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'Tis Better to Laugh. The sunniest skies are the fairest,
The happiest hours are the best,
Of all of life's blessings the rarest Are pictures of pleasure and rest.

Though Fate is our wishes denying,
Let each bear his part like a man,

Nor darken the world with our sighing-Tis better to laugh when we can. Each heart has its burden of sorrow, Each soul has its shadows profound; 'Tis sunshine we're yearning to borro From those who may gather around.

Then let us wear faces of pleasure
The world will be happy to scan. A scowl is to no one a treasure-'Tis better to laugh when we can.

HIS NEIGHBOR'S BEES.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was a still, frosty evening in October, with the moon just old enough to cast a ruddy light on the leaf-carpeted path, and the ancient stone wall, all broidered over with lichens and moss. The air was instinct with sweet aromatic scents, and one red light burned like a beacon star in the cottage window

"Look!" said Fleda Fenwick. "Mamma has lighted the lamp! It's high time we were home."

"And you haven't said yes!" mournfully uttered Jack Trevelyn.

'And I don't mean to say yes!" Jack seated himself on the stone wall, just where the bars had been taken down. He was a handsome, sunburned fellow, with sparkling black eyes and a rich, dark complexion, as if, in his far back ancestry, there had been some olive-browed Spaniard. Fleda leaned against the bars, the moon turning ber fair hair to gold and lingering like blue sparks in the deeps of her laughing eyes. If ever opposites existed in

nature, they existed there, and then. "I've a great mind to go away to sea," said Jack, slowly and vengefully. "Do," saucily retorted Fleda.

"And never come back again!"

"Oh, Jack!"

"The idea," he cried, raising both hands as if to invoke the fair moon herself by way of audience, "of a girl refusing to be married simply because she hasn't got some particular sort of a wedding gown to stand up in."

"If I can't be married like other girls, I won't be married at all," declared Fleda, compressing her rosy

lips. for that!' groaned Jack.

"It won't be long," coaxed Fleda.

"But, look here, Fleda, why can't we go quietly to church and be married, any day, and get the gown afterwards?" pleaded Jack.

"But, Jack, it wouldn't be the same thing at all. A girl gets married but once in her life, and she wants to look decent then."

"My own darling you would look an angel in anything!

"Now, quit that, Jack!" laughed "It's what my school children call 'taffy.'"

"I hate your school children," said Jack, venomously. 'I hate your school. I despise the trustees, and I should like to see the building burn down. Then you would have to come

"No, I shouldn't," averred Fleda. "I should take in millinery and dressmaking until I had earned enough for the white silk dress. I never would -Oh, Jack! Who's that?"

'A tramp? I'll soon settle him with my blackthorn!" cried Trevelyn, spring-

"No, don't," whispered Fleda, shrinking close to him; "it's Mr. Mingden. He's on his own premises; these woods belong to him. that are trespassers. Wait! Stand still until he has gone by. He's very near-sighted, and he will never see

"And who," breathed Jack, as a stout, ciderly person trotted slowly across the patch of moonlight, and vanished behind the stiff laurel hedge, "is Mr. Mingden?"

"Don't you know? Our neighbor. The new gentleman who has bought

"The old cove who is always quarreling with you?"

"Yes-the very man who hates hees so intolerably, and wants mamma to take away all those lovely hives, down by the south fence. He says he can't take his constitution in peace, because he's always afraid of being stung."

"Why don't he take it somewhere

"That's the very question," said

"Minoden, ch? I believe he must be Harry Mingden's uncle-it's not such a very common name," said Jack, reflec-"And Harry's my college chum -and I'm going to ask him to be my best man at the wedding."

"Oh, Jack! I hope he isn't as disa-greeable as his uncle!" cried Elfleda. "He's a trump!"

"Besides, I don't believe his uncle will let him come!" added the girl. "Not let him come? Why shouldn't

"Because he hates us so on account of the bees."

"But, I say, Fleda!" cried the young man, "this complicates matters! 1 promised to go and see Harry Mingden when I was down here."

