

Republican News Item

B. M. VANDYKE, Editor

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS

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LAPORTE, PA.

THOS. J. INGHAM, Proprietor.

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Resolutions.

One more year has passed into memory and once more the time has come when we turn over another page in our life's history and write across it a lot of resolutions, the majority of which perhaps most of us will succeed in breaking while the year is yet in its infancy. However this does not necessarily mean failure, neither should it deter us from making other similar resolves. We are not to think we have hopelessly failed just because, after a more less lengthy trial, we went back on our vow. If we honestly try to keep our resolutions that is something gained, even if in a moment of weakness we ultimately break them. We should take fresh hope from the fact that we do manage to live up to them for some time, and take up the reins and again drive on. We will all make mistakes this year just as we have in former years, but the proper thing to do is to push forward right manfully and instead of being disheartened by occasional relapses, learn wisdom and determination from them that the future may be marked by fewer failures.

A telephone has been installed in the News Item office by lineman Jennings of the Sullivan County Telephone Company and we invite you to keep the wires hot with items of news. Do not call us up to ask us why the paper was late nor why we failed to print that news you neglected to send in, for we are too busy to answer such questions, but whenever you hear of a choice bit, personal or otherwise, just trot to the 'phone and call uncle Billy or if you are on our line give two short and two long rings and we will be on the job.

"TOGO"

Katy fled up the cellar stairs, dropping potatoes and carrots at every misstep. "This is the last!" she gasped. "I'm tellin' ye wanst fer all, ma'am, the baste goes or I do!" And a moment later "the baste" himself appeared—a small, unprepossessing, white-yellow ferret, wrapped in the arms of "Jimpsey" Englehart, the son of the house.

Mrs. Englehart stood uncertainly between them. "Well, Katy, I'm sure I haven't any fondness for him myself. He should have been sent back at once."

"Yes," said Jimpsey, fairly in tears, "yes, after he's gone and done his duty and killed all the rats—and he killed them just in bunches, too!—then nobody has any sympathy for him any more!"

By this time Mrs. Englehart could once more hold the scales of justice evenly. "Jimpsey," she said, "we're not denying how valuable he's been. When I think of the way we were pestered with rats hardly two weeks ago—But you ought to think of the people who are pestered with them still, and pass him on to them. The Liggars and Appletons have just as many as we had."

"Well, why can't they go and buy ferrets of their own, then? But I guess they'll never get any like Togo!"

"Then you must keep him in the stable. Why must he be forever going back to the cellar?"

"Why, because that's where he had the most fun, of course! I keep him in his box, too, only he chews his way out again."

"Togo" seemed to blink his little albino eyes in pleasant corroboration. Katy could hardly resist making a pass at him.

Jimpsey retreated vengefully toward the outer door. "And now, too, when he even knows my whistle! I can send him into that hole away up in front of the coal bin, and then whistle through my fingers into the hole away back near where we keep the potatoes, and he comes up just as if it was only the other side of the partition. He'll do it every time I give him a meat scrap. I guess there aren't many ferrets trained like that!"

Again Mrs. Englehart gave up. Yet it was with a very uneasy mind that she gave up. Only too clearly did she feel that if there was another meeting between Katy and Togo in the shadowy glimpses of the coal and vegetable bins, there would no longer be any chance to choose between them. And Katy was the one really good cook she had ever had. She decided at last that it was something that Mr. Englehart must settle, although in the main it was against her principles to trouble him with such domestic problems.

That day Mr. Englehart returned from the new college buildings with worry on his face. "Belle," he said, "I'm about ready to quit."

"Why, dear," she asked, "what is it now?"

"Oh, Orv again. A young architect like that—with the brains for it, too—gets a job that gives him his chance to make a name through the whole State. He's uplifted that he marries on it. And then he lets a fat headed contractor make a fool of himself and him about once a week. When that business of the chimney supports got out, the Journal gave him enough bad advertising to kill two ordinary reputations. And now"—he spread out his hands on the table.

