



THE TIMES.

An Independent Family Newspaper,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

F. MORTIMER & CO.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.

(WITHIN THE COUNTY.)

One Year, (Postage included) \$1 25

Six Months, (Postage included) 75

(OUT OF THE COUNTY.)

One Year, (Postage included) \$1 75

Six Months, (Postage included) 85

Invariably in Advance!

Advertising rates furnished upon application.

How a Husband was Won.

"I AM SURE I could do that," said May Perrian.

She was sitting on an inverted starch-box in the middle of the kitchen floor, her round chin in her hands, her dotted cambric dress turned deftly up to protect it from all possible contact with dust and dirt; for Miss Perrian spent a goodly part of her time in that identical kitchen.

Mark Perrian had been a well-to-do merchant once, but unwarily allowing himself to be persuaded into endorsing for a plausible villain, he sank almost as if by magic into the Slough of Despond which men call poverty. He was not a man of much courage or endurance, and consequently he gave up almost without a struggle, took to his bed, and sent for a doctor.

And May, his eldest daughter, was left in entire charge of a battalion of young children. Servants had been discharged, the big house had been exchanged for a shabby little tenement in a side street, and all expenses were curtailed as much as possible.

But May had all the spirit and energy that her father lacked, and this she could have borne bravely enough had it not been for the ever-increasing heritage of petty debts that seemed to weigh her down. She was sitting on the starch-box, with a grocer's bill in her hand, her pretty brows knitted, and her lips pursed up in mute perplexity, when Annie Smith came in.

Annie had been seamstress in the family when they had lived in the big house, and she had now been promoted to the position of general assistant in a fashionable millinery. She was taking home an order, and she could not resist stopping to exchange a greeting with her young mistress as she came by the door.

"It's for Miss St. James," she said. "Just look, Miss—such a love of a hat."

Miss Perrian turned the hat around in her hand, eyed the bunch of crushed roses, the cloudy folds of tulle, and the crystal butterfly that quivered on a spiral wire on the top.

"I'm sure I could do that," she said.

"Deed, miss, and I wish you had the chance," uttered sympathetic Annie. "For Miss Halwin is ill—the best trimmer that madame has—and we're dreadful hurried."

"Could you get one or two for me to trim? It would be so nice if I could earn a little money when the children are at school."

"I'll try, miss," said Annie.

And the next night she came at dusk, with a mysterious paper box under her arm, and her face wreathed with smiles.

"There are two of 'em, miss," said she—"one chip and one lace, with the flowers and trimmings in a paper. And if they suit you can have plenty more to do."

May trimmed the hats to the best of her ability, studying over them as if they had been prize essays or cabinet paintings, or anything else that required the deepest thought and the most careful manipulation, and Madame Denise went into ecstasies over them.

"She shall trim Miss Laplace's hat, Smith," said she to the pleased little assistant. "And tell her to do her very best."

It was a piece of pink silk crape, with ribbons of the softest sunset hue, and a cluster of delicate spring honeysuckles, that Annie Smith brought round that night to Miss Perrian.

"Miss Laplace is madame's best cus-

tomers," said she, with a pleased air of importance.

May Perrian waited until Dr. Lindsley had left her father's sick room—Dr. Lindsley, whose gentle patience and uniform kindness filled her heart with the deepest gratitude. He looked in as he passed the open sitting-room door.

"Your father seems brighter this morning, Miss Perrian," said he.

May's brown eyes sparkled.

"I am so glad," said she. "And I hope, doctor, in a few days to be able to pay you at least a portion of—"

"O, there's no hurry about that," interrupted the doctor. "Time enough—time enough."

And the next instant, May Perrian could hear his carriage wheels rattling down the street. With a sigh, she went to the cupboard where she had placed the half-trimmed hat. But as she did so a pallor overspread her face.

