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WHISTLE THEM AWAY.

Have you any petty cares, boys?
Whistle them away,
There's nothing cheers the spirits,
Like a merry roundelay.
No matter for the headaches,
'Neath silk or hoddie-gray,
For the sake of those who love you,
Just whistle them away.

'Tis strange how soon friends gather
About a cheerful face;
That smiling eyes and lips count more
Than beauty, wealth, or grace;
But I have seen it tried, boys,
When trouble comes to stay,
The brave heart leaps to work, and strives
To whistle it away.

Then as you climb life's hill, boys,
Put music in your toll,
Turn to your traitor trials,
A whistle for a foil;
Be steadfast in the right, boys,
Whate'er the world may say,
Temptations never conquer those
Who whistle them away!

—Mary A. Denison, in *Youth's Companion*

FEARLESSNESS.

BY ROSE H. LATHROP.

"Genevieve Chamberlain is too silent," remarked Hall Balkan. "When she comes into the room I feel as if I wanted to shake a secret out of her perfect mouth; but, as she is very dainty and very beautiful, I don't really do it."

The young woman who sat near him as he spoke, painting fancy work, and who could not quite compete with a great beauty, thought that Balkan was showing off, being irritated by Genevieve's apparent indifference and was trying to console himself by grumbling at her, although he would have been very critical of any one else who dared to do so. This young woman, who could reflect intelligently, was, nevertheless, a perfect child in guilelessness. She could stand in judgment over people, as a child does, and cause no antagonism at any rate, in a nature as generous as her own. She was the sort of girl who would remain sweet and naive as an old woman.

Nellie Featherly looked round at Balkan, in a moment, and responded:

"Now, there is nothing mysterious about me."

"You? I should think not! You are so fearless, straightforward and amusing."

"You have not quite illusion enough about me, I think," Nellie pouted over her satin scarf, which was bursting into flower and leaf. "You have made me out just one of the ordinary, useful tomeside-kind of women, and, although you are right, I do hate to hear the fact repeated."

"I don't care what you think of yourself or how you construe my appreciation of you," answered Balkan, saucily. "I am perfectly content with enjoying your traits and sitting where you paint."

Nellie went on busily, with a dozen pretty attitudes and motions and a rather dissatisfied expression of countenance. Whether it was her work or her words which annoyed her, Balkan was not sure.

"That's exquisite, and no mistake," he went on, peering over at the drawing-board on her knees, upon which the satin was stretched.

"Oh, please don't say pretty things," Nellie cried, "Somehow, you seem insincere to-day!"

"If my dear Miss Featherly, I should not hesitate to tell the truth, rather than prevaricate. To be quite honest, I would tell you the truth about anything in the world you could ask me; though with others I might be as silent as Genevieve, instead of confessing to actualities."

"If I ever want to ask you anything I will remember this," the young amateur rejoined, with the nicest smiles into Balkan's earnest face.

Cecil Morton sauntered across the room, during the little pause ensuing and said that the day was too good for staying in the house. Why not go to walk before dinner? The young people, eight when all told, were visiting some dear old country gentlefolks to whom Nellie was nearly related, and who had asked them out of town for a week of sleighing, and other winter fun, the snow being in better condition than for years past. That evening they were to go sleighing by moonlight and it was super-energetic for Morton to talk of walking. But we all know how these restless people of energy or muscle rout us out of little lazy tete-a-tetes and freside luxury. Neither Nellie nor Balkan wished to be stigmatized as both to exercise and so they rushed out of the parlor to find the others and get well wrapped up against a coolish ramble; while Cecil Morton smiled to himself in a mirror to think of the commotion he could effect at will.

Nellie and Genevieve paired off, intentionally, as the group left the hall-

door ten minutes later. Something agitated Nellie's beautiful friend, as the former was able to discover through girlish intimacy, which is a very deep thing indeed. Genevieve's face looked calm and pale as she said, in a low, rather tragic voice, to the affectionate girl beside her:

"My heart is almost breaking. I am so wretched, and so surprised. To think of it! Never have I loved before, and every one always on their knees to me. And now, the very one who absorbs my thought—cold, cold, cold!"

"Don't be silly, Gen. You're so fired up at finding any one you can become romantic over, that you are as blind as a hickory nut, beside being dreadfully awkward when he's around. Moreover, Hall Balkan is perfectly splendid—so handsome and so manly! I don't wonder wonder you like him tremendously. And the idea of his not coming under your spell! As for me, I just know he thinks you are irresistible. I know you are in his mind!"

