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Select Poetry.

"WONDER WHO THEY'RE FOR?"  
My ma's been working very hard,  
And also very sly,  
And when ma wants to get  
Whenever I am nigh.  
I asked her once what made her stop  
Her work when I came in;  
She said she only stopped to get  
A needle, thread or pin.  
  
The bureau drawer next to mine  
Is locked both night and day,  
And when ma wants to open it  
She sends me off to play.  
I stole a peep one afternoon,  
Although it was not right;  
But, oh! the little things I saw  
Were such a pretty sight!  
  
The cutest, nicest little clothes—  
Just big enough for doll;  
But then I know they're not for her—  
She needs them not at all.  
I know they're not for ma nor pa,  
Nor me nor brother "Hor,"  
For we can not wear such little clothes  
I wonder who they're for?

An Unexpected Passenger.

I WAS sitting alone one day when a lady came in,—a widow, I surmised, from her weeds,—gently dressed, and still pretty. Her first words to the point were,—  
"Do you remember the Ludlow disappearance two weeks ago?"  
I did have a distinct recollection that a man named Ludlow had disappeared a fortnight before, down Providence way somewhere. I took down my scrap-book, and presently came upon the following. It was my business, you see, to keep a record of such things. It sometimes comes handy.

\$500 Reward will be paid for the recovery of the body of Brightman Ludlow, who was drowned in the vicinity of Watch Hill, Rhode Island, on the evening or night of the 31st inst. Deceased was a dark, fine-looking man, with black hair and mustache, slenderly built and nearly six feet in height. When last seen he had on a gray Scotch business suit (sack coat), a straw hat with black ribbon, patent leather shoes, and fancy socks of fine material. Wore a valuable diamond on the little finger of his left hand. Also wore diamond studs and a heavy gold watch-chain, with small hunting-case Swiss watch. Address, &c.

Beneath this notice was a larger paragraph cut from a paper of later date, and giving a detailed account of Mr. Ludlow's disappearance. He was, as might be inferred from the description of his person, a gentleman of wealth and social importance. He had been staying at Watch Hill for the summer,—that is, his family remained there, as he came on frequently from New York, where he was in business. On the afternoon of the 31st of July he had put off by himself in a small sail-boat, in spite of the fact that he was quite unaccustomed to the water, and in spite of the repeated assurance of the light-house keeper that a storm was at hand. He had sailed away up the coast line, and that was the last that had been seen of him. A thunder squall had come up shortly after, the wind had risen to a gale, and it seems had been too much for the little boat. She had been found the next morning bottom side up, with an old letter firmly fastened to her keel by the point of Mr. Ludlow's pen-knife. On the envelope of this letter were hastily scrawled with a pencil these few terrible words:

"The squall has capsized me. I've turned her over, and am clinging to her, but I can't hold out much longer.—I am drifting toward Block Island. God bless my dear wife and babies."  
P. LUDLOW.

"Well, sir?" said the lady, as I finished the account and looked up.  
"Well, ma'am," I answered, "is there anything peculiar about the case? It appears, after all, to be nothing more than a case of accidental drowning."  
"That is just the point sir. It appears to be that; but as a matter of fact I do not believe that Brightman Ludlow was drowned at all."  
"What! Do you suppose he has been murdered?" I inquired, in some astonishment.  
"I do not believe that he is dead."  
"May I ask your reason?"  
"I learned only yesterday that his business affairs were much involved,—in fact that he has been systematically robbing his partner for months. They have been keeping the matter quiet for reasons of their own. Just put the fact, however, beside another; viz., that the day before the accident I put into his hands for deposit some forty thousand dollars in bonds, of which he could not possibly have disposed. And yet since his death they are not to be found, nor any account of them; he was not the man to keep them on his person under ordinary circumstances, especially when he was going out upon the water. Add to all this still further that Mr. Ludlow was excessively timid about boats, and without strong reason would never have gone out alone, and in the face of the light-keeper's warning. And would not his body have been found before this, when so large a reward has been offered? I tell you, sir, Brightman Ludlow is as much alive at this moment as you and I are!"  
"May I ask your relation to the deceased?" I now said.  
"I am his wife's sister,—Mrs. Craddock."

