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Influence.

The morning broke upon a sullen world;
A heavy mist encompassed sea and land;
The city's smoke hung low on every
hand;
The roses stood with velvet petals furled,
Like pouting maids with pretty lips half-
curled,
Waiting, with drooping heads and cheeks
unfanned,
Their zephyr-lovers—a dejected band;
While listlessly the languid windmill
whirled.
Then, suddenly, a ray of golden light
Fell on the earth; the gray mist slunk
away,
The smoke sped upward in majestic flight,
The zephyrs sang a merry roundelay,
The roses laughed, the windmill whirred de-
light,
The sunbeams danced, and all the world
was gay.
—Emma C. Dowd in *Youths' Companion*.

THEIR NEW NEIGHBOR.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

"Girls!" cried Margery Kearney, "I've seen him!—Clive Sterling!—Our new neighbor!"
In quite a whirl of excitement Margery had dashed into the cozy room where her three sisters were sitting. She was shining with rain, from the hood of her silver-gray gossamer to the very tips of her rubbers. The fluffy brown curls across her forehead were sprinkled with bright drops, and her cheeks were glowing from her rapid walk.
"You did?" interrogatively chorused three eager voices.
"I really did!"
"Is he handsome?" asked Janet, who appreciated all beauty as intensely as only a plain-looking person can.
"Intellectual-looking!" inquired Clotilde, who dipped daily into Emerson, and professed to adore Ruskin.
"Jolly!" queried little Bertie, who was at the age when jolly people seemed created for her especial amusement.
"No—no—no!" laughed Margery. "Not handsome—or learned-looking—or even jolly. He is simply the most awkward-looking mortal I ever beheld!"
And she broke into a peal of heartiest laughter at recollection of her encounter with their new neighbor.
"You see it was this way, girls," jerking off her gossamer, and disclosing a form attired in a dress of chocolate cashmere—a form that was trim, slim and willowy as that of sweet seventeen is apt to be. "I was running home in a great hurry—for it's chillier out than you folks imagine—and just as I came opposite the gate of 'The Oaks,' I stopped very suddenly. For right there was the most tremendous black dog I ever saw. I said 'Go way!' and he didn't budge. I shook my umbrella at him. He wasn't a bit afraid. I said: 'If you don't get out of the way I'll hit you!' and he actually grinned. There was nothing to do but step out into the street—it was so muddy, too—and walk around him. But just then—I suppose my dilemma was apparent from the house—down the path he came running. 'Oh, he looked so ridiculous! He is about as tall as Jack's beanstalk, lean as a lath and brown as an Indian.'
"Well!" exclaimed Janet. "He must be charming."
"Oh?" cried Margery, going off into a fresh paroxysm of laughter. "What with his glasses, and his coat-tails flying straight out as he rushed to my rescue, he looked like some great, curious, comical bird!"
"Birds don't wear glasses," corrected Bertie. "Was his coat a swallow-tail?"
The appeal for information was ignored.
"Well, he called off the dog, and apologized for the monster, and—that's all."
"I wish he'd offer me the use of his library," sighed Clotilde.
"They say 'The Oaks' is a perfect palace as far as furniture goes," murmured Janet.
"I think I'll ask him to loan me the lovely little white pony," decided Bertie.
But this rash resolution was ruthlessly crushed.
"The Oaks" had been shut up so long—ever since the Kearneys had come to live in the gray-green cottage near by. Its owner had gone abroad on the death of his mother, three years ago, leaving his handsome house in the care of a couple of servants. But now that news of his return had spread, curiosity was rife in the fashionable suburb of Riverview. And not the least interested were Clive Sterling's new neighbors.