"Dear, dear! What is it Malone's done this time?"

"Oh, it was Malone, all right. In a way it wasn't Orv's fault at all. He's been giving himself entirely to the inside and up stairs work for the last month, and I suppose it never once entered his head that an ordinary reasoning man could go wrong in the pipe laying. Then Malone simply put in and covered up every solitary tube connection between power house, main building, library and dormitories without running the wiring through!"

"James!"

"Could you believe it? Could you? Oh, I need hardly say that Orv insists upon taking all the blame. There's miles of piping altogether. And as soon as the Journal gets hold of that—"

It was little wonder that Mrs. Englehart said nothing about Togo. And the same feeling that sent her across to the Havilands' with her dessert uneaten, sent her husband outdoors, where he believed he could think alone.

As a matter of fact he remained alone only till Jimpsey could find him. And then the whole matter of Togo's glitteringly meritorious past and his darkly perilous present was set forth for the consideration of the Englehart supreme court.

But to an outsider it must have been evident at once that the supreme court was not giving the matter its customary close attention. And by the time the counsel for the defense had made his case complete, by telling how Togo would answer to his whistle, the advocate began to be conscious of that himself.

When he was just about to enter a protest. "What? What was that?" asked Mr. Englehart, suddenly, "What was that you were saying about his answering to your whistle?"

Jimpsey went over that part of it

again. And now the supreme court did give heed to him.

"But, pa," said Jimpsey, "I told you about that once before!"

"Did you, son, did you? Well, I'm very glad you've told me again." He walked through to the stable and peered into Togo's box. "Has he been fed yet?"

"Well, not for quite a while—not for an hour or two. Of course I'll have to feed him again before I go to bed."

"Good! But suppose you postpone that last feeding for another hour or two. I think I'd like to show him over at the Havilands'. And maybe, if you could put him back into that wire basket thing he came in, we could take him along right now."

To Jimpsey's increasing puzzlement his father seemed as anxious to put Togo on exhibition as he had ever been himself.

At the same time 150 yards away, in the pine and plaster smelling basement of the new college library, there was a second lantern and a second group. It was made up of a very pale young architect named Haviland, of his young wife and Mrs. Englehart and another of Mr. Malone's assistants.

The assistant was kneeling in a sort of niche. Between his knees, in the "wire basket thing," was Togo. In front of them was a hole that might have been a rat hole upon a planet where rats are as big as woodchucks and have learned to line their burrows with steel tubing. As it was, Togo was paying no regard to it at all.

Yet it was that nosing, scratching, none too clean and none so savory young ferret which four people were watching intently. For one minute—or five—or ten—they had been listening for something. And now at last it had begun to come to them—the faintest murmur echo of a "finger whistle." It sounded as if it had come over a telephone from a thousand miles away.

Togo sat up, thrust his nose out and looked at that pipe end. But even those who had never seen a ferret before could see that he was looking at it incredulously and with contempt. As a rat hole, that iron piping was an absurdity, and rats as big as woodchucks were palpably nonexistent.

The whistle came again. And again Togo twitched about and eyed that pipe end, possibly, after all, such things might be true.

A third time he got the whistle. And now his cage door was snapped open. For a moment he still persisted in his doubt, stubborn as a beaver, but the whistle was again repeated, and at last, with a squeaking cluck that admitted frankly that the thing was something which it was at least his duty to investigate, he shot through the hole and disappeared.

He was eating a meat scrap from the fingers of Jimpsey Englehart before the man with the wire basket thing was out of the library cellar. The matter was really decided already.

But it was necessary to make absolutely sure.

When Jimpsey began to whistle again, he in his turn had taken his place in the library basement, and Togo was being held for his start in the power house. This time, too, he made the trip more slowly. But he made it. And he was slow only because about his neck was a tiny dog collar, or rather cat collar. And behind it trailed 150 yards of fine hard fishing line.

"That'll take through any weight of insulated you want," he said.

