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Select Poetry.

Lines to a Fat-ening Young Lady.
I've been in love some sixty times
And always thought the newest fairest.
I've strung at least a million rhymes,
Though not to forms like that thou wearest.
Some have been short and others tall,
Some have been plump and others slender,
But all or dumpy, large or small,
To thine their brightest charms surrender.

To flirt with for a month or year
One might select a different figure,
Less size, less heart, of course less dear,
With rather less of health and vigor.
But for a friend—ye gods! a wife,
To live for, fight for, love forever,
I never saw in all my life
One near so perfect—never, never!

I am in earnest—so don't laugh,
Thou precious, merry, darling creature!
I'd rather see thy smiles by half
Irradiate each winsome feature,
Than all the splendid sights that night
Reveals beneath her stary glories,
Or, steeped in day's most lovely light,
The scenes of old, old stories.

With thee companioned, one might go
Content through life's low vale of sorrow,
And blessed at present, care to know
But little of the dim to-morrow.
Yet fare thee well! 'tis vain for me
To conjure up joy's glowing vision;
My last thought is a sigh for thee,
And thine a sigh of deep derision.

How a Wife Was Lost.

"DEAR ME! I'm sure I don't know what to do; if ever anybody was in a fix I'm in one now."
"What is it, auntie, can't I help you out of your fix?"
"Sakes alive! no, Lutie dear, you can't help me one bit."
"Now, don't say that, auntie; I'm certain I can be of service to you if you will only allow me. Why, I've been here a whole week, and I've done nothing but dress, read, eat and sleep, and I'm as useless as the stuffed owl upon the bookcase in the library, and more in the way."
"Why, child!" and good Mrs. Bently stopped in her work of preparing a turkey for the market, and looked lovingly upon her niece. "I don't like to hear you talk that way. Why, bless your dear heart, the loved child of my dead sister can never be in the way."
"Well, auntie, I shall not feel like coming out here to spend another Thanksgiving if you will not allow me to be of some service during my stay. Come, tell me all about your fix and see if I am not worth something besides running around and amusing myself while other people are making themselves useful."
"Oh, Lutie! there is nothing you can do, although I'll tell you all about it to pacify you. You see, all this poultry and a lot of butter and eggs were to be delivered to-day in the city. For the day after to-morrow is Thanksgiving; and Jonas, our hired man, is sick with a cold, and can't leave his bed; your uncle is away, and won't be home till to-morrow night, and how under the sun I am going to deliver these things according to contract, is more than I can tell."
To Mrs. Bently's surprise, Lutie clapped her hands and danced around the room crying—
"Just the thing! capital! capital!"
"What on earth do you mean, child?" she managed to say, at last.
"Why, that I will go to market and deliver the goods myself. Now don't say one word, auntie," she continued as her aunt elevated her hands and opened her mouth as if to give vent to an "Oh!"
"Don't say one word; the idea just suits me, and I am determined to go—if you will allow me," she added.
"What, you! the daughter and heiress of Judge Haines? You, the belle of the city, going to market with turkeys, butter and eggs!"
"Yes, auntie, and I can do it just as

