

NOTICE

The undersigned having been appointed Administrator of the estate of Patrick Walls, late of Cherry township, deceased, notice is hereby given to all parties owing said estate to make payment to the undersigned without delay, and all parties having claims against said estate are requested to present the same to the undersigned administrator without delay.

MICHAEL WALLS, Administrator, Laporte, Pa., August 2, 1912.

DEMONSTRATOR WANTED

A good man to demonstrate the National Vacuum Cleaner in Sullivan County. A fine proposition to the right party. Address, THE REPUBLICAN NEWS ITEM, Laporte, Pa.

Central State Normal School

Fall Term Begins September 9, 1912

GET AN EDUCATION

An exceptional opportunity afforded to young men and young women to prepare for teaching or for business. Four regular courses—Elementary, Normal, Scientific and Advanced Normal; also special work in Music, Domestic Science and Manual Training. Strong teaching force, well graded work, good discipline and hard study insure best results to students.

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Lock Haven, Clinton Co., Pa. Handsome buildings, perfectly equipped steam heat, electric light, abundance of pure mountain water, extensive campus and athletic grounds. Expenses low. State aid to students. Send for Catalogue.

DR. GEORGE P. SINGER, Principal

Freak Calf Brings Farmer Good Luck

Blessings do not always come properly labeled, a fact which has always been proved but never more so than when Johannes Martin, a hard-working farmer of White Mills, Wayne county, visited one of the banks at Honesdale, and paid off a \$1,500 mortgage that had hung cloud-like over his home.

The money represented the proceeds of a deal with a Coney Island showman in which a calf with two heads, six legs and two tails changed hands.

The calf was born on the Martin farm a couple of weeks ago and the owner did not hesitate to express his disappointment. He expected a sound healthy animal and not a freak, he said. He brought the calf to Honesdale and it was on exhibition in a local store for several days.

A newspaper story of the freak caught the eye of the Coney Island man and he came up to investigate. He saw commercial possibilities in the much appendaged animal, and his offer of \$1,500 was quickly accepted by the surprised farmer.

QUALITY

When people realize that it is not the quantity for the money, so much as the quality that counts, then they will patronize the store which does business in good pure goods. Cut prices often mean cut quality. Our prices are as low as good goods will allow. Our goods are not of the cheap mail-order variety. When comparing prices do not forget to compare quality. If you find the prices lower than ours, then you will find the quality inferior—generally "bargain" job lots.

Ask us to show you why our stock is superior.

Buschhausen's.

Subscribe for the News Item.

Lead Pencils. I don't think I'm exactly lazy and I have a fair amount of intelligence, but I cannot sharpen a lead pencil. I've been trying to learn for—well, I won't say how long, but it's many, many years. I couldn't sharpen them when I was little. I couldn't sharpen them now that I am bigger. Pencil sharpeners don't sharpen them any better than I do. Or than you do, I wager, if you're a woman! When I'm rich I shall hire a man to sharpen my pencils for me every morning.—Exchange.

Only Person "Touched." Duels in France are often more costly than dangerous. The very lowest figure for which an encounter can be brought off is £4, and to do the thing in style considerably more must be spent. Aurelian Scholl, the boulevardier journalist, once suffered. A friend of his sent a challenge and borrowed 100 francs off Scholl for his expenses. This sum he never repaid. "The duel was a bloodless one," relates Scholl. "I was the only person touched."—London Chronicle.

Oriental Politeness. In China when a subscriber rings up the exchange, the operator may be expected to ask: "What number does the honorable son of the moon and stars desire?" "Hohl, two-three." Silence. Then the exchange resumes: "Will the honorable person graciously forgive the inadequacy of the insignificant service, and permit this humble slave of the wire to inform him that the never-to-be-sufficiently-censured-line is busy?"

Important Question of Dress. Lord Chesterfield says: "I would rather have a young fellow too much than too little dressed; the excess on that side will wear off with a little age and reflection." To be as well dressed for all occasions as a man's means will permit shows self respect and not conceals as ignorant people sometimes imagine. Society invariably looks on young men with a partial eye, but it likes to see them well dressed.

