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ECHO SONG

Who can say where Echo dwells? In some mountain cave methinks, Where the white owl sits and blinks; Or in deep sequestered dells, Where the fox-glove hangs its bells, Echo dwells.

Echo!

Phantom of the crystal air! Daughter of sweet mystery! Here is one has need of thee; Lead him to thy secret lair, Myrtle brings he for thy hair: Hear his prayer, Echo! Echo!

Echo, lift thy drowsy head, And repeat each charmed word Thou must needs have overheard Words unsaid, Echo! Echo!

Breathe the vows she since denies! She hath broken every vow; What she would she would not now: Thou did'st hear her perjuries. Whisper, whilst I shut my eyes, Those sweet lies,

-Thomas Aldrich, in Atlantic Monthly.

THE EXPRESS CAR.

A MESSENGER'S ADVENTURES.

Even in these days of peace, with every money handler armed for defence, surrounded by every safeguard, 'anks are "touched," stages held up, xpress cars robbed, and the highway robber and the horse thief have no com plaints of lack of business. This being the case now, you can imagine the state of affairs during the war, even though you were not a living witness. Along about 1863 the bad men of the times reaped a constant harvest. Money was abundant, every day full of excitement, and embezzlers and absconders outnumbered honest men. And, too, banks, express companies, and other big money handlers were green to many of the tricks and schemes, and the idea of buying a revolver for an express messenger out of company funds would have been voted down instanter. He must arm bimself, and if he pulled through he was a good fellow. If he didn't, it was looked upon as "an act of Providence."

For two years I had a run on the express between Cincinnati and St. Louis and between St. Louis and Chicago, and during those years I carried enough money to pay the national debt. On either run it was considered an "off" time when I did not have \$20,000, and many and many a time I checked up from \$100,000 to \$150,000 without being excited over the temporary possession of so much cash. I carried the old-fashioned portable safe, good enough to keep out the rain, but no defence against a hammer and cold chisel, and I had one of the best Colt's revolvers that money could buy. I was only a year or two over age when I made my first run, stout and ac tive, and I think I had a fair share of nerve and pluck.

My first adventure occurred while St. Louis. I had been on the road about six weeks, and the business was so heavy that we had to have an extra man. While after the parcels and boxes, and we had a whole car to ourselves. My assistant was named John Goodhue, and he had been one of the check clerks in the freight department of the Cincinnati office. He was an easy going, goodnatured man of forty, much given to taking things easy, but as he was the only man the company could or would spare I had to take him as I found him and make the best of it. Whenever we pulled out of either city we were very busy for the first half hour. I saw that everything was properly checked off and accounted for in the line of money and valuables, and then assisted him if he was not already through. It thus sometimes happened that I was busy at my safe in the corner for the first twenty miles out, and that little or no conversation was exchanged between us.

On this particular evening Goodhue was ten minutes late at the train, but he I had a middle-aged steady going man as took hold with unusual spirit, and when the stuff was all in we had the car pretty well filled. I was at my safe when the train pulled out, and I heard Goodbue moving about and going through the off until we reached a farm thirty miles were generally Chicago detectives or po away, and then it was something in the line of freight. I therefore took things easy, and was smoking as I did my work. afternoon, about two hours before train

own safe and \$62,000, a paymaster's safe | military-looking man, who claimed to be million. I was sitting on this and bend- express his safe to St. Louis. Its coning over my own when I received a blow tents were said to be upward of \$200,000, on the head from behind. It fell upon the left side of my head and glanced to the shoulder, but it knocked me over heard this much without having taken sideways in a heap on the floor. I was not stunned, but it came to me in a second to "play 'possum." Even while falling I realized that it was a plan to rob the car, and I wondered who Goodhue had behind him. I rolled over on my back, groaned two or three times, and then straightened out, and after a minute I heard a voice say. "Come out, Jim-he's settled!"

It was the voice of the man who had struck me, but not the voice of Goodhue. I heard a second man come forward, and then the plot was exposed. Neither was same opinion and had become suspicious. Goodhue, and both were strangers.

