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THE FLOOD.

The rhythmic ring of a horse's hoofs
Echoes along the city street,
And the idle-crowd swarms out to see
Who can the reckless rider be.

With bloodless face and blazing eyes
He dashes on, and wildly cries:
"Fly, for the river's wrath is near!
Fly, for the Flood—the Flood is here!"

He passes, and they stand amazed!
Then jest, and deem the rider crazed—
Some mischief-breeding addequate—
Then turn and see, and fly—too late!

With a moan and a groan,
With a shriek and a roar,
Down on the town
The waters pour—
A shivering crash,
And it is no more!

The torrent sweeps on its changeless path,
Grinding the puny walls like chaff,
In its awful play.
Like straws before the fresh'ning breeze,
Like sands beneath the beating seas,
They pass away.

The seething whirlpool boils and foams
Above a thousand ruined homes,
And on its bosom sped,
All ghastly in the waning light,
Are borne into the coming night
An army of the dead.

Tears for the souls that passed away;
But charity for those
Whose all was lost that bitter day;
Whose call for pity goes
Up from hearts that are sad and sore
And laden down with woes;
Tears for the lives that are no more,
But charity for those.

—Glen MacDonough, in *New York World*.

THE OLD-CLO' MAN.

"Oh, such pretty vases, mamma!" said Fanny, nearly throwing herself out of the window, in her eagerness to look after an old-clothes man, who with his bag upon his shoulder, and his basket of brittle ware upon his arm, was just at that moment passing the door. "Such pretty, pretty vases! Do let me have one, mamma!"

Now, I never, on any account, encourage one of those people. I have hitherto made it a positive rule never to allow one of them to cross my threshold. Yet, somehow, Fanny's eyes—they are just like Psalter's—looked so coaxingly into mine that, before I had taken a moment to consider about it, I opened the door, and the minute I did so, of course, the old-clothes man came straight up the stairs, with his "Old clo' old shoe!" Enny tings to change dis morning, latty?"

As I had opened the door, I thought it could do no harm to humor Fanny, just for once, you know; so, telling the man to wait a moment, and bidding Fanny, in a whisper, not to leave the hall until I came back (for I was afraid the man might meddle with something while I was gone), I ran upstairs, and was soon engaged in inspecting the contents of a musty old wardrobe in the lumber room. There was an old office coat of Psalter's, terribly out at elbows; an old vest of Brother John's totally destitute of pockets; a little frock of Fanny's, which she had outgrown a year before; and a broche shawl of my own, which had been spotted with rain, and which I had placed in the wardrobe in a fit of impatience, pretending to myself that it was utterly ruined. It was the only thing of any value there, and, in fact, it was so good that I hesitated about producing it on the present occasion. I turned it about and looked at it over and over again. The center was the only part which was stained. I could rip the border off and have it dyed, and my shawl would be as good as new again. But then it was so much trouble, and I had a very pretty shawl and a cloak and beaded wrap besides. Still, I did feel afraid that it would be wrong to dispose of it for next to nothing.

While I was deliberating on the subject, I heard some one behind me say: "Why don't you come, mamma?" and there, if you'll believe me, stood that disobedient child, notwithstanding I had told her not leave the hall on any account. There she was, and the old clothes-man was alone downstairs. I declare I had half a mind to shake her well.

I ran downstairs immediately. There stood the peddler just where I had left him, rubbing his hands one over the other, and looking so steadfastly at nothing that he really seemed to have a cast in one of his eyes and a squint in the other. Ugh! what a villainous-looking face he had—it absolutely made me shudder. He lifted the coat from the chair upon which I had laid it, and held it at arm's length with a supercilious air.

"Ah!" he said, "dat is goot for nothings, latty. Dat ish net goot for rags. I got very pretty tings in my basket. Latty, any old clo's, old shoes—anything else, latty? Little latty, want pretty tings out uv my basket?"

"Here's a frock," said Fanny, "and a vest of Uncle John's, and a shawl of ma's."

"Ah!" grunted the man. "The frock is no good—not worth nothings. The vest was no use mit me. The shawl was leetle petter, latty. Vot you vant for him?"

