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Select Poetry.

FAMILY TIES.

My brother hates my daughter's son; My son his aunt despises; My uncle thinks his wife a fool, In spite of love's disguises.

For fifteen years my cousin John Has cut his only brother; And sister Susan hates the lot Because they hate their mother.

When Uncle Thomas dines with me, He makes it a condition That he shall meet no kith or kin, Whatever their position; And though my grandmother declares That we should love relations, She thinks her niece Amelia's boys Are "two abominations;"

I've done my best to bring about A better state of feeling, By quoting texts against deceit, Ill-will, and double dealing. But what's the use, while Cousin Tom, With Jane and Joe and Johnny, Are in a plot—the hypocrites;— To get poor granny's money.

And while my brother William's wife Thinks it her special duty To snub my dear Maria Jane Because she is "the beauty," And while my scandalous old aunt, With voice like nutmeg grater, Declares 'tis I make all the row— Good gracious how I hate her!

Of all who bear the name, we count No less than thirty-seven, Each one of whom, of course, expects Some day to go to heaven; And as the families increase In numbers quite alarming, The prospect, when we meet above, Is certainly not charming.

I know 'tis said that "heaven is love," Where mortal passion ceases, And sweet affection, peace, and joy Perpetually increases; But, as "exceptions prove the rule," I've got a sort of notion Then when we come together there, There'll be a slight commotion.

For here conventional restraints— Which never must be slighted— Like Barnum's "happy family," Make us appear united; But when I reach that other place! Where candor is en regle, If I don't have it out with aunt, My name's not Sally Nagle.

Augustus Blinkerman's Duel.

AUGUSTUS BLINKERMAN was a gentleman whose devotion to the pursuits of business had so impaired his health that he resolved to leave the charge of his affairs in the hands of his head clerk while he went about for a year or two to recruit his exhausted energies, and get a knowledge of the famous places of the world besides. He did go abroad, and was absent for nearly two years, during which period he enjoyed a healthy and intellectual good time. He opened his eyes, and stared with all his might at all the wonders of the European world, and even gazed with great zeal upon a portion of Western Asia, and took a blink at Egypt and the Red Sea; and when he reflected upon the manner in which he had passed the two years, during his return voyage, he flattered himself that he acted like a true Christian as well as philosopher, having acquired both strength and knowledge; but alas! there was one sad drawback.

He had grown near-sighted from some cause. It might be that he had stared too much at astonishing scenery or works of art. It might have been that he had been kept awake of nights too much in his travels, and had winked his

eyes weak. It might have been this, that, or t'other. But whichever it was, he had become very disagreeably and inconveniently near-sighted, and he meditated upon the policy of wearing spectacles as soon as he arrived home. But then, considering that they would make him look old—and he was only thirty-five, and unmarried—he thought that he would defer them.

Passing through the old, familiar streets, he was very glad to meet many of his old friends and acquaintances; but he offended many, whom, being near-sighted, he did not recognize. They thought him grown proud and cold because he had been abroad; and that he wished to shirk their acquaintanceship. For they saw that he looked at them, but passed without speaking. He did see them; but having grown so uncomfortably near-sighted, he was uncertain, and so passed. It was a very vexatious deficiency to him, for he was of a frank, cordial nature, and seldom waited for a friend to speak first.

The apparent alteration in his feelings excited both angry attention and remark. Those who thought that he had turned the cold shoulder upon them, looked back, and some saw that he did speak with others whom he met and did happen to recognize; and they severally put their own construction upon his behavior.

If he chanced to pass a poor man and stopped to chat with a rich one, the poor man sneered, and declared that he was "giving himself airs because he had made the grand tour!"

If, on the other hand, he had seemed to ignore some wealthy acquaintance, and that person observed that he subsequently showed great cordiality to a poor man, he was set down as "fond of low company, and grown dissipated and reckless of appearances; probably from being only admitted into inferior company abroad!"

