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Both in appearance and in manner the emperor of Russia has become a Muscovite of the old Cossack type. He is a colossal figure, being a giant both in height and in girth, quite bald, with a flat nose, an immense sweeping moustache, and a stupendous beard, which flows over his chest.

The new annual statistical abstract of India, which has just been issued by the British India office, gives interesting tables relating to population. Estimating the yearly increment since the last census of 1881 at  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., the population in March, 1888, was 269,477,728, of which 60,684,378 belonged to the native states.

Arthur L. Thomas, the Governor of Utah Territory, in his annual report to the Secretary of the Interior estimates the population of the Territory at 230,000, which is an increase of nearly 86,000 since 1880. During the last nine years the foreign-born population, numbering in 1880 about 80,841, has been increased by Mormon immigration by 16,094.

The *American Analyst* notices a successful experiment by a Frenchman named de Carbonnet to make silk without the agency of worms. It is stated that he used a colloid solution, poured into a copper receiver, which emptied into a system of small glass tubes, and these tubes terminated in capillaries which carried off the solution in fine thread-like streams. He produced several yards of silk in this way. Frenchmen have made eggs without the use of hens, and milk without the agency of cows; but the artificial is not quite so good as the natural.

We may expect to hear another loud call from European missionaries in China for money to aid starving thousands in the Yangtze valley, where the cotton crop is a failure. The calamity with which the Chinese government allows its subjects to starve is appalling to foreigners, but the help that English and Americans gave in the famine last winter and spring in North China was trifling compared to the grand total of misery. At the very time thousands of Chinese were actually starving in the northern provinces, cargoes of wheat and millet were exported from the southern part of the same districts. The Roman empire, observes the *San Francisco Chronicle*, in its worst days never evinced more callous contempt for human life than China shows today.

A couple of St. Louis lawyers recently went into one of the subterranean vaults of the court house in that city to look over some old court records. One of them was compelled to leave before the paper desired was found, and going out slammed the door without thinking of the consequences. The automatic lock performed its duty, and his friend was a prisoner. The friend discovered this disagreeable fact only when he had unlearned the paper he desired and turned to go. The lock could not be worked, and he could not attract attention by calling. Finally, under the dirt and cobwebs that had been gathering for years, he found a narrow grating, through which he could just peep out on the street. Calling through this he attracted the attention of a passer-by, who rushed into the sheriff's office and announced that a prisoner was trying to escape. Investigation disclosed the pent-up attorney.

Commissioner Raum of the Pension Bureau has announced that hereafter, in all cases where a medical examination is desired or required under any of the several pension laws, such examination must be made by the local Board of examining Surgeons in the district in which the claimant resides. General Raum says that in many instances claimants come to Washington from a great distance and at considerable expense in the erroneous belief that on examination by the Washington Board and personal solicitation their cases will be more promptly acted upon, and possibly with a greater degree of liberality. Some of these are poor and cannot afford the expense, and it is more to save these people from needless expense than it is to give the several examining Boards their proper share of the work of making examinations that this policy has been adopted. The Washington Board will not hereafter be allowed to examine claimants for pensions whose residence is not within its jurisdiction.

**Jack Frost.**  
From over the hills, with a breath of flame,  
From over the hills old Jack Frost came.  
Came so softly that nobody knew,  
Till the land a beautiful picture grew.

The elm leaves turned to a golden brown,  
Each willow was decked with a golden crown,

The thistle-down broke from its prison cell,  
And the nuts from their clinging burrs as well;

The maples flamed on the green hillside,  
And color ran wild o'er the country wide,  
As over the hills, with a breath of flame,  
Old Jack Frost, the ice king, came.

—Emma S. Thomas in *Frank Leslie's*.