well as Jonas would. Now don't oppose me? That's a good, dear soul."
Mrs. Bently really felt distressed to know how to fulfill her contract, and was thankful for the prospect of assistance, but she could hardly reconcile herself to the idea that her niece, the beauty and heiress of whom she was proud, should perform the role of a market girl.
Lutie's arguments, however, prevailed, and she went to her room to prepare for her expedition. Borrowing a short dress from the "help," she donned it and then folded a shawl in the shape of a mantle across her shoulders, and with her rich tresses hanging over her shoulders, she looked like a lovely country girl. Placing a dainty hat upon her head, she tripped down to the kitchen for her aunt's inspection.
"Well, I do declare!" exclaimed the worthy lady, "whoever would know you? Why, Lutie, if I had met you face to face I should never have guessed it was you if I hadn't known."
"I am glad to hear you say so, auntie, for I don't propose to be recognized by any one. Oh, 'twill be rare fun," and with a gay laugh she waltzed out of the room. "Are the things all ready?" she asked, stopping to take breath.
"Yes, but the old horse must be harnessed; can you do it?"
"I don't know, auntie, I think so; at least I can try."
She skipped away to the stable, and after an hour's patient toil she led old Billy up to the door, all harnessed and attached to the wagon. In a short time the said wagon was filled with the important articles for somebody's Thanksgiving, and Lutie climbed to the high seat took the reins and whip with a flourish which would have done credit to a coachman.
"Have you got some warm gloves?" asked Mrs. Bently.
"Nothing but kid, but they will be warm enough."
"No indeed, they won't; wait a moment." She hastened into the house and brought out a pair of woolen mittens. "Here, put these on, Lutie, you will need them, for it is very cold."
Lutie obeyed, and the plump little hands looked exceedingly "funny," as the young lady expressed it. In a few moments more, having received her instructions, Lutie drove away.
"Don't forget to deliver those four largest turkeys at Colonel Ormsby's," called out her aunt.
"Oh, no; but you haven't told me where he lives," said Lutie, stopping and waiting for the information.
"I declare, I don't know, but you can find out at the market where you are to deliver the rest."
"I think I can find it," replied Lutie, and drove off.
In due time she arrived at the market. Explaining the cause of her coming, she delivered the articles that were to go there, and then inquired for the residence of Colonel Ormsby.
"I cannot tell you, miss," replied the proprietor; "but if you'll step into that little restaurant on the corner, I think you will find out."
Lutie hesitated; should she allow herself to enter a third-class saloon where she would be likely to come in contact with low fellows who make such places their daily resort? In a moment she decided to go.
Lightly she tripped across the street, and of the slovenly looking girl behind the counter she made her inquiry.
"I don't know, myself, miss, but if you will wait a few minutes I'll go into the kitchen and ask one of the girls who used to live there."
Again Lutie hesitated. She disliked the idea of remaining here even for a few minutes. What if some of her acquaintances should chance to pass, and, looking in, recognize her? Seeing she hesitated the girl said:
"If you don't like to wait here, you can step into the sitting room."
Lutie confessed she would rather go in, so the girl threw open the door of the sitting room and Lutie entered, but started back and almost fainted, for there, seated at a table, with a bottle of some kind of liquor before him, and a half-empty glass in his hand, she beheld Leon Lancaster, her affianced husband.
"Ho! ho! my pretty one," he cried, rising and coming toward her with a drunken leer upon his face which made him actually loathsome. "What do you

