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A Summer Day.
Deep down beside the tangled sedge
The meadow lark sings all the day,
And bursts at times from out the hedge
The mimic chatter of the jay;
And here and there a wandering note,
A cricket's chirp, comes sweet and clear
Where dreamy mists of summer float
At noon upon the grassy mere.
Afar away below the hill
I see the noisy mill-wheel go,
The smooth broad lake above the mill,
The flash of foam that roars below;
And on the even slopes that rise
So gently toward the mountain's brow,
The cattle watch with sleepy eyes
The lazy ploughboy at the plough.
My soul is sleeping, and its dreams—
Ah! sad and sweet that dreaming thrills!
For there are other vales and streams,
And other flocks on other hills—
The hills whereon I climbed to pull
The golden rods and weeds of May,
When all the world was beautiful,
And all my life a summer day.
—C. E. Brooks in Harper's Magazine.

PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH.

"We will express our trunks, I suppose," said Amy, rising from her knees with a sigh, where she had been strapping up sabbath, till her little fingers were bruised with the strain—"we will express our trunks," she repeated, "and have nothing upon our minds."
"Express our trunks, Amy! what nonsense! I shouldn't think of it for an instant!" cried Aunt Hitty. "It would be a wicked extravagance, for which we should deserve a visitation of Providence. I've traveled miles and miles in my day, and I've always taken care of my own things, and expect to do it as long as the breath's in my body."
The trunks were sent down to the station early next morning on a wheelbarrow, and as the distance was short, Amy and her aunt followed on foot, arriving in season to see the wheelbarrow give out, like the "one-hoss shay," and spill its contents upon the highway. Aunt Hitty was obliged to pay a quarter on the spot for a second pair of masculine arms to convey the trunks into the station, she and Amy being supplied with a bag, an envelope box containing sandwiches, a water-proof in a strap, and a novel each.
"We might as well have taken a carriage," suggested Amy, "and have started in some style, if only for the confusion of the neighbors, and even then there would have been a balance in our favor." Aunt Hitty did not appear to be affected by this economical view of the situation, her mind being engaged at that moment upon the conundrum whether she should be obliged to buy a new wheelbarrow for Neighbor Cramp, or if the old one could be revamped to his satisfaction; but before she could arrive at a solution the conductor cried, "All aboard," and they were plunging through the tunnel, flying across the bridge, hurrying past everybody's back-door, past the old burying-ground, out into the clear country, with the distant mountain peaks outlined against the sky, with fringes of reddening sumac, and burning bushes of maple and beech, and the ragged pinnacles of creepers and blackberry vines closing in about them.
"Jerusalem Centre!" shouted the conductor. "Passengers change cars for Binghamton."
While Aunt Hitty was maneuvering to avoid the smoking-car in her entrance into the Binghamton train, Amy checked her trunks, and smashed her eyeglasses in the attempt. At the next point of connection Aunt Hitty transacted the business with dignity and composure, but found, after the train had started, that she had left "The Last Days of Pompeii" behind her.
"And it belonged to your book club, too," sighed Amy.
At the third station where they were obliged to change Amy secured the checks without any mishap, and being now fairly launched on the road to Boston, they disposed themselves to dine from the envelope box, and Aunt Hitty produced the silver cup from which she had eaten her bread and milk when she was in pinafores, and her grandmothers before her.
"I'm glad I brought it," she said; "it doesn't cost any more to drink from silver than from glass, when it's an heirloom. How any one can use that promiscuous tumbler passes me."
"There's a Dorset Travis, Aunt Hitty, sure as you live, Oh, I do wish he would look this way!" whispered Amy.
"I would rather you shouldn't let on you saw him. People are so apt to get intimate on a journey," returned her aunt. "Read your novel, child. A Vane was wasting a thought upon a Travis! Such a thing was never known in Borrowdale; it would make all your ancestors groan in their graves. In your great-grandfather's day there was the Travis Arms and the Vane Hall. We were of the best blood in the county; nobody knows if they had any ancestry; their family tree is an acorn yet, for all I know. When your forebears were living in clover and faring sumptuously every day, old Martin Travis was too poor to buy himself a second suit."
"And now the tables are turned. We have the poverty, and they have the money."
"But we are Vanes, while they will be only Traveses to the end of the chapter."
"As the case stands, aunty, I would rather be a Travis, thank you."

"Don't let me hear you utter such blasphemy again, Amy Vane!"
