## Sullivan Republican.

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| Nebraska farmers are insisting tha railroad property in that State be assesse for taxation at its actual value.$\qquad$ two-gallon jugs into the heart of Afric they would buy him $10,000,000$ acres land and 500 wives. |
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| Oh Like! what are thou? <br> Thou comest like the morning light, <br> Thy days by Heaven's light made bright, <br> Or others dimmed by darkening clouds, <br> Or troubled ill that on us crowds, <br> Or darkened mystery that enshrouds Life. <br> Life <br> Oh Life! what art thou? troubled sea of ceaseless storm, <br> A troubled sea of ceaseless storm, By passions ranked in every form, <br> With days to cry, with days to mourn. Or else the thoughts to pleasures bend, <br> Through paths of joy our way we wend, <br> It matters not, the same's the end <br> Life. <br> Oh Lifel what art thou? <br> A bitter vale of gnashing tears. With days of hopes, of joys, of fears; <br> With days of youth, then failing years, <br> An empty struggle after fame, <br> Days of glory, days of shame <br> In Life. <br> Oh Life! what art thou? <br> A passing shadow, a fleeting dream, <br> Of Heaven's mystery one faint gleam- <br> Thy race is run; then comes a fall, <br> Then comes the awful funeral pall, The tolling bell, the grave, that's all <br> Of Life. <br> Mareus Brandt |
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## ADAM HOLCOM B'S WILL.



LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1890.
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