



THE TIMES.

An Independent Family Newspaper,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

F. MORTIMER & CO.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.

(WITHIN THE COUNTY.)

One Year, ..... \$1 25

Six Months, (Postage included) ..... \$1 00

Six Months, (Postage included) ..... \$1 00

Invariably in Advance!

Advertising rates furnished upon application.

Select Poetry.

THE BABY SOLDIER.

Another little private
Mustered in
The army of temptation
And of sin.
Another soldier arming
For the strife,
To fight the toilsome battles
For a life.
Another little sentry
Who will stand
On guard while evils prow!
On every hand.
Lord, our little darling
Guard and save
Mid the perils of the march
To the grave.

THE JUDGE'S STORY.

"BUT, JUDGE, you never told me why you did not marry Miss Van Horn. We all thought that matter was settled, but suddenly we were surprised by the news that you married a stranger in the city, and Helen Van Horn was left desolate. I wonder what has become of her? She must have married well, however; she had a fine chance to choose, for there was scarcely a good match in the city that was not at her command at one time."

"Yes, yes," answered the gentleman addressed—Judge Hume, a distinguished, handsome, intelligent-looking man of about 45 years of age; a successful lawyer, who had some years before been raised to the judicial bench almost by acclamation—"no woman could have married better than Helen Van Horn. Why I did not marry her is a short, simple story, nor without a moral; and I will tell if you care to hear it. I have never told it before, even to my wife, ludicrous as some of its phases are. So take a cigar—you will find it a good one—and hear how, possibly, Helen Van Horn is not Mrs. Hume to-day.

"You knew her father," began the judge, and remember that he was reputed to be very rich. However, it turned out upon his death, and after his debts were paid, that there was left a mere pittance for Helen, obliging her, the petted child of fortune, to live with extreme economy ever since."

"Do you mean to say that she has never married?" asked the guest.

"Married!" repeated: "no indeed! and in that may be seen the moral of my story to which I referred. But do not let us anticipate; let us begin at the beginning.

"One evening, going to fulfill an engagement with Miss Van Horn, as the servant ushered me unannounced into the parlor, I found her engaged in conversation with a singularly handsome young man, who I saw at a glance, might readily become a formidable rival, and I felt for the first instant a sharp pang of that unamiable, disconcerting passion, jealousy. But as my entrance had been unobserved, I was able to recover myself before saying in my blandest manner, "Good evening." The gentleman started, and stiffly returned my bow. As for Helen, with suffused cheeks she said:

"Why, Mr. Hume, I did not hear you at all; you are absolutely as gentle as a lamb."

"Somewhat angry at her satirical tone, I observed she was engaged in conversation, and probably did not hear me enter, and added that I had called to attend her to the gallery to see the picture she was so anxious about.

"But really, Mr. Hume," she said somewhat confusedly, looking from the

stranger to me, 'I had entirely forgotten all about it, and so promised Mr. Churchill here to accompany him to see Richelleu to-night.'

"I glanced toward the stranger and he returned the glance with a slight frown upon his face. Miss Van Horn continued, 'But oh! I beg your pardon, gentlemen; I had forgotten you were not acquainted with each other. Mr. Churchill, of Richmond,' and carelessly fell back into the chair, from which she had half risen for the moment.

"I am sorry Miss Van Horn has so treacherous a memory; but I hope Mr. Churchill—with your approval can be prevailed upon to defer his engagement, for I assure you the picture is a rare gem, and well worth seeing." I persisted in this because I had become slightly roused by the indolent way of receiving the homage paid her, and there seemed to be a gleam of triumph in the face of my rival.

"The young man looked at me gravely, then silently turned to Miss Van Horn for some expression of her wishes. He was evidently very much displeased at my interruption of their tete-a-tete, and was sufficiently interested in the lady to be seriously ruffled by my rivalry; he was not altogether pleased with the fact that she seemed so careless with respect to her engagements, which did not accord with his standard of women. He was a well-educated young man, of good fortune, accustomed to be well received by women, and yet—as he afterwards told me—he could not help for the moment some apprehension that the lady's choice for the evening might go against him, for you know I was called quite a lady's man in those days.

"As for Miss Van Horn she sat, meanwhile, demurely toying with a large tassel suspended from the arm of her easy chair for a moment, as if in deliberation then exclaimed, 'Really, I am sure it must be very wrong in me to be so thoughtless, is it not?' Here a captivating smile illuminated her beautiful features and parted her beautiful lips, just discovering the pearly teeth between them, and she added, 'Will you not settle the question, gentlemen, between yourselves?'

"The matter must be arranged in some way, and, as I was the most intimate friend in the family, and my rival a comparative stranger, I was about to magnanimously withdraw my pretensions, and leave the field, when suddenly there was a loud ring at the front door, and Miss Van Horn started to her feet with the exclamation:

"Ah, that must be Mr. DeStultus! what an unfortunate, thoughtless girl I am, for I do believe I am engaged to go to the opera with him to-night!"

"That quickly settled the question in dispute between Mr. Churchill and myself; and with a common impulse we both rose to our feet, smiled at each other pleasantly, and with a mere hurried good evening to Miss Van Horn, I stooped for my hat, which had fallen from my hand in my surprise, and struck my head against the corner of the piano. Mr. Churchill rushed into the hall almost upsetting the diminutive DeStultus, whom he met, the very picture of effeminacy and ultra-foppishness.