A pleasant room this in which the sisters sat; a home-like room, even if the carpet was threadbare, the chairs venerable, the damask curtains darned—perhaps all the more home-like for these suggestions of social service and experience.
Janet went on with her task of remodeling an old dress. Clotilde went over to the window and looked wistfully through the drizzling rain to the red brick chimneys which rose above the house which held the coveted books. Margery, obeying a sudden impulse, had snatched up her ever-ready sketch-book from the table, and was scratching vigorously away. An ecstatic giggle from Bertie, who was peeping over her shoulder, called the attention of the others to her work.
"What is it?" asked Janet.
Margery looked up with a nod and a smile. "Wait a moment."
On her brisk pencil flew, the dimples in her pretty cheeks deepening as her mischievous smile grew.
"There!"
She held up the open book. The others flocked around to her.
"Oh, Margery!"
"He can't look like that!"
"What a caricature!"
Indeed, comical and grotesque was the drawing of the long, lank figure, with the spidery extremities, the flying coat-tails, the tremendous goggles.
"Oh, just a trifle accentuated—not quite a caricature," she said, laughingly, as she scrawled under the picture the words, "Our New Neighbor."
"The rain is clearing off!" cried Bertie; "I'm going to run and ask mamma if I mayn't go out."
And off she rushed.
Soon, with her kitten in her arms, and her little spaniel at her heels, she was out on the wet road. The rain had quite ceased. The afternoon sun, weary of sulking, was coming out in splendid state. In its radiance every drop on every clover leaf was a glittering jewel, and the pools in the street reflected bits of the brilliant sky.
On and on wandered Bertie, her scarlet skirt blowing backward, her yellow hair tangling flossily as the breeze caught and played with it. As she passed "The Oaks" she paused to put her small, inquisitive face against the iron railing, and peer through.
What a grand big house it was! And how smooth and green was the large lawn, all lovely with beds of bloom! And how sweet the flowers smelled after the rain—the geraniums and carnations, and sweet-brier, and verbenas!
"I should so love to see the funny man Sister Margery saw," she said to herself. And then, just as if she had had a magical ring, her wish was gratified. For out on the main walk, not twelve feet away, from a small side path came Mr. Sterling.
He saw the little maiden outside the railing—the bright-eyed, curious face. He liked children. He sauntered towards the gate.
"Hello, little lassie! what is your name?"
"Kearny, sir."
"Oh, you're one of the Kearney sisters, are you? Which one?"
Bertie hugged her kitten more tightly and looked very important.
"I'm not the clever one," she said. He smiled.
"No?"
"No. Clotilde is the clever one."
"Well."
"And I'm not the good one. Janet is the good one."
"Indeed!"
"Yes," with a nod. "And I'm not the pretty one, either. Margery is the pretty one."
"And you?"
"Oh, I'm the bad one. At least that is the way Uncle Dick says we ought to be dis-distinguished!"
She was breathless from her struggle with the big word.
"Then," he said, laughter lighting up his quiet brown eyes—"then it was Margery I saw to-day?"
"Yes, and I think," indignantly, "she was all wrong. I don't think you're one bit awkward."
"Eh!"
"I think you're downright nice. And some day—not now, because the girls said I mustn't, but some day, when we're better acquainted, I'm going to ask you to let me ride on your little white pony."
He bowed gravely.
"Certainly."
"It's so sweet!" growing friendly

and confidential. "Do you know that last summer—keep still, Kitty Kearney?" to the pussy, which was wretchedly attempting to escape—"last summer Margery, who is the grandest artist that ever lived, I think, made a sketch of it when it was out at pasture. Just wait here and I'll run and get it. Come on, Twig!"
Away she scampered, her little dog after her. Smiling amusedly, the tall, brown gentleman by the gate awaited her return.
In about fifteen minutes she was back with a flat book under her arm.
"It is in there; and he is eating grass!"
He took the book rather diffidently, but very curiously, too. It could not matter. Sketches were made to be looked at. And this was a sketch of his own pet pony.
"By George!"
He almost dropped the book.
"Oh, please, please," cried Bertie, in an agony of remorse, "I quite forgot your picture was in there. What won't Margery say! Oh, never mind the pony's picture now!"
She snatched the book, turned, ran home as fast as her feet would carry her, leaving Clive Sterling crimsoned and laughing as he never had crimsoned and laughed before.
"Well, I've seen myself for once as others see me, thanks to the pretty one!"
He dropped his eye-glasses and sauntered back to the house. For several days he neither saw nor heard anything of his neighbors. Then he chanced to encounter Bertie.
"Oh, please, I can't talk to you," the child said. "The girls say I'm so unreliable. You know Margery caught me when I was sneaking her sketch-book back, and made me tell her where I had taken it to."
"And then?"
"Then," confessed Bertie, with a contrite gulp, "then she sat down and cried!"
"I say! No!"
"She did. There she is now! Oh, Margery, Margery!"
The girl had come unexpectedly around the corner. To avoid a meeting was impossible. She was quite near her sister and the master of "The Oaks."
"This is Mr. Sterling, Margery. You know you weren't reg-regularly introduced before. I've been telling him how you cried about—"
A delicious blush of mortification, regret, pleading, swept across Margery's wild-rose face. Frankly she held out her hand, lifted her clear eyes.
"I am so sorry for having been so rude! Will you forgive me, if you can? And come over and play tennis this afternoon?"
"Thank you. Yes!" he said.
"Why, Margery," the others said to her, when he, after a rattling good game, had returned home, "he is just splendid!"
"Good-looking, too!"
"And a gentleman!"
"All three!" decided Margery, promptly, as she sought the sketch of their new neighbor and deliberately tore it up.
She is Mrs. Clive Sterling now.
Bertie was her bridesmaid.—*The Ledger*.