War in the Air. A strange drama of bird life was witnessed recently by some Portland fishermen on the south coast of England. A homing pigeon was attacked by a large hawk, when two rooks and a seagull joined forces and attempted to deprive the hawk of its prey. The fight lasted some five minutes when the hawk, tearing the pigeon's head from its body, let the latter fall and flew away.

But One Official War Cry. In the very early days the French had their "Cri de guerre," the Scotch their slogan, and the English their war cries, but so many cries were launched by the different great British lords that in 1495 parliament passed a special law forbidding these cries, on the ground that they produced disorder, allowing but one battle cry, "St. George and the King."

His Misconception. A man who was much in need of sleep rolled out of bed during the night. The jar did not awake him thoroughly, and his hand wandered in exploration. It encountered the mesh of some protruding springs and a sturdy iron corner post. "In jail at last," he murmured as he passed away.

Doing Good by the Way. I expect to pass through this life but once. If, therefore, there is any kindness I can show, or any good I can do to any fellow being, let me do it now, let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.—Mrs. A. B. Hegeman.

Two is Company. "Did you ever tell that young man that late hours were bad for one?" asked the father, at the breakfast table. "Well, father," replied the wise daughter, "late hours may be bad for one, but they're all right for two."—Yonkers Statesman.

Discreditable Point. It is in every way creditable to handle the yard stick and to measure tape; the only discredit is in having a soul whose range of thought is as short as the stick and as narrow as the tape.—Horace Mann.

Putting Them Off. "His doctor recommended warm baths." "So?" "Yes, and he's going to Europe to take them." "He was always that way. Even as a boy he would put off taking baths as long as possible."

Another Consideration. "I has heard," said Uncle Eben, "dat politics makes strange bedfellows. But dat don't make much difference when dar's such a rumpus dat nobody kain't sleep nohow."—Washington Star.

Still It Persists. "Conscience," says Uncle Eben, "is only a still, small voice, an' half de time when it tries to speak up it finds dat de line is busy."

See us before ordering your printing

No Duplicates Here. If in this month of weddings all the bride-to-be copied the little brides of Holland they would not have so many duplicate gifts. The practical folk of the Netherlands consult the bride as to what she needs, and she has a list from which each article is checked off as it is "taken" by a prospective donor. This list is kept as an heirloom, so that every generation knows what has been given to its grandmothers: incidentally, the list has almost the value of an inventory.

His Many Titles. The old caretaker of an Episcopal church, as he sat on a tombstone in the churchyard, dismissed as trivial the question of his proper title. "The good old creed keeps the same for all," he said, "though they may change the words they use. Look at me: here I used to be the janitor. Then we had a person who called me the sextant. Dr. Thirdly gave me the name of virgin. And the young man we've got now says I'm the sacrifice."

Gem Worth Remembering. With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the Nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.—Abraham Lincoln.

Why She Is Silent. It is said that women nowadays are less prone than men to weary those they meet with long discourses upon their favorite hobbies, and that furthermore, the beauty doctor is responsible for this feminine peculiarity. The woman absorbed in beauty culture has little time for any other hobby, and the secrets of the toilet are not such as can be discussed with all and sundry.

And the Rest Was Trivial. She—"I don't see any sense in your objecting to Mr. De Bumville being invited to the house." He—"Why, you know he's been shown to be a man of no principle or character, a man who had to leave his country to escape the law—" She (impatiently)—"That's very true; but no one can say he's not a perfect gentleman."—Time.

Deserving of Sympathy. "I am the mother of 21 children," declared a woman at Tower Bridge police court, who was alleged to be an habitual drunkard, "and I have always made my children's clothes, mended their boots, and cut their hair." "We all sympathize with you," remarked the magistrate, Mr. Cecil Chapman.—London Daily Mail.

Chinese Medicine. Chinese medicine may be regarded to some extent as a survival of the dark ages, much of it being based upon a belief that all diseases are due to supernatural causes and are mainly occasioned by offended evil spirits which the native practitioner seeks to propitiate or drive off by charms, incantations or other devices.

