

The True Northerner.

VOL. XX, NO. 19.

PAW PAW, MICH., FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1874.

WHOLE NO. 1007

The True Northerner,
Is Published Every Friday, by
S. T. CONWAY.
Office Corner Kalamazoo and Main Streets.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
\$1.00 A YEAR. IN ADVANCE.

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.
6:50 A. M. for Lawton at 7 A. M.
9:40 A. M. for East, and
1:30 P. M. for West, and Way Freight east.
1:30 P. M. for Kalamazoo Accommodation, east.
7:30 P. M. for Lawton, and
8:30 P. M. for East, and
9:30 P. M. for West, and
Michigan Central Trains from Lawton.
JOHN HILLING Supt.

Michigan Central Railroad.

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST.	
PAW PAW.	STATIONS.	PAW PAW.	STATIONS.
6:50 A. M.	Lawton	7:30 P. M.	Lawton
9:40 A. M.	East	8:30 P. M.	East
1:30 P. M.	West	9:30 P. M.	West
1:30 P. M.	Kalamazoo		
7:30 P. M.	Lawton		
8:30 P. M.	East		
9:30 P. M.	West		

South Haven Division.

Leave Kalamazoo—Way Freight, 7:50 A. M.
Kalamazoo—Way Freight, 10:00 A. M.
Arrive at South Haven at 10:30 A. M. and 6:50 P. M.
Leave South Haven—Mail, 7:00 A. M.; Way Freight, 7:30 P. M.
Arrive at Kalamazoo at 10:00 A. M. and 6:50 P. M.
Going West, pass Galesburg at 10:00 A. M. and 6:50 P. M.

Chicago and Lake Huron Railroad.

TAKING EFFECT MARCH 1ST, 1874.

PAW PAW.		STATIONS.		PAW PAW.	
PAW PAW.	STATIONS.	PAW PAW.	STATIONS.	PAW PAW.	STATIONS.
6:50 A. M.	Lawton	7:30 P. M.	Lawton	6:50 A. M.	Lawton
9:40 A. M.	East	8:30 P. M.	East	9:40 A. M.	East
1:30 P. M.	West	9:30 P. M.	West	1:30 P. M.	West
1:30 P. M.	Kalamazoo			1:30 P. M.	Kalamazoo
7:30 P. M.	Lawton			7:30 P. M.	Lawton
8:30 P. M.	East			8:30 P. M.	East
9:30 P. M.	West			9:30 P. M.	West

Trains do not stop.
Trains do not stop except upon Signal.
Mail and Express Train East makes direct
connections at Lansing with Jackson, Lansing
& Saginaw R.R. for Bay City, Saginaw and
Ontonagon; and with Detroit, Lansing & Lake
Michigan R.R. for Greenville, Ionia, Howell
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Office at his residence, on Kalamazoo
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reduce the expense of the business as much as
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delivering the work if you choose; besides you
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By taking this course, there is a saving of
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You can readily see that the money I save by
not keeping agents goes to the purchaser in-
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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.

THE BRIGANDS OF THE WEST,

—OR—

JOHN LONG,

—THE—

WOLF OF THE PRAIRIES.

It was on the 6th of September that the im-
portant arrest of Fox, as narrated in our last
chapter, took place. Thus far, Bonney had
succeeded beyond his most sanguine hopes.—
A period of only eleven days had elapsed since
he had started from St. Louis in pursuit of
the murderers of Col. Davenport, without any
definite clue to find them; and yet, during this
period of time he had penetrated into the most
secret retreats of the Brigands of the West,
and had shared their hospitality and their
dangerous confidence, at the risk of his life;
he had discovered through this risk, the trail of
Fox, Long and Birch, and had followed the
trail up with such energy that Fox was already
in his grasp. Hope now gave to Bonney an in-
stinctual satisfaction and encouragement, by
whispering confidently to him that this suc-
cessful beginning of the working out of his
plot, in the arrest of Fox, was but the sure pre-
lude to the desired climax of his success—the
arrest of Long and Birch. It was, therefore,
with renewed energy, although almost worn
out with the fatigue and excitement of the last
few days, that he bent himself to the work
still before him to be accomplished, and passed
not a moment to carry out his further plans.

He accordingly made arrangements for the
conveyance of Fox to the jail at Indianapolis.
A carriage was procured; Fox, heavily ironed,
was placed within, under charge of Johnson,
and Mr. Poole, the sheriff of Wayne County,
who were directed to drive through to Indian-
apolis in the shortest possible time, in order
to prevent any trouble or hindrance from any
immediate proceedings which the friends of
Fox might see fit to adopt in order to aid his
escape. Bonney then went around to all the
editors of the papers at Centerville and Rich-
mond, and requested them not to publish the
arrest of Fox, with which request they readily
complied. So far all was well, and on the
night of the 8th of September, Bonney left
Centerville by stage for Columbus, Ohio, on
his way to Berkshire, in Delaware County,
where he expected to find John Long, the
Wolf of the Prairies, and his companion, Bob
Birch, the Dandy Captain. Leaving Bonney
on his route to Berkshire, in Delaware County,
we will transfer the scene to that place, in
anticipation of the events previous to his arrival
in that town.