"Guess you've done for him, Tom," said the last comer as he stood over me. "Couldn't help it, Jim-he'd have given us a fight if I hadn't. Now, then, we've got things coopered. In five minutes we shall be at Blankville. There's nothing to go off, but I'll open the door. Sit here on the safe."

The whistle blew, the train pulled up, and pretty soon we were at a standstill. The robber opened the sliding door and stood as cool as you please for two or the agent that there was nothing to go shut the door and came over and said:

"Open the other door. Five miles from here is the stretch of woods, and we must be ready to dump the safes at the

My revolver was under me, in its holster, and I was helpless. The first move I made would have brought them upon me, and they would have been certain to make sure work of it this time. I had to let them carry out their plan, but I was forming another. The stretch of woods was two miles long, and between Blankville and the next stop was a distance of eighteen miles. The two small stations between were not on our soon out went the safes. Then the men ran out at the end of the car, set the brake, and pulled the bell cord. That was what they did, but I did not wait to see or hear it. They were no sooner clear of the car than I rose up and took a flying leap straight out into the darkness after the money. There was a long pile of gravel on that side, and I struck into this, turned over and over half a dozen times, and finally brought up in a shaken up, but not a bone broken. The engine was whistling for brakes a mile away, and as soon as I could free my mouth and eyes of dirt I started down the track. I found the first safe on the edge of the ditch, and the second a hundred feet away beside a stump. I dragged mine down to the paymaster's, then got out my revolver and hid behind a stump, and pretty soon I heard the fellows coming down the track. They had brought making the run between Cincinnati and the train almost to a standstill, and then signaled it to go ahead and jumped. They were hunting along the ditch as hurts as we continued the journey. Both they came, and I waited until they were jumped up and shouted: "Here they are, boys; shoot them down!"

They didn't stand for a second, but went off as fast as they could heel it, followed by my bullets, and half an hour later I had the safes aboard of a freight train. An investigation proved that Goodhue was blind drunk on that night. He had accepted an offer to drink with a stranger, and had been plied with liquor until he fell down on the street. The robbers must have known him well, and have also been familiar with our way of working. Who they were we never

run between St. Louis and Chicago there was scarcely a week that something did not occur to arouse my suspicions. The heft of the money went South, but there was always enough on either run to tempt a robber to take desperate chances. assistant, and it would have had to be a sharp man who could get the better of him. Now and then, when we were carrying big money for some army contractor, he was alowed to send a man along We had nothing to put to act as a special guard. These men lice, and they rode on an order prepared by the Chicago superintendent.

I had on that night, in addition to my time, and while I was at the office, a which contained nearly a quarter of a a paymaster, entered and arranged to and he applied for permission to send two trusty soldiers along in the car. L any special interest in the case. When we came to receive our stuff from the wagons there was a paymaster's safe, and a little later on a man dressed in the uniform of a Sergeant of infantry, and accompanied by a private soldier, presented an order permitting them to ride in our car as a guard.

While everything was regular, I did not like the looks of the men. They seemed to me to be tough characters, and when I got a chance to speak to Graham, my assistant. I found that he entertained the I therefore gave them the other end of the car and whispered to Graham that we must keep our eyes open. The first thing we did after the train pulled out was to place our revolvers where w could grab them on the instant, and as we worked over our way bills we kent a weather eye open for signs. For a time it looked as if we had done the men an injustice. One took a seat on the safe and the other in a chair. Each lighted a cigar, and their conversation, as we overheard a word now and then, related to three minutes, and I heard him reply to military matters and was honest and straight. When Graham and I had fin-As soon as the train pulled out he ished our work we sat down at the other end of the car and the quartet of us rode in this fashion, with only a break now and then, as we stopped at a station and put off something billed there.