Independence First. Let your first effort be not for wealth, but independence. Whatever be your talents, whatever your prospects, never be tempted to speculate away, on the chance of a palace, that which you need as a provision against the workhouse.—Lord Lytton.

Takes His Advice. If you boll it down until it is good and thick, you will find that 98.7 per cent. of human energy is dedicated to the interesting job of people trying to get each other's money or chattels.—Houston Post.

Element of Success. He that can heroically endure adversity will bear prosperity with equal greatness of soul, for the mind that cannot be deflected by the former is not likely to be transported with the latter.—Fielding.

Kept It in the Family. "You have a tremendously faithful dog, sir. As you turned to speak just now a strange dog tried to take your meat, and just as he was going to snatch it your own dog eat it up himself."—Fleegende Blaetter.

Man is an Encyclopedia. A man is the whole encyclopedia of facts. The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn, and Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul, Britain, America, lie folded already in the first man.—Emerson.

Must Show Credentials. "Marcus Aurelius says life is a battle and a sojourning in a strange land." "Does he? What business is Mr. Aurelius in?"—Pittsburg Post.

Unfair. Good old Desire for information gets blamed for a lot of the sins of Morbid Curiosity.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Advertise in the News Item.

Love and Art

It was but a short time after Lorimer built his bungalow until his popularity was established in our neighborhood of orange groves and magnolia trees. His studio was a place for sight-seers, as well as a pleasant resort for friends and neighbors.

Others succumbed to Lorimer's influence because they found him responsive and congenial, but I imagined that he attracted me because he was my contrast. It was he, himself, who discovered that our natures, beneath the surface, were positive and not negative, and with that discovery he swept away all imagined barriers between us, placing me at once in the heart of the company that haunted his bungalow.

He said to me one day as he looped a Persian drapey behind his model's chair: "Tisdale, you have the depth of artist-instinct, but you haven't the gift of expression. 'You don't even talk. These others, for instance,'—waving his hand in the direction of the chattering just gone—'these others talk about everything they feel, and, dear boy, they have so little to tell!'"

His tone to me was like a velvet touch, and his eyes held a steel-blue gleam that made me love to look at him. I knew that he knew my inner self, and that whatever that self might be, it was valued by him.

I shall never forget the kindly sympathy that shone from his eyes when he realized one special day that I needed him to understand me. I had gone to him, troubled about my mother's orphaned cousin Lucy, who had come to us to live, having no other place to go. I wanted to befriend her, to make her happy, and I could not even tell her that she was welcome.

She was a little daisy maid, blossoming into womanhood almost in a day, under our soft skies and in our southern California breezes. As I entered the studio, Lorimer's clean-shaven cheeks, his locks of dark hair thrown off his forehead, the friendly eyes under his heavy brows, made a fit crown to his tall form standing before the easel. I can see the very dab of ochre on his thumb. He was busy at one of his wonderful wood interiors, touching in the sunlight by hints of yellow on the lichen-covered trunks.

"Yes, Tisdale," Lorimer said, after I had looked for a long time over his shoulder without speaking, "I feel the joy of utterance. Why, man, think what a relief to weep in grief! That is what it is to paint, to sing, to be a poet."

"I can do none of these things," I answered slowly. "No, but after all, perhaps within you may be artist or poet. Life has an intensity, a value, that this hasn't," and Lorimer lightly struck his canvas.

A woman—it is always a woman that intrudes upon men's friendships. She is a sort of earth, trespassing upon a kind of heaven. This time, it was, of course, the daisy maid, and it is difficult to know whether she made earth heaven, or brought heaven to earth.

Lorimer and I suddenly awoke to the knowledge of a mutual love for my modest cousin. Why could not he have chosen one of the beautiful women that haunted his studio? From the crowds I met in cars and shops, why could not I have taken another woman and been satisfied?

My very silence was confession after his avowal of love for Lucy, and then he admonished gravely, "Tisdale, remember we are her courtiers, and the courtiers stand aside when the queen passes, choosing whom she will." Oh! but it was hard to give another man fair play; hard for us both. Lorimer's face grew thin under the strain, and a river of fire seemed to flow in and out of my heart.

