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## ALL SING!

Oh, where, oh where is H. Chambers gone,  
Oh, where, oh where is he,  
Don't search for him he will soon return,  
With sights that you must see.

## DON'T FORGET

That the Mammoth Store  
will be filled with the latest  
and best styles of

## DRESS GOODS

Fancy Goods,  
Ladies' Cloaks,  
Dolmans,  
Circulars,  
Ulsterettes,  
Sacques,  
Cloths,  
Flannels,  
Prints,  
Ginghams,  
&c., &c.

—SELECT YOUR—

## CARPETS

Now. Over 75 Patterns on Hand.

## NEW BOOTS,

## NEW SHOES,

Ladies' Fine Shoes a Specialty.

## Grand Opening

—O N—

Saturday, September 29th, '83.

Come and See our Stock—The  
Largest, Best and Cheapest in  
Northern Michigan.

RESPECTFULLY YOURS,

## H. CHAMBERS,

Bennett Block, Cheboygan, Mich.

**FEXER'S**  
**Jewelry Store,**

Opposite Postoffice.

**HEADQUARTERS**  
FOR  
**Watches**

**FEXER'S JEWELRY STORE,**  
Opposite Postoffice.

**First Class Butter,**  
Choice Teas, Coffees, Canned Goods,  
**FRUITS AND VEGETABLES OF ALL KINDS.**  
It will Pay You to Call and Get my Prices before Purchasing Elsewhere.  
**All Goods Sold at Bottom Prices!**  
**H. E. DODD & CO. THE EAST SIDE GROCER.**

**L. T. LIMPERT**

## Watchmaker

## And Jewelry.

Gold and Silver Watches,

Clocks, Silverware,

Gold Jewelry,  
Gold Chains, Bracelets,  
Spectacles  
And Eyeglasses.

**ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING**

Neatly and Promptly Done.

**L. T. LIMPERT.**

**AMERICAN HOUSE,**

**INDIAN RIVER, MICHIGAN.**

Henry Eggers, Proprietor.

House enlarged, newly refitted, pleasantly situated, opposite railroad depot. Table first-class; charges \$1.00 per day. Patronage of the public solicited.

**Miss M. W. Smart**

**OPENS TO-DAY**

The finest line of Fall and Winter

## MILLINERY!

Ever brought to Cheboygan. I have spared no pains to select the

**MOST ELEGANT GOODS**

The market can produce, which I shall be pleased to have everyone call and examine. I have an elegant line of

**PATTERN HATS and BONNETS**

which I especially call your attention

**MISS M. W. SMART,**  
Cheboygan, Mich.

**NORTHERN TRIBUNE.**

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1883.

**THE GLORY OF THE HEAVENS.**

**A Brilliant Display.**

In this vicinity a sight of the Northern Light is not a rare treat; still, by times the display is so extraordinarily beautiful, that, in spite of its frequency, it cannot fail to exact general interest and admiration. The north may have presented more fiery spectacles than the one of last Sunday night; but never did Aurora Polaris shake her blazing locks with more animosity and passion, or treat mortals to a more brilliant, a more gorgeous, a more varying, and a more lifelike display of colors than she did on this occasion.

About 9 o'clock two luminous arches, like a double rainbow, spanned the northern firmament, whilst to form a contrast a dark cloud could be seen slightly lifting its brow above the horizon. The upper arch passed a few degrees to the south of the zenith, whilst the lower divided the heavens about half way between this point and the dark cloud below; the rest of the northern sky was only faintly illuminated, in fact its light might easily have been mistaken for the reflection of the moon, which at that moment shone in all the placidity of its glory. Up to the present all was yet so devoid of brilliancy and scintillation that to one accustomed to the sight of Northern Lights, the spectacle offered but little promise. However, not more than a quarter of an hour elapsed before the scene takes on an unexpected change; in an instant all is motion, all is glow, all is life. First, from the keystone of the upper arch, a rocket, as it were, suddenly shoots down towards the lower arch; in spite of its rapid flight, it stops, however, when just on the point of piercing the same, and quicker than thought could metamorphose it, the dart changes to a sheaf of light, the sheaf into a sheet, and this, shaking, winding, and unfolding, with a sweep across the northern sky, spreads itself out toward the west, until met by a similar wave, which at the same time has developed in the opposite region, and is now slowly advancing toward the east. One single instant measures the time of the grand transformation, yet, in this instant, a scene transpires so brilliant, so changing, and so gorgeous in its display, that the imagination may depict it to itself, but the pen utterly fails to describe it. The haze between the two original arches has become a vast mantle of light, now crimson, now white, now yellow, now violet, now green, now blue, or, rather in its wavy folds displaying all the colors at once, so intense being its motion, so rapid its vibrations, so numerous its scintillations, that the eye witnesses the changes, but fails to follow up the transformations. To lend contrast, the mantle is bordered with a dark fringe, dividing it from the bright lower arch, whilst a black collar, embracing a small, but very luminous, half circle, forms the attachment of the garment to the keystone of the upper arch.