"I want a pretty vase," said Fanny. "Ah! leetle latty," said the peddler, "I makes no monish mit you—you too hard on me. Vell, vell, I takes de clo's. Dey ish worth nothing, most nothing, latty, and I will give you dis vase. I make myself poor bargain, leetle latty. Ugh! I make no monish mit you;" and with innumerable jerks and moves and gesticulations he thrust a little vase, with a very gaudy pattern printed on the front, into the child's hand and began to gather up the articles from the floor where he had dropped them.

Just then I happened to glance through the window, and saw to my chagrin two of my most fashionable acquaintances coming up the street; and really, for the moment, I would not have cared how much the man had cheated me, so that I got him out of the house before they came up. He did go at last, although he came back after they were in the hall to say:

"Next time you has petter tings, latty; then we make petter bargains. I make no monish mit you this day, latty. Good-by. I come next week—den you hash petter tings."

At which speech Mrs. Japonica rolled up her eyes and asked me what the man meant; and Miss Cornelia Japonica "wondered I didn't move nearer Fifth avenue, where I would not be subject to the intrusions of such people."

The Japonicas stood a good while and talked away about all manner of fashionable nothings—the last concert and the last party at Mrs. Highflyer's—how sweetly Screeholini sang, and how elegantly Miss Wilkins was dressed the other day. By the time they went Clara and Rosa and Dick were home from school, and Fanny was crying for lunch. So my time was pretty well occupied for an hour or more, and I forgot all about the old peddler until Rosa began to fidget about the room and rummage my work-box and desk for something she had lost.

"What are you looking for, Rosa?" I said, rather impatiently, as she overset a box of cotton. "I wish you would be more careful."

"It's all Fanny's fault, ma. I told her not to touch it till I came home," answered Rosa.

"I don't care, said Fanny; "it was mine, too."

"It was more mine," said Rosa, "because I'm the biggest—warn't it, ma?"

"What are you speaking of?" I inquired. "What was more yours?"

"Why, the money pa gave us to play store with," said Rosa. "The bank-bill, you know, ma."

Psalter had received a bad \$5 bill some time before, and, after marking it with red ink, had kept it in his pocketbook until a few days before, when he gave it to the children as a plaything. I had seen it in Fanny's hand that very morning, just before the clothes man passed the window, and the moment I remembered that I guessed where the note had vanished.

"Did you have it when you saw your little vase in the man's basket, Fanny?" I said.

"Oh yes, ma!" said Fanny. "I recollect now, I put it on the hall table when I opened the door. I'll go and look there."

She went, but of course didn't find it. I do declare I had to laugh when I thought how disappointed the old peddler would feel when he found out that the bill was worthless. I quite enjoyed it.

My merriment was shortened, however; for not fifteen minutes after I discovered that a new vest of Psalter's, which he had only brought home the day before, and which I had laid upon my work-basket until I should find time to set the buckle at the back a little farther forward, was missing. I searched everywhere, but the vest was nowhere in the house. Such a beautiful thing as it was, too, and Psalter had given more for it than I had ever known him to give for a vest before, because he admired it so—

to think that it should be lost through my own foolish carelessness, for of course I knew that old peddler had it! I never felt so distressed in all my life about such

a thing. I would far rather have lost my own velvet bonnet, or even my best dress. I would willingly have had my hair cut short off all the way round, like a boy's, to have had it back again, and I'm sure I couldn't say more than that.

Glad as I always am to hear Psalter's step upon the sidewalk, I almost dreaded to hear it that night, for I should have to tell him all about it; and though I knew he wouldn't scold, yet, dear me! I did feel so ashamed of my stupidity.

The first thing Fanny did when she heard father getting his latch-key into the key-hole was to run, with her vase in her hand, down to the entry to show her bargain to him, and, tripping over the rug, down she came just as he opened the door, smashing the china and cutting her poor little lip terribly. There was an end of the vase, and her lamentations over her broken toy and cut lip were deafening, and while trying to soothe her I forgot all about the peddler and vest both for a little time. Peace was restored, and I was just filling the teapot, when Brother John arrived, looking exceedingly complacent, and carrying a parcel under his arm, which he laid upon the sofa.

"What is in that paper, Uncle John?" said Fanny, inquisitive as usual, trying to untie the cord which fastened the package.