At last, Lucy consented to sit for her portrait. One day, hidden in sport behind some studio trumpery, we watched her enter. Lorimer's hand was on my shoulder. As fortune had decreed, my handkerchief lay on the floor. Her own hand had so embroidered the square of linen that it seemed too dainty for the pocket of my shaggy coat; but when I carried the sheer and pretty thing, she seemed close. Now, Lucy looked hastily to right and left, then, believing herself alone, she caught up the handkerchief and pressed it to her lips; then she thrust it into her gown, and as she went away, she covered the place with her hand, as though a bird had flown into her bosom.

Lorimer gripped my shoulder, but the blood leaped to my face for joy, and then ran back in a tide of shame, because I was so poor a creature. I felt my short and sturdy figure grow more plebeian in contrast to my friend; I saw my unruly shock of sandy hair; my features—my limbs; my hands and feet; all that the world calls man.

We were silent, for I know not how long, listening to the clock that Lorimer timed his hours by. Finally, it was he that spoke; "Don't fear for me, Tisdale; what you live, I can paint. Mine is a lesser gift than yours, yet still a joy. God be with you! I see before you, wife, home, children; for me, a cold thing—art!"

HUMAN BURRS IN THE WORLD

Unwise People Who Bore Their Friends With Their Display of Lack of Tact.

Do you ever encounter inquisitive people who are really annoying—people who have not the least interest in your affairs, but simply "want to know" out of idle curiosity? A great share of America's reputation for rudeness may be laid entirely to the charge of their riling questions. Equally undestorable is the person who confides her family troubles to all her friends. Instead of putting the stoutest kind of padlock on the closet door where the family skeleton lurks, some women shamelessly drag it out and parade in the public eye.

The too-friendly individual who runs in at all hours without ringing and offers her services upon every occasion, and the woman who monopolizes or tries to monopolize all the time and attention of her friends is likewise to be avoided. "Dearie, if you are thinking of going shopping this week, let me know and I'll go with you. Stop for me if you go to the matinee on Wednesday."

It never occurs to them that their company might not be appreciated. But just as the burrs of the field make us appreciate the flowers more than ever, so do the human burrs teach us to rejoice in the pleasant, considerate, sensible friends that fall to one's lot for the latter outnumber the former many, many times.—Exchange.

DIGNITY IN LOW NUMBERS

New York Business Men Said to Attach Importance to Figures of Their Telephones.

"Such a small thing as a telephone number has some significance in the standing of a firm," remarked a New Yorker who had little else to do but talk and observe. "How so?" asked the other. "Take the low numbers—Broad 1, for instance—and, as a rule, it will be the number belonging to an old established firm, provided, of course, that firm has remained in one location. The firm now bearing the above number was in existence before telephones were in use at all, and in like manner it is possible to ascertain the old established business houses. If a firm moves, but remains in the same exchange, it has the privilege of retaining its original telephone number. Americans don't care much for age and long established anything, as a class, but there are many firms in this city that are proud of their telephone numbers in a system where the numbers run high up in the thousands."

Saints and Sinners.

Goodness itself can be so overgood that you can't distinguish it from badness. When saints make sandwich men of themselves, advertising their virtues to the public, extolling their own tender, angelic qualities, you want to kill them.

If only some of the pains taken to make human beings good were expended in trying to make them happy what a different place this old world would be.

If only teachers and preachers and parents and fanatics and reformers would realize that what people need is a little sunshine sent into their lives before they talk about responsibilities and a future state.

There are children and grown people so cobwebbed over with care and misery that all talk of "how good" to them is useless. Their only hope—their only salvation—lies in infusing a little sympathy, consideration and happiness into their lives.

Often it is a mother—wary, body and soul. Tired of plodding, tired of working on in a round of endless detail—little, insignificant, provoking items that she gets no credit for doing, but fatal discredit for leaving undone.

Statement Showing Financial Condition of Laporte Borough School District for the year Ending July 1, 1912

Table with columns: Date, Description, Debit, Credit, Balance. Shows financial summary for the year ending July 1, 1912.

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This is to certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the statement showing financial condition of Laporte Borough School District for the year ending July 1, 1912.

W. R. MASON, Auditor.

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