

that Viers was poor until after the murder when he became all at once flush of money. The reader may here conclude that testimony sufficient has already been adduced to hang any man, but the evidence of Viers' terrible crime did not cease here. When witches were believed in, every man, woman and child saw them. So it was in this case. That Viers had murdered that man was believed, and the public could see in everything the evidence of his guilt. The body of a murdered man was found in every nook and corner in Northfield. One man at the trial swore point blank that he went one morning to Viers' door yard, and passing by a meadow containing about twenty acres of grass, y^e uncut, he saw plainly the trail where some heavy body had been dragged through the grass. Here now is the key to the whole mystery! "Murder will out," and the heart of our searcher after truth is made to rejoice that he is to be no small instrumentality in giving to justice what had long been her due. He accordingly followed the trail through the meadow to a piece of woods adjacent. Ever and anon as he passed along he found spots of clotted blood, and his tender heart went out in loving sympathy for the departed Charlesworth. Coming to the fence separating the meadow from the woods he lost the trail, and therefore conjectured that the murderer had here taken the body of his victim in his arms and carried it to the place of burial. The avenger of blood entered the woods, and while searching for further trace of the trail he saw a chipmunk dart into a pile of leaves. He instantly conceived the idea of killing the poor creature, and going to the leaves began poking them about with his cane—and what a sight met his eyes! There lay the body of the long lost Charlesworth. 'Tis true but little beside the skeleton was left, but those were the remains of the missing man. Thus the witness in substance testified. The lawyers defending Viers asked how he knew it was Charlesworth's body, and he replied that one of the front teeth was broken, as he had often observed in Charlesworth. The court, of course, sent a committee to visit the place where the corpse lay. They came back and reported that while the remains of the departed were there visible they were the remains of an old dog and not those of Charlesworth. The witness would have been put under arrest on the charge of perjury had he not left town. He soon went away from Northfield and never returned.

In the midst of the trial two men from Sandusky came to Northfield and swore that they had seen Charlesworth but a short time before. On this testimony Viers was acquitted, although the public was firm in its belief that he had murdered Charlesworth.

A person, in his right mind, will do a good deal to preserve his reputation, and especially when it is assailed by so serious a charge as that of murder, and Viers re-

solved that the remainder of his days, if necessary, should be spent in search of Charlesworth. He opened correspondence with proper authorities, both of this country and Europe. He also visited in person many of the more prominent cities of the United States. Years rolled on and the search was unsuccessful. One day Viers went into a tavern in Detroit, and to the crowd in the bar room he propounded the oft-repeated query: "Is there any one here who knows a man by the name of Charlesworth?" To this he received the heart-sickening reply—"No." But as he left the room and stepped out into the street a man confronted him and said, "My name is Charlesworth and yours is Viers, and you are from Northfield, Ohio." Viers recognized the long lost man and the meeting was, indeed, most cordial. Viers told Charlesworth that he must immediately return with him to Northfield. The latter for a time refused, saying that he had important business which must be attended to at once. Viers would accept no excuse, and the two came direct to Northfield. Hand-bills were posted up all over the country announcing that on such a day Charlesworth would be at the church, and earnestly requesting all interested to call and satisfy themselves as to the identity of the supposed murdered man. This was a great day in Northfield. The church was crowded. Individuals who used to know Charlesworth would give him some hint in reference to some old transaction, and then he would go on and fill out the details. They would ask him, for instance, if he once kept company with such and such a girl; and when he answered "Yes," they would tell him to go on and describe her. In this way, after a long examination, the public were fully satisfied that the murdered man stood in their midst. Mr. Viers was fully cleared of all part or lot in the matter, and we presume he never regretted the efforts he made to find his alleged victim. The only reason Charlesworth assigned for his strange conduct was that he had passed a counterfeit ten dollar bill, and fearing an arrest he fled the township.

The first school building erected in Northfield stood where Mr. Rianier now lives. The children from miles around assembled at this house of learning, until the number of scholars exceeded a dozen. The first winter that school was taught here was a very severe one. There was no chimney to the house. Cracks between the logs freely admitted the wintry wind, and the building in all respects came far short of the modern idea of a public school edifice. Teachers then were not paid so much as they are now. A lady, for teaching in the summer, received, perhaps, a dollar a week and board around. In the winter a man was paid from eight to ten dollars per month and board. While wages were less than those paid now, the teacher's qualifications were correspondingly low. Reading, spelling, writing and arithmetic, to the "Rule of

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