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SONG OF THE FARMER'S WIFE.

Monday is for washing,
Tuesday is for ironing,
Wednesday is for mending and putting
clothes away;
Thursday is for churning,
Friday is for baking
Saturday is always the grand cleaning day.
But then there is the breakfast,
And the dinner, and the tea to get;
Besides, there is the milking to be done each
night and morn;
The hens to feed, the knitting,
The sweeping and the bread to set,
And the carding of the wool when the pretty
sheep are shorn.
There is never any ending
But always work beginning,
From early Monday morning till Saturday
at night;
But oftentimes I find,
If a merry song I'm singing,
My heart is gay and happy, then all my
work seems light.
—Godley's Ladies' Book.

MY SINGULAR VISIONS.

Early in the winter of 188— I was lodging in a large, old-fashioned house in London. Insomnia, brought on by business troubles, had reduced me to a state of nervous collapse, and I was on the verge of serious illness.

Rising one night, after vainly courting sleep for two hours, I determined to take a warm bath. The hour was 2 o'clock. Having thrown on a dressing-gown, I entered the bathroom, and turned on the hot water. While the bath filled I gazed out at the rear of a house, about one hundred yards distant, in C— street. Suddenly, on the illuminated curtain of a room two or three floors above the street, I saw figures of a man and woman in silhouette. Stirred by curiosity, I watched the curtain with its tell-tale pictures, wondering what movements they would execute. As I gazed, surprise and horror seized me, for I saw the man raise a shadowy arm and pierce the woman's bosom with a dagger. She threw her arms wildly in the air, opened her mouth, as if to emit a scream, and fell to the floor, whence, of course, her figure cast no shadow on the curtain.

All this had occupied perhaps less than two seconds, but in that time I endured a mental torture such as I had never felt before. As the dagger descended I involuntarily threw out my arms, as if to shield the victim, and uttered an exclamation of mingled rage and horror. The absolute silence of the pantomimic murder made it more shocking, and for an instant I felt as if the darkness and loneliness of the night had shut me in with the murderer, and made me a participator in his guilt. I turned shuddering from the window just as the shadowy criminal stooped toward the spot where his victim lay; and before I could cry out, I reeled and fell heavily to the floor.

My fall roused the whole house, and Philip Holt, whose rooms were on the same floor with mine, carried me to bed. The vision of that night hastened my long-threatened illness, and ten days passed before my faculties returned sufficiently for me to relate what I had seen. The doctor smiled at my story and said: "It was a pure hallucination, my dear fellow. Such things are common to persons in your condition."

"But," said I, "the thing happened when I was wide awake, and in every detail it was as distinct as any genuine occurrence I ever beheld."

"Not at all remarkable," was his reply. "You ought to be satisfied with the knowledge that there has not been a word of such a crime in any newspaper. An affair of the kind could not have been concealed for ten days. Don't think of it any more."

Two weeks later I was in my usual health, save that my old trouble of insomnia hovered near, and recurred with any imprudence in eating, worry, or excitement.

Not entirely satisfied with the doctor's theory of my vision, I went to the lodging house in C— street and inquired for rooms. A snuffy old hag, with peering, suspicious eyes, and an air of undetected criminality, showed me through the house, and offered to let a furnished suite, consisting of bedroom, sitting-room, and bathroom. As near as I could guess, the sitting-room was the one where the crime of my vision had been committed.

"Who occupied these rooms last?" I inquired.

"Mr. Carr and his wife," answered the hag, with evident unwillingness.

"Do you know Mr. Carr's business?"

"The tenants' business hasn't none o' mine," she replied, shrilly.

"When did the Carrs move out?"

"About three weeks ago."

"Did you see Mrs. Carr on the day they left the house?"

"Now what do you ask me that for? I don't watch people's doin's in this house. The tenants is respectable families, and they don't like no meddlin'. If you want these rooms you can have 'em, but you won't stay long if you ask too many questions about your neighbors. We don't want no troublesome or worrying people here."

It was evidently useless to ask further questions, so I tramped downward through the ill-smelling, narrow halls, my suspicions far from lulled.

