



THE TIMES.

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Select Poetry.

EVERY DAY.

Oh, trifling tasks, so often done, Yet ever to be done anew! Oh, cares, which come with every sun, Morn after morn the long years through!

A JEALOUS HUSBAND SOLD.

"MY DEAR," said Mr. Peter Pensico, to his wife, "don't you think it would be a good idea for us to take a few boarders?"

Peter Pensico; "and I mean to place you in an appropriate setting."

But as the configuration of his young love died into a more steady and un-even flame, Mr. Pensico's old spirit of thrift arose within him.

"Don't you think it's a good idea, my love?" persisted Mr. Pensico, brushing a fly away from the circular bald spot on the top of his head.

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Pensico.

"But why not?"

"I don't like the idea of keeping tavern," retorted the bride.

"Mr. dear," said Mr. Pensico, "you exaggerate. A few select boarders—"

"A few select fiddlesticks!" interrupted Mrs. Pensico, as she rose up, flinging the lima bean-pods all over the floor.

"Mr. Pensico looked at his wife with a calm and speculative eye.

"She don't like boarders," pondered he.

"And she don't like to submit, as a wife should, to her husband's authority.

And Mr. Peter Pensico sat down to write the advertisement whose glowing periods had been floating in fragmentary radiance through his brain for the last five or ten minutes.

"I won't take boarders," said Mrs. Pensico.

"My dear," said Peter, "you will do just precisely as I think best."

"We will see!" cried out Mrs. Peter Pensico.

"A woman ought to be proud to have an opportunity of helping her husband on in the world," oracularly observed Mr. Pensico.

"I believe the richest people in the world are always the meanest," said Sylvia, with a jerk of her pretty brown curls.

"Economy, my dear, economy!" said Mr. Pensico. "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves. A penny saved is a penny earned. Money makes money."

And Mrs. Pensico, fairly overwhelmed by this cataract of proverbs, ceased her unavailing remonstrances. After all, what good would they do?

Poor little Sylvia was beginning to comprehend that marrying a rich old screw was not the shortest way to perfect happiness!

But a woman defied becomes a woman dangerous, and Mrs. Peter Pensico determined that she should would not be conquered.

Four days after the appearance of the advertisement which cost so much time and pains, three young gentlemen applied for board.

Mr. Pensico assumed a magisterial aspect.

"Ten dollars a week is my fixed price," said he; but as there are three of you, I don't mind saying twenty-five dollars."

And on these terms Messrs. Smith, Brown and Jones became possessors of the three best bed-rooms of the cottage, driving Mr. Pensico and his wife to a sofa beadstead in the back parlor.

"Are we always to live so?" plaintively demanded Mrs. Pensico.

"One shouldn't mind a little inconvenience, my dear, when a matter of twenty-five dollars a week is at stake," said Mr. Pensico, with an air of superior wisdom.

But as the days wore on, and Messrs. Jones, Brown and Smith began to feel themselves more at home, matters began to be less pleasant to Mr. Pensico.

"My dear," said the pater familias to his young wife, one day, "do you think it is quite dignified for you to be romping out on the lawn with those three young men?"

"I wasn't romping," retorted Sylvia, with a pout, that showed the coral curve of her lip to the best advantage. "I was

only playing croquet. You charged me especially to try and make things agreeable to the boarders, didn't you?"

This was on Monday. On Tuesday, Mrs. Pensico went fishing with the three boarders. Pensico might have gone too, perhaps, only that the boat was capable of holding but four.

On Wednesday there was a picnic up the river, to which Mrs. Smith invited Mrs. Pensico. On Thursday Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown had a "camp out" in the woods, of which Mrs. Pensico and one Miss Tomlinson, of the neighborhood, formed an indispensable accompaniment.

On Friday Mr. Brown undertook to lay out Mrs. Pensico's verberna bed in true landscape gardening style. On Saturday it rained, and Mr. Jones, who was considerable of an elocutionist, read poetry alone to Mrs. Pensico, while she darned the family hose. On Sunday, Mr. Smith drove Mrs. Pensico to a church ten miles away, in an elegant little buggy, with a long-tailed horse.

"This is getting intolerable," said Mr. Pensico.

And he wished he hadn't written that advertisement.

But this was nothing to his chagrin the next day, when he found Mr. Smith sitting out under the apple trees with his arm around Sylvia's waist.

"Sir!" thundered Mr. Pensico.

"Eh?" said the boarder.

"Leave my premises!" said the grocer.

"I've just paid a week's board in advance," suggested Smith.

