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THOU HAST LEFT ME ALONE.

Glad faces are smiling around me, And many that love me are near; The beautiful flowers I have cherished, Are budding and blossoming here; The voice of the silver-tongued streamlet I love—and the exquisite tone Of the singing-bird's blithe note as ever; But I'm sad for thou'st left me alone.

(From the "Proof Sheet.")

A REPORTING INCIDENT.

MANY COLUMNS could doubtless be filled with accounts of the various devices which have been resorted to by enterprising members of the press in obtaining special items for their respective journals.

It was near the eve of a contest for Parliamentary honors in an old-established borough, in which I held the position of senior reporter on the leading county paper. Of course, the usually easy-going town and neighborhood were in a state of abnormal activity and excitement, and the respective candidates had been hard at work for the past fortnight currying favor amongst the classes whose support they were anxious to obtain.

Rashly, perhaps, I undertook to procure a full report of every speech, without considering how it was to be done. But (parenthetically) at that time I was secretly engaged to be married to the editor's daughter, and before starting on my exploit I laid the whole matter before him, and stipulated that, as a reward for my success, his consent should be given to our union. This was very

readily agreed to, and, with the determination of thus winning a wife by strategy, I sat down to reflect on how I should commence operations. I had heard and read of many plans which had been successfully adopted under similar circumstances, but none of them seemed suited to my case. With feelings near akin to despair, I started off towards the spacious hotel where the dinner was to be given. As fortune planned it, I happened to fall in with the chef-de-cuisine, and as this person was indebted to me for many a flattering reference to his culinary skill on previous similar occasions, I ventured to hope he might prove useful to me. He was a good-natured Welshman, of no decided political opinions, and, therefore, not prejudiced; so, I resolved to make him my confidant. He listened patiently to my representations of how important it was to my future prospects and happiness that I should be at the dinner, but could not offer any suggestion whereby I might attain my wishes. "If you had been a waiter," he said, with a consoling smile, "instead of a reporter, I should have been most happy to have engaged you."

As the speaker resumed his seat, I narrowly escaped detection. One of the company, requiring something to be fetched, suddenly rose up from his chair and came near me, and, observing that I was mysteriously operating on the palm of my hand, he called out, in such a manner as to attract every one's attention, "Now, then, young man, what are you about there?" I hastily thrust the reporting implements into my pocket, and, with the assistance of the broad-backed waiter, at once procured the gentleman what he required, and averted suspicion by stating that I had run a piece of glass into my hand, which I was endeavoring to extract.

I was not sorry when the speeches were finished. Then I slunk out of the room as quickly and quietly as possible, and, concealing my livery under a long coat, was soon on my way to the printing office. Hurrying into the editorial-room, my chief arrested my progress, and inquired my business. The old gentle-

man did not recognize me for some moments, and when he did, I could scarcely make him believe that I had been to the dinner in the way I have here narrated. However, there was no time for useless talk, for the notes had to be transcribed, and we both worked with a will for hour after hour, keeping up a steady supply of copy to a dozen smart compositors during the night, till the paper was ready for press.

The surprise of all parties was very great in the morning, when our journal came forward with a six-column report of the speeches at the political banquet of the preceding evening. Our opponents were completely taken aback, for they could not imagine how the report had been obtained, for nothing appeared more certain than that no reporter from any other journal had been present. The speakers were no better pleased, for their utterances had been reported much too literally to afford them any satisfaction in the perusal of them, while the entire Liberal committee lapsed into a state of hopeless astonishment. We, of course, laughed and said nothing; but, for some weeks afterwards, I had to give evasive answers to the many inquiries from friends as to my reason for having denuded my face of my moustache and whiskers.

The affair proved a good thing for our paper, for it not only increased the circulation, but gave us a name for enterprise, which we succeeded in keeping. As for myself, I gained a wife by what I venture to call a clever trick, and our Conservative member, who was successful in getting returned, when the joke was unfolded to him, came to our wedding, and evinced his appreciation of my exertions on his behalf by bestowing a few appropriate presents on the bride on the occasion, which I have ever since valued highly.

