The forest Republican.

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The Spelling Bee at Angel's.

REPORTED BY TRUTHFUL JAMES.

- Waltz in, waltz in, ye little kids, and gather round my knee.
- And drop them books and first pot-hooks, and hear a yarn from me.
- I kin not sling a fairy tale of Jinny's florce and wild.
- For I hold it unchristian to deceive a simple
- child ; Bat as from school yer driftin' by I thowt ye'd
- like to hear Of a "Spellin' Bee" at Angel's that we organ-
- ized last year. It warn't made up of gentle kids-of pretty
- kids-like you, But gents ez bed their reg'lar growth, and
- some enough for two.
- There woz Lauky Jim of Sutter's Fork and Bilson of Lagrange,
- And " Pistol Bob," who wore that day a knife by way of change.
- You start, you little kids, you think these are not pretty names But each had a man behind it, and-my name
- is Truthful James.
- Thar was Poker Dick from Whisky Flat and Smith of Shooter's Bend,
- And Brown of Calaveras-which I want no better friend.
- Three-fingered Jack-yes, pretty dears-three fingers-you have five.
- Clapp cut off two-it's sing lar too, that Clapp ain't now alive.
- 'Twas very wrong, indeed, my dears, and
- Clapp was much to blame ; Likewise was Jack, in after years, for shootin' of that same.
- The nights were kinder lengthenin' out, the rains had jest begun,
- When all the camp came up to Fete's to have their usual fun ;
- But we all sot kinder sad-like around the barroom stove
- Till Smith got up, permisskiss-like and this remark he hove :
- " Thar's a new game down in Frisco, thet ez far ez I can see,
- Beats suchre, poker and van-toon, they calls the ' Ppellin' Bee.'"
- Then Brown of Calaveras cimply hitched his chair and spake :
- " Poker is good enough for me," and Lanky Jim sez, " Shake !"
- And Bob allowed he warn't proud, but he "must say right thar
- That the man who tackled euchre hed his education sqar.
- This brought up Lonny Fairchild, the school master, who said,
- He knew the game and he would give instructions on that head.

Below the bar dodged Poker Dick and tried to look ez he Was huntin' up authorities thet no one else could see And Brown got down behind the stove allowin' he " was cold,"

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- Till it upsot and down his legs the cinders freely rolled,
- And several gents called " Order !" till in his simple way
- Poor Smith began with "O" "R"-" or " and he was dragged away,
- Oh, little kids, my pretty kids, down on your
- knees and pray ! You've got your eddication in a peaceful sort
- of way ; Aud bear in mind thar may be sharps ez slings
- their spellin' square, But likewise slings their bowie-knives without
- a thought or care-You wants to know the rest, my dears? That's
- all! In me you see The only gent that lived to tell about thet
- Spellin' Bee!
- He ceased and passed, that truthful man ; the children went their way
- With downcast heads and downcast hearts but not to sport or play
- when at eve the lamps were lit, and supperless to bed
- Each child was sent, with tasks undone and lessons all unsaid,
- No man might know the awful wee that
- thrilled their youthful frames, As they dreamed of Angel's Spelling Bee and
- thought of Truthful James. -Bret Harte in November Scribner.

The Plague at Marseilles.

The 15th of March, 1720, was a gay and joyous day in the queen city of the Mediterranean, Marseilles, which even then was one of the finest places of the old world, and which to-day is dazzling in the splendor of its gorgeous build-ings, its magnificent situation and its sunny sky.

On that day a great event occurred in the commercial history of Marseilles. The first ship from Levant, laden with precious cachemire wool, had arrived and it was to be woven at Marseilles, whose great ambition was to eclipse the spinneries of Lyons and Rouen.

The sailors of the ship were treated to a collation at the public expense, and until a late hour of the night crowds singing joyous ditties were passing through the principal streets of the city. Alas ! Had the people of Marseilles known what dreadful calamities the wool ship had carried to them !

"Poor mother !" she sighed. "She a witch because she cured some sick people whom the stupid physicians of Marseilles had given up.