"And, boys, it's miles ahead," said Mr. John Malone, "of the old story of the lad that got caught up top of the factory chimney, and raveled down the yarn from his sock heel. You know I said all along we'd manage our crossin' as soon as we'd actually come to it. Then, too"—he ingratiatingly expanded to young Mr. Haviland—"this'll make a fine story in the paper. It'll make the finest story you ever read." Meanwhile Togo had begun his second run, this time to North Hall.

And if, at the end of another hour, he decided that he was not hungry any more, and could accordingly leave the remainder of his job until the next morning, no one could do any worrying about that. In the procession that left the new college buildings with extinguished lanterns, Mr. Malone, contractor, and Mr. Haviland, architect, walked side by side—both alike making solemn resolutions enough for New Year's Day. A few steps behind them little Mrs. Haviland and Mrs. Englehart were taking advantage of the darkness to give each other a series of half-tearful hugs. And for his part, with feelings inexpressibly triumphant, Jimpsey Englehart was walking far in the van and all but hugging Togo!

And the evening that interview appeared the same Mr. Malone paid a private and confidential visit to the Englehart, particularly to Jimpsey. He found him and Togo going into something together in the stable.

"You've got to sell him to me!" he said. "No way to it, you've simply got to. And I want him less to use than to admire. I'll give you \$20—which'll set you up in a whole pigeon house, tumblers, homers and all."

Jimpsey's eyes almost popped out. His feelings toward Togo began, despite himself, to undergo a change. "Twenty dollars, that's what I said. And nineteen of it'll be for his head. For, just between us, boy, just between us, it's his head I'm needing in particular."—ARTHUR E. McFARLANE.

Mildred Lad Shoots Self.

A report reached us on Wednesday night that Charles Morey, a son of Adam Morey of Mildred, had taken his own life by shooting himself. No particulars could be obtained before going to press except that the shooting was done with a shot gun, the young man pulling both triggers at once and emptying the contents of both barrels into his head. The reason for the unwise act is not known. Young Morey was an intelligent and fine looking lad of about twenty-one years. He was in Laporte during the Court sessions just past, where he met many friends who are very sorry to hear of his sad fate.

Stockholders' Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of Lake Mokoma Company was held at Laporte on Wednesday of last week. The following directors and officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, Charles J. Pennock; Vice-President, Thomas Rakestraw; Secretary, Edwin S. Phillips; Treasurer Edward Ladley; Solicitor, F. W. Meylert. In addition to the persons mentioned, J. Bancroft Swayne, of Kennett Square and E. P. Ingham, of New York, were elected as directors. Advisory Committee, S. Jones Phillips, H. S. Chalfant, Elwood C. Cox. The outlook for the coming year is most encouraging. A number of new cottages are to be erected during the spring and summer and a number of permanent improvements made at the lake;

Party At Nordmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hazen gave a New Year party on Saturday evening Dec. 31, at which the following were present: Misses Nellie Hunter, Clara and Hattie Traugh, Katie Young, Dollie Snider, Mable Hunter, Lonna Fiester, Freda Armes, Amy Knouse, Edna Jones, Etta Hunter, Cecil Botsford, Iva and Fay Hess, Gertrude Knouse, Messrs. J. A. Traugh, Horace Edgar, Zera Cox, Shredrick Hess Bert Snider, Robert Cooke, Harry Hunter, Willie Young, Ralph Hess, Abe Kilmer, Ray Anders and Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hazen and son Melross. The company spent a delightful evening playing games and was also entertained with music by Mr. and Mrs. Hazen. Refreshments were served and the guests left for home early in 1911.

Killed By L. V. Passenger Train.

Wesley I. Bailey of Brocktown, just across the Towanda creek from Monroe, was run down and killed by a Lehigh passenger train on the Bernice branch Friday evening about 6:30. The fatality occurred almost in front of the Bailey home, the railroad bridge which spans the Towanda creek at Monroe. Mr. Bailey had been working at Fowlertown, about three-quarters of a mile from his home, and was walking along the track, homeward bound, when run down and killed. The wind was blowing hard at the time and it is thought that Bailey did not hear the onrushing train.