A BOY'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

FOURTEEN YEARS ago a mute came onto the Long Island railroad, but where he came from or who were his parents could never be learned. Recently it was thought a clue had been obtained to his parents, and the following from a recent N. Y. paper, shows what were the grounds for the belief, and how sad was the disappointment: "Dummy, the deaf mute who sells papers on the Long Island trains, is back at his work. One week ago, Dummy's friends thought they had found his home and parents, and, having provided him with a letter that explained his case, and asked free passage for him, they sent him by boat and rail to Fitchburg, Mass. They were all grieved at parting with him, for he had been for many years on the railroad, and had become a favorite by reason of his kindly disposition and reliability.

Three weeks ago, a man from the East applied to the Long Island Railroad Company for employment as a fireman. He mingled with the railroad employees and thus fell in with Dummy. He asked about the young man, and said that he knew of a family in Fitchburg, Mass., who lost a deaf mute son fourteen years ago, and had never since heard from him. Dummy had been on the Long Island Railroad nearly fourteen years, and this was deemed enough of a coincidence by Conductor Tolhurst to cause him to write to Postmaster George E. Goodrich of Fitchburg, Mass., about the missing boy of that city.

Postmaster Goodrich found that a family named Hurley in Fitchburg had lost a boy fourteen years ago. The boy, they said, could be identified by a large cross pricked in his left arm in India ink and by his memory of having worked in a mill. He was about twenty-six years of age, and of light complexion, and he had a scar on his face and another on his right hand. Postmaster Goodrich wrote that he hoped Dummy would prove to be the missing son, for he had given the bereaved parents cause to hope, and even the townsfolk of Fitchburg had become interested in their behalf.

This letter was read to Dummy by translation into the sign language. He was elated with what he believed to be an account of himself. In the most expressive pantomime he rehearsed his recollections of his childhood. "I lived in a place where there was a mill," he motioned, "and when I grew up to be a good sized boy I went to work

there. I was a bobbin-boy, and in the mill they made"—(here Dummy pointed to his shirt, and was understood to mean either cotton or linen).

Then Dummy stripped his left arm and showed a cross in India ink, and he exhibited scars like those of the lost boy. Conductor Tolhurst wrote to Postmaster Goodrich that he would like to know what kind of a mill it is that is close to the Hurley's. He added that he feared there might be no need of asking any further questions, as, instead of being light complexioned, Dummy was very dark skinned, and had almost black hair. To this the Postmaster at Fitchburg replied satisfactorily that the mill where the Hurley boy had worked is a cotton mill, and that as both Mr. and Mrs. Hurley are dark complexioned, it might easily be that the lost boy's hair had altered in color, as the hair of children does as they grow up.

By this time, the railroad employees and the Fitchburg people were deeply interested. They considered the identification almost complete. Dummy himself was delighted with the prospect of finding his home, and was anxious to start at once for Fitchburg. As a last precaution, Conductor Tolhurst had Dummy's picture taken by a Babylon photographer, and it was sent to Postmaster Goodrich. In a few days word came that Dummy's people, father, mother, brother, and Mr. Oliver Ellis, the proprietor of the cotton mill, identified the picture as beyond question a likeness of the lost child.

So, on Tuesday a week ago, Dummy was sent to Fitchburg with his letter to the conductors of the roads he would travel on, asking them to pass him, and telling them his story. He arrived at Fitchburg sooner than the Postmaster expected, and no one met him. But, accustomed to act for himself, he made his way from place to place until he ran across some of the many persons who were interested in him, and they took him at once to the home of the Hurleys.

He looked sharply at Mrs. Hurley and shook his head. "No," she was not his mother. She made the same motion of non-recognition, and then both cried like children.

Mr. Goodrich, the Postmaster, then took Dummy in his carriage to all the points of interest in Fitchburg, especially such places as the missing boy would have been likely to remember. But Dummy shook his head at the mill, the creek by its side, the railway, and the pond that the missing boy was wont to bathe in when a child. Dummy knew none of these places, but grew sick at heart, and desirous of returning to his old post as speedily as possible. The Postmaster telegraphed, therefore:

"Keep Dummy's place open for him; he is not the right boy."

