The True Northerner.

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The True Northerner,

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S. T. CONWAY.

Office Corner Kalamazoo and Main Streets.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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JULY, 1872.

PAW PAW RAILROAD.

Trains from Paw Paw connect with the same named Trains on the Michigan Central Railroad at Lawton, going east and west.

LEAVE PAW PAW.

6:30 A. M., returns from Lawton at 7 A. M.
9:45 a. m., Mail Train, east.
2.00 p. m., Mail west, and Way Freight east.
8:15 p. m. Kalamazoo Accomodation, east.

☞ Trains return to Paw Paw on departure of Michgan Central Trains from Lawton.

JOHN IHLING Sup't.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL.

MAIN LINE.

Trains leave Lawton as follows:

	EAST.	WEST.
Mail,	10:48 a. m.	3:15 p. m.
Kalamazoo Acc.	8:48p. m.	6:38 a. m.
Evening Express	1:00am	1:03 a. m.

H. E. SARGENT, Gen. Supt.
C. M. Hurd, Ass't Gen. Supt.

SOUTH HAVEN DIVISION.

Westward. a. m.	p. m.		Eastward. a. m.	p. m.
11 50	3 45	lve Kalamazoo, arr.	10 16	1 55
12 35	4 35	Kendall's	10 10	1 05
11 10	4 43	Pine Grove,	9 50	12 55
12 50	4 50	Goble's	9 45	12 50
1 00	5 00	Bloomingdale,	9 35	12 30
1 30	5 05	Bear Lake,	8 30	12 20
1 35	5 13	Columbia,	8 05	12 10
1 45	5 25	Geneva	7 25	11 50
2 10	5 30	arr So. Haven, lve	7 00	11 30

H. E. SARGENT, Gen. Supt. M. C. R. R.
G. K. Curtiss, Ass't Supt.

GRAND RIVER VALLEY DIVISION.

Trains Westward.

	Leave Jackson.	Arr. G. Rapids
Mixed	6 00 a m	4 00 p m
Evening Express	5 00 p m	9 15 p m
Mail	12 30 p m	4 30 p m

Trains Eastward.

	Leave G. Rapids.	Arr. Jackson
Day Express	12 30 p m	4 10 p m
Morning Express	6 30 "	10 30 "
Mixed	6 00 a m	4 00 a m

H. E. SARGENT,
Gen'l Sup't M. C. R R.

C. E. BUSH,
Asst. Sup't.

PENINSULAR RAILWAY.

Westward. a m	p m		Eastward. a m	p m
10 55	8 00	depart Lansing, arrive	6 45	5 05
11 27	8 37	Charlotte,	5 48	4 08
11 45	8 19	Olivet,	5 25	3 45
11 59	9 35	Bellevue,	5 10	3 30
12 35	10 15	Battle Creek,	4 50	3 38
1 15		Climax,		2 04
1 24		Brady,		1 21
2 05		Schoolcraft,		1 08
2 25		Marcellus		12 28
2 37		Cassopolis,		11 40
3 29		Edwardsburgh,		11 13
4 20		Mishawaka,		10 42
4 30		arrive South Bend, depart		10 30

L. D. DIBBLE, Pres. & Gen. Sup't.

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W. R. HAWKINS, Broker, Notary Public and Conveyancer. Office over Longwell & Co Drug Store, Paw Paw, Mich.

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A. SHERMAN, PRES. E. O. BRIGGS, CASH'R.

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CHANDLER RICHARDS. 891 I. E. BARNUM.

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D. E. Comstock O. W. Rowland. 928.

ALBERT JACKSON, Attorney and Counselor, Office opposite the Court House Paw Paw. 893

CHARLES L. FITCH, Attorney, Counselor and Solicitor. Office opposite the Court House, Paw Paw, Mich. 820

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I adopt this mode of advertising my business instead of employing agents. My object is, to reduce the expense of the business as much as possible, so by purchasing of me you pay no agent fees. You can also save the expense of delivering the work if you choose; besides you can select the Marble yourself, and see the sytle of it, as it will be, so there is no possible chance for being deceived or being disappointed.

By taking this course, there is a saving of from twenty to thirty per cent—according to how far the purchaser comes.

You can readily see that the money I save by not keeping agents goes to the purchaser instead of the agent.

Agents claim that they can furnish work cheaper. That cannot be done, unless done by Apprentices. I furnish no work of that class as I employ no Apprentices.

My work and material cannot be questioned.

