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LIFE'S AFTERNOON.

VOL. VIII.

Dear heart, then lay your hand in mine We'll travel home together, We've pledged our love in life's rare wine, We've had some days almost divine, Some-clouds and stormy weather

When first we joined our eager feet We sang a sadder chorus, We scarce took time our hopes to greet We rushed our joys in haste to meet The world of care before us.

But now, dear heart, you hand in mine, We'll trudge along together, We still have draughts of life's rare wine, And yet some days almost divine While we have left far, far behind The clouds and stormy weather

ROMANCE OF A STORE.

A tiny room, behind a tiny shop. In one corner, near the fire-place, an elderly lady in a deep, cushioned chair-a lady whose face bore traces of pain conquered, suffering overcome, patient, delicate and refined. Her dress and attitude told the story of invalidism. Opposite to her, standing up and leaning upon the m "tel-piece, a girl of twenty-one or two; tall, straight and strong, with a face of some beauty, great resolution, and sweet, womanly grace.

Rhoda Lewis was the younger lady, and her mother the gentle invalid. "Where are you going, dear? The

shep-bell did not ring," Mrs. Lewis said as Rhoda moved toward the door. "To put up the shutters. It is nine

o'clock.' "They are so heavy," the invalid

sighed. "But I am so strong," the girl an-

swered, lightly. Yet, as she lifted the heavy shutter in

her small, white hands, she was not sorry to have it taken from her into a strong, masculine grasp, that quickly adjusted the shutters, put up the iron bar, shot the padlock bolt into place, locked it, and gave the key to Rhoda. Not a word spoken all this time, but as her cousin, Frank Lewis, gave her the key, Rhoda said, dumurely and formally:

"Thank you."

Quite as formally, yet with a ring of sarcasm in his voice, that had not been in hers, he replied :

"You are very welcome." She stood twisting the key in her

fingers till he said : "Well?" But if he intended the word

for a question, there was no answer. Rhoda let her hands fall, and looked straight before her. "Are you not going to ask me in?" Frank inquired.

- "No." "Father has been here to-day?"
- "Yes."

"Got his rent?"

"Yes."

"And told you to shut your door on me?"

"Yes."

"Yes--yes.' Can't you speak, Rhoda?' "Not now. Some insults are very hard to bear; your father's was one of them."

She slipped in at the store door as she spoke, and fastened it quickly. She was in total darkness, having closed the door of the inner room as she left it. For a moment she stood leaning heavily upon the counter, trembling violently, with the quick breathing that tells of suppressed tears. Only for a moment; then she went in to her mother, her sweet face all love and cheerfulness. Whatbraids and short dresses; when she lived in a house as grand as this one. "All very well then. Matters are different now. "There is no difference in my love for

Rhoda." "A pauper! The daughter of a bankrupt who committed sucide !"

"Your brother!" "Well, what of that! He never asked

me to help him, or-" was the harsh voice husky? Frank wondered-"I might have been idiot enough to do it!" "It was a pity he could not know that.

Father!" in a softened tone, "don't stand between Rhoda and me! I won't give her up, but you make her hard to win. She is as proud to-day as she was when her carrage drove up to our door, and she brought you fruit from her hot-house. No, I am wrong! She was not proud, then. Heaven bless her! but she is now!'

"Beggars have no right to be proud! won't have it! Do you understand? If you persist in this folly, you may suit yourself to the situation, for your allowance stops; stops, understand, the day you propose to your cousin Rhoda. You can find a home and an income elsewhere.

"I don't mind that threat, but I should be very unhappy if I left you alone, father.'

"Don't do it, then."

"But it will make my life utterly wretched to give up my cousin."

"Bah! Go to bed. You're a headstrong boy, and you have not tasted poverty yet. Keep your heroics till you have.

Frank Lewis knew that there were some moods in which his father was utterly stubborn, and that to argue was to take time for no result. So he accepted his dismissal, and went to his own room. Thinking deeply, he came to the resolution to try his power to conquer fortune before seeing Rhoda again. She knew he loved her, and if his love was returned, would trust him; if she cared for him only in a cousinly way. then the separation might help him to bear a later disappointment. He would not desert his father, but perhaps when he had proved himself no braggart, his father might relent.

