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Select Poetry.

"NEVER DESPAIR."

Never despair, is a motto most true, Tho' never adopted, except by the few Who fight bravely onward, 'midst trial and care, Trusting in God, they never despair.

Though ill fortune meet you wherever you go, Faint not nor falter; 'twill not always be so, For he who strives nobly to do and to dare; Will sometime win victory; so never despair. Never despair! There are laurels to wear For him who toils onward, so never despair.

Subjects are we of oppression and wrong, Heed not the hindrance, fight bravely onward; There's One who will aid you in sorrow or care, Do the noblest you can and never despair. Never despair! There are triumphs to share, And glory awaits you, so never despair.

All that we aim at in life may be done If we strive at the task till the object be won; For only to him who has courage to dare Will victory come; so never despair. Never despair! For time will declare A triumph for those who never despair.

A LUCKY SHOT.

"VERY wet day, sir," said the cheery host of the "Traveler's Rest," as he assisted me to take off my heavy riding coat. "Very wet, indeed," I replied. "I've had my share of it during my thirty mile ride to-day!" Mine host conducted me to a room with a cheery fire burning in the grate; and having been served with a good hot supper and my favorite glass of hot brandy, I began to feel more comfortable. I drew up my chair to the fire, encased my feet in a pair of easy slippers, and filled my pipe preparatory to a quiet smoke, when I was disturbed by the entrance of my host. "Won't you join the company in the next room, sir?" We have a social club held here twice a week, and perhaps they may amuse you during the evening. "With pleasure!" I replied. So, taking my glass and pipe, I followed my landlord into a large room, which was almost filled with a numerous company. At the moment of my entrance they were listening with evident satisfaction to a story told by one of their number. My host briefly introduced me, and I took a chair close to the story-teller, and prepared to enjoy my smoke. "Now, Mr. White, you must begin your story again, in honor of the gentleman." So Mr. White recommenced. "You must know, gentlemen," he began, "that the scene of my tale lies in Australia, just about the time of the gold fever there." The tones of the speaker's voice seemed familiar to me, and I gave him a searching look. What did I see? The lobe of his left ear was missing. I half started from my seat, upsetting my glass of brandy by my elbow, and startling the company generally. "I beg pardon, gentlemen; a sudden spasm—that is all!" I stammered out. "It is the same man!" I soliloquized. I was supplied with a fresh glass of brandy, and Mr. White resumed: "Well, I was only a young fellow at the time, and I got bitten by the gold fever, like many other people besides. Every paper contained dazzling accounts of the riches to be found in that far-off land, so at last I made up my mind to go and try my luck. When I told Mary, she cried, and tried to dissuade me, but it was of no use, I was determined, and soon after I left home for London, where I entered my name on the books as a

