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SLEEP.

Thou best of all, God's choicest blessing,
Sleep;
Better than Earth can afford—wealth,
power, fame;
They change, decay; thou always art the
same;
Through all the years thy freshness thou
dost keep;
Over all lands thine even pinions sweep.
The sick, the worn, the blind, the lone, the
lame,
Hearing thy tranquil footsteps, bless thy
name;
Anguish is soothed, sorrow forgets to weep.
Thou open'st the captive's cell and bid'st him
room;
Thou giv'st the hunted refuge, fre'st the
slave,
Show'st the outcast pity, call'st the exile
home;
Beggars and kings thine equal blessings reap.
We for our loved ones wealth, joy, honors
crave;
But God, He giveth His beloved—sleep.
—Thomas Nelson Page, in the Century.

A WILD GOOSE CHASE.

Mrs. Jeannette Borroughs, for many years a client of the law-firm of Hibden & Holden, in whose office I was under-clerk, was at last dead; and by a will had left the greater part of her comfortable little property to a certain Miss Emma Brookes, who had for five years lived with her as companion.

Mr. Holden was appointed executor of the will, in which capacity it became necessary that he should immediately communicate with Miss Brookes; but here an unexpected difficulty presented. Everybody knew that the young lady had left Mrs. Royal some six months since to take charge of her father, who had become blind and paralyzed; but beyond the fact that she was in New York, nothing was known of her address. Advertisements were inserted in the papers; but, as after two weeks no answer was received, Mr. Holden began to think of employing a detective to hunt out the missing legatee.

It was just at this moment that Mrs. Royal's late cook suddenly remembered that shortly after she herself came into the old lady's service, Miss Brookes had visited a relative in Greenville, whom she called "Cousin Mary Dixon."

Here was at last a clue, and Mr. Holden straightway directed me to proceed to Greenville, and there hunt up Mrs. or Miss Mary Dixon, and through her ascertain the whereabouts of Miss Emma Brookes.

As Greenville, though a considerable town, could not boast of a directory, I had no other alternative but to canvas the place as it were; and thus, after a day's arduous work, learned from a clergyman that a member of his congregation bore the name of Dixon, and also, he thought, the Christian name of Mary. She was a widow, and resided on Orchard street. He did not remember the number, but the street being a short one I could easily find her.

This indeed I did, for the first person of whom I inquired on the street in question—a small boy—not only pointed out to me the house in which he said Mrs. Mary Dixon resided, but volunteered to arouse the inmates, which he did by a vigorous pounding on the door, until I bought him off with the present of a nickel.

In answer to the summons, a neat woman presented herself with a broom in her hand, which she quietly dropped at sight of me.

I apologized, explaining that the performance on the door had not been mine, and inquired if Mrs. Mary Dixon lived there.

"Yes, she lives here," the woman replied. "She owns the house and I and my son rent part of it from her. Do you want to see her particular?"

"I wish to see her on a little business matter."

"What sort of business?"

"A little private matter, which I will explain to Mrs. Dixon herself."

"Oh, there's no call to be so particular. I asked merely because she ain't at home, and I thought I could explain when she comes back. She's gone to Middleton to help nurse her sister's children, that's down with the measles."

I was vexed to find myself thus balked just as my search seemed crowned with success. But there was no alternative save to follow Mrs. Dixon to Middleton—a journey of two hours by rail—and I accordingly inquired her address in that town.

"Well, I don't know the number; it's at Mr. John Smith's she's staying. Somewhere on Cherry Street—Or, stay! it may be Peach, I dare say my son's wife knows."

Then lifting her voice, she called:

"Mariar!"

There was no answer, but from the kitchen came the strong odor of baking bread, and the woman hurried off, exclaiming:

"Just wait a minute and I'll send Tom's wife."

In a minute, accordingly, there came quietly along the passage a tall, ladylike young woman, with a pretty child in her arms.

She was neatly and tastefully dressed, and struck me at once as being of an order quite superior to that of her mother-in-law.

Glancing at her from head to foot as she advanced, I noted her handsome, pleasant face and intelligent look, and in my own mind set down Tom as a fortunate individual.

