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Smiles and Tears.

You meant to wound me? Then forgive me, friend, that when the blow fell, I turned my face from you to the wall. To smile, instead of die.

You meant to gladden me? Dear friend, whose praise like jewels I have kept, forgive me, that for very joy I bent my happy head and wept.

—The Century.

HER LITTLE SISTER.

"Lizzie has gone again," said Mrs. Crest. "Lizzie's no sort of use to me of late. I don't know what's come to the child, but she does act to me as if she was bewitched."

Frances Crest set down the blue-rimmed plate she was wiping with a coarse homespun towel.

"Where is she, mother?" said she.

"Out in the woods, I suppose. It's where she always goes."

"Mother, you must remember that Lizzie is young. Don't be hard upon her!" pleaded Frances.

Mrs. Crest was Farmer Obad Crest's second wife, and Frances, the tall, pale girl with the sombre brown eyes and the oval, colorless face, was the good woman's stepdaughter, while pretty 18-year-old Lizzie was her own and only child.

"But for all that," said Mrs. Crest, "I put a great deal more dependence on Frances than I do on Lizzie. Frances is all the same to me as my own child."

"Hard upon her!" she repeated querulously. "What I'm afraid of is that I'm too easy with her. She's always had her own way in everything. And she takes it dreadful hard that you should be going to Albany and she left at home. I never knew such nonsense in my life!"

A disturbed expression passed over Frances's face.

"It's natural she should feel so, mother," she urged, gently.

Frances Crest had diligently taught school for three consecutive seasons to earn the money for this coveted winter in Albany, during which she had promised herself to take music lessons and aid to her knowledge of art and literature.

For she was engaged to Stephen Ellsworth, and she longed, with an exceedingly great desire, to make herself worthy of his love.

"I'm only a country girl," she said to herself, "and he lives in the city, where he is meeting brilliant women every day. And it would be dreadful, if, after we were married, he should be ashamed of me!"

Mrs. Rigney, a distant cousin of the Crests, had offered to give Frances a home for the winter for what use she could render in household matters, and the money she had saved was to be spent in suitable dress, lessons and other expenses.

And, best of all, she would see Stephen Ellsworth every day. She had looked forward to this for a long time; now it was very near, and her heart was full of happiness.

She finished her household tasks and went quietly out to the nook in the woods where she knew that she should find Lizzie.

It was a sheltered glade, where a twisted grape-vine overhung the brown waters of a babbling brook and tall plumes of golden-rod nodded along the narrow path.

And here, with her head leaning listlessly against a tree-trunk, sat a lovely girl of scarcely 18, with deep-blue eyes, full, cherry-red lips, and a complexion like a balsam-flower. One hand was immersed in the cool, running water; the other held a crumpled pocket-handkerchief, drenched with tears.

"Lizzie!" exclaimed Frances, "you have been crying!"

The blue eyes sparkled resentfully.

"Crying? Of course I've been crying!" retorted Lizzie Crest. "Who wouldn't cry, to be left alone in this dismal hole all winter long, while you are enjoying yourself in the city? But I won't stay here. I'll run away and go on the stage, or else drown myself in Packer's pool."

"Lizzie! Lizzie! think what you are saying!"

"I don't care!" pouted Lizzie. "What is life worth in a place like this?"

And she burst into a fresh flood of tears.

Frances sat down and took the gold-headed tenderly into her lap. All her life long she had been ac-

customed to subordinate her will to that of this lovely, tempestuous spite. What signified one sacrifice more or less?

"Don't cry any more, Lizzie!" she whispered. "I've made up my mind. You shall go to Aunt Josie, instead of me."

"I?"

"And I'll wait another year," added Frances, swallowing a lump in her throat. "You shall have the music lessons and the art lectures; you shall see what a winter in the city is like."

Lizzie's eyes sparkled; her cheeks were red. She flung her arms around Frances's neck with a sudden cry of rapture.

"Oh, Frances, you don't really mean it?"

"Yes, I do," bravely uttered Frances.

"But mother won't consent."

"I will see to that."

Once more Lizzie showered soft, warm kisses on her sister's cheek.