☞ Patronize home, if you can, and save money by so doing. 813

☞ *Every Family*

Should keep Page's Arnica Oil Salve in the house. It cures rheumatism, sprains, swellings, salt rheum, fever sores, chilblains, scrofula sores, piles, ulcers, sore eyes, burns, caked breasts, &c. We simply ask that the afflicted will try one box, the use of which will convince the most skeptical, and do more to introduce it into favorable notice than volumes written in its praise. Every day brings some new testimonials from Physicians and others of the wonderful cures they have effected with it. The following convey the sentiments of all:

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Notice of Dissolution.—The copartnership heretofore existing between C. A. Harrison and M. U. Richardson is this day dissolved by mutual consent; S. W. Duncombe taking the interest of C. A. Harrison, continuing the real estate business under the firm name of Duncombe & Richardson. All debts due the old firm will be paid to M. U. Richardson.

C. A. Harrison,
M. U. Richardson.

Paw Paw, Dec. 30, '73.—979-13.

THE BRIGANDS OF THE WEST,
—OR—
JOHN LONG,
The Wolf of the Prairies.

The female who had charge of the kitchen, whence the Wolf of the Prairies had been consigned, was a stout German girl of some twenty years of age, with a smart, black eye, a cheek whose flaming color seemed as if it had been scalded in, or as if its very blood was constantly oozing through the pores, and about whose whole appearance there was a prevailing plumpness which appeared ready to burst its confines, not only at the girdle, but at every point of her contour.

She received the negro's reference of the visitor to her hospitality with some surprise, but having measured him from head to foot with a steady stare, and finding nothing repulsive in his appearance, she pointed out a stool and motioned him to sit down.

The kettle which was to supply hot water for the folks up stairs was steaming on the hob, a large cat lay coiled upon the hearth, the bright tins which graced the wall reflected back the cheerful light of the fire, and the whole scene was a picture of domestic comfort that entered the soul even of that man of blood, and made him draw a long breath of virtuous pleasure, the like of which had seldom been the fortune of his ferocious life to feel. It had been his lot to be born of parents who acknowledged to the world no obligations, even of good manners, who had bequeathed to him the spirit of a wolf, and inculcated outlawry by a disregard of all those household forms and nice family decorums, which smooth the soul and train it by an imperceptible system in the road of order. He had grown rankly and irregularly, his impulses and habits taking shape from the minute caprices of affairs around him, as the sandy strata of the beach is fashioned by the winds until it settles into rock. Nevertheless, though he had only seen them by accident, and beheld comfort in glimpses, he knew how to appreciate both when they fell in his way, as a savage may feel instinctive joy at a strain of cultivated melody or as a stream, which has been trained in the perplexity of a thousand declivities, backs in serene repose, in every broad lagoon which spells all its fretfulness previous to a new descent.

Such was the breath of satisfaction which the perverted robber drew as he laid his bundle on the floor and cast his eyes around the tidy room. The girl bustled in his service, and soon a dish of plethoric rolls, which exhaled a fresh and grateful odor from crevices where they had burst with their own steam, was set before him and a dish of beef to match, which told the epilogue of an abundant dinner. When the edge of his appetite had been somewhat overlaid, the marauder directed his attention rather more closely to the girl who had planted herself opposite him, and conceiving her to be in a pleasant mood he ventured to begin a conversation. At first he found her hesitating and reluctant, but soon an adroit simplicity of manner, which he knew well how to assume, won her respect, and gave him an exchange of chat out of which he drew various items that he quietly noted down in his memory as likely to be servicable to him. We can only march into the confidence of a person who is skilled in the forms and ceremonies of society by degrees, but when the simple and the ignorant let down the barriers of reserve, the road to their trust is generally left open. It was so with the German girl, and before the old gentleman of the mansion who had directed him to the kitchen had sent Jack to summon him up stairs again, Long had several compliments with Barbara, and learned, among the rest of her free communications, that the negro Jack had a sweetheart within a short distance of the farm. This he had learned by saying he had understood that Jack was devoted to Mr. Henderson; whereupon he had obtained the reply, that his information was so true, that the fellow had abstained from marrying a young wench whom he fancied very much rather than leave his master. From this point all further particulars on this branch were easily elicited, and the robber stored the facts away as a means which would help him a long way to his ultimate purpose. Before following Jack up stairs, Long took from his finger a plain gold ring, and remarking to Barbara that he perhaps might never have the good fortune to see her again, dropped the trinket in her bosom as a present. There was no chance on her part to refuse it, for it descended in an instant beyond the reach of her fingers, and the most she could do was to blush back the compliment from behind her ears—her cheeks being always at a climax.