Thus poor Augustus Blinkerman, owing to his near-sightedness, stood between two fires, and deserved neither of them.

The story of his unintentional offenses reached his ears, and made him feel very much disconcerted. It wounded him very much to think that he had wounded others, and that they had misconstrued him.

"I should say 'blast my eyes!'" he thought; "but they are already pretty essentially blasted, I do think. But hereafter, eyes or no eyes, I'm determined to haul everybody that I think I know, and run the risk of the person's being a stranger. I won't be misconstrued. I shall lose all my friends. I'll nod or speak to everybody who seems to bear the slightest resemblance to anybody I ever knew; and look sharp at that."

In pursuance of this amiable resolution, the near-sighted man, when he went abroad again, found himself bowing till his neck was tired, got himself into quite a fever of anxiety, and often found that he had saluted utter strangers, many of whom were ill-bred, for most of them returned no bow, and all of them stared as if wondering who he could be. He knew very well, but he wondered what kind of people they were.

"They might at least have the decency to return a civil bow," thought he "even if it did come from a stranger who had made a mistake. And how do they know but what I am the Great Mogul? But there comes a man that I am sure I know. How are you Bob? How do you do?"

The person to whom he addressed himself thus familiarly—extending his hand with the most confident cordiality at the same time—drew himself up very haughtily, and replied:

"Sir, my name is not Bob! And what is more, sir, I don't know you!"

"Ha, ha! That's a good joke, Bob Lodger. At your old games, I see, you needn't think I've forgot you, if I have been away two years. But no nonsense, now. How's the old lady? And how have you been?"

"If you don't get out of my way, sir, I'll be hanged if I don't knock you down!" exclaimed the stranger, highly exasperated. "You don't look drunk, but you act so. You can't make a fool of me, at any rate."

"Nor you of me, Bob. Do you think I don't recognize that long nose of yours? Do you think I don't remem-

ber that punch? Do you suppose I forget the time when we went to school together, and used to prompt each other? And do you remember the time when you got flogged for stealing an apple off the master's desk in joke?"

"Get out of the way, you blackguard, or I'll flog you in earnest!" cried the excited man, shoving him aside and passing on. "You can't play any of your tricks upon me."

"Well, really," muttered Blinkerman. "I thought I knew him. Curse these eyes! They'll will be death of me yet. But I never saw such a striking resemblance in my life. A blind man would have mistaken him for Bob Lodger! Well, well. Ha! But here comes somebody that I know! I'll let him pass, to see if he will forget or remember me."

It was an elderly gentleman, in a white neckcloth—very slim and genteel—very tall and straight.

He passed by Blinkerman as if his head was in the clouds, and he was studying astronomy. As soon as he had passed, Blinkerman with a chuckle, turned, and gave him a hearty punch in the back.

With a cry of pain the elderly gentleman instantly turned to see who had assaulted him; and squared off, savagely, as soon as he saw Blinkerman, crying:

"Come on, you rascal! I'll fix your flint!"

"And so, Richard Dawler, you don't me, eh?" exclaimed the jocose Augustus, seizing one of the fists and shaking it, much against the man's will.

"Stand off!" let me alone. I wish there was a policeman here. Don't touch me! Who are you?"

"It can't be possible that I have made another mistake, can it?" muttered Blinkerman. "For God's sake, tell me! Are you, or are you not, Richard Dawler, that keeps the soap and candle manufactory? If I am mistaken, forgive me, before I go and cut my throat!"

"You may cut your throat as soon as you please; for I am no Richard Dawler, and I despise soap and candles! You have nearly broken my back, and if I had a watch I should think I hadn't it, for I believe you're a pickpocket!"

And the counterpart of Richard Dawler walked off, in high dudgeon, feeling of his aching back.