"You love me, and try to think me a vanquisher of all hearts, no matter how brave and free," murmured Genevieve.

"But my former conquests have not been all-convincing, because Mr. Balkan is really the only true, fine person of enviable position and means whom I ever met in our set. There seem to be a thousand foolish bachelors to one downright hero!"

"I think Hall is a fine fellow," Nellie again admitted, softly, thrusting her little hand upon Genevieve's arm for a few steps, and then stopping her arbitrarily, and letting the others catch up with them. "How far north we seem!" she then exclaimed. "I am sure the Arctic Sea is over that hill of pines by the meadow. Ribbons of white cloud and this exhilarating atmosphere make me feel as if I were somebody else! Oh, we are explorers. Is that a Polar bear or a snow drift?" she concluded, pointing to a white banked gate post by the cattle lane.

Cecil Morton tried to shuffle the little party in such a way that he would come next to Genevieve; but she evaded him, by sheer force of desperation. And, as luck would have it, Hall Balkan came up to her with his fine, hearty good cheer, and asked her to walk with him as far as a wide-spreading elm at a considerable distance down the high road; and Nellie Featherly heard him say it. A damask flush all over Genevieve's face made Balkan glance round to see if the sunset had begun yet; but the West was as gray as a flag-stone. Genevieve was willing, and they started off at a huge pace, which the rest tried to imitate; but not too well, as every one of the girls thought that Balkan wanted to propose to his companion, and determined to let him have a chance.

At last the two figures in advance stopped under the delicate tracery of the great, bare elm-tree, and seemed to be talking earnestly. Then a cry went up from Nellie Featherly, for Genevieve had sunk to the ground, evidently in a faint, and Balkan knelt at her side.

"The walk was too rapid for her," exclaimed Nellie, off-hand. "Oh, Mr. Morton, why must you always be asking us to go for constitutional; they'll be the death of us!" And Nellie, whom no one had ever seen really provoked before, gave him a cross glance; and then went on a run, accompanied by the reproved Morton, toward her friend, while the others followed more or less ardently.

As faithful Nellie ran, she discerned a strange, black cloud rolling toward them all, down the snowy road. Soon the motion of two prancing horses became apparent; and as Nellie reached Genevieve's prostrate form, in the middle of the road, over which Balkan was bending in absorbed dismay, the plucky girl realized that a runaway team was in full swing at a few yards' distance, and quite unobserved by any one but herself and Cecil Morton, who shouted to Nellie to have a care and jump aside.

But this Nellie never thought of doing. On she ran, beyond Genevieve, whose danger was so imminent—and what could she do to avert the danger? In her muff was a ball of snow, which had been reduced by careful manipulation (under Morton's instructions) to an icy consistency; capable, as her teacher had explained, of killing anybody, if rightly aimed. It is by no means easy to swerve the direction of a maddened horse. But one of these was running away because the other wanted to, and he yet retained some common-sense. At any rate, Nellie drew forth her icy ball, in a twinkling, and hurled it, by good luck, at the snar horse (for they were

now close at hand) with such splendid vigor and true aim that it hit him furiously on the nose. He plunged aside, slipped on the hard crust of the old snow beside the road, and keeled over, carrying his rampant mate with him into the ditch. They were a powerful team belonging to Nellie's uncle, and were dragging an empty wood-sledge. Their driver was hallooing in the distance, as he ran wearily along.

Nellie pondered a moment over the success of her defense and gazed at the quivering limbs of the foe, and then turned back to Genevieve, panting. The girls were on the bank at the other side of the road.

Meantime, Balkan had but just locked up, realized the peril and caught Genevieve in his arms, while Morton threw his weight wildly upon the young man's struggling shoulders. It is always in some such way that a person weak in emergencies assists the real actors.

So swiftly do runaway horses proceed that it only seemed an instant since Genevieve had fainted.

Now all the girls swooped down from their perch helpfully, and surrounded their pale friend, whose swoon was so much in earnest that she had not stirred an eyelash. Nellie seized Balkan's hand and told him she must speak with him instantly.

"Did you offer yourself?" she severely demanded, when she had led him, peremptorily, out of hearing of the others.

"No," he gasped, gazing blankly, as a man does who is confronted with more Greek than he is prepared for.

