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The Narrow Way. Tell me, ye saints And kings of old, The land of gold? The heavenly land, With joys untol 1?

Hear what the Spirit Hath to say: The gates of day-Just at the end

"They who shall choose To walk therein, And cast out sin; And life eternal They then shall win."

There are sharpest thorns In this narrow way; There are blackest clouds To hide the day; But hear what the Spirit Hath to say:

"Cheer up! cheer up! Oh, heart of gloom! For every thorn
Shall roses bloom
In the garden of God, Where there is room.

"A crown for him Who day by day, With patient feet Beareth his cross In the narrow way."

-Mrs. M. A. Kidder in the Ledger.

THE STRANGER

It was years ago, Bessie, when I was but eighteen, and just engaged to Frank Fenton. If you want to hear about it, sit down on the stool at my feet, and prepare to be bored.

We had been sweethearts for a long time. Went to church and singingschool together; rode, walked, danced, and took long rows on the river which ran past my father's house. In fact, this had been going on for so long a time that we finally decided that we might as well be always together, and so the preliminary arrangements were begun, and our wedding-day drew

We lived on the banks of a riverone of the loveliest streams in Lousiana -a quiet spot some distance from any plantation; but as soon as our marriage took place we young folks were to remove to a neighboring parish, and thither Frank went, shortly before the wedding, to prepare our new home.

He left me busy as a bee with the trousseau and arrangements for the affair, which was to be a grand one for the country, as my father was a well-to-do planter and I the only child.

He had been absent about a fortnight, and I was expecting him back daily, when one day father came, with s troubled face, into the room where I was sitting, surrounded by lace and muslin and dainty necessaries of toilet, which were just as much the fashion then as they are now, Bessie, popular cant to the contrary, notwithstanding.

"Lettie," said he, hurriedly, "I've got to go over to Squire Bent's to see about some titles. I came near forgetting the appointment, and I'll have to hurry right fast to get there on time. Can you do without me?" I laughed and nodded; then suddenly an uneasy feeling took possession of me. I re membered the money-quite a large sum with which Frank and I were to "be gin the world," and which lay securely hidden away in the house, the nest egg of our future fortune.

I knew that I was destined to a lonely night of it, for father could not possibly return within twenty-four hours the servants had all gone to a "breakdown." on a neighboring plantation, except an aged crone, Aunt Dinah by name; my mother was an invalid, weak and nervous; I felt that, alone as I was, the outlook was not very enlivening. Father observed my troubled expres

sion. "I don't see how I can help it, daughter," he said gravely. "This is a very important matter, and admits of no delay. It is the fault of my treach erous memory; had I only remembered the engagement with the squire I would have kept some of the servants at home as protection for you."

But I was no coward, and so I kissed him and laughed away his anxiety, and saw him depart with assumed cheerfulness; but as he rode down the avenue which led to the outer gates, I saw him turn in the saddle and gaze after me anxiously once more.

I returned to my household duties and my pleasant task amid the billows of lace and muslin, and so sang and worked the long, bright day away.

It was nearly sunset.

I had persuaded mother to lie upon a couch, which I had pushed out upon the vine-covered gallery, and seating myself beside her, I began to read aloud some wild old tale of supernatural horrors, upon which I had stumbled. Before I had half finished I had worked myself into a state of nervousness, and as I noticed the paling face of my mother, I tossed the book upon the table, with a contemptuous expression, and arose to make her tea.

At that mon ut the gate latch clicked, and as I tu ned in its direction I could not repress a cry of alarm.

My eyes fell upon a strange sight. The figure of a woman-a very dwarf in size and stature-clad in a faded black dress, with a battered bonnet upon her head, and a torn shawl about her tiny, stooping shoulders.

Slowly and hesitatingly the creature moved up the walk, until she had reached the gallery.

Here she paused to gaze curiously upon us, with a pair of round, beadlike black eyes.

Then she spoke, in a voice clear and well-modulated:

"I have lost my way, ladies," she said, beseechingly, "may I crave a night's shelter?"