"I'm glad I hit him hard," thought Blinkerman, spitefully, "for saying what he said. Pickpocket! Great heaven! What's the world coming to? Where is my sight going to? I believe, when I was asleep in Syria, some devil must have put false eyes into my skull, to mislead me for the balance of my life. Bless me! Here comes Augusta Morville, and—and—it is Adelaide Fitchwing; sweet Addie! both escorted by a strange gentleman. I'll relieve him of Addie, and take a walk with them. I always thought a great deal of Addie. I wonder if she would have me for her husband, I—Good morning, Miss Fitchwing! Good morning, Miss Morville! I suppose you are surprised to see me here."

All three of the parties looked embarrassed. Neither knew him. The gentlemen looked from one to the other of the ladies, and they at him, and all three at Blinkerman, but none of them smiled.

"Delightful morning isn't it? On the strength of old familiarity, Addie, and my long absence, let me intrude myself into your society, if you are out for only a promenade, and this gentleman will excuse it, no doubt; and I will tell you something of what I have seen abroad."

"You are greatly mistaken. I don't know you!" replied she, blushing and looking a little frightened.

"Oho!" returned Blinkerman, somewhat nettled at previous rebuffs, but more so now that, as he thought, he was perfectly sure he was right. "Wish to forget me, doubtless. I don't forget so easily. If you don't remember me, then all I've got to say is, if you ever get married it won't do for your husband to go away as far as California."

He meant this partly as badinage, and partly as reproof; for he thought the supposed Adelaide ignored him for the sake of deceiving her gallant, a new beau, probably. But he reckoned wrongly.

"The insolent wretch!" whispered she.

"Sir, there's my card!" quickly and sternly exclaimed the companion of the ladies. "You have insulted them and me. You shall hear from me to-morrow."

Expostulation was out of the question. The gentleman was peremptory; and Blinkerman, forced to give his card, found himself alone in a moment more, card in hand.

"Well, if ever! A duel in prospect! 'Ethan Allen Gray.' Got a good name. But it will be no satisfaction to me to be shot by a man with a good name. Dear me! I never thought that Ethan Allen would ever have a shot at me, or that I should wait till I was near-sighted, before I was called upon to fight a duel.—Never mind; I hope, if I do fall, that he will hit me in the eyes, for they have caused all the mischief. It appears to me, since I came back, that almost everybody is either avoiding or rebuking me. What have I done? It never was so before. I must have been slandered while abroad. It is true that I have not always been circumspect. But they didn't know. Besides, I was no worse than others. I wonder what kind of a challenge the fellow will send. I'll refuse it at first, at any rate; even if his name is Gray, with an Ethan Allen to it."

On the following day he received a challenge, briefly worded, for offering an audacious, unmistakable, premeditated insult to two young ladies, the offense being aggravated by being committed in the presence of their protector. That protector now demanded the satisfaction due to a gentleman.

He wrote an apology, refusing and explaining that he was near-sighted.

He was answered that his subterfuge was useless. He must come to the field of honor.

"I won't! I won't be a fool! It's too bad to lose one's life because one's got confounded near-sighted eyes!"

Accordingly, in great anxiety, he called at the residence of Ethan Allen Gray and rang.

The gentleman who chanced to come to the door was the chosen second of Gray; and Blinkerman imagined him to be an apothecary and old friend of his and claimed both his acquaintance and intercession on the spot, as soon as he entered.

The man denied all knowledge of him, and thought he was timid, and trying to tamper and humbug him. "He had never been an apothecary, and his name was Bludge. He was prepared to settle the preliminaries. Mr. Gray felt it indelicate to appear."

"Settle the d—!" exclaimed Blinkerman, exasperated. "Are you determined to force me to fight, after I have explained that I am near-sighted?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Bludge. "Don't laugh!" said Blinkerman, indignant at this implied doubt of his courage. "I'll accept."

"If you don't, prepare for disgrace." "Pistols, then," cried the near-sighted man, desperately.

Time and place were agreed upon, and Blinkerman promised, without further ceremony, to bring his second along with him—and then left.

"Murdered for my eyes," he murmured, as he passed along the streets.

