Republican News Item.

CHAS. LOREN WING, Editor.

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"FIRST OF ALL--THE NEWS."

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REPUBLICAN NEWS ITEM,
Laporte Pa.,

For a garden hoe, garden rake, grubbing hoe, pick, shovel, etc. call on J. W. Buck.

Wall paper with fine borders to match, Just received at J. W. Bucks, Sonestown.

If you need fence wire, call on J. W. Buck, he has different sizes on hand.

New Rule at Five O'Clocks.

Fashionable women have this season discovered how to obviate the necessity of taking too much tea and yet to preserve the aspect of sociability as they make the rounds of the five-o'clock affairs. This is by taking plain hot water, flavored with a little of the lemon or cordial that is an invariable accompaniment to the fashionable tea service. There has been a decided tendency to vary the usual wafers by some sort of fresh warm bread. At some houses delightful Sally Lunn is handed round, and miniature tea biscuits, too, hot, and to be eaten with butter, have been often seen. Small fresh round sponge-cakes, often the work of the hostess herself, are offered at some studio afternoons, and there is a universal suppression of sandwiches. These are no longer deemed necessary or even desirable.

Woman's New Importance.

The position of woman has changed greatly for the better in late years. In the latter part of the sixties Miss Laura Addington, of Iowa, built up a large business as a real estate draughtsman and conveyancer. She had talent, if not genius for the work, and was so skillful that she won the confidence of both the bar and the banks. In response to their request the Governor appointed her register, notary or some other official connected with that kind of work. The Chief Executive issued a commission to L. Addington. When asked, it is said, why he did not write the first name, "Laura," in full, he answered: "It's enough disgrace to the State to have to appoint a woman, and there ain't any necessity for letting it be known to the whole world."

Art of Talking Well.

One wonders if the great increase of women's clubs has had anything to do with the desire on the part of society women to improve their conversational powers. It is certain that the average club-woman learns to think very quickly when on her feet. It is also true that some New York women this season have felt their inability to converse well, and have secured a conversation teacher for the purpose of improving them in this respect. She is quite different from the current-topics instructor or the class-lecturer. Her object is solely the cultivation of conversational powers, and she does this, taking anything as her subject. She prefers not to take her pupils in classes, and, it may be added, her pupils prefer to come singly.

The Ladies' Valet.

The latest creation of the century is the Ladies' Valet. This is not a person, but a little business concern. It has a certain number of subscribers, upon whom it calls once a week to perform the functions of the valet and maid. It receives boots, clothing and bonnets. It does no laundry work, and no boot cleaning. It repairs footwear, sews buttons and half soles and heels. It cleans clothing, darns and renovates. It retrims hats and makes them presentable. It returns all the goods within a few days after they are received. For this weekly visit and all this work the charges are a moderate annual subscription.

To Prevent Hold-Ups.

An inventive genius in Media, Pa., has rigged up a device which he confidently predicts will put an end to street car hold ups. He is a conductor on an electric line and has lined the interior of his car with wires charged with electricity. Along these wires runs a small trolley device, intended to be kept in his hand constantly, no matter where he may be in the car.

Food Values of Land.

It is estimated that twenty-two acres of land is necessary to sustain one man on fresh meat. The same space of land, if devoted to wheat culture, would feed 42 people; if to oats, 88; potatoes, Indian corn and rice, 176; and if to the plantain or breadfruit tree, over 6,000 people.

Some Rain Records.

It rains on an average 208 days in the year in Ireland, about 150 in England, at Kezan about ninety days and in Siberia only sixty days.

THE DURATION OF FOGS.

One in the Last Century Lasted For Two Years and Caused Alarm.

The whole of Europe, during the two years 1782 and 1783, was shrouded by a dry fog so thick that a noonday, in summer, the sun took a blood-red hue. This extraordinary haze was a pale-blue color, and never lifted day or night. Voyaging on the Mediterranean was made dangerous by it, and it was just as thick on the tops of the highest Alps. It was not in the least affected by rain, and extended alike over countries such as Britain, where the climate is changeable, and Spain and Italy, where it is usually serene and clear.