"Go and see him, then; but don't nention the name of Fenwick, for your

"Indeed I shall. Isn't it the name of all others in which I take the most pride?"

"Oh, Jack, you will only make more trouble! It'll be worse than the bees. Promise me, Jack, or I'll never, never speak to you again.'

And Jack had to promise, after some unwilling fashion.

Mrs. Fenwick, a pretty, faded little widow was full charged with indignation when Fleda returned from her stroll in the woods.

"Mamma, what is the matter?" said "One of the hives was t-tipped over

tonight," sobbed Mrs. Fenwick; "and I'm sure he did it."

"It was the wind, mamma."

"No wind ever did that, Fleda. But I set it up again. I will never, never sacrifice my apiary to his absurd prejudices."

"Dear mamma, if you would only have the hives moved to the other side of the garden!' pleaded Fieda, caress-

ingly. "And sacrifice a question of principle! Never!' replied the widow.

Mrs. Fenwick, ordinarily the most amiable of women, was roused on this subject to an obstinacy which could only be characterized as vindictive. And Mr. Ezra Mingden was ten times

as bad as his neighbor. "That woman is a dragoness, Hal" he said to his nephew. "She keeps those bees simply to annoy me. I hate bees. Bees hate mc. Every time I walk there I get stung."

"But, uncle, you shouldn't brandish your cane about so," reasoned Harry. 'It's sure to enrage 'em."

"I don't brandish it on the woman's side of the fence. If her abominable buzzing insects persist in trespassing in my garden, am I not bound to protect myself?" sputtered Mr. Mingden.

"Can't you walk somewhere else?" "Can't she put her bees somewhere

"But, uncle, all this seems such trivial affair."

"Trivial, indeed! If you'd been stung on your nose and your ear and your eyelids and everywhere else, would you call it trivial? I never eat honey, and I've always considered bees to be an absurdly overrated section of entomology. What business have her bees to be devouring all my flowers? How ould she like it herself?"

Harry Mingden smiled to see the degree of fury to which the old gentleman was gradually working himself up. He was already in Jack Trevelyn's confidence, and thus, to a certain extent, enjoyed the unusual opportunity of secing both sides of the question.

"Look here, sir," said he, "why don't you set up a colony of bee-hives, yourself? If her bees rifle your flow ers, let yours go foreging into her garden. Let her see, as you suggest, how she would like it herself. Put a row of hives as close to your side of the fence, as you can get it. If they fight, let 'em fight. Bees are an uncommon ly war-like race, I'm told; if they agree what is to prevent 'em bringing half

the honey into your hives?" "By Jove," said Mr. Mingden, starting to his feet, "I never thought of that. I'll do it! I wonder where the deuce they sell bees! There isn't a moment to be lost "

"I think I know of a place where I could buy half a dozen hives," said

"The gentleman wants to buy some bees," said Fieda. "Dear mamma, do sell yours; we can easily get all the

"But I've kept bees all my life," said Mrs. Fenwick, piteously.

"Yes, but they're such a care, mamma, now that you are no longer young, and you are hardly able to look after them in swarming time, and-" (she dared not allude to the trouble they were making in neighborly relations, but glided swiffly on to the next vantage point) - "it will be just exactly

Mrs. Fenwick's face softened; she kissed Fleda's carmine cheek, with a

the money I want to finish the sum for my wedding dress."

"For your sake, then, darling," said she. "But I wouldn't for the world have Mr. Mingden think that I would concede a single inch to-"

"I don't know that it is any of Mr. Mingden's business," said Fleda,

The next day Mr. Mingden trotted to look at his new possessions.

"Too bad that Harry had to go back to town before he had a chance to see how the bee-hives looked in their place," soliloquized he. "A capital idea, that of his. I wonder what the old lady will say when she sees the opposition apiary! Won't she be furious! Ha, ha, ha!"

