SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher. Terms---$1.25 in Advance; $1.50 after Three Months.

VOL. VII. LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1889. NO. 49.

A DROWSY DAY.

The butterflies flit here and there
About the tawny, dust-deep road,
Like flakes of gold, in quivering glare.
Heat-shriveled vines, and leaves that showed
Life in each leaf all breezy June,
Droops languidly along the way;
And a lone bee, with muffled croon,
Seems moodily to say:
"It is a drowsy, drowsy day."

No silver ripple stirs the brook
Whose glassy flow slips noiselessly:
There seems no life where eyes may look;
The clouds are ships becalmed at sea.
The song lies hushed in panting throat
Of bird; grasshoppers tire of play;
The cricket seldom chirps its note,
And only then to say:
"It is a drowsy, drowsy day."

So noontide lapses unto eve.
The farm-house panes flash ruby-clear;
And bats their secret places leave,
And katy-dids again we hear.
The fire-flies gem the gathering shade;
The swallows cheep, in circling play;
And weary flowers, in field and glade,
Seem whispering to say:
"It was a drowsy, drowsy day."

—*George Cooper, in Independent.*

THE NEW NEIGHBORS.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"I hate those people," said Tinette, with a very emphatic nod of her curly, yellow head.

"My dear, my dear! isn't that a heathenish sort of speech?" reasoned her mother.

"Well, it's the truth," declared Tinette. "And where's the use in disguising it? A women who would drive my darling little kitten out of the garden with a broom! a man who don't like dogs! and Mrs. Parry said they were going to be such nice neighbors."

"You must remember, Tiny, that people don't like their flower-seeds and young lettuce plants to be scratched out of the ground, even by your pet kitten."

"But, mamma, Fairy wasn't scratching—Fairy never does scratch. She was only playing about. And you know some people dislike cats, out of sheer depravity."

"We must respect the prejudices of our neighbors, Tinette."

"I have made up my mind, mamma," said Tinette, with the air of a martyr, "I shall send Fairy to Uncle Bob. He likes cats. And then," with a sob rising spasmodically up in her throat, "I hope Mr. Vallinger, and that ogress of a mother of his will be satisfied."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Wylie.

And she went out to the butcher's cart, which stopped daily for orders in front of these little suburban cottages.

"Mamma can talk about sweetbreads and veal cutlets, when poor Fairy's life is in danger," said Tinette to herself. "Oh, I do wonder if I shall grow as callous as I get older!"

Just at that moment, however, a trim little maid servant, in a ruffled white apron, presented herself, bearing a bunch of radiant red and gold tulips.

"For Mrs. Wylie, please, miss," said she. "With missus's compliments."

The tulips were so fresh and dewy and fragrant, and the little maid looked so smiling, that Tinette's heart melted for the time being.

"I suppose," she thought, "she means it for a sort of flag of truce. I suppose she's ashamed of shaking the broom at poor Fairy so spitefully. But it's too late now; the die is cast; the carrier is to call for Fairy at noon."

And—a sort of natural consequence of her age and temperament—Tinette Wylie rather enjoyed the thought of the sacrifice she was making. She was only seventeen, and very romantic at that.

Mrs. Wylie was fond of tulips. She put the gold and scarlet treasure into a vase of water and beheld them with admiring eyes.

"Very kind of Mrs. Vallinger, I am sure," said she. "I wonder if she would let me have a bulb or two, in exchange for something that she might fancy out of my flower beds?"

"I wouldn't ask any favors of those horrid people," said Tinette.

"But that wouldn't be a favor; it would only be an exchange. And really, dear, this is such a pretty little attention that I feel I must send something back. Run, darling, and gather me a basket of those big strawberries, that are just beginning to ripen, down by the south terrace. Put a few vine-leaves over them, and tie the lid down with green ribbon-grass, and I'll send them over, by-and-by. I do like to live in peace and harmony with my neighbors!"

Tinette obeyed, reluctantly enough. Down by the south terrace, however, she found some delicious cream-colored roses just opening, and discovered the tiny perfection of a humming-bird's nest, so that, in the course of time, her mood softened, and the strawberries were not only culled of the largest and sweetest, but were covered, under the basket-lid, with half-open rosebuds.

"There may be something in the new neighbors, after all," said she to herself.

When she had gathered the fruit and flowers, she took a blue-and-gold edition of Mrs. Browning's poems, and went down into a certain woody nook that she loved, to read and dream.