A Desirable Name.

"In the year 1664," says the Leeds (*Eng Mercury*), "on the 5th day of December, the English ship Menai was crossing the straits, and capsized in a gale. Of the eighty-one passengers on board but one was saved; his name was Hugh Williams. One the same day, in the year 1785, a pleasure schooner was wrecked on the Isle of Man. There were sixty persons on the boat, among them one Hugh Williams and family. Of the threescore none but old Hugh Williams survived the shock. "On the 5th day of August, 1820, a picnicking party on the Thames was run down by a coal barge. There were twenty-five of the picnickers, mostly children under twelve years of age. Little Hugh Williams, a visitor from Liverpool, only five years old, was the only one that returned to tell the tale. Now comes the most singular part of this story: On the 19th day of August, in the year 1889, a Leeds coal barge, with nine men, foundered; two of them—both Hugh Williams, an uncle and nephew—were rescued by some fishermen, and were the only men of the crew who lived to tell of the calamity. These are facts which can be substantiated.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The Emperor of China runs 426 servants.

Mrs. McCutcheon killed a large lynx with her rifle recently at California.
Thousands of smugglers are plying their trade between Cuba and the Gulf Coast.
The electric light on the Eiffel Tower can be seen at Orleans, seventy miles distant.
In Hingham, Mass., the fire department is called out to assist in searching for lost children.
Partridges are so numerous in the vicinity of Eastport, Me., that they frequently invade the business streets of that town.
At Ukiah, Cal., a man of twenty-two has married a widow with several children. One of her sons is older than her husband.
It costs about \$6 per head more to carry cattle from Boston to Liverpool than it does to buy a steerage ticket for an adult person.
The discipline at West Point is stricter than in the army. The penalties are not as severe, perhaps, but their enforcement is inflexible.
Five years ago John Sill, of West Chester Penn., purchased a five-cent peach and buried the kernel. This season he picked eight baskets from the tree which grew therefrom.
Somebody figures out that 3,000,000 people walk about London's streets daily, and that in so doing they wear away a ton of leather particles from their boots and shoes.
A pack of cards was recently sold in London for \$300, which is quite unique in its way. It is nearly two hundred years old, and represents the principal scenes and personages in the reign of Queen Anne.
While sitting at his desk in the library of the White House the President was surprised at the intrusion of a big gray rat, who deliberately crawled upon a side table and dragged off a piece of fruit which had tempted him from his hiding place.
The other day a Chinese cook at Livingston, Cal., made a pie for the guests of a hotel. It looked all right, but he added two ounces of pulverized glass for seasoning. The first bite caused a stalwart teamster's mouth to bleed and he beat the cook to a jelly.
In the Italian army the system of siesta prevails, under which all troops in the field lie down to sleep for a couple of hours during the heat of the day. The practice is so universally accepted that the hour is fixed in general orders.
The Swentien Lok Royal Chinese Dramatic Company of New York city is no more. The company started in with a capital of \$15,000, and it took just two months to blow it all in. The Chinamen realize that there are not enough of them in the city to support a theatre.
It is proposed to substitute wooden clappers for the iron ones now in use on locomotives running into New York city, and which are so often complained of as nuisances. The sound would still make noise enough to be heard where it should be, while the neighborhood would get a rest.
Mr. and Mrs. Addison G. Hayner, living near Buskirk, N. Y., are a substantial, solid married couple. Mr. Hayner weighs 410 pounds and his wife pulls down the scales at 315, making a conjugal total of 725 pounds, and it is all solid flesh. Both are in good health and cheerfully do the ordinary work of a farm.