I sat in silence for a while, thinking over the affair. Here was the opinion of a woman, but of a woman whom I could see was a sharp-sighted, practical person, and I felt that it might be worth a great deal. Her suspicions had been breathed to no one except myself. She wished me to go down to Watch Hill and look into the matter secretly. If I found nothing to confirm her view of the case she would give it up; otherwise she could never rest satisfied. I questioned her a little while longer, and consented to do as she wished.

A few days after that I registered under an assumed name at the L— House, passing for a gentleman of means spending a few weeks at the sea-side. The Ludlow family had returned to New York, but the affair was still talked of, and I heard the story repeated several times. By careful questioning here and there I gathered certain facts that, if nothing more, served to convert me thoroughly to Mrs. Craddock's theory.

The light-house keeper was my chief source of information. After listening to his account of the matter I asked him,—  
"Where did you say the wind was that afternoon?"  
"Bout sou'east, sir, an' workin' round to nuth'rd'n' east'rd."  
"But how could he have been drifting toward Block Island with the wind to the eastward?"  
"Who says he was driftin' toward Block Island?"  
"He says so on that envelope."  
The old man opened his eyes.  
"Why," said he, "that's onpossible." "Twas much as he could do to get ther skiff off shore when he set out. Besides, she was picked up nex' mornin' over there to west'rd in Fisher's Island Sound. He must 'a' ben considerably mixed up in his reek'nin'. An' no wonder. Ef he'd hed his senses about him, too, he'd a knowed enuff ter lash hisself to ther skiff's bottom. There was plenty o' rope in her."

I drew my own conclusion from all this, and said nothing. Pretty soon the man got to talking of his boat,—a large one, moored off shore,—thinking perhaps to find a patron in me.  
"Is she fast?" I absently inquired.  
"Fast! Wal, now, you've jest said it. There a'n't a boat on the Sound that kin show ther 'Norah' her heels,—less, mebbe, it's Kittridge's, over on Fisher's Island. Ther boat o' his kin go in a breeze, an' no mistake. But ther 'Norah' carries a tremenjous lot o' sail, yer see.—Why, it's big es his'en is when I've got two reefs in. He a'n't nowhar in a light wind. Let's see: he ha'n't ben over sence Mr. Ludlow was drowned. I

remember he came over and took him off the very day before he took himself off."  
I pricked up my ears.  
"Was Mr. Ludlow accustomed to go off with him?" I asked.  
"O, Lord, no. He never see Kittridge afore. But he was down here when the 'Arrow' came in, an' I was tellin' him what a character the old fellow was,—they do say he's no better than a second-hand pirate,—an' so Mr. Ludlow was interested in him, an' wanted him to take him off for a sail."  
"This was enough for me for the present, and I changed the subject."  
"I would like to try your boat tomorrow," I said. "Can you go with her?"  
"Wal, Chuck kin, ef I can't."—Chuck was his boy. "When ye want ter go?"  
"Oh, in the morning I suppose, if everything is favorable."  
The next morning, with a light breeze from the southwest, Chuck and I started out in the "Norah"; and in accordance with my directions the boat was headed for Fisher's Island. It took us two hours, with a long tack and two short ones, to make the east point of the island. Old Kittridge, as I had learned from Chuck, lived all by himself in a hut, quite a way around on the south shore.  
"I wish the old cuss was out in the 'Arrow' this mornin'," Chuck remarked, as we were gliding along near the shore. "This is jest our wind. By jingo!" he presently added, "I believe that's him, now. See there?" And he pointed out to me the corner of a sail crawling along over the land.  
A few moments after that a large cat-rigged boat came fully into sight. I ran the thing over in my head, and concluded I would like to make the ex-pirate's acquaintance.  
"Chuck," said I, "are you sure you can outcall him this morning?"  
"Dead sure, sir, ef it don't come on ter blow."  
"Well, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to run up alongside, so I can jump on board of the 'Arrow,' and then sheer off, paying no attention to anything I say, and go back home without me. Here,—and I put a bank-note in his hand,—"just say you landed me up here somewhere."  
He looked a good deal puzzled, but took the money and said nothing.  
Old Kittridge seemed disposed to avoid us; but Chuck handled the "Norah" beautifully, and we quickly overhauled the "Arrow." As we drew up alongside, taking position between the latter boat and the wind, Chuck suddenly let the "Norah" fall off, bringing her bow for a single instant within less than two feet of the "Arrow's" stern. And during that instant I, who before this had gone forward, made a desperate leap, and then there I was in the same boat with my ex-pirate!