Litter Mirian, the eight-year-old girl, had chanced to find her younger sisters playing with the bottle of cod liver oil which Dr. Lindsley had prescribed for Mr. Perrian, and, to insure its safety, she had climbed into a chair, and put it in the safest place she could find, quite unconscious that the bottle had been cracked by the children's play, and was oozing its liquid contents all over the shelf where, alas! May had deposited the French crape and sunset-colored ribbon. May stood a second or two looking at it through a mist of tears, while her heart throbbled so that she could scarcely draw her breath.

"What shall I do?" she asked herself. "I will go to Miss Laplace at once and tell her the whole story. I will throw myself on her kindness and charity. The price of a hat like this is an insurmountable sum to me; to her it can be but a mere bagatelle. Surely she never can be cold and cruel to a sister woman."

Miss Eudora Laplace was in her pretty drawing-room, when the page, with much social discretion, announced "a young person to see her."

And May Perrian followed his introduction, and almost instantaneously stood in the young beauty's presence.

"Miss Laplace," said she, "I have been trimming a hat for you at Madame Denise's order. Unfortunately, it is ruined."

And she told the simple story. A dark frown gathered between Eudora's brows.

"And what do you expect me to do about it?" she said. "Of course, you must pay for the materials you have spoiled."

"I'm very, very poor," said May Perrian, with a quivering lip. "My father is ill, and—"

"Oh yes, of course," peevishly interrupted Miss Laplace. "You need not go on. I know the whole stereotyped story by heart. Do you suppose I can afford to buy costly materials to be ruined by every milliner's girl who chooses to be careless about them? You will pay for them of course."

"Miss Laplace—"

"No more alterations, if you please," said the arrogant beauty, tapping her foot sternly on the carpet. "You will pay for them. That settles it. I do not intend to be imposed upon by—"

"Miss Laplace."

It was a deeper, more serious voice that interrupted her this time—the voice of Dr. Lindsley, who parted the draperies that divided the boudoir from the sleeping-room beyond.

"Your voice is raised to a pitch that seriously interferes with the nerves of your sick sister."

Eudora Laplace colored, and shrank away with burning cheeks. Of all living beings, she cared most for the opinion of Dr. Lancelot Lindsley and had she dreamed for a second that he was listening to her, she would have moderated her accents to quite a different key. He advanced quietly into the room, taking out his pocket-book as he did so.

"Will you allow me to settle the amount in which Miss Perrian is indebted to you?" asked he. "Her father is a particular friend of mine, and—"

"O, doctor, it's not of the least consequence," said Eudora, in sugared tones.

"Then why didn't you say so to Miss Perrian?" brusquely demanded the physician.

"It's all right, I'm sure, Miss Perrian, if that's your name," said Eudora.

And May withdrew with burning cheeks and down cast eyes, murmuring a word or two of thanks to the doctor as she went.

"Not married to Dr. Lindsley!" cried out Eudora Laplace, just three months afterwards. "What! that milliner's girl?"

"But she's not a milliner's girl at all," maliciously retorted Stephana, her sister. "She's the daughter of a decayed gentleman, I'm told, very highly educated. And I tell you what, Eudora, you lost your chance the day you scolded her so about the hat, and he overheard you. It's your own temper that has done it, my dear."

A SURPRISE PARTY.

IN NORTHERN VERMONT that peculiar form of social outrage formerly known as a surprise party, but of late commonly called a Bulgarian atrocity, is still lamentably frequent. On a cold evening in the first week of last month Mr. Sawyer and his family were seated by their social hearth enjoying one another's society. The clergyman was reading aloud the Bishop's pastoral letter; his wife was busily calculating how to cut up her husband's old overcoat, so as to supply him with a new waistcoat, herself with a new overskirt, and Master Sawyer with a new pair of trousers; while that excellent small boy was reading the improving adventures of an eminent pirate, and wondering whether he would ever be able to emulate them. Not one of the family was prepared to receive visitors. Mr. Sawyer had on his dressing-gown and slippers; Mrs. Sawyer had let down her back hair to give freedom to her mental processes, and Master Sawyer had temporarily slipped off his trousers to supply his mother with a pattern, while he wrapped the hearth-rug about him. Suddenly, and without the least warning, more than four dozen people of all kinds and sexes, including men, women, reformers, and theological students, burst into the room, carrying cake and devastation with them. The marauders conducted themselves after the usual custom of their kind. They conversed with one another with great hilarity, ignoring the sufferings of the clergyman and his wife. They spread their cake upon the table, and devouring it without plates, scattered the crumbs over the new carpet.