## THE LOST WILL.

About 20 years ago there died in southern Ohio a queer old character named Thomas Martin. He was never married, and his eccentricities made his name a familiar one in several counties. He lived in a little log house on a farm about four miles from a village, and sometimes he was alone for months, and again he would have his house crowded with his relatives. While father and mother were dead, he had three brothers and four sisters living, and in the same county. One day he might meet one of them and hand him a \$20 gold piece. The very next day he would pass the same person by without speaking. As he was worth about \$200,000, all made by the sale of oil wells found on his lands in Pennsylvania, and as his relatives were all poor, none of them dared offend him. If he treated them coldly they put up with it; if he insisted on some family staying with him for a week they made every sacrifice to please him.

There was a layer of humor in the old man's composition withal. I think he reasoned that all his relatives expected a slice of his wealth, and he intended that each one should have it, but he proposed to make them earn it as far as they could. If he knew that his brother James was planting corn, and in a great hurry to get through, he would send for him and insist that he hunt or fish or go looking over the country for some plant or root needed for sickness. If his brother Henry was extra busy in his saw mill the old man was sure to send up a message to him to come down and take a witch hazel rod and go wandering over the hills to locate metals. There was only one bed in the house, and yet the old man would insist that a family of eight come and visit him and sleep where they could. Twice a year he killed a lamb. The rest of the time he lived on puddings and milk and vegetables.

Uncle Tom, as everybody called him, was over 70 years of age when I first knew him, and it must have seemed to his relatives that he intended to live to be a hundred. As the years went by he really seemed to improve, and it was a cold day when he couldn't think of some new trick to play on those who anxiously waited for him to turn up his toes. He had made a will, as was known in a certain law office, dividing up his wealth pro rata, but one day something occurred to determine him to revoke it. He had sent for his brother Henry and family to come to him at once. Henry was sawing lumber on a contract, one of the children was ailing and he returned word that he could not come. This was the first time he had ever refused such a demand, and when the messenger returned the old man boiled over with indignation. He sent for his lawyer to come and make a new will, and the lawyer, of course, brought the old one. He saw this laid on the clock shelf, and it was lying there when he went away. The new will was not entirely completed that day. Martin said he might want to make some other changes, and so he did. His sister May, who was an old maid, was with him that day, and after the lawyer had gone Martin wanted to lower her down in the well to recover a lost bucket. She was timid and afraid, and the result was that she was ordered to pack up and leave, and was told plainly that she need not expect a dollar.

Nor was this all. Having got his hand in, as it were, the old man went for another brother, and forced a rupture, and then sent for a lawyer and cut the three persons off with a legacy of \$100 each. He signed the new will and placed it with the others, saying he would keep both for a few days and see if anything else turned up. Then, in order to show his contempt for his relatives, he sent for a woman named Thatcher to keep house for him. This woman was a widow, about 40 years

old, and was looked upon as half crazy and the other half foolish. She was employed in the village at laundry work. Martin gave out that he would marry her, and he was heard to say more than once that not one of his relatives should ever get a dollar of his money.

One night, two months after the Thatcher woman went to keep house for him, he got a bad fall while bringing in wood. He had to be helped to bed, but only a portion of what followed was known for many months afterward. The old man felt that his last hour had come, and he got rid of her for a few minutes by sending her out to the barn. Which will he meant to burn no one will ever know, but he got up and burned one of them. Both were duly sealed and attested, and both were equally good in law. That he did burn one of them was sure. Thirty hours later some one happened to visit the cabin, and the old man was found dead in his bed, the woman had disappeared, and the wills were missing. With all that money at stake there was great excitement, of course, and the relatives gave me the case to work up. No one knew, until I overhauled the ashes in the fireplace, that anything had been burned. I found scraps of paper, proving that at least one of the wills had been destroyed. So far as I could tell, both might have been burned at the same time. One had been, anyhow, and the question of which it was interested every relative.

It seemed curious why Mrs. Thatcher had gone away, and still more curious that she had escaped observation. As no one had met her in the village or on the highway, it must be concluded that she had reasons for hiding. If one of the wills had been preserved, she probably knew of its whereabouts, as the whole cabinet had been hunted over and over again without bringing it to light. My first step, therefore, was to discover her; but when a fairly sharp man pits himself against a half idiot he may be beaten. I made a circuit for thirty miles around on horseback, and, while I met a hundred people who knew the woman by sight, I could get no trace of her. A robber could not have hidden his trail more successfully. When I found that the hunt was to be extended, I notified every sheriff in that part of the state. I got out circulars and sent them to town marshals, constables, postmasters, and farmers, but no good resulted.