"Didn't you propose?" exclaimed Nellie, in the same indignant tone, which showed Balkan that he was a criminal, whichever way he pleaded.

"Do explain!" he quavered, gently.

But Nellie was off to Genevieve with impertinent haste, kneeling down at her side, calling for soft snow from under a drift and rubbing the beauty's temples and lips with it, while she explained to Morton how to get Genevieve's hands warm; much to his satisfaction, for she did not object to his covering them with kisses.

The teamster came up, and Nellie found time to scold him for his stupidity.

"I know you by sight, Jim," she said. "But that shan't save you. Go you shall from my uncle's service!"

"But, Miss!"

"No 'buts!' You might have killed a dozen people, you goose!"

"As true as I live, Miss, I've always heard as how horses will run in winter, when the moon is near the full, as its been proved this day! So crisp-like everywhere, Miss, what can you expect of them."

"Swear you'll never leave your horses without tying them tight," commanded Nellie, haughtily.

"Faith I'll swear when I'm out of your prudence, Miss!" Jim humbly answered.

The horses were unhitched from the sledge, and the young people undertook to drag Genevieve home, which the stout poles at the sides of the conveyance assisted them to accomplish, as the girls could take hold of them and propel, while the young men dragged the cumbersome concern. The fair invalid was pillowed on muffs and covered with newmarkets, and was pleased to revive nicely. It was first sunset and then deep dusk when the catafalque slowly reached home.

It may be supposed that dinner was a little late that evening.

Nellie came into the parlor before the others, looking lovely, in still another of her Worth dresses, and Balkan was waiting for her, ready to pounce.

Nellie's eyes, which looked unusually big and bright, because she had been crying all to herself, filled again with tears. She edged away into the anteroom, and he followed.

"I meant," she replied, sotto voce, "that when you love her, and when she loves you, and when you come out into the 'backwoods' and have plenty of opportunities, and when we are all looking on from a respectful distance, it is perfectly stupid of you not to offer yourself to Genevieve, and I should have fainted and died both if I had been in her place! She showed great self-control not to have died. You had no business to stipulate the tree, anyhow, for of course she would expect everything to be settled before she got there. Oh! of course you think me outrageous to meddle with you and talk right out as if I were a novel, without respect of persons and open secrets; but I'm nobody in particular, and I will love Genevieve and put my finger into her affairs if I like to! And I'll just add this: that I'm going to ar-

range to have you both driven by the coachman to-night in the big sleigh, while we are apportioned off to little cutters. The driver's seat is way up."

"But, my dear Miss Featherly—" "Nellie—"

"Now, don't be disrespectful. Of course I can only ask for an outward show of respect after telling you to offer yourself to my dearest friend, whom we all know (goose) you are hoping to win; but that show of courtesy I stipulate for."

"But how can I ask Miss Chamberlain in marriage if I love you?" Balkan squeezed in, desperately.

Nellie sat down on the arm of a chair and looked up at him aghast, blushing and appealing.

"Oh, you can't be in love with me!" she panted.

"I wish you would not be so scornful," he answered. "You ought to have known it. Months ago, I was crazy about Genevieve, like the rest; but only for a week, for then I met you. A man don't sit staring all day at a girl unless he dotes on her! While I stare at you, your utter indifference to me is something appalling; but I had hoped to win you in the end. Then you take me by the throat, yank me in front of somebody else, with orders, martial in their haste, and now cast me into a perfect sea of premature-ness; for, of course, you'll spurn my all-unheralded revelation. But I'm as obstinate as you are, and love you I will, by Jove!" Balkan sat down on another chair-arm, and being trim as a marble statue for dinner, and not having time to brush his hair again if he tore it a little, thrust his thumbs in his pockets and glared at the fire.

A faint rustle of heavy silk at his elbow made him feel exultant.

"If she consents to it, you might propose to me, then, in the Russian sleigh!" He turned, and the little creature's superb eyes met his. He caught her hands, and studied her face with blissful care.

"I thought I was of no great account," she murmured, all of a tremble; and was suddenly kissed in a way that made her feel that for the future she had some one to guard her against all harm, and give her all the happiness she could wish for.

—*The Independent*.

Live 'Skeeters From Mexico.