I glanced at my mother. She was pale and trembled violently.

I had conceived an unaccountable aversion to the small stranger; but who could have the heart to turn a woman away into the pathless forest, with night coming down, dark and threatening, for the sky was overcast, and there were signs of an approaching thunder storm, and the wind mouned drearily in the boughs of the pine trees.

So I told her that she might remain; but I resolved to know no slumber that night, but to watch the long hours through.

My mother must not be alarmed: so sending the stranger to the kitchen with Aunt Dinah to get some refreshments, I coaxed mother to take her tea, and carried her off to bed in triumph.

It was 10 o'clock before I left her sound asleep and stole off to the kitchen to take an observation. On the threshold I paused, my heart beat wildly, my brain seemed on fire; I trembled so that I could scarcely stand; I pushed the door ajar and glanced in. What a sight met my astonished eyes! The dwarf was standing erect, and young, and lithe; the woman's garments had been discarded, and I saw before me a man, small, but muscular, and with a diabolical face. He was stooping over the form of Aunt Dinah, in one hand a vial, which he held to her nostrils. I comprehended the situation at a glance. Aunt Dinah was drugged; even the frail protection of her presence was gone and the next step would be robbery, perhaps murder.

The villain replaced the vial in his pocket, with a grin on his ugly face.

"There!" he ejaculated, "that will work. With the old woman out of the way, the rest is easy. Lucky that I know where to look for the money; it's in the old woman's room, I saw the gal put it there. Let me see, right hand corner, top drawer in dressing table."

It flashed over me then, my own carelessness, when father had given the pocketbook into my keeping: the open window near us, and some gay words that I had uttered, all came back to me. I was so frightened, it seemed as if I should die. Then calmer thoughts succeeded; and I resolved to fight for that money to the death. Softly I stole away, and re-entered my mother's apartment. Taking the pocketbook from the drawer, I hid it in my bosom; and then, pausing, to assure myself that she still slept, I turned to the hall where our small provision of fire-arms were stored. Oh, heavens! They were gone! A low, horrible chuckle fell The robber stood at upon my ears. my side, a look of triumph on his hate-

"Well,' he sneered boldly, "where is it?"

"What do you mean?" I gasped.

"The money, of course. I've just been to the old woman's room, but I find you've been too many for me. Now, girl-' he stepped closer to me and raised one hand threateningly: his awful eyes glared into mine; his lips, as they opened, resembled those of some huge wild animal. "I know you nave the money; hand it out!"

With a low cry of fear I turned and fled. Back to the large, old kitchen, my heart surging and beating madly. I flew like the wind. Old Dinah still lay upon the floor in blest unconscious-

ness. I shook her and called aloud and shrieked for help, but no other sound broke the stillness save the low, dreadful laugh of the robber, who had foilowed me.

"Stop that noise?' he growled. "You're wasting breath, you know. She's drugged, and won't wake till I'm safe out o' this. I want that money. Give it to me and I promise to leave you in peace; refuse, and-

I thought of Frank and our future.

"I never will!" I cried, as bravely as I could. Again, that horrible, mocking laugh. He sprang forward and seized my arm; one hand passed around my waist and held me tightly, the other prepared to close about my throat. Just at that moment my eyes fell upon the huge brick oven; something unknown in these days, Bessie; an immense structure occupying one side of the kitchen. I noticed that the wide door had been left open, and a sudden thought-an inspiration-darted into my mind. It was worth risking at all

The villian's hand was pressing closer about my slender throat; I felt a dreadful, choking sensation. I was sure that I should die. Now-or never-I thrust one hand, quickly, into the bosom of my dress, and snatching the pocket-book therefrom with a quick, sudden movement, I threw it into the oven-away in-I could hear it fall upon the bottom, with a heavy thud, for most of the money was in gold. With a horrible imprecation the wretch released his hold, and, darting forward, sprang into the oven. I darted toward the huge door. I seized it in both hands; with superhuman efforts I pushed it shut and slid the heavy bolt into its place. I was saved! Then I sank upon the floor in blissful insensibility.