"I can't be there when dear little Fairy is sent away," thought she, with a quivering lip. "The darling! she is so happy in her nest of cotton wool in the basket. Little does she dream that she will never see me again—or at least not until I go to spend the day, next week, with Uncle Rob at Eyrie Cottage?"

It was when she was trying to lose all recollection of her sorrows in the musical numbers of "Little Ellie and the Swan's Nest," that Mrs. Wylie sent a neighbor's chubby-cheeked child over to the Vallinger cottage.

"You'll find it on the dining-room table, Bessy," she said. "Take it over to Mrs. Vallinger with my compliments, and if she'll hang it down the well for half an hour, the fruit will be much fresher and cooler for tea. And here's a bunch of pansies for you, Bessy; and be sure you do the errand correctly."

While Bessy was gone, the postman, who was also general carrier, called for the package for Eyrie Cottage. Mrs. Wylie hastened to give him the basket.

"The little creature must be fast asleep," said she to herself. "She's as quiet as can be. Well, I'm glad to have her taken away while Tinette is gone. It will perhaps save her a pang; and after all, a kitten is a very insignificant thing to make trouble between neighbors, if only Tinette would think so."

Her olive branch was graciously received at the cottage next door.

"Strawberries, eh?" said Mr. Vallinger. "Tell Mrs. Wylie we are much obliged. We have heard of the exquisite fruit she raises, and are glad to have an opportunity of tasting some of it."

So she hung the basket down the well with a long, stout cord, and went to her son's study to tell him what had happened.

"The neighbors appear to be quite friendly," said she. "I'm glad I adopted your suggestion, Walter, and sent over those tulips. If that crazy little yellow-haired child—"

"Gently, mother," said the young man, smiling. "She is a very pretty young lady!"

"Would only keep her mischievous cat at home, we might get along nicely," said the old lady, without heeding the interruption. "But I always did detest cats! Don't you suppose, Walter, we might poison the creature without any one being the wiser?"

"The young lady with the golden tresses, mother? I'm afraid a coroner's inquest would bring the whole motter out."

"Nonsense, Walter!—the cat, of course! A little strychnine, now, carefully placed between layers of fresh fish, or just a grain or so of arsenic on a little meat—"

"Mother, you are a second Lucrezia Borgia," said Walter Vallinger, with a gesture of mock horror. "I dare say the cat won't prove as troublesome as you are inclined to anticipate. And I prophesy that we and the next-door neighbors shall be great friends, after all."

When tea-time came, Mrs. Vallinger prepared a modest feast—cold tongue, edged around with a green fringe of parsley; sponge-cake, daintily iced over; and a glass pitcher of real cream, procured from the people at the end of the lane, who kept cows.

"Come, Walter," said the old lady, in great glee. "Bring me the basket of strawberries from the well. They have hung there, within three feet of the water, long enough to be deliciously cool. And tea is quite ready now."

Walter obeyed. It was his habit to wait on his mother, with a sort of loving, unquestioning loyalty.

He brought the basket in, untied the knot of pale-green ribbon that fastened down the lid, and out leaped a half-frozen kitten into the midst of the lettuce salad, which formed the centre dish of the banquet.

"Kill the creature!" shrieked Mrs. Vallinger, recoiling. "This is one of those people's practical jokes, I suppose. I never knew anything so dreadful in all my life."

But Walter had rescued the kitten from his mother's avenging hands.

"It's a pretty little creature," said he. "And it's bad luck to maltreat a present. no, we'll keep the little shivering ball of snow, mother, and try and teach it to respect our garden-beds. But it is rather a singular proceeding on the part of our neighbors—now, isn't it?"

* * * * * * * *

Three days afterward there came a knock at the door and Tinette Wylie stood there with pink cheeks, sparkling eyes, and hair all instinct with the gold of the declining sun.

"Is this Mr. Vallinger?" said she.

"Miss Wylie, I believe," said Walter, who had the kitten nestling in its cotton-lined basket on his study-table in full view.

Oh, treacherous Fairy, who was already so entirely reconciled to her new lot that she had not even a recognizing purr for the little mistress who had loved her so dearly!

"I am so sorry—so ashamed!" began Tinette. "But I never even knew it until this morning. Oh, what must you have thought? What sort of people must you have supposed us to be?"

"I beg your pardon!" said Walter, himself beginning to get a little confused.