"It was an abominable outrage!" murmured M. de Couras. "It was, Antoine. My life was in

danger. You saved me, and concealed me here! And then think of who you are. The only son of a wealthy counselor to the parliament. Your father would disown you.'

"I have a modest fortune in my own

right," interposed Antoine, "A modest fortune !" she exclaimed almost scornfully, "How happy you, the petted child of opulence, would be with a slender income ?'

"I would be with you. But tell me, Sephronia, is your decision irrevocable ?" She hesitated. Then she passionately drew him to her heart.

"No! no!" she cried. "Only give me a week's time. I have a strange foreboding that startling events are going

to happen. "One startling event has already hap-"The pened," said M. De Bouras. plague has broken out to-day in Mar-

"The plague !" she echoed, with distended eyes.

"Yes; everybody is alarmed."

"And well they may be," she said, olemnly. "Few cures can be effected where the plague appears in its most malignant form.

"Many people have died this afternoon, Sephronia.

"Then God have mercy upon Marseilles ! You must forthwith leave the city, Antoine!" He laughed.

"Why 1 I am not afraid," he said. "Do not laugh, Antoine; I and my whole family would have been swept away by the plague if my father, who was a very learned man, had not possessed an infallible remedy for the epidemic.'

"Have you got that remedy?" An-toine asked, eagerly. "I have," she replied. "Why, then, do not you give it to the authorities, Sephronia?" "And be broken on the wheel as a itable of the service of the second sec

"I shall come back in a week and get

your final answer.

"Stay a minute ; I shall give you some of my father's plague arcanum.

She went into an adjoining room and retuin d soon afterward with a large crystal bottle. The other vial she filled with an oily substance, a soft salve, which she took with an ivory spoon

"Will you stay here a minute, Monseigneur, I will be back presently. In a few minutes Antoine returned Which Tells a Tale of What Happened with the blushing Sephronia.

"Marry us Monseigneur ! Let that be my reward." And they were married in front of all

The Forest Republican.

TIONESTA, PA., NOVEMBER 6, 1878.

those dreadful corpses? The corpses were finally pushed into the sea by the galley slaves that had been liberated for that purpose.

Such an appalling calamity never be-fell a civilized city in modern times.

Wonderful Automatons.

Many of our readers, says a New York paper, have seen curious specimens of ingenious mechanism, intended to imitate in various ways the capacity of our bodies aided by the brain. Dolls that open and shut their eyes, move their jaws and lips, and even articulate certain words, are modern inventions to be found in nearly every large toy store in the city. Figures that, being wound up, will dance a hornpipe, have ceased to be a novelty. Automatic railroad trains for children, worked by springs, upon the principle of a watch's movements, have long been the delight of Young America, and have traversed half the drawing-rooms in the country, often to the amusement of "children of a larger growth." The public have been also familiar with automatic chess-players and musical band performers. All

of which are modern inventions. But there are wonderful stories told of the ancients in this line, surpassing our automatons altogether ; and especially is this the case as to mechanism so constructed as to resemble the figure and imitate the actions of man. Thus, we are told by the pages of history that Archytas, of Tarentum, about four hundred years B. C., was in the habit of making wooden pigeons that could fly. Albertus Magnus constructed an auto-maton to open his door when visitors knocked at if. The case of the famous Regiomatanus also occurs to us in this connection, who made a wooden eagle that flew forth from the city, saluted the emperor, and returned again from whence it had been dispatched. The same ingenious inventor constructed a metallic fly which flew out of his hand and returned to it after flying about the

room. These instances only serve to show the ingenuity exercised in this special line long before the period of the Christian era. About a hundred years ago, an auto-maton flute-player was exhibited in Paris, that played on the flute in the

He hurried off for parts unknown. The savage dog became more calm-He growled, but did the maid no harm. And now, though Tom's poor heart is sore, same manner as a living performer. Maria smiles on him no more. Some ten years later, Vancausen, him--St. Louis Journal.

