

The True Northemer.

VOL. XXI.—NO. 40.

PAW PAW, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1875.

WHOLE NO. 1081.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY JOHN PAUL.

The melancholy days have come,
Which Mr. Bryant sings,
Of falling winds and naked woods,
And other cheerful things.

The robin from the glen has flown,
And there's a little J.
Now roams in quest of autumn leaves
To press and put away.

These in the fern, to schoolgirls dear,
Are found where'er one looks,
On hill, in vale, in wood, in field,
But mostly in my books.

If I take up my Unabridged,
Some curious word to scan,
I find leaves of green and red,
Or maybe black and tan.

The book of books—my Bible—now
I scarcely dare to touch,
Lest it bring grief to some rare leaf
Of maple, oak, or such.

And if upon the lounge I lie
To read while I repose,
The arid leaves in dusty sheaves
Shit down upon my clothes.

Thus buried, I might pose, perhaps,
For children in the wood,
Though my behavior in the grave
Is scarcely quite as good.

O autumn leaves, rare autumn leaves,
So lovely out of doors,
Save the wild wood you could or should,
But miss not Christian doors!

No more I swear in empty air,
But straight invoke a boson,
And soon St. Bridget comes and sweeps
The rubbish from the room.

For now I know a solemn truth
I did suspect before,
That leaves that autumn branches ear
Are an autumn bore.

—Harper's Bazar.

ROMANCE OF HARD WORK.

"Raymond Thurston, I believe you are insane."

As Amabel spoke her voice had a sharp quiver of pain as well as anger. She was very proud of her brother—proud of his handsome face, proud of his talents—and she considered he was about to degrade himself socially if not morally, by the stand he had announced himself to have taken. Seeing her passionate outcry had not moved him, she said, pleadingly:

"Have you no pride left? You who had all the old Thurston pride once?"

"I have just so much pride left, Amabel," he answered, "that I cannot sit here eating the bread of idleness another day!"

"You know you are more than welcome here."

"I do know it. I appreciate your husband's kindness at its full value. Amabel, I hope the day will come when I can prove it. And, sis, I am only too thankful that you give me true love and strong arm now, when we have lost so much. Now, darling, don't try to hold me back from honest employment."

"But, Raymond, you can surely obtain some gentlemanly position?"

"I have been trying faithfully for six months, you know with what success. There, don't look at me so pitifully, it will come right one of these days."

"I wonder what Bertha Haines will say when she sees you perched upon the driver's seat of an express cart."

For the first time the forced composure of Raymond's face was stirred. A dark red flush crept to his very hair, and he rose and walked up and down the room. Glad to have him moved at last, his sister said:

"With her aristocratic ideas and the pride that is inborn in her family, she will never recognize you again, Raymond."

"Then I must lose the honor of her friendship," Raymond said hoarsely. "Don't say any more, Amabel!" And unable to bear any further remonstrance, he left the room, and a little later the house.

The Thurston pride of which Amabel had spoken was stinging him sorely, in spite of the brave face he carried to cover it. He was a man of 28, and his life had held only the pleasures of wealth, the opportunities money gives for the development of intellect, for twenty-seven of these years. His parents died when he was a boy, and Amabel, his only sister, 15 years his senior, married before she was 20, and gave her brother a home, whenever he was not traveling, or in some seminary or college. While he considered himself a rich man, Raymond had accepted this hospitality as freely as it was offered, and Amabel's free case, her husband's library, and her children's play-room bore witness of her brother's generosity. But suddenly, without warning, there swept over the country one of the devastating financial crashes so overwhelming in this land of speculation, and Raymond was recalled from Europe by his brother-in-law, informing him that his entire patrimony had been swept away. Investments that had seemed to the young man, ignorant in all business details, as secure as they were flattering, had fallen to ruin, and a few hundred dollars only were left of what had been a noble fortune.

At first Raymond did not realize the extent of his misfortune. He was still young, well educated, in perfect health, and certainly the world had some niche where he could earn an honest living. But weeks of seeking for employment gave him a keener knowledge of his misfortune. Friends who had been willing to smoke his cigars and drink his wine, who were yet willing to extend every social greeting, shook their heads when asked to confide any portion of their business into his keeping.