When I again spoke to Holt on the subject, and told him that my suspicions still existed, he frowned and said: "If your permit yourself to go on in this way you'll be in bed again. There is no reasonable doubt of your hallucination. The books are full of such cases. Furthermore, the woman could not have been actually murdered, or the crime would have come to light before this, and if she was only wounded, it is not your business to ferret the matter out. If you're not careful you'll get into the newspapers and be made ridiculous."

This last argument was enough. I gradually came to accept the theory of my friends. I passed through the winter without further illness, but gained strength slowly, and when spring appeared my sleeplessness returned. With it came an irresistible attraction toward the bathroom window, whence my vision of a few months before had been seen. Whenever I lay awake, I went some time during the night and stared out toward that uncanny lodging house. Night after night I saw nothing, and turned away, relieved at the assurance that one symptom of my former illness was wanting.

Finally, at 1 o'clock on a cool April morning, after three hours of vain tossing in bed, I entered the bathroom, with my eyes directed toward the house. For an instant I could not credit the vision that met my gaze. On the luminous curtain where I had seen the shadow pantomime before, the same tragedy was being enacted. This time I had arrived a little later in the progress of the scene, for all I saw was the falling woman and the withdrawn dagger in the hand of her companion. The man stooped, as before, toward his victim, and I waited to see him rise, in hopes of obtaining some assurance that what I had seen was real. I saw nothing further. If the shadowy slayer had stooped to a real victim, he must have risen in such a spot that his figure was not brought again before the light and the curtain.

Filled with forebodings of a new illness, I awoke Holt and told my vision. We went to the window, looked toward the lodging house, and saw only the faint gleam of unlighted panes. Holt gave me an opiate, and next morning the doctor had me removed to the country.

I remained out of town all summer, bathing, fishing and boating. For three months I went to bed tired every night, and slept ten hours. Then I took a long sea voyage, and arrived back in about the middle of September, more robust than I had ever been before. Holt and I laughed at the old hallucination, and the doctor rallied me considerably upon my detective spirit of the winter before. On the first night in my lodgings I forgot the fateful window, and slept without disturbance. The next night, however, I came in late, and yielded to a sudden whim that led me to the bathroom window.

As I entered the bathroom I looked over toward the lodging-house, and gave a little start at seeing a light in the very apartment that had so long possessed for me a fascinating interest. The night was warm, and the window whence the light shone was hoisted. The curtains were drawn also, and I could see pretty clearly a man and a woman sitting opposite each other near the center of the room. I shivered a little on discovering that the couple were very like those of pantomimes.

As I gazed I saw the woman suddenly start toward her companion with some gleaming weapon in her upraised hand. I felt my heart quicken and my breath come thick. The man rose to receive the attack, and I saw a shining dagger plunged into her bosom. Trembling with horror, I was about to cry out, when a hearty, natural laugh burst upon my ear from the hall.

On looking round I saw my friend Holt in the doorway.

"Merciful powers, man, did you see that?" I gasped.

"Certainly," he said, with another laugh.

"Then how can you stand there laugh-

ing? If we both saw it there can be no doubt of its reality."

"It was real and unreal, old man. Your sight is vindicated and the doctor and I are put to shame, but there is no cause for horror. See, the light has been turned out and there is nothing more to be learned. Take something to steady your nerves and I'll explain the mystery."

Wondering at his language, but considerably reassured, I followed him to his room, and sat down.

"Now," said Holt, "the thing you saw to-night" (I shuddered again as he spoke) "and on two other occasions is easily explained. James Carr and his wife, who have lived in that apartment off and on for eight months, are known to many theatre-goers here and elsewhere as Arthur Leroy and Mlle. Picard. What you saw to-night was a rehearsal of an incident in a play which is to be produced at the X— Theatre early next week. You'll find the very scene on a dozen boardings in the streets. It's a quarrel. The woman attacks the man with a pair of scissors, and he responds with a dagger. The play was produced in the provinces last winter, and at one or two watering places in the summer. You've seen three rehearsals."

"Holt, I don't believe you," I cried, as it flashed upon me that my old illness was returning, and that Holt had taken this method of diverting my mind from the threatened calamity.

Holt promptly went over the whole occurrence and his description differed in no important feature from my own vision.

On the next day I went round to my doctor, laughed at his learning, and accepted his apologies for the discredit he had cast upon my visual sanity.

