# The Lorest Republican.

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# 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 varn from me. I kin not sling a fairy tale of Jinny's fierce and

For I hold it unchristian to deceive a simple child :

But as from school yer driftin' by I thowt ye'd like to bear

" Spellin' Bee " at Angel's that we organized last year.

kids-like you, But gents ez hed their reg'lar growth, and

some enough for two. Bilson of Lagrange,

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 pe

better friend. Three-fingered Jack-yes, pretty dears-three fingers-you have five.

Clapp out 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 shooting of that same

The nights were kinder lengthenin' out, the rains had jest begun, When all the camp came up to l'ete's to have

their banal fun ; But we all sot kinder sad-like around the bar-

room stove Till Smith got up, permisskiss-like and thi remark he hove

"Thar's a new game down in Frisco, that ez far ez I can see, Beats enchre, poker and van-toon, they calls the 'Spellin' Bee.' "

Then Brown of Calaveras simply hitched hi chair and spake :

"Poker is good enough for me," and Lanky Jim sez, " bbake !" And Bob allowed he warn't proud, but he

"must say right than That the man who tackled enchre hed his edu cation squr.

This brought up Lonny Fairchild, the school master, who said,

He knew the game and he would give instruc-

"For instance, take some simple word," sez ha, " 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 be itself the school-mas ter was raised,

And the bar-keep put his glasses down, and sat and silent gazed.

The first word out was "parallel," and seven let it be. Till Joe waltzed in his double "1" betwirt the " a" and " o"; For, since he drilled them Mexicans in San

Jacinto's fight. Tuar 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.

O's lit!le kids! my pretty kids, 'twas touching to survey Those bearded men, with weppings on, lik school boys at their play.

They'd laugh with glee, and shout to see each other lead the van, And Bob sat up as monitor with a one for a

rattan. 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

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' eye, The Chairnext ogered "eider duck," and Dick

began with " I", And Bilson smiled — then Bilson shricked 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 bus-

iness 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 Worceater on his brain.

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,'

Till it upsot and down his legs the cinders freely rolled, And several gents called "Order!" till in hi

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 !

It warn't made up of gentle kids-of pretty You've got your eddication in a peaceful sort of way : And bear in mind thar may be sharps ez slings

their spellin' square, There wox Lanky Jim of Sutter's Fork and But likewise slings their bowie-knives without a thought or care-

And "Pistol Bob," who wore that day a knife | 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 For when at eve the lamps were lit, and sup-

perless to bed Each child was sent, with tasks undone and lessons all unsaid,

No man might know the awful woe 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 buildings, its magnificent situation and its

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

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 nown what dreadful calamities the wool ship had carried to them ! It had sailed from Smyrns, 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 work men 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 man-

ner 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 cautiously 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!"

"Antoine !" 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 cozily furnished back room, lighted by a hang-ing lamp, which shed a dim light over the room. They sat down on a low

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 to 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 "Why, Sophronia, why ?" 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 uttered these

"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 petch child of opulence, would be with a slowder income." with a slender income?

drew him to her heart. "No! no!" she cried. "Only give

tended eyes.

"Yes; everybody is alarmed."
"And well they may be," she said solemnly. "Few cures can be effected where the plague appears in its most malignant form.

"Many people have died this after-"Then God have mercy upon Marseilles! You must forthwith leave the our automatons altogether; and espe-

eity, Antoine!" He laughed. "Why! 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 pos-sessed an infallible remedy for the epi-

"Have you got that remedy?" Antoine 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

itch!" she exclaimed, bitterly. "No, o! And what good would it do? They would never apply it."
"I must go, then, Sephronia," he said;
"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 return d soon afterward with a large crystal bottle. The other vial she filled which she took with an ivory spoon 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 An-

toine left the house. He had passed on but a few steps when he was attacked by two desperate fellows who knocked him senseled

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 There terrible news awaited himhis father, his mother, and his two love-

ly sisters had been attacked by the All their cowardly servants had fled from the house. Autoine 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 Seph-

"I heard that you and your whole family were down with the plague; so I 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 Sephro-

nia to let him have a quantity of the She remained in the house while he went into the streets, and he effected numerous cures.

Everybody was in despair. The physicians did not know anything about the plague. A stupid rumor had been circulated that the wells had been poisoned. So the people refused to drink water. The good bishop of the diocese, Monseigneur De Benzunoe 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 Antoine 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 Benzunoc, 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?"

"Will you stay here a minute, Mon-seigneur, I will be back presently." In a few minutes Antoine returned with the blushing Sephronia.
"Marry us Monseigneur! Let that

And they were married in front of all 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.

be my reward."

## Wonderful Automatons.

Many of our readers, says a New York "I would be with you. But tell me, Sephronia, is your decision irrevocable?"
She hesitated. Then she passionately bodies aided by the brain. Dolls that paper, have seen curious specimens of ngenious mechanism, intended to imiopen and shut their eyes, move their "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 happened," said M. De Bouras. "The plague has broken out to-day in Margaelles."

