SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

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

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1890.

VOL. VIII.

Failures are quite frequent, averagin about 10,000 per year, and this, a contemporary believes, seems to be an in-evitable outcome of the interminable competition of the times.

The Drovers' Journal announces that "several large cotton mills are to be established in the States west of the Mississippi River, in order to capture some of the trade which is now possessed by the mills of the Gulf States."

Wonderful development is going on in the coal fields of Maryland and West Virginia: tunnels are to be built to facilitate shipment of coal, and 184 miles of new railroad are now being constructed throughout the richest portions of the fields

The Hon. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, has found a substitute for Prohibition. He says: "Women in the olden days were not allowed to drink wine, and to prove that they had not been drinking it they kissed everybody they met. This would be better than Prohibition."

J. W. Powers, the cotton king of Webster County, Ga., proposes to grind up 700 bushels of peas, the balance of a great crop fed to his stock, and use the material as a fertilizer for his cotton crop. The peas are worth eighty-five cents to \$1 per bushel, but he expects to get a better return from them in the manner indicated.

The onyx mines of Oberstein, Germany, which have hitherto supplied all the American demand, have become exhausted, and the only known onyx fields left are located in the State of Puebla, between the City of Mexico and Vera Cruz. There are several of them there, and for a long time they have been worked in a crude way by the natives.

In the manufacture of paper this country has been making tremendous strides during the last few years. The industry has been brought to such a high state of development, and the production reduced so much in cost by improved machinery and the successful use of wood pulp under a special process, that a large export trade has been established, particularly with England. A market has also been found in Australia and elsewhere.

Putting the population of New York city this year at 1,675,000 the Sun calculates that there are more people in New York than in any one of the following States: Alabama, Arkansas, Calitornia, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida (more than the total population of the last four combined), Kentucky, Kansas, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Minnesota, Mississippi, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Vermont, West Virginia, or in the four new States of North and South Dakota, Washington and Montana.

The New York Sun says: "Delightfullest among the humors of the census is the case of the Minneapolis enumerators who came poaching within the limits of the rival city of St. Paul, seeking whom to enumerate. Promptly St. Paul arrested them. Then St. Paul carried the war into Minneapolis and seized more enumerators with their plant. Part of

THE SONG OF THE SEA. Their world was a world of enchantment: A world of luminous light Came out with a flaring of carmi

From all the black spaces of night; The music of morn was as blithesome And cheery as music could be; But all through the dawn and the daybr I mourned for the song of the se They showed me the marvellous flowers And fruits of their sun-beaten lands: They said, "Here are vine-tangled valleys; Forget ye the barren white sands;

For a weariness unto the spirit The dash of the breakers must be; So dwell ye beside our blue waters; Forget the sad song of the sea.'

And I wrapped me about in the sunlight, On the marge of a dimpling stream, And there in a tangle of lilies, I wove me a wonderful dram; And a song from my dreamland went float-

ing Far up where the angels must be, But deep in its under vibrations I heard the sweet song of the sea.

With the dew in his locks all a-glitter, The Prince of the Daytime lay dead; For the silver-white lance of the twilight Smote off the gold crown from his head; And the Princess of Night came to see his Her lights all about him to hang;

And a nightingale screened in the thicket Her song to the slumberer sang.

And the stream from the tangle of lilies Came winding its way through the sedge; And a silvery nocturne it rippled Among the tall flags on its edge; But its bable I fain would have given For the deep-woing sea voices Iul, And the nightingale's song would have bar-tered tered

For a desolate cry of a gull.

Their world was a world of enchantment; And they laughed with the laughter

scorn, When I turned me away from its beauty In the light of the luminous morn

But I heard a grand voice in the distance Instantly calling to me, And I rose with a jubilant spirit And followed the song of the sea. -Harriet Whitney, in Belford's Magazine



Daisy was engaged, and her betrothed was receiving the merry congratulations of the family, consisting of her uncle, her aunt and nearly a round dozen of cousins.

cousins. Wharton Hill, a young lawyer, slowly winning name and fame in his profession, was being vigorously handshaken and noisily welcomed by the Truemans when Ned cried :

"Perhaps you didn't know Daisy was an herress, Wharton?" "Ned-don't!" said Daisy reproach-

fully. "A landed proprietress," cried Tom.