steerage passenger on board the clipper-built liner Australasia. "Mary was his sweetheart," interposed my left-hand neighbor. "I well remember the day we sailed. The scenes at the docks were very affecting. Husbands were parting from wives brothers from sisters, young fellows from their sweethearts, and I was not sorry when the tug towed us out to sea. We were a motley company. There were representatives of all classes—laborers, mechanics, broken-down lawyers and students, clerks, a goodly sprinkling, too, of the hangers-on about town, and even a couple of Methodist ministers. All were going to try their fortunes at the new Eldorado. We had very good weather during our voyage, and I suffered but little from sea-sickness. I made many companions, but there was one man I took an aversion to. He was called Wapping Bill. He was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with a great shock of red hair, and a close cropped beard; a pair of small, ferret-like eyes that seemed to vanish beneath his shaggy eyebrows when any one addressed him, and an expression that showed him to be the reverse of a quiet and respectable fellow. "In due time we arrived at Melbourne. It was then a mere collection of wooden houses, and hastily thrown-up shanties, and was peopled by representatives from nearly all civilized nations on the face of the earth. Twenty of us formed a party, bought some tools, and proceeded to the diggings on foot. Arriving there, we bought claims and set to work to unearth the long-talked-of gold. My chum was a steady-going fellow, called Sandy, a Scotchman. We dug a shaft, hauled up the gold-bearing earth, and washed it in a large box with plates full of holes. The water washed away the earth, leaving the gold in the form of nuggets and dust on the plates. For the first week or so we found little or nothing, and my golden dreams began to wane. Then, one morning, Sandy gave a shout of joy, and, hastily ascending the shaft, I saw in the cradle several nuggets of pure gold. I was half mad with delight, and for the rest of the day I worked with the energy of two men. Before nightfall we had more than 20 ounces of small nuggets and dust. We stitched it up in small canvas bags, and hid it for safety in the floor of the tent. We went on in this way for months, then our claim began to give out. "Just about this time a convoy was going to Melbourne to take some gold to the bank there. We therefore agreed to send some of ours to be deposited in the bank, and get notes in exchange. When we got to the place of starting, I was surprised to see among the mounted troopers forming the escort, my shock-headed fellow-voyager. I mentioned my distrust of him to my chum; and, in consequence, we only sent half of the intended quantity. The fellow evidently knew I distrusted him, for when I went up with our parcel, he gave me a malicious look that boded me no good. The escort numbered about ten or fifteen well armed troopers, with a four-horse wagon, and they left early in the morning for their destination. We gave them three ringing cheers at the boundaries of the camp, and wished them a safe return. I had a singular foreboding that I had seen the last of my gold, but I mentioned my fears to none but my chum. "The day following I went to Mat Durn's drinking hut—a place frequented by the lucky finders and loafers—to hear the day's news. The saloon was full of diggers, etc. Some were discussing the day's finds; others were playing poker, the stakes being nuggets or dust; the majority were standing at the bar drinking and smoking. I called for a drink, filled the short cutty, and took a seat among the card-players. "Well, Tom, how's your luck?" said a broad-shouldered Yorkshireman, who had come over with me. "Very poor at present," I replied. "Have a hand then, man; winning dust at poker, is better than digging." "I joined the game, and played for a while. At last one of the players threw up his hand, and said he was cleaned out; so, thinking it might be my turn soon, I stopped. I finished my glass and prepared to leave the room. Just as I got to the door, a burly digger, came rushing in, almost upsetting me, and

uttering the most frightful oaths. The entire saloon was in an uproar in an instant. Revolvers and knives were drawn, and a dozen voices shouted out, "What is the matter?" "Matter enough!" replied the invading digger, with another volley of expletives. "The escort's been attacked, and the gold's gone!" "Words fail to describe the scene that ensued. Men swore, tore their hair, danced, and raved like madmen. When the tumult had somewhat subsided, I managed to make out that the wagon had been attacked in the dead of night by a party of armed rangers. A fight had taken place, but a trooper had been killed, and the gold had been taken. The attack had evidently been pre-arranged, for half of the troopers had been found drugged, and were consequently unable to fight. Three of them were reported missing, Wapping Bill amongst the number. I went off to our tent, and told Sandy. "You're right about the villain, but we'll be even with him yet." "We went back to the saloon, where we found nearly all the diggers assembled, listening to an account of the affair from one of the troopers. It appeared, that shortly after leaving the camp, the axle-tree of the wagon broke, necessitating a stoppage. Night came on, and found them still delayed by the broken wagon. Rain fell, and some of the troopers took a little spirits to keep out the cold. About midnight, the troopers who were acting as sentries were alarmed by the rush of half-a-dozen mounted bush-rangers. They endeavored to wake up the others, but they were overpowered, and fastened to the trees. The contents of the wagon were divided among the gang, and they soon rode off, followed by Wapping Bill and three troopers. In the morning, the bound troopers managed to awake the others by their cries, and then it was found, by their condition, that the spirits must have been drugged, hence their inability to offer any resistance. "We held a hasty council and decided to send to a station four miles away, for fresh troopers. By means of a fleet messenger, a search party was organized and they left the camp two hours later, preceded by the black tracker to point out the trail. Luckily, I managed to be enrolled among the party, much to my satisfaction. I had a score to settle with Wapping Bill and I intended to give a good account of him if we met. We numbered twenty resolute, well armed fellows, carrying revolvers and knives, whilst the twelve troopers with us had revolvers in addition. "We proceeded first to the scene of the encounter. We found the wagon drawn off the track and overturned. The black trackers soon took up the trail and we went into the bush in Indian file. Our progress was necessarily slow, but we were quite certain of coming up with the rangers at last. We followed the blacks for a couple of hours, then one of them suddenly set up a warning cry, and we rushed forward. In the centre of an open glade, we saw the body of a man laid upon the ground. Scattered around were bits of canvas, and grains of gold glittering in the grass. Examining the body we recognized it to be a person some of us had seen hanging about the camp a few days previous to the starting of the escort. A small blue hole in his forehead told what had happened. Evidently a dispute had arisen among the rangers, and this poor fellow had been shot for his obstinacy. We again took up the trail and proceeded. The bush now became less dense, and we made greater progress. About a mile further on, one of the blacks, who was some hundred yards ahead, suddenly dropped flat on the grass, and gave us a warning signal. Advancing cautiously to his side, we peered through the bushes. Down in a hollow were six bush-rangers, seated around a small fire. Their horses were tethered near them, and various packages were scattered about. Our plans were soon laid. We made a detour and completely surrounded them. I crept quietly through the underwood, intending to reach a tree, which grew about twenty yards from the fire of the bush-rangers. Suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulder. I hastily turned, and saw a tall ranger close by my side. He grasped me by the collar, and presented a revolver to my forehead.