Everybody around the rotunda of the Custom House when they heard Edward H. Kreemer, the veteran animal broker, say that he had just entered a big lot of live mosquitoes thought he was either romancing or was losing some of the quick sense which enables him instantly to tell a Yorkshire from a Dandie Dinmont terrier. Eddie went on to say in the presence of the credulous-minded brokers and clerks that four packages of the pestiferous insects had arrived on the steamship *Alansa* from Vera Cruz. Two of the packages contained live mosquitoes and two dead mosquitoes baked in the form of cakes. They came from Mexico, of which country they are natives. Eddie described the pests to be as long as his hand, or many times the size of their famous Eastern cousins.

"What are they for, Eddie?" he was asked.

"To feed soft billed birds, such as robins and others." The broker said that he paid duty on the live skeeters at the rate of twenty per cent., and that the insects were consigned to Reiche Brothers, of Park Row. "The duties," he added, "amounted to \$21."

One of the Reiche Brothers said that the firm was expecting a shipment of mosquitoes from Mexico, but that they were dead ones. If any of the lot get here alive they must have been restored to life on the passage. They are caught in nets in Mexico and dried. They are fed to trushes, nightingales, mockingbirds, and other soft billed birds.—*New York Sun*.

The Apathetic Dominicans.

The people of San Domingo generally are apathetic, and as a rule lazy; very honest, and, as with all people who take the world as it comes, good natured; very respectful to foreigners, and, as a matter of fact, one could go about with greater safety among these simple people than in this great metropolis. When first you land in a Dominican town the appearance of its lower order of citizens is not very assuring, as they are armed to the teeth, carrying generally a pistol and a most murderous looking weapon called a "machete." I had occasion to learn that they were very handy with this latter. In traveling through the country in unfrequented places these knives come into great requisition, and in cutting down undergrowth, small branches of trees, etc., they are very useful.—*New York Star*.

A Duck Farm.

Not far from Boston, in the town of Easton, Mass., is situated the largest duck farm in the world. For years past the business of raising ducks for market has been carried on upon an enormous scale in this neighborhood. The biggest establishment devoted to the industry used to be found along the shore, it being supposed formerly that the web-footed birds could not possibly thrive without plenty of water to swim in. Besides, the ocean was a most convenient source of food-supply in the shape of fish, which were caught in huge quantities with seine and net for quacking stock. The trouble with this method of feeding, however, was that the flesh acquired an undesirable fishy flavor, calculated to diminish its selling value. Then, too, it was discovered at length that ducklings could be raised and make to thrive without any water facilities at all—in short, that natatory exercise was merely a luxury for them and not a necessity by any means. And it is on this theory that the gigantic duck-farm at Easton is conducted.

Everything appertaining to the rearing of the ducklings is performed artificially, for this business is one in which art outdoes nature altogether. Even in old old times the device was resorted to of employing the maternal offices of the hen for hatching out the duck eggs and bringing up the broods. But now the motherly barn-yard fowl has been superseded by the incubator, which turns out the fuzzy little yellow creatures by thousands, ready to nestle under an imitation mamma with steam-pipe vitals and gorge themselves to adult fitness on especially-prepared soft food. The duck thus brought by patent methods to marketable size is sure to be tender, juicy and most delicate of flavor. At forty to fifty cents a pound it pays the producer admirably. Most breeders say that the "Pekin" duck, a bird of Chinese origin, is the most desirable for all purposes. It is hardy, matures early, and weighs from fourteen to twenty pounds to the pair.—*Washington Star*.

Science of Sciences and Art of Arts.

Agriculture is the art of all arts, the science of all sciences, the life of all life; and when agriculture is languishing and dying all other industries and professions and avocations must of necessity decline, in time, in the same ratio, for all are dependent upon agriculture for life and subsistence. Statistics prove (and figures are cited) that our agriculture is on the decline and that while other industries and vocations bring prosperity, the farmer grows poorer year by year. Our soil is rich, our crops are large, and yet the farmer's financial status does not improve but grows daily and yearly from bad to worse. The situation demands most careful, prayerful thought.

A tremendous responsibility rests upon parents in the education of their children. It is the duty of every parent to so educate the child that said child when of mature age may possess such education and training in some profession, trade or avocation as to fit him for making an honest living.