The old gentleman of the mansion took the robber to his private room, and there commenced questioning him as to the wealth of the fictitious Mr. Sheppard who proposed the purchase of his farm.

The answers of Long were of course in keeping with the hypothesis on which he had obtained entrance to the house, and he described the circumstances of the illusory capitalist of Carlinville so adroitly that the old gentleman was at length induced to assume that he knew him, and had only introduced this investigation to see if the views of his visitor would square with his own.—not an unusual course with people of vain minds, but one which unfortunately never fails to lead them into trouble. The old gentleman then entered into a fluent description of his estate on the Macoupin,—represented that he had not finally concluded to sell, but that, as he had a desire to return to Massachusetts, he would, if a proper sum were offered, part with it. As a measure of the price he mentioned that he had received five thousand dollars but a few days before for a part that was inferior to the reserve which he now had on hand, and which in addition had the advantages of the mansion and excellent out houses, which his visitor might inspect in the morning.

"What will be the terms of sale?" asked Long.

"In this case I would make them favorable," said the old gentleman. "I obtained nearly all cash for what I disposed of the other day, but for this farm I would take a mortgage of one half."

The information of Hunt was now confirmed, and the robber as he looked wistfully at the old fashioned bureau with its lion's head and brass rings revolved quickly in his mind the ease with which he might knock the old man in the head where he sat and dart out with the treasure, if his comrades were only aware of his chances and hard at hand to cover his retreat and assist him in his flight. The heavy foot-steps of the negro Jack, however, checked him in these fancies, and reminded him that it were better to reserve his mental speculations until the external performances of this scene were through.

The negro called to inform his master that some friends had arrived from the other side of the creek to pass the evening, whereupon the old gentleman brought the interview to an end by informing the disguised robber he would order a bed fixed up for him in the garret that night, and that on the morrow he would see if he could not give some employment, enough at least, to occupy him until he could hear from Carlinville. In the meantime he might go down stairs if he pleased and smoke a pipe in the kitchen.

Long gladly availed himself of this privilege, and it may be imagined that he turned it to the best account by the address which we have seen him exhibit in his previous interview with Barbara. Before he was summoned to retire he had apprised himself of all the secrets of the farm, and settled in his mind how to turn the information to account. In short, as he sat puffing in the chimney nook, he had formed his plan.

In the morning he rose early, and before the family of the mansion were astir set out for a piece of woods in the direction of the north-east, where he had been instructed by Hunt he would find his comrades Fox and Birch. They had set out in the night on horseback from the station of the old counterfeiter, and when they delivered the horses on which they had ridden back to the youths, who had accompanied them, were directed to proceed some two miles further on, and halting at a bend in the creek, where a thick wood flanked a morass, wait till they heard Long's signal.

Long walked briskly forward in the grey of the dawn to some three miles distance from the mansion, and when he arrived at what seemed the concerted place he drew his pistol, which was charged for a light report, and fired it in the air. In an instant afterwards the signal was returned from the body of the wood which he had just entered in like manner, and a short walk brought the nefarious companions again into each others' presence.

"Well, what luck?" asked Fox and Birch both in a breath.

"Good luck," said Long. "I have succeeded admirably, and have formed my plan."

"Let's have it," said Fox.

The Prairie Wolf then detailed all that had taken place from the hour of his arrival at the mansion; confirmed the report of Hunt as to the probable amount of money which was in the house, and gave a humorous description of the progress which he had made in the regards of the Dutch damsel in the plump boddice and blazing cheek.

"Ah, I am always out of the way when there is a real good thing on the carpet," said Birch with a smile at the latter portion of the story. "The female department of our enterprises ought always to be allotted to me."

"In this case," replied Long with assumed gravity, "that branch must be confided entirely to me, as it is altogether probable that I shall be expected to endorse my advances by a proposal for the young woman's hand."

"Whew!" said Birch with a long whistle, "Captain Jack is going to become a man of gallantry. What next?"

"Never mind, Bob, I've something in the same line for you," replied Capt. Jack.

"But your plan," said Fox, with a business air.

"My plan is this,' answered Long, "I find I shall be obliged to sleep to-night at a house on the extreme end of the farm where two of the old fellow's men reside; but I have got the girl of the house so sweet, that I can frame a pretence that will persuade her to let me in the basement for a little chat after the family retire to bed. I can then secure her and let you in. If I fail, we shall be obliged to scale the balcony in the rear."

"But the nigger; how are we to manage him?" said Fox.