"One sound, and I'll blow your brains out," he hissed. "Resistance was useless, so I submitted. He disarmed me, flung me on the ground, and fastened my hands behind me with a cord he pulled from his pocket. He then went a few yards away, to warn the rangers, I suppose. I heard a ringing cheer, shots, oaths, and all the usual noise of a hand-to-hand encounter. Giving a short and sudden wrench, I got loose and rushed forward to see the result of the fight. Just as I advanced, I heard two shots fired almost simultaneously, and a bullet shaved past my head. I clapped my hand to my left ear. Heaven! the lobe was shot away. Another inch, and I should have been killed. "Rather a narrow shave, that," said one of the troopers, coming forward. "I just saw the fellow drawing a bead on you when I dropped him." "I went forward, and found the victory had been ours. Three of the rangers had been shot down, one of them being Wapping Bill. Two were wounded, and lay on the ground, whilst one had escaped. Judge Lynch soon settled the two prisoners. "We recovered all of our gold, and we made preparations for our return. We gave the dead a hasty burial, easing them, of course, of all valuables, etc. I found a pocket-book on the body of my would-be slayer, and from it I gleaned a full account of the gang. From information therein contained, Sandy and I, some weeks later, made a little expedition of our own to a place in the bush, where we found quite a large collection of nuggets and dust—the result of many months of a bush-ranger's life. As it was impossible to restore the treasure to its lawful owners, we were obliged to keep it. We returned to camp; and in consideration of our successful efforts we received a share of the gold. Some months later I left the diggings, and returned home, married Mary, and settled down here. I ought to add that I gave the trooper who so bravely saved my life an old silver ring to wear for my sake. I have never seen him since; but if ever I do, he shall be welcomed as a king. Such, gentlemen, is the story of a 'Lucky Shot.'" The hearty thanks of the company were voted to Mr. White, for his story, and the company drank the trooper's health. "You never saw him after?" I asked Mr. White. "Never, sir." "Could you recognize him if you were to see him?" I asked. "I can't say; he may have altered considerably; but I should recognize the ring immediately." "Then is that it?" said I, putting out my right hand, on the little finger of which was the identical ring. "It is; and you are Jack Fox." "I am; and I am exceedingly glad to meet an old friend once more." Loud were the exclamations of joy at this disclosure. We had fresh bumpers, and we caroused until the small hours, fighting our old battles over again. I accepted Mr. White's invitation to stay with him for a short time, and I must admit that I spent some very happy hours in "The Traveler's Rest."

A Bucks County Preacher.