It was the latter part of August and soon
after the time when John Long and Bob
Birch departed, as we have before narrated,
from the den of thieves in Owen county on
the eve of the descent upon that place by the
officers from Bowling Green. The little town
of Berkshire, in Delaware County, Ohio, was
enveloped in the blackness of a night which
had descended upon it in the fury of a tempest
that had been gathering during all the after-
noon and which, with its thunder, its lightning
and its torrents of rain, was now playing a
fearful chorus of the elements, around and
over the few scattered dwellings. Terrible
however, as the storm was without, there was
within it dwelling in the village, a party who
held it not, and made no pause in the oath
of profanity, and the propositions of villainy,
which came from their lips, even at the mo-
ment when the lightning flashed across their
features, and the peals of thunder shook the
very foundations of the building. This party
was composed of John Long, Bob Birch, and
Norton B. Royce. The place where they were
assembled was a private and the best apart-
ment of the tavern at Berkshire, kept by a man
named Van Sickle, and which was the only
public house in the place. This Van Sickle
was connected with the great gang of the
"Brigands of the West," and was informed of
many, although (from a natural want of discre-
tion on his part, which rendered it dangerous
to trust him too far at once, not of all the cur-
rent secrets of the band. His house was the
rendezvous of all the "boys" in this quarter,
and here Long and Birch now came from the
den of thieves in Owen county, to meet Norton
B. Royce, in reference to the "eight"
which he had got up for them to "raise," in
the neighborhood. The trio were seated
around a table on which were some glasses,
a bottle of whiskey, and the remains of what ap-
peared to have been a bountiful supper. Van
Sickle had just left the apartment, and Royce,
leaning back in his chair, exclaimed—
"Why the d—d Long, did you not come the
1st of August, as you promised? We have
missed two of the best 'sights' that I
ever got. My old aunt who lived about here,
lately sold her property for twenty-two hun-
dred dollars, received the amount in gold, left
on the 10th of August, went to the west, and
paid the money for a new home. That's one
chance gone. Then there was a merchant one
mile north of this place, who had eighteen
hundred dollars in his trunk, and with which he
started, about the middle of August, for New
York, to purchase goods. There's another
chance gone—four thousand dollars in all; and
the sound of that amount of lost gold is still
clinking on my ears louder than the thunder of
this cursed shower."

"Well then," answered Long, "put your
fingers to your ears, and open your eyes wider
for the gold that's yet to be got; there is no use
crying for spilt milk. We couldn't get her be-
fore, and that's enough; and the question is,
now, is there another 'sight' ahead?"

"Yes, that's the question," chimed in Dandy
Birch, as he gave a twist to the watch chain
and seal which he had taken from Colonel
Davenport, and which he now wore in full
view.

"Yes," answered Royce, "a d—d good one,
worth at least sixteen hundred dollars."

At this announcement from Royce, Long
and Birch leaned eagerly across the table and
fixed their eyes upon him. As they did so, the
countenance of each wore a mingled look
of expectant avarice and demonic desperation,
that was heightened in the intensity of its re-

pulsiveness, by the uncertain light of the can-
dle, which flickering in the blast of the storm,
as it forced its way through the crevices of
the closed window, accompanied by inces-
sant flashes of lightning, while the partial
gloom of the room cast a fearful pallor over the
whole scene.

"Where is it? where is it?" exclaimed Long
and Birch both in one breath, before the words
were scarcely out of Royce's mouth.

"About forty miles from here," answered
Royce, "in the north-west corner of Knox,
on the edge of Marion county, there lives an old
Jersey farmer, by the name of Wilborne. He
is a good pious old fellow, never fastens the
doors, and thinks everybody is as honest as he
is. There will not, therefore, be much danger
in seeing him of the spare cash he has on hand,
which amounts to the sum I just told you, if
not more. So, boys, what do you say for a de-
cent upon old Wilborne?"

"Go in for it at once," said Long, "and
let's go to bed, or there will not be much more
of the night left to take a sleep in, and we
must be off early in the morning."

