

**THE TIMES.**  
An Independent Family Newspaper,  
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY  
**F. MORTIMER & CO.**

**Subscription Price.**  
Within the County, six months, \$2.50  
Out of the County, including postage, 1.50  
six months, 85

Invariably in Advance!

Advertising rates furnished upon application.

### Select Poetry.

#### TO LIVE TOO LONG.

It is sad to lie down in the cold, cold grave,  
When the mind is strong, and the heart is brave;  
It is sad to leave all that is lovely and fair  
And go to the tomb, to be mouldering there.  
But oh! 'tis bitter to leave the world's throng,  
It is sadder, far sadder, to live too long.

To see all that once we had doted upon  
Before us to rest and to happiness gone,  
And to stand, like a wither'd oak, blighted and weak,  
The sole tree that survives the mad hurricane's wreck,  
O talk not of life, earth's bright dwellings among,  
For nothing can soothe him who lives too long.

To know that the once echoing trumpet of Fame  
Shall never more mention that valueless name;  
To know that none care for his bliss or his doom;  
O rather I'd ask the cold rest of the tomb.  
When glory has died, and the spirit of song  
Has vanished, 'tis bitter to live too long.

And I would lie down in my deep repose  
Ere my bosom no longer with peep glows;  
And I would arise to the mansions on high,  
Ere the thoughts that now live in my spirit shall die;  
Ere the moments have fled, that to manhood belong,  
And I feel that 'tis bitter to live too long.

#### GRANDFATHER'S CANE.

GRANDFATHER was dead! Over and over again, the thought he must die had made me cry my eyes nearly out for tho' he was eighty, he was not too old to love. And now it had happened, and was all over, and I sat in a kind of miserable dream, listening to lawyer Curdle asking me—

Where grandfather kept his will?  
Had I not been told?  
Did I know?  
A will in my favor leaving everything to me?

Of course I knew it?  
"Grandpapa wanted to tell me," said I, "but I would not let him. I could not bear to think of his being dead. I hoped he would not die before I did."  
"In legal matters ladies are little short of idiots," said Mr. Curdle.

"I grieve to distress you, but I suppose you know there's a rampant old fury down stairs, who claims this place and everything in it—who is really your grandfather's sister—and who, if there is no will found, can turn you out of house and home."  
"You know your grandfather was only a stepfather to your mother. You were not actually related at all."  
"Come now; plain speaking is necessary—if we find the will, you are an heiress; if not, a beggar."  
"Nothing could make me that," I said; "nothing while I have ten fingers."  
But he had roused me at last.  
Where had grandfather told me the will was.  
I tried to think.  
No, he had not told me.  
I had put my hand over his mouth and said:  
"Grandpa don't; I shall cry myself to death if you die, so I shan't want anything."  
And he said:  
"Well, well, I know you are not waiting for dead men's shoes. I know that, my child—and some other day, some other day."  
And the next morning he was found dead in his bed—the very next morning.  
"You see it is somewhere," said I, "else grandpa would not have mentioned it."  
"You don't think he had destroyed it, and was about to make a new one, or anything of that kind?" asked the lawyer.  
"No," said I, "I think not. I'll try