He adjusted his spectacles as he hastened down towards the sunny south walk which had heretofore been the battle-ground. There was the row of square, white hives on his side of the fence-but lo! and behold! the bench that had extended on the other side was vacant and deserted!

"Why!" he exclaimed, coming to an abrupt standstill. "What has she done with her bees?"

"Sold 'em all to you, sir," said Jacob, the gardener. "And a fine lot they be! And not an unreasonable price neither! Mr. Harry looked arter that hisself."

"I hope you'll be very kind to them, sir!" uttered a soft, pleading little voice, and Elfleda Fenwick's golden head appeared just above the pickets of the fence, "And I never knew until just now that it was you who bought

"Humph!" said Mr. Mingden.

"But, I hope, after this," kindly added Fleda, "that we shall never have any more trouble-as neighbors, I mean. It has made me very unhappy, and -"

The blue eyes, the faltering voice, melted the old gentleman at last.

"Then don't let it make you unhappy any longer, my dear!" said he, reaching over the pickets to shake hands with the pretty special pleader. "Hang the bees! After all, what difference does it make which side of the fence they're on? So you're the little school teacher. are you? I'm blessed if I don't wish I was young enough to go to school to

Fleda ran back to the house in secret

glee. "I do believe," she thought, "the Montague and Capulet feud is healed at last! And I do believe' (knitting her blond brows), "that Jack told young Mingden all about the bees, and that that is the solution of this mysterv!"

But that evening there came a present of white grapes from the Mingden greenhouses to Mrs. Fenwick, with the old gentleman's card.

pleased to get the bees," thought the old lady. "If I had only known he liked bees, I should have thought very differently of him. All this shows how slow we should be to believe servants' gossip and neighborhood tattle! If 1 had known he was the purclaser, 1 should have declined to negotiate; but perhaps everything has happened for the best!"

Jack Trevelyn thought so, when he stood up in the village church, a fortnight from that time beside a fair vision in glittering white silk, and a vail that was like crystalized frost-work. And the strangest part of all was that old Mr. Mingden was there to give the bride away!

"I take all the credit to myself," mischievously whispered Harry Mingden, the "best man." "But I'm afraid it is easier to set machinery in motion than to stop it afterwards! And it's just possible that I may have an auntin-law yet."

"Stranger things have happened," said the bridegroom. - The Ledger.

He Was Convinced. Judge-Prisoner, do you confess

your guilt? my lawyer has convinced even me of my entire innocenes."

ROYAL HOUSEKERPERS. A New York lady who was at the Queen's drawing-room writes to a friend in glowing terms about the practical side of the Princess of Wales. She not only had her three daughters taught to ride in left and right saddle seats, but also to make bread and butter. The butter rolls turned out at the royal dairy are "pretty things to look at and eat up," and the brown and white bread made by the Princesses Victoria and Maud are occasionally sent to Windsor Castle and would sweep the blue ribbons of an entire county of county fairs. One hour a day the princesses devote to housekeeping. Rumor has it that they don white altar gowns made with bishop's sleeves and girdled with an old silver chain to which the keys of the house are at tached .- New York World.

## WOMEN'S EYES.

According to a London optician women's eyes are weaker than men's, and they must not hope to get their sight suited in difficult cases by selecting for themselves spectacles from an optician's tray. A difficult condition of eyesight both to detect and to compensate is not infrequently found to be the cause of imaginary neuralgia or chronic headache; this may be described as being long-sighted with short-sighted astigmatism. In either of these cases no glasses that are compounds of convex curves or concave curves only, even spheres and cylinders combined, will give relief; it is only when the exact combination of convex spheres with concave cylinders, or concave spheres with convex cylinders, is found that the person who is troubled can see without strain.

# HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

"Did you ever notice," inquired an admirer of feminine loveliness, "that the bloom of health upon a woman's cheek, the sparkle in her eye, that every woman can acquire by due attention to hygienic rules, such as securing plenty of exercise, make the homeliest features most attractive, causes a retrousse nose. a mouth not exactly modeled after Cupid's bow, a face that lacks the oval outline over which poets rave, to become so attractive as to command attention from admirers of the male persuasion, where the placid beauty of a Grecian face, depending entirely on the regularity of features and classic head and brow for its attractiveness, will fail to attract a second glance. A certain writer has said that every woman is attractive while enjoying good health, and while his statement may be, perhaps, a trifle too broad, I think he was pretty nearly correct. There is no such enemy to feminine beauty as ill health. No, I am not going to spring a patent medicine advertisement on you fellows, so you needn't walk away. I'm not connected with any drug store either." -Star-Sayings.

PROPER TREATMENT OF THE HAIR. No woman need expect to have her

hair looking beautiful who goes to bed without taking it down and giving it its night dressing. A woman who has wonderfully beautiful hair says: "I take out all the pins, brush my well, and then plait it carefully but loosely, so that in the morning it is not in a snarl. I usually try to brush it ten minutes, but when I can get somebody else to do it for me the sensation is so delicious that I almost wish they could keep on forever. Of course, sit down to brush it, because standing taxes the strength too much. I am one of the people who believe in learning the easiest way to do everything, for really the same ends may be gained with less exertion. The foolish woman is the one who rushes about her room in dressing, paces the floor while buttoning her gloves, stands while she is arranging her hair, and the result of her folly shows itself in her weariness when the time for recreation arrives."
Think over all this, you nervous women. Try to recognize the wastefulness of misapplied endeavor, and while you strive in every legitimate way to make yourselves look as pretty as possible, save your strength for some thing for which it will absolutely be required. -N. Y. Sun.

"Taking a photograph nowadays isn't the easy thing it was a few years ngo," said the photographer. the sitter was natisfied if the pleture represented fairly well the fratures and

figure. Today it must not only do that, but it must be, as well, full of the personality of the original. It must be a great deal more than the likeness of the physical man or woman it must express the entire individuality of the person.

"Look at the photograph of this woman, for example"-it was a fulllength figure of a beautiful woman holding back the folds of some heavy drapery against which her clear profile and small head were outlined. "That isn't a picture of the woman's face and figure simply, it's a picture of the very woman, with all the subtle traits and characteristics that go to make up her individuality.

"The ability to compass this is what makes photography an art and the photographer an artist. He must be able instantly to catch the individuality of each subject that is presented and choose such a pose of figure and expression of feature as shall best indicate that individuality.
"Sometimes the sitter is a help to

the artist, and sometimes not. Women have a better understanding than men of what is required to stamp a picture with their own spiritual likeness, and actresses are usually even better at it than the artist himself. Having studied themselves thoroughly, as well as the art of bodily expression, they instantly choose the most telling pose and the most effective expression.

"That is why the actress always gets a better picture than the average sitter."-New York Sun.

FACTS ABOUT SEWING THREAD.

Every seamstress, whether she wants No. 30 or 60 or 120 thread, knows from the number just what size the thread will be and what kind of sewing it can be used for, but how the numbers came to be just what they are and just what they mean not one person in a thousand knows; yet it is a very simple matter to explain, providing you only know the points and how to elucidate them. When 840 yards of yarn weigh 7000 grains, a pound of cotton, the thread makers mark it No. 1. If 1680 yards weigh a pound it is marked as No. 2. For No. 50 yarn it would take 50 multiplied by 840 to weigh a pound. This is the whole explanation of the yard measurement as used by the spool cotton manufacturers. The early manufactured thread was of three instead of six cord, the number being derived from the number of yards to the pound, just as it is to-day. No. 60 yarn made No. 60 thread, though in point of fact the actual calibre of No. 60 thread would equal No. 20 yarn, being made of three No. 20 strands twisted together.