"Oh, you darling! you sweet guardian angel!" she cried. "And I am a selfish little beast to allow you to sacrifice yourself in this outrageous fashion. But if you knew how I have longed to escape from this dreadful groove of housework and sewing and butter-making!"

"You shall escape, Lizzie," said Frances.

And no one ever knew the bitterness of the tears she shed when Lizzie went to Albany.

Mrs. Crest remonstrated stoutly, but Frances held to her own way, and Lizzie's entreaties were not to be withstood.

"Frances don't care," pleaded she; "Frances always was a human icicle. And I'm so much younger than she is, and—"

"And so much prettier," quietly spoke the elder sister. "Yes, Lizzie, dear, I know it."

Lizzie laughed and tossed her golden curls.

"At all events," said she, "I think I ought to have a fair chance."

Lizzie's letters from Albany were full of life and sparkle. She was like a bird let loose. Everything was couleur de rose to her. The gay streets were a dream of delight; the opera was an actual reality. Her new dresses filled her with delight; she was improving so fast in music and drawing, and she could not imagine how she had ever lived all those dreary, dragging years in the old farmhouse at home.

"And, best of all, Stephen Ellsworth had been so often to see her, and taken her out sleighing and to the picture galleries and theatres, 'all on dear old Frances's account, of course,'" she added, with a spice of merry mischief.

She could not say enough in praise of Stephen Ellsworth. He was so handsome, so stylish; the old Ellsworth mansion on State street was so elegant; he sent her such exquisite cut flowers and baskets of fruit!

And Frances, reading those letters at home after her day's work of school-teaching was over, tried to rejoice in her young sister's happiness.

"Mother," she said one day, "I should like to see the child in her new dresses. I think I'll go up to Albany and surprise her. Lucy Lampton will take the school for a week. Dear little Lizzie! how astonished she will be."

"Wife," said Farmer Crest hoarsely, when Frances had gone up to bed, full of her new plan, "I don't know's we ought to let her go."

"Why not, Obed?"

"I saw Dr. Jones's son this morning. He is just home from the Albany medical college, and he says every one is talking of our Lizzie's engagement to Cap'n Ellsworth."

"Obed Crest, you're a-dreamin'!"

"I wish I was, wife, I wish I was!"

But it's only what we'd ought to have expected. Lizzie is as pretty as a picture, and as frothy as a bowl of soap-suds, and brimful o' mischief into the bargain; and Ellsworth's only a mortal man after all. Frances ought to have married him a year ago, when he wanted her to do so, only she wouldn't leave us until we'd paid the mortgage on the farm, and got even with the world."

"But, Obed, what are we to do? I can't tell her," sobbed the old lady.

"Nor I, neither. There's no help for it, wife; she's got to find it out herself."

And he let his wrinkled forehead fall into his hands with a groan.

Just then the door opened.

A tall, slight figure came in like a gliding shadow.

"I've heard it all, father," said Frances, and you mustn't blame either Stephen or Lizzie. It—it was only natural. He has grown tired of waiting for me. And Lizzie is very lovely. I can't blame any man for wanting to make her his wife. I shall go to Albany, all the same, and tell them not to mind me. You know," with rather a forced smile, "people always said I was cut out for an old maid. And—and—we three can be very happy here at home all our lives long, can't we?"

And here poor Frances broke down, and cried bitterly.

"Don't mind me," said she. "I shall be quite used to it after awhile."

It was a brilliant January afternoon—the ground covered with snow, the sun shining with arctic splendor, and all the streets musical with the joyous chime of sleighbells—when Frances Crest arrived at Mrs. Rigney's house in Albany.

"Why—Frances—Crest," ejaculated the good lady, "is this you?"

"I came to surprise Lizzie, Aunt Josie," said the traveler, smiling faintly.

"Well, it will be a surprise," said Mrs. Rigney. "Go right up, dear. She's in the parlor with—"

"With Capt. Ellsworth?"

"How on earth did you know?" cried the comfortable elderly lady.

"Has she written to you?"

"No, not a word," Frances answered. "But I know it all, nevertheless."