That evening at dinner while reading an afternoon paper I came upon a conspicuous heading in these words: "Slain at Rehearsal." I started, read on, and discovered that James Carr, alias Arthur Leroy, had killed his wife the night before in their rooms in C— street. Then I knew that Holt and I had actually seen the crime committed.

According to the newspaper's account, Carr, on being arrested, had confessed the homicide and pleaded self-defense. He had been married five years, but he and his wife had always lived a cat-and-dog life. After their rehearsal of the night before, she had called up an old grievance, and finally, in a fit of anger attacked him with a pair of scissors, the very weapon she was to have used in the mimic scene on the approaching "first night." He had defended himself with the dagger just employed at rehearsal, and was horrified to find that he had slain her.

Nobody quite believed Carr's story at first, but the testimony of Holt and myself saved his neck.

Mummified Bodies on a Battlefield.

Captain Thompson of the schooner Challenger has just returned to San Francisco, from a long cruise in the South Sea and along the South American coast. He had in his possession a little black earthenware jar which was taken, with valuable jewelry, from the tomb of one of the Peruvian Incas, near Pisagua. No tinted pottery is made by modern Peruvians, and it is estimated that this jar was made in the time of Cortez. The captain also secured one of the Inca's teeth. He visited the battlefield of Tarapaca, where the Chilians and Peruvians met November 17, 1879, and the Peruvians, after losing 4000 men, were forced to retreat, leaving their dead unburied.

"In any other country," said the captain, "these unburied corpses would have been reduced in a few weeks to skeletons by wild animals or the elephants, but for over 100 miles on either side of the battleground there is not a spear of grass. There are, consequently, no wild animals, and the bodies remained undisturbed by them. The soil, too, is strongly impregnated with nitrate of soda, and this, in connection with the hot, dry atmosphere, has converted men and horses into perfect mummies. Seen on a bright moonlight night, as I first saw it, the battle appears as if fought but a day or two ago, the colors of the uniforms being still bright and the steel of their weapons untarnished. Inspection by daylight, and a curious phenomenon is observed. The hair of the bodies of the men has grown since death to a length of from two to four feet, and the tails of the cavalry horses are now so long that, if alive, they would trail far behind on the ground."—*Globe-Democrat*.

Mrs. Frank Leslie wears black leather boots with tips and laces of silver.

HYPNOTISM.

A POWER WHOSE MANIFESTATIONS SEEM INCREDIBLE.

Practically the Same as Mesmerism—Value in the Treatment of Disease—Capable of Injury When Abused.

The term hypnotism is nearly synonymous with mesmerism, animal magnetism, braidism and syggignoscism. Hypnotism is believed to have been practiced many centuries ago; but little, however, is known of its history previous to the time of Mesmer (1778). Since then hypnotism has been much studied by many eminent men in the professions of medicine, science, religion and the arts. There came a time when the interest in it flagged very greatly, but a few years ago a revival took place in France, and since then it has been generally recognized as a therapeutic agent and employed by many physicians all over the world. One of the earliest uses of hypnotism was to produce a state of insensibility, so that surgical operations could be performed without pain. But it has been applied for many other purposes, and some men, very skillful in its application, use it in the treatment of a long list of diseases both acute and chronic. Nervous affections sometimes yield very readily to its influence.

To produce hypnotism, operators have methods which vary somewhat in detail, but the principle is the same. Most all use passes, although some depend almost entirely, if not entirely, upon the fixation of gaze. For reasons which will appear anon, none of the methods employed to produce the hypnotic state will be described in this communication. As to the force generated or liberated in hypnotism, no one pretends to know, but many believe it to be electric, or perhaps magnetic. According to one observer, the description the subjects give of their sensations is that they first feel their fingers tingle and their hands and feet get cold; then they become sleepy, and when told that they can not open their eyes, they say they hear and know all, but can not open them; then comes sleep, unless it is desired to extract a tooth or do some such work when the subject is not entirely unconscious. Then they know and do as bidden but suffer no pain. They say if the skin is cut it feels as if something were being gently drawn over it, and they feel the force applied to the tooth, but that pulling the tooth feels like pulling a peg out of a hole.