fear that you look so alarmed? I will not harm you; come, give me a kiss."
"Back!" she cried, raising her hand.
"Ah! the little beauty is going to be dignified, isn't she? but you must be more kind; give me a kiss."
"Back, I say!" or I will call assistance. I merely came to make an inquiry of one of the servants, and did not expect to meet a drunken villain."
"How spirited she is. I like that," he said stooping and picking up a mitten she had dropped. "Ah!" he continued, starting back, as he noticed a magnificent ring she wore upon her forefinger, "where did you get that ring? Let me see it, won't you?"
"No, I will not."
"Where did you get it?"
"It matters not now, since I came by it honestly. I will give it to you the next time I see you."
"But I must see it now," and he stepped toward her.
"Stand back!"
"I will see that ring."
"You shall not, sir!"
"We will see."
So saying he caught her by the shoulder, but as quick as wink the little hand came down with a smarting blow upon his cheek.
"I'll have a kiss for that, I swear!" he cried; and holding her fast, he pressed a kiss after kiss upon her lips.
At length, by a violent effort, she freed herself from his grasp, and rushed from the room, when he called after her:
"I shall keep the mitten, my dear, until we meet again."
The girl now entered the front shop, whither Lutie had fled from the embrace of Leon Lancaster. She received the desired information and hurried away.
She completed her business and drove home minus one mitten, but she was so thoroughly angry that she did not notice that one hand was numb with the cold when she got there.
Thanksgiving day arrived, and with it numerous guests came to enjoy the good old festivities at Farmer Bently's. Lutie had taken a fancy to spend the week with her auntie, and when she left her city home for that purpose, it was understood that Leon Lancaster should come out and take dinner with her on Thanksgiving Day. As he was Lutie's affianced husband he was of course a great favorite of Mrs. Bently.
Before the dinner hour arrived, Lutie went to her room to dress.
"Hurry down, Lutie," said her aunt, "for the company have nearly all arrived, and I wish to introduce you before dinner to those with whom you are unacquainted."
"I will, auntie; and here let me beg of you not to find fault with my dress when I come down," said Lutie.
"Of course not, child; wear what pleases you; only be quick for Leon will soon be here."
Lutie bounded away wearing a queer expression upon her beautiful face, and Mrs. Bently bustled away to watch the progress of the preparation for dinner.
In a few moments a stylish turnout drove up to the door, and Leon Lancaster, looking strikingly handsome, in elegant attire, sprang out, and after being cordially greeted by Mrs. Bently, entered the house, where Mrs. Bently met him, escorted him into the parlor and introduced him to the guests already there assembled.
"Where is Lutie?" he asked, showing the least particle of annoyance that she had not been there to greet him when he first came.
"She is in her room finishing her toilet, I suppose. She will be in in a minute," replied Mrs. Bently.
As she left the parlor and passed through the hall, Lutie came tripping down stairs. Mrs. Bently gave one glance at her attire and exclaimed:
"Why, Lutie Haines, are you crazy?"
"Never more sane in my life auntie. Will you present me to your guests now?"
"What do you mean, Lutie?"
"Never mind; I'll explain after a while," said Lutie.
She wore the same costume in which she had gone to the market two days before. Upon one hand she wore one of the mittens which Mrs. Bently had urged her to wear upon the occasion referred to.
Mrs. Bently offered no further opposi-

tion, and led the way to the parlor, followed by Lutie, whom she introduced to the party assembled.
A portion of them looked with surprise upon the costume of Lutie, and others noticed only the rare beauty of her face.
She greeted them with a queenly, graceful bow, and advancing to Leon Lancaster she said:
"Mr. Lancaster, I think I promised at our last meeting that when next we should meet I would exchange this ring for the mate of this mitten," and she removed the gemmed circlet from her finger.
He started to his feet.
"Great Heavens!" he cried, turning pale, "what does this mean?"
"It means, sir, that I am the person whom you met in a low restaurant on — street, and whom you so grossly insulted, mistaking me for a poor market girl. It was a freak of fancy which prompted me to assume this dress and take some things to market for auntie, as uncle was away and her hired man was ill. I shall always thank my lucky stars that I was led to do so, for thereby I learned your true character," she replied, her beautiful eyes flashing looks of withering scorn and contempt upon him.
"Lutie, there is some mistake about this. I—"
"Say no more, sir; I am not mistaken; I saw you there in a state of intoxication and you grossly insulted me; ay, you even dared to lay violent hands on me. Here is your ring; take it; I never wish to see you again!" and she flung the bauble at his feet, and swept from the room.
When she returned in a short time after, dressed in her blooming attire, and looking regally beautiful, the seat which Leon Lancaster had occupied, was vacant.
She entered with zest into the festivities and rejoiced that she had been saved from marrying a man wholly unworthy to bear the name of husband.

A GOOD RELIGIOUS PARROT.

