

NORTHERN TRIBUNE.

Entered at the Postoffice at Cheboygan Mich., as Second Class Matter.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1883.

OVER THE ORCHARD FENCE.

It "peared to me I wa'nt no use out in the field to-day. I, somehow, couldn't swing the scythe nor toss the new-mown hay. An' so I thought I'd just sit here among the apple trees. To rest awhile beneath their shade an' watch the buzzin' bees.

Well, no! Can't say I'm tired, but I somehow wanted rest. To be away from everything seemed sorter to be best. For every time I go around where there is human kind, I kin to hunger after what I know I cannot find.

It's slag 'lar how in natur' the sweet apple blossoms fall. The breeze, it 'pears to know and pick the purtiest of 'em all; It's only rugged ones, perhaps, can stand agin' the blast. The fruit and delicate are made too beautiful to last.

Why, right here in the orchard, among the oldest there, I had a nice young apple tree just startin' out to bear. An' when the ekinical storm comes tearin' 'cross the farm, It tore that up, while the rest it didn't do no harm.

An' so you've been 's a spell? Well, how is things in town? Dare say it's gettin' 'cose an' hot. To take it up an' down I like the country best. I'm glad to see you're lookin' spry.

No! Things don't go just right with me; I scarcely can say why. O, yes! The crop is lookin' fair, I've no right to complain. My corn runs well, an' I have got a pretty stand of grain.

My hay is almost made, an'— Well, yes! It's better. She's so so— She never is as hearty as she ought to be, you know.

The boys? They're in the meadow lot down by the old mill race. As fine a piece of grass ground as I've got upon the place. It's queer how, when the grass grows up, an' gets to lookin' best. That then's the time to cut it down. It's so with all the rest.

Of things in natur', I suppose. The harvest comes for all. Someday, but I can't understand just why the best fruit fall. The Lord knows best. He fixes things to suit His own wise laws; An' yet, it's curious oftentimes to figger out the cause.

Mirandy? Yes, she's doin' well; she's helpin' mother now. About the house. A likely girl to bake, or make a cozy bed.

An'— No! I'm not half the man I best of ten years ago; But then the years will tell upon the best of us, you know.

Another? Yes, our Lizzie were the best one of them all. Our baby, only seventeen, so sweet, an' fair, an' tall. Just like a fly; always good, yet cheerful, bright an' gay— We laid her in the churchyard, over yonder, yesterday.

That's why I felt I wa'nt no use out in the field to-day. I somehow couldn't swing the scythe nor toss the new-mown hay; An' so I thought I'd just sit here among the trees an' rest. These things come harder when we're old; but then the Lord knows best.

—Harry J. Shelton, in Boston Transcript.

ZARA.

A driving, blinding snow, the sky dark and sullen, a wild wind sweeping over the plains, the mountains quite hidden from view by the storm.

Zara threw more pine logs on the fire, drew together the red chintz curtains at the small window of her "best room," and tried to make things a trifle cosier in the ranch cabin.

"Father will soon be home," she said—she had fallen into the habit of talking to herself out in this lonely country, this "new, far-west." "He will put the sheep in the corral early to-night—it is so stormy."

A small clock on a shelf, which served as a mantel, and which was draped with some simple but pretty chintz, like the curtains, struck four. Zara sighed a little as she heard it. How many times had she listened to that same silvery chime—it was a pretty little French clock—in happier days in the dear East! Its musical sound recalled so much!—brought back the pretty, old-fashioned New England home so plainly. Zara could almost smell the great creamery roses that climbed over the front porch. She could see the tasteful little home-parlor, so different from the meagrely-furnished room she now sat in, with its poor little attempts at cheerfulness. She could fancy herself, as of old, sitting before her sweet-toned piano, singing all the "old tunes"; she could call to mind "to please father;" or she could picture the long, happy summer days spent under the large maples in the garden, lying idly in a hammock, drinking in the sweet air, and dreaming as girls will dream.

How her dreams had turned out! When her father came to her one fall day and said very gravely: "Zara, I have lost money. This place must be sold. I shall go West," her heart had leaped with foolish joy. She had dreamed so often of the West; she knew it was a paradise, so free and wild. "Roughing it," would be so very pleasant! Had she not read in books about it? So she had not smiled at her father's grave face and exclaimed: "I am so glad we are going West. We shall make our fortune there, I know."