I took down the address as she gave it to me and the next day was in Middleton, where I experienced no difficulty in finding Mrs. Dixon, though the finding of her relative, Miss Emma Brookes, seemed nearly as remote as ever.

Mrs. Dixon gave me an account of the family, and described Mr. George Brookes as "a gentleman-born, and one of those clever men who could do everything except work and support his family."

His wife had done the last, until, broken down in health, she died, and one daughter had married and gone to Nebraska, and the other, Emma, answered an advertisement for a companion.

She was a fine, self-reliant girl, Emma was, and Mrs. Royal had been very fond of her; and for her part she wasn't surprised to learn that the old lady had left her a legacy, for she had surely deserved it by her kindness and attention.

But where to find Emma she did not know, except that she was somewhere in New York, where her father always resided. He had been a daily newspaper reporter and in the habit of frequenting the public libraries, to some of which she had heard Emma remark, he was a subscriber.

Beyond this Mrs. Dixon could really give no information; and with this slender clue I proceeded to New York.

My inquiry at the office of the newspaper met with no success. They remembered Mr. George E. Brookes, but knew nothing of his present place of abode, except that one of the staff of reporters was positive that he had removed to the country for the benefit of his health.

This was discouraging, but I proceeded to inquire among the libraries and here was more successful. On the list of subscribers to the Mercantile, was the name, "George E. Brookes, No. 8 India street, Green Point, Long Island," with a date of some six months previous.

In less than an hour I presented myself at the door of the designated house, which I found to be a plain, but respectable boarding-house kept by a widow by the name of Miles. My first inquiry was:

"Does Mr. George E. Brookes live here?"

Mrs. Miles surveyed me solemnly from above her spectacles, and replied slowly: "He did live here, young man."

"Then he has removed?"

"Yes, he has been removed to a better home."

"Will you be kind enough, madam, to give me his present address?"

She stared at me stonily, and apprehending that she had not understood my inquiry, I repeated it:

"Where can I find Mr. Brookes at present?"

"He is where I trust you will some day find him—in heaven!"

With some difficulty I obtained from her the information that her lodger had died some three weeks previous; that he had been kindly cared for by his daughter and a beneficial society of which he was a member; and that after the funeral the young lady had left the house, as she said, to return to the friends with whom she had lived before joining her father.

She had mentioned the name of the town; but it had entirely escaped the landlady's memory in the trouble and worry of getting the two vacated rooms ready for new occupants. And thus again had Miss Emma Brookes, will-o'-the-wisp-like, escaped my grasp just as she appeared actually in my reach.

After transacting some business, I next day took the cars for home, in the hope that Miss Brookes, ignorant of Mrs. Royal's death, might have returned to her house, and there learned of what so nearly interested her.

On taking my seat in the car, the first person whom I recognized was the young lady whom I knew only as "Tom's wife," but this time unaccompanied by the baby.

I saw that she recognized me; and some slight attention in regard to the window sash led us into conversation.

She replied to my inquiry that Mrs. Dixon had not returned home when she left there on Tuesday, but she expected to find her arrived, her sister's children being now so much better.

She said this so sweetly, and was such a pleasant, ladylike young woman, that I essayed to make myself agreeable by sapiently remarking upon the prevalence of measles and whooping-cough, and hoping that her little one had escaped the epidemic.

At this she gave me a quick, inquiring glance and blushed.

"I mean the little fellow that you had in your arms when I saw you. I supposed it was yours, as the lady called you her son's wife."

A swift, laughing glance lighted her face.

"That was a mistake. Mrs. Landon's daughter-in-law had just stepped out and left the little boy with me."

It was now my turn to feel embarrassed, though this was almost swallowed up in an unaccountable sense of satisfaction at finding that my companion was not "Tom's wife."

"Pray excuse my absurd mistake!" I said. "It was only because Mrs. Landon told me that she would send her son's wife, and you came."

She laughed, and we chatted on quite pleasantly, until at Greenville she left the cars.

It was not strange that I should on the following day have suggested to Mr. Holden the advisability of my going to Greenville to inquire again of Mrs. Dixon in regard to Miss Brookes, of whom she might have received information since my first interview with her.

It was little more than an hour's ride, and a pleasant excursion for a summer's evening.