I was aroused by the pressure of lips upon my own; and felt my head pillowed in somebody's arms. I opened my eyes. Frank was holding me close to his heart, his face pale and anxious. He had returned unexpectedly; and seeing a light burning in the house-an unusual occurrence at so late an hour, for it was midnight-and fearing that I was ill-he had ventured to stop. I told him the whole story; and, old as I am, I have never forgotten the look on his face as he clasped me to his heart. It did not take him long to ride to the nearest town and summon the sheriff with a posse of men. The oven was opened and the wretch within, insensible and half dead, was dragged forth and away to justice. He was proven to be an old offender, and soon received a

I was quite the heroine of the country around, for a long time afterward; but heroics were not in my line, and I never wished for a repetition of that night's

Why We are Right-Handed.

Primitive man, being by nature a fighting animal, fought for the most part at first with his canine teeth, his nails and his fisco, till, in process of time, he added to those early and natural weapons the further persuasions of a club or shillalah. He also fought, as Darwin has conclusively shown, in the main for the possession of the ladies his own sex and species. And if you fight, you soon learn to protect the most exposed and vul nerable portion of your body. Or, if you don't, natural selection manages it for you by killing you off as an immediate consequence.

To the boxer, wrestler, hand-to-hand combatant, the most vulnerable portion is undoubtedly the heart. A hard blow, well delivered on the left breast, will easily kill, or at any rate stun, even a strong man. Hence from an early period men have used the right hand to fight with, and have employed the left arm chiefly to cover the heart and to parry a blow aimed at that specially vulnerable region. And when weapons of offense and defense supersede mere fists and teeth, it is the right hand that grasps the spear or sword, while the left holds over the heart, for defense,

the shield or buckler. From this simple origin, then, the whole vast difference of right and left in civilized life takes its beginning. At first, no doubt, the superiority of the right hand was only felt in the manner of fighting. But that alone gave it a distinct pull, and paved the way at last for the supremacy elsewhere. - Journal of Health

A hen is conscientious. Her chief object in life is to fill the bill,

A BALEFUL FASHION. Among the numberless elegant little rifles dangling about a fashionable belle nowadays, the scent-bottle of gold, a tiny affair, incrusted with jewels, is not the least expensive. It hangs from a button of her dress by a slender gold chain. A later invention. however, than the bottle, is a tiny box, the bottom of which is perforated and opens on hinges; within this is placed a bit of cotton or sponge dampened with the wearer'a favorite perfume, and the whole is thrust into the bosom or into the pocket of the dress. Vinaigrettes of cut-glass or silver of huge proportions are just as popular as ever with fashionable dames, but it is claimed by many physicians that their use is very injurious, and that much catarrhal trouble of the throat and head can be traced to the constant handling of these almost useless things by women. The strong, pungent odor of the powerful salts contained in them irritates the mucous membrane, and produces results that in many cases have been quite serious. - New York World.

DAINTY BUTTON BAGS.

It has been discovered that the pretty girl is busying herself just now with all manner of dainty inutilities in the way of bags. For her dearest girl friend she makes button bags, six tiny ones all on a string. Each is made out of a scran of bright-hued silk and every scrap is of a different color. A rainbow-tinted collection is produced, very kaleidoscopic and cheerful.

The object of the button bag multiplication is to separate more effectually buttons of different ranks and degrees For her best young man-alas, in his inmost soul he may call it "jinks" and smile upon it derisively-she makes a card bag. This is of silk, satin or plush, and just large enough for a pack of cards. On the outside is appliqued in colors an exact similitude of the queen of hearts. This is couched down with embroidery threads and elaborately wrought with silken stitches. - Mail and Express.

MOORISH BEAUTY.