The spectacle continued for a considerable time, and yet it changed and interchanged so rapidly, that continuously it offered new beauties, and compelled the spectator to confess that he might have seen more illuminating displays, but never any finer nor more interesting.

Polar lights have at all times formed an object of great interest, and one can easily understand that before science had succeeded in unravelling some of the secrets of meteorology, Aurora Polaris to the popular mind was full of mysteries and most ominous warnings; some saw war in it, others the passage of the exterminating angel. To-day, fear gives away to admiration and rapture, for in it we see no longer anything but the most resplendent of meteorologic displays; and as we gaze at its shooting rays, its expanding streamers and its ever changing colors, we quietly and reverently confess that the "heavens tell God's glory." What a glorious conquest of science! What a striking instance of science becoming the handmaid of faith! In speaking however of science in connection with Aurora Polaris we do not wish to be understood as presuming that science can tell us all about it; many a mystery remains still to be cleared up, nor do we

even definitely know what Aurora Polaris is. We use the term Aurora Polaris purposely, for the phenomenon of Polar Lights is visible at the south as well as at the north, and there exists even a strong probability of Aurora Borealis always being accompanied by Aurora Australis and of both being only two elements of one and the same meteorologic phenomenon. One fact, however, cannot any longer be doubted, Aurora Borealis is invariably accompanied by electric or magnetic storms. This gives rise to the theory that Aurora Polaris is simply an electric storm in the higher regions of the atmosphere. We say an electric storm, for magnetism is only a form or rather phase of electricity, as is proved by the easy conversion of the one into the other.

In spite of the disturbance of the magnetic needle and of the earth currents produced by Aurora Polaris, to the extent even if swinging the compass several degrees to the east or the west, or of seriously interfering with telegraphy, or even of making it possible without the aid of a battery, it remains however a question whether Aurora Polaris constitutes the electric storm, or is merely an effect of the same, the more so that electric storms often occur without there being any visible Aurora at all, although there might be an occult one.

There is a striking coincidence of electric storms with the recurring of sun spots as well as with the apparition of Aurora Polaris. This has led many a scientist to conclude that these phenomena are not without connection with each other, the apparition of sun spots probably acting as cause, and the others as effects. Whatever there may be of it we have reason to be thankful to science for having made it possible to us thus to enjoy pleasure and admiration where our ancestors could only fear and tremble, as well as to praise and glorify the Creator of all, where they could only sigh and beg for mercy.

**Prof. J. K. McAfferty.**

At request gave readings at the Hall on the night of the 19th inst. The programme was choice and varied. Among the many pieces rendered, the "Bachelor's Dream" and the "Flying Machine," are deserving of special mention. The humor of the first was life-like; the second grotesque, but so true. First thought was quickened into personal life. The cat and dog of the poem were all there, so was the glass of grog. Fire and joy and cheerfulness lighting up the room of the bachelor. After marriage, presto, all is changed. The wife and "mother-in-law," with a sepulchral cough, a guest, the better half's favorite, first to come and last to go, the new maid, the parrot, prattling "fool," the whole is a transformation, all art, but the air of realism is there. "What do you say to that, my cat?" "What do you say to that, my dog?" Darius Green, full of the flying machine, crazed, lank, and gawky, crooked of eye and twisting of mouth. The transformation was marvelous. It was the original. Detail does not satisfy. Impersonation clothes thought with forms of life. The Professor is not unknown to high claims in this wise, as the art critics of the large cities testify. We suggest to the public the culture to appreciate an art productive of taste and refinement. Readings are the welcome substitute of the drama. Let us be more alive to give them what they deserve, as in this case, a hearty and welcome reception.

