



THE TIMES.

An Independent Family Newspaper, IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY F. MORTIMER & CO.

Subscription Price. Within the County, six months, \$1 25; Out of the County, including postage, six months, 1 50.

Invariably in Advance!

Advertising rates furnished upon application.

Select Poetry.

UPS AND DOWNS.

Life is full of ups and downs— Valleys, plains, and mountains: Not forever are our tents Pitched by pleasant fountains.

Life is full of ups and downs— Made of gains and losses; Flowers that grow on prickly stems, Crowns that hang on crosses.

Murmur not at ups and downs, They are needful changes; He can never err in aught Who their lot arranges.

Wouldst thou make life's ups and downs Easier seem the brighter, Share thy fellows' heavy load— Thine shall be the lighter.

Who would dread these ups and downs, Since they bring us nearer To the outer wall of life, Where the light grows clearer?

Love can take from ups and downs All the pain and trouble; For the joy we give away Comes back more than double.

ALL WELL PLEASED.

THAT Barbara Hawkins owed a good deal to her step-mother was a fact that she could not have concealed from herself if she had tried.

Her father's house had been a very home of discomfort during the dull interim between her own mother's death and the arrival of the youthful and winning stranger who had been somehow persuaded by Squire Hawkins to "come and take keer of his little darter."

The history of the next five years, in which she herself had grown from girlhood to womanhood, included all the genuine sunshine of Barbara's life, and she knew to whom that change, and a good many other excellent things, were due.

Then, since the squire had been gathered to his fathers, what a notable manager had Widow Hawkins proved herself for the very moderate property he had left behind him!

It was just there that the difficulty was now coming in, for that which, with such good management, had kept the two women very nicely so long as they lived together, could continue to do so only under just that state of affairs.—The widow's share, if set apart by itself, would be only another name for poverty. True, and yet what sultor, or at least which one of the two now nearest to a proper condition for consideration, would care to "marry a mother-in-law," and a step-mother at that, as well as a wife?

"And she understands it," said Barbara to herself that September afternoon, "as well as I do. She's as polite to both of them as if they were courting her instead of me. I must say it's been very convenient once or twice, for they both like her. In fact everybody likes

her, and that's what makes my position so very peculiar."

A very pretty girl was Barbara Hawkins; even prettier than her step-mother, and that was saying something in spite of the widow's thirty years.

A bit of a belle, too was the squire's "heiress" in that unambitious rural community, and by no means without some characteristics which put the village gossip at times in mind of Squire Hawkins' fust wife.

At the present juncture, however, the public opinion of the Dorcas Society was more than usually perplexed. The best judges of such matters were inclined to "guess Bill Emmons is a leetle ahead," although this was sure to be followed by the remark: "But then, you know, Dan Grover's got ten ten dollars to Bill's one and he's a mighty sight stidder."

And Barbara was in a worse quandary about it than the Dorcas Society knew how to be, for at times she almost suspected her heart of threatening an impertinent interference before her head could have a fair chance.

"She'd be entitled to a third, I suppose," soliloquized the fair maiden, "and she's a wonderful hand with the needle. There's no danger of her starving.—There's lots of folks'd be glad enough to have her come and live with them."

And Barbara did not know it, but a train of thought very nearly related to her own was at that moment passing through the mind of the widow, as she stepped lightly to and fro among the household duties, of which she kindly relieved her step-daughter.

"I don't hear the piano," murmured the soft, low voice of the widow, "and yet I know she wanted to practice that new piece. Young Emmons'll be here this evening. I ought not to say a word in such a matter. She's old enough to decide for herself, but why can't she see that Dan Grover's worth five hundred of him?—not to mention his big farm, and that's something now-a-days. I won't put that in her head, however—not for the world. I've been paid dearly enough for making just that sort of a mistake. Better have gone out to service or taken in sewing. That's what I may have to do when Barbara's married."

The neat, tidy figure paused in the kitchen doorway as she said that, and a shade of darkness swept across her face.

"Live in the house with Bill Emmons for the master of it?" she exclaimed after a pause. "Not I, indeed! She won't have sense enough to settle on Dan Grover, I'm afraid. Would I stay, then, if she did? Not so long as I could earn or beg some other shelter."

The last exclamation came out with unnecessary energy, and the widow caught up a broom and made an immediate assault on the kitchen floor.

The sweeping was very unnecessary indeed.

Barbara had clearly misunderstood her step-mother, and the widow had also failed to penetrate the mind of the squire's pretty and sensible representative.

That was only too good a reason why the sheet of music forwarded by Mr. Emmons had received so little attention that afternoon.

Barbara's morning walk had carried her past the old homestead of the Grovers, now the sole property of the present family representative, and she had noted only too precisely the renovating and beautifying process on which Dan was expending half the proceeds of that year's liberal wheat crop.

Carpenters, glaziers, painters, and all the Dorcas Society was in arms, she knew, about the extravagant waste with which the old-fashioned interior was transforming.