Brought up to study, to live a life of elegant leisure, Raymond Thurston at 28 knew absolutely nothing of business, nor had he studied any one branch sufficiently to qualify himself for a teacher. He tried faithfully to find some employment, spending what little remained of his fortune with the lavish hand that had not yet learned economy.

Society welcomed him home after two years of wandering, for Amabel Barclay kept open house for her friends, and Raymond was a favorite in her circle. Her husband, many years older than herself, had long retired from business with a large income, and while he gave Raymond cordial welcome, had no opportunity to aid in finding occupation. And Bertha Haines, the friend from whom Raymond parted two years before, in this renewed intercourse became to him more than ever was friend before. They had not thought of love in the days when the girl was a debutante in society, and Raymond one of its favorite Leaux; but when they met, after the long parting, some new emotion stirred both hearts. They did not know what made the hours pass so quickly when they were together, nor recognize the subtle charm that dwelt for each in the other's presence, for many a week.

Raymond was the first to awaken to the knowledge that love was the charm that bound him to Bertha's side whenever she was present; that it was love that made her eyes, the dark, sparkling eyes, so beautiful in their expression; that love tuned her voice so musically; that love made her the dearest of all women in his eyes.

Amabel was delighted. Bertha was one of her own fast friends, and Bertha's father a merchant of standing and influence. Aside from this the girl had inherited money from her mother. Altogether, Amabel decided the match would be charming. But a hint to that effect met one of Raymond's sternest frowns, such as had never visited his face in the old amusing days.

"Never speak of it again, Amabel," he said, "I am no fortune hunter to live upon the money of a rich wife. I'll carve out my own way first."

But carving his own way proved tedious work till, desperate at his many failures, he accepted a position, offered in jest, of driver to an express wagon.

"I do understand horses," he said, "if I cannot sell goods or keep books."

It proved harder work, however, than in the first flush of his desperation he had imagined. Not the mere work; that he soon conquered; but the slights, rudeness, and stares of his old friends. Some few recognized the true nobility that accepted honest labor rather than an easy dependence upon wealthy connections, but these were few.

A week passed, when one morning, delivering some goods at one of the most fashionable stores on Broadway, as he went out, Raymond saw Bertha Haines opening the door of her low carriage. An impulse made him start forward to hand her out, only to draw back crimson with confusion and drop the hand he was lifting to raise his hat. The sweet musical voice he loved spoke at once:

"Please, Mr. Thurston, help me with this obstinate door. It will stick."

He went forward, then, with all the easy grace of manner that had ever marked his intercourse with ladies. The little gloved hand was extended to meet his as she thanked him.

"It is too bad you are engaged," she said. "I should like to borrow your artistic eye to aid me in selecting a dress for my reception on Thursday evening. But you will come and tell me how I succeeded alone, will you not?"

She said the last words very earnestly, raising her dark eyes to his face.

"Do you really wish me to come now?" he asked.

"I do!"

"Then I will come! I must say good morning," and he left her with a most courteous bow.

But while the great express wagon rattled down the streets, Miss Haines turned away from the store she had been entering and re-entered her carriage.

"To my father's," she said to the driver, and a few moments later the merchant looked up from his ledgers to see his only child, in a faultless walking dress, entering the counting house.

"Another check!" he said, moving a chair to her. "How much this time?"

"Nothing! I want to talk to you. Shut the door so these horrid men can't hear me."

The door was closed, and privacy in the sanctum secured. Bertha availed herself of the opportunity by bursting into a passion of weeping.

"Why, Bertha!" he cried.

"Never mind, papa. It is all over now. Do you remember what you said to me when Raymond Thurston asked for some employment here?"

"Not exactly."

"I do. You said that a man brought up as he had been would want a sinecure; that he never would come down to real work, and that you had no position for fine gentlemen; that his offer to take a subordinate position and learn business was simply a farce."

"Did I say all that, Bertha?"

"To me you did. I suppose you dismissed him politely enough. But, papa, if you thought he was really in earnest, really meant to work for a living, would you give him a chance here?"

"Yes. He has capacity, brains, and a splendid address. But he has been an idler all his life."

"He is no idler now. He is driving an express cart."