On ringing at the door of Mrs. Dixon's house it was, to my gratification, opened by my fair traveling companion of the day previous, and I was sure that she blushed at the—to her—unexpected meeting.

Mrs. Dixon had not yet returned, she said, though they were expecting her by the next train, which would be due in fifteen minutes, if I did not object to waiting.

Then she showed me into the parlor; and fearing that she was about to leave me there, I essayed to detain her by entering into a business talk.

"My business with Mrs. Dixon is of rather a peculiar nature," I remarked. "She has a relative—a Miss Emma Brookes—whose whereabouts we are very anxious to discover."

She looked up with an expression of surprise.

"Emma Brookes?" she said, doubtfully. "Yes; who lived for some years with Mrs. Royal. May I inquire whether you know the lady?"

"I ought to know her," she replied, quite gravely. "I am Emma Brookes."

She was not more surprised than myself. What a stupid idiot I had been! If I had only when I first saw her put the inquiry which I had just spoken, how easily the matter would have been settled!

But instead I had been racing about the country in search of Emma Brookes, and even traveled in company with her, and never found means to ascertain her identity.

I had to explain to her now about Mrs. Royal's death and bequest to herself.

She had heard of her friend's death, she said, a day or two before that of her father, and in consequence, instead of returning to her former home, had gone to Mrs. Dixon's house, only to find that lady absent. There she had awaited her return, only running up once to New York on some business.

Thus ended my amateur detective work. When I returned I informed Mr. Holden that I had at length found Miss Emma Brookes.

He actually complimented me, and hinted at promotion to the second clerk's desk.

I returned to Greenville next day, and brought down Miss Brookes to our office, and after that all was, as regarded my own interests, pretty easy sailing.

I had no difficulty in convincing my darling of my disinterestedness, for, as she has confessed since our marriage, she knew that I fell in love with her that day on the cars, before I had an idea that she was Miss Emma Brookes and Mrs. Royal's legatee.—Saturday Night.

The first bootblack probably came from the plains of Shinar.

CURIOS FACTS.

Russia has fixed doctors' charges.

The average of human life in Rome, under Cesar, was eighteen years. Now it is forty.

A colored man at Albany, Ga., has served no less than twenty-one terms in jail for fighting.

A Pennsylvania baker committed suicide because his bread was bad three times in succession.

William Lincoln, who lives near Grafton, W. Va., has a cat that plays with rats but is death to snakes.

On a dead pull, being put in harness, one of Barnum's elephants lately drew a load weighing over four tons.

Hereafter dogs in England will not have their ears cut. If they do they will not be admitted to any dog show.

The Constitution of South Dakota contains 22,000 words. The Constitution of the United States contains 6000.

It is estimated that the progeny of a single pair of English sparrows for ten years will be 275,616,983,698 birds.

An advertisement in a London paper offers "to pay a fair price for second-hand tooth brushes and cast-off old teeth."

The Oriental gifts sent by the Sultan of Morocco to Kaiser William the Second, turn out to have been manufactured in Germany.

A quarry of paving stone in which the slabs are streaked with red, white and blue, has been discovered near Mes-hoppen, Wyoming County, Penn.

The farmers and shepherds of the English moors declare that more grouse are killed annually in England by the telegraph wires than by all the sportsmen.

Jose de la Rosa, an old painter at San Diego, Cal., is 100 years old. He was sent by General Santa Anna to Monterey to start a paper in 1833. He still has a wonderful memory and the control of all his faculties.

Cambrie, the term applied to the finest and thinnest of linen fabrics, takes its name from Cambria, a town in France where such goods were first made. Cambrie is a pure linen. There are, of course, imitation cambries made of fine muslin, such as Scotch cambries.

An inscription dated the year 670 after the founding of Rome has been discovered at Capua. It contains decrees of the elders of villages in the neighborhood and will be of value in studying the provincial government under Rome of that ancient seat of Greek colonists.

The manager of a dime circus recently showing in Camden, N. J., gave admission tickets for cats, which he fed to the few scowny beasts he carries. Small boys went to hunt for cats, and many pets disappeared, till the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals put a stop to the game.