More than one village critic had added to his other charitable thoughts the surmise: "Looks kinder bad for Bill Emmons;" and Barbara herself could have assured them of the correctness of their reasoning.

She was too kind hearted, however, not to add to herself: "So much the better, too for Mr. Hawkins. Neither Dan nor I would object to her living at the old place till we could find a buyer. I only wish she could raise the money and buy it herself."

It was, therefore, as the mistress at the renovated mansion behind the maples at the turn of the road that Bar-

bara Hawkins was considering herself when tea time came, and she was quite willing to hurry back into the parlor while her ready handed step-mother supervised their solitary "help" in putting-away the tea things.

By the time poor Bill Emmons made his appearance, after his long day's drudgery in the one law office of the village, where he was the junior, and therefore perhaps the working partner — by that time Barbara was ready, civilly as she received him, to wish he would postpone his call until she could "receive him in so much better style." And yet that night, of all nights, the young lawyer had made up his mind to put his fate to the test, "and win or lose it all."

Not a bad fellow was Bill, and he had more than once reflected how charmingly convenient was the location of the Hawkins homestead, and what a tremendous lift the possession of that and the productive little farm belonging thereto would give to a struggling young lawyer like himself. The fact that he was over head and ears in love with Barbara made the whole affair absolutely beautiful.

Sad was the trial to his impatient feelings, therefore, when all the eloquence of which he was master—and he had long considered himself master of the situation as well—only resulted in obtaining for him a promise from Barbara that she "would consult her step-mother."

"Such a change it would make for her if I should leave her?" sighed Barbara.

"Not at all, not at all," eagerly exclaimed Bill. "She could live with us, you know. Everybody likes her. I'm sure I do. She wouldn't be in the way at all." But vain was all he could say or do, except that Barbara's vision of the Grover farm and house may have receded somewhat as she listened to the pleading of her suitor. She almost hoped Dan might not come that evening, for not only the present situation had its charms, but it might have its perils as well. Dan Grover was not a man to be trifled with, she knew, for all his quiet self contained ways.

And so it was with something of a feeling of relief that Barbara listened, at last, to the bur of the big kitchen clock striking nine.

It was at the same instant that the shadows of the two who were walking side by side in the moonlight fell on the gate in a singularly unified manner; and then, as the gate opened, Barbara sprang to her feet with a slight exclamation. She had been sitting close to the low window seat, and she had not seen fit, or had forgotten, to light a lamp.

There may or there may not have been any cause for surprise, but the way of it had been this: No sooner were the tea things out of the way than Mrs. Hawkins remembered an errand she had in the village, and had slipped quietly out to perform it. Nor would so simple a matter have taken two long hours, but that, just as the widow was stepping across the little foot-bridge at the brook, the form of a tall, broad shouldered, vigorous man of, say, thirty-five summers, stood before her, and a deep voice remarked:

"Right about face, please. I want a bit of a talk with you, and there'd be no chance for it at the house."

Not a word said the widow, as Dan Grover drew her arm in his, but she thought, "If he wants to speak of Barbara, he's right, for Bill Emmons must be there by this time. What a fool she is! He don't begin to compare with Dan."

It must be confessed, however, that it seemed wonderfully pleasant, even when Dan turned up the shadowy lane toward the grove, and when he seemed disposed to put off his express business and to talk of his farm and his house, and at last of himself.

"I have everything around me fixed as nicely as I could ask for," he remarked at length; "but I grow lonelier every day. The fact is, I've determined to have a wife, if I can get the one I want; but there's only one in all the wide world. I'd be lonelier than I am now with any other."

"Why don't you speak to her, then?" said the widow, with a half choked feeling in her throat. "She's a very sensible girl, but I don't think it would be

right for me to try to influence her. I believe a woman has no right to marry without loving."

Quick as lightning—very different from Dan's ordinary calm, slow style—was his responsive query: "Have you always been of that opinion? Have you acted on it?"

The plump, soft hand on his arm was jerked away in an instant, and Barbara's step-mother was almost sobbing with angry and wounded feeling, as she stepped back from him, exclaiming: "How dare you! What have you to do with that? Ask Barbara for her secrets, if you will. Mine are my own."

"Exactly," responded the steady minded Dan, but his voice was shaking now in spite of his self control. "You have told me part of your secret, Marian Hawkins, whether you meant to or not. I knew you could never have loved him. Now I will tell you mine. You are the one woman without whom I must forever be lonely. You have been only too faithful to Barbara, or you would have seen it before."

Rapid, earnest, passionate, grew the strong man's words as he uttered them, and he closed with a sudden forward movement. Before the widow knew it, Dan's arms were around her, and even her tears betrayed her.

It was too late for anything but to let Dan have his own way. Such a willful fellow he was, too. And when at last the widow insisted on going homeward, their arrival at the gate was signalized by just such another theft as he had perpetrated twenty times already, for Barbara's exclamation had been simply: "Kissed her!"