Our longest run was between midnight and one o'clock. We then passed two or three small stations without stopping, making the run about nineteen miles. If the men were not what they represented they would show their hands during this They appeared to be sound asleep when we entered upon it, and Graham. who sat near me, was nodding in his chair. They had the end of the car next to the engine, and all of a sudden, while I was looking at them from under the time card. The train sped along at a themselves, and as the Sergeant started for my end of the car, the other unlocked the door and admitted two men. Things moved like lightning. Both of us saw what was up, and as we sprang to our feet every man in that car began shooting. I can't say whether the fight lasted one minute or five, but when it ended I had a flesh wound in the left arm, a rake across the cheek and a bullet hole in my cap. Graham had an ear split by bullet and another embedded in his shoulder, and the car was in darkness. I potato patch on the railroad strip, badly found we were alone. Not exactly struck a match, lighted a candle and alone, but safe from further attack. The Sergeant lay dead on his back, shot through the head, and beyond him was one of the men who had been admitted, so near dead that he gasped his last as we raised him up. The door was open, and the other two had leaped from the platform. One of them at least was badly wounded, as a trail of bleod

proved. The train had made 'its run by the time we had sized up the situation, and inquest and identification, but they could not be identified. As you have surmised the paymaster's safe was a dummy. did not contain one dollar. The whole job was put up to get hold of express money, and the fellows didn't propose t give us any chance to save our lives by giving it up. I think that one of th robbers who jumped also came to his death, as a man was next day found at that spot who had been cut in fragments under the wheels. Some parts of this adventure reached the press, but the express company hushed matters up in every way possible, and in this effort they were aided by the Government. It was afterward said that every member ef the gang was a Chicago crook, and that the man who personated the paymaster at the office was the Sergeant aboard my car .- New York Sun.

A Bird of Freedom's Fury.

An eagle attacked a peacock on the farm of . Henry Huber, near Baraboo A boy who tried to drive the bird away was attacked in turn and was badly Two men, who finally came to the boy's assistance, captured the eagle, which measured nine feet from wing tip

A martial strain is that which is put or the drum-major's spine.

"GREASERS."

MEXICANS WHO LIVE ON OUR SOUTHWEST BORDER.

They are Not All Bad, and Live a Happy, Contented Life—Their Primitive Husbandry

Along a zone of our southwest border, from the Gulf of California to Corpus Christi, on the Texas coast, is found a type of being that is almost an anomaly. even among our own cosmopolitan classes. The border Mexican, or "greaser," has no nation, yet he is distinctly local. He is the evolution of that arid and sunkissed belt characterized by flora and fauna as acrimonious and as shaggy as himself and best exemplified by the cactus, the covote, and the burro. You cannot accuse nature of making a mistake in his creation, for he is an adaptation that rises superior to adversity. You will find him picturesque and, when better known, not at all bad. This Mexican is far below the nation's representative, yet he is not the degraded peon or serf of the land. He is rather what the peon has become in the two generations he has enjoyed the freedom of our Government, if not wiser, at least less servile He is generally admitted to be the result of a fusion for some centuries of the Spaniard with that mild type of semicivilized Indian of the Cortez conquests. but is nearer the Spaniard, whose beautiful language, further softened into a dialect, he still retains. This may be due to laziness, but is more probably from the liquid movement of Indian speech peculiar to some of the southern tribes. as shown by the present language of the Pimas and Maricopas of southern Ari-

There are two classes of Mexican peasants, the Labradoes and the Rancheros. The former are the milder, simpler people, found sprinkled along the small canyons and valleys on little plots of bottom land adjacent and irrigated by simple or community ditches called acequias, which lead from the streams, winding along the bank in a gradual way till the stream's lower level will permit them finally to wander over the bottom. They bridge no arroyas, build no dams, arches or culverts, and use only nature's level, water, to give the grade required for their canals. In engineerng ability they are as far behind the Aztecs, who once inhabited this valley, as are the present Egyptians behind their ancestors under Me is.