It was dreary enough in the weeks that followed in the tiny parlor, behind the little. stationer's store where Rhoda Lewis strove to keep the wolf from the door. Brought up in utter ignorance of business, the young storekeeper had depended unconsciously upon her cousin Frank in all financial difficulties. Frank had taught her how to keep her books, had given her instructions about renewing her stock in trade, managed her banking business, had been her adviser and best friend from the day when she returned from her father's funeral, to know she must be breadwinner for herself and her invalid mother. She had never looked upon him as a lover, only as her very dear cousin, until her uncle rudely opened her eyes and heart by informing her of the penalty attached to his son's courtship. Then love awakened to sting her sharply when pride forbade her cherishing the sweet intruder.

Yet, while she suffered in heart, there was a magic of prosperity about the tiny store. Customers flocked to her, and she found sale for a better class of goods than she had ventured upon at first. She had some skill in water-color painting, no wonderful talent, but sufficient capacity ty decorat ng, at that time coming into fashion. For what she had leisure to accomplish in that line, she found quick sale at large profit.

for her mother and her daily toil for; bread. Still the months rolled into years, Rhoda was left motherless, and the stern old man in the grand home Frank had left grew more lonely and desolate as age crept on, till four years had passed, and Frank came for his bride.

Before seeking her he went to his old home, and unannounced, entered the room where his father sat musing idly, his hands resting on his lap, his eyes fixed upon the fire. He did not look up as Frank entered, thinking it was a servant who came in, and his son's heart sank as he saw how old and worn he looked. Surely, four years ago his heir was not so gray and thin, his face o deeply lined. Suddenly he roused hiself, looked toward the door, and the, opening his arms, cried, with yearny tenderness:

"My boy! Frank, my son!" It was long before he could do me than stroke his son's hands and hr, speaking fondest words of affection. "You will not leave me again, Frank"

he nleaded. "Not unless you forbid Rhoda to

here, too." "So, so! You have not wavered, the,

in all these four years?" "Have not my letters told you so

much?" "Right! Yes, yes, you are constat. You thought me a hard father, Frank" You have

"Only in that one thing. been a good father to me.' "But not a kind one? I see whee I made a mistake. But I meant only kndness, Frank; only kindness. I maried

when I was young-like yourself, the son of a rich father. My wife was a butterfly of fashion. I was an earnest man. striving to do life's duties faithfully. I was utterly miserable in my married life, and wherever I looked I see how morey and its possession crushed out real love. When you first loved Rhoda you were mere children, but even then I hoped it. was transcient fancy. Then came my brother's misfortunes, and Rhoda's opportunity to prove herself a strong, true, woman, or a feeble nursling of luxury. You, too, were drifting into the idle fel lies of a man without a purpose in life. I resolved to test you both, to prove your love and manhood, as I was proving Rhoda's courage.

"Well, well, my dear boy, you were not quite so independent, after all, as you fancied. My letters procured you the favorable reception you met with at Morse & Co.'s, and half your salary came out of my pocket. I have watched your cousin's interests, too. She would be surprised if she knew how large a customer I have been, by proxy, and how carefully I have respected her honest pride while putting money in her till. It is all over. I am an old man, Rhoda is alone, so you must come to me. Shall we go now and see Rhoda?"

They had turned the corner of the street where the little store was located. when Frank, gently pushing his father back, whispered:

"Wait one moment."

Rhoda was standing in the doorway, and her errand-boy was putting up the shutters, when they were taken from his hands.

"You can go," Frank said, deftly aking his work and gravely attending to it until he gave the key to Rhoda.

"Thanks," she said, having had time to gain composure after the first shock of surprise.

BRAIN SURGERY.

SOME OF ITS EXTRAORDINARY ACHIEVEMENTS,

ing the Brain and Removing Tumors – Wounds of the Brain No Longer Nec-essarily Fatal.

an article in Harper's, on "Recent Proress in Surgery, "Dr. W. W. Keen says In he Lancet for December 20th, 1884, Dr. Bennett, and Mr. Goodlee published as article which startled the surgical vorld. Dr. Bennett had diagnosticated lot only the existence, but the exact lon calling of a tumor in the brain, of which not the least visible evidence existed on the exterior of the skull, and asked Mr. Goodlee to attempt its removal. The head was opened and the brain exposed.

