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The Good and the Ill.
Speak a bad word and it echoes forever
Upward and downward the length of the
-earth runs.
Speak a good word and its music will never
Wander away from the place of its birth.
Write a bad sentence and nothing can ban-
ish
The freshness of words we would gladly
undo;
Write a good thought and in air it will van-
ish;
The good we must ever and always renew.

ALICE'S FORTUNE.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

"Sister Theodosia," said a feeble voice from the bed.

The Sister of Charity, a mild-faced woman of middle age, answered the summons of the dying man, and approached the bedside.

The dying man was Hector Moritz, a carpenter, who had fallen from a house which he was building, a few days before, and so injured himself that he could not recover. He lived just outside the village of St. Barbe, with his little girl, Alice, now seven years old. His wife had died three years before, but Alice, child as she was, could make coffee and cook an omelet as skillfully as if she were twice as old, and had acted as her father's little housekeeper. So it happened that, being alone, an unusual affection had sprung up between Alice and her father.

The Sister of Charity approached the bedside. The sick man's face expressed anxiety, and his eye turned from the nurse to his little girl, who was pale and grief-stricken, yet had self-control enough not to betray her emotion lest it should distress her father in his last moments.

"What can I do for you, M. Moritz?" asked Sister Theodosia, in a gentle voice.

His glance wandered to his little girl once more.

"Alice," he gasped, "provided for."

"Do you mean that you wish Alice provided for?" asked the sister, striving to interpret his broken words.

"Already provided for—money there," and he pointed vaguely downwards.

"Poor man! He is wandering in mind," thought the sister,—for he was pointing to the floor; but she thought it best to appear to have understood him.

"Yes," she said gently, "have no anxiety." He looked at her wistfully, and then, seeming to think he was understood, he fell back upon the pillow from which he had lifted his head, and a moment after expired.

When Alice realized that her father was really dead, she gave way to excessive grief—so excessive that it soon wore itself out, leaving her pale and sorrowful. Sister Theodosia took her into her lap, and pressed her head against her bosom in sad compassion, for little Alice was now without father or mother.

In due time Hector Moritz was buried, and the next thing to be completed was, how should Alice be disposed of?

Hector Moritz left two near relatives, both cousins. One of these was a thriving tradesman in the next town, a man who had prospered, partly through his selfishness, which was excessive. The other, also residing in the next town, was a poor shoemaker with a large family, who found it hard enough to make both ends meet; but was, withal, kind and cheerful, beloved by the children for whom he could do so little, and popular in the village.

These two cousins met at the funeral of Hector Moritz.

"I suppose Hector died poor," said M. Ponchard, the tradesman, a little uneasily.

"This house is all he owned, so far as I know," said the notary, "and it is mortgaged for nearly its value."

"Humph! that is bad for the child," said M. Ponchard.

"I suppose you will take her home, M. Ponchard?" said the notary bluntly.

"We all know that you are a prosperous man."

The tradesman drew back.

"If I am prosperous," he said, "I have had to work for my money. It is all I can do to provide for my own family. I can't support other people's children."

"Then you won't do anything for the child?"

"I didn't say that. I'll give her twenty-five—say, fifty francs. That's all I ought to do."

"And how long will fifty francs support her?" said the notary disdainfully, for she detested the meanness of the rich tradesman.

"That is not my affair. She need not starve. She can go to the almshouse."

"Who speaks of the almshouse?" spoke up M. Corbet, the poor shoemaker.

"M. Ponchard suggests that Alice go to the almshouse," said the notary.

"Not while I have a home to offer her," said the poor cousin warmly.

"But, M. Corbet," said the notary "you are poor. Can you afford, with your many children, to undertake an additional burden?"

"I never look on them as burdens—they are my joy and comfort," said M. Corbet. "I can't give Alice a luxurious home, but such as I have she is welcome to. I am sure the good God will not let me starve, if I undertake the care of my little orphan cousin."

"He's a fool!" thought M. Ponchard contemptuously. "He will always be miserably poor."