Never was a lamp lit so quickly in all the world before; but, between the finding and the scratching of the match, Bill Emmons managed to say—for he was a fellow of excellent mind—"Perhaps, Barbara, that may remove some of our difficulties."

And Barbara made no reply; but when Dan and the widow came into the parlor, it was not easy to say which of the two women were blushing the most violently.

"It's all right, Bill," remarked Dan. "I don't know that any explanations are required. You have our entire consent."

The visions of the newly painted house had faded from the mind of Barbara Hawkins, but it was Dan's remark that called her attention to the manner in which she was clinging to the arm of Bill Emmons. The latter was equal to the occasion, however, for he replied:

"Well, so long as I've got Barbara's I don't mind having yours;" and then he added, quickly: "I say Dan, you and I are two fellows of remarkably good sense."

So Barbara's difficulty about her step-mother's future as well as her own was removed from her entirely, and, curiously enough, Dan Grover spent the remainder of his natural life in the unbroken assurance that neither he nor his admirable wife had ever known but one love.

One Way to get Rich.

Nothing is more easy than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody, to befriend none, to get everything and save all you can get, to stint yourself and everybody belonging to you, to be the friend of no man and have no man for your friend, to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent; to be a mean miser and despised for twenty or thirty years, and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointments. And when pretty near enough wealth has been collected by all disregard of the human heart, and at the expense of every enjoyment save that of wallowing in filthy meanness, death comes to finish the work; the body is buried in a hole, the heirs dance over it, and the spirit goes—where?

How Babies are Treated in Different Countries.

Different countries have different methods of dealing with their young.—The Greenland baby is dressed in furs and carried in a sort of a pocket in the back of his mother's cloak. When she is very busy and does not want to be bothered with him she digs a hole in the snow and covers him all up but his face, and lets him there until she is ready to

take care of him again. The Hindoo baby hangs in a basket from the roof, and is taught to smoke long before he learns to walk. Among the Western Indians the poor little tots are tied fast to a board and have their heads flattened by means of another board fastened down over their foreheads. In Lima the little fellows lies all day in a hammock swung from a tree-top, like the baby in the nursery song. In Persia he is dressed in the most costly silks and jewels, and his head is never uncovered, day or night, while in Yucatan a pair of sandals and a straw hat are thought to be all the clothing he needs.

An Editor's Wants Classically Expressed.

One of our contemporaries makes known his wants to his patrons in the following classical language: "Hear us for our debts and get ready that you may pay, trust us, acknowledge your indebtedness, and dive into your pockets, that you may promptly fork over. If there be any among you—one single patron—that don't owe us anything, then to him we say: Step aside, consider yourself a gentleman. If the rest want to know why we dun them, this is our answer; Not that we care about ourselves, but that our creditors do. Would you rather that we went to jail and you go free, than you pay your debts and keep us moving? As we agree, we have worked for you, as we contracted, we furnished the paper to you; but as you don't pay we dun you. Here are agreements for subscriptions, promises for long credits, and duns for deferred payments. Who is there so green that he don't take a paper? If any, he need not speak, for we don't mean him. Who is so green he don't advertise? If any, let him slide; he ain't the chap either. Who is there so mean that he don't pay the printer? If any, let him speak, for he's the man we're after."

A Curiosity of Numbers.

The multiplication of 987,654,321 by 45 44,444,444,445, reversing the order of the digits and multiplying 123,456,789 by 45 we get the result equally curious, 5,555,555,505. If we take 123,456,789 as the multiplicand, and interchanging the figures of 45, take 54 as the multiplier, we obtain another remarkable product, 6,666,666,606. Returning to the multiplicand first used, 987,654,321, and taking 54 as the multiplier again, we get 53,333,333,334—all threes except the first and last figures, which read together 54, the multiplier. Taking the same multiplicand and using 27, the half of 54, as the multiplier, we get a product of 26,666,666,667—all sizes except the first and last figures, which read together 27, the multiplier. Next interchanging the figures in the number 27, and using 72 as the multiplier with 987,654,321 as the multiplicand we obtain a product of 71,111,111,112 all ones except the first and last figures, which read together give 72 the multiplier.

Equally curious results may be obtained by multiplying these digits, written either way, by 9 or by the figures composing the multiples of nine variously interchanged.

Window Glass.

There are seventy establishments in the United States devoted to the production of window-glass. Twenty-seven of these are in New Jersey; the others are scattered through New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio and elsewhere in the West. The capital invested in the industry is about \$6,000,000 in New Jersey alone, while the annual production of that State is between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 boxes of the various qualities and sizes of glass. The window-glass manufacturing interest is now one of the principal industries of this country, and is destined to check the importation of glass to America; in fact, many of the American manufacturers are now exporting large quantities of glass and glassware. It is believed that fully three-fourths of the factories are now stopped—some few in Pittsburgh being in operation. Somewhere near 25,000 men and boys are now striking, and it is not improbable that that number will be increased. The plate-glass for the San Francisco Stock Exchange is 186 inches long and 120 inches wide, and is said to be the largest glass ever imported.