No tumor was seen, but so certain were they of the diagnosis that Mr. Goodlee boldly cut open the healthy brain and discovered a tumor the size of a walnut and removed it. After doing well for three weeks inflamation set in, and the nationt died on the twenty-sixth day. But like the failure of the first Atlantic cable, it pointed the way to success, and now there have been twenty tumors removed from the brain, of which seventeen have been removed from the cerebrum, with eleven recoveries, and three from the more dangerous region of the cerebellum, all of which proved fatal. Until this recent innovation every case of tumor of the brain was absolutely hopeless. The size of the tumor successfully removed has added to the astonishment with which surgeons view the fact of Tumors measuring as much as three and four inches in diameter, and weighing from a quarter to over a third of a pound, have been removed and the patients have recovered.

Another disease formerly almost invariably fatal is abscess of the brain. In the majority of cases this comes as a result of long-standing disease of the ear, which, after awhile, involves the bone and finally the brain. So long ago as 1879 Mr. Macewen, of Glasgow, diagnosticated an abscess in the brain, and wished to operate upon it. The parents declined the operation, and the patient died. After death Macewen operated precisely as he would have done during life, found the abscess and evacuated the pus, thus showing how he could probably have saved the child's life. Since then the cases treated in such a manner amoun' to scores, and more than half of them ! re recovered without a bad symp tom.

In inju, 3 of the skull involving the brain the l. ger arteries are sometimes wounded, and the blood that is poured out between the skull and the brain produces such pressure as to be speedily fatal. In some cases, even without any wound, the larger arteries are ruptured by a blow or a fall, and a similar result follows the hemorrhage. Nowadays, in both of these injuries, any well-instructed surgeon will open the head, secure the bleeding vessel, and turn out the clot, with a good chance of recovery in a large number of cases. Even gunshot wounds of the brain are no longer necessarily fatal. Among a number of other successful cases one has been recently reported in which the ball went all the way from the forehead to the back of the head, and after striking the bone, rebounded into the brain. The back of the skull was opened, the ball removed, and a rubber drainage tube of the calibre of a leadpencil passed in the track of the ball completely through the head, and the patient recovered. So little danger now attaches to opening the skull, with antiseptic precautions similar to those already described, that the latest writer on trephining (Seydel) estimates that the trephining per se is fatal only in 1.6 per cent. of the cases. Mr. Horsley has recently published a most remarkable paper, including ten operations on the brain, in which, without anything on the exterior to indicate its situation, the site of the disease was correctly located in all, and nine of them recovered after operation. Almost equally astonishing are the Cowardice often parades behind the results of brain surgery in certain cases of epilepsy; for the surgical treatment of mask of courage. A fellow, hearing the the cases justifying such interference has drums beat up for volunteers for France been attended with the most brilliant re- in the expedition against the Dutch, sults. In these cases the spasm begins in imagined himself valiant enough, and a particular part of the body, for example, thereupon enlisted himself. Returning the hand or the thumb, or it is limited to again, he was asked by his friends what one arm, or to one side of the body. exploits he had done there. He said that "he cut off one of the enemy's legs. Some of them have been operated upon without any benefit, but a large number Being told that it had been more honor of other cases have been operated on and able and maniy to have cut off his head, either benefited or, in not a few cases, "Oh!" said he, "but you must know his have been completely restored to health. head was cut off before."

That the words "brilliant results" are not inappropriate will certainly be granted when we look at Mr. Horsley's table of cases. One patient had 2870 epileptic convulsions in thirteen days, and completely recovered, not only from the operation but also from his terrible malady, after the removal of a diseased portion of the brain, the result of an old depressed fracture of the skull. Beside this, a few cases of headache so inveterate as to make ordinary occupations im. possible, and life itself a burden, have been cured by trephining the skull. Even insanity itself has been cured by such an operation in cases in which it has followed result of these recently inaugurated operations will be it is impossible to tell as yet, but thus far they have been so beneficent and so wonderful as to arouse not only our greatest astonishment, but also our most sanguine hopes.

Destructive Force in Warfare.