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Legal notices at established rates Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements col-lected quarterly. Temporary advertise ments must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

Tears.

Is it raining, little flower ? Be glad of rain !

Too much rain would wither thee-Twill shine again. The clouds are very black, 'tis true, But just behind them shines the blue.

Art thon weary, tender heart ? Be glad of pain ;

In sorrow sweetest things will grow, As flowers in rain.

God watches, and thou wilt have sun When clouds their perfect work have done.

Items of Interest.

High-toned people-Tenor singers.

bank book.

girl who waltzes.

are home less than others.

the "gentlemen without hats.

Items of interest-The entries in one's

Going the rounds of the press-The

All men are not homeless, but some

A St. Louis paper calls the Indians

The first literaly magazine in America was published by Franklin. in 1741.

The inner ear should never be clean-

The white of eggs and the milk of the cow are almost identical in composition.

"Don't worry about my going away, my darling. Absence, you know, makes the heart grow fonder." "Of somebody else," added the darling.

Cannon were first used as early as

Official report shows that all the coin

produced from the mints of the United

States since 1783 amounts, in round

The first agricultural school was founded by Fellenberg, in Switzerland, in 1806. Ireland alone has now over

Male gossip: "He is liberal to a fault," said Smith, speaking of a well-

known citizen of Virginia City. "It is the only thing to which he is liberal," said Brown. "And then the fault must be his own," remarked Jones.

The Romans, before the time of the

younger Pliny, not only used glass in-

stead of gold and silver, for drinking

vessels, but they knew how to glaze

their windows with it, and they fixed it

in the walls of their rooms, to render

Ages of Animals.

A bear rarely exceeds twenty years ;

dog lives twenty years, a wolf twenty,

their apartments more pleasant.

1338. Stone balls were the projectiles

at that time, and were in use among

eastern nations up to 1806.

numbers, to \$1,290,000,000.

two hundred agricultural schools.

ed, says an authority on the subject.

'For instance, take some simple word," sez he, " like 'separate,'

Now who can spell it ?" Dog my skip, ef than was one in eight.

This set they boys all wild at once. The chairs was put in row,

And at the head was Lanky Jim, and at the foot was Joe,

And high upon the ber itself the school-master was raised,

Aud the bar-keep put his glasses down, and sat and silent gazod.

The first word out was " parallel," and seven let it be,

Till Jce waltzed in his double "1" betwixt the " a " and " e " ;

For, since he drilled them Mexicans in San Jacinto's fight,

Taar warn't no prouder man got up than Pistol Joe that night,-

Till "rhythm " came! He tried to smile, then said, " they had him there,"

And Lanky Jim, with one long stride got up and took his chair.

Oh little hids ! my pretty kids, 'twas touching to survey

Those bearded men, with weppings on, like school boys at their play.

They'd laugh with glee, and shout to see each other lead the yan.

And Bob sat up as monitor with a cue for a ratian.

Till the chair gave "incinerate," and Brown said he'd be durned

If any such blamed word as that in school was ever learned.

When "phthisis" came they all sprang up and vowed the man who rung

Another blamed Greek word on them be taken out and hung.

As they sat down again I saw in Bilson's eye a flash,

And Brown of Calaveras was a-twisting his mustache,

And when at last Brown slipped on "gneiss and Bilson took his chair,

He dropped some casual words about some folks who dyed their hair.

×.

And then the Chair grew very white, and the Chair said he'd adjourn,

But Poker Dick remarked that he would wait and get his turn :

Then with a tremblin' voice and hand, and with a wanderin' eyo,

The Chairnext ogered "elder duck," and Dick began with " I ",

And Bilson smiled - then Bilson shrieked ! Just how the fight begun

I never knowed, for Bilson dropped and Dick he moved up one.

Then certain gents arose and said " they'd business down in camp."

And " ez the road was rather dark, and ez the night was damp,

They'd"-----here got up Three-fingered Jack and locked the door and yelled :

"No, not one mother's son goes out till that thar word is spelled !"

But while the words were on his lips, he groaned and sank in pain,

And sank with Webster on his chest and Worcenter on his brain.

