



# THE TIMES.

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## Select Poetry.

### IT IS NOT YOUR BUSINESS WHY.

Would you like to know the secrets  
Of your neighbor's house and life?  
How he lives or how he doesn't,  
And just how he treats his wife?  
How he spends his time of leisure,  
Whether sorrowful or gay,  
And where he goes for pleasure,  
To the concert or the play?  
If you wish it, I will tell you—  
Let me whisper to you sly—  
If your neighbor is to you civil  
It is not your business why.

In short, instead of prying  
Into other men's affairs,  
If you do your own but justice,  
You will have no time for their's.  
Be attentive to such matters  
As concerns yourself alone,  
And whatever fortune flatters,  
Let your business be your own.  
One word by way of finish,  
Let me whisper to you sly—  
If you wish to be respected,  
You must cease to be a pry.

## ANGELS TURNED TO CLAY.

"WELL, the formalities were duly dispensed with, and I find myself invested with the property of my late respected uncle—all regular. And now, if I choose, I can set up an establishment, and keep it up in good style.—But I never fancied a bachelor's hall, and where is the pretty Beatrice to make me a Benedict?"

So ran George Herbert's soliloquy as he walked home from his office one evening, sooner after he had become the 'heir of his uncle.'

"I declare," he continued, as he settled into a solitary corner in a half empty car, "I would marry at once if I could find a genuine girl. But how can a fellow trust these beauteous and be-flummeryed doll babies whom he never sees any other way. If I could only catch some of them out of 'company attire,' and know just what they are at home—wonder if I couldn't? I believe I have a plan for it! I'll think a night on it, and who knows what may happen?"

What did happen was that Mr. George set out at a very unfashionable hour next morning to call upon some of his friends.

It was so early an hour that he knew they would not be expecting him or ready to receive him, and that was just what he wanted.

His first call was upon Miss Lulu Granger, where only the night before he had spent so delightful an evening, admiring Miss Lulu's faultless toilet and soft sweet voice until a late hour.

A servant who was sweeping the front steps told him Miss Granger was in, and as the door stood open, George stepped unceremoniously in, too, and walked into the front parlor.

The heavy curtains were drawn, making the elegant room somewhat dark, but the back parlor was wide open and George saw a vision.

Miss Lulu, her hair twisted upon the top of her head about the size and shape of a peeled onion, her fair forehead adorned with several little paper horns, her pretty person arrayed in a soiled frayed wrapper, without belt or collar, and her pretty feet in slippers decidedly shocking, was tossing over some shining silks, in consultation with a plain little body, whom George guessed at once to be her dressmaker.

Their backs were partly towards him, and quickly turning, George beat a hasty retreat, saying to himself as he ran down the steps—

"The Fates portend! If I had to live with a slob, I should run a way!"

Farewell, Miss Lulu! I'll go to Belle Dorsey's."

At Dorsey's the door was ajar, but George was about ringing the bell when a sound of voices within arrested him.

It was Belle herself, vociferously scolding a little sister, and George heard the sound of a smart slap, followed by a child's sobbing, and the words, in Belle's own tone—

"There, you meddlesome little pest, take that! I'll teach you to let my things alone, if I break your miserable little neck for it!"

George did not ring, but beat a retreat even quicker than he had from Miss Granger's, saying to himself—

"Cupid save us! A scold is worse than a slob! I should take to drink if I had to live with her! I believe I'll try Miss Baldwin next."

Just as he reached Miss Baldwin's door, her little seven year old brother came bounding out, ready for school, and George asked him if his sister Josie was in.

"I suppose you're Josie's young man, ain't you?" said the boy. "Lord, yes she's in. She's in bed, and will be these five hours. Josie never gets up till dinner time. Mother scolds her for layin' abed to read them French books o' hers, but it won't do no good. Maybe though if I tell her you are here, she'll get up. Shall I?"

"No, I'll call again. You needn't say I was here, and there's a shilling to buy some sweet cakes with."