But the notary grasped his hand, and said,— "M. Corbet, I respect you. If you are not rich in money, you are rich in a good heart, and that is the best kind of riches."

So, no opposition being made, little Alice went home with the poor shoemaker. As for the cottage, that was left in the hands of the notary to sell. As already intimated, there was a mortgage upon it to nearly its full value, so that it was not likely to bring much over. What little there should be would go to Alice.

Several months passed without any opportunity to sell the cottage. During that time Alice remained at the house of M. Corbet, treated, it was about to say, like one of the family. This, however, would not be strictly correct. She was not treated like one of the family, but better than one of the family; in short, like a favored guest, for whom nothing was too good.

But unfortunately at this juncture, M. Corbet fell sick, and having always been compelled to live to the limit of his small income, had nothing saved up for the rainy day which had come upon him, and so the family were soon in a bad strait.

The notary heard of it and was stirred with compassion.

"If only Alice had something," he said to Sister Theodosia, whom he met one day at a sick bed; for the good Sister of Charity spent her time in tending the sick without compensation, "if only Alice had some small property she might come to the relief of her poor relation."

"And has she not?" asked Sister Theodosia.

"Nothing that I know of beyond the house, and upon that there is a mortgage to nearly its full value."

"But her father upon his death-bed told me that she was provided for."

"Did he, indeed?" asked the notary, surprised. "Did he say anything more?"

"No, he was unable to; but he pointed to the floor. I am afraid he was out of his head, and meant nothing."

"Stop! I have an idea," said the notary suddenly. "Can you leave for a few minutes, and go with me to the cottage?"

"Yes, I can be spared for half an hour," said Sister Theodosia.

Together they went to the cottage, which chanced to be close by.

"Now," said the notary, when they were once inside, "to what part of the floor did M. Moritz point? Can you remember?"

"There," said the sister.

"Very well; we will soon see whether there is anything in my idea.

The notary procured a hatchet, and succeeded after a time in raising a plank of the floor, Sister Theodosia looking on, meanwhile, with surprise.

But her surprise was increased when on the plank being raised, a box was discovered underneath.

"Help me lift it," said the notary.

With the aid of the hatchet, he removed the cover of the box, and the two uttered an exclamation of surprise when underneath they found a large collection of gold coins. On the top was placed a sheet of note paper, on which were written these words, in the handwriting of the deceased:

"The gold in this box represents the savings of many years. It is for my daughter, Alice. For her sake I have lived frugally, and I hope it may save her from want when I am gone."

Hector Moritz.

"How much is there?" asked Sister Theodosia.

"There are two hundred and fifty francs. These make five thousand francs. Truly, M. Moritz must have been frugal to save so much."

"Then little Alice is an heiress," said Sister Theodosia.

"It is as you say."

"I am very glad. Now she can pay her board to M. Corbet, and he will lose nothing by his kindness."

"I will go tonight and tell him."

The poor shoemaker was still sick, and his money had wholly given out, so that the family had had no supper.

"I am sorry you are sick, my friend," said the notary.

"Yes," said the poor shoemaker, sighing; "it is unfortunate."

"M. Corbet, you are a good man, and truly charitable. But I have good news for you."

"Good news? Well, it could never come at a better time."

"You thought Alice was poor."

"And she is not?"

"On the contrary, she is an heiress."

"What do you mean?"

"Her father left five thousand francs for her fortune."

"Is that true?" asked the shoemaker and his wife, bewildered.

"Yes; and therefore it is only fitting that she should pay her board. How long has she been here?"

"Four months."

"Seventeen weeks. Now, as her father's executor, I am going to allow you eight francs a week, and you shall undertake to provide her with a home and clothing. For seventeen weeks, then, that she has been here I owe you one hundred and twenty-six francs. I pay it to you at once."

"But it is too much," said M. Corbet, surveying the gold with stupefaction, for he had never seen as much before.

"It is right."

"We are saved!" said his wife, thankfully. "I will go out and buy some bread. Children, you shall have some supper."

