SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher. Terms---$1.25 in Advance; $1.50 after Three Months.

VOL. VIII. LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1890.

Goodbye!

There's a kind o' chilly feelin' in the blowin' o' the breeze,
And a sense o' sadness stealin' through the tresses o' the trees·
And a mist seems fallin' dreary on the mountains towerin' high,
And I feel my cheeks grow teary as I bid you all goodbye!

"Goodbye," the winds are sayin'; "goodbye," the trees complain,
As they bend low down an' whisper with their green leaves wet with rain;
"Goodbye," the roses murmur, an' the bendin' lilies sigh
As if they all felt sorry I have come—come to say goodbye.

I reckon all have said it some time or other soft
And easy like, with eyes cast down, that dared not look aloft
For the tears that trembled in them—for the lips that choked the sigh,
When it came a-swellin' from the heart an' made it beat goodbye!

I didn't think 'twas hard to say; but standin' here alone,
With the pleasant past behind me and the future dim, unknown,
A gloomin' yonder in the dark—the tears come to my eye,
And I'm weepin' like a woman as I bid you all goodbye.

The work I've done is with you; maybe some things went wrong,
Like a note that mars the music in the sweet flow of a song;
But brethren—when you think of me, I only ask you would
Say as the Master said of one: "He hath done what he could."

And when you sit together in the time as yet to be,
By your love-encircled firesides in the valleys fair and free,
Let the sweet past come before you, and with something like a sigh,
Just say: "We ain't forgot him since the day he said 'Goodbye!'"

THE TIN BOX.

"It is a very mysterious business," said Lawyer Simpkins, rubbing his nose, and adjusting his spectacles. "Hiram Green sent for me, ten days before he died, and gave me his bonds and securities to draw the July interest for him. I put them all back in the tin box myself, and he counted and examined them. The day he died he tried to tell me something about Jerry and that box. 'Jerry—tin box—all in the box—Jerry,' was about all I could make out."

"And the tin box was stolen," said Tom, the lawyer's son and partner.

"Well, it has disappeared. If it was stolen, it is of precious little use to the thief. Every paper in it could be traced. Trust old Hiram Green to look out for that."

"What was it worth?"

"To a lawful owner, about twenty thousand dollars."

"Then Jacob Green is so much poorer! I am glad of it."

"Tom! Tom! Jacob Green is our client!"

"All right! I shall not proclaim my opinion on the house-top; but, between ourselves, I think he is the meanest man I ever met. Why, he must be a rich man, and he grudges his family the necessaries of life. Look at Allie! There is not a servant at Rye Hill who has not a better wardrobe than Alice Green!

Just so!" said Lawyer Simpkins, with a twinkle in his eyes. Her husband can make that all right though. Eh, Tom?"

Then Tom, blushing crimson, began to talk again about the tin box and old Hiram Green's will.

"Left everything to Jacob," said the lawyer; "the house, real estate, and personal effects."

"And Jerry?"

"Was not even mentioned in the will. Hiram Green never forgave Jerry for failing in business, declared he had no head, and wasn't fit to be trusted with money.

"He was his nephew, though, just as much as Jacob, and he nursed him faithfully at the last."

"But Jerry is a dreamer. Jacob will double every dollar the old man left, while Jerry would probably spend a legacy in a year or two."

It was not alone in the lawyer's office that the subject of Hiram Green's will and the disappearance of the tin box were topics of conversation. Everybody at Rye Hill had an opinion to express, a theory to advance. Mrs. Jacob Green and Mrs. Jerry Green were talking the whole matter over on the porch of the old house where Hiram Green had died, while Jerry sat on the steps, looking moodily down the garden path.

"Jacob says," said that worthy's wife, "that he will find that box, if it's above ground."

"I wonder what he'll do if it ain't," muttered Jerry, unheard by the others.

"He says," continued Mrs. Jacob, "that it will take a heap of money to put this house in decent repair, and settle the business! Dear! Dear! He talks as if his uncle's legacy left him poorer, instead of richer."

"I wish it did!" muttered Jerry. Aloud he said, "Maria, if you'll get me a hammer and some nails, I'll save Jacob twenty-five cents by fastening these steps. See here!" and he rattled the steps on which he was sitting, and which were wholly detached from the porch.