It had sailed from Smyrna, and at Smyrna that terrible scourge of former ages the plague, was raging.

Disinfecting processes at that time were never resorted to, and the narrow streets of Marseilles, near the harbor, were kept in a very filthy condition.

Next day the wool ship was unloaded, and two hours later most of the workmen engaged on the dock near it were writhing in the agonies of the plague. A cry of horror resounded throughout the whole city when the dread news became generally known. The store were shut up and the people locked

themselves in their dwellings. Some of the wealthy residents hurriedly left the city, and departed for the pine-clad hills of north Marseilles, where the air was bracing and salubrious. But the vast majority of the people

stayed. Stayed to die-to die in a manner too horrible to imagine.

It was at setting in of dusk that a welldressed and very handsome young man entered a narrow street in the northern part of the city. He stood still in front of a low house, the window shutters of which where tightly closed. From his pocket he drew a silver whistle, and blew three shrill notes from it.

A few minutes later the front door of the house was cautionsly opened. In the dim twilight the young man re

cognized a frail female form, dressed in a flowing white wrapper. He rushed toward her, and clasping her in his arms exclaimed, rapturously :

"Sephronia !"

" Autoine !" For a minute they remained locked in a fervent embrace. Then she drew him gently into a hallway. They exchanged many tender caresses,

At last she ushered him into a cozilyfurnished back room, lighted by a hang-ing lamp, which shed a dim light over the room. They sat down on a low divan.

She was a girlish beauty of the true Eastern style, graceful as a fawn, perhaps eighteen years old, perhaps a year or two younger, with hair raven black, a complexion faultlessly pure, magnificent eyes and a mouth as charming as that of the Venus of Milo.

The young man took her hand, and gazed lovingly into her eyes.

"Sophronia," he said at last, "I have come 'o hear your decision."

A cloud at once darkened the brow of the lovely girl,

"Antoine de Couras," she said, pres ing her small hand against her heart, ' you love me-I love you you with all my heart, But-"

"But !" he exclaimed impatiently. "But, Antoine, dearest Antoine, cannot marry you !"

He sprang to his feet, uttering a wild imprecation.

"Why, Sophronia, why i" he cried, stamping his foot on the ground.

"Listen to me, Antoine," she said, calmly. "What am I in the eyes of the world but a wretched outcast? The daughter of a woman who was broken on the wheel as a witch," Her bosom

heaved convulsively as she attered these words.

from the jar. "If you should get the plague," she

said, "rub your body with this salve, and drink a few drops of the fluid. You will speedily get well."

They parted most tenderly, and Antoine left the house.

He had passed on but a few steps when he was attacked by two desperate fellows who knocked him senseless.

Is it not curious that, when all good people shut themselves up in their nomes in order to escape the pestilence, desperate criminals prowl about fearlessly, bent on murder and robbery.

They rifled the pockets of the inani-mate young man. They found in them a well-filled purse and two vials. The latter they flung away contemptuously. They then hurried away.

M. DeCouras awoke ten minutes later. The night was very dark, but he groped his way to a thoroughfare and speedily reached his father's palatial mansion.

There terrible news awaited himhis father, his mother, and his two lovey sisters had been attacked by the plague.

All their cowardly servants had fled from the house.

Antoine bethought himself of the two vials Sephronia had given him. He was bitterly disappointed when he found that they were gone, Suddenly he felt that his own brain

began to reel, and he sank senseless to the floor.

He, too, had the plague !

Twenty-four hours later he awoke to consciousness. At his bedside sat Sephronia.

"I heard that you and your whole family were down with the plague ; so 1 came to your house. Your parents and your sisters are dying. You will live !" He did recover, and a week later was able to be about. He persuaded Sephronia to let him have a quantity of the panacea.

She remained in the house while he went into the streets, and he effected numerons cures.