"A landed proprietress," cried Tom. "I do not refer to the paltry six hundred a year she draws from her father's estate, but to her own property." "Her farm, in fact!" cried Sue. "Yes; her farm," echoed Ned, coming to the front once more. "When you are tired of the law you can start gentleman farming upon your country seat." After they were all gone, having jested a long time on the subject, Wharton was surprised to see tears in Daisy's soft, brown eyes. brown eyes. "What is it, darling?" he asked.

"They don't mean to hurt my feel-ings," Daisy said gently, "but they will jest about my farm, and—and—I don't like it."

"Then you really own a farm?"

"It is not a valuable possession, as ou will see when I tell you about it. you will see when I ten you account. When I was a baby, soon after mamma died, I was very ill, and the doctors ad-vised my father to send me to the country for change of air. There was an old servant of father's family, who had mar-ried a farmer and was left a widow with a small farm. Such a farm, Wharton! as if a high wind would utterly demolish it; the land is so poor that it is slow starvation to cultivate it. But it was all the home Margaret had. You may judge that she was very glad to re-ceive the liberal price father paid for me, and my own mother could not have given me more loving care. Every year father came to take me away, and every year was persuaded to leave me, until I was eight years old, and a marvel of rugged health and perfect ignorance. Then I was put in boarding school, but I still spent my summer vacations with old Margaret, and my trunk was always half filled with comforts for her. Having old Margaret, and my trunk was alway half filled with comforts for her. Havin no one in the world who claimed kindred with her-no one else but me to love, Margaret loved me with her shole heart. Six years ago, after father flied and I came here to hve with with Uncle Tom, Margaret died and left me her farm. It has been a joke in the family ever since. The place is so utterly valueless that we can neither sell it nor ralueless that we can neither sell it nor rent it, and it represents only the love of an old woman for her nursling."
"Some time we will visit it. You have not told me its locality."
"It is in Pennsylvania, nine miles from anywhere, father used to say, because it is nine miles off the railroad.
But you can always hire a wagon or carriage at G.— to go over to Cora's Mill."
After this explanation, Wharton bore the festing about abisy's real estate with perfect good nature and declared his intention of erecting a palatial country seat upon the place, when he became a mill-

Court. Being people of modest desires, and having an income of about \$600 apiece, Wharton and Daisy saw no reason to de-lay their wedding, and were married with a large assemblage of true friends around them. They went to housekeep-ing in a little house, modestly fur-nished, and were fair specimens of "love in a cottage." in a cottage." But Wharton Hill was ambitious. Have

But Wharton Hill was ambitious. Hav-ing studied his profession under great difficulties, often going hungry to buy needful books, often losing his night's rest to pore over knotty points, he was both fond and proud of his life work, and strove to win a good position therein. His love for Daisy—true, honest love— was never allowed to interfere with his pursuit of fame in his profession and was never allowed to interfere with his pursuit of fame in his profession, and after he was married he attacked his studies with fresh ardor, spending his time in his office when not actually en-gaged in the court room. Little Daisy, whose life was affection, found time often hanging heavily upon her hands, as Wharton became more and more popular and the number of his cli-ents increased. But she was always

ents increased. But she was always ready with loving welcome when he did come to his home, and she knew that much of his ambition and ardor was for

her sake. The third year of her married life was The third year of her married life was nearly over, and 'her only child, Tom Trueman Hill, was eighteen months old, when Wharton, ever busy and full of energy, began to complain of racking pain in his head and loss of memory. Often in the midst of an argument the thread of his speech slipped from his mind and cost a great mental struggle to be resumed. to be resumed.

to be resumed. He fought the symptoms bravely, but Daisy was full of terror at the change in him. He grew haggard and restless, oppressed with vague fears of loss of reason and really suffering great physical pain.