Then, one day, I sat down to put myself in her place. For all I knew then she was with the old man when he died, and it might have been her hand which held one of the wills to the flame. Just why she should fly and hide herself when not guilty of anything was a puzzle. So far as we could determine she had taken nothing. One day Martin had gone with her to the bank and drawn out and presented to her the sum of \$300. This she had taken, as was her right; but the few dollars he had in his pocket were there when we searched the dead body. I had not thought to overhaul her wardrobe, but when I came to do so I got a pointer. She had dressed herself in her best, and gone without taking even a hand satchel. Her best was a black silk, a fine red shawl, a fashionable bonnet, and fine shoes. She would not only look very much like a lady, but she would not set out for a walk across the wet fields or along the muddy highway. She would take the train at the nearest point, of course, and that happened to be at a station not over thirty rods from the old man's cabin and on his land. Freight and accommodation trains stopped there always for water, and the regular passenger trains sometimes. For instance, the express for Cincinnati would not stop at the village, but would at this county station to get a supply of water for the engine.

As soon as I struck this trail I was on a few days in ascertaining that Mrs. Thatcher, dressed in her best, did actually board the express that night as it stopped for a moment, and that she paid her fare and was carried to Cincinnati. She had four weeks the start of me, but I had strong hopes of finding her. I reasoned that the fact of her being simple-minded and of never having travelled much would make her keep clear of the hotels. She, doubtless, feared she would be blamed for the old man's death, and a search made for her. In that case she would hide herself. I had my mind made up when I reached Cincinnati

to look for her among the boarding houses, and look I did. After a vain search of a week I got one of the regular detectives, and in another week we got track of her. In going into the city she had entered into conversation with a fellow-passenger, and he had recommended her to a boarding house kept by his aunt. They gave her a room at the house, but soon saw that she was queer. The situation sharpened her wits, and she claimed to be a Mrs. Rose of Chicago, who had come to search out relatives. As she never went out, received no letters and employed no assistance her story was not believed, and she was an object of wonder to the other boarders. In about three weeks she one day paid her bill and walked off, but one of the boarders followed her to another boarding house. We hoped and expected to find her there, but she had changed again and no one knew where she was. It took us three days to locate her again, and this time we were too late by an hour only.

In making her second change Mrs. Thatcher had gone to a boarding house kept by a woman who had a brother on a farm. He supplied her with vegetables, and as he came in one day Mrs. Thatcher saw him, and at once decided to go out to his farm. She arranged for her board, bought herself a cheap dress or two, and the pair had been gone about an hour or two when we rang the bell. The detective was busy on another case and decided that he could not go with me. I therefore got a horse and buggy and drove off alone. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of a June day, and I was hardly clear of the city when I noticed that a thunder storm was coming up from the direction in which I was headed. I drove fast, hoping to make the ten miles before I was caught, but when seven miles from the city the storm broke. The only shelter I could secure was an old wagon shed, but while the thunder and lightning were severe, but little rain fell.

In the half hour I was under the shed the lightning struck near me three times, and I was greatly relieved when the storm passed on. I drove forward for about a mile, and then suddenly came upon a curious sight in the highway. A farmer's wagon was smoking and burning, while one horse lay stone dead and the other was plunging about. On one side of the wagon lay the body of a woman, on the other side that of a man. I leaped out and secured my horse, and the man was the first approached. His clothes were on fire over his breast, and his face was discolored. One glance satisfied me that he was dead. The woman lay in a heap, but when I took hold of her hand there was a flutter of the eyelids. A bolt of lightning had killed one of the horses and the man, but the woman had only been stunned. My first move was just what any physician would have recommended. I loosened the collar at her throat to give her lungs a chance to play. As the collar flew open a paper was displayed. I reached for it, and one look told me that it was the last will and testament of James Martin.