A French officer, in speaking of melinite to a representative of the Times, said : 'Our shells for field artillery, as well as those for our forts and siege guns, are charged with melinite. What melinite is we do no not know, and if we knew we should be very careful not to tell.' Both the Italians and the Germans have sent spies to discover the secret, and to offer money for even the smallest fragment, but they have all been captured All that can be said is that, according to a treatise published in 1882, melinite is composed of melted picric acid. But in the interval our artilleries have perfected the discovery of M. Turpin. They have made melinite a tractable product. their ability to remove them at all. The effects of this explosive were fully demonstrated in some experiments at the Fort of Malmaison in 1886. Melinite is so safe that in three years only one accident has occurred, that at the arsenel of Belfort. One the other hand a hundred accidents have occurred from gelatine

alone in thirty years. There has never been accident in draw ing the charges, nor one from bursting in the gun. As much cannot be said for roburite, hellofite, or the other substances employed by foreign States. What, it is asked, will become of a fortication in face of this redoubtable agent? Some think and say they are doomed others, like General Brialmont, recom mend the use of armored circular forts. It is said that the shell will glance off these without doing any damage. But experiments at Chalons have shown that turrets enjoy no immunity against a close and continuous fire.

Best Way to Copy Drawings.

A new method of copying drawings which may be found of service in architects offices is given in the Deutches Baumgewerbes Blatt. Any kind of opaque drawing paper in ordinary use may be employed for this purpose, stretched in the usual way over the drawing to be copied or traced. Then by the aid of a otton pad the paper is soaked with benzine. The pad causes the benzine to enter the pores of the paper, rendering the paper more transparent than the finest tracing paper. The most delicate tints show through the paper so treated, and may be copied with the greatest ease, for pencil, India ink or water colors take equally well on the benzinized surface. The paper is neither creased nor torn, remaining whole and supple. Indeed penil marks and water color tinting better upon paper treated in this way than on any other kind of tracing paper, the former being rather difficult to remove by rubber. When large drawings are to be dealt with the benzine treat ment is only applied to parts at a time. thus keeping pace with the rapidity of advancement with the work. When the copy is completed the benzine rapidly evaporates and the paper assumes its original white and opaque appearance without betraving the faintest trace of the benzine. If it is desired to fix lead pencil marks on ordinary drawing or tracing paper, this may be done by wetting it with milk and drying in the air.

NO. 5.

FUN. The horse-car driver is a non-conductor.

Terms---\$1.25 in Advance; \$1.50 after Three Months.

Making love by telegragh is described as an electric spark.

Why hasn't the debt of nature been paid, she's got the rocks?

The lady says "please" to her servants, and sometimes to her husband if there's anybody around.

"He is a mean man who, on meeting an acquaintance who is afflicted with the ague, savs, "Shake,"

A man may not be afraid of danger, It is the man who takes but one trip a year who passes down the main street of a town with the largest valise in his hand.

"Can women be carpenters?" is discussed in The Women's Journal. We do not know, but they can undoubtely be joiners.

Young men should not depend upon the Government alone for fat places. There may be openings for them in a tallow factory.

First Doctor-"I hear you treated my neighbor for typhus fever. Was it a bad case?" Second Ditto-...Very bad; the man never paid his bill."

Said the flax-haired maiden to the dapper young man behind the counter: "Have you any nice, soft muslin that will suit my complexion and hair?" Clerk-"Bleached or unbleached?"

It is a pity that people do not know who invented the mouth organ. Many modern sufferers would like to erect a high monument over the man's grave, so as to be sure to keep him down.

The honeymoon is that part of married life when the bride spends her time in trying to find out what her husband likes to eat, and he spends his time in trying to eat it after she has cooked it. - Atchison Globe .

A Noted Female Pirate Dead.