Everybody was in despair. The physicians did not know anything about the A stupid rumor had been cirplague. culated that the wells had been poisoned. So the people refused to drink water. The good bishop of the diocese, Monseignenr De Benzunce made superhuman efforts to relieve the suffering, but all to no purpose. There were no hearses, no coffins. Vast numbers of corpses were piled up in the streets. In front of one of these ghastly piles An-toine De Couras one day met the bishop. The noble prelate's courage was

evidently giving way. Antoine saw at once that the epidemic had singled him out as a fresh victim. The young man poured a few drops of the elixir down the Bishop's throat,

"It revives me," said Monseigneur De Benzunce, heaving a deep sigh, "Let me rub your hands and your

face with this ointment, Monseigneur, It will save your precious life." "A thousand thanks, young man! How can I reward you ?'

self a musician, produced a flageoletplayer, which performed on the flageolet with the left hand and beat a tamborine with the right. This same Vancausen also made a wooden duck which dabbled in the water, swam, drank and quacked like a real duck, It is not many years since a Frenchman exhibited, in several of our cities, a duck of similar mechanical powers, and which was an object of great curiosity. Automatons have been

constructed within the last half century which wrote and played upon the piano and organ. A Swiss, whose name was Mailardis, constructed, within the memory of some of our readers, a female figure which performed eighteen tunes upon the piano-forte, and which continued in motion for a whole hour without readjusting. The same inventor constructed a boy that would write and draw. Maelzel, who exhibited the famous chess-

player, did not depend upon machinery. It was finally discovered that he had a diminutive human being concealed inside of his pretended automaton.

He Had His Suspicions.

An elderly man wearing blue jeans, spectacles and a puzzled expression, stood on the corner of Fourth and Olive Tuesday afternoon for nearly an hour, gazing around abstractedly. Finally he stopped a gentleman who was passing and inquired:

_"Stranger, who am I; or, rather, where am I?" "You are on Fourth street."

"I had my suspicions. This isn't the right place. You see, I'm a stranger

in the city-nover was in St. Louis before.' And he started off, saying he had

promised to meet a man on Fourteenth and Olive-"a splendid chap,

"Look here," said the gentleman, "do you know the man well?" "Just met him this morning-not in-

timately acquainted, you see; but he's one of the nicest fellows I ever saw." And he trudged away.

About six o'clock in the evening the gentleman happened to run across his spectacled friend again and inquired whether or not he had found his new acquaintance, whereupon the old fellow raised his glasses slowly and remarked:

"Stranger, I have my suspicions. lent this man twenty-five dollars this morning, and he promised to meet me on Fourteenth and Olive at five o'clock this afternoon and return the money, but he wasn't there, and the worst of it is, he is a minister of the gospel, at least he told me so, and he had a Bible. Good evidence, hey ?"

"Well, my friend, yon'll never get your money, You've been swindled by a sharper.

"Think so? I've had my suspicions. Fact is, however, I don't care so much about losing the money as meeting the old woman-she's up there in a boardmouser and will find it out. Then my suspicions,"-St, Louis Republican. forth in a blaze.

Bow Bells.

"Oh, save me, Tom!" Maria cried-"1"ll save myself!" the wretch replied ; And with a stiffed, hasty moan,

\$2 PER ANNUM.

REAL ROMANCE.

BY EUGENE FIRLD.

One calm, delightful autumn night, While tiny stars were twinkling bright, With cheery laugh and pleasant talk Tom and Maris took a walk,

But lo ! as down a rural glade With lingering steps the couple strayed, A monstrous dog, with shaggy hair. Rushed out upon the loving pair !