And as George walked away he burst into a laugh, saying:

"Bless me, but this gets interesting. Three angels tumbled to clay in one morning, and it is not half gone either. Farewell, Miss Lulu. Good-bye, Miss Belle. Pleasant dreams, Miss Josie.—Now, I'll make one more call on Nettie Hayes, and if she turns out a fright or a fury, or a lounge, I'll go home and be an old bachelor to the end of my days. So hear me, oh ye gods and fishes—Cupid Hymen into the bargain."

With which ferocious oath George bent his steps to the Hayes dwelling and rang the bell.

He rang twice, but no answer came, and then he knocked, still without success.

"Nobody at home," was his verdict at last, when he turned to go, the notes of a song floated to his ear.

He paused to listen.  
It was the voice of Nettie Hayes, for he had heard her sing the same song often, and it seemed to come from the back part of the house.

"I'm determined to see her," quoth George.

With valiant ardor he followed the sound, till it led him to a long latched porch behind the house. He mounted the steps and beheld Nettie Hayes in a calico dress, and a white apron, her pretty hair falling in a simple, close knot, her sleeves pinned back from her pretty round arms, her soft hands flying busily and her sweet voice singing merrily, over a huge ironing table, with a well filled clothes basket beside her.

"Good morning, Miss Nettie," said George close beside her, with his hat lifted.

Nettie started and nearly dropped her iron.

"Why, Mr. Herbert, did you drop from the clouds?" she asked, blushing and smiling in pretty confusion.

"No, I came the legitimate way, by the front door, but neither ring nor knock could rouse you, so I took the liberty of coming round."

"I could not hear the bell," said Nettie, and you might have knocked a half a day without one hearing it. Our girl is sick, and ma and I have the work to do for a day or so till she gets better, so I'm helping with the ironing to-day you see. Come in the house Mr. Herbert, and I'll make myself as entertaining as I can."

"You could not be more so than you are!" cried George, ardently. "But do not tempt me to come in, for I would be sure to interrupt your work too long.—I came so very early, just to ask if you would like to attend Patti's last concert to-night? There is a very attractive programme, and I should like to enjoy it with you. Will you go?"

"With great pleasure," replied Nettie. "I was wishing this morning to go, but did think I could, because papa

is out of town, and I could not go alone."

"Then I am doubly glad I thought of it," returned George. "I will call early so that we can secure good seats. And now I wish you good morning, Miss Nettie, and will not interrupt you any longer."

Declining her second invitation into the house, George touched his hat and hurried away with a very light heart.

"Pure gold found once," he mused, as he walked in the direction of his office. Sweet, neat and industrious. Pretty as a pink, I always thought.

"A lady every inch, and a good little girl, not afraid or ashamed to be seen at work, as I have just found out. What more can a man ask? He needs no more, I'm sure, so, Miss Nettie Hayes, if you don't become the mistress of the handsome mansion in Belgravia, it will not be for the want of asking, I'll warrant."

Whether the 'asking' was done as they went to or came from the concert that night, I can't say, as I did not go, but if not then it was soon after, for in three months there was a wedding, and pretty Nettie became Mrs. Herbert.

Miss Lulu, Miss Dorsey and Miss Baldwin were all invited, and were there, lovely as angels, though they did wonder at George Herbert's bad taste in taking that baby-faced little girl, when he might have had any of them for the asking.

And George never explained why he made the choice he did.

### A DAUGHTER'S LOVE.

IN THE hour of punishment, love always has a last effort to make for human blame. And that is often its happiest effort; for affection may save at the last those who have been brought to repentance for sin only by sin's bitter results.

About forty years ago, an elderly man living in Western Connecticut, who had sadly reduced his estate by habits of intemperance, found himself threatened with an execution for debt which would deprive him of his old home, and leave him in friendless poverty. His daughters, with one exception, had grown and gone away, the one remaining at home being an invalid, and his wife also quite infirm. That his needy but loving family, who had often pleaded with him to cease his indulgence in strong drink, must be turned out of doors, was a prospect cruel in the extreme; and the thought that he alone was to blame added remorse to the sorrow that sobered him now.