"I wish you would," said his sister-in-law; "I'm in a panic every time I go in or out, especially if I have the baby in my arms. I'll get the hammer."

"Dear me, Jerry," whispered his wife, a little later, "you go at them steps as if you were trying to hammer the house down. Anybody would fancy you had a spite against the nails, you give them such vicious blows."

"Hold your tongue," growled her husband. "I am only making them safe!"

He rose as he spoke, and straighened himself, muttering.

"That's a good job done!"

"Come, Sally," he said, presently, "we'll be getting home! I only came over to see if there was any news of the tin box."

"Not a sign to be found," said Mrs. Jacob, "and I do believe Jacob will be in a lunatic asylum if it don't turn up soon."

Jerry tucked his wife's hand under his arm, and walked down the road to his own cottage, a small, shabby house where Sarah Green vainly strove to make old things look new, and stretch a dollar to the needs of two.

Since his uncle's death Jerry had been more moody and shiftless than ever. Brooding over his injuries was not the way to improve his fortunes, and Sally had hard work to make her needle supply the daily wants.

It was just three days before his uncle died that Jerry learned that Hiram Green had left his entire property to Jacob, already the richest man at Rye Hill. Then the bitterness of his disappointment seemed to literally turn his brain, and Sally trembled for his reason. With all his faults, if faults they were, his disregard of money and want of business capacity, Jerry Green was a man to win strong affections. And it was the fact that even Hiram Green kept up a sort of grudging affection for him that made Jerry hope he would not entirely forget him in his will.

When his last illness attacked the old man, it was to Jerry he turned for the affection Jacob's harder nature could not make acceptable. It was Jerry and Sally who nursed the invalid day and night with faithful, unwearied care, and it was with a bitter sense of wrong that Jerry knew himself to be disinherited. Still the man's gentle nature overruled his anger, and the last three days of Hiram Green's life were as tenderly nursed as if Jerry knew himself to be his sole heir.

But afterward the whole nature of the man seemed changed. Knowing the sympathy of the people about him was with him, he was never weary of telling of his wrongs; and he made no secret of his delight at the disappearance of the tin box, and the large slice of property it contained.

A year passed away, and then all Rye Hill knew that Jerry Green lay ill with a fever, and the doctor had given him up. Very sick indeed he was, and Sally was heart-broken, when one day he whispered a request to see Lawyer Simpkins alone. Seeing a lawyer seemed to poor Sally a death-warrant, though Jerry had no fortune to will away.

Wondering, but ready to humor the whim of a dying man, the lawyer answered the summons at once.

"Mr. Simpkins, will you promise to keep secret what I tell you now?" Jerry asked in a hoarse whisper.

"Certainly I will; lawyers have to do that every day.

"Then I will tell you where Uncle Hiram's tin box is. You have the key."

"Yes, but—Jerry Green, don't tell me you are the thief."

"I did not take it away, but I was half mad, I do believe, and I wanted to spite Jacob. So I buried it under the porch steps. I never opened it. Everything is there, and I suppose Jacob might as well have it now."

"I'll keep your secret, Jerry, for I believe you when you say you were half mad."

Great was the excitement at Rye Hill when it became known that Lawyer Simpkins had had a communication from the party who had stolen the tin box, confessing the theft, and revealing the hiding place. There was a group of half the people of the village in front of Jacob Green's porch when Jerry's carpenter's work was torn away, and the earth that covered the buried treasure removed. Lawyer Simpkins took a small key from his pocket.

"Stop a moment," he said, as Jacob Green was about to take the box, "as executor of Hiram Green's estate, I must open this box and see if the contents are all right."

There was a sudden catching of breath audible as the lid of the box fell back. On the top was an open paper, and Lawyer Simpkins read aloud:—

"I, Hiram Green, do give and bequeath this box and all it contains to Sarah, wife of my nephew, Jeremiah Green. I leave it to her as a token of my love for both, and because I think she will be more careful of it than my nephew. And I do ask of my lawyer, Robert Simpkins, that he do see my wish carried out, and give to Sarah his advice about investing the money.

"HIRAM GREEN."