PROBABLY it was Henry Ward Beecher or Adirondack Murry, or it was some other Brooklyn Clergyman, who was hunting along the wharves the other day to find a vessel just in from the African coast, in the hope that some one of the crew might have brought home an innocent hearted, pure minded parrot, which might be purchased at a reasonable figure, and trained up in the way good parrots should walk and talk. The vessel was found to the joy of the searcher. One of the sailors brought back a splendid specimen of an African parrot, and he didn't want but five dollars for it. The clergyman admired its plumage, thought the age just right, inquired after its general health, and asked:
"Has the bird yet attempted to utter any words?"
"Bless your topsels, but she talks as well as a boy ten years old," replied the sailor.
"Then I don't want her. She has probably caught up a great many bad expressions, and she would not be a fit pet for my household."
"Avaat, now!" said Jack. "Do you suppose a man like me, who reads the good book twice a day, would have a bad bird around him? Stand back and I'll show you what a Christian bird I've made of her." Giving Polly a rap on the head to wake her up, the sailor called out:
"Now, Polly, who was the first man?"
"Adam," was the prompt reply.
"That's so, Polly. And now tell this good man who was cast into the lions' den?"
"Daniel," was the answer.
"Did you ever see such a bird before?" asked Jack of the clergyman. "While other parrots will blast your eyes and bless you amidst ships, this one turns to religion and keeps her mind on heaven. Now, Polly, who was tucked away in the bullrushes when he was too small to carry sail for himself?"
"Moses, Moses?" quacked the bird.
"Isn't she a diamond?" exclaimed Jack, trying to wink at the minister with both eyes.
"I must confess she is the best minded parrot I ever saw or heard of," replied the clergyman.

"That isn't the half she can do, Skipper," continued the sailor. "Now, my dear Polly, how many commandments are there?"
"Ten!" screamed Polly.
"That's right, old gal. Now tell the man which is the first day in the week."
"Sunday," was the quiet reply.
"I tell you," remarked Jack, as he turned to the clergyman, "I was brought up right, and have been trying to bring that bird right. She's worth twenty dollars to any man, but seeing you preach the Gospel, you shall have her for five."
"I guess I'll take her," replied the minister, producing his wallet. "As I said before, the bird is one of ten thousand; and you deserve credit for the care you have taken in her teaching."
"I do hope, sir," was Jack's modest reply, and then, giving Polly another rap on the head, he inquired—"Now, then, get your bearings and tell me who was going to offer up his son as a sacrifice?"
"Ab'm!" shouted the bird, shaking his feathers as if greatly pleased.
"You'll sit up at night to hear that bird talk, you will," said the sailor.— "If I hadn't said five dollars to you I should say fifty to the next man. I never had time to learn her, but I believe I could have that bird sing hymns in just one voyage to Liverpool. She started out to sing 'Old Hundred' one day when we were off St. Helena, and if the captain hadn't yelled out just then, I believe the bird would have picked up the whole tune like a whistle."
The clergyman said he would go and purchase a small cage in which to remove the bird, and he had just started for the rail when Jack called out:
"Polly, old gal, who did the ravens feed?"
"Speak up sharp now."
"Lijah!" shrieked Polly, seeming greatly angered over the shaking; and after an interval of a few seconds she continued: "Where in h—l's them crackers?"
Jack and the good man looked at each other for a moment, and then the minister climbed slowly over the rail, never to return—not even to get his five dollar bill. "See what you did?" yelled Jack, as he turned to the bird. And all the answer Polly made was to softly say, "Cussum!"

A Rat Story.

The Pittsburgh *Telegraph* tells the following story: "A banker of this city has a valuable cow, which gave a large quantity of milk and was held in high esteem for general good qualities. All at once the supply of lactical fluid grew smaller by degrees and beautifully less until the yield was scarcely worth having. The family were greatly surprised at this, as the animal was in perfect health and in the height of her season. It was hinted that some person whose love for milk overcame scruples for stealing was at the bottom of the mischief, and that, like a thief at night, he entered the stable where Bossy was kept and relieved her of the milk. The hired man was accordingly instructed to watch for the thief and his vigilance was rewarded by a most singular discovery. Just after daylight in the morning he saw a very large rat come forth from his hiding place, and going to where the cow was hiding, it stood on its hind feet, with its forepaws on the cow's udder, and applying its mouth to one of her lugs, sucked its full of milk. When it was satisfied another rodent took its place, and so on until the supply was exhausted and the family swindled by the cunning rats out of their morning's supply of the much covered fluid. The story is well vouched for.

Hard to Read but Good Grammar.

"Gentlemen, I assure you that that 'that' that man uttered is not that 'that' that the other gentleman referred to."

Reserve is no more essentially connected with understanding, than is a church organ with devotion, or wine with good nature.

The reason why bankers are so apt to prosper is because they always take so much interest in their business.