As to the value of hypnotism as a remedial agent, there is necessarily much difference of opinion. Some physicians consider its range a very limited one, while others think it applicable to a long list of affections. The majority of those who ought to know best appear to agree that it will undoubtedly prove of very great service in properly selected cases in medical practice. As for its use in surgical operations as a substitute for gas, ether or chloroform, it can never displace them to more than a slight extent, except, perhaps, in the case of children. Very many who are about to have an operation performed must necessarily be so nervous that hypnotism will be quite out of the question.

And there will doubtless always exist persons who will be insensible to the efforts of operators. Some subjects are easy to hypnotize, while with others it is the reverse; to which of these classes a person belongs cannot be known until an effort to put him into the hypnotic state is made. And in the susceptible cases not infrequently several sittings are necessary before the power of the operator is sufficiently felt.

One very important point that the study of hypnotism has brought out and emphasized, says an observer, is the potency of suggestion. Doubtless most of the slight aches and pains that the general practitioner is called upon to treat are partly imaginary, and all that is necessary for cure is a certain amount of faith on the part of the patient, begotten by judicious suggestion by the medical man. At first sight this seems to be a sort of chicanery, but it is impossible to deny its efficacy, and it is much safer for the doctor to acknowledge, to himself at least, that it is not his simple remedy which has wrought the cure, but his suggestion to the patient.

We now come to the reason why none of the methods employed to produce hypnotism have been herein described. It is an agent which only should be used by reputable physicians, for, like others which they employ, it will do much harm if injudiciously applied. Were the methods known there would naturally be

a tendency on the part of some to try it as a means of amusement, while, without doubt, there are not a few who would use it for no good purpose. That hypnotism may be rightly applied and without injury it must be exclusively confined to physicians, who alone are capable of distinguishing between these subjects upon whom it is likely to do good and those likely to be injured by it. It is a well-known fact that persons who are often hypnotized finally become so susceptible that the act is accomplished with the greatest ease. And, in not a few instances of subjects so treated for a long time, it requires scarcely more than a single glance for the operator to throw them into a hypnotic sleep.

So it will be seen that hypnotism might prove a menace to society unless steps were taken to guard against it. The first precaution to suggest itself is the prohibition of all public exhibitions of hypnotism or mesmerism. This remarkable power should, if possible, be limited by law to the treatment of disease. And the operator should be permitted to influence his subject only as health may be improved.—*Boston Herald*.

An Engagement Recalls a Tragedy.

The Hatzfeldt-Huntington engagement recalls a romantic story of about ten years ago, in which Miss Clara Huntington, then in the very first loveliness of maidenhood, was innocently involved in a tragedy that shocked the entire community of San Francisco. Miss Huntington was at that time a beautiful girl, with all the simple coquetry of her age and her recent emancipation from the school-room. She was surrounded by numbers of admirers, among whom were a certain Mr. Daly, of, if I am not mistaken, New Haven—a blond, tall, distinguished-looking, frank and direct in manner, and a man most attractive in society; and a Mr. Hanks, who was said to be a mining expert who had made his money in Peru. He, too, was very handsome, although of an entirely different type from Daly. Both men were infatuated with Miss Huntington, and in justice to every one, I may say that Miss Huntington's money was not by any means an important influence with either of them.

One night the two men called upon Miss Huntington in the Palace Hotel, and on leaving quarreled hotly about the question of precedence in wooing the heiress. In the excitement of the argument Daly struck Hanks, knocking him down on the marble flooring, just in front of the hotel dining-room. Hanks swore vengeance for the blow, and men who witnessed the altercation, and knew Hanks's disposition, warned Daly to go armed. Daly, however, scoffed at the proposition, and asserted that he never had gone armed and never would. On the following morning the city was electrified by the story of a tragic shooting affair, involving the two men whose quarrel had already become known. There were a dozen eye-witnesses to relate the dreadful story of Hanks's shot from behind a sign-board, of Daly's fall, and his dying words: "You coward!" and there were murmurs loud and deep of Lynch law.

Hanks was immediately imprisoned, and all the facilities for making his exit from this world being left within his reach by the curious legeretie, which was manifest at that time in the prison regulations, he secured a Springfield rifle from a stack standing in the corridor where he was allowed to exercise, seated himself, placed the muzzle in his mouth, pulled the trigger with his toe, and entered into mystery. The newspaper accounts of the affair were most curiously worded, and it is scarcely necessary to say Miss Huntington's name did not figure in them. Utterly blameless as she was in the affair, the sensitive girl was overwhelmed by the event, and it was long before she recovered from its shock.—*Toten Topics*.