The Moors have extraordinary ideas concerning female beauty. They fancy an oily skin, teeth projecting beyond the lips, pointed nails an inch long and a figure so corpulent that two persons putting their arms around the waist could scarcely make their fingers touch. A woman of moderate pretensions to beauty needs a slave under each arm to support her as she walks, and a perfect belle carries weight enough to load a camel. Mothers are so anxious to have their daughters attain this unwieldly size that they make them eat a great quantity of millet pudding and drink several bowls of camel's milk a day. Mungo Park says he has seen a poor girl sit crying for more than an hour with the bowl at her lips, while her mother stood over her with a stick and beat her whenever she perceived that she was not swallowing.

The Moors marry at a very early ag and wives are always purchased. The father of the girl cannot refuse an offer unless there is some stain on the young man's character. If a wife does not be come the mother of a son she may be divorced by the husband. The mother of many sons is held in the highest respect and is never suffered to perform any menial office.

ROYAL DINNERS IN ENGLAND.

The royal dinner parties of England are the most formal and studied in the world. To beginners they become frightful ordeal, and they rarely at the end can tell what the meal consisted of: to old stagers they are a frightful bore. The povices are expected to arrive early so as to be posted by Sir Henry Ponsonby in court etiquette. The queen usually receives her guests for afternoon ea in her own sitting room, and re mains a short time with them chatting ting on light subjects; then they are permitted to wander over the castle or stay in their rooms till dinner time, which is at 9. She says a few words to each guest as she enters the dining room, and then leads the way to the table. It always seems so discourteous or no one to step up and offer the old lady his arm, but it would require an equal in rank to do so, and she enters and leaves the room alone. There is very little conversation at the table. Each guest is asked one question by the queen, and can make one reply.

The pauses between are dreadful, and

the mechanical parceling out of questions and answers makes it seem as if the queen were putting a Bible class through its catechism. E ch one waits for his turn to come next, and in the embarrassment the "answers" are often of the most stupid kind.

HOW TO GET RICH.

A wealthy lady who had once been a poor girl obliged to work for a living went into a large dry goods establishment not long ago to make a small pur-

She was quietly dressed and attracted no particular attention as she sat patiently waiting while the careless salesgirl chewed her gum, related her last evening's adventure with "him" to another gum-chewing companion, and at the same time pulled down boxes and slammed them before the customer without paying proper attention to her wishes and requests.

Finally, after a tedious half hour of wasted time and irritated patience, the girl threw the lady a large parcel and a roll of money.

"This is not my parcel or change," said the lady.

"Oh, yes, it is," replied the girl, looking over her shoulder and continuing her story about "how he laughed, and I says to him"-

"But I tell you it is not," interrupted the indignant lady. "I purchased a small piece of lace and I had only \$1.50 in change coming to me, and you have given me nearly four dollars." "Why, I must have given that there

lady going down the aisle your parcel, and you have hers. Cash, C-a-s-h, run after that there lady in the wine-colored cloak and tell her to come back. I wonder how I made such a mistake."

"You had better run after her yourself," suggested the lady. "She is almost out of the door now."

After another half hour's delay the exchange was effected and each customer was put in possession of her money and her purchase.

"I don't see how I made such a mistake," said the girl, as her customer was about to leave.

"I will tell you then," responded the lady, as she turned to go. made the mistake which has cost three of us half an hour's valuable time by not paying attention to the business you are paid to do. You will always be poor and obliged to work for others in consequence. I was once a poor girl, but I never waited on customers as badly as you have done. I attended to my business promptly, and was proud to do my work well, and so I rose out of my poverty to higher places and better pay. If I had been as careless, indifferent and slow as you are I would still be a poor workingwoman, instead of the wealthy lady I am."

Upon her next visit to this establishment the lady received the most courteous and prompt attention from the salesgirl, who had seemingly profited by the sharp rebuke.

FASHION NOTES.

All shades of brown, gray and violet are in high favor.

French milliners now use strings of ribbon and lace even on large hats.