FOR SALE—Yoke of Oxen; partly broke; well matched; Holsteins; coming 3 years old. Will sell, or trade on cows. Address Box 104, Hillsgrove, Pa., or call and see them on my farm near the splash dam.

Charles Chilson.

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Trial List, February Term, 1911.

Return Day, February 13, 1911.

- 1.—Thomas D. Rouse vs. The Lehigh Valley Railroad Company; No. 46 December Term, 1910. Trespass. Plea—"Not Guilty." Scouten Thomson
- 2.—William Landback vs. W. J. McCartney; No. 2 May Term, 1910. Defendant's Appeal. Plea—"Non Assumpsit" and "Set-Off." Scouten Mullen Walsh
- 3.—William Landback, Jr., by his next friend, William Landback vs. W. J. McCartney; No. 3 May Term, 1910. Defendant's Appeal. Plea—"Non Assumpsit" and "Set-Off." Scouten Mullen Walsh
- 4.—Patrick Connor vs. Margaret Connor, Administratrix of John Connor, Deed. No. 38 May Term, 1910. Assumpsit. Thayer Walsh
- 5.—George B. Sellers vs. M. J. Devaney; No. 73 May Term, 1910. Defendant's Appeal. Plea—"Non Assumpsit." Scouten Meylert
- 6.—Thomas Knecht vs. The Lehigh Valley Railroad Company; No. 8 September Term, 1910. Trespass. Plea—"Not Guilty." Scouten Thomson
- 7.—George Terry, by his next friend, Sylvester Brown, vs. John N. Walker and Ada Walker. No. 35 September Term, 1910. Trespass. Plea—"Not Guilty." Mullen Walsh
- 8.—John F. Hunter vs. The Township of Laporte; No. 44 September Term, 1910. Trespass. Plea—"Not Guilty." Scouten Mullen

Prothonotary's Office.
Laporte, Penna.
January 2, 1911.
ALBERT F. HEES, Prot'y.

STOCKHOLDERS MEETING.
The annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Laporte, for the election of directors and the transaction of such other business as may come before it, will be held at the office of the bank in Laporte, Pa., on Tuesday, January 10, 1911, between the hours of ten a. m., and three p. m.
EDW. LADLEY, Cashier.
Laporte, Pa., Dec. 9, 1910.

NOTICE OF APPEAL.
To the Tax Payers of the several boroughs and townships of Sullivan County:
Take notice that the County Commissioners will hold an Appeal in their office at LaPorte, Pa., on February 6, 1911, at 10 o'clock, a. m., to hear such as may feel themselves aggrieved by the late assessment and to make such charges as may seem to them just and proper.
County Commissioners.
Commissioners' Office, Dec. 30, 1910.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Letters of Administration having been granted the undersigned on the estate of Hannah Buck, deceased late of Davidson Township, notice is hereby given to all persons owing said estate to make payment to, and all persons having claims against the estate to present the same to
L. H. BUCK, Administrator.
Sonestown, Pa., Jan. 2, 1911.

M. BRINK'S

PRICES For This Week,

	ton	100 lb
Corn Meal	21.00	1.10
Cracked Corn	21.00	1.10
Corn	21.00	1.10
Sacks each 6c with privilege of returning without expense to me.		
Schumacher Chop	24.00	1.25
Fancy Bran	26.00	1.35
Fancy White Midds.	30.00	1.60
Oil Meal	37.50	1.90
Gluten	26.00	1.35
Brewers Grain	25.00	1.50
Oyster Shells	10.00	.60
Choice Cottonseed Meal	32.50	1.75
Beef Scrap		3.00
Oats	per bu.	.45
Charcoal	50 lb sack	.60
Oyster Shells	" "	.35
140 lb bag Salt coarse or fine		.55
56 lb bag Salt		.30
Shumacher Flour	sack	1.50
Muncy	" "	1.30
Spring Wheat	" "	1.60
Packing Salt (rock)	56 lbs	.40

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