Making a Nose From a Wish Bone.

Dr. L. F. R. Tetamore, of Brooklyn, has performed an experiment in the way of providing a new nose for Mrs. E. Hoffman. He substituted for the natural cartilage, eaten away by disease, the cartilage from the breast bone of a chicken with a portion of the bone attached. He divided the skin of the sunken nose of the woman, and cutting the bone and cartilage from the breast of a live chicken, placed them under the skin of the woman's nose, and adjusted it to the proper shape, covering it with skin drawn down from the forehead. It will take two months to determine whether the experiment is a success or not.

Henry Labouchere, editor of *London Truth*, was for years a rover in the wilds of the far West.

FUN.

The pig who gets into clover thinks the sward is mightier than the pen.

Water differs from a good many things in that it is highest when there is most of it.

It is when a man is in the iron grip of poverty that his clothes begin to get rusty.

Poverty may bring ill-health in its train; but it ensures quick treatment by the doctor.—*Puck*.

A river is one of the queerest things out—its head isn't near as big as its mouth.—*Kentucky State Journal*.

The man who married his pretty typewriter operator found that she refused to be dictated to afterward.—*New York Journal*.

A hen-pecked husband said in extenuation of his wife's raid upon his scalp: "You see, she takes her own hair off so easily she doesn't know how it hurts to have mine pulled out."

Sol Tingle—"I was told to-day that that lovely Miss Perkins was worth more than fifty thousand in her own right." Fidas Achates—"Hump! That's nothing to her pa value."—*Judge*.

"Yes," said the dentist, as he yanked away at a tooth regardless of his patient's yells, "a man is bound to succeed at his work, provided it is done with sufficient pains."—*Merchant Traveler*.

First Anarchist—"The time is nearly ripe for another uprising, I think. Are you ready to go through fire for the good of the cause?" Second Anarchist—"Go through fire? Why, I'll even go through water if it is necessary."—*Terre Haute Express*.

"Papa, can't a human being move the upper jaw?" "No, my son, and it's a great question in the minds of the court if some of the under jaws ought not to have been hopped in some way," and he looked hard at the maternal partner in the concern.—*Danville Breese*.

A Cure for Obesity.

Professor Schweniger, the German doctor who gave Prince Bismarck a new lease of life by curing him of his obesity, is now one of the most influential men in Berlin. His list of lady patients is as long as the Unter den Linden drive, and he asks and gets fees that turn the other doctors green with envy. His system consists principally of doing without liquids. No beer at all, and the strain of doing without this is very nearly sufficient to reduce a German to a skeleton, no coffee, except once a day a small cupful, very hot, and with no milk and one lump of sugar, no tea and no water. If the patient suffers from thirst she may eat fruit, suck the juice of an orange or mix the juice of a lemon with a few tablespoonfuls of water and drink it. When the thirst becomes difficult to bear any longer a cupful of boiling water, as hot as it can be drunk, is allowed. It is surprising to find, however, with what a very small quantity of liquid one can accustom one's self to live. At first Professor Schweniger's patients protest loudly their inability to do without liquid of some sort, but his invariable reply is: "Very well, madam; you can do as you like, but don't expect to get thin." That always reduces them to terms, and though they find it difficult at first they soon learn to live very comfortably on a few tablespoonfuls of liquid in twenty-four hours and joy to find their too, too solid flesh beginning to decrease "visibly." The German women are all prone to flesh, and hardly are they out of their teens before they begin to thicken alarmingly and grow ponderous and unwieldy. One of the leading actresses in Berlin lies every afternoon for an hour with cracked ice in a cloth wrapped around her body to numb it so that she can bear the lacing for the night's performance, which is done by two muscular maids.—*New York World*.

Good Noses Are Scarce.

Of all the features of the human face the nasal organ, being the most prominent, stands supreme as a revealer of character. Its form gives the greatest expression and individuality to the facial incaments, and even the voice is affected and toned by this important member. The individual whom nature has blessed with a really well formed and perfect nose should indeed be grateful, and on an average barely two per cent. of the ordinary population can claim to possess a perfectly shaped nasal organ.

We should never make enemies, if for no other reason, because it is so hard to behave toward them as we ought.