Kittridge came up into the wind at once, supposing that I had lost my balance, and jumped to save myself from falling overboard.  
"What's ther fule mean, lettin' go his sheet that 'ere way?" he growled.—  
"Why don't he come about?"  
But Chuck had his instructions; and although I added my own cries to those of the man, he kept straight on, only turning a moment to put his thumb to his nose in a suggestive manner.  
"What does the young idiot mean?—He shall pay dearly for this!" I said, angrily. "What am I to do, I should like to know? Can you, sir, take me over the Hill?"  
"No!" responded the old man, shortly and gruffly.  
"But I'll pay you."  
"No, you won't."  
"Do you mean to say you won't land me?"  
"Ye come on board o' your own accord; ye may git ashore as best ye kin."  
"This was certainly novel treatment; and had it not suited me precisely I might have lost my temper."  
"Very well," I said good-humoredly. "If my stay on board is to be permanent, I'll make myself at home. I think I'll take a nap." And, stretching myself out in the shadow of the sail on the roof of the cabin, I closed my eyes, and was very soon, to all intents and purposes, fast asleep. I had taken good care, however, to place myself in such a position that I could watch my strange

shipmate through my half-closed eyelids. Somehow or other I rather distrusted him. He stood there at the helm humming an old sea-song, now closely watching the sail, and now regarding me so long and so unpleasantly that I felt sure he was considering the chances of getting rid of me. Presently he put the boat about, and stood in toward the shore.  
Five minutes more might have passed, when all at once, lying there with my ear close to the deck, I fancied I heard a slight rustling, as when straw is moved. I listened intently, closing my eyes, and for the moment forgetting my companion entirely. Once more I heard the same sound, and then a faint sigh, as of a man waking from slumber. I was no longer in doubt. *There was a third person on board the "Arrow!"*  
The discovery, entirely unexpected as it was, was certainly a little startling. I had scarcely made it, however, when I felt a strong grasp seize me by the hip and shoulder. I sprang up and threw my arms tightly around old Kittridge, just in time to save myself from being pitched into the shallow water near the shore. It appeared that he intended to land me without asking my consent at all.  
"How now!" I shouted, indignantly.  
"What are you up to, old man?"  
"The rascal was ready enough with his explanation.  
"Up to!" snarled he. "Ef I hedn't ketched ye es I did, ye'd 'a' gone over the side. Ye've ben asleep. Le' go me, will ye! Don't you see she's luffin'?"  
All this was so plausible that I had not a word to say, although I knew that he was lying.  
"What are you doing in-shore?" I asked, sharply.  
"Goin' to land you."  
"But I don't propose to land."  
"Ye don't?" opening his eyes.  
"No; and what's more, I think I'll go below and turn in, where I won't be in danger of rolling overboard."  
I got up and moved toward the cabin hatch. The doors were closed, and the slide drawn aft. The padlock hung in the staple.  
"Here, none o' that! Come out o' thar!" he shouted; but I had already flung open the doors. Until I did so, I am frank to confess I had not the slightest suspicion of what was to follow.  
There in the middle of the cabin, standing as though he had just left a berth, with a half-terrified, wholly desperate expression on his dark face, was a man, so tall that he was obliged to stoop very much in the low cabin, and whom, in spite of his changed dress and shaven lip, I knew in an instant from the published description,—knew beyond the shadow of a doubt to be *Brightman Ludlow.*  
I had been in trying situations before now, and I thought quickly. Swift as lightning I slammed the doors to again, secured them with the hasp, and turned toward old Kittridge.  
And not a second too soon. He was coming for me with the heavy tiller, which he had unshipped for the purpose—no insignificant weapon, I assure you. But I was too quick for him, and had whipped out my revolver.  
"Re-ship your tiller, and haul your sheet aft!" I commanded, sternly; and after an instant's hesitation he obeyed. I seated myself on the cabin hatch.  
"Now my sea-faring friend," I continued, coolly, "I'll relieve you of the command of this craft. You'll be kind enough to run her straight around the island and into New London. And if you dare disobey, you old cast-off pirate, I'll shoot you dead! Come, sir! look sharp! 'bout ship at once!"  
He saw that I meant it, and, realizing his helplessness, did as I told him. We got into New London at three o'clock in the afternoon, the wind having freshened somewhat. I sent some boys I saw on the dock for an officer, and with his help easily secured my cabin passenger.  
I was quite right, of course, about its being Mr. Ludlow. It appeared that he had made arrangements with old Kittridge to come out and take him off the skiff on the afternoon of the "drowning," and he had been hiding with him on Fisher's Island ever since. I was just in time, for the old man was taking him over to Long Island that very morning. Ludlow had a great deal of