"That is my new vest, Fan," said John, untying the string himself.

At the word "vest," my heart sank like a lump of lead.

"Oh, dear!" I thought, "the time is coming. I must tell now, very soon."

"It is just like yours, Psalter," said John. "You know how I admired that. Well, by a rare piece of good fortune, an old fellow offered me just such a one this morning, and I bought it. I don't believe you could tell the two apart."

And he held up a vest so like Psalter's that it seemed absolutely the same.

"The old fellow had a lovely shawl, which he said was a wonderful bargain—only \$5! It is just the color of the one you were so partial to, that was stained or spotted, or something, so I thought I'd bring it up to you."

He held it toward me; but when I took it in my hand, good gracious! it was—no, it couldn't be—yes, it absolutely was—the very shawl I had given to the old peddler man for Fanny's vase. The spots were taken out and it had been brushed and ironed, but it was the very same.

John did not notice my agitation, but went on:

"I think my vest came to less than yours did, Psalter. Let me see. I gave him a \$10 note, and he gave me this in change. I hope it is good."

And John drew from his pocket a note marked with red ink on the back.

"Why, Uncle John," cried Rosa, the moment her eyes fell upon the bill, "where did you find my money?"

"Your money, child?" cried John, astonished. "Your money?"

"Yes, uncle—my bad money that pa gave me to play with. Don't you see the red letters on the back—had—that pa put there?"

John turned the note over on the other side.

"The child is right," he said. "What does all this mean?"

While he was looking at the note with all his might I reached over and picked up the vest, turned it on the wrong side, and there, sure enough, were Psalter's initials, written in indelible ink by my own hands that very morning.

"Of whom did you buy these things, John?" I asked.

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" said John. "An old man who said he kept a large clothing store, but being in poor circumstances was obliged to peddle off the remainder of his stock himself."

"Had he a nose like our parrot's beak and eyebrows that went up so?" said Fanny, making two little right angles with her forefingers over her eyes; "because if he had, it's our old clothes man, and he got that bill off the hall table."

"Why—what—I can't make this out," said John, completely bewildered. "What do you mean by 'our old clothes man,' Fanny?"

"Why, a man came to the door with pretty things in a basket," said Fanny, "and ma gave him a shawl and an old coat for my pretty vase that I broke just now; and after he had gone we found that he had stolen pa's vest and my bad money, uncle."

"Yes, John," I put in, "and he must have gone straight down town after he left me and sold the articles to you, for that is the only way in which I can account for the fact of your having brought them up again just as I had made up my mind that

I had bidden good-by to them forever."

John's astonishment beggared description. He stood open-mouthed, rumpling his hair with both hands for more than ten minutes; and then—but no matter what he said. Suffice it to say that such invectives of vengeance on the whole race of old clothes speculators were never before uttered, and that those hurled on the head of the particular one in question amounted to anathemas.

Every tale should have a moral, and remember well the one affixed to this, all ye housekeepers. "Never deal with old-clo' men, for one peddler is a match for five ordinary females."—*Mary Kyle Dallas*.

Making Dirt Maps.

The British in upper Burma have found it necessary within the last two years to send several columns of troops against the uncivilized inhabitants in the Burmese Shan States north and east of that country. These regions were almost as little known as the lands within the Antarctic circle, and it was therefore a very difficult matter to move troops and adequately arrange for their food supplies. The officers in charge of these expeditions tried to get all the information they could of the country, of its mountains, rivers, fords, roads and agricultural resources, from the natives they met, but their success was very poor. They found that by the time they had questioned the savages a few minutes they were weary and out of temper and refused to answer questions. Finally a bright idea struck one of the Englishmen. He invented a new diversion for the natives and it worked like a charm.

Every day when camp was pitched, usually near some Shan caravansary, a space of ground was spaded up, and then the people at the inn, traders and travelers, were invited to make a relief map in the dirt of as much of the country as they knew. Captain Dun, of the British army, says the natives readily caught the idea, and it was amusing to see the childish delight they took in making dirt maps of the country. They piled up the mountain ranges, excavated the valleys and rivers, stuck little sticks in the ground for forests, and indicated the regions that were well cultivated. Of course such a map would be almost valueless unless it were made with some regard to proper proportions. So they used sticks about a foot long to represent a day's march, and on this scale they rudely fashioned their maps. Sometimes two or three hours were spent in making the map, and now and then rival cartographers would each appropriate a piece of ground and display his talents as a map-maker.