"The kitten, you know," explained Tinette—"I feared—that is, I was quite certain that she was going to be an annoyance to you, so I packed her in a basket to send to my uncle, who lives on the other side of the mountain. And I gathered some strawberries on the same day, and mamma thinks she must have sent the wrong basket—because, when I went to Uncle Rob's to see how dear Fairy was getting along, there was no Fairy there, and I couldn't understand what he meant when he thanked me for the lovely strawberries and roses. So then it flashed over me all of a sudden, and mamma can't think how she could have been so careless, and oh, please," with a pretty clasping of the hands that had a pink dimple in every knuckle, "do forgive us, and let us have Fairy back again!"

"But I don't think," said Walter Vallinger, "that I can spare her. I've become very fond of that kitten, do you know, Miss Wylie?"

"I thought you hated cats," said Tinette."

"So I did," said Walter—"at least I didn't like 'em. But I have changed my platform in regard to this particular cat, She is the dearest, gentlest, most sagacious little creature—"

"Oh, isn't she?" cried Tinette, with kindling eyes. "I knew you would find it out in time!"

"And my mother is as fond of the kitten as I am, strange to say," he went on. "You will let us keep her, I am sure?"

Tinette's eyes fell; her color rose; this was too severe a trial of her loyalty.

"Couldn't—couldn't we own her together?" she murmured.

Walter Vallinger could not resist this appeal. He took the basket and placed it in Tinette's hands.

"You have the best right to her," said he.

"How can I ever thank you enough?" said she.

She was almost ready to cry, but she laughed afterward, while he related their amazement, when the kitten leaped into the midst of the lettuce salad, their perplexity and their gradual conversion to the cat question.

And it was a full hour before she went home to tell her mother what charming people the next-door neighbors were!

"And I am to take Fairy over to see them every day," said she.

"I declare," said old Mrs. Vallinger, "I didn't think it would be possible for me to miss a cat so much! She was a deal of company for me. By the way, Walter, how very pretty that young girl is?"

"Very," said Walter.

Mrs. Vallinger said no more, but her thoughts traveled afar into the future. Like all women she was a born match-maker.

"Who knows what may happen," she said to herself.—*Saturday Night.*

Lynchers Spare a Praying Burglar.

There were a number of burglaries at Tulare City, Cal., and Tom Egan was arrested and imprisoned, charged with housebreaking. The next night the door of the jail was opened and he was told to come out. He did so and was confronted by twelve masked men, who took him to a grove, put a rope around his neck and told him to pray before he died if he wanted to. Egan fell on his knees and prayed so fervently that the would-be lynchers relented, took him back to the jail and locked him in again.

LIFE IN EGYPT.

THE SAD CONDITION OF THE TAXRIDDEN FELLAHS.

A Nation of Peasants Who Dwell in Squalid Mud Houses—Their Wretched Food and Poor Apparel.

Out of the six and a half million people of Egypt, fully six millions are peasants, writes Frank G. Carpenter. They are known as "fellahs." They are the tillers of the soil and they are the people who do the work, and make the money which pays the immense yearly debt of Egypt. These "fellahs" are the ancient Egyptians. They have been oppressed throughout the ages until they have no spirit left in them, and they are happy if they can get enough to keep themselves alive. You see their mud villages everywhere, and they slave from morning until night in the fields. Their houses are rarely more than ten feet high, and often not more than eight feet square. In an Egyptian village the houses are built close together. There are no pavements, gas lamps nor modern improvements of any kind. The furniture of each house consists of a few mats, a sheep skin, a copper kettle and some earthenware pots. The bed of the family is a ledge of mud built in the side of the room. There are no windows, and the cooking is usually done out of doors in a little earthen pot-like stove.

The fuel is of dried cow, camel or buffalo manure, and the food of the family is a mixture of sorghum seed, millet and beans ground up into a flour and baked into a sort of a big, round, flat cake. A large part of the food of the fellaheen consists of greens, and I watched one eating a turnip yesterday. He began at the tip of the root and ate the raw, indigestible vegetable to the very end of the green, leaving not a visage of it. I have seen them eating clover and I am told that they seldom have any meat. Out of the milk of the buffalo and cow they make a sort of a curd-like cheese, which is extensively used. They use no knives, forks nor spoons, and at supper they have, in addition to their vegetables, a sauce of onions and butter, into which they dip pieces of bread and eat it.