When Charles Darwin, the naturalist, after a five years' absence on his voyage in the Beagle, walked into the lane leading to his garden, his huge English mastiff spied him at a long distance, and, barking loudly, ran up to him. Mr. Darwin, in after years, often said that this was as sweet a welcome home as he had ever received.

The Shah Loves Cucumbers.

If the Shah of Persia was as thin-skinned a person as his representative at Washington he would not have remained long in the British realm, for the *Pall Mall Gazette* prints a series of anecdotes concerning him of which the following is a specimen: "Something is known in England of the Shah's conduct at table. Here is a story bearing on this point: On one occasion the Shah had dinner at the house of his Grand Chamberlain, and a huge dish was placed before him bearing a pile of cucumbers (of which the Persians are passionately fond), almost worth their weight in gold. The Shah said never a word, but began to put himself outside of as many of these cholera-provokers as he could safely do. He had buried a couple of dozen of them and the host and his more prominent guests began to indulge the hope that their turn would soon come, when His Majesty quietly and solemnly stowed the remainder away in his bosom and pantaloons, and left the table literally loaded."

Filled the Bill.

Flashman (about to invest in some summer ties)—"Show me something handsome, delicate and reasonable." Saleslady—"What's the matter with me?"—Totten Topics.

The art of letter-writing is now in its decline.

Indiana's Siamese Twins.

One of the most wonderful freaks of nature ever known in this part of the country is now causing a good deal of talk in Kokomo and adjoining counties. Twelve miles southeast of Kokomo, Mrs. Henry Jones had born to her twins, inseparably connected at the hips and lower abdomen. The two trunks are joined together at the base, with a head at each end, and the lower limbs protrude from each side of the body, where the trunks are connected at the hips. No vital organs are connected, except the spinal column, which is continuous from one end to the other. Each breathes and pulsates quite independent of the other, and both are perfectly formed and have free use of their limbs. Along the abdomen there is no line or mark to show where one begins and the other ends, except one umbilical cord, which served for both. The infants are very plump, well developed, and apparently as hearty as any children of their ages. Both nurse from the mother and bottle with regular movements. Both are females. Their joint weight is twelve pounds, and they measure, from crown to crown, twenty-four inches. The lower limbs are of normal size. They have bright, sparkling blue eyes, and are not in the least peevish, and when not nursing or asleep, content themselves sucking their thumbs.

Thousands of people are flocking to see the infants, the medical fraternity being well represented. The mother is getting along nicely. The father is twenty-four years of age, the mother but eighteen, and the present is the second birth in the family. The mother is a spare built woman, weighing but ninety pounds. All the physicians who have made an examination express the belief that the children may live, and think the indications entirely favorable.—Indianapolis Journal.

Arsenic Conceals Suicide.

"If a man wishes to commit suicide, and desires that his friends have no knowledge of it, let him take arsenic, little by little, gradually increasing the doses," said a physician, yesterday. "There is absolutely no way of knowing that death did not ensue from some natural cause. For instance, the symptoms of cholera morbus are very similar to those of arsenical poison. The victim becomes bloated in either case. His skin also often changes color from cholera morbus, as well as from poisoning by arsenic. There are many instances where death from arsenical poisoning has been assigned to cholera morbus. In the Abbot-West murder, it was sometime before the fact was established that the victim had died from violent means, instead of from cholera morbus, as the physician who made out the certificate stubbornly insisted. Had the parties been well known in the city, it is very probable that no investigation would have been made on account of the physician's positive statements. The victim was systematically dosed with arsenic, the first dose being perfectly harmless, but as it was repeated day after day, and the size of the dose increased, the system soon became impregnated with the deadly drug, and death eventually resulted."—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

A Fly-Catching Mouse.

A crowd of about fifty persons collected in Westchester, Penn., to look at the successful operations of a fly trap in one of the office windows. It was an animated one, and consisted of a live mouse, which impelled rather by hunger than enmity toward the familiar insect, bravely faced the curious populace in order to secure its supper. The little animal was most active in its operations, jumping up and down to all parts of the window, and securing a prize every time. It is impossible to estimate the number of flies caught, but so successful was the work of the mouse that grocers and others bothered with the summer visitor, the fly, are thinking of engaging the services of the mouse.

Russian Tea.