"I'm sure the girls in Borrowdale are always talking about him as if he were the great Mogul. I'm sure he is very nice—I met him once at Miss Cabot's, you know; we spent a fortnight there at the same time. I may be obliged to speak to him, you see. If you'd only turn your head, Aunt Hitty, and look at him, you'd say he was a prince in disguise. Did you ever see him?"
"Never. The idea of old Martin Travis's grandson aspiring to an equality with the Vanes! Why, he has blacked your great-grandfather's boots, for aught I know!"
"I can't help it if he has blacked my great-grandfather's eyes. I wish his grandson would come and talk to us. And how he can talk! I don't believe a Vane could hold a candle to him! There he goes into a smoking car! So my prospective pleasure ends in smoke."
"Amy Vane, remember who you are!" And then they relapsed into silence, and Aunt Hitty took a nap, while Amy watched the gay autumn world walk past her—the fields where cattle grazed; the broken walls festooned with the wild grapes, with gaudy vines; the swollen streams chatting over their pebbles; the rich vistas of woodland, like glimpses into some cathedral crusted with gold and inlaid with jewels; the saucy little chipmunks darting among the nut-trees; the whirl of wild wings among the underbrush; the bursting pods of the mid-weather; the drifts of purple asters and golden-rod. How delightful it might be to travel in October with somebody like Dorcas Travis to talk with, and one's baggage in the express!
"Have we collided?" cried Aunt Hitty, waking with a sudden jerk, "or what is it?"
"Boston," said Amy.
"Oh, of course. Now you take my umbrella and my bag and water-proof, and secure seats in the New York train, while I secure the baggage."
How dark and smoky and crowded the depot seemed just then! Engines were puffing and filling, bells were ringing, harkens shouting, every one rushing hither and yon, elbowing, pushing, Was all creation en route for somewhere? Was anybody left at home to look after the silver and the "help?" Aunt Hitty wondered as she insinuated herself into the near neighborhood of the baggage car and adjusted her glasses. "Mercy," said she, "what a bedlam!"
"Isn't it though?" replied a woman at her elbow. "I can't hear my own ears—can you? Seems as though my baggage wouldn't ever turn up. It's dreadful standing here at the mercy of this crowd, they push you about so. Pardon; did I read on your skirt?"
"Oh, never mind," said Aunt Hitty; "twasn't your fault. Isn't that my trunk! No—oh dear!"
"It's awfully confusing," she confessed, having finally joined Amy in the New York train. "It's a pity that some of the people can't stay at home. I should think it was a Bedouin community."
"Tickets!" demanded the conductor, on his rounds.
Aunt Hitty plunged her hand into her dress pocket, into the pocket of her over-skirt, into the pocket of her saccus, into her bag, and wrestled with all its contents. "Goodness save us!" she gasped, "my pocket—has been—picked!" Fortunately Miss Hitty had taken the precaution of secreting the bulk of her funds about her person, and the pocketbook had contained only ten dollars in money, a recipe for mock mince pies, and a scrap of poetry, the tickets being in Amy's charge, as it happened.
"Well, there was such a crowd in the depot, that I wonder I came away with my senses," she explained. "Do get me a drink of water, Amy. I'm dry as a fish, from excitement" (though why a fish, which is always wet, should be called dry, is a paradox Miss Hitty didn't reflect upon). "The cup is in my bag. No? Amy Vane, how helpless you are! If it was a bear, it would bite you. Give me the bag!" But alas! Miss Hitty's bag was unlike little Benjamin's sack; the silver cup was not to be found in it! "You don't suppose I left it in the cars in Boston?" she questioned—"that cup, which has been in the family for generations?"
"We can telegraph to Boston from the next station," suggested Amy, who had a family feeling for the cup, after all, "and perhaps recover it. Don't you want to speak to the conductor about a sleeping-car?"
"A sleeping-car! What do you think I'm made of?"
"You will have an attack of your asthma, Aunt Hitty; you aren't used to sitting up all night."
"I'll make the experiment, anyway; two dollars aren't to be sneezed at in my circumstances. A penny saved is a penny earned."
"You won't get a wink of sleep. For my part, I would rather pay twenty dollars than lose a night's rest."
"I dare say you would. You've no more idea of economy than the babes in the woods. Any one who's sleepy can sleep on stilts."
"Very well; pleasant dreams to you."