A Medici collar of fur is a feature The popularity of braiding as a garni-

ture now extends to checked cheviots A new feature in muffs are flat ones. bordered at either end with a different

kind of fur. Silver clocks recently designed show Renaissance styles and are likely to

prove acceptable as an artistic novelty. Sleeves are made either snug-fitting or plain, or else puffed in the various ways, according to the taste and style of the wearer.

Shopping bags are being made of black stuff heavily beaded with jet or appliqued with fleurs-de-lis cut of black and bronze leather.

Plain sleeves are suitable and becom ing to those who have well-formed arms, and the puffed sleeves look well on those who have slender figures.

Bands of black astrachan, used to trim cloth gowns, are often headed with a single row of inch-wide gold braid, or with many rows of gold soutache braid.

Laced cloths and serges in black, the new shades of green, red, blue and brown, and in the purple tints, ranging from heliotrop, to a royal purple, are

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE TERROR Little shoestrings all untied, That makes the tiny shoes go "flop," A hat with half the rim torn off. A hole that shows the curls on top. But then beneath it such a face!

All roguishness and baby glee, And dimples that play hide and seek Around the crimson mouth so wee And fingers-but why try to tell Of all the mischief they contrive? The doggie "could a tale unfold,"

And kittie, if it were alive. And is he wicked when he swims Small chickens in the place of ducks, Or when he sees the buds unfold,

Before the flower comes, and plucks; Or when he takes his sister's dolls And pulls the "criers" in them out; Or runs a pin in papa's watch

O, mother hearts, you'll take him in This naughty "terror" household joy; Because in him you will but see The picture of your own small boy.

—Christian Nation.

WHY CHARLEY LOST HIS PLACE.

Charley was whistling a merry tune as he came down the road, with his hands in his pockets, his cap pushed back on his head, and a general air of good fellowship with the world.

He was on his way to apply for a position in a stationer's store that he was very anxious to obtain, and in his pocket were the best of references concerning his character for willingness and honesty. He felt sure that there would not be much doubt of his obtaining the the place when he presented these cre-

A few drops of rain fell, as the bright sky was overcust with clouds, and he began to wish that he had brought an umbrella. From a house just a little way before him two little children were starting out for school, and the mother stood in the door smiling approval as the boy raised the umbrella and took the little sister under its shelter in quite a manly fashion.

Charley was a great tease, and like most boys who indulge in teasing or rough practical jokes, he always took care to select for his victim some one weaker or younger than himself.

"I'll have some fun with the children," he said to himself; and before they had gone very far down the road he crept up behind them, and snatched the umbrella out of the boy's hand.

In vain the little fellow pleaded with him to return it. Charley took a malicious delight in pretending that he was going to break it over the fence; and as the rain had stopped he amused himself in this way for some distance, making the children run after him and plead with him tearfully for their umbrella.

Tired of this sport at last, he relinquished the umbrella as a carriage approached, and, leaving the children to dry their tears, went on towards the

Mr. Mercer was not in, so Charley sat down on the steps to wait for him. An old gray cat was basking in the sun, and Charley amused himself by pinching the poor animal's tail till she mewed pitifully and struggled to escape.

While he was enjoying his sport, Mr. Mercer drove up in his carriage, and passed Charley on his way into the store. The boy released following the gentleman in, respectfully presented his references. "These do very well," Mr. Mercer

said, returning the papers to Charley. "If I had not seen some of your other references I might have engaged you." "Other references? What do you

mean, sir?" asked Charley, in astonish-

"I drove past you this morning when you were on your way here, and saw you diverting yourself by teasing two little children. A little later a dog passed you, and you cut him with a switch you had in your hand. You shied a stone at a bird, and just now you were delighting yourself in tormenting another defenceless animal. These are the references that have decided me to have nothing to do with you. I don't want a cruel boy about

As Charley turned away, crestfallen over his disappointment, he determined that wanton cruelty; even though it seemed to him to be only "fun," should not cost him another good place.

A Salem County (N. J.) farmer, John Robeson, caught a strange bird recently. It is said to have a face like a monkey, is about the size of a grown fow, and has plumage of wondrously