A STORY of old times in Bucks county is told that illustrates the manner and customs of the last century, and shows that human nature in the preacher was about the same then as now. In those primitive times the surplus produce of the farmers, especially the lighter articles, such as butter, eggs, poultry, dried fruits, etc., was largely conveyed to Philadelphia market on horseback; not only by men, but by women, young as well as old. For the sake of company and protection, a large number of these would oftentimes travel in squads, naturally making the journey interesting by hilarity, song, jest and mirth, and in telling stories and anecdotes. This was especially the case on coming homeward, when, having disposed of their produce, they returned with empty saddle-bags, which likewise enabled them to vary the monotony of the trip by racing their nags to the top of their speed. The young women were as apt and expert as the young men in this diversion. On one occasion a party

of these had raced their horses with such boisterous hilarity that on their return the story of their behaviour greatly scandalized their sober and steadfast elders, who thought their conduct worthy of overhauling and reproof, and what was the worst of all, the gay daughter of the reverend preacher himself was reputed to have been the ring-leader, and the most fearless in these sacrilegious sports, and the grave sire was moved to call the erring maiden to account for her unseemly behavior in a child of one of the pillars of orthodoxy, of whose training better things was to have been expected. But the grave, stern, Scotch divine, nevertheless, had a soft spot in his heart for the bonnie lassie, as she appeared before him in her youth and beauty, half shame-faced at her misconduct, but half triumphing in her wild exploits, with the free, bold spirit of her race illuminating her countenance. "Well, Jeannet," said he, with a frown of censure on his brow, and with a Scottish accent in his words which we cannot reproduce, "is this story true that I hear of you racing your horse in that Godless fashion, and behaving so badly as to bring scandal on the church and the people of God?" But Jeannet knew the divine's weak point, and after a moment's hesitation replied, "Yes, father, I did, and I ran old Bob up hill and down dale, and would not have been behind if I should have had to run the legs off him." Her father was a man as well as a minister, and had not subdued his weakness for horsemanship, but a feeling of pride and elation arose within him, both in regard to his horse and the girl's bold riding. The narrative of her success was too much for his equanimity. "And did you beat, Jeannet?" "Yes, indeed." Instead of the expected reproof, he bestowed on her a look of triumph, and replied, "Well done, Jeannet, well done, and I give you credit for it." How the French Workman Lives. The French laborer probably gets more for his wages than any other. His food is cheaper and more nourishing. His bouillon is the liquid essence of beef a penny per bowl. His bread at the restaurant is thrown in without extra charge, and is the best bread in the world. His hot coffee and milk are peddled about the streets in the morning at a sou per cup. It is coffee, not slops. His half bottle of claret is thrown in at a meal costing 12 cents. For a few cents he may enjoy an evening's amusement at one of the many minor theatres with his coffee free. Six-pence pays for a nicely-cushioned seat at the theatre. No gallery gods, no peanuts, pipe smoke, drunkenness, yelling or howling. The Jardin des Plantes, the vast galleries and museums of the Louvre, Hotel Cluny, palace of the Luxemburg and Versailles are free for him to enter. Art and science hold out to him their choicest treasures at small cost or no cost at all. French economy and frugality do not mean that constant retrenchment and self-denial which deprive life of everything which makes it worth living for. Economy in France, more than in any other country, means a civilization of what America throws away; but it does not mean a pinching process of reducing life to a barren existence of work and bread and water. Suggestive Fact as to Music. Music impresses itself almost indelibly upon the memory. Two children were once stolen by the Indians. Years after a number of white children were recaptured from the Indians, and the mother of these two were requested to come and see if she could identify them from among all this number. She found two whom she thought were her long-lost children. She talked to them about old times, relating incident after incident of their early childhood, but they remembered none of these things. About to leave in despair, she sung one of the sweet songs that she used to sing to them in the evening hours, and their faces immediately kindled with vague remembrances of childhood's hours, and they cried "mother." The song was remembered when all else was forgotten. Some of the early legislators wrote their laws in verse and the people learned to sing them.