It seemed to Amy as if the night were endless. Not a tree, nor a water-course, nor a russet hill-side to be discerned through the darkness; not so much as a star for company, nothing but the smoky lamps winking at her. Amy wished with all her heart that Mr. Travis had been at hand to help her kill time; as for Aunt Hitty, she improvised a pillow of her water-proof, and got a crick in her neck instead of a nap; and when everybody had about abandoned the hope of overtaking the morning, go at what lightning speed they would, the lights began to look like sickly ghosts at

cock-crow, the eastern sky blushing like a rose, unfolding petal after petal of light and color, birds began to flutter along the wayside, shaking the dew from wing and bush in their flight, and presently the train rolled into the Grand Central Depot, and stopped panting and wheezing.
"Give me your purse, Amy," commanded Miss Hitty, "while you look up the baggage; it isn't worth while to risk anything. I'll go and buy the tickets, and keep a seat for you in the Hudson River train." Miss Hitty's voice was husky, and her eyes were full of metaphorical sticks.
Amy had never been in New York before—indeed, her traveling had chiefly been confined to a trip to Boston once a year—and the crowd and the confusion, the rush and hurry every one seemed to be in, the shuffling and shunting of cars, added to the stupid half-awake sensation resulting from a broken night, gave her a nervous lack of confidence in herself. It appeared an eternity before her trunks came to light, and an soon or two before they were finally checked; then she picked her way through the throng as speedily as possible, only to see the Hudson River train moving out of the depot. She stood like one paralyzed, and watched it go, letting the crowd surge around her. Some one out of the human vortex paused and looked at her, turned back, and held out a reassuring hand.
"Miss Vane, I believe?" said Dorset Travis. "Are you waiting for any one? Can I be of service to you?"
"Oh, Mr. Travis, I have lost my train!" cried Amy.
"Is that all? May I ask which way you are going?"
"We were going to Niagara—Aunt Hitty and I. She is in the train, with the tickets—and my purse!"
"Well met, then," said he. "I'm going to Niagara myself in the afternoon train, and shall be happy to be your escort, if you will allow me. In the meantime, here is a coach waiting for us. We will take breakfast at Delmonico's, and have time to look into a picture-gallery and drive in the park before dinner, if you don't object."
"Oh, thank you, Mr. Travis! What a godsend you are!" cried Amy, effusively. "What would have become of me if you hadn't happened by?"
"I'm glad my lines have fallen in such pleasant places," he said. "I hope you haven't forgotten the fortnight we spent at Miss Cabot's together a year ago?"
What a breakfast they had at Delmonico's, to be sure! how delectable and companionable Dorset Travis was!—old Martin Travis's grandson, too! Before they had "done up" the picture-gallery Amy felt as if she had known him from the beginning—easy in confessing her ignorance, sure of his sympathetic indulgence—and by the time they had taken a turn in the park she had decided it was not such a bad thing to lose one's train, after all; that this was a much pleasanter route to Niagara than the regular one; if there was no royal road to learning, there was one to Niagara.
"I wonder what Aunt Hitty thinks has become of me?" said Amy, when they were already upon their way. "She must be distracted."
"Oh, no; I telegraphed her at the next station before we left the depot this morning."
"Oh, how splendid!"—Martin Travis's grandson, too! "What did you say, Mr. Travis?"
"Why, to tell the truth, I committed a sort of forgery by telegraph. I told her that an old friend had taken charge of you, and you would leave for Niagara in the 9:20 train, P. M., and signed your name."
"An old friend!" repeated Amy, reflectingly.
"Do you object to the term?"
"Object! I dot on it," laughed Amy.
"You're my friend; what a thing friendship is, word, without end!"
He quoted, "Was ever a journey down the Rhine or up the Nile more enchanting than this trip along the Hudson? Were not the Palisades as grand and fantastic in their way as Phis and its temples? Did not the Highlands wrap themselves in an atmosphere as amethystine as that of the Bernese Oberland? Could a night in June upon the Danube river surpass this afternoon in a palace-car?"
"To Amy's dismay, on arriving at Niagara, she found Aunt Hitty at the hotel, sitting up in bed, bolstered by pillows, gasping and wheezing with an attack of asthma.
"A whole ticket as good as thrown away," she groaned. "I shall be ruined if we don't begin to economize somewhere."
"I'm afraid this trip is a bad beginning," said Amy.
"And who was the friend you met in New York, eh?"
"Only Dorset Travis."
"Dorset Travis! old Martin's grandson! Who next? I do hope, Amy, that you held yourself a little distant—that you didn't condescend too much."