The Value of Pine Trees.

In the dark green foliage of the ever living pine, science has discovered a textile fabric, not only for the covering of fleecy bales of snowy cotton, but for carpets, matting, and many other products of the loom yet in their infancy, but still to be brought to perfection. The limbs and lops can be converted into charcoal or distilled into rosin. The bark and burrs are used for fuel, the trunks for lumber, and even the sawdust is a commercial product, while the stump and roots will sell for more as lightwood in any city than the whole tree commands in its native forest. Poor, short-sighted mortals, who have waited long for the day of deliverance, cannot yet fully realize that it has come at last, and that they have indeed a treasure in the matchless pine forests of Alabama.—*Alabama Mirror*.

Catching Fish in Central America.

Writing from the city of San-Salvador, Central America, a correspondent of the *New York Times* says: While along the coast the most difficult article to purchase is a fresh fish, the Indians of the Lempa river depend upon it to vary their diet of beans and bananas, and I venture to say that three-fifths of them have never tasted beef, which, poor as it is in the country, is far beyond the reach of their pockets. In the method of securing fish they are not genuine sportsmen, but the rankest kind of pot-hunters. Staying over night at a village I learned that what is called a "chilpate" fishing was to take place the next day, which the proprietor of the tavern assured me was worth seeing. Board, in most of the hotels, is only 70 cents per day for man and mule, and, concluding nothing would be lost if the sport proved to be a failure, I lay over. Immediately below a little falls in the river the natives had placed at an early hour a network of branches closely woven in and out like lattice-work, and bound with willow withes. Above the rapids, in deep pools, were the feeding and spawning grounds of many varieties of fish, and a variety called the "cuyamal," which, when full grown, weighs twelve and eighteen pounds, was known to have a liking for the spot. When the network was completed about a dozen women entered the stream from above, carrying large earthen pots containing a strong solution of a vine called "chilpate," which resembles the Bermuda plant, made by merely mashing the leaves to a pulp in warm water. It has the quality when mixed with running water of stupefying the fish, causing them to float helplessly drunk on the surface of the water, as if shocked with the explosion of gun cotton, as done by the frontiersmen in our Western country. When carried down by the current they are picked up by hand by the men who station themselves at the network below.
At a given signal that all's ready at the dam the women, jump into the swift water, casting the solution right and left, while advancing down stream as a line of skirmishers. In anticipation of the feast to succeed the catch, "marimba" players place themselves on the bank, the women keeping step to the music and throwing the mixture in accurate time, reminding one of the advance of the chorus girls on the comic opera stage. The water was soon colored to a milky white, which smoothed the surface like oil. In a few moments the water was again troubled by the fish, as the drug affected them. There were all kinds of drunks—some nervously so, others sleepily so, others dead drunk, and some only slightly intoxicated, but all so unawary as to be bagged at the network, where the quick work of catching the great numbers and throwing them on the bank kept busy three or four dozen swarthy natives. The drug is not permanent in its effect, and the little ones thrown back into the stream soon recuperated and swam away no more affected than one who has tried laughing gas. Among the lot was a fine species of speckled trout, but salmon-colored, like those west of the Rocky Mountains, and any sad thoughts over the manner in which they were taken were dispelled while discussing the fry an hour or two later.

Commodore Vanderbilt.

