NORTHERN TRIBUNE.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1875.

THE PRACTICAL LOVER,

And his Matter-of-Fact Courtship.

It was agreed on all hands that Ned Stone was a very practical fellow. He was a broker in the city. He had been a very poor man at one time in his life, and had to work very hard. His industry had, in the end, however, met its due reward. At middle age he was comfortably circumstanced. When he announced to his friends, therefore, that he thought of taking to himself a wife, it was thought generally that the step he meditated was a prudent one. And when he further stated that he had made an offer of his hand to one Georgiana Warren, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, and that his offer had been accepted by the lady, we of course hastened to tender our heartiest congratulations on that occasion.

Ned Stone spoke of the matter in his own simple, sober way.

"Well, you know, I'm getting on," he said, "and it I'm to marry, it's about time I should think of setting about it. You're very kind. I think I shall be very happy,—in fact I have no doubt of it,—as happy as a fellow has a right to expect to be. One has no right to expect too much, of course. But I'm quite fond in my way of this Georgiana Warren, and I think that she in her way is fond of me. She is not too young or too old, not too good-looking, nor yet too plain; she is sensible and accomplished enough, and I don't see why I shouldn't make a very good sort of a husband. Perhaps I'm not very fond of old Warren, the father, and perhaps he isn't very fond of me. But I don't know as that matters much. I dare say we shall understand each other better by and by; meantime I must try and make the best of the old man's humor, and not run counter to him more than I can avoid. And it seems that the old fellow would be no fonder of anybody else who might want to marry his daughter than he is of me. You see it's our affair—Georgiana's and mine—and not his; though it's hard to make him see it in that light. But I dare say it will come right in the end. That's what I tell Georgiana when she takes up with rather gloomy views about her father's temper. She has good sense, and, I think, looks at the matter very much as I do,—only, of course, she can't help feeling that he is her father, whereas, thank goodness, he ain't mine."

It will be seen that Ned Stone was not a lover to "sigh like a furnace." As to writing a woeful ballad to his mistress's eyebrows, I don't fancy he could have accomplished such a feat, even if his life depended upon his doing so. The thermometer of his love stood at temperate, with no tendency toward an upward rise. The "marks of love," as they are generally understood, were not discernible upon him.

He never said a word as to the agitated state of his breast, nor to the excitement of his feelings. He did not regard Miss Warren as an angel or a goddess. Probably he would have been the first to contradict any allegation that might have been made to the effect that she was anything of the kind. Miss Warren appeared to him what she seemed to everybody else,—a nice, sensible, English girl.

I called upon Stone one evening. He was alone. He looked a little grave, and held a small sealed packet. We discussed various indifferent subjects; then I inquired concerning Miss Georgiana.

"Oh, haven't you heard?" he answered. "But of course you couldn't have heard. The affair is off. Our engagement has come to an end."

"You don't really mean that?" I asked in surprise.

"Yes; the thing's 'broken off,' as people say. It's a hard job, and I'm sorry for it, but it can't be helped."

Had the lady resented his serenity and discharged him?" I asked myself.

As though he had heard the question, he went on, "It's the old man's doings. I hope he is satisfied now. He's the most unreasonable and disagreeable old fellow I ever had the misfortune to meet."

"But what did he do?"

We fell out about the settlement; that was where the hitch arose. I'm sure I did all I could to please him. I gave up condition after condition, quite in opposition to the advice of my solicitor. I told him to settle what money he proposed to settle on his daughter—it wasn't much after all—just as he pleased—I didn't want to touch a half penny of it. He might settle it, I told him, just as strictly as ever he pleased, or he might settle nothing at all upon her, if he liked that better. It was his daughter I wanted, and not his money. And for my part I'd take care my wife never came to want. I undertook to insure my life for a large amount, and to assign the policy to trustees for her benefit, in case of my death, convenanting, of course, to have the premiums regularly paid to keep up the insurance in the regular way. I thought that a fair arrangement, but it did not content him.

"He wanted to tie my hands completely. He hadn't a hap'orth of confidence in me. He gave me credit for no sort of affection for his daughter. He insisted that any money that I in future might become possessed of, I should covenant into a settlement. It is absurd. I had business to consider. Of course my wife and children—if I had any—would reap the benefit as much as I shall. I told Georgiana exactly how the matter stood. She's of age. I asked her whether she'd marry me without the old man's consent. Poor girl! she was in an awful way. But she did not care to do that. She shrank from offending her father, so there's no help for it—the thing's broken off, and I'm not to be married, it seems—this time, at any rate."