"The plague has broken out to-day in Margaelles." ments, 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 cially 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 automaton to open his door when visitors knocked at it. 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 automaton flute-player was exhibited in Paris, that played on the flute in the same manner as a living performer. 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 chessplayer, 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 leans, 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-never was in St. Louis bepromised 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 intimately 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

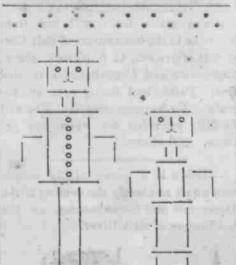
gentleman happened to run across his spectacled friend again and inquired whether or not he had found his new acquaintance, whereupon the old fellow raised his glasses slowly and remarked; "Stranger, I have my suspicions, lent this man twenty-five dollars this morning, and he promised to meet me on Fourteenth and Olive at five o'clock this afternoon and return the money,

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, you'll never get
your money, You've been swindled by

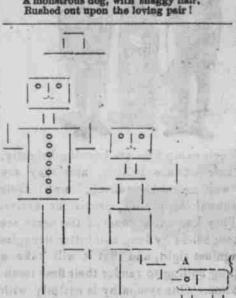
but he wasn't there, and the worst of it

"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 boarding-house," pointing over his shoulder with his thumb. "I tell you, she's a mouser and will find it out. Then my suspicions,"-St. Louis Republican, forth in a blaze.

REAL ROMANCE. Which Tells a Tale of What Happened



One calm, delightful autumn night, While tiny stars were twinkling bright, With cheery laugh and pleasant talk Tom and Maria took a walk, But lo! 2s down a rural giade With lingering steps the couple strayed, A monatrous dog, with shaggy hair, Rushed out upon the loving pair!



"Oh, save me, Tom!" Maria cried—
"I'll save myself!" the wretch replied;
And with a stifled, hasty moan, 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,

Bow Bells. For some time past this famous peal of bells, one of the finest, if not the finest, in the city of London, has been undergoing 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. It 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

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 of the wax in contact with the paperlike substance of which the nest is composed, a comparatively small access of no longer old. He has almost the won't there be a muss, though? I have oxygen being sufficient to make it burst a big, careless school-boy releases

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, ex-

pecting that miracles would be perform-

ed, and that they carried away as holy

relies pieces of the earth on which his

blood had fallen.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis,

Rates of Advertising.

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One Square (1 inch,) one insertion - #

Two Squares, one year Quarter Col.

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 thou 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. Items of interest-The entries in one's

Going the rounds of the press.-The girl who waltzes. All men are not homeless, but some

are home less than others. A St. Louis paper calls the Indians the "gentlemen without hats."

The first literary magazine in America was published by Franklin, in 1741.

The inner ear should never be cleaned, says an authority on the subject. 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

at that time, and were in use among eastern nations up to 1806. Official report shows that all the coin produced from the mints of the United States since 1783 amounts, in round

1338. Stone balls were the projectiles

numbers, to \$1,290,000,000. The first agricultural school was founded by Fellenberg, in Switzerland, in 1806. Ireland alone has now over two hundred agricultural schools.

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

# their apartments more pleasant.

Ages of Animals. A bear rarely exceeds twenty years; a dog lives twenty years, a wolf twenty, a fox fourteen or sixteen; lions an 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 1 the great age of four hundred year When Alexander the Great had co quered one Porus, king of India, h very valiantly for the king, named his Ajax, and dedicated him to the sun, as let him go with this inscription : exander, the son of Jupiter, had ded cated Ajax to the sun." This elepha was found three hundred and fifty-for years after. Pigs have been known live to the age of thirty years, the rh noceros to twenty. A horse has be but averages twenty to twenty-fix Camels sometime live to the age of o hundred. Stags are long-lived; al seldom exceed the age of ten; cows l about fifteen years. Cuvier com it probable that whales sometimes to the age of one thousand. The phin and porpoise attain the ago thirty. An eagle died at Vienna at age of one hundred and four y Ravens have frequently reached the of one hundred, Swans have known to live three hundred years, Mallerton has the skeleton of a m that attained the age of two hund and ninety years. Pelicans are lo and ninety years. Pelicans are los lived. A tortoise has been known live to the age of one hundred

The following description of Edit the great inventor, is from an article Soribner's: " Of the number of p sons in the laboratory, remark prin pally the one you may have least thou of selecting, from the informality of appearance. The rest are but skill assistants, to whom he is able to o mit some experiments in their secon stages. It is a figure of perhaps a feet nine in height, bending interabove some detail of work. There general appearance of youth about but the face, knit into anxious wrinkle seems old. The dark hair, beginning be touched with gray, falls over touched in a mop. The hands a forehead in a mop. The hands stained with acid, and the clothing is an ordinary, "ready-made" order. Edison. He has the air of a mechan or more definitely, with his pent pallor, of a night printer. His featu are large; the brow well shaped, wi out unusual developments; the light gray ; the nose irregular, and ; mouth displaying teeth which are, all not altogether regular. When he los up his attention comes back slowly if it had been a long way off. Bu comes back fully and cordially, and expression of the face, now that it c be seen, is frank and prepossessing, cheerful smile chases away the and somewhat weary look that be to it in its moments of rest. He

Edison at Home.