"Oh, I had such a splendid time, aunty!"
"A splendid time, with a Travis for company! You are degenerating, Amy. What would your great-grandfather have thought of you?"
"I'm sure I don't know; but we dined at Delmonico's, we drove in the park, we looked at pictures."
"With the grandson of Martin Travis—and I lying here trying to catch my breath!"
"You must have a doctor, Aunt Hitty."
"Indeed no; doctors cost a fortune in such a place as this; they're not like Dr. Grub, at home, with his seventy-five

cents a visit. You must remember that this is an expensive trip, and we must save where we can." But by the following day Aunt Hitty found that her usual remedies failed of alleviation, that, in fact, she was only growing worse. "If there were only some young doctor just settled, glad of a patient at any price," she gasped. "Ring the bell, Amy."
"Do you know any young doctor," she asked of the chamber-maid—"any one who is reasonable in his charges, who hasn't gotten into much practice?"
"That I do," replied the girl; "there's one in the house this blessed minute. Shall I be sending him up to you?"
"You're sure he doesn't charge high?"
"Charge, is it? It's himself who carried a whole family through with the measles without charging a cent. Oh, he's the man for your money, marm."
"Well, you may ask him to step up; one visit won't kill me, at any rate."
"Not unless he's the kill or cure kind," said Amy.
He had gone out to a patient, however, when the maid went to seek him; and it so happened that Amy was out at the druggist's when he made his first visit, and had met Dorset Travis on her way home.
"The doctor's been here," said Aunt Hitty; "and such a pleasant-spoken gentleman as he is! Handsome, too; he reminds me of some one—I can't tell whom. He says he took up the profession for love, not for money, which argues well. Shows he didn't spring from common stock. You can see, indeed, at a glance, that he's a born aristocrat."
"Isn't your eyesight improving, aunty?" laughed Amy.
"I was never so near-sighted that I couldn't tell a man of gentle blood and low descent from a plebeian. He has only had his degree within the last six months, though he has practiced in the hospitals, you know."
But in spite of her doctor's virtues, Miss Hitty grew worse rather than better. Amy might as well have been a nurse in a hospital ward, only she was never off duty. All day she was shut in with the invalid, all night she was up and down, arranging pillows, measuring doses; she had forgotten the neighborhood of the Falls, so to speak, or the object of the journey; the doctor came twice a day, since the attack was stubborn; she herself was growing pale and hollow-eyed, and one day she dropped at the bedside in the act of administering a dose.
"This will never do," said the doctor. "You must have a nurse, Miss Vane."
"A nurse!" cried Aunt Hitty. "What next? I never had such an article in my life. I don't own Goleonda, and I haven't a claim in El Dorado. A nurse, indeed! I tell you what, Amy," she added as soon as they were alone again, "I must pick up enough to jog home by the week's end; I've just money enough left to pay my bills and buy our tickets."
"And we haven't seen the Falls yet!"
"I wish the Falls had been in the Red sea! It they hadn't existed, it would have been money in my purse and health in my bones."
"Miss Amy must see the lions first," said the doctor, next day, when Aunt Hitty had announced her intention of leaving Niagara. "My carriage is at the door; I shall esteem it a privilege if I may introduce her to them."
"I'm sure you're as good as gold, doctor."
But when Amy returned, there was a rosy glow in her face, and an ecstasy in her glance.
"I hope," she said, between a smile and a tear—"I hope, Aunt Hitty, that you won't be displeased, though his ancestors didn't come over in the Mayflower—but something happened at the Falls, Aunt Hitty."
"Goodness! you didn't lose anything?"
"Yes, I did. I lost my heart, Aunt Hitty. I hope you're grown to like him well enough not to mind his want of a family tree, because I've promised to marry him, Aunt Hitty."
"Whom? the doctor? Well, if I ever! If it hadn't been for my asthma, now—Well, you may thank me for a good husband. How do you know about his ancestors, pray? By-the-way, child, I don't think I ever asked his name. I'm sure I don't know it any more than if he were the pre-Adamite man, if there ever was such a being. When you're choking and panting with the asthma, a rose would smell as sweet with any other name. I hope it's a pleasant-sounding one, at any rate."