He spoke rather sorrowfully, but still without the slightest trace of ill temper. I endeavored to console him in a common sort of way.

He opened a small packet he had been holding in his hand.

"This is pleasant" he said, quietly; "here are all my letters to Georgiana. Ah! and here is a little present I gave her, sent back to me."

There were not many letters. Their contents I could guess: little enough like conventional love letters, probably like unecstatic compositions, yet simple and to the purpose, and practical enough. The present was a ring,—a large diamond, heavily set in pure gold, just the valuable, simple, substantial present which I could have fancied Ned Stone selected for his betrothed.

"I suppose they'll expect me to send back Georgiana's letters to her?"

"Undoubtedly."

"It's the usual way engagements come to an end?"

"Certainly; it's the usual way."

He rubbed his chin and seemed to reflect a little.

"Have a cigar," he said, presently, "and let's talk about something else. This is not the most agreeable subject in the world. Tell me what you have been doing with yourself lately?"

We fell to talking about this, that, and the other. Presently I went away. As I went away he said quietly, "I think I shall try and see Georgiana once more, for a particular reason."

I did not ask what the particular reason was, and he did not tell me.

A few nights afterward I saw him again. He was at no time subject to much change of mood, or at any rate seldom betrayed any variation of that kind. But it struck me that, if anything, he was in better spirits than usual.

"You did not mention," he said, "what I told you the other night, that my engagement was broken off?"

I explained that I had not mentioned it, for a particular good reason. I had not seen any person whom it would interest to be informed of the fact.

"It's just as well," he said; "because the engagement isn't broken; or rather it's on again."

"Indeed! I'm very glad to hear it."

"I told you I should try and see Georgiana again. Well, I knew that she often went with her father and other relations to the zoological gardens on Sunday. So I went to the zoological. I soon discovered her with Warren and a lot of other people. She saw me, and understood by my sign that I wanted to speak on the quiet. Well, she lingered behind a little, and when the rest of the party went to look at the kangaroos, she slipped with me into the snake house. She looked a little frightened, and the tears were standing in her eyes.

"So I put my arms around her—it didn't matter to me who saw, you know—and told her there was nothing to be alarmed at, and that I only wanted to say a word or two. I told her I was sorry I had not sent back her letters, as I ought to have done, but the plain fact of the matter was, I couldn't do it."

"You love me still, then, Ned?" she said.

"Of course I do Georgia," I said, "who's been telling you I don't?"

She began crying bitterly.

"Come, Georgia," I said, "let us get married whether papa likes it or not; only say the word."

"She didn't say a word. Poor child. She could not speak for crying, and she looked at me, and gave me such a little nod, and then she began laughing through her tears. It was the prettiest sight you ever saw. Of course I kissed her; and then I turned, and who should be standing close to my side but old Warren!"

"Georgia gave a little scream, and then tried to make believe that we were looking at the boa constrictor. But of course that didn't work, so I said to old Warren, in a cheery sort of way, 'Mr. Warren, Georgia and I are going to be married; that's quite settled. But you and I may as well be friends all the same. We'd much rather have your consent than not. Suppose you give it to us?'

"He was so astonished that, before, I think, he knew quite what he was doing, he'd taken my hand, with all his friends standing around and looking on. Of course he could not go back after that. And—and so—the thing was settled."

I congratulated him heartily, Presently I said, by way of change:

"How lucky it was that you didn't send back Miss Warren's letters."

"My dear fellow, that was what I wanted to explain to her; I couldn't send them back."

"You found them dear to you?"

At last, then, he had been betrayed into a feeling of romance.

"Not at all," he exclaimed; "I could not send them back, because I hadn't kept them. I destroyed them."

"Destroyed them?"

"Yes; what was the good of them? I only keep business lettters; they're regularly docketed at my office. But for Georgia's letters, they were of no use. I made them into pipe-lights."

"You didn't tell her that?"

"No,—I hadn't time. I never arrived at an explanation about the letters."

"Then, my dear Stone, let me entreat you, whatever you do, don't give Miss Warren your explanation about the matter."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Don't you see? She thought you didn't send back her letters for a sentimental reason, because they were so dear to you that you could not possibly part with them; and so, in point of fact, that little misunderstanding of her's led to the re-establishment of your love affair."