There was one moment of intense silence and then a cheer rent the air. Every man there was glad that the miserly, grasping Jacob Green was disappointed, and every man rejoiced for Jerry and Sally.

But the sick man was humble as a child when the lawyer told him the news. He did not die, nor did anyone but Lawyer Simpkins ever guess his secret, but he was a broken, prematurely aged man, creeping humbly about and living on the income his wife drew from the contents of the tin box, which he had hidden from spite, and by so doing, overreached himself.

"If I had died without telling," he thought often, "Sally would never have had the money, and Jacob might have found the box, after all."

Cats and the Moon.

Everybody knows the superstitions of sailors, particularly, of course, in regard to their sailing on Friday; but they are also superstitious on other points, and from this fact we get the saying, "Rats desert a sinking ship." Again, they resent the presence of a cat on board, and usually that of a corpse, although as regards both of these instances the superstition is not sufficiently widespread to altogether prevent the occurrence. Speaking of cats, it is well-known that they were held in such high respect by the ancient Egyptians that their mummies are met with about as frequently as human beings, and this was from a superstitious belief in their intervention in the affairs of men. A special goddess among the Egyptians was represented with the head of a cat, and a temple was erected to her at a town of the name she bore—Bubastis. In the Egyptian mythology Bubastis was the child Isis and Osiris and the sister of Horus. What is not so generally known is the fact that the cat among the Egyptians symbolized the moon. As to the moon there was in ancient times many superstitions. Our word "lunacy" is derived from the latin name of that planet, and the disorder is still believed by many to be caused by it at its full. Sailors in the tropics have been known to become temporarily deranged because of sleeping with their faces exposed to the rays of the full moon, while fresh fish hung up on deck under the same conditions are said to spoil in a short time.—*Star-Sayings.*

Costly Canine Collars.

"Some dogs in this town wear collars that cost $200," said a dealer in those articles to me yesterday. "Of course, such valuables are worn only by the pampered pets of the rich; the average owner of dogs thinks he or she has done well in investing $3 dollars in a collar, and by a good many a plain leather strap, with name plate, is deemed ample for safety and identity. Of Course, a dog with a $100 or a $200 collar has got to be watched pretty carefully, and they usually ride in the carriage of the master or mistress. The existence of a good many Fifth avenue and Madison avenue dogs might well be envied by the poor of our city. They have all the advantages of wealth in the way of luxury and easy living, without any of the attendant anxieties, from which even Gould's and Vanderbilts are not free.—*New York Star.*

EAT BEFORE SLEEP.

It is the True Way to Obtain Refreshing Slumber.

To Sleep on an Empty Stomach is to Awake Exhausted.

Going to bed with a well-filled stomach is the essential prerequisite of refreshing slumber. The cautions so often reiterated in old medical journals against late suppers were directed chiefly to the bibulous habits of those early times. When at every late feast the guests not unseldom drank themselves under the table, or needed strong assistance to reach their couch, the canon against such indulgence was not untimely. Nature and common sense teach us that a full stomach is essential to quiet repose. Every man who has found it difficult to keep awake after a hearty dinner has answered the problem for himself. There are few animals that can be trained to rest until after they are fed.

Man, as he comes into the world, presents a condition it would be well for him to follow in all his after-life. The sweetest minstrel ever sent out of paradise cannot sing an infant to sleep on an empty stomach. We have known reckless nurses to give the little ones a dose of paregoric or soothing syrup in place of its cup of milk, when it was too much trouble to get the latter, but this is the one alternative. The little stomach of the sleeping child, as it becomes gradually empty, folds on itself in plaits; two of these make it restless; three will open its eyes, but by careful soothing these may be closed again; four plaits and the charm is broken; there is no more sleep in that household until that child has been fed. It seems to us so strange that with this example before their eyes full-grown men are so slow to learn the lesson.

The farmer does it for his pig, who would squeal all night if it were not fed at the last moment, and the groom knows that his horse will paw in his stall until he has had his meal. But when he wishes to sleep himself he never seems to think of it. To sleep, the fulness of the blood must leave the head: to digest the eaten food the blood must come to the stomach. Thus, sleep and digestion are natural allies; one helps the other.