She was younger then—barely seventeen. She was twenty-two now—had been "roughing it" five years. She was wiser.

The lovely New England home had been sold, all debts paid—for Zara Josslyn's father was strictly honorable—and father and daughter had sought the West—the great, undeveloped Territory of Montana. Mr. Josslyn's remaining capital, which was not large, had been invested in sheep.

"We shall have to be content to wait, Zara, child, while our little flock grows," Mr. Josslyn had said, and at

the same time had cast a rueful glance around the small log-house they were to call "home" for the years to come. But Zara was young and hopeful.

"We shall be rich before we know it," she had cried, gayly, and went on tacking muslin on the cabin walls, in lieu of plastering.

The years came and went—the little flock of sheep grew larger and money came in a little more plentifully; but Mr. Josslyn had not made "a fortune" yet, and life on a ranch was not easy. Zara pined, secretly, for the East. She hated these desolate plains, the barren "foot-hills," the deeply-furrowed, snowy mountains, so different from the wooded New England hills! The sun blinded her—it shone in such a glaring way—and she missed the trees! The few "cotton-wood" trees she detested; she longed for maples, elms, oaks. "I want real trees or none!" she would say. A few vines, in summer, were trained about the cabin-door and windows, and some wild, pale, pink sweetbrier roses grew near the house. But Zara had not the heart to cultivate flowers; besides, her time was well taken up in other ways. Her days, though monotonous, were busy ones. She did not dream often now, unless of the past, and life was wholly practical to her.

Again the little gilt clock chimed—this time, five.

"I wonder father does not come!" exclaimed Zara, rising from a low foot-bench by the fire, where she had been sitting thinking for the last hour. She went to the window, and parting the curtains vainly tried to peer through the darkness. The wind moaned and wailed, the snow blew against the window-pane. Zara shivered and drew back. As she did so she caught the sound of voices. Lamp in hand she hurried to the door.

"Go right in," she heard her father say; "don't wait for me. Just tell her you are from the East—that will be sufficient recommendation!"

Then Sara saw her father turn toward the barn leading another horse beside his own, and a tall man, well muffled, came striding up the path from the gateway.

"May I come in?" asked the stranger, pausing for a moment at the door and raising a fur cap.

"Certainly," replied Zara, and retreated into the warm, fire-lit room.

The tall man followed, and quickly divesting himself of his snow-covered outer wrappings, drew near the blazing fire.

"My name is Storey—William Storey," he said, smiling, "and your father advises me to tell you that I am from the East."

Zara smiled also. "Father knows how glad I am always to see any one from home," she said.

"I have been in Montana, however, all this fall," Mr. Storey went on to say, "and I come here nearly every fall to hunt. Montana is good hunting ground. But I have lingered a little too long among the Rockies this time; winter has overtaken me!"

"It is our first real snow storm, but it makes one feel it ought to be January instead of only November!" Zara said, with a sigh, as a gust of wind beat wildly against the ranch cabin.

"You do not like the West?" asked the young girl's somewhat sad face.

She was leaning against the mantel-shelf, unconsciously watching William Storey as he warmed his chilled hands before the blaze.

"No; I thought I should like it, but it is very disappointing." Then suddenly, her face kindling: "Have you ever been in Maine? Have you ever passed through a little town called Laurel?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, to both questions," replied Storey, again smiling. "I stopped over night once at Laurel, on my way to Mount Desert one summer. It is a lovely little nook."

"O, is it not?" cried the young girl, with almost a quiver in her voice. "I lived there once. I was so happy there!"

"Shall you not return there some time?" asked Storey, pityingly, not knowing what else to say.

"We hope to; but we cannot set definite time for our return. It all depends on the sheep," said Zara, naively.

As she spoke her father threw open the front door and came in, well whitened by the storm.

Zara hastened to help him off with his great, shaggy, buffalo-skin coat, and then drew another chair to the fire for him.

Almost her first words were: "Father, Mr. Storey has been to Laurel!"