"Do you think so," he said musingly.

"But if Georgia has made any mistake about the matter, I think that I am bound to set her right."

"My dear Stone, take my advice, for fear of accidents; set her right after the wedding ceremony, not before."

Whether or not he took my advice, I am not aware. He was married in due course of time to Miss Warren, and I know that lady was heard to declare that she married the best husband in the world.

The First Prisoner.

The Leslie *Herald* says that Dr. Elijah Woodworth of that village was the first prisoner in Ingham county. He was arrested in Leslie in 1841 by sheriff Amaziah Winchell for "crossing the track of the sects." The denomination to which the doctor belonged was holding meetings in the school-house, and the Methodists intercepted them by making an appoitment for a meeting half an hour ahead in the same place. The "disturbance" was occasioned by the doctor's protesting against the course of the Methodists. The sheriff arrested him and took him to Jackson, there being no jail or court in Ingham county. As there were no cars or stages and the sheriff had no horse, the prisoner furnished one and would ride a spell ahead, tie the horse, walk on, then the sheriff would ride a spell, tie the horse, etc.—The prisoner was tried twice, and the second time fined five dollars and costs. Refusing to pay either he was placed in solitary confinement for one minute, and then received the hospitalities of the jailer's family for forty-two days. While the sheriff was away the prisoner carried the keys, and courteously treated the other prisoners. He received meanwhile daily visits from clergymen, friends of liberty, and others. It did not seem much like punishment, and on the whole the first prisoner of Ingham county esteems those days as the happiest of his life.

A Need Beyond Education.

Education being the power to think, the power to act, what we need is not information only, but awakening—something that will move the sluggish blood in our hearts and make us truly alive. This is what we all need; because man is not only by nature totally depraved, but totally lazy. Edmund Burke was, indeed, a man that knew much, but you can find many a German professor in his garden that knows ten times as much. So Daniel Webster; but Daniel Webster felt deeply some of the truths of life. They flowed all through his veins, tingled in his fingers' ends—liberty, for example, the Union. Education, therefore, is not the amassing of truths, but it is the deep realization of truth, and hence around the great forehead of Daniel Webster all the shouts of liberty in all the ages of the past echoed a great music in the upper air.—*David Swing.*

"Is he Rich?"

This is a question that floats around a certain circle of matrimonial ladies. Poor giddy fools, who seek happiness where there is neither brains nor morality, good sense or high honor. Yes, he is rich—he has strong arms, a pure heart, a clear head, a brave soul. "Aye, but has he cash and bonds, real estate and stocks, for new bonnets, fine clothing, costly houses and elegant equipage are needed?" Go to, you generation of vipers, you curses of humanity, who cannot make an honest man's life and fate your own, and with him to toil and live, that happiness and virtue may dwell under your roof, be it ever so lowly, that the next generation may, if they will, be better than the present.

Spring chickens are unusually old this year.

A FRIGHTFUL PLUNGE.

A River Driver on the Androscoggin Goes Through the Rapids and Escapes With his Life.

Lewistown (Me.) Journal, July 9.

Thursday morning the river drivers were cracking their jokes and stirring up the logs at the head of West Pitch. A jam had gathered at the very verge of this grand waterfall. George A. Newman, of Bradley, below Bangor, stood on the lower log of the jam. He is a veteran Penobscot log-roller, and this is his third season on our river. George got his cant-dog under the log, and immediately it rolled. Another riverman leaped off, but Newman's iron-shod boots were dull and he slipped, and in he went. He caught hold of his companion's cant-dog, but his hand slipped, and off Newman darted down into the Pitch. He swam off the big curl, and quick as lightning plunged down the awful abyss.

His friends never expected to see him more, but in a twinkling he was seen emerging from the foot of the falls and bravely striking out for the island. The shore of the river at this point is now lined with logs, and a rapid current flows there. Newman saw that it would not be safe to try to effect a landing at these points, so he coolly swam for the island, distant perhaps fifty to seventy rods from the foot of the falls. He reached the land safely when he was at once taken in a batteau to the main land.

His hips, knees, arms and back were somewhat bruised. He was taken to the Auburn House and placed in bed, when his fellows gathered around him, delighted to find him crank and loquacious.

Said he: "I wasn't badly scared. When I fell in I struck right out and kept my head above water. I was calm in there as could be. I pawed a little, though."

"Thought I should have to give you up, George, when I saw you going down there," said one of his comrades.