Man, by long practice, will train himself to sleep on an empty stomach, but it is more the sleep of exhaustion than the sleep of refreshment. He wakes up after such a troubled sleep feeling utterly miserable until he has had a cup of coffee or some other stimulant, and he has so injured the tone of his stomach that he has little appetite for breakfast. Whereas, one who allows himself to sleep after a comfortable meal awakes strengthened, and his appetite has been quickened by that preceding indulgence.

The difficulty in recovery comes from the fact that we are such creatures of our habits it is impossible to break away from them without persistent effort. In this case the man who has eaten nothing after 6 o'clock and retires at 10 or 11 takes to bed an empty stomach upon which the action of the gastric juices makes him uncomfortable all the night. If he proposes to try our experiment he will sit down and eat a tolerably hearty meal. He is unaccustomed to this at that hour and has a sense of discomfort with it. He may try it once or twice, or even longer, and then he gives it up, satisfied that for him it is a failure.

The true course is to begin with just one or two mouthfuls the last thing before going to bed. And this should be light food, easily digested. No cake or pastry should be tolerated. One mouthful of cold roast beef, cold lamb, cold chicken, and a little crust of bread will do to begin with, or, what is better yet, a spoonful or two of condensed milk (not the sweetened that comes in cans) in three times as much warm water. Into this cut half a pared peach and two or three little squares of bread, the whole to be one-fourth or one-sixth of what would be a light lunch.

Increase this very gradually, until at the end of a month or six weeks the patient may indulge in a bowl of milk, two peaches, with a half hard roll or a crust of home-made bread. When peaches are gone take baked apples with the milk till strawberries come, and eat the latter till peaches return again. This is the secret of our health and vitality. We often work until after midnight, but eating the comfortable meal is the last thing we do every night of the year. This is not an untried experiment or one depending on the testimony of a single witness.—*American Analyst.*

They Split the Difference.

Adjutant-General Mullen was in a reminiscent mood. "I will tell you a little experience I had down in Louisiana in 1862," he said. "I was a member of the Connecticut Volunteers. The opposing armies had come into pretty close quarters, and Confederate outpickets, stragglers and skirmishers were around us and doing considerable mischief. Three companies of our regiment were ordered out on skirmish duty. We marched down, five paces apart, according to regulations, into a perfect morass. The water was waist deep everywhere.

"I am not very tall, and found it necessary to hold up my cartridge belt to keep it from getting saturated. The Confederates were scattered through this swamp, and we took a number of prisoners without opening fire. I met with a misfortune. My foot caught beneath a couple of parallel branches beneath the water, and I was securely pinioned. My companions continued on their way while I struggled hard to extricate myself from my unpleasant predicament. I finally pulled my foot out with a desperate effort, but my shoe was left behind. I could only secure it by plunging my head beneath the surface of slimy, noxious, muddy water, but it had to be done. I had no sooner got the shoe tied on again than a Confederate came in sight from behind some bushes. Intuitively our muskets were simultaneously raised.

"Surrender!' thundered the Confederate.

"Surrender yourself?' I returned at the top of my lungs.

"Then we stood and eyed each other. Each had his gun cocked and levelled at the other, but neither pulled a trigger. Why we hesitated is more than I can explain. By delaying, you see, each was practically placing himself at the mercy of the other, or so it would seem. Suddenly the Confederate's gun dropped and I brought mine down also.

"'See here, Yank,' he began, in a much milder tone, 'if I should shoot you my side wouldn't gain much; and, again, if you should shoot me your side wouldn't gain much. Now, I've got a wife and two babies over yonder, and if you dropped me they wouldn't have nobody to take care of them. Now, it's a blamed mean man what won't split the difference. I'll let you go if you'll let me go, and we'll call the thing square. What do you say?'

"Well, what should I say? I walked over half way, and we met and shook hands and parted. About a year after a letter came to our camp addressed to 'Little Yankee that split the difference.' I had told him my regiment, you see, but not my name. The letter was a cordial invitation to visit the man at his home in Louisiana. He wanted me too see the wife and babies whose members had prompted him to propose to split the difference, and I have always regretted that I was unable to accept the invitation."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

The Child of the Future.