The tea generally drunk in Russia is taken without milk, and is of a very light color, very strong, and full-flavored. The best class of tea found in Russia is that imported overland from China, and is usually pronounced by those who have tasted it as superior to any tea in the world. The reason for this state of things is primarily, no doubt, the fact that the overland journey to Russia is so expensive that only tea of really first-rate quality can be profitably sent by this route. Then, again, the best China tea is grown inland, and too far removed from the coast to find its way readily to the export harbors. Its easiest outlet is the caravan route.—Argonaut.

IN SUMMER DREAMS.

In summer dreams beneath the trees,
While gently blows the languid breeze,
While thoughts go by at rapid pace,
And many an old-time pictured face,
Across the rusty mem'ry flees.

How sweet to lie and watch the seas
Of grain that rise and fall at ease,
Or gaze aloft to azure space,
In summer dreams.

How sweet to watch the honey bees
Launch out across the fragrant leas,
And see the butterflies in chase
O'er every field and flow'ry place;
What happiness we find in these,
In summer dreams.

—New York State Camp Journal.

FUN.

Volumes of gas must furnish very light reading.—Baltimore American.

"It is a good rule not to wear tight shoes," says an exchange. Yes—a good foot rule.

Motto for the buzz-saw (before and after taking)—"Hands off."—Burlington Free Press.

The husband who lavishly keeps his wife in pin money has the right to expect to be able to find a pin about the house when he wants one.

The Artist (to his model in a suit of mail)—"What's the matter, Foley? Can't you keep still?" The Model—"I cannot, sor. Yez shut a bluebottle fly in th' hilit."—Time.

The Chicago Idea.—"Will you share my lot with me?" asked he of the real estate agent's daughter. "What's it worth afront foot?" calmly inquired the sweet creature.—Chicago Mail.

Miss Boston—"Papa, I find our professor of pathology interesting." Mr. Boston—"Our what?" Miss Boston—"Our professor of pathology—our guide, you know."—New York Sun.

Delinquent Subscriber—"I don't like the *Spread Eagle* as I used to. I think the paper is rather dry." Sarcastic Editor—"I don't see how it can be dry. There is considerable due on your copy."—Pittsburg Post.

According to the descriptive writers on the London papers, the Shah of Persia, when on dress parade, must resemble greatly the front window of a pawn shop when the sale of unredeemed pledges is on.—New York Herald.

"Court the fresh air," was the doctor's advice
To a widow quite feeble, yet fair;
So she set her cap for a rich man's son,
And she easily caught the fresh air.

Eccentric Old Club Man (to a new footman)—"Now, then, Patrick, call me a cab." Pat (who thinks this is a dodge to try his sincerity)—"Och, no, yer honor! It's not meself that'll be calling you any name, at all!"

A garrulous fop, who had annoyed by his frivolous remarks his partner in the ballroom, among other empty things, asked whether "she had ever had her ears pierced?" "No," was the reply, "but I have often had them bored!"

Died of a Thorn's Wound.

There was buried recently from his former home on Eastern avenue a man with a peculiar history. The story of his life may well be used to exemplify the saying that small things are not to be despised. He was C. F. Henke, a pattern-maker, who lived at 1895 Eastern avenue, with his family. His death was caused by exhaustion, resulting from an operation for the amputation of his leg. Here the interest in the story begins. During the war he was a member of a volunteer company, and was in the memorable siege of Vicksburg under General Grant. In erecting earthworks one day he accidentally stumbled against a cactus log, and one of the thorns entered his right leg below the knee, breaking off in the wound. The sharp thing was extracted at once, and no serious pain or annoyance followed, the slight wound healing within a couple of days. About five years ago a shooting pain in his leg was felt, the nucleus being in the spot where the thorn had entered twenty years before.

An ulcer was formed, and the fact was developed that caries, or decaying of the bone, had set in.

All efforts at relief were useless, and Henke was forced to cease work, as the limb would not bear his weight. A year ago he took to his bed, growing worse every day. Last month a consultation of physicians was held, and it was decided to amputate the limb as a last resort. Henke consented, and the operation was performed. He withstood the amputation manfully, but his weakened constitution could not bear the shock and he passed away. At the time of his death he was forty-seven years old.—Cincinnati Enquirer.