## Sullivan Republican.

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| The sunniest skies are the fairest, <br> The happiest hours are the best, Of all of life's blessings the rarest <br> Are pictures of pleasure and rest. <br> Though Fate is our wishes denying, <br> Let each bear his part like a man, Nor darken the world with our sighing <br> 'Tis better to laugh when we can. <br> Each heart has its burden of sorrow, <br> Each soul has its shadows profound; <br> 'Tis sunshine we're yearning to borrow <br> Then let us wear faces of pleasure <br> The world will be happy to scan. <br> A scowl is to no one a treasure- <br> 'Tis better to laugh when we can. |
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HIS NEIGHBOR'S BEES.
 "The idea," he cried, raising both
hands as if to invoke the fair moon herself by way of audience, "of a girl re-
fusing to be married simply because she hasn't got some particular "If I can't be married like other girrs, I won't bo married at all," de-
clarod Fleda, compressing her rosy "The iden of keeping a man waiting
or that!" groaned Jack "It won't be long," coaxed Fleda.
"But, look here, Fleds, wo go quietly to church and be maried, any day, and get the gown after-
wards?" pleaded Jack.
"But, Jack, it wouldn't be the same hing at all. A girl gets married but
once in her life, an! she wants to look "My own darling you woild look an
angel in anything!"
"Now, Fleda.
"I hate your school children," said
Jack, venomously. "I hate your
school. I despise the trustees, and I hould like to soo the building burn
down. Then you would have to come "No, I shouldn't," averred Fleda
I should take in millinery and dress making 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 ng up.
"No, don't," whispered Fled a,
shrinking
close to $\begin{array}{ll}\text { Mingden. } & \text { He's on his own premises; }\end{array}$ these woods belong to him. It's we
that are trespassers. Wait! Stand
When Wait! Stand
still until he has hasene by. He's very ear.-sighted, and he will never see
us." "And who"" "And who," breathed Jack, as
stout, elderly person trotted slowly across the patch of moonlight, and vanished behind the stiff laurel hedge, "is Ir. Mingden $Y^{\prime \prime}$
The new gentleman who has bough smoke Hall.

## "hing with you

intolerably very man who hates bees
ake away all those wants mamma to
by the south fence. He says he can't
a'n always afraid of being atung."
"Why don't he take it somowhare

| "That's the very question," said |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| Fleda, 'Mingden, eh? I believe he must be | mamma, now that you are no young, and you are hardly able |  |
| Mingden's uncle-it's not such | after them in swarming time, and-" |  |
| common name," sa | (she dared not allude to the trouble | Queen's drawing-room writes to afriend |
| tivoly. "And Harry's my collogoch | they wero making in noighborly rola- | in glowing terms about the practical |
| and $\mathrm{r}^{\text {r }}$ | tions, but glided swiffly on to |  |
| man at tho wedading. | vantago point)-"it | only had her three daughters ta |
| "Oh, Jack! I hope he isn't as disa- | the money I want to finish the sum my wedding dress." | rido in left and right saddlo seats, also to mako bread and butter. |
| trump | Mrs. Fonwick's face | butter rolls turned out |
| TH12 | kied Fold | dait |
| ot him come!" added the gir | deop sigh | the |
| Totlet him come? Why shou | For y | bread made by the Princesses |
|  | she. "But I wouldn't for the world | and Maud aro occasionally sent |
|  |  | and |
|  | concedo a single inch to | blue ribbons of an entiro county of |
| "But, I say, | on't know that it is | fai |
| d to go and ses H | Mingden's business," said Fleda, | princesses devote to housekeeping. |
| was down here." | $\underset{T}{\text { quie }}$ | as |
| and see him, then; | to look at his new possessions. |  |
| -on | 'Too |  |
|  | - | tached, -Neto Yort Worrd. |
| "Indeed I shall. Isn't it the name of all others in which I take the most | how the bee-hives looked in their |  |
|  | idea, that of his. I wonder what the | n |
| "Ob, J | $0$ |  |
| troublet li'll be worso than the bees. | position apiar |  |
| Promise me, Jack, or | Ha, ha, hal' |  |
| speak to you again." |  |  |
| And Jack had to promise, af | hastened down towards the sunny south | optician's tray. A difficult |
| unwilling fashoo. | walk which had heretofore been the | of egesight both to detoet and to com- |
| Mrs. Fe | battleground. There was the |  |
|  | do |  |
|  |  |  |
| stroll in the |  |  |
| "Ma | was vacant | nstigmatio |
|  |  | no glasses that are compounds of con. |
|  |  |  |
| nwick; "and |  |  |
| '11 |  |  |
| the wind, mamma." |  | combination of convox spheres with |
|  | they be! And not an unreasonable | cylinde |
| But I set it up again. I will never, never sacritice my apiary to his absurd | price neither! Mr. Harry looked arter | nvex |
| never sacritice my apiary to his absurd prejudices.' | the | the person who is troubled can see |
| ${ }_{\text {Prear }}$ Dear mamr | ho |  |
| e the hives moved to the other side |  |  |
| of the garden!' p.e.tod F.eda, caross- |  | "Did you evor notice," inquired an |
|  | head appearei j just above the pickets of | admirer of feminine lovelines, "that |
| -And sacrifice a question of pris |  | oom of health |
|  | just |  |
| rily |  |  |
| amiable of women, was roused on this |  |  |
| subject to an olstinacy wich could |  |  |
| characterizod as vi |  |  |
|  |  | a mouth not |
| as |  | Cupid's bow, a face that lacks the oral |
| "That woman is a dragoness, Hal', |  | outline over which poets rave, to be- |
| ho said to his nephew. "She |  |  |
| 硣 bees simply to annoy me. I hate |  |  |
| beos. Bees hate me. ,", Every time 1 |  |  |
|  | ${ }^{\text {any }}$ | Grecian face, depending entirely on the |
| "But, uncle, you shouldn't brandish |  |  |
| ne abut |  | for its attra |
| and |  | nd |
| d don't brandish it on tho | on? So |  |
| side of the fence. If her abominable |  |  |
| buzzing insects persist in trespasiong in |  | and whilo his statement may be, per- |
| , |  | haps, a triflo too broad, I think ho was |
| myself' 'spu |  |  |
| "Can't yo |  | feminine beauty |
| "Can't sho put | oo believe," she thought, | No, I am not going to sp |
|  | Montague and Capulet feut is heates | aver |
|  | at last! And 1do believe' (knitting |  |
| d been | bond | connected with any drug store either." |
|  | yo |  |
| your eyelids and $o$ |  |  |
| yon call it tivin? |  | No woman need expect to have her |
|  |  |  |
| surdly overrated section of ento- |  | ng it d |
| What busioss have her bees |  |  |
| devouring all my flowers? How |  | ly beautiful hair |
|  |  |  |
| Harry Mingden smiled to see the de- | pl | well, and then plait it carefully but |
| to which theold | old lady. "If I ha |  |
| graually working himsolf up. He | liked bes, 1 should have though |  |
| already in Jack Trevelyn's confi- | differently of him. All thi |  |
|  | elieve |  |
| the unusuna opportunity |  | is so del icious that I almost wish they |
| ing |  | could keep |
| khero, sir," said he, "why |  | sit down to brush it, becauso stan |
| don't you set up a colony of bee-hives, |  | the strongth too much. Ia |
| yourself? If her bees riflo your flow- |  | of the people who believe in learning |
| your go foreging into her gat | Jack Trevelyn thought so, when he |  |
| den. Let her see, as you suggost, ho |  |  |
| sho would like it herself. Put a | night from that tim | foolish w |
| ves as close to your side | in glittoring white silk, a | is the one who rushes about her room |
| e, as you can get it. If they fight, | was like crystalized frost-work. And | while |
| om fight. Bees are an uncommon- | the strangest part of all was that old |  |
| -like race, $\mathbf{Y}$ 'm told; if they agree | Mr. Mingden was there | ing her hair, and the |
| what is to prevent 'em bringing hat the honey into your hivest' |  |  |
| the honey into your hives ${ }^{\text {ch }}$ |  | time for recereation a |
| Jove," said Mr. Mingden, | mischievously whispered Harry | fer all this, you |
| his fret, "I never though | do | women. Try to recognize the waste |
| Y'll do itl I wonder where | it is oasier to set machinery in |  |
| ethey sell bees! | th | while you strive in every legitimate way |
| nt to be lost." think I Inow |  | to make yoursolves look as protty as |
| "I think 1 know of a placo where I could buy half a dozen hivos," said | eet.' |  |
| could bug Harry. |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| a. |  |  |
| bees," said Fioda. "Dear mamma, do sell yourr; we can easily get all tho |  | h nownanga |
| sell yours; we can easily got all tho hooey wo want-", |  |  |
| "Dut 1 'vo lsept bees all my Hf ," |  |  |