She went on, and knocked at the parlor door.

"Come in!" called Lizzie's sweet soprano voice; and, with a sudden quickening of the heart, she obeyed.

Was that little Lizzie standing by the fender, her gleaming silken gown held by a slim, white hand, while her exquisite profile was outlined against the ruby velvet of the lambrquin?

She looked more like a princess—a fairy queen. In this atmosphere of change and happiness she had fairly blossomed out like a rose in mid-June.

And that tall figure in the shadow beyond—

"Frances! Dear, dear Frances!"

In a second Lizzie was in her arms.

"You got my letter, love—the letter I wrote to you yesterday—the letter that told you all?"

"I have received no letter, Lizzie. I left home early this morning, but—where is Capt. Ellsworth?"

"Here—right before your eyes. Come here, Clarence, and let me introduce you to your new sister; for we are engaged, Frances, Clarence and I. That is my mysterious secret."

The tall figure advanced with a military sort of salute.

It was not Stephen at all, but a taller, younger, less impressive-looking man.

Frances bowed in a bewildered way.

"But Stephen—where is Stephen?" she asked.

"Gone down to Woodfield, Frances, after you. Because he says he means there shall be a double wedding if there's to be a single one, and he declares he won't wait any longer for you to make up your mind. And how puzzled he will be, to be sure, when he finds the bird has flown! Are you very much surprised, Frances? But you see, Clarence is in the regular army—not a mere militia captain like Stephen. He is stationed in Florida, and he will spend his leave of absence with his cousins here in Albany; and so, of course, I couldn't help getting acquainted with him, because Stephen came here every day to talk about you, and Clarence always came with him. And—Yes, Clarence; go away now and get the flowers for the evening's reception at Miss Bird's, for I've got so much to say to my sister."

She dismissed her handsome lover with the nonchalance of a queen, and then showered caresses anew on Frances.

"Isn't he splendid, darling?" she cried. "And only think, I owe it all to you; for if it hadn't been for you sending me here, I never should have met him at all. And we'll telegraph to Stephen at once, and you will consent to be married at the same time with me—won't you, dear?"

"Yes," said Frances, her eyes brimming over with blissful tears, "I will!"

Stanley estimates that there is room in Africa for 80,000 miles of railroad.

American railroad conductors will never go to Africa to secure employment at their calling. They might be able to stand the climate, but the names of the stations would paralyze them.

THE HUMAN NOSE.

Celebrated Men Who Had Large Olfactory Organs

The Most Characteristic Feature of the Face.

The nose forms one of the characteristic features of the human face, and the more one studies it, the more he will appreciate its importance. There are fourteen bones in the nose and a mass of cartilages which are ossified into immovable rigidity. It is an unbending nose; it will dominate; it will dictate; it will subdue. There are no two noses alike, but all noses have many things in common. For example, all noses sneeze, snarl, snuff, snort, snort, sneer, sniff, snuffle, snigger and snivel. Noses mark the peculiarity of races and the gradations of society. The noses of Australians, the Esquimaux and the Africans—broad, flat and weak—mark their mental and moral characteristics. The striking difference between the African negroes and the North American Indian is sculptured on their noses. The Caucasian has a prominent and well-defined nose and he leads in subduing the world.

The Chinese have bad noses, and they are intellectually a superior race, but they are not really a proper exception, for they flatten the noses of their children in infancy. They have cultivated small and flat noses for generations upon some absurd notion that the eyes are the more important and should not be obscured by the nose.

If you look at the progress of individual life the contour of a nose marks all its stages. Who ever saw a baby with a Roman or aquiline nose, or even a Grecian? The baby nose is a little snub, the nose of weakness and undevelopment. The child's nose keeps its inward curve; in youth it straightens, and then comes, in certain characters and races, the bold outward curve of the aquiline or the stronger prominence of the Roman. It may stop at any point in the march of progress and present a case of arrested development. And we all feel instinctively that a certain shaped nose is the proper index of a certain character.