The notorious character known as Spanish Belle," who has flourished on the Pacific coast since 1849, has just died in Idaho. There is scarcely a mining camp on the Pacific coast that she has not visited. Her history, if correctly told, would fill a large volume: and it would be a volume of bad deeds only, for no good deeds have ever been attributed to her in the knowledge of those few who have known her history for the past forty years. It seems that she gloried in the crimes she committed, and during her convivial moments would relate some incidents of her past life. From this source it is gathered that an early age in her native land she became allied with a noted sea pirate named Valzaj, whose vessel was a terror to the merchant ships plying the waters of the Pacific Ocean. She boasted that her duty was when the ship anchored at a port of prominence, to decoy rich men aboard the vessel, where they would surely be robbed and murdered. She followed this criminal career until the discovery of gold in California, when she left her pirate partner and landed in San Francisco in the summer of 1849. At the time of her death she was eighty-five years old, although she could pass for a woman twenty-five years younger.

An Intelligent Pupil.

A railroad conductor wanting to teach

ever her heartache was, it was evidently not to be added to her mother's burdens.

Frank, left so unceremoniously, gave vent to his chagrin in a low whistle, thrust his hands deep into his overcoat pocket, and strode homeward. It was a cheerless windy evening, and chilled, angered and miserable, the young man tossed aside hat and coat in the hall of his father's pretentious house, and entered the parlor. A grand room, richly furnished, in sharp contrast to the shabby little back parlor where Frank had initended to pass the next hour.

Mr. Lewis was seated beside an open grate, reading the evening newspaper. He did not look up as his son drew up a chair near his own, and said:

"Father, what have you been saying to-day to Rhoda?"

"I gave her to understand that I did not want a penniless daughter-in-law." "Father !"

"You may as well understand the same I will not encourage such nonsense any longer. You are old enough now to drop firtations, and think seriously of marriage."

"I won't stand it," cried Frank, hotly. "Won't stand what?"

"Any interference between Rhoda and

Her sorest grief was in her mother's wasting health, and the certainty that a long standing disease must terminate fatally, though the decline was very slow. Heart and brain were sorely taxed, the more that she had been so carefully guarded from all care and sorrow during her father's life. But she was brave and faithful in the discharge of daily duty, trusting in God's care for her future, as humbly as a child trusts its mother.

Two years had passed since Frank Lewis put up her shutters, when he wrote to her from another city, telling her that he had a good position, was working faithfully to make himself independent, and asking her to be his wife if his income ever filled his pockets sufficiently to start a home.

"I tried to work in my old home, to be near my father," he wrote, "but it was bet-ter for me to be away for a time."

It was a strange, deep happiness that met this letter, for Rhoda knew she loved her cousin as the one love of her life. She wrote back at once, frankly myself. I mean to win Rhoda for my and lovingly, and the correspondence bewife: and I meant it when she wore long came her ray of sunshine in her sorrow 1,100,000.

'May I come in?" "And may I come, too?" said a third voice.

"Uncle William!"

"Yes, my dear. Come Frank." Then the store door closed behind the three and customers were fastened out: while the old story ends, and a new life opens for my hero and heroine .- New York Ledger.

Rev. George Washington, who styles himself "eldest representative of the Durham branch in England," writes to a London journal, urging English collectors of documents illustrating the career of General Washington to organize them selves into associations to preserve the papers collected, and meet from time to time to compare experiences and exchange views.

Claus Spreckles's big sugar plantation in the Sandwich Islands is on the Island of Maui. It comprises 2700 acres, and produces about 9000 tons of sugar each year.

The extreme length of the city of Chi cago is twenty-four miles, its extrem width is ten miles, its area is 1741 square miles, and its estimated population i

A Rather Old Story.

a new brakeman his duties told him to go to the other end of the car and when he, the conductor, called out the names of the stations along the route that he should say the same at that end of the car. When they came to the first station the conductor called out "Ma-wash-in-eta!" which is a small town between Indianapolis and Elkhart, Ind., and the brakeman yelled out with all the might his lungs would permit him : "The same at this end !"-Chicago Herald.

Unique Pay for Writers.

Maurice Thompson, in an article entitled "Adventures with Editors," published in America, gives three instances of authors who were satisfied with their pay. He says an "editor told me of a poet who sent him some verses, and directed him to invest the value thereof in fiddle strings and forward them by mail. I know of a writer who was glad to trade a story for a meerschaum pipe Another took a guitar in barter, and still another swapped poetry for a lottery ticket and actually drew a prize of \$7000."

Mr. Gladstone says that he brought his children up without constraint. "They have mover been governed at any period of then lives by force.