These Egyptian peasants wear little or no clothing while working in the fields, and here in Cairo the apparel of the men consists of a long blue gown which comes below the knees and a brown skull cap of wool. The women have gowns of blue cotton, and the better class of them cover their faces with a long veil, which is fastened just under the eyes so as to hide the lower part of the features. Between this veil and the cloth head-dress there is a brass spool about three inches long, on each side of which the eyes show out. Some of the girls are beautiful, but I imagine that many of them look better with their veils on than off. The Egyptian eye is large, black and sensuous. The eyelashes are very long on both lids and the edges of the eyelids are often blackened with kohl. The eyebrows are straight and smooth, and never bushy.

The cheek bones are high, the forehead is receding and the nose somewhat inclined to fatness. In the country you find much darker women than you do in Cairo, and I see scores of them working in the fields without veils. These fellaheen are Mahommedans. Very few of them attain riches and but few rise to power. Arabi Pasha was a "fellah," and he was one of the few exceptions to this rule.

It is no wonder they remain poor. They have been taxed for ages to such an extent that they could barely live. Ismail Pasha, the last Khedive, would, I am told, often collect taxes twice a year, coming down upon the farmers for a second sum after he had demanded the regular amount. If they were not able to supply it the tax-gatherers sold their stock at auction, and he had the right to make such as he pleased work for him for nothing. At present there are about five million acres of land under cultivation in Egypt, and there is an agricultural population of more than four millions. This gives less than one and one-fifth acre per person, and the taxes amount to from $4 to $9 an acre. The best lands of Egypt pay $9 an acre, and this is only one form of Egyptian taxation.

Just outside of Cairo there is a Government office, through which every piece of produce brought into the city for sale must pass, and every article is taxed. The farmer who brings a donkey load of grass to the city for sale must pay a percentage on its value before he can go in with it. It is the same with a chicken or a pigeon, a basket of vegetables or anything that the farmer raises. Then there is a tax upon date trees amounting to $200,000 a year, upon salt of more than a million, upon tobacco and slaughter houses, and in fact upon everything under the Egyptian sun. The donkey boy here pays a tax, the doctor pays a tax, the storekeeper is taxed, and there is in addition to this a general tariff of eight per cent. on all imports. There are taxes upon sheep and goats, which are paid whether the animals are sold or not. There are taxes on wells, taxes on fisheries and taxes paid for land which Egypt once owned, but which she gave up with the loss of Soudan. It is no wonder that the Egyptian people are poor. It is a wonder that they can exist at all.

Hat Finishing is Unhealthful.

Hat finishing is conceded to be the most unhealthy branch of the hatting trade. Statistics on the subject show that a larger percentage of finishers die every year than in any other branch of the business. The semi-annual report of the Hat Finishers' International Union shows that during the past six months twenty-one members have died. Of that number eight died of consumption, and the deaths of the majority of the remaining were directly traceable to the unwholesome surroundings in which a finisher had to work.

Hat sizing is a far healthier occupation than hat finishing. The large nnmber of finishers who die of consumption would seem to bear testimony to this. And then again, one very rarely sees an old man working at finishing while you can see men of sixty and seventy years of age rubbing away on hats at a sizing kettle. One of the journeymen explained this to me in a different manner not long ago, and said that the reason old men were not seen working at finishing was that nobody wanted them, nobody would have them.

"Foremen nowadays will not shop a man if he has any gray hairs in his head; they have an idea that he cannot do his work properly, and it is getting so that we are all like old horses—turned out to die." That was his idea of the situation, and probably he is not far away from the truth. He said that there were plenty of finishers of mature years, but that they were not in the hat shops. They have to look out for some other means of earning a subsistence, or else get into some shop where the work is not of too high a grade, and as a consequence does not require such a very great amount of skill to perform it.

Some years ago when women's napped hats were all the rage some very old men put in an appearance at the sizer's kettle. They had learned how to nap a hat in their young days, and their good right had not forgotten its cunning. It is said that it was a common thing four or five years ago to see men of seventy or eighty years of age napping hats. This was particularly the case in Connecticut. Very few finishers live to be seventy or eighty; none are ever seen working at that age. About forty years is the average duration of a finisher's life.—*Hatter and Furrier.*

Sending a Map or Picture by Telegraph.