to remember what he said exactly. Oh, this was it, I think—  
"Beulah, it will be very important when I come to leave you that you shall know about my will. I have made one and hid it in the most ingenious place."  
"Then I stopped him. That's all."  
"Utter insanity," said Mr. Curdle; "utter insanity."  
He was usually very polite, but I did not wonder that his equanimity was disturbed when I went down stairs and saw the person whom he had described as a "rampant old fury."  
She was a very old woman, with hair that was still bright red, and a long, sharp nose.  
She was talking at the top of her voice, apparently to no one in particular.  
"Lawyers, lawyers," she was saying; "all alike the world over. Didn't send me a word about my brother's death, not a word, not a line; so that I should not come to claim my own."  
"Left it to that girl, eh? Humbug!—She's no relation to him; she's no relation at all. Margaret Boker had a little girl already by her first husband when she married him. That is that girl's child."  
"No blood relation—none. No, no.—My brother and I haven't been friends, I know, but all the same if he hasn't left a will—and I know he didn't—all his property is mine."  
She took snuff and scowled at me furiously.  
I shrank away and began to feel how important it was that the will should be found.  
I searched eagerly enough now.  
I turned back carpets and shook out curtains.  
I rummaged every desk and drawer, trunk and box in the house.  
All in vain.  
At last Mr. Curdle acknowledged that further search was hopeless.  
"A man should confide his will to his lawyer," said he; "a lawyer's box is the only safe place for it."  
"No doubt this old woman has employed some one to steal your grandfather's will from its very ingenious hiding place, and the result is that you are a beggar."  
"You are ridiculing poor, dead grandpa, and calling me names," I said, bursting into tears.  
"My poor, foolish child!" said Mr. Curdle, "why didn't you hear what he had to say, at least? Together, you have made a nice mess of it."  
We had certainly, as I acknowledged when old Mrs. Humphries took possession of the homestead, and I found that I was no longer mistress of the dear old place. That I had not even a right there, but was an interloper.  
When, to crown all, she came to me as I lay weeping on my bed, and said in her harsh, usual tone—  
"Beulah, sit up and stop crying. I've something to tell you."  
I sat up and wiped my eyes.  
I considered her an enemy, and one never wishes to weep before one's enemies.  
"Providence is Providence, Beulah Moore," said she; "you oughtn't rebel ag'in it—no you oughtn't. You ought to be contented in the condition you've been called to. But I'm not a hard-hearted woman; I'm willing to have you stay with me. You can help me in the work, you know."  
"I don't keep servants—a lazy, idle set eating you out of house and home."  
"A young gal like you can be useful if she's grateful and willing, so I'll keep you, Beulah Moore."  
I was only fourteen years old, but I knew as well as I know now that I would have preferred service anywhere else.  
But as she spoke, a thought darted into my head.  
Grandfather had certainly spoke of hiding a will somewhere.  
If I stayed and rubbed and scrubbed, and dusted diligently, I should discover it if it was above ground, and not stolen, as Mr. Curdle believed.  
Ah, how delightful to discomfit her at last.  
How well worth the hard fate and the hard work I knew I should have to endure.  
Yes, even her unpleasant company could be borne with this end in view.  
So I said, taking care not to speak too eagerly, that I would stay, and I gave myself a year to find the will in.  
A year is an eternity at fourteen.

That very day, old Mrs. Humphries began to show me my position by turning me out of my pretty bed room, and sending me into a garret with a sloping roof.  
I had a pretty carpet, white curtains, a bookcase, Turkish chair, and dainty bed, all white and pink, and toilet service, pink and white also.  
I had never done any work, except putting this room in order, for we had two old servants, beside a man.  
Now I scrubbed floors and I washed windows, and dishes, and had no time to read or sew, or wander in the woods, or enjoy myself in the garden.  
Miss Humphries sent all my school girl friends from the door when they asked for me, and it was after a long, hard fight that I obtained my books, my sewing basket, and my window plants with which to make my garret more home-like.  
My black suit became shabby.  
I felt ashamed to go to church, and I knew not where to procure other clothing.  
I was very miserable, but all the while I never forgot my object.  
Not only did I continue to search all day, but at night I often pattered about the house in my bare feet.  
I found many curious places where a will might have well been hidden.  
For instance the posts of grandfather's bed had a hollow space in them, covered with a carved cap, shaped like a pine apple which came off.  
And behind the carved wooden mantelpiece in his room—the original house was a hundred years old, they say, and very curious—there was a receptacle that might have concealed fifty wills.  
The old woman never suspected me.  
Besides, she was half the time asleep, nodding in her chair.  
She had a delight in seeing me at work and set me at tasks as hard to me as those the malevolent fairy put upon poor Graciosa were to her.  
Whenever I was sent I went.  
Who knew where the will might be?  
But now the year I had given myself was nearly over, and the malevolent fairy of my existence had ordered me to whitewash the cow house—and I had agreed to do it with a feeling upon me that endurance was almost to an end, that hope was almost gone, that I must leave the place if I starved.  
No wonder I was thin and had lost my fine complexion.  
The lime was mixed and the brush was found.  
"Put it on thick, Beulah," said my task mistress, "we don't want any of the boards to show. Why, where's your stick?"  
"I can't find one to fit," said I disconsolately. "Oh, I can reach, I think."  
"You can't," said she. "The idea of whitewashing with a short brush. Go and hunt a stick. Why, I know where there's one—in your own room. I saw it to-day."  
"That's dear grandpa's cane," said I.  
"I don't care. Get it," said she. It's only a stick, cane or not."  
"I won't use that in such a way," said I; "grandfather's cane, that he used to walk with every day—that I used to ride on when I was a baby. Dear old cane, that seems part of him. I would not use it so for worlds."  
"Sentimental nonsense," said the old woman. "The idea! When I am dead they can do what they like with my umbrella, I'm sure. Get the stick."  
"I won't," said I.  
"Then I will, and you'll use it," said she.  
Away she went to the garret, and she came down with the thick cane, with neither curve nor carving on it—a sort of pale grey wood, polished like glass.  
"Here's the stick," said she, "and you'll see my word is law here."  
I never stirred.  
"Tie the stick on the whitewash brush and go to work," said she.  
"I won't," said I.  
"You won't?"  
"No."  
"You're a pretty big girl, Beulah Moore," said she, "but if you don't I'll whip you."  
"I dare you to touch me," said I.  
She lifted the stick.  
I'm not sure whether she would have struck me, or whether it was only in menace; but I caught it.