At last, much against his will, he al-At last, much against his will, he al-lowed Daisy to call in the family phy-sician, whose advice was simple, but strongly urged, consisting of two words only—"Perfect rest." "The brain is overworked," he ex-claimed, "and no medicine will avail while he persists in study and practice. Get him away if you can. H'm—this is May—a good time for a country trip. Take him to the country, Mrs. Hill." Wharton rebelled. It was ruin to leave his office, where cases of import-ance were in his hands. He must work or they might all starve. He would de-cline some of the practice offered him;

cline some of the practice offered him; would take little trips during the sum-

would take little trips during the sum-mer; would, in short, temporize. And then Daisy—little, brown-eyed Daisy—whose voice was as soft as a flute, who was scarcely larger than a well grown child of twelve, "put her foot down." Such a might of a foot! It was absurd to imagine it had any weight in the world's machinery; but it was down and Daisy kept it there. Tom was a lawyer and Tom could take Wharton's cases for the summer months. There lawyer and Tom could take Wharton's cases for the summer months. There was her farm—a poor place, to be sure, but at least a house, and with some fur-niture in it and surrouraded by beautiful scenery, possessing the purest of air and water. With six hundred a year they would not starve, and there was a nest egg in bank in case of an emergency. Wharton pshawed! Wharton fumed. All in vain. Resolute little Daisy packed trunks, arranged her household, engaged her one half-grown girl to ac-

engaged her one half-grown girl to ac-company the party as child's nurse and enlisted the entire Trueman family on her side.

And Wharton, finding those queer feelings in his head increasing, the dizzy spells becoming more frequent, finally submitted to fate, in the person of Daisy, explained the various points at issue to Tom Trueman, and, accompanied by wife, child and nurse, took up his journey to Corn's Mill. It was early morning when a rickey old wagon containing the party and baggage entered an enclosure party and baggage entered an enclosure that had once been a fence and the fam-

ionaire and Judge of the Superior Court. Being people of modest desires, and having an income of about \$600 apiece, Substantial luncheon the three started out

substantial huscheon the three started out upon the farm. Little Daisy, intensely happy in the knowledge that Wharton had not had one dizzy turn since their arrival on the farm, that he had the appetite of a plow-boy and was cheerful and full of anima-tion, was busy baking a batch of pies when the three gentlemen. returned to the house. She could see them from the kitchen window as they came over the neglected path, and saw that Wharton's eyes were full of exultation, his face flushed, his carriage erect. He looked like some one newly laden with good tidings, and all three were talking eagerly and earnestly. Daisy wondered a little and scorched one of her pies. While she carefully pared the burned edge of crust the kitchen dorr opened, and Wharton, heedless of her big calico apron and bare arms, ushered in the strangers.

"Mrs. Hill," he said, bowing with great deference, "accept my congratula-tions upon your great good fortune." "In scorching my pie?" laughed Daisy. "I don't understand," Daisy faltered. "The form my deay your lorger force.

"The farm, my dear, your legacy from your old nurse, is one solid bed of coal, and there is no mine with ten miles of it.

Nobody knows how much lies beyond your fences in the vacant land about us, but in my mind's eye I see this a colony of miners

of miners." "Are you sure, Wharton?" "I suspecte i it the first day we came, but having no experience I wrote to one of my clients in Pottsville to send me an experienced hand to test my suspicions. These gentlemen confirm my opinions." "There is no doubt about the coal, ma'am," said the old gentleman, "nor any about its lying so near the surface that it can soon be available."

that it can soon be available." "The question is," said the younger stranger, "whether you will sell out or open the mine yourself. I am authorized to make you an offer if you wish to dis-posa of the property." "Time enough for that," said Whar-ton. "I will return with you to Potts-ville."

Wharton-no business."

"Don't fear, Daisy; this kind of busi-ness won't injure me. You will let me decide in the matter?"

decide in the matter?" "Certainly." And the decision, after Wharton had spent a month in Pottsville, was to sell gut to a company who was already huy-ing up the vacant land surrounding the farm. The young lawyer knew nothing of mining and had no desire to learn, but he was no fool, and he made satisfactory terms for the sale of the "estate," and Daisy returned home a wealthy woman. A European trip restored the health of the young lawyer, and he resumed prac-

A European trip restored the health of the young lawyer, and he resumed prac-tice a year afterward, with every hope of one day realizing the vision of fame, while little Daisy, still rather dazed at her new fortune, entered upon domestic duties in a grand house, with servants, carriages, horses, plate and jewels. "It is like a fairy tale, Wharton," she said, "to think of that miserable place being so valuable. Poor Margaret little

said, "to think of that miserable place being so valuable. Poor Margaret little realized the fortune she was bestowing upon me when she left me all she owned —her farm. The Trueman cousins, sharing in all generous Daisy's gifts and entertain-ments, no longer jest derisively, but speak in the most respectful terms of that precious legacy, Daisy's farm.— New York Herald.