Commodore Vanderbilt made \$100,000,000, beginning with no money and very little education. He could write his name, and that was about the extent of his scholastic acquirements. His name which was good for any amount on a check, was not much to look at. He could not pronounce the letter V, and always called himself Vanderbilt. A new clerk at the postoffice greatly annoyed him by looking for letters under the W's. "Don't look among the W's; look among the V's," said the millionaire. At the age of 80 the Commodore was a match for the whole street. He opened all his own letters, dictated his answers on the margin, spent an hour in transacting business involving many millions, and then went to his stables. He was very proud of his horses and liked to lead the road—and he generally did.—*Chicago Mail*.

Unappreciative.

"What is the use of that girl banging away on the piano, Maria?"
"Practice, John. Practice makes perfect."
"Perfect what—pandemonium?"

A Plea For Unsung Flowers.

The poet sighs, with tearful eyes,
About the flowers dying,
When autumn's breath, o'er hill and heath,
Sends falling leaves a-flying.
He sings a song a column long,
All of a rose that's faded;
He prates of blooms consigned to tombs
By frost, until we're jaded.
The golden rod is ruthless trod
To earth by storm and raining;
The sight of it gives him a fit,
And raises dire complaining.
When from the north the cold comes forth,
And slays the morning-glory,
He lifts his voice in painful noise,
And numbers lame and hoary.
Why won't he sing some useful thing,
Whose life's cut short in autumn?
There's plenty such, with quite as much
Of beauty, ere frost caught 'em.
The cornfield pea, as he might see,
Blooms prettier than the daisy;
And as food-stuff, its good enough
For rhymester, sane or crazy.
The mustard shows a head that blows
Rare as aught sang in ballad;
Its incense sweet the wind does greet—
And then, its good for salad.
The okra bloom—without perfume,
A fashion now in flowers—
Bright red and cream, sure it would seem,
Would tempt a poet's powers.
A daisy I chant for every plant
That sleeps on earth's cold bosom;
I would that they might with us stay,
I weep when we lose 'em.
But those that bring some useful thing
Beside their bloom, are sighted;
Their virtues I extol, and try
Their wrongs to have arighted.
—C. S. Blackburn in *Arkansas Traveler*.

HUMOROUS.

A close thing—A miser.
Strong motives—Locomotives.
"Is it raining, girls?" asked Fangle.
"No," broke in Camso, "only cats and dogs."
A river is one of the queerest things out—its head isn't near as big as its mouth.
It's odd that the word "Trust" should of itself be enough to excite suspicion.
The significant notice, "Hands off," is placed over a circular saw in a wood-working factory.
Letter-carriers ought to make the best elocutionists; they have such good ideas of delivery.
It may sound funny, but it is a fact that many of the penmen at the Chicago stock yards cannot write.
The severity of the Russian climates is the reason, perhaps, that nearly every Russian name ends with a koff.
"Come, take a walk, Judkins."
"No, can't. You see my wife's not very well, and I'm going to the theatre."
So you wish to know what a "stylish" color is, Maud? Well, generally, it is the last ugly thing that has been discovered.
"Marry your sweetheart on your birthday, if you can young man. It will save you money every year in anniversary presents.
The London police are now ordered to wear noiseless boots at night. This is so they will not wake one another up, we suppose.
Man, with a mirror—"Come here, boy, and look in this glass, and you will see a donkey." Boy—"How did you find that out?"
Mudge—"That's a pretty true saying that a man at forty is either a fool or a physician. Mr. N. Peck—Not always true. Sometimes he's a bachelor.
Pop (to old man who stepped on his foot)—Aw, bah Jove! you've smashed my foot to a pulp. Old man (patronizingly)—Why don't you sell it for calf's foot jelly?
Crimsonbeak—You remember our old friend, Bell? Yeast—Certainly. "He has developed into a public speaker."
"You don't say so!" "Yes; he's a clerk in a telephone office."
"Well, what did you learn new in agriculture at the county fair?" asked Mrs. Granger of her husband upon his return home from the exhibition.
"Why I learned enough not to bet ten dollars on the wrong horse next time."
"Papa, what is a doubtful State?" asked little Freddy, who had been looking over the political news. "Marriage is a doubtful state, my son," answered Brown, with a humorous twinkle in his eye as he looked at his better half. "Don't you think so, Mrs. Brown?" "No, I don't think it's a state at all," she answered. "To me it always seemed like a terror-tory." Brown was silent.