At this there was a shout of joy from the children, and tears of gratitude flowed down the cheeks of the poor shoemaker, who pointed to Alice, and said:

"She has brought me good fortune."

Before the money was half expended, the shoemaker had recovered, and went to work again. The eight francs a week he received for Alice proved a great help to him, and enabled him to procure more comforts than before.

Prom that time M. Corbet prospered, and was even able to save up money, and all through his unselfish kindness to little Alice, through whom he believes good fortune has come to him and his.—*Yankee Blade.*

Confidence in the Old Horse.

The little son of General Crittenden was devoted to his father's war-horse, that was named for the illustrious John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, the child's grandfather. He asked his father to tell him of a retreat he made during the war, but at a certain point said, "Father, were you on John J.?" Being answered affirmatively, the youngster slid down from the paternal knee, and was toddling off as fast as his little legs could carry him, when his father, said:

"Where are you going, my son?"

"Father," he said, turning and showing a face full of reproach, "John J. never would have retreated if you hadn't turned him round."

This same boy grew to manhood, and died with his face to the foe with Custer and his men on the Little Big Horn.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Freezing Process in Tunnelling.

The freezing process is being effectively used in the cutting of the St. Clair tunnel under the Detroit River. Whenever water is met with the freezing mixture is projected by pipes, and the water and friable debris become solidified, and the work can be proceeded with. The tunnelling is progressing at the rate of seven feet per day at each end. The shields are being used, in the hard blue clay, by digging out the centre with picks, and then pushing them forward eighteen inches at a time by hydraulic rams.

And Not Half Try.

Alonzo—Oh, Bessie, I wish I had ability enough to make something of myself.

Bobby—Papa says you have for making a fool of yourself.—*Lincolnpton Republican.*

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

ROYAL LADIES.

Queen Marguerite, of Italy, is not fair, but she is fat and forty. As a rule, to which there are few exceptions, the royal families are not models of physical beauty. The Count de Paris looks like an amiable green grocer, Queen Victoria like a prosperous middle class woman, the Prince of Wales like a good-natured bon vivant. The Queen of Italy affects literary tastes, but her success as an amateur author has not been very brilliant, for the story goes that having written a story, she sent it to one of the Italian journals, under an assumed name, and that it was declined with thanks.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

NEW IDEA IN JEWELRY.

A new fashion in all sorts of jewelry is to give the effect of a pin passing through the material. This is done by a concealed hinge and pin. For example, a chatelaine on which is suspended a vinaigrette has a diamond sword as a belt pin. The diamonds are found in the hilt and in the end of the pin, and the concealed pin pierces the stuff. The effect is that of the entire diamond shaped blade passing through the gown. Diamond hair pins are constructed on the same principle instead of having all the ornaments lavished on the top. The effect is one of careless opulence and is exceedingly pretty.

WHERE WOMEN ARE ALL SLAVES.

Throughout Central Africa the women outnumber the men three or four to one, the men being killed off in the wars and forays that are constantly being made by one tribe on another, and by Arab slave-traders on all. The women are almost invariably slaves. Usually there are not more than three or four free women in a village. The price of women is less than the price of pigs or goats. There was, until recently, one district ruled by a woman, and there that sex was supreme. Within the last few years, however, that tribe was exterminated, and now the degradation of woman all over Central Africa is universal.

A BONNET PROVIDED FOR.

When little Julia Honore Grant is led to the altar she will wear a bridal bonnet with a history to it. Not long after the death of her grandfather a bill was passed granting full pay to soldiers in the Mexican War. Notice to that effect was sent to General Grant's widow, who refused to put in a claim for the few dollars the Government owed her husband. On receipt of her letter General Sherman wrote to Colonel Fred Grant, suggesting that the money be collected and reserved to buy a wedding bonnet for "your little daughter Julia." An application was sent to the United States Pension Agent and the eighty odd dollars of back pay collected. A special investment, drawing 6 per cent., was found for the amount, and principal and interest made payable to the order of Julia Honore Grant. The little girl is not yet in her teens, but by the time the wedding bells chime her marriage there will be a fund of \$128 to her credit for a bridal bonnet.