The information thus obtained was very useful. The British officers were nearly every day engaged in drawing charts based upon the dirt maps in relief, and it was not often found that the native information was so far out of the way as to be valueless. It would be interesting to see whether this plan would work in Africa among the natives of whose geographical inaccuracies the explorers are constantly complaining. Stanley is the latest aggrieved explorer, the natives having told him on his recent march to Albert Uyanza of a great lake which he fondly hoped to reach until he became convinced that it was wholly mythical.

Buried Treasure Unearthed.

The people at Friar's Point, Miss., are much excited over the discovery of a hidden treasure, and crowds were recently out digging, as if the town was a gold mine. One morning when the steamer Belle Memphis arrived at the town, the passengers saw a fisherman and his two little sons "grubbing" in the loose loam a hundred yards below the wharf boat. Soon afterward the boys rushed up to their father at the landing, and showed him several dinky pieces of metal that they had found. The fisherman saw that they were twenty-dollar gold pieces, and ran to the place and began digging. The passengers on the boat followed, and the spot was soon alive with eager miners. Pocket knives, parasols, and fingers were the tools used, and they yielded a rich return. The fisherman got about \$600. A lady passenger secured \$500, and others got smaller sums, the whole amount aggregating several thousand dollars, all in twenty-dollar gold pieces bearing date of 1859 and 1860.

The money was buried early during the war by somebody unknown. Several years ago a wealthy planter spent about \$3000 on excavations on Montezuma Bar, some distance above Friar's Point, to find a treasure that was supposed to be buried there. He failed in his attempt, but managed to furnish another channel for the river at that point.—*New York Times*.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Creosote is proposed as a fuel for torpedo boats.

Tests of China beets show them to be rich in sugar.

A new system of universal telegraphic language is proposed.

Russian army officials are experimenting with speaking trumpets for giving orders.

A Buffalo (N. Y.) physician says that there are times when every man has suicidal tendencies.

A new agricultural machine distributes manures and insecticides and sows grain by means of an air blast.

A balloon 600 or 700 yards above the ground, is claimed to be perfectly safe from small arm and artillery fire.

The deepest artesian well in Russia opens with a depth of 2090 feet. The sinking operations took two years.

The Mexican Government has commissioned two eminent physicians to study the cremation of the dead in Europe.

Edison has just patented a clock, which, when it reaches 12 o'clock, shouts out "dinner time," 1 o'clock, etc.

It is stated that at New Orleans a dozen samples of bleached paper of fine quality produced from sugar cane are being exhibited.

There will shortly be a public test at Anneton, Ala., of a shingle machine which is guaranteed to make 6000 shingles per hour.

American electricians are sending, every week, large shipments of electrical goods to European markets. American electrical goods have the call.

The curving of the plates for protective shields for quick firing-guns' crews is said to weaken the fibre of the metal sufficiently to diminish its resistance.

A copper mine, said to be the richest in the world, according to the customary enthusiastic report, has been developed in Mexico, and promoters are hard at work at it.

A consumptive sanatorium near Berlin is to be a large cylindrical building in which patients will be exposed to the alleged therapeutic influence of exhalations from cows.

The "nitrate" powder, which lately has given more satisfaction than was formerly the case; there is not now as great liability to "pack," owing to dampness of climate.

Some electrical companies are evaporating seventeen pounds of water by the combustion of one pound of oil. The average evaporation per pound of oil is from six to nine pounds.

Dr. Nicolai, of Stuttgart, has recorded a case in which a fistula opening in the breast was connected with disease of the left lower first molar. It closed in twelve days after removal of the tooth.

One of the French railways is fitting some of its carriages with movable footboards. When the train is in motion the footboards will hang down; as soon as it stops they rise to a horizontal position.

The Paris Academy of Science is reported excited over a plant called colocalia. This plant often exhibits a trembling or vibrating motion without any apparent cause, and as many as 100 or 120 vibrations have been observed in a single minute.