A plot of a t res supports an en-tire family of dozen, exclusive of dogs-as many lore. First, a crop of melons and cebada (melons and barley); later a crop of frejoles and calabazas (Mexican beans and pumpkins). A little pepper and onions and their commissary complete. The Rancheros have more or less cattle, ponies, sheep or goats, are less local in their tastes, and are more hardy, so that it is among them that is cometimes found that outlaw element that has made "Greaser" the synonym for bandit and has stamped the race as thieving and treacherous. This character is partly the result of a traditional sentiment-a spirit the Mexican side a man who evades their outrageous taxes and customs is a hero; "I hope your wife is better to-day." martyr. The Government only is the robber. The men are fine horsemen, of the firm yet easy border seat, always using that instrument of torture, the bocada, or Spanish bit, in the control of | peas. their ponies. Many are experts in tossing the rists and some handle a revolver well. A Pueblo scene is very characteristic. Adobe buildings, thatched roofs, arbors beneath which the stone jars left unglazed mill for grinding the corn for corn cakes, called "tortillas." The conservatism of this people would compare with that of The agricultural methods are those described in the Bible. Hay is cut with a hoe, sometimes a hand knife or a sickle; a bough whose forks embrace the proper angle is their plow, and their oxen are yoked by lashing a pole to the base of their horns.

A fiesta is usually celebrated by a "baile" or dance. If it be fall and the night air be cool you will find this hop Everything has been removed from the house but a row of "sillas" (chairs and boxes), placed around the sides of the room, which is lighted by a few beds of glowing coals placed at intervals on the freshly-swept, hard-packed earth floor, by a few candles cemented to brackets or projecting adobe bricks by their own wax, and by design

the star-beams that sift through the thatched roof and ceiling. The coals serve also as a stove and free light for cigarettes. The music will be given from an orchestra composed of, a couple of guitars, a violin, an accordion and one or more harps.; There are no hop cards, but the habitue can (tell your in advance what the programme will be-waltzes alternating with the Mexican redows or three-step la galopa, a polka and maybe a square dance or two. At 12 o'clock supper is served under ansarbor of cottonwoods, which shades the running acequia. This imidnight lunch consists usually of thicken, good coffee, some bad pastry and such strictly Mexican dishes as chilis/con corne (translate literally and you have it-pepper seasoned with meat), tomales, portillas and encilladoes, familiar to all our first class northern restaurants. After supper/dancing is resumed till day, when all seek a

I was surprised that among a people so tenacious, to custom in domestic matters education should have made any progress; yet most of the children read Spanish-especially the girls .- Philadelphia Times

The Corean Legation at Washington.

The members of the Chinese, Japanese and Corean Legations have a great liking for society. The three members of the Corean, Ye Wan Yong, Ye Cha Yan and Kang Sing, are especially fond of going out. When they came here last winter, says the Washington correspondent of New York Tribune, they called every day in the week and went to every luncheon, tea and reception. Unwilling this year to wait until the formal beginning of the season, they have already begun their rounds. Only the Secretary, Ye Cha Yan, can talk English, but they are all pleasantly received by every one except the servants. They seem to have an antipathy to these three Mongolians in their wide trousers, blue tunics and steeple hats, which they never remove. Their head-dresses denote their rank, and it is the greatest indignity to refer to them. They have been all over Washington, and it was only this week they were disturbed. They called in a body at the house of a Supremt Court Justice on Monday. When they entered, the butler, who chanced to be new, eyed their cards with disfavor. As they were about to enter the drawing-room door, he planted himself squarely before them and said:

"No gemmen' are blowed in de parlor with dey hats on."

The hostess rescued the poor foreigners and their treasured hats from the incensed butler.

Great visitors as the Corean men are their wives are even greater. When they are not calling they sit at the windows of the legation and watch every street incident with the greatest interest. One of them was taken ill with a cold a short time ago, and when a neighbor asked for her her husband gravely replied:

"My wife she "it at window to watch procession go. She catch the cold. It is woman-like to sit at window," he added, chuckling.

The good-hearted neighbor was interested in the little Corean woman, and a of adventurous resistance to tyranny. On few days after she met a Corean who she thought was the husband, and said:

dead. Me a widow."