WOMEN'S QUEER WAYS.

The ways of women are queer.

A woman can faint away at the sight of a bit of blood on her finger, have all the children in the house screaming with fright, require eau de cologne to bring her to and be nervous for twenty-four hours after, yet the same woman can, in perfect silence, stand by and help a doctor perform an operation that may mean death to some one she loves.

A woman can scorn what she calls made-over clothes, can laugh at indiscriminate charity, and yet the same woman can cry as if her heart would break and take all her spending money to buy an overcoat for a newsboy she met in the street cars because his face was so pitiful.

She can take two hours and a half to dress to go the theatre, and then tell Charley she knows she looks like a dowdy, but the same woman can pack a trunk with things enough to last her for two weeks in twenty minutes when she gets a telegram saying: "Come as soon as possible; your mother is sick."—*New York Sun.*

TRUE WOMANLINESS.

"I was much struck by a little incident that occurred last year," says an English writer. "I, among others, belonging to a large party was were wait-

ing at a railway station for the train that was to carry us down to a garden party at one of the many lovely places on the Thames, saw an old man, a decrepit creature, bowed and palsied, making his way to where the third-class compartment would be. His arms were full of bundles of various sizes. Coming near a truck, the old man, who was half blind, marched against the edge of it, and all his little bundles fell helplessly to the ground. Most of the young people belonging to our party broke into an irresistible laugh. They were not so much to be blamed. Youth will see amusement in even trifles, but there was one among us who did not laugh. The old man's chagrin seemed to touch her. She went quickly forward, and as he groped nervously for his parcels she lifted them one by one and laid them in his arms. She was not a strictly pretty girl, but there was dignity and sweetness both in her face and in her action. I noticed that a young man, one of our party, watched her intently. He was rich, titled, one of the matches of the London season. Supreme admiration showed itself in his face. He demanded an introduction. I gave it. In six months they were man and wife. She made a good match, and so did he in every sense of the word."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

A BECOMING VEIL.

The veil has always been an important adjunct to the toilet of a woman, and just now, when lovely woman stoops to folly and looks upon the rouge when it is red, the strip of illusion becomes more than ever a necessity. A veil is a coquetry to a pretty girl, a charity to an ugly one. All the fashion writers to the contrary, the veils with big spots on are not fashionable. In the first place, they are not becoming, for the huge black spots make you look utterly without a complexion, and because of their closeness to the eyes give them a wandering look which is anything but piquant. One's eyes should show plainly through a veil, the duty of which may be to tone down the complexion, but is never to do anything but intensify the brightness of the eyes. The preferred veil is a strip of plain, very fine tulle, either in black, brown, dark scarlet or a shade that is between a gray and a green. If you want a becoming black veil, however, do not take a plain one, as it will make you look older and bring out every wrinkle, but choose instead one with tiny dots that are far apart. Wear your veil below your nose and not in such a way that it is supposed to hold a bang in place. And do keep the edges trimmed, for when they are ragged or frayed they can make you look horribly untidy.—*N. Y. Sun.*

FASHION NOTES.

Silver link belts and polonaise dresses go together.

Numerous oddly tied knots are a feature of new black cord passementeries.

Gretot fringes of metal-covered balls and pear-shaped drops are fashionable for trimming Spanish jackets and hats.

Black lace collarettes fastened with a knot of green grass will suggest a stylish combination for alpaca, glorioso or silk.

Ribbons have not lost in popularity, but are spoken of with as great confidence as ever as garniture for summer gowns.

Some of the new Spanish laces for trimming grenadine or silk dresses are made with vandyked edges and finished with fringe.

To wear over colored dresses are Spanish jackets of black silk cord passementerie without beads, and also jackets of flat braid.

Among the new trimmings for mourning toilets are passementeries made of crape bands, also wide crocheted points of black silk, and narrow ones for edgings.

Pretty narrow gimps for trimming dresses are made with loops of jet on each edge, with a straight line of color through the middle, usually pink, green or red silk.