"Take back your wretched dross!" bellowed Pensico, flinging a roll of bills on the grass. "Go! Depart! Lose no time, and take those other two young men with you. I'm sick of boarders!"

And so the three young men departed. When once the garden gate was closed behind them, Mr. Pensico elevated his right arm theatrically in the air.

"Never—never will I receive another boarder into my family," said he. "As for you, false wife—"

"No; but is it 'honor bright' about the boarders?" interrupted Mrs. Pensico, with the sparkling eyes.

"I swear it by yonder cerulean blue!" said Mr. Pensico, who had just been reading "St. Elmo."

"Certain sure?" said Mrs. Peter Pensico.

"Certain sure!" said her husband.

"In that case," said Mrs. Pensico, "I may as well tell you now, as any time, that John Brown and Ferdinand Jones are my cousins, and that Charlie Smith is my brother."

"Eh?" gasped Mr. Pensico, "Was it—was it a conspiracy?"

"They wanted board in the country," said Mrs. Pensico, "and you wanted boarders."

A heavy weight seemed to be lifted from Pensico's heart as he remembered the arm around Sylvia's waist. So it was only her brother! And little Sylvia hadn't played the married flirt, after all!

He took his wife in his arms, and gave her a hearty kiss.

"My dear," said he, "you're a mischievous little girl, but I forgive you. And I guess we'll give up the boarder business."

Which was all that Mrs. Pensico wanted.

"I was determined to conquer him," thought she, "and I've done it."

Joking the Doctor.

A good story is told of a doctor who was somewhat of a wag. He met, one day in the street, a sexton with whom he was acquainted. As the usual salutations were passed, the doctor happened to cough. "Why, doctor," said the sexton, "you have got a cold; how long have you had that?"

"Look here, Mr. Sexton," said the doctor, with a show of indignation; "what is your charge for internments?"

"Ten shillings," was the reply.

"Well continued he, "just come into my surgery, and I will pay it. I don't want to have you calling round, and so anxious about my health." The sexton was soon even with him, however.

Turning round to the doctor, he replied, "Ah, doctor, I cannot afford to bury you yet. Business has never been so good as it has since you began to practice."

Since the above conversation, neither party has ventured to joke at the expense of the other.

A Sharper Outwitted.

A GENTLEMAN was witness, a few days ago, to a sharp trick at cards on a passenger train on one of our western railroads noted for the favor in which the three-card monte men and other card sharps hold it. A well dressed clerical looking man had attracted a crowd of gaping passengers around him by a number of ingenious and skillfully executed tricks with a pack of playing cards, and at last shuffling the cards several times, and slapping them down upon his knee, he said:

"I'll bet any man in the crowd that I can cut the jack of diamonds at the first attempt."

Every one hung back suspiciously, until a green gawky-looking individual, with hay seed in his hair, pushed his way forward. "Mister," he questioned, "may I take a squint at them keards?"

"Certainly," said the professional, as he handed them over. The countryman inspected them suspiciously, and then apparently satisfied, he returned them, but did not take the bet. "The cards are all right, aren't they?" asked the professional. "Yes, I guess they'd suit me," the countryman replied, hesitatingly. "Why don't you take my bet, then?"

"Wa'al I don't know; I ain't much of a betting man."

The professional saw that the countryman was more than half inclined to take him up, and to make sure of his game, he said: "Come, I'll bet \$10 to \$5 \$15, \$20 to \$5."

"I'm durned if I don't take ye," exclaimed the countryman, after a moment's hesitation, and, diving into his pocket he drew out a strip of calico (apparently a sample to show his girl), some confectionary, a plug of tobacco, several horse shoe nails, and, lastly, a dyspeptic looking leather wallet, from which he extracted a greasy five dollar bill which he placed in the hands of a bystander. The stranger speedily covered the deposit with a twenty fresh from Uncle Sam's printing bureau, and then thoroughly shuffling the cards as prelude, he grasped the pack in one hand, and producing a sharp pocket knife he actually cut every card in the pack in two. "Haven't I cut the jack of diamonds?"

"I'll be eternally swallowed if you have," replied the countryman, producing that veritable card from his coat sleeve, whither he had dexterously conveyed it while pretending to examine the cards. The countryman quietly pocketed the stakes and the professional slunk off into another car.

MYRA'S TRIUMPH.

"MYRA," said Mrs. Glyndon, "you're the biggest fool living, and I am perfectly astonished!"

"Very much obliged for the compliment, I'm sure, Aunt Deborah," said Myra Dalton, demurely.