An Electrical Whirlwind.

Mr. Charles F. Hœfer's farm on the Monticello road, about four miles from this city, was recently the scene of rather

Mr. Hæfer's attention was attracted by several loud reports, which he likens to the discharge of a gun, at the edge of some woods bordering his cotton field. Immediately a whirling column of dust and debris was seen to take a circular course from the woods through the cot-

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Electricity can now be used to operate machine for mining coal.

Electric hoisting engines for dock use are among the latest devices intro-duced.

A new electrical coal cutter is being brought out in Boston. It makes two four-inch cuts in five minutes.

A silver lode, yielding forty-five per cent. of pure metal, has been discovered in the bed of the River Donetz in Southern Russia.

The longest crane in the world has just been completed by the Morgan Engineer-ing Company, of Alliance, Ohio; it will lift 150 tons.

By a new method of cementing iron the parts cemented are so effectually joined as to resist the blows even of a sledge hammer.

Tests in Germany of a new electrically controlled steering apparatus show that the Captain can control the rudder from the bridge or from any point about the deck.

Coffee is found to have a remarkable anti-septic power, its effect in destroying microbes seeming to be due to em-pyreumatic oils, developed in roasting, and not to caffeine.

It has lately been shown that if two coins are placed on opposite sides of a plate of glass and electrified for two minutes they will leave a perfect image of themselves upon the glass. The perfected target for firing at the

small-arm ranges is worked by electricity. By means of contact and a battery there is communication with the indicating apparatus at the firing end of the range showing which section of the target has been struck.

In the new audio-telephone that has recently appeared in England the prin-cipal characteristic is the mouthpiece, the particular advantage of which is that it intensities the sound waves, making it possible to carry on a conversation in an ordinary tone of voice. for insomnia. He sets his alarm-clock to go off a few minutes after he gets into bed.—Statesman.

The new eye-piece for the Lick tele-scope, in California, is fifty per cent. larger than any lens of the kind yet con-structed. The light from the heavenly bodies, seen through the Lick telescope with this new eye-piece, will be 2000 times as bright as that seen with the naked eye.

naked eye. Professor Elihu Thompson says that in the near future railways will be run by electricity. By this he means not only the small roads for cities and suburban districts, but the large ones connecting cities, and he looks for a higher speed than is now attained with the steam locometive. locomotive.

In order to keep machinery from rust-In order to keep machinery from rust-ing take one ounce of camphor, dissolv-ing it in a pound of lard; take off the scum and mix as much fine black lead as will give it iron-color. Clean the ma-chinery and smear it with this mixture. After twenty-four hours, rub clean with soft, linen cloth. It will keep clean for months under ordinary circum-stances. stances.

In Canada there is a nickel company In Canada there is a nickel company which has a nickel mine. The ore is mixed with copper and after the dross is taken off the alloy is called matte, which contains about seventy per cent. of nickel and thirty per cent. of copper. This is shipped to Germany and Swansea, in Wales, where the secret is jealously guarded of the process by which the two metals are separated. Ramic spinning mills have now in-

metals are separated. Ramie spinning mills have now in-creased to four in France, being operated by La Societe Generale de la Ramie of Maulany, Simmonet of Warnerville, Ga-velle-Briere of Lille, and the Societe La Ramie Francaise, who have two estab-lishments, one at Essonnes with 2000 spindles and a doubling plant, and one at Entraygers with 5000 spindles. The last-named company is the most imporat Entraygers with 3000 spindles. The last-named company is the most impor-tant, and besides spinning is also en-gaged in weaving. They have twenty looms at work for ramie cloth, ten ma-chines for curtains, etc.

THE LOOM.

NO. 44.

Weaving man's destiny The ceaseless shuttles fly, Bearing the thread of fate. No word at thy command Can stay the weaver's hand; He will not pause or wait.

Here aideth cry nor prayer,

Nor passion nor despair A way of help hath found. The shuttles through and through Weave in the pattern true With threads thyself hast w

Thine are spinner's hands. From thee the loom demands The threads its shuttles hold. In the fresh woven woof Thy life is put to proof, Thy purposes unfold.