The greatest alarm prevailed; public prayers were made, and, probably, so agitated a state of the public mind was never known before. Its cause is supposed to have been the terrible eruption of the volcano of Skaptar Jokull, in Iceland, which ejected over 80,000,000 tons of matter. One of the worst fogs within recent times alike for its density and protractedness was one which prevailed in London from the beginning of November, 1879, to the following February.

The deaths for the six weeks ending February 21 were 1,730, 1900, 2,200, 3,376, 2,495, and 2016, the deaths in the fourth week being thus nearly double those of the first. In the first three weeks of 1880 when London was largely cleared of fog, the deaths fell 30 per cent. below the average; but in the end of January, when the fog again became severe, the deaths rose to 43 per cent. above the average.—Tit-Bits.

Curly Haired Jurors.

There is a well defined prejudice against curly haired men when it comes to choosing a jury to try criminal cases. The prejudice, when it is manifested, comes from the defence. When asked to explain the objection to curly haired men, a prominent practitioner yesterday said:—"When I was just starting my legal mentor inculcated that idea in me. He said that curly haired men had almost invariably been the pampered darlings of their parents and in their youth had been so used to having their own way that they had come to believe that everybody on earth was wrong except themselves. In this way the seeds of opposition were sown, and when they grew older they made a point to disagree with everybody and everything. If everybody else on the jury votes for acquittal they vote for conviction as a matter of course. They live on combat and are as stubborn as the days are long. A curly haired man never gets on the jury when I am defending a man if I can see him in time."

Maine's Woman Diver.

A woman diver is something new, but Mrs. Lillie Gordon of South Portland, wife of Nat Gordon, the famous submarine diver, can lay claim to this distinction. In June, while her husband was constructing a stone wharf at Hurricane Island, Mrs. Gordon donned the diver's suit and went down in thirty feet of water. She went down as steadily as a veteran diver, says one who was present, and though for a minute she felt as though she were smothering, she reports the sensation at the bottom of the sea as a very pleasant one.

Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the large percentage of defectiveness prevailing among fair-haired people.

Artificial Silk.

The occupation of the silk worm is being successfully attacked from four different quarters. A German chemist dissolves the silk of worn out dresses, remnants and of the cocoons and with it plates cotton or linen threads, which, when woven, are more brilliant than silk prepared in the ordinary way. A French chemist makes an artificial silk out of vegetable tissues, which he dissolves and forces, when in liquid form, through minute holes in a steel cylinder. These holes are like the spinnerets of all insects which produce threads. There is a liquid comes through them. The volatile parts evaporate, leaving an almost invisible thread like that of a caterpillar. These are brought together and spun into thread, which, in turn, is woven into cloth. Another inventor is utilizing the spiders which make cobwebs, while a fourth makes thread and cloth out of glass.

Sanitary Inspector Brunner reports to the Surgeon General from Havana, that during the week ending October 7, there were seven deaths from starvation, and during the week ending October 14, 21. To the deaths from starvation, he says, must be added, scores resulting from other immediate causes that would not prove fatal if sufficient food was obtainable. The deplorable conditions to which the despotism of Weyler subjected the pacifies is inconceivable unless the subject is made a special study. They were restricted to narrow limits where they could not procure food and so densely that sanitation was impossible. Blanco promises relaxation.

Politics in Newark, New Jersey, developed many phases of human nature in the campaign just closed. In one ward where there were 205 Democrats registered there were 285 votes cast and countd at the Democratic primary. A member of the Grand Jury was nominated for a county office and the Grand Jury adjourned until after the election in order to allow him to do his campaigning. A red hot Republican was a delegate to the convention, a howling partizan of a candidate and secured his nomination. Then the Democrats nominated his brother for the same office and the Republican told his friend to help his brother and the friend took off his coat and went to work to defeat his candidate.

A MASCOT IN REALITY.

Prices of Land Boom Wherever Ex-President Cleveland Resides.