Almost all great men have been remarkable for their noses, either as to shape, or size or color. Scipio Nasica derived his name from the prominent share of this feature possessed by him; the immortal Ovid, surnamed Naso, was Mr. Nosey, or bottle nose. Socrates had a snub, but he was frank enough to admit that in his heart he was a very bad man. Training did much for him, as it does for anybody; but a man who enters life with a snub is seriously handicapped. In the medals of Cyrus and Artaxerxes the tips of their noses come clear out to the rim of the coin. Antiochus VIII. was an imposing prince. They called him "Gyprus" because his nose was as big and as hooked as a vulture's beak. But then the ancient Persians permitted only the owners of large noses to enjoy royal honors. Numa's nose was six inches in length, whence he obtained his surname of Pimplus, as being the owner of a superlative nose. Lycurgus and Solon, according to Plutarch, were distinguished in the same manner.

Mohammed's nose must have been a curiosity. It was so curved that the point seemed to be endeavoring to insert itself between his lips. At a later time a phenomenal nose must have been that of the Great Frederick of Prussia. Lavater offered to wager his reputation that blindfolded he could tell it out of 10,000 other noses by simply taking it between his thumb and forefinger. The nose of the Emperor Rudolph of Austria saved his life in an odd kind of a way. During one of his campaigns a troop of knights entered into a conspiracy to kill him. A peasant who was employed about the tents of the conspirators one evening overheard them say: "Tomorrow we'll surprise his old big nose and cut him to pieces." After his work was over the peasant started out to visit some friends in another part of the camp. The Emperor who was going about with some of his knights, meeting the man, asked who he was and what was going on in this part of the camp. He innocently told that there would be fun next morning, as they were going to cut a big nose in pieces. But they had not even a chance to get out of bed "next morning."

The French and, indeed, all the other Latin races, are remarkably "nosey." Napoleon I.'s nose was exquisitely chiseled, sculpturesque in mold, form and expression. He was wont to say, "Give me a man with plenty of nose." He little dreamed that he was destined to be baffled by a people—the Russians—whose noses were well high level with their faces, and that his ultimate victor was to be a man with the most prominent nose in Europe—Arthur, Duke of Wellington. Alexander the Great had a large nose; so had Richelieu and Cardinal Wolsey. Look at the portrait of Washington. All that is great in firmness, patience and heroism is stamped upon his nose, which is the true aquiline. Julius Cæsar's nose was of the same type and he possessed the same characteristics of patient courage and heroic firmness that belonged to Washington.

The wide nostriled nose betokens strong power of thought and love for serious meditation, and these you see in the portraits of Shakspeare, Bacon, Franklin and Dr. Johnson, and others of our great students and writers.—Troy Times.

No Bank Thieves in Wall Street.

Inspector Byrnes, in his "Professional Criminals of America," gives a list of one hundred banks which thieves either rifled or attempted to rob between November, 1862, and February, 1885. Ten of these were in the city of New York.

Owing to the thoroughly efficient detective system established in Wall street, the depredations of the bank sneaks have been summarily ended in that locality. These daring villains are "all men of education, pleasing address, good personal appearance, and are faultless in their attire." Cold, quick, resolute, and acting in concert, one may be on the lookout, a second engaged in interesting conversation with a bank officer or officers, and a third stealthily creeping behind the counter and capturing the cash or a bundle of bonds. Or the last may obtain access to the vault, from which he purloins whatever he may deftly conceal and carry off, while his confederates monopolize the attention of the clerks. One of the most daring bank snatchers in the city effected two robberies in the course of a single day. Entering one bank he leaped to the top of a partition seven feet high, leaned over, snatched two packages of bills containing \$1000 each, and escaped. A little later he climbed on the counter of another bank, captured several thousand dollars, and again escaped. Similar success attended the bold miscreant in his subsequent attempt to escape from the Court of General Sessions. He is now in jail.—Harper's Magazine.

A Boastful Boy's Downfall.

A little boy who had won a prize for learning Scripture verses and was greatly elated thereby was asked by a minister if it took him a long time to commit them.

"Oh, no," said the boy, boastfully, "I can learn any verse in the Bible in five minutes."