There was a mortgage of eleven hundred dollars on his place, and the holder wanted his money and would not wait. In vain the aged debtor had begged for a little extension of time. The creditor had no sympathy for a borrower who made and kept himself poor by his own vices.

On the morning of the day when the mortgage was to be foreclosed, the unhappy old man, unbeknown to his family, to whom he had never told the desperate state of his affairs, called at the office of the lawyer who had the business in charge, and made one more pitiful appeal. But nothing could be done for him, and, certain at last that the threatened blow must fall, he sank into a chair, completely overcome. The lawyer, who could not help feeling some passion for his misery, did not disturb him, and he sat there two hours like one stunned. At the end of that time a carriage drove hastily to the door, and a moment after, a lady entered the office. She stopped and gazed tenderly at the old man, who still sat with his face buried in his hands.

"Father!"  
The old man suddenly raised his head. It was a long-absent daughter, returned to him in his distress. "Oh, Margaret, you have found me in a sad time. Everything looks dark. Your poor mother and sister will be turned out of doors. I can't go and tell them—I—"

"There, there, father, hear me now," said the lady, the tears gathering in her eyes. "Do you think you could live the rest of your life a temperate man if this mortgage was paid off, and you had your home again?"

"Oh, yes, I could, and I would if it would do any good, but—"

"Then sign the pledge, father. I have it here, and the money, too."

The delighted old man at once put his name to the pledge, his debt was paid, and his daughter accompanied him back to the old home she had redeemed. It was the happiest day of his life, for it was the day of his reformation.

Margaret was herself poor, but she had saved the eleven hundred dollars out of her own earnings while working in a mill, and, hearing somehow of her father's extremity, she gave it all as an offering of filial and Christian love.

### Why They Suddenly Lost Interest.

DURING the last cold snap a party of pedro players, in Grass Valley, California, suddenly lost all interest in the game. The stove in the room was warm and everything was comfortably, and the players were even somewhat hilarious, when the game suddenly came to an end. The first man to quit held a "bully" hand and had the pitch. He was sure of making fifteen points, and yet he put down the hand without playing and walked out of the front door; the others all followed him. None of them stopped to take "what was coming on the last round." The cause of it was this: Among the players was a mining man, and before he took a seat he deposited several round packages under the stove. During the game he would occasionally get up and turn those packages over.

He seemed to want them to bake regularly on all sides. His getting up so often somewhat interrupted the game, for no man can serve two masters. One of the players remonstrated at these interruptions, and remarked:

"See here, Uncle John, attend to the game, and let them things under the stove alone; what have you got there, anyhow, that takes up so much time?"

The old man only remarked:  
"I want to thaw out them giant powder cartridges agin mornin' so's they'll be rea—"

But the crowd didn't wait for the balance of the explanation. Uncle John then proceeded to roast his cartridges all by himself, and was no longer bothered by company or any side remarks. He uttered something about some people being "so darn scary at nothing."

### A PUZZLED TEACHER.

SHE was at one of the union school-houses half an hour before school opened. She had "Linda" with her. She was a tall woman, forty years old, with a jaw showing great determination, and "Linda" was sixteen, and rather shy and pretty good looking. The mother said she hadn't been in the city long and that it was her duty to get Linda into school and see that she was properly educated. When the teacher came she boldly inquired:

"You know enough to teach, do you?"

"I think I do," replied the teacher blushing deeply.

"And you feel competent to govern the scholars, do you?"

"Yes'm."

"Do you pound 'em with a ferrule, or lok 'em with a whip?"

"We seldom resort to punishment here," replied the embarrassed teacher.

"That's better yet," continued the mother. "I know that if Linda should come home all pounded up I'd feel like killing some one, I suppose you are of a respectable character, ain't you?"