A novel garniture to border summer bengalines, sarahs and cashmeres is white embroidery, like open-netted lace, inserted in the midst of colored embroidery.

Shoulder decorations, which are deep enough to be worn as capes, are made of jet, or of black silk cords intermixed with silver or gold in vine or flower pattern, with green edges.

The Strength of the Hills is His.
The Strength of the Hills, inexorable power!
What might more stern than their granite breasts?
Sky-ward in their pride the mountains tower,
Tossing pine-plumes on their stately crests,
Gray cliffs gleam out from the chasms where
Sudden the hill-tops were wrenched apart,
Leaving the rock in its sternness bare,
Above their purple grandeur. He
Whose strength is theirs, unbounded free,
Sits in resistless majesty.—
Dear heart! Thy grief Jehovah wills,
His is the awful strength of hills.

The Strength of the Hills, beneficent power!
Cradling the light on their tender breasts,
Gently as mother-germs cradle the flower,
Softly as dew on the violet rests.
Rose-lights transfigure the mountains where
Noiseless the cloud-drifts above them part,
Raining the sun on their foreheads bare,
Light and love to the mountain's heart!
Throughout their blossomed beauty, He
Whose strength is theirs, protecting, free,
Whispers his boundless sympathy.—
O Friend, a Father reigns above,
The strength of the hills is rest, is love.
—Jessie F. O'Donnell, in *Houscroft's*.

HUMOROUS.

Railroad corporations are reticent—they keep their own counsel.

Teacher—Which teeth does man get last? Johnny Knowitall—The false ones, of course.

"You make me tired," said the wheel to the wheelwright, as he unflinchingly hammered away.

A tableware trust is to be formed. Trust the servant girl to break it—the tableware, we mean.

Sometimes the office seeks the man, but generally the man knows when the office is on his track.

Do not regard with suspicion the man who adopts an alias. It is a proper ambition in any one to desire to make a name for himself.

Sumway (with newspaper in his hand)—Here are some paragraphs headed "Police Intelligence." Gazzam—I didn't know they had any.

Minister (to convict)—My good man, I'm very sorry to find you here in prison. Convict III—Yes, sir; but you ain't half so sorry as I am.

I'm sure there's little I would give for the man who from his cares would fly. For
When you have nothing left to live for, You still have something left to die for.

Mamma to Maud—Your tastes are really becoming quite too expensive, my child. Remember that fine feathers do not always make fine birds. Maud—No, mamma; but you'll admit they make fine bonnets.

"No use," said an impecunious debtor to an importunate creditor, "you can't get blood out of a turnip." "I know that," responded the creditor, "but unless I get this money, I'll have gore from a bear."

Michigan produces a larger number of shingles than any other state in the Union. In spite of this fact it is very doubtful if the small boy of Michigan is any more obedient than the small boy in any other state.

The intelligence of animals became one of the subjects of discussion at a little dinner party. An enthusiastic advocate of the dog was asked: "Do you mean to tell us that there are some dogs with more sense than their masters can boast of?" "Certainly; I have one."

A Policeman's Life.

There is an opinion very commonly held that the members of the police force have, as the saying is, a "regular picnic." To my mind nothing could be further from the truth. To those who are thoroughly acquainted with the duties and the life of a policeman it is perfectly plain that those public servants earn every dollar they receive from the city treasury. I was riding on a Third Avenue "dummy" train the other day, when I saw one member of the force whose lot, at least, was not enviable. He looked like a new recruit, too, but he bore himself like a hero. He certainly possessed some of the spirit which enabled the early martyrs to face the rack and the wild beasts of the Colosseum with a smile. It was, if I remember rightly, at Fifty-sixth street or thereabouts. The officer was with one arm supporting and leading an intoxicated woman, while on the other arm he carried an infant bundled up in rags. The mother was singing, the baby was crying and a crowd ofurchins at the officer's heels were hooting and laughing. I felt sorry for the poor fellow.—*Brooklyn Citizen*