A system of building houses entirely of sheet iron has been communicated to the Society of Architecture in Paris. The walls, partitions, roofs and wainscoting are composed of double metallic sheets, separated by an air mattress, which is surrounded by different non-conductors of heat.

The Age at Which to Wed.

M. Korosi, of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, has collected about 30,000 data, and has come to the following conclusion: Mothers under twenty years of age and fathers under twenty-four have children more weakly than parents of riper age. Their children are more subject to pulmonary diseases. The healthiest children are those whose fathers are from twenty-five to forty years of age and whose mothers are from twenty to thirty years old. M. Korosi says, and most medical men endorse this view, that the best marriages are those in which the husband is senior to the wife.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Letters in the handwriting of Piggott, the notorious Parnell forger, are now advertised for sale at two guineas apiece.

FUN.

The laborer is worthy of his excelsior. Successful gronouts are built from the ground up.

The lady who never marries should be named Ida Kline.

Even a small barber may be called a strapping fellow.

Why are postage stamps like routed soldiers? Because you see their backs when you lick 'em.—*Siftings*.

Mother—"Johnny, your face is dirty." Johnny—"Well, so is the earth's face, and nobody makes a fuss about that, do they?"

A young lady with a tall lover need not feel insulted if she is accused of having drawn the long beau.—*New York Herald*.

Two men, with the best of feelings toward each other, are sure to come to blows when they both have the influenza.—*Bazar*.

Smith—"Is your friend Jones contracting any bad habits?" Brown—"No; he is still expanding them."—*Omaha World*.

"Did you divide your honbons with your little brother, Mollie?" "Yes, mamma; I ate the candy and gave him the mottoes. You know he is awfully fond of reading."—*Time*.

A little fellow, whose fifth birthday is at hand, heard the question asked of a newcomer: "How old is that infant?" His reply was: "She ain't old at all; she has just begun."—*Brunswick Telegraph*.

Hayti's War.

While war-ridden Hayti is struggling for peace the merchants here engaged in commerce with Haytian ports are figuring losses and gains of the eight months' rebellion. New York is a gainer by Hayti's losses from all accounts, since most of the arms, ammunition and provisions have been exported from here in exchange for coffees, logwood, and other products of the little island.

A merchant who has had commercial relations with both north and south Hayti for years said of the situation recently: "The rebellion is over by this time without doubt. Hippolyte will probably be the next President, and I have reason to believe he will make a good one, as Haytian Presidents go. Legitimate with either settle down in Cuba or he may come to New York. At all events, he will leave Port au Prince, if he hasn't done so before this.

"The cost of the war cannot be estimated exactly, but I am convinced that the entire losses, including damages to property, expenses of the army, arms, provisions, everything, will not be far from \$6,000,000 or \$7,000,000, and this is putting it at a small figure. Fully two thousand persons have been killed in one way or another, and several of Hayti's best men are gone. Take, for instance, General Thelemaque, who was killed at the beginning of the war, in the street fights at Port au Prince. It's been a bad war. Hayti won't recover for years from the losses to her crops, and the Hayti coffee market is practically done for the present season. They have sold their logwood, coffee and everything to buy arms, uniforms and a lot of useless stuff that won't be worth a cent to them now that the trouble is over."

The downfall of Legitimate means the recall of Minister Stephen Preston, dean of the Washington legation, and Hayti's representative to the United States for seventeen years. Minister Preston did all in his power to sustain Legitimate and still has faith that his cause may not be dead, as reports and circumstances seem to indicate.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

Proclaiming His Disgrace.

The Siamese have a curious method of punishing their police-constables when found guilty of an offense. Not very long ago one of these guardians of the peace was seen standing near the door of the police station with his hands tied behind his back, and wearing on his breast a board with the following notice: "My name is Cuddy, and I have been placed here by the order of Corporal Sin. Last night I stole a sword belonging to His Majesty, the King, and was taken in the act by a guard at the moment when I was carrying off the article under my arm. To-day I repent that base action. The inspector is very angry with me, and says I deserve a punishment, my offense being a serious one, as I belong to the police. I entreat the passers-by to look me in the face, and tell me sincerely if I ought to be whipped. In my opinion my crime is not a very serious one, because everybody here does the same."