On the way, fate and his eyes would have it, he fell in with another imagined "old friend," and asked him if he would favor him with a word in private.

"Certainly."

Blinkerman explained that he had been challenged for an unintentional insult to two ladies, and, apology being refused, he hoped "his friend" would be his second. He said nothing about his near-sightedness.

"Only a mistake of mine!" said he. "Will you be my second?"

"No!" said the man gruffly. "I don't know you. I'll have you arrested. I'm a judge!"

Blinkerman looked at him in dismay and then darted off, like "an arrow from a Tartar's bow."

"Two troubles now," groaned he. "I must avoid the officers, and must not avoid the duel; else my character will be worth less than my eyes—confound them both! I hope I shall not shoot at the wrong person!"

Procuring the pistols, and keeping shy, he determined to repair to the field without a second. And he did so. It was at sunrise. The opposite parties

were there, with a carriage and surgeon.

"I am ready!" said the excited Blinkerman. "I have got no second. I want none. I see that I am fated to die, on account of my blundering eyes. Might as well die without assistance."

"My dear sir," replied Ethan Allen Gray, coming forward, and extending his hand, "if you will accept an apology from me, I offer it! We have made inquiries as to who you are, and your character, and we are satisfied that you are a man of honor."

"And near-sighted?" said Blinkerman.

"And near-sighted," asserted Gray. They shook hands.

"Then permit me the pleasure of firing a salute in honor of this happy reconciliation!" said Blinkerman, firing all the pistols in the air.

He now accepted an invitation to dine with Mr. Gray, and the parties entered the carriage and were conveyed to that gentleman's house, where a bon-a-fide acquaintanceship was soon formed between the two young ladies and the near-sighted Mr. Augustus Blinkerman.

It proved to be an extremely agreeable one to all parties; and so much so to the young lady who so closely resembled Miss Adelaide Fitchwing—that, shortly, in short, they were married, and now bid fair to live a long life in clover.

But though brave enough to fight a duel and to get married, the near-sighted man, distrustful of his eyes, has grown timid and reserved whenever he walks the streets. He may be seen in them every day, never speaking or bowing first to anybody; and he is never seen without his spectacles.

He Would Tell.

She had invited him to stop to supper and he was trying to appear easy and unconcerned, while she was on her prettiest behavior.

"Have you used the sugar, John?" inquired the mother, in a winning manner.

"John don't want no sugar," ejaculated the young heir, abruptly.

"Why not?" inquired the father, curiously, while John, in his surprise, swallowed a bit of toasted crust, and nearly cut his throat open.

"Cos he don't," explained the heir, in an artful manner. I heard him tell Mary las' night—

"You keep still," interrupted Mary, in a hysterical manner, while the young man caught his breath in dismay.

"I heard him say," persisted the heir, with fearful earnestness, "that she was so sweet he shouldn't need use no sugar any more—an' then he kissed her, an' I said I'd tell, an'—"

The young heir was lifted out of the room by his car, and the supper was finished in moody silence.

A Horse Story.

An American clergyman, who is in the habit of preaching in different parts of the county, was not long since, at a country hotel where he observed a horse-dealer trying to take in a simple gentleman, by imposing upon him a wind-broken horse for a sound one. The parson knew the bad character of the dealer, and, taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman declined the purchase, and the dealer, quite nettled, observed:

"Parson, I had much rather hear you preach than see you privately interfere between man and man in this way."

"Well," replied the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you might have heard me preach."

"Where was that?" inquired the dealer.

"In State Prison," returned the clergyman.

What a Paper Costs.

It costs less than half a cent a day to take a weekly paper; less than a diligent hen would earn in a month at the market price of eggs; less than a cigar a fortnight, and a very cheap one at that; less than the barber would charge by the year to keep one's hair trimmed; less than a good sized Christmas turkey; less than an energetic kitchen girl will waste in a week. A penny a day can be saved in many a better way than stopping your paper.