Then the woman must be Mrs. Thatcher, but I should never have known her, dressed as she was. She came to while I was releasing the plunging horse and putting out the fire in the wagon. The accident had come about as I supposed, and in half an hour she was quite herself again. I went to the nearest farmer, got him to come back and assume charge of things, and then drove back to the city with my prisoner. On the way in she fully explained everything. When Martin found himself about to die he told her to burn the old will. In her nervousness, and being unable to read, she burned the wrong one. When he discovered this he berated her in as forcible language as he could call up—indeed, he fell back and died while cursing her. Fearing that she had committed some awful crime, and hoping that if she carried the other document off with her she might escape all consequences, she dressed herself, took the paper and her money, and walked over and boarded the train.

Under the will I had recovered, all the relatives shared alike, which was a fair and just under the circumstances, and instead of making any trouble for the widow, they presented her with a purse of \$500 and headed her for Oregon, where she got another husband in less than a month after her arrival.—*New York Sun.*

A comfortable winter resort—Thick clothes.

## SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

An entirely new rose, called the "rainbow rose," was exhibited at a recent flower show in San Francisco. It is small, and of a delicate shade of rose pink, with darker bars running lengthwise of the petals.

After immersion in water for thirty-seven days, specimens of pine were found by Professor D. V. Wood to have been lengthened 0.165 per cent., oak 0.085 per cent., and chestnut 0.065 per cent., the lateral swelling being 2.6 per cent. for pine, 3.5 per cent. for oak, and 3.65 per cent. for chestnut.

An English scientist has been making experiments to determine the important part which light plays in the development of animal life. A dozen tadpoles were confined in a box from which every ray of light was excluded. The result was that only two of them developed into frogs, and those were short-lived. The others increased considerably in size, but never left the tadpole form.

The recent discovery by a New England chemist of a cheap method of dissolving zinc by combining it with hydrogen is regarded as a most valuable one. The product is a solution called zinc-water, and has the property of making wood to which it has been applied absolutely fireproof, and at a very low cost. This discovery is likely to revolutionize fire insurance, as well as to immensely decrease the loss by fire.

In New Granada, South America, grows a plant which is locally known as the "ink plant." Its juice serves, without the slightest preparation, as ink. At first the writing appears red, but in a few hours it assumes a deep black hue. Several sheets of manuscript, written with this natural ink, became soaked with sea water on their journey to Europe, but when dried, the writing was found to be still perfectly clear.

A peculiar tendency in idiots to imperfections and disease in the teeth has been noticed by several physicians. It has been studied in 100 cases of idiots at random. The multiplicity and variety of the dental lesions were remarkable and the conclusion has been drawn that idiosyncrasy, with or without epilepsy, predisposes to arrests of development and anomalies of dentition. The effect rarely appears in the first teeth, but almost wholly in the second.

In Europe the telephone as a disease disseminator is under discussion. A Frenchman has discovered a new disorder termed "aural overpressure," caused by the constant strain of the auditory apparatus in shouting through the telephone. In some cases the tinkling of the bell has affected the ears of persons the same way that inflamed eyes cannot bear the light. The patients suffer from nervous excitability, with buzzing noises in the ear, giddiness and neuralgic pains.