"Can you, indeed? and will you learn one for me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then in five minutes from now I would like very much to hear you repeat this verse," said the minister, handing him the book and pointing out the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther:

"Then were the King's scribes called at that time in the third month, that is, the month Sivan, on the three and twentieth day thereof; and it was written, according to the Jews, and to the lieutenants, and the deputies and rulers of the provinces according to the writing thereof, and unto every people after their language, and to the Jews according to their writing, and according to their language."

Master Conceit entered upon his task with confidence, but at the end of one hour, to his mortification, could not repeat it without slip.

Jay Gould's Neck.

Mr. Muldoon, the handsome champion, and gentlemanly wrestler, tells me, says an *Epoch* writer, that an infallible sign of death is a "stringy" neck. That is, a neck with hollows in it deep enough to put one's knuckles in. Well, Mr. Gould's neck is that kind of one, I am sorry to say. The whole trouble with Mr. Gould is a most miserable stomach.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A MORAL HISTORY.

Blowzer and Towzer were two little geese. That is to say they were dogs; as you see; but though one was the aunt and the other her niece,

Somehow or other they couldn't agree! Couldn't agree; for though each loved the other,

No matter what came up, from tidbits to rats,

If one took up one side, then one took another,

And there was a fight like the Kilkenny cats.

Towzer and Blowzer! 'Twas stranger because

These doggies were lovely in every way;

Wore clean as two pins as to faces and paws,

And brushed their brown coats twenty times in the day;

Played with the other dogs gaily and sweetly,

Wagged their small tails when the neighbors came by,

Won every heart in the village completely,

And never were known to tell one little lie.

But if you gave one a bite or a bone,

My! what a rumpus the other would make!

If you should pat one small body alone,

The other would whine till your poor ears would ache;

Then when you turned away for a minute,

They'd snarl and fight, as of reason bereft,

And lose all the good that the morsel had in it—

So Towzer and Blowzer were both of them left!

Wasn't I right then in calling them geese? If they were loving, how well they could fare;

Sharing their goodies they'd each have a piece,

And often and often a little to spare.

Dear, did you ever know two little brothers

Who might have such perfectly elegant times,

But who squabble—sometimes—and just worry their mothers,

Like the two little doggies I sing in my rhymes?

—Wide Awake.

WISE OLD CAT.

There were three cats in a William street family in Norwich, Conn., and as the lady of the house concluded that one was sufficient, an edict of death was passed on the old cat and her kitten. The question of the manner of death was settled and chloroform purchased.

Some days passed before the executioner could muster courage to execute the sentence and finally the lady put some laudanum into the cat's milk, thinking to produce a stupor that would make the chloroform more easy.

The old cat tasted the milk, cast her eyes suspiciously about her, and refused to eat. The kitten rushed to the dish, but was violently knocked away by the old cat, who took a corner of a mat and covered over the dish to hide it from the kitten and prevent her from taking the "medicine."

The lady could not believe it possible that the act was intentional, and uncovered the dish. The cat again knocked the kitten from it and covered it more carefully than before. The repetition of the protective act was too much for the lady, and the cat and her two kittens were allowed to live.

ELEPHANT WISDOM.

An elephant employed in Ceylon in building a large stone dam to close up a river, and thus form a lake, was one of the sights of the place.

He first of all drew from the quarry the huge stone that was to be used; he then undid the chain by which he had drawn it. He next proceeded to roll it with his forehead along the narrow stone wall, or embankment, until he had fitted it exactly into its place. On the one side of this wall was a precipice, on the other a deep lake. As the stone was pushed by his forehead it would at one time incline to the lake, at another over the precipice, but he immediately made it straight again with his foot. He was doing the work of ten men, and with the accuracy of a skilled mason.

One day when he was at work a bystander asked if he would take up a larger sledge-hammer lying on the ground and break an enormous rock close to it. The officer in charge of the work said this was asking too much, but the mahout who heard the conversation, replied gravely:

"Bombers can and will do every thing he is asked." He then said something to the elephant, who took up the sledge as if it were a feather and knocked the stone to pieces.

"Now, take your pipe and smoke it," said the mahout, upon which the animal stuck the sledge in his mouth and walked off with it.