**A Happy Wedding.**

The parlors of the Union Hotel were filled with ladies and gentlemen, where they witnessed Mr. Welcome Augustus Wedge and Miss Christina McLean made one. The presents made by numerous friends were valuable, costly and tasteful. There were too many presents for us to enumerate. The company were served with an elegant feast, over which the landlord and his excellent wife presided with dignity, grace and pleasure, although they only have one son-in-law. Host of friends in Cheboygan wish the happy couple abundant success.

**A Card.**

To the community of Cheboygan we desire to express our sincere thanks for, and heartfelt appreciation of the sympathy and many kindnesses bestowed upon us in the hours of our desolation when death robbed us of our boy. Hoping that none of our friends will know the grief of having a child drowned, we are respectively,

**MR. AND MRS. T. J. CRUMLEY.**

**Died.**

At Los Vegas, New Mexico, on Saturday, Sept. 15th, 1883, George B. McArthur, son of the late Ward B. McArthur, of Cheboygan, Mich.

The deceased was born at Chemung, McHenry county, Ills., on the 11th of February, 1863. He came with his parents to Cheboygan about sixteen years ago, and after attending school at Bloomington, Ills., and Ann Arbor, Mich., he went to the commercial school at Detroit, where he graduated a year ago last spring. The disease of which he died had then begun to show itself, and in the following July he went south for a change of climate. His mother went to him in October and brought him home to Cheboygan in June. On the 20th day of July last he went with his brothers Harry and Clark, in hope that another change would benefit him. They reached Los Vegas, N. M., where he died on the evening of the 15th inst.

The sorrowing brothers brought his embalmed remains home that their mother might have one more look at the face of her son.

George was emphatically a noble boy. From his earliest years he gave promise of a useful and honorable life. But death in the form of consumption early marked him for his own.

When he returned from college his friends noticed that he was coughing badly, but he concealed it lest his mother should be troubled about him. The disease made rapid progress and though all was done that affection could suggest or the best medical skill devise, he ran rapidly down, and at last yielded to the fell destroyer.

He was buried from his mother's house—laid away quietly in the cemetery, in a bed of flowers—to rest.

Sleep on, then, son, brother, friend. God has called thee to pass through the fires of suffering to burn away the dross of earth. Sleep on and take your rest. By the cross He gave you to wear He meant to fit you for the crown. The pains were to prepare you for the enjoyment of the peace He only can give—and which is not of earth. Rest, then. No more suffering, no more pains. By and by, in His good time, may the dear ones you left behind, whom you so dearly loved, in whom you have been so happy here, may they follow you to the land of rest, to be a reunited, happy family forever.

The upper range light tower has been improved by a new coat of paint.

Charles Bellant is driving piles and putting in a new dock along his property on the east side, just below the bridge.

Parties interested in the proposed stove and heading factory are figuring with W. & A. McArthur in regard to leasing a site on the east side of the river.

Wm. Hess is to build a new boiler for W. S. Smith's new tug, Maud S, the present one not having capacity sufficient to furnish the required steam for successful work.

There will be a silver reed organ disposed of by drawing at the music store of W. T. Vanderbilt, Le Gault block, Third street, where tickets can be procured and the organ seen. Due notice will be given of the time. Tickets, \$1.

The supper by the ladies of St. Mary's church was the most successful affair of the kind ever given in Cheboygan, the net receipts amounting to \$651; but then the ladies of that church always make a success of their undertakings.

The main span of the new bridge being built by W. & A. McArthur across the river, near their grist mill, was floated on a lighter to its position yesterday forenoon. The approaches have been planked, and the abutment on the west side is nearly filled in with gravel.

The bids for rebuilding the town line bridge, at John F. McDonald's, were opened yesterday noon, only two proposals being received. Alexander McDonald's for \$2,900, and John A. McDonald's for \$1,974.50. The contract was awarded the latter, and the contract was signed last evening, Wm. McArthur being bondsman. The bridge is to be completed by November 1st, 1883.

J. J. Cueny, having rented the room formerly occupied by his saloon, will discontinue that branch of his business, and devote his attention exclusively to the grocery and provision business. Mr. Cueny is one of our oldest dealers, and is fully conversant with the wants of the community, and proposes keeping on hand a full and complete stock of the very best in his line, and sell the same at a living price.