When the se wing machine came into the market as the great thread consumer, unreasoning in its work and inexorable in its demands for mechanical accuracy, six cord cotton had to be made in place of the old and rougher three cord, it being much smoother. As thread numbers were already established they were not altered for the new article, and No. 60 six cord and No. 60 three cord were left identical in both size and number. To effect this the six cord has to be made of varn twice as fine as that demanded in making the three cord variety. The No. 60 six cord is made of six strands of No. 120 yarn. The three cord spool cotton is the same number as the yarn is made of. Six cord spool cotton is always made from varn double its number. Thread is a simple thing, but, simple as it is, there are two thousand kinds of it, and each kind goes through hundreds of different processes. - Boston Transcript.

FAHION NOTES.

White silk bounets for babies. Black satins for summer petticoats.

Parasols having immense plaid de-

Serge robes having side bands in lace Shoulder capes with the erect Medici

Fancy rolling linen collars, edged Satin striped black grenadine in large

Jabots and fichu collars of Vandyke lace and ribbon.

Plain and brocaded mohairs for combination dresses.

Large plaids in ginghams and small figures in satines. Long wraps of plaid and striped

A Mysterious Female Nihilist.

woman named Vera Sassulitch wed in an obscure province in Russia, where she taught a little country school. She was a really fine woman, of great natural ability, which had never developed owing to her narrow surroundings. By chance there came to visit in that town a brilliant editor of an influential newspaper, who made her acquaintance and who recognized her intelligence. Through this acquaintance she came to know that there was something to live for beyond her narrow limit; and when the editor went to his home there sprung up a correspondence between them.

Before long the journalist was arrested as a suspect by the secret police, who hurried him off to prison, and in searching his residence found letters from Vera Sassulitch. Without any reason whatever she was arrested and placed in jail for a long time, although, as had been stated, no proof whatever was found against her.

It so happened that she was placed in the same row of cells with the editor; once a week, when he was taken out to be lashed, she could hear his piercing yells, which rung through her head and were never effaced from her memory. It was then she swore that the instant she regained liberty she would kill the man who imprisoned the editor. and finally she would kill the Czar himself.

After many months of imprisonment she was released, and upon getting out of jail at once purchased a revolver. She walked immediately to the office. and, taking deliberate aim at the officer's head, fired, but the wound was not fatal.

Today that woman, Vera Sassulitch, is at the head of all Nihilist plots in the Czar's domains. Nobody knows where she can be found or what will be her next work. She sends messages and documents to the Czar and to all the leading men in his domains, warning them against acts of cruelty, and threatening them with death. But try as they may, no effort has succeeded in bringing her again under arrest. The Czar has sometimes risen from his bed, and, before dressing has happened to look upon his table and found there a warning from this woman, but never has he been able to find out who brought it or whence it come.'

## From Prison to Legislature. 'A tenderfoot judge from the East.

when I went out to Dakota fifteen years ago," said Senator Pettigrew to a reporter, "was holding court on the extreme frontier in a town on the banks of the Missouri river, when it chanced that an indictment for murder was brought against three men who had hanged a horse thief to a telegraph pole. The accused were released on their own bonds, and when the day came for their trial they came into court unaccompanied by an attorney, and advanced toward the judge, each one of them with his hand on a brace of 44-caliber revolvers, and moved that the case be adjourned for a year, during which they should be released as before on their personal bonds. The judge promptly granted the motion, remarking subsequently that the argument in its behalf in a court of law. "When the year had gone by no

further action was instituted, until it happened that one of the three men was elected to the Legislature. His seat was contested and the contestant, wishing to throw odium upon his adversary, had him arrested under the old indictment for murder and confined in the jail, which was immediately beneath the room in the court house where the Legislature met. The county was not willing to pay the prisoner's board, nor would the town or territorial authorities, and so the contestant paid it. But he lost his case and thereupon announced that he would not pay for his opponent's support any longer. So, inasmuch as no one else would become responsible for it, the man was liberated, walked upstairs, and took his seat in due form in the Legislative body, of which I was myself a member."- Washington Star.

The Brute!

"Speaking of wife beaters," remarked McCorkle, 'McCrackle beat his last evening very badly."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed Mrs. McCorkle indignantly.

"Yes, beat her four games of check-ers." - Epoch.