Be watchful, then, and wise, For still with thee it lies To choose what yet will be. Fill thou the shuttle days

With labor and with praise; The loom is not for thee. -New York Press.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Concocting a felony-Mixing drinks in Kansas.

"Did her father kick?" "Yes, but he There's all the difference in the world

between a friend in need and a needy friend.-Binghamton Leader. The employe may not be a meddler, but he is always minding somebody clse's

The saddest words of tongue or pen, There are too many women and not enough

She (to young lawyer)—"What kind of practice do you have, Mr. Sharp?" He—"Oh, I practice economy."—Mun-

A Chicago man has discovered a cure

The down of a peach is apparent; the

down of a hanana may not be apparent at first glance, but sooner or later you tumble to it.—Yonkers Gazette.

"Well, I am engaged to marry Miss Mabel." "Good! How did you break the ice?" "There wasn't any ice. It was a mild winter."—Chicago Times.

"It's pretty tough luck," complained

the big trunk, "to find yourself com-pletely strapped just when you're starting off on a big journey."—Shoe Recorder.

The things of earth change to and fro, They move, they glide, they run, they flit, But Keeley's motor doesn't go The leastest tiny little bit. —*Chicago Post*.

Teacher (at Sunday school)-"Betty,

Landlord — "There are some fine springs in the neighborhood of this farm-house." City Guest—"Then I advise you to put a few of them in your beds." —Boston Gazette.

-Boston Gazette. At a dinner of physicians in Paris, the

presiding officer arose and said: "I drink to the health—" "Never, never; we protest!" came from all parts of the

Wife-"John Jones, you're a fool!" Hinshaud--"You didn't see to think so when I was single." Wife--"No, you never showed what a fool you were until

The little thermometer smilled in glee As the mercury upward drew To the century mark and silently asked: "Is it hot enough for you?" —Philadelphia Times.

I want a new moonstone."-Jewel-

room.-Boston Journal.

you married me."-Epoch.

-Washington Post.

business .- Washington Star.

sey's Weekly.

cisco Wasp.

sir!

ers' Weekley.

this consisted of lists of Scandinavian surnames and forenames, the which, being compounded after the manner of drugs, created enumerated citizens of Minneapolis. St. Paul had no mind to take any such medicine and shrilled exexcedingly. Then Minneapolis found a Minneapolis dog enumerated on St. Paul's list as 'Carl Baxter,' colored, and St. Paul drooped. All the proceedings are under the patronage of live Business Men's Associations."

Reports of suffering and starvation come to the Chicago News from several fishing colonies on the Newfoundland coast. Natives have in some instances been found subsisting on decayed seals. There has been a large emigration from Newfoundland to the Canadian Northwest. The troubles of the inhabitants of the island seem to be augmented by a conflict over French fishing rights between the colony and England, their mother country, The Premier of Newfoundland is quoted in a recent speech as advocating open war with England or else annexation to the United States. As Newfoundland's war resources are too insignificant for serious consideration, the solution offered by annexation would probably be approved if submitted to a vote of the people.

The prospect was not encouragin The house had not improved in years encouraging. emptiness and neglect, and even Daisy's heart sank at the broken roof, the tumble down doors, the shaky windows. But, she said, covering her dismay with a brave smile, "there they were, and they must make the best of it!"

Jennie, the nurse, proved a treasure and the women were soon busy "putting to rights," while Wharton took Tom on an exploring expedition over the estate. There was a queer glance in his eyes as he came back again in time for din-

ner, but he only said: "I can't quite trust my own head yet, Daisy—but is there a postoffice at Corn's Mill?"

"Yes, the mail goes out twice a week."

"Yes, the mail goes out twice a week." "Give me a sheet of paper and an en-velope, that's a dear." "Now, Wharton, that is not resting." "I'll only write a dozen lines, dear." The dozen lines being written and posted Wharton seemed to find an un-failing source of amusement roving about the farm, poking holes in the ground with a short cane, often kneel-ing down to examine the earth so turned over. Daisy hinted at planting some vegetables, though she said despond-ently:

ton field and back to the woods again.

sweeping aloft everything in its path. A colored man employed in the field field for his life, but caught enough of the force of the whirlwind to blister back, so he said.