It is a dreadful point about these microbes that the only way to avoid having them in a virulent form is to have them in an artificial or attenuated form. The children of the future will not run through the present gamut of infantile disease, but they will probably be subjected to inoculation with various microbes every few months. First, they will be vaccinated for smallpox; when they have recovered from that they will be taken to a Pasteur institute to have a mild form of rabies. Next, they will be given a dose of the comma baccilli to prevent cholera, and so on through all the ever-growing series of disease microbes. Oh! luckless child of the future! you will never be ill and never be well; your health will never be awfully monotonous; you will never know the weariness of the first night of measles, when it was so nice to lie in mother's lap and feel her cool hand on your forehead; you will never know the joys of convalescence, when oranges were numerous and every one was kind to you because you were not well; and your end will be to die of debility. How glad we are that we live in the present, with all its ups and downs of health to lend variety to life and death.

The Voice of the Void.

I warn, like the one drop of rain
On your face, ere the storm;
Or tremble in whispered refrain
With your blood, beating warm.
I am the presence that ever
Baffles your touch's endeavor,—
Gone like the glimmer of dust
Dispersed by a gust.
I am the absence that taunts you,
The fancy that haunts you;
The ever unsatisfied guess
That, questioning emptiness,
Wins a sigh for reply.
Nay; nothing am I,
But the flight of a breath—
For I am Death!

—*George Lathrop in the Century.*

HUMOROUS.

Flower girls—The miller's daughters.

Hailstones intended for publication are usually as big as hens' eggs.

When a man knows that he cannot get out of the mud his next impulse is to go in deeper.

That silence is golden is proved by the fact that it is sometimes a very costly article to buy.

It was a waggish physician who advised a man afflicted with kleptomania to take something for it.

Landlady—Will you pass the butter, Mr. Johnson? Mr. Johnson—That butter will not pass, madam?

The quantity of paper that jewelers wrap around their goods strikes most people as a great waste of tissue.

A sailor is considered a good skipper when he understands the ropes. The same may be said of a little girl.

An American girl in France who wanted to save cable tolls, telegraphed to her father: "Marseilles Tuesday."

Writing poetry is recommended as a mental exercise. You can get physical exercise by attempting to read it to the editor.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the grocer's business
The finest in the land.

Foreman—What's all that racket over there; somebody pied a form? Printer—No, sir. The towel fell on the floor, that's all.

Photographers are the most charitable of men, for they are always anxious to take the best view of their fellow-creatures.

Button manufactories cannot be very profitable for the button business is a thing that sooner or later is bound to get into a hole.

Miss Gabble—I have had that parrot for three months now and it has never spoken a word. Caller—Perhaps you have never given it a chance.

Mrs. Hardhead—That's our milkman's wife. Mr. Hardhead—She's very becomingly attired. Mrs. Hardhead—How so? Mr. Hardhead—She wears a watered silk.

Young Wife—Oh, John, the rats have eaten all my angel cake! Husband—What! All of it? Young Wife—Every piece. I feel like crying. Husband—Oh, pshaw! Don't cry over a few rats.

"No," remarked Sonesby, enthusiastically, "there's nothing like the hot water cure! It will brace a man up when all other remedies fail—er—Mrs. Slimdiet, just let me have a cup of tea, is you please?"

Student (writing to his father): I beg you, my dear father, not for a minute to think that I need this money to pay debts with. I give you my word of honor that I want it only for myself, and that there is no question of debts.

Teacher (promenading with his pupil in the field)—"Nature's works are marvelous," exclaimed the pupil. "Yes, indeed," the teacher replies; "when you come to think, for an example, that the humblest insect has its Latin name."

Homely Women of Portugal.

The Portuguese men are rather below the medium height, of olive complexion and have brilliant black eyes. For the most part they are very handsome. The women, on the contrary, are excessively homely, but dress in very good taste. Both gentlemen and ladies copy the Parisian fashions. The prettiest women are the fisher maids, who go about the streets barefooted with their baskets of fish on their heads, after the fashion of the Egyptian women with their pitchers of water. Some of these girls are remarkably pretty, and, strange to say, their feet are small and delicate looking and their forms graceful.