Mr. Josslyn laughed.

"You couldn't have been to a better place, according to this foolish child," he said, addressing his guest.

Then Zara slipped away, leaving the two men to enjoy the crackling pine logs, while she prepared something hot for supper.

"Well," observed Mr. Josslyn, after his daughter had gone, "you were about lost—completely lost—when I came up with you!" And he gave an amused glance at his companion, as though being lost was rather a comical situation.

"I should think so!" exclaimed Storey. "If you had not come along just then I should most likely have spent the night on the plains. I could not see which way to turn—in fact, I could not see any trail—the storm was so blinding! It was worse than folly, my leaving Bozeman for a ride on such an afternoon. I might have known it would storm! But it only threatened when I set out."

"Are you acquainted much with the country about here?" asked Mr. Josslyn.

"I ought to be," said Storey, smiling; "I hunt in these parts every fall."

"You don't say so! Come way to

The Doctor's Pill and a Grizzly Bear.

We buckled on our cartridge belts, took up our guns, and started off. I noticed, at the time, that the Doctor placed a small case in his breast pocket. Being somewhat curious to know what the case contained, I inquired of him what it was. He handed it to me and on the outside I read:

DR. BLANK'S
DOUBLE ACTION LIFE-PRESERVING PILLS.
Caliber .45, 60 grains.

We soon caught sight of the largest grizzly it has been my fortune to see. His left side was toward me. I saw the Doctor turn pale with excitement. Whispering to him to stiffen his left ear, I rested my rifle on that prominent part of his person, and, taking dead aim for the bear's breast, fired. At the report of the gun, the Doctor, stunned by the explosion, I suppose, fell as though he had been shot. Not so with the bear, however, for starting up with a snort, he looked around. I fired again, but shot wild, and then saw the bear start for us, with hair on end and growling fearfully. Shall I confess it that fear took possession of me, even so that I dropped my gun and ran?

Yes, I fled ingloriously and left my poor helpless comrade to his fate. Some fifty yards below where I had fired there was a scrubby oak tree, some twelve feet high, and for this tree I ran as fast as my legs would carry me, and swung myself into its branches none too soon. The bear clutched at my feet as I drew up. I climbed to the top, and looked tremblingly down. The bear seized the tree in his grasp and endeavored to tear it up by the roots; but it was rooted in the rocks, and was too much for even his giant strength.

I breathed more freely. I knew he could not climb the tree. On looking at him closely I could see the hole in his left side where the bullet had entered, and on the other side where it had passed out. It must have torn his heart to pieces. The blood was flowing from the wound, and the bloody froth was on his lips. Surely he must soon die, I thought. But he showed no sign of failing vitality, and I soon came to believe that a bear may live without a heart. I saw plainly now that I should have shot him through the head or else through the spine. But it was too late to rectify the mistake; my gun was on the ground.

The bear would not leave the tree, but kept looking up at me. After awhile he took a large boulder in his paws, and laid it at the foot of the tree, and then another and another. At first I was puzzled to know what it meant, but soon the terrible truth dawned on my mind that he was heaping them there that he might stand on them and reach me. The thought was enough to make me start, and for a moment I thought of leaping over him to the ground and taking my chances in running. But I knew he would overtake me. Then I thought of the Doctor, and turned my eyes toward the place where he had fallen. He was not there. I shouted his name, and saw him thrust his head out from a crevice in the rocks close by where I had left him. How he managed to squeeze his body into so small a space is a mystery to me.

"Get your gun and shoot the bear," I screamed to him. "Are you going to stand still and see this brute eat me?"

He did not answer, but crept out cautiously to where his rifle lay, and ran quickly back to his retreat. I saw him aim, and then saw the flash of the gun—and one of my boot-heels flew off. I implored him to aim with more care next time, and to shoot at the bear, not at me. I waited with much trepidation his next shot, and well I might, for the bullet sung a dirge by my ear, burning it as it passed. Then I asked him to desist, for fear that he might commit murder and that I would be the victim.

Slowly but surely the bear was piling up the rocks at the base of the tree, and must soon reach me. For a while hope deserted me and I sat in a kind of stupor, from which I was aroused by a thought that flashed across my mind. Acting upon it I shouted to the Doctor. "Draw the bullet from a cartridge, quickly, and replace with one of your pills! Load your gun with it."