"Yes, it is very pleasant—it is Dorset Travis. Oh, aunty, I couldn't help it; but you know you said he was a born aristocrat! I didn't mean to deceive you but you never asked, and—said—it was so nice to have him coming, if you must be ill, and you would have sent him away if you had known, and then perhaps you would have died; and I didn't know he was a doctor myself till I met him in the street the day he first came to you, and he told me he had studied at first for occupation, never meaning to practice—as he had plenty of money without, aunty, you know—but he had grown to love it, and meant to devote his life to it—and me."
"Penny wise and pound foolish," confessed Aunt Hitty, as she looked over her accounts, in the seclusion of home, somewhat later, and estimated the cost of her economics:
Paid man for carrying trunks.....\$ 25
Paid Mr. Cramp for wheelbarrow..... 4 00
Amy's eyeglasses—broken..... 2 00
One novel—lost..... 1 00
Pocket-book and contents—stolen..... 12 00
Silver-cup—hair-loom—lost..... 20 00
Doctor's bill..... 30 00
An extra week's board at hotel..... 42 00

Telegram..... 80
Ticket from N. Y. to Niagara—extra..... 5 00
\$116 55
One niece—loss inestimable.
"Some economies are costly enough," said she. "Live and learn."—Harper's Weekly.

TIMELY TOPICS.
The cotton crop will net the United States this year \$200,000,000.
It is thought the wheat crop of the coming year in the United States will reach the round sum of 400,000,000 bushels.
Mr. Thomas Mort, who spent \$500,000 trying to solve the problem of sending frozen meat to England, has died in Australia.
The perfect imprint of a tree may be seen upon the breast of Thomas Briggs, of Wellsburg, W. Va., who was struck by lightning on July fourth.
There are over 25,000 flouring mills in the United States, giving employment to 60,000 men. These mills turn out annually 50,000,000 barrels of flour.
Mr. Ross says he spent \$80,000 in looking for the lost Charlie. He recently declined to receive subscriptions for his relief that had been sent to a New York paper.
The country from Canyon City to Pilot Rock, Oregon, over which the Indians recently swept, is a desolate waste. Not a building is standing; hundreds of starving colts were whinnying beside their dead dams; all the cattle were killed for the sake of their tongues, and the Indians have chopped off just below the knees the forelegs of every sheep they could catch.
A convict at Auburn, N. Y., escaped hard work during his confinement of two and a half years by feigning paralysis. He was so successful in the fraud that he was lifted about by attendants, and on his release had to be carried to the depot in a chair and placed in the cars. An hour afterward he visited the prison officials and astounded them by his speedy and full recovery.
Lockjaw is one of the most terrible diseases to which mortals are exposed. A California exchange asserts that no one need be in danger of such an attack from wounds caused by rusty iron. The worst cases of inflamed wounds may be cured by smoking the injured part with burning wool or woolen cloth. Anything that produces safety from such a fatal disease is worth recording.
At the Missouri State prison, at Jefferson City, during the last six months of their term, prisoners that have been well-behaved are allowed to go out and work in the city as teamsters, laborers, etc. They are perfectly free, and are not under any supervision by guards. Of course at night they have to return to the penitentiary. While in the city they are not allowed to enter any stores or saloons; if this regulation is infringed, they are immediately confined to the prison. Attempts at escape while thus working from all surveillance have been very rare, for, should they be recaptured they have to serve a double term, under more stringent rules.
Gilmore and his American band are having an unquestionable success, according to a cable dispatch from Paris to the New York Herald. A long article appeared in the anti-American Gaulois criticising Gilmore's first concert at the Trocadero, and therein eulogizing highly the conscientiousness and precision of the instrumentalists and the excellence of the soloists. The band played in an intermezzo at the Theatre Bouffes on the same evening. Figaro says that the performance was remarkable for entrain and precision, and that it created great enthusiasm among the audience. The Paris Journal confirms this appreciation and says their success was immense.
But a few years since Isaac Friedlander was called the Grain King of California. He controlled a grain fleet of 300 or 400 sailing vessels, while his operations involved the use of \$40,000,000 capital. His name was potent in the grain districts of the Pacific slope, in the corn exchange of San Francisco, while even Mark Lane was anxious to conciliate so powerful an element in the price of breadstuffs. Two years ago he failed in his gigantic undertakings, and his name was no longer in people's mouths. Recently he died, and a two-line telegram was considered sufficient to announce the demise of the great Grain King, showing the way hard times boil down obituaries.