Dandy Birch gave his token of assent. By
instinctively twirling his watch chain, and all three
were soon afterwards provided with beds by
the accommodating landlord. The storm con-
tinued to pour down in its fury for the remain-
der of the night, but the human guilt under
Van Sickle's roof slept as sound as conscious
innocence. In the morning the shower had
turned into a settled rain, but Long and Birch
after a hasty breakfast, set out through the
wet to reconnoitre the premises of the old
farmer, with the understanding that Norton
B. Royce should soon follow them.

A few evenings after this, the moon shone
brightly down on a scene of peace in Knox
Co., which would have touched the heart of
any one less than a fiend, and awakened it to
the beauty of domestic happiness, hallowed by
virtue, even though that heart might have
been seared with vice as with a hot-iron.—
There was a small dwelling flanked on one side
by a spacious barn with hay stacks adjoining,
under the shadows of which a goodly number
of cattle were reposing. In the rear there was
a large field that was crowded with the tall
green stalks of the corn, which were just
bursting their silken fringe, to reveal the rich
burden of their ripening fruit. The dense fore-
st bounded in the corn-field, and on all, the
bright beams of the moon fell softly and
calmly, like a smile from Heaven beaming on
the face of the earth. Within, the scene was
equally peaceful. A comely matron had just
removed the last dish from the supper table,
and arranged the disorder of the room, con-
sequent upon the partaking of the evening meal,
had seated herself in a chair beside a sunburnt
man whose frame was muscular and well knit
together; whose features were regular and
mild in their expression, and whose tender
glances, as he cast them now and then on his
companion, told at once that he was her hus-
band. Both were about the middle age of life
and in the apartment with them, four men-
whose dress and appearance, bespoke them to
be itinerant clergymen of the Methodist
Church, were also seated. The silence, which
had continued for some few moments after the
supper was removed, was broken by one of the
clergymen remarking that it was the hour for
repose, and proposing that the evening devo-
tions should be held. Farmer Wilborne, for it
was his home in Knox Co., that we have been
contemplating, assented, and the voice of
prayer was soon heard to rise from that hum-
ble roof in the wilderness, and float out
through the open window on the evening
air.

At this moment, gliding through the high
and thick stalks of the corn-field, might be
seen the figure of a man approaching the
house. It was John Long, the Wolf of the
Prairies. Creeping like a snake, with his head
bowed beneath the long green leaves, he ad-
vanced to the window and looked into it.

The scorchers at the farm were too wrapt up
in their devotions to heed the shadow which dar-
ened the window a moment and then was
gone. Long, however, by this brief glance,
had taken in the whole scene, but the only ef-
fect it had upon him was to make him mutter
to himself an inaudible curse of imprecation,
as he returned a few steps and stood again in
the shadow of the corn-field, awaiting the ter-
mination of an act of worship, which while he
respected it not, he was loth to disturb.

The amen at length sounded on his ear, and soon
the lights were extinguished, and he knew
that the family had retired to rest. Again he
approached the house; but now towards the
front door where, listening for a moment, he
raised the latch gently and noiselessly, and
found that Royce had spoken the truth. The
door opened without the least resistance, and
it was true that Farmer Wilborne, looking
no dishonest in the world, and least of all, in
that primitive country to which he had emi-
grated from Jersey, left his door open to the
world, by night as well as by day. Long
had thus gained one point of information for
which he had come to the house to reconnoitre,
but another remained which he could only gain
by an interview with the master of the house.

Although his original plan of arousing the fam-
ily, after he had discovered how the door stood
with regard to fastenings, and of claiming a
shelter for the night in order to discover the
localities of the house, was now somewhat
frustrated by the presence of other guests, he
still resolved to carry it through, and trust to
the farmer's answers, and what he could see
while he was talking, for all the information
he wanted. He, therefore, as cautiously as he
had raised, let the latch fall again, and then
immediately knocked for admittance. Farmer
Wilborne, like all hale and honest men, slept
soundly, and his example seemed to be fol-
lowed by the rest of the household, for it was
until Long had given several hard blows, that
the wife started up, and shaking her husband
told him there was some one at the door.—
Farmer Wilborne immediately rose with great
composure from his bed, and walking to the
door, threw it wide open.

"Friend, whoever you are, enter and make
known your wants."

"I am a solitary traveler," said Long, with
an expression of the utmost truth and sincer-
ity, "and I ask a bed for the night."

"That is a thing I cannot give you," an-
swered the farmer. "We have now a camp-
meeting in the neighborhood and my house is
full of clergymen. I have but two rooms in
my dwelling and the other is as full as this,"
and as he spoke, he pointed to two temporary
beds in the room besides the one which he oc-
cupied.

By the moonlight which streamed in, broad
and clear through the open door, Long saw
the whole arrangement; saw the closets, and
every feature of the room, together with the
situation of the door which led into the other
apartment.

