The head and the heart in the game of love,
Must play its separate part;
But will pardon a girl a cold in the head,
So long's she's not cold in the heart.

"Don't you ever go to see comedies?" inquired Miss Laura. "No," said Miss Irene. "Laughter produces wrinkles." And Miss Irene went on reading the "Editor's Drawer" in Harper's.—Chicago Tribune.

I know that by my boot straps now
I can't not lifted be;
But once a little red-topped pair,
Which first in boyhood I did wear,
Much elevated me!

"I'm quite pleased with my son-in-law," said old Mrs. Pickadaw. "My influence over him is great. Ever since I have been at his house he has staid down town at work until 10 and 11 o'clock at night."—New York Herald.

Wife—"You don't tell me that Professor A. has been struck dumb?" Husband—"Yes, last night. And he was master of seven languages." Wife—"Is it possible. And was he struck dumb in all seven?"—Texas Siftings.

Cholly—"Heah about Chappie? Supposed to be dead, you know, but came to life in his coffin. Queeah, vewy queeah." Dolly—"Aw, not so vewy queeah. They had put the dead boy into an American-made shroud, don't you know?"—Indianapolis Journal.

An unfortunate man has obtained access to rich Baron Rapineca. He depicts his misfortunes, his misery, in so moving a manner that the Baron, with tears in his eyes and his voice choked with sobs, calls to his servant: "Jean! Put this poor fellow out into the street! He is breaking my heart!"—Paris Figaro.