"Bertha!"

"He is. I met him not an hour ago. He thought I was going to cut him. As if," she added, with magnificent scorn, "I would slight an old friend in adversity."

"Bless my soul! Driving an express wagon! Ned Thurston's boy! Educated at Harvard! Dear me! Did you notice whose wagon it was, Bertha?"

Bertha had not noticed, and the old gentleman bustled into his coat and started for the office. At dinner he informed Bertha that Raymond had ac-

cepted a place in his own large establishment, with a frank confession of his profound ignorance of all business affairs, but in earnest resolution to learn well and speedily whatever appertained to the duties entrusted to him.

It was not many weeks before Mr. Haines congratulated himself upon the acquisition of his new clerk. He told Bertha marvelous stories of Raymond's rapid progress and the strides he was making in his new life, knowing of the long nights spent in poring over ledgers and accounts, the many misgivings the new clerk felt. The same active brain and quick intelligence the young student had brought to gain college honors now stood in good stead in mastering the intricacies in invoices, book-keeping, and counting-house mysteries, and Raymond gained favor rapidly in the eyes of his employer.

It is a question whether actual merit would have advanced him quite so frequently as he was promoted, hard as he worked, and steadily as he improved. But Mr. Haines worshipped his only child, and the burst of tears in the counting-house told him the secret Bertha successfully concealed from all others. A self-made man himself, with an ample fortune to the one Bertha already held, he laid no stress on money in thinking of a son-in-law. Energy, industry, integrity, these were the foundations of his own fortune, and these were the qualities he desired in a life companion for the child who was the hope and pride of his old age.

The closer ties were bound that day Raymond Thurston to him in business, the more he honored and esteemed the sterling worth of the man he so long regarded as a mere butterfly of fashion, one of fashion's spoiled children. And learning to respect his worth he had also learned to love the frank, bright face, the clear ringing voice, and the ever-ready courtesy of the young clerk. It grew to be a very frequent occurrence for him to ask the support of the strong young arm when the streets were slippery, and at the door to invite Raymond to dine, sure of a beaming look of pleasure from Bertha.

There came a day, after two long years of faithful service, when Raymond was informed in the privacy of his counting-house, that a junior partnership was his if he would accept it. Some emotion checked the utterance of Raymond's heartfelt gratitude. He extended his hand, to meet a cordial grasp, and said:

"Yes, yes! I know. And now, if you want to tell Bertha the news, you can take a holiday."

"May I tell her more? May I tell her I love—that the one hope of my life is to win her love in return?"

"You may tell her that I have been your most sincere friend and warmest well-wisher for two years. You may tell her, and the old man's eyes twinkled, "that I have looked upon you as a son ever since the day she met you driving an express wagon."

"And behaved like an angel!"

"Yes, yes, of course, they always do. There; get along with you. I'm busy. Take my love to Bertha, if you are not overburdened with your own."

And so—you know the rest. There was a wedding, and Amabel gave the bride a parure of diamonds, and owned, when in a burst of confidence Bertha told her the whole story, and, after all, Thurston's pride was never so good in the end as Raymond's pride.

Crooked Whisky Telegrams.

At the trial of Wm. O. Avery, a member of the whisky ring at St. Louis, the following curious telegrams were placed in evidence by the prosecution:

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 1, 1874.—To Gen. John McDonald, Supervisor of Internal Revenue, St. Louis, Mo.: Things look all right here. Let the machine go.

Signed, J. JOYCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 3, 1874.—To Gen. John McDonald, Supervisor of Internal Revenue, St. Louis, Mo.: Matters are lumpy. Go it lively and watch sharply.

Signed, J. JOYCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 17, 1874.—To Gen. John McDonald, Supervisor of Internal Revenue, St. Louis, Mo.: Here on my return home. What I can do for your side.