"By decoying him out of the way," said Long, "and we must use the wench for that purpose. Birch must therefore go to her hut which is only a short distance on the other side of the creek, take possession of it, and behave in a manner that will induce her to run to the mansion for her lover. It is the nearest place, so she will be sure to go there. There is nobody at the hut but herself, a child, and a decrepit old wench, so the thing will be very easily done. As soon as she goes out you must follow her, and when Jack leaves the mansion you must enter it with me, or wait till I have secured and gagged the girl. The folks go to bed early, so we shall not have long to wait after dark to commence our work. The nigger locks the house up, therefore his departure will give no alarm, and in the worst view of the affair, even if I cannot succeed with the girl, we shall find the house lightly fastened during his absence."

"But how shall we feel certain,' said Fox' "that he will remain away long enough for us to accomplish our purpose?"

"Never fear that,' answered Long, "there will be two motives for him to prolong his stay—expectation of Bob's return to trouble his mistress, and a desire to remain in her company."

"I don't fancy my part of the job," said the Dandy Captain, "but I'll undertake it. It's rather long since I've seen a woman, but I would have preferred one not done up in black."

"Well, I'll pass the Dutch girl into your hands after you leave the black one," said Long, "and then you'll have two to my one."

"We shall have no time for nonsense after we enter," said Fox severely. "We shall have to keep our eye on the man in the attic."

"I think there will be no difficulty with him," said Long. "He is a heavy headed fellow who looks as if he sleeps like a top, and besides there are two doors between him and the second floor and where the old man lies. I have a light foot, and if everything goes on well I am in hopes we shall get along without any violence or noise."

"Well, so far so good," said Fox, "if the thing goes straight through at the house every thing else is fixed. Hunt is to have horses ready at a turn of the creek, some four miles down, called Brock's Point, for three nights in succession, commencing with to-night. We must row down as far as that, and then make our way to Hamburgh with all the speed we can by the main road. We must there call on Jack Burns, and get means to cross the Mississippi at once. When we get on the other side we will be snug."

Everything being thus laid out and assigned to their several hands, the robbers had but little further conversation and separated to await the hour to carry out the plan.—Fox and Birch retreating back into the solitude of the wood and Long returning hastily to the mansion.

Fortune seemed to be in a good humor with villainy and everything worked into Long's hand. The master of the mansion gave him a job at splitting rails, and suffered him to take his meals for that day at the house. This afforded him more opportunity to cultivate the good opinion of the girl, and by large representations of his prospects and tact at work he inspired her with the notion that he would be a most eligible match. The interview at night was arranged on the representation that he must perhaps leave the farm on the following day, and not return in that direction for several weeks.

When the tea table was cleared away that evening the family retired at once to bed, to make amends for the unusual sittings which their visitors of the previous night had exacted from them; and Jack, who was always the last afoot, called to Barbara to hurry up her work and commenced locking up the house. Just at this moment, and as he was putting up the bar to the front door, there came a light tap against it which arrested him in his purpose and made him pull it open. The negro was surprised to find his dulcinea, Nancy, on the threshold, and when he listened to her rapid communication he was surprised the more. Running down stairs to request Barbara to fasten the door behind him he said he would be back in half an hour, and then without stopping for his hat ran with the wench to the shore of the creek. He did not wait to take a circuit for a small bridge situated a few rods above the house, over which the woman had just crossed, but put her in his master's boat and rowed her to the other side of the creek in a direct line.

While the negro was disappearing in this direction three dusky figures met in front of the mansion, which had been thus abandoned by its guardian spirit, and after a low, whispered interview drew near the basement door. When within a few yards of it one stepped in advance of the rest, and waved his companions to shrink close to the wall while he proceeded to the entrance. He then went up to the door, tapped lightly, and in a moment had the satisfaction of hearing the bolt withdrawn for his admission. When the girl had closed the door behind him and turned to give him a fresh welcome, the robber grappled her suddenly by the throat, and bending her backward over his knee stuffed a gag in her mouth, which he drew from his pocket all prepared for the purpose. It was in vain she tried to cry out; in vain she appealed to the robber with her eyes: he was like a machine of iron, remorseless and inexorable, and proceeded with his work as if it were the most ordinary task in life. When she was securely gagged he bound her feet and hands, and laid her in a corner where she could not see his companions when they entered. The three robbers took off their shoes in the kitchen and under the lead of Long, who took the light from the table, advanced stealthily up stairs—Arriving at the second floor, Birch was stationed at the foot of the garret flight to guard against the descent of the son, and Long and Fox went to the old man's door.