Colonel Polk spoke of the value of agricultural schools and how they had increased in Germany and France and England and other countries, and what fostering care the Governments of these countries bestowed upon them—fully realizing the necessity of such agricultural education and skill as affecting the welfare and prosperity of each individual country. He said there were 184 agricultural schools in Germany and hundreds in England. He spoke of the grand work accomplished by Gilbert and Lawes of England in scientific agricultural experiments, and how Great Britain and the civilized world at large are beginning to more fully and completely appreciate the grand work performed by these men. The progress made in agricultural science has been far greater within the present century than for centuries.—*Piscayune*.

Owner of Many Bibles.

The owner of the largest private collection of Bibles in this country is probably Mr. Wm. D. Garrison, the President of New York State Hotel Association and proprietor of the Grand Union Hotel of this city. Mr. Garrison has not less than 400 different editions of the sacred book. When a young man, he had a mind to become an Episcopalian minister, and studied with this aim in view for two years. But he then found that it would be difficult for him to preach on many points of doctrine with which he could not fully agree, and devoted his life to business.—*New York Sun*.

FUN.

Strange to say, the only way to kill a law is not to execute it.

Nations move by cycles, says Emerson. Boys move bicycles, too.

"Can I help your heartache?" "Yes, if you'll my heart take."

A man runs and gets warm. Butter gets warm and runs.—*Statesman*.

No matter how industrious the baker may be, he is at best a loafer.—*Merchant Traveler*.

In Tennyson's "rosebud garden of girls," it is supposed there were no "widow's weeds."

It was a barber who remarked that it took everything he could "rake and scrape" to make him a living.

If some men were half as big as they think they are, the world would have to be enlarged.—*Merchant Traveler*.

The Indian squaws of the past were very romantic. They always took their bows about with them.—*Statesman*.

Tompkins—"What has become of Dimly, who went around lecturing on 'The rich should divide their wealth among the poor?'" Johnson—"Oh, he inherited \$50,000 from an uncle, and has gone to New York to enjoy it."—*Light*.

Not a Mutual Benefit.—Emeline—"Alfred, I am very fond of you, but I doubt if I love you enough to be your wife." Alfred—"Emeline, give me, oh, give me, the benefit of the doubt!" Emeline—"I will, Alfred. Henceforth, all is over between us."

An Iowa man told a love-sick girl that he would marry her if she would commit to memory the whole of Webster's dictionary. He didn't suppose she could do it, and now he will have to take the consequences for the rest of his life.—*Burlington Free Press*.

Recipes to Overcome Wakefulness.

Among the many recipes that have been given for overcoming wakefulness is one devised by a Mr. Gardner, and formerly celebrated in England, but now almost forgotten. It is to lie on the right side, with the head so placed on the pillow that the neck shall be straight; keeping the lips closed tightly, a rather full inspiration is to be taken through the nostrils, and the lungs then left to their own action. The person now imagines that he sees the breath streaming in and out of his nostrils, and confines his attention to this idea. If properly carried out, this method is said to be infallible. Counting and repeating poetry are other means that have been recommended. Combing the hair, brushing the forehead with a soft shaving-brush, or fanning, are all good sleep-inducers, and might well be tried on sleepless children.

To these may be added the Spanish practice of getting a baby off to sleep by rubbing its back with the hand. A sensation of dry, burning heat in the soles and palms, which accompanies certain diseases in some people, is a cause of sleeplessness that will give way to sponging the parts with vinegar and water. Wakefulness is sometimes the result of lack of food, and a glass of cold water or pale ale, or the eating of a sandwich, will, by setting up activity in the abdominal organs, divert the superabundant blood from the head, thus removing the cause of the unnatural activity of the brain. One reason why the most gifted of minds have frequently been afflicted by sleeplessness is because bodily exercise is too often neglected by people devoted to intellectual pursuits. For such persons there is no better soporific than muscular exertion, carried even, in extreme cases, to a sense of fatigue.—*Once A Week*.

The Indians and the Earthquake.

The Indians hereabout are very badly frightened over the recent shakeups, and fear that this portion of California will be engulfed. There is an old Indian in Willow Creek valley, who has seen the snows of ninety odd winters, and who declares that he can remember when a mountain near Frank Fleury's place on Willow Creek sank and water surged up, covering the whole country, and that the water again subsided and the mountain rose once more. There is a tradition among the Indians here that such a thing has occurred many times, but this old fellow declares that he can remember such an occurrence. We are in the very midst of a volcanic region, in fact this portion of the country is of volcanic origin, and the frequent and severe shocks certainly indicate a renewed activity somewhere.—*Sussexville (Cal.) Advocate*.