"Why—ahem—why—" stammered the teacher, growing white and red.

"I expect you are," continued the woman. "It's well enough to know who our children are associated with."

"Now, then, do you allow the boys and girls to sit together?"

"No, ma'am."

"That's right. They never used to when I was young, and I don't think Linda is any better than I am. Another thing, do you allow any winking?"

"Any what?" exclaimed the puzzled teacher.

"Do you allow a boy to wink at a girl?" asked the woman.

"Why, no!"

"I was afraid you did. Linda is as shy as a bird, and if she should come home some night and tell me that she had been winked at, I don't know what I'd do. Now, another thing—do you have a beau?"

"Why—who—" was the stammered reply.

"I think you do!" replied the woman severely. "I know just how it works. When you should be explaining what an archipelago is you are thinking of your Richard, and your mind is away, way off!"

"But, madam—"

"Never mind any explanations," interrupted the woman. "I want Linda brought up to know jiggerfy, figures, writing and spellography, and if you've got a beau and are spooking to the theatre one night, a candy-pull the next, a horse-race the next, and so on, your mind can't be on education. Come, Linda, we'll go to some other school-house."

### A Novel Bridal Trip.

RATHER an unique station-house item is thus reported by the Jersey City Journal: Last night a neatly attired young lady stood up at the Sergeant's desk in Oakland avenue station and asked for lodging. The Sergeant put up his pen, pushed back the ledger, hung his cap on the other peg, took the telegraph box, wound up the clock, told Uncle Ben to put on some wood and stop the fire, and as if remembering something, looked at the young lady and said: "You wish—?"

"Lodging if you please sir."

"Oh, yes, excuse me."

Then the Sergeant put the usual questions of nativity, age, married or single, read or write, place of birth, trade—it was all printed and he must fill the blanks—and the neatest and best cell the tombs could afford was nervously placed at the pretty visitor's disposal. Nothing further was heard from the free lodger until just at day-break next morning, when her fair face appeared again at the Sergeant's desk.

"Can I see my husband now, please?" she said.

"Certainly, madam," was the polite reply, and for three minutes the spookish silence of the early morn was unbroken.

"Well, won't you please call him up for me?" she said, trying to bore a hole through the floor with the heel of her right foot, "he came in just after I did last night."

"Oh, your husband is here also, is he? What is his name?"

"I've forgotten what name he told me he would give. It wasn't his right name; but he is here."

And the Sergeant went to the door of the men's lodge and called out for the husband of the young wife. The seventeen lodgers roused up on their elbows as one man, but neither came to claim the lady.

"Guess he isn't here," said the Sergeant, returning to the office.

The girl insisted that he was, and would not be satisfied until the seventeen tired travelers were made to come out and stand in a row for her inspection.

She ran her glances down the line and began to cry. Pauses here and there in the flood of tears gradually let out the whole secret. She had been married at noon yesterday, a New York justice receiving the combined wealth of the pair for his official service, and the young bride and groom had started on their wedding tour on foot. In Rahway they had well-to-do friends, who would make them welcome, but the journey was too long a one for a night, and the pair had concluded to stop over, under assumed names, in some police station. Oakland Tombs was the one selected.

The sobs and the story had thus far progressed when the street door hurriedly opened, and a young man, who had declined the lodgers' accommodations when shown him the evening before, hurriedly entered and said: "I was just outside waiting." The young bride stopped crying, both politely thanked the sergeant, and with faces wreathed in smiles the happy pair walked lightly away.

### She Didn't Stand Up.

At one of the Detroit churches where a revival is in progress the clergyman asked those who wanted to be prayed for to stand up. Quite a number rose to their feet, and after services were closed one lady was heard asking another at the door:

"Why didn't you stand up?"

"Oh, I didn't want to," was the reply.

"Why, you are a very foolish woman. I wouldn't have missed the opportunity for anything."

"Opportunity for what?"

"Why, for standing up there and showing off your seal-skin sacque! There wasn't another one in the whole church!"