The Prairie Wolf slowly turned the knob and advanced inside. There was a light burning on the table, but the old men was asleep. Long leaned for a moment over the bed, and being convinced that he was sound turned to the bureau. As he moved away from the couch he motioned to Fox, who stepped in his place and drawing his knife held it over the old man's eyes in case he should awake while Long was at his work. The feet of the robbers were noiseless, but Long was not so lucky with the old bureau. He extracted the bunch of keys from the lower drawer without noise, but as he turned the master key in the lock of the drawer which was the depository of the treasure, it gave a loud snap which started the old man awake.

When his eyes met the terrible figure of the assasin Fox standing over him with the shining blade of his bowie knife glittering in the air, he would have shrieked with fear, but the brigand anticipating the alarm stopped it with his hand, and as he waved his weapon threateningly aloft he whispered to his captive that no harm should come to him if he would but be still, but if he moved again, or made the slightest noise, he would cleave his skull in twain.

The old man made no answer but a groan, and Long, having now secured the treasure, returned and helped Fox gag and bind him, as they had the girl, in order that no premature alarm should subject them to a quick pursuit. Leaving the owner of the house in this condition, the three robbers returned to the kitchen, put on their shoes, and left the house making their way to the creek.

"Damnation, the nigger has taken the boat on the other side," said Long, as they reached the bank.

"How the hell could we have been so stupid," said Fox, "why, we have out-witted ourselves."

"Never mind, I'll swim across and get it," said Long, commencing to pull off his pea coat.

"It's not exactly the kind of weather for such amusement, but an exigency is no time to study comfort."

"Hold," said Birch, seizing Long by the shoulder, "there comes the nigger now."

"Hush! speak easy," said Long, "he behind this wood-shed; we must take him as he comes up from the bank. If he reaches the house now he will release his master, get up horses, ride down the bank, and cut us off long before we can reach Brock's Point."

The three assassins at these words shrank behind a little shed, which the gigantic negro must pass, and drew their knives. Fox looked around as he pulled out his weapon and espying a heavy stick of wood which could be used as a club put back his knife, remarking that that would do the best. The negro drew the boat up to the shore, fastened it to the stake, and then advanced slowly towards the house. He passed close to the woodshed and as he got directly in front of the concealed marauders some sound behind him struck his ear, and made him turn and look towards the creek. As he stood in this position Fox raised the formidable billet, which he had just picked up, and leveled with such force upon the negro's skull that it drove him headlong several feet upon the earth.

"We shall have to make a job of this now we are about it," said Long, saying which he ran up to the negro and drove his knife twice into his body. The negro, who was completely stunned, made no answer but a groan, and the three miscreants then sprang into the boat and, bidding the scene of their crime good-bye, pulled away with all their strength towards Brock's Point. They made good speed, for they had the stars to help them, and according to their regulations they found three horses at the appointed place awaiting them.

They mounted, and informing the man who had them in waiting that Hunt could send to Burns', in Hamburgh, for his share of the night's work, tossed him a couple of guineas and dashed off at full speed.

The Constantine *Mercury* says: Solomon said, "In the multitude of counselors there is safety." This was not the experience of a gentleman in a neighboring locality who recently sought counsel in a case wherein he was interested as an executor. He sought the retreat of men learned in the law. He laid the case before the senior member of the firm, and was advised according to the facts presented. He asked the price of the counsel given, and was told $25 would make the books balance. He was astonished that so few words should be valued at so many shekels; he vowed he would not pay, and started away. In the ante-room he was overtaken by the junior member of the firm, who, in a few well-selected words, convinced the recalcitrant that the lawyers had formed a "grange," and allowed no outside circumstances to control the price of their products. He concluded to save trouble, vexation and costs to pay and have done with it. After returning and depositing the fee, he again started to leave, when the junior again overhauled him with, "See here, my friend, I have saved you a deal of cost and trouble by the advice I gave, and it is but reasonable that I should be compensated. My price is $5. This was paid, and then the victim did leave. He proceeded to a room on the same floor to recount his woes. It was a justice's office. The venerable justice was deeply absorbed in reading a borrowed newspaper. He was at once aroused by a fearful volley of profane and vindictive objurgations against his nearest neighbors, the lawyers. After listening awhile, he endeavored to calm the exasperated individual by the use of honeyed words. His kindly offices were met with the exclamation, "Shut your head, you d——d old fool! I've had all the advice I want to-day. I won't pay for any more."

Mary Clemmer Ames' New Book.—Ten Years in Washington. Life and Scenes in the National Capital, as a woman sees them. A new illustrated volume of Personal Experience, Interesting Reminiscences, and Careful Observation. By Mary Clemmer Ames. Published by A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn.

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Mr. B. B. Monroe is at present canvassing for the Book in this vicinity.