Signed, J. JOYCE.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 5, 1874.—Col. William O. Avery, Treasury Department, Washington: Have friends started West again? Find out and let me know.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 25, 1874.—Col. William O. Avery, Chief Clerk, Treasury Department: Are friends coming West? See if and give him soundings.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 17, 1874.—John A. Joyce, St. Louis, Mo.: Your friend is in New York and may come out to see you. Avery.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 18, 1874.—Col. W. O. Avery, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.: Give something positive on movements of friends. Act surety. Prompt.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19, 1874.—John A. Joyce, St. Louis, Mo.: Put your house in order. Your friends will visit you.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 7, 1874.—To Col. John A. Joyce, Platters House, St. Louis: Had long ride with the President this afternoon. B. and H. are here. You will hear from me to-morrow.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 8, 1874.—To John A. Joyce, Platters House, St. Louis, Mo.: Dead dog. The goose hangs altitude. The sun shines.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 5, 1875.—To John A. Joyce, Revenue Agent, St. Louis, Mo.: The order directing you to report to Supervisor McDonald at Philadelphia, on the 15th, is suspended. J. W. DOUGLASS, Commissioner.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 6, 1875.—To Gen. John McDonald, St. Louis, Mo.: Order bursted forever. D. & Co. Mad. Hold things level.

KARRY.

The celebrated Bath bricks, known in almost every commercial market and house as "brick dust," are manufactured from the deposits of the River Parrett, Bridgewater, Somerset, England. As far as known, this peculiar kind of deposit has never been found elsewhere.

The American Grocer says that Americans wash too often.

A HIGHWAYMAN'S CAREER.

A Rival and an Elopement—The Terror of the Alleghenies—A Politician in Arkansas—Exposure, Flight, Ram, and Death.

William Hill, a pliant in a private asylum near Glasgow, Scotland, died a few weeks ago. Many years ago there lived in Iredell county, North Carolina, a respected Presbyterian minister named Curry, the pride of whose life was an only son, Nixon, by name, in whose training the good man took peculiar delight. The young man won the affections of a young girl attending the same school, and so ardent was their attachment that no rival was suffered to come between them. When the girl reached the age of fifteen, her devotion to young Curry became so manifest that her parents, wishing to secure for her what they viewed as a better alliance, forbade further intercourse between the two. As a natural consequence, clandestine meetings were resorted to, and continued for three years. At the expiration of that period, the hand of the young lady was sought by the son of one of the Southern statesmen, and her parents tried to compel her acceptance, whereat she eloped with young Curry. The couple were overtaken. Then the young man turned and shot his rival, who led the pursuit, killing him instantly. The young couple then renewed their flight. After a long and heated chase Curry took refuge with his betrothed in the Allegheny Mountains, near the head waters of the Catawba, and there, outlawed from society, he became a highwayman, and speedily achieved a dreaded notoriety by the number and character of his daring exploits. The Governor of North Carolina offered \$5,000 for his arrest, and many, lured by the tempting offer, tried to hunt him down. Suddenly he was missed from North Carolina. It was supposed he had died, or that he had changed his base of operations.

One day, at the time of the first settlement of the fertile delta of the St. Francis River, in what is now Arkansas, a man named Curry appeared in the district calling himself John Hill. He was a handsome, amiable man, and though having only moderate means, extended a generous hospitality to all who visited his beautiful little home, rendered doubly attractive by the presence of a lovely wife. In a short time he became the most popular man in the settlement, and so he continued for ten or twelve years. He was repeatedly elected to the Legislature, and there he was distinguished for powerful and impassioned eloquence. He became a leader in the ranks of his party, was a member of the convention that framed the State Constitution, and represented his district in the Senate of Arkansas.

Hill's most intimate acquaintances were the Strongs, four brothers, men of wealth and ambition. A close intimacy sprang up between them, and Hill, in an unguarded moment, made the elder Strong conversant with his previous history, telling him that he was the notorious Nixon Curry of North Carolina. Strong then requested Hill to resign his seat in the Senate, but Hill refused, and the brothers conspired to ruin him. Sending to North Carolina they procured a requisition for his arrest and a copy of the reward offered for his capture. The four brothers, powerful and determined as they were, well knowing the character of the man with whom they were to deal, secured the assistance of a dozen men, and surrounding his house, attempted to effect his capture. On approaching the main entrance and demanding his surrender, one of them was shot dead, and three others were dangerously wounded, and the attack was abandoned.