The fac-simile telegraph, by which manuscript, maps or pictures may be transmitted, is a species of the automatic method already described, in which the receiver is actuated synchronously with its transmitter. By Lenoir's method a picture or map is outlined with insulating ink upon the cylindrical surface of a rotating drum, which revolves under a point having a slow movement along the axis of the cylinder, and thus the conducting point goes over the cylindrical surface of a spiral path. The electrical circuit will be broken by every ink-mark on the cylinder which is in this path, and thereby corresponding marks are made in a spiral line by an ink-marker upon a drum at the receiving end. To produce these outlines it is only necessary that the two drums be rotated in unison. This system is of little utility, there being no apparent demand for fac-simile transmission, particularly at so great an expense of speed, for it will be seen that instead of making a character of the alphabet by a very few separate pulses, as is done by Morse, the number must be greatly increased. Many dots become necessary to show the outlines of the more complex characters.

The pantelegraph is an interesting type of the fac-simile method. In this form the movements of a pen in the writer's hand produce corresponding movements of a pen at the distant station, and thereby a fac-simile record.—*Scribner.*

FUN.

An electric spark—Making love by telegraph.—*Washington Capital.*

"How're yer chills?" "Awful." "So are mine." "Shake." They shake.—*Life.*

It is already stated that the Earl of Fife's bride calls him "tootsie."—*Statesman.*

There is one book at which critics never turn up their noses and that is the pocketbook.

"Yes," said the literary man with a sigh, "style is a fine thing for a writer to have, but when his wife's got it too, it takes all the profit away."—*Boston Post.*

Latest from Niagara Falls: Hackman (on a very warm day)—"Fifty cents, boss." Buffalo Tourist—"What for?" Hackman—"You an' your gal has been standin' in der shade fer five minutes."

A peripatetic musician playing upon an accordion, is interrupted by a policeman: "Have you a license?" "No." "Then accompany me." "Certainly. What would you like to sing?"—*French Paper.*

A chiropodist will henceforth be attached to every German regiment. Heretofore it has not been considered necessary to employ a corn doctor to put the German soldier on a war footing.—*Norristown Herald.*

Trumble (at the Snake Creek House)—"What do you charge for first-class accommodations?" Clerk—"Well, we will board you for fifteen dollars, but if yer sleeps in yer trunk, we knocks off tree dollars a week."—*Time.*

Inquring Youth—"What are those waterproof gloves for, Mr. O'Patrick?" Mr. O'Patrick—"Why, me jewel, sure and they're for the convanience of thim folks as wants to wash their hands widout wetting their skin at all, at all."—*Fun.*

Mean Contractor (to workman who fell from a three-story wall that he was tearing down)—"I'll have to dock you for lost time." Workman (unhurt)—"I thought I was saving time coming down that way. Next time I'll take the ladder."—*New York Sun.*

A Trick of Paris Newsdealers.

In French newspaper-slang, "bouillon" means that portion of any day's issue of a paper that remains unsold. The French papers have the custom of taking back from the keepers of the kiosks the whole, or a part, of this surplus every day. This seems to have suggested to the kiosk-keepers a little trick by which to increase their revenue, and some of them have been in the habit of lending out copies of the various journals to cafes and wine-shops in their neighborhood, receiving them back at night, and returning them to the newspaper offices with the "bouillon" next morning. A few weeks ago the *Figaro* engaged a sheriff's officer to make a round of the wine-shops in a suspected quarter, calling for a "bock" and the newspapers in each place, and leaving a private mark on each copy of the *Figaro* that was given him. The next morning he went over the same ground with the "bouillon" gatherers, and discovered many marked copies of the paper in the "bouillon." The *Figaro* thought best not to proceed in a criminal suit against the fraudulent kiosk keepers, but sued them for damages before the tribunal of the Seine, which has just compelled five of them to pay from ten to thirty-five francs apiece.—*New York Eeening Post.*

What Royalty Eats.

In Italy, the court dines around a table covered with a magnificent service in gold; it is the only luxury; there are no flowers, and the dishes of the country are invariably served—above all, the fritto, composed of a foundation of artichokes, liver, brains, and cocks' combs. At the German court, the finest table is that of the Grand Duchess of Baden; she has an excellent French cuisine and a Parisian chef. The Queen of Sweden has a very tempting table and bill of fare—soups, almost always milk, and beefsteak; one of her favorite dishes is composed of balls of mincemeat, cooked with oil and surrounded with a garnishing of poached eggs; then there is almost at each repast the national plate, salmon preserved in earth. Queen Victoria's favorite wine is pale sherry, which she drinks from a beautifully carved silver cup, inherited from Queen Anne. The royal dinner is very complete. The table is lighted with gold candelabra, furnished with candles; orchids, placed in epergnes, rise up to the ceiling. The Queen eats a special bread, square, well cooked, and of a mastic color.—*Argonaut.*