"Give me my grandfather's cane!" I cried, and pulled.  
She pulled also.  
In a moment more a queer thing happened.  
The cane parted in the middle, and the old woman flew one way and I another.  
She lay on her back, bemoaning herself.  
I, younger and lighter picked myself up at once.  
But I held on to my half of grandfather's cane, and shouted wildly for joy, for in an instant I seen that the cane was not broken, but that it was made in two halves, and that the one I held was hollow.  
Something protruded from it.  
All I saw was a bit of stiff, crackling parchment, but I knew as well as ever I did anything, when I drew it out, that I had found grandfather's will at last.  
She knew it, too.  
She scrambled up, as I flourished it over my head, and flew at me.  
I am not sure that my life would have been safe had she caught me.  
Terror, as well as joy, lent wings to my footsteps.  
I flew out of the garden, down the lane, and up the road to the office of Mr. Curdle.  
There, in my old frock, with whitewash daubed all over it, I appeared, breathless and voiceless, grasping in my hand, dirty and hardened with coarse work, the proof that I was heiress to a fortune.  
When I went back to the homestead, it was as its mistress. The old woman had left it, and I never saw old Miss Humphries again.  
She returned to her former dwelling place, leaving many anathemas behind for me, but they never hurt me.

#### A CRIPPLE FACTORY.

SOME months ago Prof. Ember of the medical college at Prague applied to the Austrian chief of police at Vienna for assistance in ferreting out and bringing to justice the most monstrous society of criminals that ever existed. The required support was extended him, and the patient work of an experienced detective added to that of the professor himself, eventually achieved the desired end. A month ago a body of police made a descent upon the headquarters of the criminals, and their trial is at present pending in the Imperial courts.

The story which the facts elicited by this trial tells us is worth a place in Dante's "Inferno." The wildest dream of a demented nightmare never painted a picture so fraught with horror.

On the first day of the trial a howling mob endeavored to tear the malefactors into peace, and it was only found possible to continue the investigation by garrisoning the court room with soldiers and calling out two regiments of horse to protect the criminals on their way from the court to the prison.

The tavern of the "Golden Omelette" is situated close under the fortification walls of the city of Radna. Its proprietor, Trouilleison, is a man of gigantic stature, an old soldier of the Austrian army, who was blinded by the explosion of a cannon while firing a salute from the forts at Trieste.

Returning to his native city with his mistress, a fine looking woman of the Volga, he started the house of call for beggars which he, up to a few weeks ago directed and made money out of. The house is a long, low, rambling structure a nondescript of wood, stone and brick, and when descended upon by the police, served as a shelter for nearly two hundred men, women and children, all of whom, with the exception of perhaps a dozen were professional beggars. Upon the arrest of its host he was discovered to be worth in money deposited in the Imperial bank over \$100,000, an enormous fortune for the country in which he lived. How this money was obtained is the crowning horror of the entire affair.