The Governor of Arkansas published an additional reward for Hill's arrest, and hastily packing a few articles he set out with his wife and children for Upper Arkansas, where he knew of the existence of a band of desperadoes whose members he had reason to believe would protect him. He was overtaken at Conway Court House, and halting his wagon and admonishing his wife and children to keep their places, he stepped forth in the face of his pursuers, and in a few eloquent words told them why he had quitted North Carolina, at the same time assuring his pursuers that he would not be taken alive. The gallantry of the action operated in his favor, and the pursuit was abandoned. Constant pursuit had already made him morose and quarrelsome, and he began to drink heavily and resort to the gambling table as a means of support. One day in September, 1845, while seated at breakfast he told his wife that he had a premonition of death, and felt that he should be killed that day before sunset. Calling his son William, a bright boy of fourteen, he made him swear to kill the man who should kill his father.

The Circuit Court of Pope county being in session, he attended it with a young man named Howard, who was engaged to his eldest daughter. As soon as they reached the village Hill began to drink and exhibited an unusual disposition to quarrel. He insulted every one he met, and finally threatened to clean the Court House; he dashed into the court room, to the consternation of Judge, jury and lawyers. Young Howard tried to restrain him, but, glaring like a tiger, he turned upon the youth and felled him to the floor, at the same time drawing a pistol, and exclaiming: "Kill me, or I'll kill you!" The man, in a moment of extreme anguish, drew a knife and buried it in the bowels of Hill. He died soon after.

Howard quit Arkansas, and several years later was heard of in San Antonio, Texas, where he joined the Confederate forces under the command of Col. Long. At the close of the war he was met by William Hill, who, remembering the oath he had taken at his father's instance, shot

the former and fled to Europe. He joined the French army and served through the Franco-Prussian war, but was subject to fits of temporary insanity. Finally his case became hopeless, and he was placed by his friends in an asylum near Glasgow, Scotland, where he recently died.—New York Sun.

Determined to be Honest.

The other day a man with a gaunt look halted before an eating stand at the Central Market, and after a long survey of the viands he said to the woman:

"I am a poor man, but I'll be honest if I have to be buried in a paupers' field."

"What's the matter now?" asked the woman, regarding him with suspicion.

"No one saw me pick up a \$20 bill here by this stand early this morning, but as I said before I'll be honest."

"A \$20 bill—pick up!" she whispered, bringing a bland smile to her face.

"I suppose," he continued, "that some one passing along here could have dropped such a bill, but it seems more reasonable to think that the money was lost by you."

"Don't talk quite so loud," she said as she leaned over the stand. "You are an honest man, and I'll have your name put in the papers so that all may know it. I'm a hard-working widow, and if you hadn't brought back that money it would have gone hard with my poor little children."

"If I pick up money by a stand I always give it up," he said as he sat down on one of the stools.

"That's right—that's honest," she whispered. "Draw right up here and have some breakfast."

He needed no second invitation. The way he went for cold ham, fried sausage, biscuit and coffee was terrific to the woman.

"Yes—I—um—try—to—be—honest," he remarked between bites.

"That's right. If I found any money belonging to you I'd give it up, you bet. Have another cup of coffee?"

"Don't—care—fidoo," he said, as he jammed more ham into his mouth.

Even courtships have an ending. The old chap finally began to breathe like a foundered horse, and pretty soon after that he rose from the table.

"You are a good man to bring my lost money back," said the woman, as she brushed away the crumbs.

"Oh, I'm honest," he replied, "when I find any lost money I always give it up."

"Well, I'll take it now, please," she said, as he began to button his overcoat.

"Take what?" he asked.

"That lost money you found."

"I didn't find any! I'll be honest with you, however, if I ever do find any around here!"

"You old liar! Didn't you say you found a \$20 bill here?"

"No, ma'am. I said that no one saw me pick up such a bill here!"

"Pay me for them pervisions!" she yelled, clutching at his throat.

"I'll be honest with you—I haven't a cent!" he replied, as he held her off.

She tried to tip him over into a barrel of charcoal, but he broke loose, and before she recovered from her amazement he was a black away and galloping along like a stage-horse.—Detroit Free Press.

Wrecked.