| 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 ontire individuality of the person. <br> "Look at tho 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. <br> "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 prosented and choose such a pose of figure and expression of feature as shall best indicate that individuality. <br> "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. <br> "That is why the actress al ways gets a better picture than the average sitter."-New York Sun. |
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Aysserions Female Nilhilist. A moman named Vera Sassulitch
ved in an obscure province in Russia, She was a really fine woman, of great natural ability, which had never been
developed owing to her narrow suroundings. By chance there came to
visit in that town a brilliant editor of an influential nows paper, who made her acquaintance and who recognized her
intelligence. Through this acquaintneo she came to know that there was limit; and when tho editor went to his home there spr
between them.
Beforo long the journalist was arested as a suspect by the secret police,
who hurried him off to prison, and in earching his residence found letters
rom Vera Sassulitch. Without any placed in jail for a long time, although, was found against her. It so happened that she was placed
in the same row of colls 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,
aud finally she would kill the Czar him-

After many months of imprisonment sho was released, and upon gettung out
of jail at onco purchased a revolvor.
She walked immedintely to the of nd, taking deliberate aim at the officer's head, fired, but the wound was not Todny 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 nerd documents to the Czar and to all
ne leading men in his domains, warning them againat acts of cruelty, and
threatening them with death. But try threatening them with death. suced
as they may, no effort has succeded
in bringing her again under arrest. in bringing her again under arrest. , warnng from this woman, but never
as he been able to find out who

## From Prison to Legislature

$\qquad$ go," said Senator Pettigrew to a re-
porter, "was holding court on the exfreme 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 brought against three men who had air for their trial they came into court came for their trial they came into court
unaccompanied by an attorney, and ad-
vanced toward the judge, each one of them with his hand on a brace of 44 -cal-
iber revolvers, and moved that the case be ad journed for a year, during which personal bonds. The judge promptly runtly that the argument in its behalf was the most powerful he had ever heard cown
"When the year hnd gone by no
furthier action was instituted, until it bappened that one of the three men was elected to the Legisature. His
seat was contested and the contestant, wishing to throw odium upon his ad-
versary, had him arrested under the old ridictment for murder and confined iv he jail, which wasimmediately beneath Legislature met. Tho county was not willing to pay the prisoner's board, nor ties, and so the contestant paid it. But ho lost his case and thereupon announced
that he would not pay for his oppothat he would not pay for his oppo-
nent's support any longer. So, inasmuch as no one else would become re--
sponsible for it, the man was liberated, walked upsta which I was myself a member."- Wash. ington Star.