"I didn't think anything of that kind," said Newman; "but it did seem a long while, though. Seems as if I went 100 feet into that deep hole before I struck. But I kept kicking, and when those big 'biles' come I jest kept right on top of 'em to come up on. I tried to kick my boots off but couldn't. I tell you, boys, 'twas peculiar machinery to go through, but I'll go to work to-morrow. I wasn't sharp at all or I shouldn't have slipped. But I don't want to try it over again, I tell you, Lish."

The doctors reported no bones broken. Several bad bruises were gradually discovered by the patent, who signalized the discovered by using strong expletives. He continued: "I held my breath, 'Lish, from the time I took the plunge until I got to the bottom. I thought 'twas an hour, but I didn't take a bit of water."

"Don't believe anything else could go over there and live," said one of the men.

"Don't say I ain't tough any more," said Newman. "But didn't I take good care of my head, though; I always did, you know!"

"Some one of the crowd outside asked: "Is he dead?" "No," said the river-driver, only a little discouraged."

The Indian legends say that a large party of Indians was once decoyed into the rapids above the falls and perished in West Pitch. However that may be, we doubt it any man ever passes through what George A. Newman passed on the morning of July 8, to come out with the breath of life in him.

Working Women.

Says the *Golden Age:* "A bleaker and harder lot can hardly be pictured than that of the working girls of our city. They are isolated from the society they would like to enter. They cannot dress according to the fashion or their own tastes. They cannot make their own rooms neat or even comfortable. They cannot chose their associates. They are pushed and crowded together in the shop; they are herded togther in unclean lodgings. Their food is often unwholesome. Good people shun them, and the vulgar jeer at them on the street. They are made to feel that they belong to a parish class, and every effort they make to rise in the world is met with some obstacle hard to overcome. They need recreation, but cannot afford the time te take it. They want amusement, but can pay for none that is suitable. They naturally crave the society of the other sex, but this is full of perils, and such companionship subjects them to suspicion when it does nothing worse. There seems to be no bright and cheering outlook for them; nothing to make their hearts glad and their burdens easy; nothing for them but the steady grind of toil that wears into the very bone and marrow and burns their life away. Yet these young women have all the instincts and yearnings and possibilities of womanhood, and under other circumstances would become devoted wives and mothers, ornaments of society, benefactors of the race. In any of our lower streets, between 5 and 6 o'clock at night, girls may be seen coming from their long toil, weary and worn out, hungry and lonely, craving a sympathy and affection there is none to give them, who, under slightly altered conditions would be the pride and ornament and joy of almost every household in the land. It is not surprising that some of them are enticed and pushed across the line of virtue. The wonder is that so many of them keep themselves above reproach, and bloom and fade, like lilies in a pool, pure in the midst of corruption as the heaven that bends serene above their heads while they labor, and over their graves when they sleep."

The Coming Man.

The Chinese element is an important factor in Californian society. Some twenty-five hundred new recruits arrive from China every month. They are expert cooks and servants, make good bank clerks and are industrious, but have learned how to strike for higher wages. They care little for politics, seldom get drunk, but gamble and fight universally. They are never idle. Their great numbers already regulate the wages in California, both in the kitchen and on the public works—They control cigar, boot and shoe making, are carpenters, gardeners: tin-smiths, watch-makers, and are a great improvement on the rough, unthrifty and intemperate Caucassians who look down on them with supreme contempt. It is a pity that they are so impervious to the best American influences, but it takes time to modify the ingrained tastes and habits of the race. It was some eight hundred years ago that a lot of Norman robbers made a raid on Saxon-England and founded the house of lords. There is no telling what the heathen Chinee will come to in a thousand years or so.—*Golden Age.*

The greatest project ever proposed, that of digging a railroad tunnel under the English channel to connect France and England, is being now earnestly taken hold of, a bill for preliminary action having already passed the British house of lords. It is estimated that the tunnel, all completed for railroad use, will cost about $50,000,000. It will be 15 miles in length and about 189 feet below the bottom of the channel. Although not more than twice the magnitude of the Mont Cenis tunnel, it will be far more tedious, and it will be many years before we see its completion.

Ben Wade is going on the stump in Ohio. Ten to one he will say that "there is an overruling Providence which governs and controls the destinies of nations as well as of men."