One young man, having laid a large piece of jelly cake on the sofa, subsequently sat down on it, and Mrs. Sawyer felt that she would gladly join the Church of Rome on condition that the medieval tortures of the Inquisition should be revived and she herself delegated to apply them to that particular young man.

After having reduced the furniture to that state of grease that it was no longer safe to sit down, the miscreants gathered around the piano and sang "What Shall the Harvest Be?" until Mr. Sawyer, mild as he was, regretted that he could not take a sharp scythe and reap an immediate and bloody harvest.

While these blood curdling outrages were in progress in the parlor, the good small boy kept himself carefully out of the room. He was not, however, wasting his time in idle rage. He, too, heard the melodious inquiries as to the harvest, and remarked to himself that they would find out all about the harvest.

Meanwhile he was busily engaged in carrying pails of water and emptying them on the front step and along the walk leading from the front door to the gate. The night was cold and the water froze rapidly. Under his admirable management the ice acquired an unusually smooth and slippery character, and when the work was thoroughly done the small boy retired to the secondary front window and waited for the surprise party to break up.

The moon was at its full, and shone brightly when the first pair of miscreants—the young man who sat on the jelly-cake and a heavy young lady to whom he was affianced—issued from the front door and instantly sat down with tremendous emphasis. Close behind them came the rest of the raiders, who with one accord strewed themselves over the ground, until in some places they were collected three or four deep. The shrieks of the ladies and the stronger remarks of the men filled the air. No sooner would a struggling wretch regain

his feet than he would sit again with renewed violence.

The affrighted clergyman and his wife gazed with wonder at the appalling spectacle, and the good small boy never ceased to sing "What Shall the Harvest Be?" at the very top of his lungs—interspersing that stirring hymn with a wild "whoop" whenever a particularly brilliant pair of stockings waved in the air.

The icy pavement was strewn with fragments of teeth, spectacles, coats, trousers and skirts, and Master Sawyer picked up enough of copper and silver change the next morning to enable him to buy twelve tickets to a raffle for a broken shot gun, and to subscribe handsomely to the missionary fund.

Clergymen's Anecdotes.

AT A recent gathering of ministers in a neighboring town, when their funny experiences formed the topic of conversation, one of them, hailing from Berks county, stated that on a recent occasion he was engaged to officiate at the funeral of a married lady, and after the services were over, before leaving, he took the hand of the bereaved husband to bid him good bye, and, as was his custom, offered some words of consolation suitable for so distressing an event. As he was about withdrawing his hand, the afflicted husband, drying his tears, drew the minister to one side and in a low tone asked whether he would be at home next Saturday, (this being Wednesday.) The clergyman replied that he supposed he would. "But why do you ask?" "Well," said the now widower, I have selected another wife and we want you to marry us." The minister remonstrated—said it was a shame, and that he would do no such thing. "Well," said the would-be benedict, "I cannot compel you to do it, but if you will not somebody else will."

Of course this yarn brought out another that happened in Montgomery county at a funera of a wife also, presided over by another one of the gentlemen present. At this place the room occupied by the chief mourners was divided from the kitchen in which the cooks were at work, only by a thin partition, and a door through this partition, slightly ajar. Near this door sat the bereaved husband, steeped in tears of grief at his great loss. The cooks outside, as women will, talked of this and that, pitted the poor man left without his help-meet, and finally concluded that if he could (of course in due season) marry a certain maiden lady, whose name they mentioned, it would not be so hard a lot for him to bear. The husband inside the door, who had a keen ear, heard this planning, and came out into the kitchen, wiping his eyes, said: "Yaw, ich hab au shon on de Betsy gedenked." "Yes, I too have been thinking of Betsy already."