American girls will learn with interest that the value of a French girl's nose has just been judicially valued at \$1,000. Some time ago a Paris omnibus horse became frisky, there was a collision, a window was smashed, and a passenger—a young demoiselle—received some of the broken glass in her face. It was at first thought the hurts were trifling, and her parents declined the proffered service of the omnibus company's doctor. But the scratches did not heal as they were expected to, and the girl's father brought suit against the company, alleging that her nose had been permanently marred, and that this seriously diminished her prospect of establishment in life—in other words, of getting a husband. He obtained \$200 on the first trial and \$1,000 on the second.

Items of Interest.
Best thing to keep in hot weather—keep shady.
A visible means of support—the hangman's noose.
"I've just dropped in," as the fly said to the coffee.
The phonograph is an invention that speaks for itself.
Recipe for whipping Indians: First catch your Indians.
Misery does not always love company, if the company happens to be mosquitoes.
In selecting colors for the various apartments of your house, avoid a brown study. As for the library, it should always be red.
The boy who goes a-fishing on Sunday, when he has been sent to Sunday school, generally goes a-whaling when he gets home.
The Bible has been printed in thirty different languages for the benefit of the aborigines of this country and of Greenland, British America and Mexico. When asked what fish is apt to come to you As in winter you send for some fruit of the sea.
And they hash it up with potato, do you Always express yourself C. O. D.
The thermometer has been invented, it is true, but it can hardly claim more accuracy as a test of the heat of the weather than that time-tried institution, a limp collar.
There are many things which disconcert the average young lady, and one of them is, while reading an intensely interesting novel, to discover that in the most exciting part there is a chapter torn out.
According to Dr. Fitch, there are not less than sixty different insects that prey upon the apple, twelve upon the pear, sixteen on the peach, seventeen on the plum, thirty-five on the cherry and thirty on the grape.
"And never more you'll sail the seas Without your bonnie bride!"
"Aye, never more," made Jack reply All cozied at her side.
"For without you, across the waves I could not go at all, Since you must surely know, my love, That you are now my yawl!"
Both the body and mind are so constituted that they require constant but varied action. Utter idleness, of either body or mind, unless they be in a more or less diseased state, is not only unnecessary, but harmful in the extreme. It is a habit which, once indulged in, will grow upon the individual. Change of occupation for the muscles, change of the current of thought for the brain, is what will promote the fullest and most healthful development of both.—Herker.
A pair of very chubby legs, Increased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots, With rather doubtful toes;
A little hat, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can,
And lo! before us strides in state The future's "coming man."
A pair of laughing, deep blue eyes, A wealth of ringlets brown,
With air coquettish as a queen,
The belle of all the town;
A dimpled chin and blushing cheek,
Lips red and teeth of pearl,
And lo! before us, shy and neek, We've the future's "coming girl."
Indian Origin of Mosquitoes.
The Red River Indians have a curious legend respecting the origin of mosquitoes. They say that once upon a time there was a famine, and the Indians could get no game. Hundreds had died from hunger, and desolation filled their country. All kinds of offerings were made to the Great Spirit without avail, until one day two hunters came upon a white wolverine, a very rare animal. Upon shooting the white wolverine, an old woman sprang out of the skin, and saying that she was a "Manito," promised to go and live with the Indians, promising them plenty of game as long as they treated her well and gave her the first choice of all the game that was brought in. The two Indians assented to this, and took the old woman home with them, which event was immediately succeeded by an abundance of game. When the sharpness of the famine had passed in the prosperity which the old woman had brought the tribes, the Indians became dainty in their appetites, and complained of the manner in which the old woman took to herself the choice bits; and this feeling became so intense that notwithstanding her warning that if they violated their promise a terrible calamity would come upon the Indians, they one day killed her as she was seizing her share of a reindeer which the hunter had brought in.
Great consternation immediately struck the witnesses of the deed, and the Indians, to escape the predicted calamity, bodily struck their tents and moved to a great distance. Time past on without any catastrophe occurring, and game becoming even more plentiful, the Indians began to laugh at their being deceived by the old woman. Finally, a hunting party on a long chase of a reindeer, which had led them back to the place where the old woman had been killed, came upon her skeleton, and one of them in derision, kicked the skull with his foot. In an instant a small, spiral, vapor-like body arose from the eyes and ears of the body, which proved to be insects, that attacked the hunters with great fury, and drove them to the river for protection. The skull continued to pour out its little stream, and the air became full of avengers of the old woman's death. The hunters, on returning to camp, found the Indians suffering terribly from the plague, and ever since that time the Indians have been punished by the mosquitoes for their wickedness to their preserver, the Manito.