On examination it was found that all On examination it was found that all along the track of the whirling column the leaves of the cotton had been scorched as if by fire, but no other dam-age was done.—*Columbia* (S. C.) Regis-

Some Enormous Hammers.

Sightseers in St. Louis, Mo., always take a lively interest in the monster triptake a lively interest in the monster trip-hammers used in the various large iron works, which, although as large as any-thing of the kind to be found within the limits of the United States, are but pigmies when compared with those used in the great rolling mills and gun foundries of Europe. At the Terni works in Italy there is a hammer which weichs fifty tons. It was cast in 1873. works in Italy there is a hammer which weighs fifty tons. It was cast in 1873, and is said to have taken minety days to cool sufficiently to admit of being set in position. Alexandrovski, Russia, has one ten tons heavier that was cast in 1874. At the Crenstot works in France there is one of eighty tons. It was made in 1877 and sets on an anvil block of 160 tons weight. The Cockerille works in Belgium have a 100-ton hammer, and the Krunn gun works at Essen. Germany. Krupp gun works at Essen, Germany, have one of 150 tons. The last named hammer is the largest now used in the world.—Commercial Advertiser.

The leopard never boasts of his spot.

Oueen Victoria's Coach Horses.

The eight horses attached to Queen Victoria's coach used upon state occa-sions are of the famous Hanoverian breed sions are of the famous Hanoverian breed —big,stalwart creams with ghastly wall-eyes; most folk pronounce them splendid specimens of equine beauty. These horses are still bred in Hanover, and the sever-est pains are taken to keep the stock pure. If at birth the colt is not a pure cream, or if subsequently it develops ence defect it is killed. In this way cream, or if subsequently it develop some defect, it is killed. In this wa none but sound and distinct-colored none but sound and distinct certain horses are to be met with in this peculiar horse, however, all the borses are to be met with in this peculiar brand. In Hanover, however, all the horses are not first class; about fifty per cent. of the horses you see in the streets are slight and ill-shapen and bony crea-

tures. The Dutch horses seem to average bet The Dutch horses seem to average bet-ter than those of any other nation; they are of noble size, of distinct color, and are strong, hardy and intelligent. Nearly all the horses you see in Holland are sleek, glossy and handsome. The Dutch-man takes the best care of his horse. If the weather be inclement he leaves the horse at home in the warm stable and hitches up his wife and the family dog to the plough or to the farm wagon. In Germany the larger dogs are made to do service as drawers of small carts; a stout dog, properly broken, will outwork the average pony. Then, too, while the mas-ter is away the dog guards the property te which he is attached.—New York World.

believe he knows as much as I do." Miss De Witt-"'Yes, indeed; I wouldn't wonder if he knew more than that, Mr. ouldn't Featherbrane."-Bostonian.

Charlie-"What an intelligent dog Wildfire is, Miss De Witt. I actually

"Mr. Lushley," said that gentleman's wife, in irate tone, "do you know that it's 3 o'clock in the morning?" "Coursh shposh I'm shober 'nuff know free 'clock when I shee it?"—Waskington Post.

when I shee it? — Washington Post. "Pass me the rolls," said the profes-sor. "They are all gone," said the landlady. "You were late for breakfast and they were eaten." "What time do you call the roll? I shall endeavor to be present hereafter."—New York Herald.

Simpson-"What are you going about for grinning like a porthouse idiot? Have you been taking laughing gas?" De Smith---''No; but I'm promised a position as a hotel clerk at a seaside re-sort, and I'm getting the bland smile well in hand."

well in hand." Fred-I fain would always linger thus, and taste the sweets of life divine; Life loses all its petty cares, since, Lucy, dearest, thou art mine. Lucy-But, dearest Fred, remember this: We are but human, not divine; You bread and butter must provide if you would have me ever thine. -Boston Budget.

-Boston Budget. Ho-""Weally, I am out of bweath. My man has just togged me out in my tenns rig, don' ye knaw, when I we-ceived a message saying that you had changed your mind about tennis and were going to the wegatta instead." She -""Indeed! I wonder who could have notified you? I didn't know that I had an enemy in the world."-Cloak Review.