"All right," came the response.

"Now run out," I said, "and attract the attention of the bear."

In another moment he came out yelling and capering about. This was more than the bear could resist, and he rushed for the Doctor, who fled to his retreat, followed by the bear.

"When he opens his mouth fire straight down his throat," I yelled.

I heard a shot, saw the bear stagger back, then rear up and place his paws on his abdomen, howling all the while as if in pain. Then he started to flee, but fell into convulsions horrible to behold, tearing up the earth in his death struggle. Gradually his movements ceased. His limbs stiffened. He was dead.

Then the Doctor emerged from his crevice in the rocks and rushed up to the bear's carcass and kicked it and leaped upon it, yelling all the while like a devil.

I descended from my perch and going up to the Doctor embraced him and thanked him from the bottom of my heart. I told him that he was the dearest shot—with a pill—I had ever seen.

—Forest and Stream.

—A New York newsboy fired seven shots at a mad dog, hitting three citizens, two horses and one baby carriage; but he killed the dog and will probably be promoted to the police force. —Philadelphia News.

—If the poultryer feeds too many onions the eggs will taste of them. Feed moderately, chopped up raw, nothing is better for laying fowls. —Chicago Journal.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned, Committee on Sewers, until Tuesday, September 4th, at 6 o'clock, p. m., for furnishing all material, excepting the sewer pipe, which will be furnished by the village on board of cars at Cheboygan, and do all work and labor necessary for the construction and completion of a socket-tile sewer on Pine street, in the village of Cheboygan, commencing at the channel bank of Cheboygan river, and extending to a point 10 feet west of the east line of Ball street.

Total length of sewer.....1175 feet
Of 15-inch pipe.....500 feet
Of 12-inch pipe.....585 feet
2 15-inch curves; 1 12-inch curve; 1 15-to-12-inch reducer; 35 Y branches; 12 catch basins in street corners; to be connected to main sewer, requiring therefor about 206 feet sewer pipe, provided with hand hole traps; 12 cast iron covers for catch basins, and 12 6-inch curves.

Average depth of excavation, 6.82 feet, exclusive of 120 feet of river end of sewer, which is mostly in shallow water, and this 120 feet is to be about 3 feet below the water.

Said proposals will be opened at the Council Rooms Tuesday evening, September 4th, 1883.

Plans and specifications for which are now on file in the office of the Clerk of the Village. Parties tendering bids are required to accompany the same with the names of at least two responsible sureties, who shall agree to become security in such sums as the Council shall require for the faithful performance of such work. Work to be completed on or before October 1st, 1883. The right to reject any and all bids is expressly reserved.

Cheboygan, Aug. 18th, 1883.

WATTS S. HUMPHREY,
ROBERT ROBINSON,
Committee on Sewers.

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Albert Le Gault of Cheboygan, Michigan, to McArthur, Smith & Co. of the same place, dated October 29th, A. D. 1881, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds, for the County of Cheboygan and state of Michigan, on the First day of November A. D. 1881, in Liber "C" of mortgages, on page 535, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of five hundred and forty-three dollars and thirty-eight cents, and an attorney's fee of fifty dollars, provided for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceedings at law or in equity having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, the Eighteenth day of September A. D. 1883, at ten o'clock in the forenoon I shall sell at Public Auction to the highest bidder, at the front door of the Court House in the village of Cheboygan, Cheboygan County, Mich., (that being the place where the Circuit Court for Cheboygan county is held), the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage, with eight per cent. interest, and all legal costs, together with an attorney's fee of fifty dollars, as provided in said mortgage, as all that certain lot, piece and parcel of land situate in the village of Cheboygan, in the county of Cheboygan and state of Michigan, and known and described as follows: Thirty feet from the west end of lot thirty (30) of Cheboygan village according to Jacob Sammon's plat thereof, said piece of land being thirty (30) feet wide, back from Water street easterly, and north and south on said Water street across said lot thirty (30), being the same piece of land conveyed to Charles E. Smith by two sheriff's deeds recorded in Liber one (1) of Sheriff's Deeds on Mortgage Sales on pages 105 and 109. The said mortgage above described being given to secure a part of the purchase price of the land therein mentioned.