GREAT IMPROVEMENT

Threshing Engines

With

Self-Propelling Attachment,

Thereby doing away with the use of horses in moving the

Engine AND Thresher,

Manufactured by

R. B. Merritt, Battle Creek, Mich

Also

ENGINES

Of all Sizes for Mills.

General Machine work done to order. For particulars address

R. B. MERRITT,

Battle Creek, Mich.

Legal.

CHANCERY NOTICE—The Circuit Court for the county of Cheboygan—In Chancery—Before George W. Bell, Esq., Circuit Court Commissioner for Cheboygan county, Michigan. James Gibbs Ross, Comp't, vs. Joseph B. Weller, Def't. It satisfactorily appearing to me that the defendant, Joseph B. Weller, is a non-resident of this state, on motion of Meddaugh & Driggs, of counsel for complainant, it is ordered that the said defendant, Joseph B. Weller, cause his appearance in this cause to be entered on the 6th day of January, A. D. 1876, and it is further ordered that within twenty days the said complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in the NORTHERN TRIBUNE, and that the said publication be continued in said paper at least once in each week, for six successive weeks, or that he cause a copy of this order to be personally served on the said defendant, Joseph B. Weller, at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for his appearance.

GEO. W. BELL,
Circuit Court Commissioner, Cheboygan county, Michigan. nol 7t

Printing.

ORDERS FOR PRINTING FOR

Weddings, Receptions, Balls, Parties,

Etc., will receive prompt and careful attention, and satisfaction guaranteed. Address, PUBLISHER NORTHERN TRIBUNE, Cheboygan, Mich.

BILL-HEADS, STATEMENTS,

LETTER AND NOTE PAPERS

Of various qualities, printed and ruled to order in any style to suit customers. Orders by mail promptly filled.
NORTHERN TRIBUNE, Cheboygan, Mich.

Cheboygan Foundry.

THE CHEBOYGAN

FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOP,

H. A. BLAKE, PROPRIETOR.

Is now better prepared than ever before to do all work in his line promptly and in a manner that cannot be surpassed.

In addition to manufacturing everything that is usually made in first-class foundries, especial attention is paid to

The Jobbing Business,

Such as repairing engines, and all kinds of machinery, together with

Steamboat Work,

In all its branches. He also manufactures

PROPELLER WHEELS,

For Tugs.

Brass and Iron Castings,

of all kinds made to order.

Shop on the river on Main street. Satisfaction guaranteed
no1tf H. A. BLAKE,

Nelson & Bullen.

ALWAYS AT THE FRONT.

NELSON & BULLEN,

Have added largely to their extensive stock of goods, and are offering rare inducements in the line of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Clothing, Hats and Caps,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

TRUNKS, SATCHELS,

And everything usually kept in a first-class house.

FEELING CONFIDENT

That our stock of goods is

Very Superior in Quality, Style and Durability.

And that our prices are as low as a really good article can be sold, we have no hesitation in extending a special invitation to one and all to visit the store and

EXAMINE THE GOODS AND PRICES.

It Will Pay Everbody

And all their relations to buy

GOODS OF ALL KINDS

At the extensive house of

NELSON & BULLEN,

no1tf Corner of Main and Nelson streets, Cheboygan, Mich.

THERE IS GOLD.

IT IS SAID THERE IS

GOLD IN THE BLACK HILLS,

in unlimited quantities. Perhaps this is true, but the surest way to make money is to get your

Job Printing Done at the Northern Tribune Office

Third Street West of Huron.

Furniture.

FURNITURE ROOMS!

E. SPILLER & CO.

IN HOWELLS' BLOCK.

Manufacturers and Importers, wholesale and retail dealers in

All Kinds of Furniture,

Chamber Sets, Parlor Sets,

Sofas, Lounges, Chairs, Tete-a-Tetes, Mattresses,

Bedsteads, Spring Beds, Bureaus, Hat Stands, What-Nots, Picture Frames, Looking Glasses, Hangings,

And everything in the way of

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO UNDERTAKING.

Burial Cases, Coffins and Undertakers' Sundries always on hand.

no1tf Main street, Cheboygan, Mich.

BOOK AND JOB

PRINTING!

NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

Bill Heads,
Letter Heads,
Note Heads,
Envelopes,
Cards,
Invitations, &c.

Our Poster Department

IS FULL AND COMPLETE

All Our Job Work Waanted,

New Type,
New Presses,
AND
Moderate Prices,

AT THE

Northern Tribune Office,

Cheboygan, Mich.