She was a tall, fair-haired girl, with large, deep brown eyes and rosy cheeks. Mrs. Glyndon was a made-up matron, considerably past the fifties, with a black silk dress, a set of garnets and gold, and a prevailing odor of patchouly about her person. Myra leaned with folded hands against the window that looked out on the street. Mrs. Glyndon busied herself with a piece of embroidery, where an impressionable knight was kneeling at the feet of a pink-faced lady in mazarine blue.

"But just look at the reason of the thing," said Mrs. Glyndon. "Your Uncle Josiah is willing to give you a home."

"That's just what I am going to ask you about. Aunt Deborah—if I could use your name as a reference?"

"No you can't!" snapped out Aunt Deborah.

"Then I must do without it," said Myra, gravely.

She broached her subject to Mr. Josiah Glyndon that very evening, as he sat over his wine and walnuts—Mr. Josiah Glyndon, who was as cold as Iceland, hard as a block of granite, and uncompromising as fate itself.

"No," said Uncle Josiah; "I don't approve of the plan at all."

"But you do not object?"

"Yes," said Uncle Josiah, "I do object, most decidedly."

"On what grounds?"

"Because you are my niece."

"Is that any reason why I should be dependent upon you?" pleaded Myra.

"You are independent already."

"No, uncle, I am not."

Mr. Glyndon screwed his lips together, and took up the evening papers.

"I am sorry you are ill-satisfied," said he, coldly.

"But, uncle—"

"Allow me to decline any further discussion of the subject."

The next day, Myra Dalton put on her hat and walked to the nearest Intelligence Bureau. Mrs. Robert Lee wanted a governess for four little girls, between the ages of six and twelve. Mrs. Robert Lee was introduced, by the lady in charge of the Intelligence Bureau, to Miss Dalton. Miss Dalton suited in every respect until they came to the important subject of references.

"I have none," said Myra.

"No reference?" echoed Mrs. Robert Lee.

"No," said Myra, coldly in spite of herself. "I left my home in spite—or rather against the wishes of my relatives, and as I have never filled any similar situations before—"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Robert Lee. "That will do; we need not pursue the subject. Perhaps, Mrs. Blank?"—to the lady in charge—"you can send in another young person? This one will not suit."

And this was the first bitter drop in Myra's cup.

Mrs. Shaw, who had a susceptible husband and two grown-up sons, wanted a companion, but objected vehemently to Myra's good looks.

Mrs. Barrons, who had three nieces to educate, wanted a young person who would be willing to act as governess, chambermaid and nurse.

Myra was beginning to think she would have to go ignominiously back to Uncle Glyndon again, when Mrs. Lansing came in, brisk and lively.

"I want a nursery governess," said she. And Mrs. Blank at once produced her drug in the market.

"Are you fond of children?" said she.

"Very," answered Myra.

"Can you be patient with them?"

"Certainly I can."

"Good?" said Mrs. Lansing, nodding the roses in her little French hat.

"How much do you want?"

"Twenty dollars a month."

"Very well," said the lively lady. "I like your face, and I'll engage you."

"I—I think you ought to know, said she, "that I have no reference."

"Why not?" asked the little woman sharply.

Myra told her simple story.

"Well," said Mrs. Lansing, "I'll dispense with reference. If I don't like you, I can but send you away again. One has always to run a certain risk in employing anybody."

So Myra went to Mrs. Lansing's villa on the Hudson, to be companion and instructress to Tessa and Gertrude, that lady's two plump, dimpled little daughters.

"How do you like my new governess, James?" said she to Mr. Raymond, her cousin, who was staying at "Purple Cliff" on a visit.

"I think she's a trump," said Raymond, laughing. "Lansing and I heard her reading a story to the girls yesterday, and they all three cried together. I'm not sure but that there was moisture in Lansing's eyes, too. Mine brimmed over, I am certain."

Mrs. Lansing held up a warning finger.

Not Her Fault.

One of those excrescences in life, a female slanderer, went into a neighbor's house the other morning, with her tongue loaded with new venom. There were several women present, and the slanderer's eye glistened in anticipation. Throwing herself into a chair, she said:

"One half the world don't know how the other half lives." "That ain't your fault," quietly observed one of the company. The slanderer turned yellow.

"I really can't sing, believe me, sir," was the reply of a young lady to the repeated requests of an empty fop.

"I am rather inclined to believe, madam," rejoined he, with a smirk, "that you are fishing for compliments."

"No sir," exclaimed the lady, "when I fish for them, I never try my luck in so shallow a stream."