She had mistaken the widower of the corps for the husband, as the Coreans to American eyes are as alike as two

The great daylight cave in New South Wales, Australia, is the "Devil's Coachhouse," an immense cavern, lighted from the roof as well as the sides. At a height of 200 feet in the roof there is a large orifice fringed with trees, which gives it a

The floor is strewn with blocks of black and gray marble, and the walls are partly composed of black marble with white veins. The roof is fringed with stalactites, as are also the sides of the entrance, and in several places there are stalagmites covered with projections like pretified

Pellucid drops at the ends of the stalactites illustrate the process of formation. Some of them are said to be twelve or fifteen feet long, and they are in many color, delicate fawn, gray and white.

As the rocks are decorated with manytoned patches of moss, the whole arrange ment of color in this cavern is wonder fully beautiful-combining a series of nature's lessons in the art of decorative

The best site for the World's Fair is indoubtedly the mirror.

Some women like a whispered tale of love, but a belle prefers a declaration made in ringing tones .- Baltimore Ameri-

The old railroad contractor should be in a good physical condition, for he is training all his life .- Kearney Enter-

The Indians are the largest land owners in the country, but they have raised more hair than potatoes, thus far. - Minneapolis Journal.

A Morsel for the Dog .- Tramp-"I'm nothin' but a bundle o' bones." Girl-"Here, Tige, go bury him." -- Munsey's Weekly.

"I think your wife wants change." "Change? Doctor, you don't know that woman. Change will never do for her. She needs a fortune."

Lioness-"I've been chasing a missionary for about s'teen miles! Did you see where he went, me lord?" Leo-"Yes, my dear; he just stepped inside."

"What does a man know about a woman's dress, anyway?" scornfully asked Mrs. B. "He knows where the pocket isn't," was Mr. B.'s reply.-Louisville Journal.

Stern Parent-"Look here, I have just been told that you received a thrashing in school last week. I didn't know it at the time." Jimmy-"I did, pa."-Lawrence American.

She-"Sir, what do you mean by putting your arm around my waist?" He"Do you object?" She-"Mr. Arthur Gordon, I'll give you just five hours to remove your arm."-Boston Beacon.

Goose Grease for Membranous Croup.

Old-fashioned remedies are still the hobby with many Connecticut people, and they often cure where modern therapeutics fail. Last week, in Bridgeport, a two-year old child was stricken with membranous croup. A physician was hastily summoned, and he prescribed. The child grew rapidly worse, and the attending physician called in two of his brethren to consult with him. The three decided that death would soon result unless the operation of tracheotomy was resorted to. This the parents positively refused to allow, and the physicians departed, saying the child would die before morning. After they had retired several women called, and, with the usual feminine desire to do all they could to help the afflicted parents, asked permission to try their remedies. It was granted, as the parents thought it would do no harm, as the child would die in a few hours anyway. The patient was thoroughly wrapped up in flannels, and his head and throat were rubbed with goose grease. A dose of the stuff, mixed with vinegar, was with difficulty forced down the child's throat. In a short time he vomited up a large portion of mucu and broke up the clogging matter in the throat. Being placed in bed he soon went to sleep, and the next day he was playing about the house, and appeared to be far from dying .- New York Sun.

The Ice Harvest.

Ice making by machinery has not yet ction as cathered for that market in Maine. While chatting with E. S. English, of Portland, in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, he said to me: "Ice gathering is one of our great winter industries in Maine. The rivers and bays are lined with great ice houses. The market for the ice extends all down the Atlantic coast below New York. Baltimore is a leading market. The ice is sold there to the oyster houses. Of late years many of the large oyster concerns have put up ice houses in Maine for themselves, and gather their own ice. We supply the winter resorts of the South with large quantities of ice, but this season has been so poor with them that the trade has been light with us. I do not look for an abundant ice harve this winter, but there will be quantities left over from previous years. The labor of gathering ice has been reduced to a mere nominal sum with us by the use of machinery, the power for which is supplied by water. I know of one company hose figures show that it puts ice on board ship at a total expense of about six cents a ton. But that is extremely low."-New York Press.

Estimates on the cotton crop of 1889-90 have been made by 150 cotton firms at Memphis, Tenn., and they average 7.178.174 bales.