Then having put Dummy on a returning train, he sat down and wrote the facts that have been narrated.

Dummy took his papers and basket on Friday last, and resumed his old occupation, though with a very heavy heart. On Wednesday last he sold only ten cents' worth of candy and fruit, and with tear-dimmed eyes, he told Conductor Tolhurst that he believed none of his old friends knew him; they all supposed he had gone to Fitchburg. To a San reporter, with the help of Conductor Tolhurst, as interpreter, Dummy told all he could remember of his wanderings.

"Used to work in a mill as a bobbin-boy," said he, "but it was not such a mill as the one at Fitchburg. There was no railroad near it. I remember that we had to drive five miles to the railroad depot. The Fitchburg boy didn't have five sisters. My family had turn-up noses; the Fitchburg people had long noses"—(explained by a gesture indicative of absurdly long and pointed noses). "Near where I lived were many high mountains, and in another direction tobacco was grown, and much maple sugar was made."

Postmaster Goodrich infers from the mountains and the maple sugar that Dummy came from Vermont. But Conductor Tolhurst is equally certain that he came from Connecticut, and he bases that hypothesis on the tobacco description.

"I got on the cars one day," Dummy continued in pantomime, "and as I had no ticket or money, the conductor put

me off the train. Then there came a long period of begging from door to door and of hopeless wandering, and, finally, I remembered crossing the Sound to Long Island, where I fell into the hands of Conductor Ryan, who put me where am now."

Dummy is twenty-six years of age, and has a flat, plain-featured face, upon which there perpetually rests an expression of melancholy.

Dummy's sign language is different from the mute language taught in the schools. He has modified and enlarged it to suit his requirements. A sweep of the hand, accompanied by a hissing noise, means a railroad; holding one hand high up indicates a mountain, low down means water. Touching his cheek means pretty, or indicates a reference to women. A mill or a machine is described by a turn of the hand, as though he were grinding a hand organ.

Some Valuable Advice.

FOR A FIT OF IDLENESS—Count the ticking of a clock. Do this one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next, and work like a negro.

For a Fit of Extravagance and Folly—Go to the workhouse, and speak to the inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced—

Who makes his bed of briar and thorn Must be content to lie therein. For a Fit of Ambition—Go into a church-yard and read the gravestones.—They will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bedchamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father and the worm your mother and sister.

For a Fit of Despondency—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and to those which he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

For all Fits of Doubt, Perplexity and Fear—Whether they respect the body or mind; whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart, the following is a radical cure, which may be relied on, for we have it from the Great Physician: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee."

For Fits of Repining—Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden and the afflicted and deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

A Rough old Age.

An old man called on Secretary McGonigle, of the Allegheny (Pa.) Poor Directors, the other day and solicited a little help. His story was quite sad. He said he came to this country a number of years ago, and by careful management succeeded in saving sufficient to enable him to purchase a farm of 150 acres near Ann Arbor, Mich., where he settled and remained until about four years ago, when his sons induced him to give them his farm. As soon as they got possession of it they sold it, divided the proceeds, and turned the old man and his wife out into the world. They have had to wander around the country ever since. He would work at any little job he could get to keep himself and wife alive. A few days ago, while in Younstown, O., he heard that one of his daughters resides in Concessville, and he is now on his way there, to ask her to keep her mother, while he will try and make a living for himself. He is seventy-seven years of age, and is partly blind. His wife is seventy-three years old, and is subject to fits of insanity.

A Young Traveler.

The feat of independent baby traveling, by little Maggie Wood, a four-year old Chicago orphan, is a rarity in juvenile achievement. The child's only living relative was an aunt in England, to whom the waif was sent alone and unprotected, save for the casual care of conductors and steamship agents. At New York she was received by total strangers who placed her, supplied with toys and amusements on the City of Richmond, in the care of the captain and stewardess, who finally turned her over to her aunt at Liverpool after a journey of 4800 miles in which the child had not seen a familiar face.