stolen property in his possession; and among the rest, casually identified of course, was Mrs. Craddock's forty thousand dollars in bonds.

"Wanted, A Boy!"  
A tradesman once advertised in the morning papers for a boy to work in the shop, run errands, and make himself generally useful.  
In a few hours the shop was thronged with boys of all ages, sizes, sorts and conditions, all wanting to find a situation.  
The shopkeeper only wanted *one* boy, but how to get the right one was the great difficulty. He thought he must find some plan to lessen the number of applicants, and give him a better opportunity of selecting a good one. So he sent them *all* away, and thought the matter over a little. The next morning the papers contained the following advertisement:—  
"WANTED, A BOY WHO OBEYS HIS MOTHER."  
Now, then, thought the tradesman, I shall see soon who will apply. He also put a bill in his window with these words on. And how many do you suppose did come? The story is that there were only *two* of all the numerous boys seeking employment in that big city who felt that they could honestly come and say, "I obey my mother."  
The cove of lads was indeed quickly thinned out most effectually, and the tradesman had not much trouble in selecting a boy.  
Such boys as these—boys that obey their mothers—are in great demand. My little boy, if you saw an advertisement for such a boy could you truthfully go and offer yourself for the situation? If not, I fear there is something wrong about you. Look to the matter; seek the Lord's salvation; be an obedient son, and God will bless you.—*Children's Friend.*

What Are You Sowing Now?  
A gentleman was stopping a few days with a farmer, who, though a man of sound sense and many good traits of character, had neglected religion. He was an excellent farmer, priding himself on the fine appearance and thorough culture on his farm, and evidently was pleased with his guest, who was a man of winning manners and extensive information, and a Christian.  
One day he walked out where the farmer was scattering his seed broadcast in the field.  
"What are you sowing, Mr. H—?" he asked.  
"Wheat," was the reply.  
"And what do you expect to reap from it?"  
"Why, wheat, of course," said the farmer.  
At the close of the day, as all were gathered in a family circle, some little thing provoked the farmer—the husband and father, the head of the family—and at once he was in a violent passion, and, forgetting in his excitement the presence of his guest, he swore most profanely. The gentleman, who was sitting next to him, in a serious tone said.  
"And what are you sowing now, Mr. H—?"  
The farmer was startled. A new light at once flashed on his mind from the question of the morning.

A Lucky Man.  
Mr. Slack, of Drakeville, but recently living at Chester occupying a tenement property belonging to Chester Iron Co., near the X Rhoads, while digging a small hole in which to set a barrel for sending hogs, dug up what was apparently a few buttons, which he gave to his children to play with. His wife's curiosity induced her to clean them when they having the appearance of silver Mr. Slack went back to the hole and dug for more when he was rewarded with a "whole mess" as he expressed it. They were all Spanish coins dating from 1737 to 1779. There were three kinds representing one real, two reals and eight reals, or one shilling, two shillings and one dollar. It is supposed that Mr. Slack secured a hundred dollars or so, but this is mere guess work, as he is very reticent. Mr. Slack found no woodwork or any thing to show what kind of a depository they were in. They were within a space of two feet of the surface. This is the old Swayze property, and it is supposed the money was buried during the Revolutionary war or previous to those troublesome times.