Antoine Cherguille, nicknamed "The Plays," is the brother of Trouilleison's mistress. Among the frequenters of the "Golden Omelette" he is called the "Operateur." He is a man of over fifty, and for the last thirty years of his life, has been engaged in the business of manufacturing cripples. From the evidence given at the trial, which is likely

to send him to the guillotine, his method of procedure is as follows:  
The members of a gang of kidnapers organized by his sister and her sightless paramour, have for the last twenty years been engaged in stealing children from the various cities of the empire. These unfortunate little ones were brought to the headquarters at Radna, where they passed into the merciless hands of the "Operateur."  
He took charge of them in a separate section of the inn, where, assisted by a couple of surgeons whose vices had reduced them to his own level, and by his knowledge of anatomy—for he had studied the art himself in his youth—he evolved the terribly crippled spectres who had so long pestered the pilgrims of St. Nepomuck. At the time of his arrest these children, in various stages of convalescence from mutilation, were found on the filthy cots of this demonic hospital.  
One of them, a pretty girl of five, had her right hand amputated. The other two, both boys, had lost their feet and hands respectively. In a pit, under the floor in one corner of the torture chamber, were found the petrifying remains of a dozen human members, buried in a compost of chloride of lime and quicklime. Cherguille manifested no emotion upon his arrest, but utterly refused to render any information, and has been obstinately silent since.  
At the time the arrest was made the business of the infamous den was in full blast. In the long common room a hundred miserable wrecks of humanity, armless, legless, handless, footless, blind and awfully disfigured, congregated about long tables. The smoke of their pipes velled the scene, the reek of their foul meal tainted the air, and the clattering of their crutches, the curses, shrieks and loud conversation all about deafened the ordinary ear. Upon the entrance of the detectives they merely looked up, and noting the artfully disguised figures continued their orgie without honoring them with any further attention. The result was that all the frequenters of the place were seized with one exception. This, singularly enough, was a man without legs, who managed to conceal himself in the cellar, and eventually made his escape.  
The prisoners were at once loaded into a special train and conveyed to Vienna. There the promise of pardon induced a number of them to a series of confessions.  
The art of crippling children was, it seems, not the only one practiced by the "Operateur." More than one poor innocent had been wilfully blinded by the atrocious torturer, and at the trial three such victims of his infamous business were produced. The money gained by these children was divided between Cherguille and his sister and her paramour.

**Fourteen Little Things—Interesting Examples of Saving or Producing Them.**

Life is mainly made up of trifles. A pin-hole will in time sink a large ship. A small saving per day or week will speedily amount to a large sum. An extra production of a small thing, as an extra egg per day or week, a good hill of corn in each row, a bushel of wheat, or corn, or potatoes, extra per acre, will in the course of years make one comfortably rich, or what may be better, will buy many convenient or useful things as one goes along, and such extra production is easily secured by trifling thought, care, or labor. To illustrate what the weekly saving, or the extra production will amount to in a single year, we select the following common items:

1 Egg a week	at 5c. per dozen	\$1.00
2 Eggs a week	at 18c. per doz.	1.60
1 Quart wheat a week	at 60c. per bushel	1.60
1 1/2 Quarts corn a week	at 50c. per bushel	1.61
3 Quarts corn a week	at 50c. per bushel	1.61
2 Qrs. potatoes a week	at 50c. per bushel	1.62
4 Qrs. potatoes a week	at 25c. per bushel	1.62
1 Cabbage a week	at 50c. per head	1.56
1 1/2 Qrs. milk a week	at 2c. per quart	1.56
1 1/2 Oz. butter a week	at 20c. per pound	1.56
1 1/2 Pail coal a week	at \$4.50c. per ton	1.60
1 Foot of wood a week	at \$1 per cord	1.65
3 Feet of wood a week	at \$2 per cord	1.65
1 lb. Sugar a week	at 12c. per pound	1.56
5 Oz. Tea a week	at 90c. per pound	1.56
1 1/2 Oz. coffee a week	at 20c. per pound	1.56
1 P. O. Stamp a week	at 3 cents	1.56
1 Poor Cigar a week	at 3 cents	1.56
Total.		\$22.17

And any one of these items will more than pay for THE TIMES for one year.

Why is a man who expects a kias and refused like a shipwrecked fisherman? Because he has lost his smack.