Grover Cleveland is a mascot for real estate boomers. He has made money in large sums for landholders in three widely separated parts of the country. When he was married, ten years ago, during his first term, Mr. Cleveland bought for $21,500 a place of twenty-eight acres in the suburbs of Washington. Until that purchase the sightliness of the locality had not been recognized. The land was in small small farms and there were few Washington people who had homes along the unfashionable pike. The President made some alterations in the comfortable old stone house and lived there in the summer time. When he went out of office, after two or three seasons' occupancy of "Red Top," as the place was called, from the brightly painted roof, he sold his twenty-eight acres for $135,000. But previously thousands of acres surrounding had changed hands. Cleveland Heights had been laid out, an electric road had been built and all of the accessories of real estate speculation on a grand scale had been applied.

Mr. Cleveland's next venture was in a desolate tract of land on Buzzard's Bay. He went there on the recommendation of Joseph Jefferson, found good fishing and bought liberally of the rocky and sandy acres. The history of Red Top repeated itself, save that Mr. Cleveland did not sell when the boom came. Buzzard's Bay has come into prominence as one of the choicest localities on the Atlantic coast for summer homes. The land has gone up and up until the advances parallel those of the first neighborhood to which Mr. Cleveland lent his name. And now the news is that Princeton acres, and especially that part in which the ex-President has invested, are soaring in values.

They Got Jined.

"The most amusing nuptial event I ever officiated at," said good old 'Squire Hiram Cate, of Kentucky, the marrying magistrate of the Pennyrile,' who died not long since, "was in the winter of '71. I was awakened one cold night about midnight by vigorous knocking on my front door. I went to the window, and by the light of the moon could see two forms on my front porch. I raised the window and asked what was wanted. A woman of the backwoods type, answered in about this language: 'Why, hits us, Jim an' me, as wants to git hitched.' I hurried down, and on opening the door found a poorly clad, finnicky looking man of about forty, led by a determined looking woman of perhaps thirty. I could see that the female was the business part of the procession, and addressed myself to her, asking why they had chosen such a late hour for their 'hitching affair.' This was the reply in quick, snappy sentences: 'Why, hits this way. Jim Owens is bin a-sparkin' uv me, I low, for fo' yeres, an' I got fetched tired uv his mincin' wurds, so tuk an' ast him to-nite, I did, ef he wuz ever gwine ter pop. I tol' him, I did, I 'spected him 'votedly, and ef he wanted me, to cum on an' less git jined tonite, er I wuz gwine to take Fletch Boggesses' boy, Hez, an' settle down. Jim lowed—he did—he reckined he'd cum, tho' it wuz a long trip. So I took an' fetched him in pap's mill waggin'. Didn't I, Jim? Jim nodded a doleful assent. In answering the questions I put to the groom in the ceremony the brawny better nine-tenths gave the bashful spouse about to be the cue, and she paid me a half dollar, taking the money from Jim's pocket book. It beat any wedding I ever witnessed, I think."

Unbinding China Women's Feet.

Are any Chinese women's feet unbound in consequence of the exertions of foreigners? Yes; but no more than European ladies are they going to walk barefoot through the streets to convince doubters. And what is far more important, numbers upon numbers of little girls are remaining unbound in missionary schools at Amoy. Hangchow and all up and down the river. And at parties ladies who so far as we know are untouched by Christian influences yet show with pride their soft-footed little girls, saying, "My old people bound my feet, but I will never bind hers." It is the upper circles of China who are giving up binding. The man on the streets yet binds and loves bound feet, just as in Singapore all the Straits-born Chinese have cast off binding, if it be not the very poorest of the poor.

Same Pay for Everybody.

An aged Georgia negro, Nathan by name, is employed by a gentleman prominent in State politics. That Nathan also has an eye to political favors is shown by the following conversation which recently took place between him and his employer:

"Marse Jim," said Nathan, "is you gwine in dis yere race for Governor?"

"Haven't thought about it."

"Well, ef yer does run, an' gits elected, will you give me a job?"

"Certainly I would remember you, Nathan. What would you like?"

"Well, suh, I'd des like ter black boots roun' de Capitol."

"And what would you expect for that service?"

"Well, suh," he replied, "I should say $4 a day would be reasonable. Das what de yuther legislators get."

Some Day.

The Fair One—I suppose you will marry, though, when the golden opportunity offers, won't you?

The Cautious One—It will depend upon how much gold there is in the opportunity.