"If," continued the farmer, "you can take a
nap on the floor, you are welcome. You are
welcome to stay and share my bread until the
camp-meeting is over, which will be in three
days, when I can offer you a better bed than I
can now."

"No, I am much obliged to you," said Long,
who had now seen and heard all he wished, "I
am not very tired and will trudge along, as it
yet early, and I shall probably find a bed at
the next house," and so saying, Long bid the
farmer good night and walked out of the house.

The farmer looked after the retreating form of
Long with some surprise on his countenance
that any one should refuse, in a time of camp-
meeting, even a stretch out on the floor, espe-
cially as some of the clergymen, whom his
roof now sheltered, were not much better ac-
commodated by the temporary beds which his
kind wife had provided for them as well as she
could. The farmer, however, was too sleepy to
indulge in any lengthy reflection on the sub-
ject, and again throwing himself down, was
soon joining in the trumpet tones, of repose,
which resounded audibly through all parts of
his dwelling.

In the meantime, Long crept back through
the corn-field into the shade of the forest,
where on a bed of leaves on a grass-plot, Dandy
Birch awaited his coming.

"What's the prospect?" said Birch, as he
raised up from his forest couch. "Is the coast
all clear for a decent upon old Wilborne?"

"No, but will be in a few days when the
cursed camp-meeting is over, and the black
coats and the crowd of their saintly followers
turn their steps to another quarter;" and
Long here gave Birch an account of what he
had seen at farmer Wilborne's house, and also
of his interview with the old farmer himself.

A few moments afterwards Long and Birch
reposed side by side in the forest and deep
sleep was upon them as well as on the house-
hold beneath the roof of the farmer, in the
clearing beyond.

With the first light of the morning, Norton
B. Royce, leaning on his arm a well-filled bas-
ket, stood suddenly before Long and Birch, as
they were just awakening and preparing to get
up.

"Well, here you are," exclaimed Royce; "not
much trouble to make your bed, and not much
trouble to put your house to rights in the
morning; but I suppose you would like some-
thing to eat, and perhaps a little drink.—
Here are both, and I have brought enough on
my horse to last you four days, if you
should have to stay here so long; but what's
the news, and how is the old farmer?"

"First," said Long, "we are glad to see you,
Mr. Norton B. Royce, for ourarder has run
low. Second we shall have to stay some days,
for there is a great camp meeting in the neigh-
borhood, and it will not be prudent to make a
grab for the sixteen hundred dollars while so
many people are about here; and third, you
can go back to old Van Sickle's again, and re-
turn in four days with some more fodder, and
by that time, I think we will have all right to
make the raise."

"Just as you please," answered Mr. Royce,
and the three having dismissed an ample
breakfast, Royce mounted his horse, and
promising to return by the next Saturday, rode
off towards Berkshire.

One day after Royce thus parted with Long
and Birch in the forest in Knox, on the edge
of Marion Co., Bonney, whom we left on his
way from Centerville to Berkshire, arrived at
the latter place. He had reached Columbus
on the 10th of September, and on the same
day, hiring a horse and wagon, he drove into
Berkshire, which is twenty-four miles north of
Columbus. He stopped, of course, at the Van
Sickle tavern, and after partaking of some re-
freshments, he invited the landlord to join
him in a social glass, which he readily did.

"Is there a man about here by the name of
Norton B. Royce?" carelessly enquired Bon-
ney, as he threw himself back in his chair and
looked out of the window.

"No," answered Van Sickle; "he did stay
here a few weeks, but he has now left for In-
dianapolis, having finished up his business in this
part of the country."

Bonney then inquired after two men describ-
ing Long and Birch minutely, but without
mentioning either of their names.

"Yes," said Van Sickle, "two just such men
passed through some weeks ago, saying they
were going by the way of Pittsburgh to
New York. Have you any business with
them?" and Van Sickle eyed Bonney closely as
he spoke.

Bonney, presuming that Van Sickle was an
honest man, was about to disclose to him at
once the character of the men, but turning his
gaze upon him at that moment with the inten-
tion of doing so, he saw something in the eye
of Van Sickle that told him plainly that Van
Sickle was a villain of the same stamp and
gang as those of whom he was in pursuit. He
accordingly altered his tactics immediately and
said:

"The fact is, Mr. Van Sickle, these two men
whom I wish to see are joint owners, with me,
of a fine race mare, new in Indiana. I have
made up a purse for five hundred dollars,
which is to be run on the 1st of October next.
Now the smaller of these two men, whose
name is Long, has ridden the mare often, and
I want him to ride at this race, besides, I want
both men present at the race, seeing that they
are part owners."

The keen glance of Van Sickle became more
eager and open in its expression, as he replied
that the men who had passed through Berk-
shire were undoubtedly the ones whom Bon-
ney wished to see and he suggested that they
might