McARTHUR, SMITH & CO.,
BELL & ADAMS, Mortgages, Auctioneers.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Take effect Oct. 15, 1882.

STATIONS.	TRAINS GOING NORTH.			
	No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 5.	No. 7.
Cincinnati, Ky.	8 15am	7 45pm		
Richmond, Ind.	9 05pm	10 20 "		
Winchester	4 19 "	12 14pm	11 25 "	
Hedgeville	5 39 "	1 18 "	11 40 "	
Port Huron	5 59 "	1 05 "	12 15am	
Decatur	6 13 "	2 10 "	1 25 "	
St. Wayne, Ar.	7 10 "	3 12 "	2 20 "	
St. Louis		3 35 "	3 10 "	8 30am
Kendallville		4 40 "	4 20 "	9 12 "
Sturgis		6 08 "	5 42 "	11 03 "
Vicksburg		7 15 "	6 41 "	12 16pm
Kalamazoo, Ar.		7 50 "	7 20 "	12 50 "
Allegan		8 03 "	7 40 "	1 25 "
G. H. Rapids		10 00 "	9 30 "	3 50 "
G. H. Rapids		10 00 "	9 30 "	4 25 "
G. H. Rapids		10 00 "	9 30 "	4 55 "
Big Rapids		10 17 "	12 05pm	6 59 "
Howards City		10 50 "	2 00 "	7 52 "
Reed City		12 05pm	3 15 "	10 10 "
Cadillac			3 30 "	11 09 "
Traverse City			5 55 "	
Kalkaska			5 27 "	1 11am
Mancelona			6 04 "	1 58 "
Boyne Falls			7 11 "	3 22 "
Petoskey			7 50 "	4 15 "
Har Springs			8 25 "	
Mack City				7 00 "

STATIONS.	TRAINS GOING SOUTH.			
	No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.	No. 8.
Mack City				9 50pm
Har Springs				7 00 "
Petoskey				7 20 "
Boyne Falls				7 50 "
G. H. Rapids				9 07 "
Kalkaska				9 44 "
Traverse City				8 25 "
Cadillac				11 42 "
Reed City				4 09pm
Big Rapids				5 16 "
Howards City				5 50 "
D. G. H. Rapids				6 47 "
G. H. Rapids				8 05 "
Allegan				8 20 "
Kalamazoo, Ar.				9 00 "
Sturgis				9 35 "
Vicksburg				10 35 "
Kendallville				11 45 "
St. Wayne, Ar.				1 00pm
Decatur				1 30 "
Port Huron				2 10 "
Hedgeville				3 10 "
Winchester				3 50 "
Richmond				5 00 "
Cincinnati				7 40 "

A. B. LEET,
General Passenger Agent.

FRANK SHEPHERD.

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CHEBOYGAN MICH.

NEW FISH MARKET.

A choice stock of Fresh and Salt Fish constantly on hand at the former meat market of Joseph Spooner, on Huron street. If you want something nice give me a call.

Aug 11-3m CHARLES CORLETT.

Probate Order.

STATE of Michigan, County of Cheboygan—
AT a session of the Probate Court for said county, held at the Probate office, in the village of Cheboygan, on the 30th day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three.

Present, Edwin Z. Perkins, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of William J. Trices, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Mary A. Trices, praying among other things that administration of said estate may be granted to the said Mary A. Trices.

Thereupon it is ordered that Monday, the 3rd day of September next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be held in the Probate office, in the village of Cheboygan, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Northern Tribune, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

(A true copy) EDWIN Z. PERKINS,
Judge of Probate.

NEW FIRM!

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Cheboygan, Mich.

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Real Estate Office,

CHEBOYGAN, MICH.

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WM. McARTHUR, JNO. W. MCGINNIS, GEO. F. HAYNOLDS, JACOB J. FORT.

G. F. HAYNOLDS, Cashier.

THE

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OF WM. McARTHUR & CO.

(Successors to Rollo & Hitchcock.)

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Hfeb 11

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F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.