## Nevrose Among Dogs.

A really startling communication has been made to the French academy of sciences. It is to the effect that the malady of the period in France known as the nevrose, which may be taken to mean a general upset of the nerves, and various disorders belonging to the hysterical category, is no longer confined to men and women, who, so to say, burn the candle of their lives at both ends, but is spreading amongst the canine race. Hysterical phenomena have been remarked in dogs, especially in pet dogs, nursed in the lap of luxury, and deprived of what may be said to constitute a healthy existence for a dog. Many of these pampered four-footed favorites have succumbed, it appears, to nervous disorders, or to violent hysterical attacks, and an examination of their remains after death has proved that the seat of the disorder which cut short their days was merely the nerves. This seems strange; but the theory is that dogs, like men, are susceptible to the influences that surround them, and whereas cases of hysteria have been observed in what may be called fashionable society dogs, nothing of the kind has been noticed in the shepherd's dog or those of a humbler class. In a word, we are assured that the fashionable dog of the period, taking too little exercise, feeding too well, and living in an artificial atmosphere, is falling a victim to the terrible nevrose, precisely like its mistress, and possibly shortly we shall hear of the dear little four-footed creatures having morphia injected to allay their nervousness.—

**Well-doing.**  
Think the good,  
And not the clever;  
Thoughts are seeds  
That grow forever  
Bearing richest fruit in life.  
Such alone can make  
The thinker  
Strong to conquer in the strife.  
  
Love the good,  
And not the clever;  
Noble men!  
The world can never  
Cease to praise the good they've done.  
They alone the true  
Who gather  
Harvests which their deeds have won.  
  
Do the good,  
And not the clever;  
Fill thy life  
With true endeavor  
Strive to be the noblest man,  
Not what others do;  
But rather  
Do the best you can.  
—The Little *Woman*.

## HUMOROUS.

Mirth wakes the man; the want of wit the fellow.

An agricultural association—Wheat, barley and oats.

The only thing that beats a good wife is a bad husband.

Could a Chinese ship yard be properly called a junk shop?

A sugar manufacturer need not necessarily have sandy hair.

The reason the latter got so mad was probably because his nap was disturbed.

First Clock—How are you getting along? Second Clock—Oh, I'm still living on tick.

Squeezers—Do you live on pleasant terms with your landlady? Nickleby—No; on cash terms.

Old Lady—Sir, you've stolen my daughter's love. Unabashed Culprit—Well, didn't I return it?

The absent-minded professor to the night watchman. "Good night. I hope you will sleep well."

"Come off the perch," said the fisherman, as he removed the scales from a specimen of the funny tribe.

"Slow and sure," the wise heads claim, is by far the better plan; The slow man gets there all the same—Just behind the other man.

Scholastic Item—Tommy—"I wish the school-room was round." Mother—"Why?" "So the teacher couldn't make me stand in the corner."

Jackson: Mrs. Henpeck tells me she gained six pounds while she was in the mountains. Her peck: That's nothing; I gained twelve while she was away.

Dentist, to patient: Better a sound false tooth than a rotten real one. Patient (testily): Then why didn't you say so before you commenced to plug it?

Teacher—"Now, suppose you had 15 cents and spent five for a school book, how would you ascertain the amount you had remaining? Head Boy—Count it, sir.

A speaker at a public meeting talked and talked and talked. "How full he is of his subject!" said a friend. "Yes," said an enemy; "but how slow he is to empty himself!"

Mr. Graball (at railway station)—I want a ticket to Lincoln. Ticket Seller—Yes, sir. Lincoln in Illinois or Lincoln in Nebraska? Mr. Graball (on the lookout for a bargain)—Which will you sell me the cheapest?

Sati-fied Old Maid (fishing for a compliment)—Tell me, darling, why you prefer me to any of these other girls for a bride. Sensitive Old Bach.—On my wedding tour I don't want people to think I'm a newly married man.

"I'm tired of trouble without end— I think I'll end this life; Please pass the pie," so said the man To his discouraged wife.

"Money," "Rupee" and "Dollar." In tracing the derivation of the word "money," I find that it is from the Roman word "Moneta," because the first regular mint was established by Romans in the temple Juno Moneta. The word "coin" is, no doubt, from the Latin "cuneus," meaning a die or stamp. Many coins are so called from their original weight, as the English pound, the French livre and the Italian lira. The word "rupee" is from the Sanscrit, rupya, meaning silver. The word "dollar" is short for joachimstaler. In Bohemia the word is thaler, which is also short for joachimthaler or money of the Joachim Valley, waters coins of this value were first struck in the sixteenth century.