Work Necessary to Happiness.

The man to go crazy is not the one that has a dozen irons in the fire. The mad-house is often replenished by men of leisure, who mope about thinking of themselves until reason is dethroned. Motion is a law of the universe. "From the particle of dust at our feet to man, the last stroke of God's handiwork, all bear the impress of the law of labor. The earth is one vast laboratory where decomposition and reformation are constantly going on. The blast of Nature's furnace never ceases, and its fires never burn low. The lichen of the rocks, and the oak of the forests, each work out the problem of its own existence. The earth, the air, and the water teem with busy life. The world is animated with the same spirit. Onward unceasingly, unwearied, age after age, it pursues its course—itsself, with all it contains, a perpetual lesson of industry to man. The joyous song of labor sounds out from the millioned-voiced earth, and the rolling spheres join the universal chorus." Action is indispensable to physical, mental, and moral vigor. It is a law of nature that a certain quantity is good for man. If we would have a well-developed physical frame and material good, there must be physical labor. Mental strength and the exploration of the depths of philosophy are the result of ceaseless mental activity. The maturity of Christian character is reached only by the man who does what

his hands find to do with his might. The true nobility of this world are those that pour into the current of life the honest vigor of toil. We cannot honor too highly the faithful, industrious man, who by his economy and patient labor is building up the welfare of this world.

The best Legacy for Boys.

Every parent is anxious about the future of his children. This is a natural instinct. But in these days of luxury and speculation, fathers make fatal mistakes in regard to their sons. Even toil and hardships, by a mistaken affection withhold the discipline that made them what they are, and which is absolutely necessary to develop their boys. It is well and wisely said that the best legacy a man can leave to his children is the ability to take care of themselves. Fit them for active business or useful labor and you secure for them an income. This income is as much greater in value than the same income derived from an inheritance, as useful business, art or trade, seems indispensable in these days of sharp competition and hardships. And in selecting employment for your sons one thing should be clearly understood—the market is largely overstocked with clerks and salesmen who expect large pay for little work. Success and affluence must be looked for in other fields. And those most promising in good results are identified with the demands, growth and development of the country, where the profits may be small but sure. "Small, steady gains lead to competence and peace of mind." Give a young man good moral habits, and a practical knowledge of some useful business, and the chance is that he will not be long in working his way into a position where he will realize \$1,000 a year—an amount about equal to the interest of \$15,000. Now, a young man who thus earns \$1,000 a year is in a far better position than a thoughtless and idle young spendthrift who possesses \$15,000, because he is more useful and is making himself happy instead of miserable.

Plain Talk to a Girl.

Your every day toilet is a part of your character. A girl who looks like a "fury" or a sloven in the morning, is not to be trusted, however finely she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain, viz: a mirror, washstand, soap, towel, comb, hair, nail and tooth brushes. Those are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good and free use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances not only make a great mistake, but commit a sin of omission. Look tidy in the morning, and after the dinner work is over improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" in the afternoon. Your dress may or may not be anything better than calico, but with a ribbon or flower, or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of self-respect and satisfaction that invariably comes with being well dressed. —Golden Rule.

Much Sense and Many P's.

A writer puts a good deal of good sense and good many p's in a small space in the following: Persons who patronize papers should pay promptly, for the pecuniary prospects of the press have peculiar power in pushing forward public prosperity. If the printer is paid promptly, and his pocket book kept plenteous by prompt-paying patrons, he puts his pen to paper in peace; he paints his pictures of passing events in more pleasing pictures, and the perusal of his paper is of more pleasure to his people.— Paste this piece of proverbial philosophy in some place where all persons can perceive it. Be pleased, also, to ponder upon it personally, patiently and perseveringly, and profitably and persistently practice its precepts perpetually.

As the word "bulldoze" threatens to become a fixture among Americanism, it is well enough to learn its true origin. The usual mode of intimidating colored voters in Feliciana Parish, La., was to give them a dozen lashes with a bull-whip; hence a bull-dozen; hence, the verb to bulldoze.