"Married, married, married, did you say?" and with a wild light of insanity creeping into the haggard eyes, and voice pitched painfully high, she repeated, "Married, married? No; do I look like a happy married woman? Oh, my God, why don't he come? See, we are all waiting for him. There are the guests, there is father and mother by the fireplace talking with our clergyman, and now the girls are placing the wreath of flowers upon my head. But they're snakes, they're snakes; they are crawling into my bosom! O, take them away! take them away! they are twisting around my neck! they choke—O—O," and frothing at the mouth, her features fearfully distorted, poor Margaret Townsend sank down upon the station floor, and, shrieking with the most agonizing terror at the horrible shapes her excited imagination conjured, she was borne to a cell and the doctor summoned.

"It's the tremens," he said, "the worst form of delirium tremens."

This was all, and yet ten years ago this outcast was a loved daughter of a well-to-do physician in the central part of this State. She had a lover, the engagement ring was placed upon her finger, and surrounded by happy relatives and friends she awaited the coming of the bridegroom on her bridal night. He never came, and a few weeks later the girl stole away from her home and cast her lot among strangers. Since then the road has been fearfully steep.—Buffalo Express.

Asses' Milk.

English physicians are in the habit of sending patients to Italy, to get the benefit of the climate and drink asses' milk. In order to secure the purity of the milk, the asses are ordered each day to the patient's door, where the milking is done under his own eye or that of a servant or friend. A traveler, writing of this custom, says that "the ass-milkers in the Italian towns usually carry a bladder of lukewarm water under their cleaks, kept up to the heat of the body under the armpits, of the contents of which they furtively infuse a portion into the several milk-jugs in the face of the domestics, who never suspect the trick. Thus are poor patients, when given up by the faculty and sent to languish under an Italian sun, and die, turned over to the tender mercies of tricksters, generally the associates or creatures of cheating hotel-keepers."

Pigeon-Post Experiments.

A pigeon-post between Europe and America is a novelty which is promised us. This wonderful project, which, if successful, is destined to supersede in a measure the submarine telegraph, will be accomplished by means of an "ocean-homing bird" of great docility and intelligence, which has lately been found in Iceland, and which has already proved its ability to fly at the rate of 150 miles an hour. The birds live only in wild, rocky regions, and the land telegraph or common carrier pigeon will be required to supplement their labors. A pair of these birds, in a recent experiment, brought dispatches from Paris to a lonely part of Kent, England, ten miles from London, in less than one hour and a half, and the dispatches were forwarded from that point by press carrier pigeons. The owners of these birds are now engaged in training and propagating them, and propose to establish a daily mail next summer between America and Europe, the whole distance to be traversed between sunrise in one hemisphere and sunset on the other. If the transatlantic experiment is successful, the birds can be brought to this country and domesticated in some rocky region of New England, whither they will bring us European letters, printed in miniature, within twenty-four hours of their date.

Peanut Shell in a Man's Lung.

About a year and a half ago a young man by the name of Benjamin Peter, of Washington township, Berks county, Pa., was attending a public sale in North Whitehall township, Lehigh county. On his way home on horse-back, and riding fast, he was eating peanuts, when a piece of shell was carried into his mouth by the current created by his fast riding, passing down his throat and lodging in one of his lungs. At the time of the occurrence nothing serious was thought of it, there only being a slight tickling sensation, which was thought would pass away. But not so. In a few months the pain was felt in the lung, which kept growing worse. Recourse was had to a physician, and after some treatment, and finding that no good was being done, the advice of other medical men was sought, but to no avail, while the young man has gradually been growing worse, until now he has become so reduced in strength that he is entirely unable to perform any kind of labor, and hardly able to get about. As a last resort he is now making preparations to visit Prof. Hancock, Philadelphia, to see if his life can be saved.

A Detroit saloon-keeper whose place has been cleaned out two or three times by roughs has got things fixed to his liking now. There is a trap-door ten feet square in front of the bar, working by a spring, and when a rough strikes the counter and begins to raise a row he is dropped into the cellar. A pail of hot water is flung over him by the same machinery, and a hickory club, worked by steam, strikes him ninety-eight times a minute. When the fellow finally gets clear of the machinery a big dog comes him, snuff is thrown into his eyes, and he reaches the street with a solemn vow upon his lips to become one of the most exemplary citizens of Detroit.