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Under the Summer

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For some time past this famous peal of bells, one of the finest, if not the finest, in the city of London, has been un-dergoing examination in the public interest, and before long the familiar chimes which captivated or consoled a Whittington, and having since charmed many more from time immemorial, will ring out as before. The church of St. Maryle-Bow, which, if not originally a Roman temple, as generally believed, was one of the earliest churches built by the Norman conquerors, has been destroyed more than once by storm and fire. was at one time garrisoned and besieged. and was afterward the scene of an assassination. It was first mentioned as a Christian church in the reign of William the Conqueror. Stowe says it was the first in the city built on arches of stone, and that it was, therefore, called St. Mary de Arcubus, or the Bow, although he elsewhere says, but with less apparent probability, that it took its name from certain stone arches supporting a lantern on the top of the tower. By the way, the court of arches was formerly held in this church, and derived its name from that circumstance. During the reign of William Rufus, the roof of the church was blown off by the wind, and four of the rafters were driven into the ground with such violence that, although they were each twenty-six feet long, little more than four feet of length was visible, the ground in the neighborhood being then

a mere fen. About 100 years after this event a tumult of a serious nature occurred in the city, which led to the assault upon the church before alluded to. The ringleader was William Fitz Osbert, surnamed Longbeard, who was almost worshiped by the lower orders on account of his exertions as a professed advocate of the poor against the oppressions of the rich. An attempt being made to seize him, he took refuge in Bow steeple, together with various fol-lowers, and being well provided with ammunition and provisions, was able for a long time to defy the authorities. In order to drive him out the steeple was fired. This had the desired effect ; the rioters were made prisoners, and, after a hasty trial, were hanged at the Elms in Smithfield, at that time the usual place of execution. It appeared that Fitz Osbert did not lose his reputation among the people with his life, for it is said that after his death vast numbers of persons resorted to Smithfield, expecting that miracles would be performed, and that they carried away as holy relics pieces of the earth on which his blood had fallen.

The frequent mysterious burning of haysticks and farmers' building has led to the discovery that they are set on fire by wasps' nests, and that the nests are ignited by spontaneous combustion. This is produced by the chemical action ing-house," pointing over his shoulder of the wax in contact with the paper-with his thumb. "I tell you, she's a like substance of which the nest is comof the wax in contact with the paperposed, a comparatively small access of won't there be a muss, though ? I have oxygen being sufficient to make it burst a big, careless school-boy released

a fox fourteen or sixteen ; lions a long-lived-one, named Pompey, lived to the age of seventy. The average of cats is fourteen years, a squirrel and hare seven or eight years, rabbits seven. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of four hundred years. When Alexander the Great had conquered one Porus, king of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, named him Ajax, and dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription : exander, the son of Jupiter, had dedi-cated Ajax to the sun." This elephant cated Ajax to the sun." This elephant was found three hundred and fifty-four years after. Pigs have been known to live to the sge of thirty years, the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two. but averages twenty to twenty-five Camels sometime live to the age of on hundred. Stags are long-lived; she seldom exceed the age of ten ; cows liv about fifteen years. Cuvier consid it probable that whales sometimes to the age of one thousand. The do phin and porpoise attain the age thirty. An eagle died at Vienna at I age of one hundred and four ye Ravens have frequently reached the of one hundred. Swans have b known to live three hundred years. Mallerton has the skeleton of a sw that attained the age of two hundred and ninety years. Pelicans are lon lived. A tortoise has been known live to the age of one hundred a seven.

Edison at Home.

The following description of Edisc the great inventor, is from an article in Scribner's : "Of the number of per sons in the laboratory, remark print pally the one you may have least thoug of selecting, from the informality of appearance. The rest are but skill assistants, to whom he is able to co mit some experiments in their secon stages. It is a figure of perhaps in feet nine in height, bending intently above some detail of work. There is a general appearance of youth about it, but the face, knit into anxious wrinkles, seems old. The dark hair, beginning to be touched with gray, falls over forehead in a mop. The hands a stained with acid. and the clothing is The hands are an ordinary, " ready-made" order. Edison. He has the air of a mecha or more definitely, with his His featu pallor, of a night printer. are large; the brow well shaped, wi light gray ; the nose irregular, and mouth displaying teeth which are, als not altogether regular. When he lood up his attention comes back alowly, if it had been a long way off. But comes back fully and cordially, and t expression of the face, now that it of be seen, is frank and prepossessing, oheerful smile chases away the grav and somewhat weary look that bels to it in its moments of rest. He so no longer old. He has almost the a

his tasks.