"Descending to the sidewalk, where the brilliant equipage of DeStultus met our view, we both simultaneously burst into a laugh that seemed to break the ice between us, for we walked off together for several squares. As I complained of a severe pain in my eyes from the blow I had received, my companion said: "I hope Mr. Hume will pardon my recent rude persistence in my fancied engagement with our fair acquaintance, and let us be good friends out of sympathy for the denouement. As we are here at my hotel, let us enter and drink to the good fortune of Mr. DeStultus."

"I gladly accepted the invitation, and we were engaged in a pleasant conversation, when a loud noise was heard in the street, mingled with the cry of a woman in distress.

"Suddenly starting to our feet we rushed forward to render assistance.—The first object that met our sight was Helen Van Horn, covered with mud, but happily more frightened than hurt.—DeStultus was also in a wretched plight, but too much engrossed, as might be expected of such a creature, with his own mishap, to give the least attention to his

associate in misfortune, whom he left to struggle to her feet unaided, and to make her way to the sidewalk, where she hysterically explained how a truck, against which DeStultus's carriage had been carelessly driven, had left them stranded in the muddy street, fortunately and marvelously, however, without broken bones.

"Churchill called a carriage and escorted the wretched demoiselle back to her residence, at the door of which we congratulated her upon her lucky escape and bade her good night.

"My new friend then proposed that we should at once drive to the opera, where he hoped we might meet a party of his friends, to whom he would be pleased to introduce me, and in whose society we would find success for our disappointments in regard to Miss Van Horn. I assented. Churchill's friends we met as he had promised, and among them were two beautiful sisters, so attractive that they speedily drove all thoughts of a mere handsome girl, superficial and spoiled, like Helen Van Horn, out of the head of Churchill as well as my own.

A charming evening at the opera ripened into a serious attachment on the part of Churchill and myself for these sisters, which ended in our marriage, and no one ever had juster reason for saying,

'There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough hew them how we will,' than I have. And now you know why I did not marry Miss Van Horn, and also how two men, for a moment about to be made enemies through the reckless, unscrupulous coquetry of an inferior, heartless woman, by a happy stroke of fortune became friends and brothers.

"As for Helen Van Horn, she still lives in single blessedness, and upon the memory of her many conquests, finding her chief gratification for some years past in recounting the various eligible offers she had refused, including always Churchill and myself among her rejected suitors. A heavy speculation into which DeStultus had been beguiled about the time of Miss Van Horn's triple engagement for the evening resulted so disastrously to him that her doors were at once rigidly closed upon that admirer, who disappeared like a quenched meteor from society. Meanwhile occurred the death of old Mr. Van Horn, which, as I have said, left the daughter no other attraction than mere physical beauty, that had now become so used that it ceased to please marriageable men, and she was no longer able to make three engagements for one evening."

A Little Misapprehension.

MR. A. COTTONHEAD, of the dry goods persuasion, has for some time past been making himself very numerous about the residence of a sixth ward widow lady who is the proprietor of a daughter who is singularly beautiful, although she is addicted to needle work. The visitations of Mr. C. had been in progress until the elder lady began to inquire of her daughter in that peculiarly aggravating way which mothers have, if she didn't think 'this thing had been going on long enough,' when he met her on the street the other morning and remarked:

"Mrs. Acidulous, if you'll be at home this evening I should very much like to see you."

"Oh! certainly, my dear Mr. Cottonhead, I shall make it my particular business and my especial duty to be disengaged," and as he turned the corner she added to herself: "Well, it's a good thing that that young fellow has concluded to get his proposal off, before it bursts him, or I do."

In the evening Cottonhead appeared in the Acidulous mansion, and found the old lady awaiting him in state; in fact, in so much state that it pretty near took his breath away. He hung his hat up on a vacant nail hole, and at once proceeded to business.

"Mrs. A., I've been coming here for some time because I wanted to ask your daughter something, but I'm always so nervous that I can't make up my mind to do it, so I thought if I'd ask you it would do just as well."

"Maybe it will, now. Maybe it will. I'm sure I never asked Maria how she felt about it."

"Oh! I guess she's all right. In fact, I've no manner of doubt about it."

"Well, if she's satisfied, my dear Mr. Cottonhead, I'm sure I've no desire to stand in your way."

"Then you'll ask her if she will oblige me by consenting—"

"Oh! give yourself no uneasiness, my dear boy, I'm sure she'll consent."

"I'm very much obliged to you both, I'm sure," said Cottonhead, with a radiant smile, "I'll just consider it all fixed, and to-morrow I'll send up the stuff and one of my old ones."

"W-h-a-t?" shrieked Mrs. A., in a tone that lifted the youth half way across the floor. "Miserable man, what are you talking about?"

"Shirts, madam, shirts. I want your daughter to make me some—"

"You forlorn idiot," and she arose in majesty pointing to the door, "go home; go home, and tell your mother to put some thickening in your brains." And he went.

WANTED HER MALE.

AND, JACOB, be sure and see if there is any mail for me."

This is what Mrs. Dracut sang out to old Jacob Miller from the front porch where she was tying up some climbing roses.

The old man was driving through the gate, and he partly drew his reins as he heard these words, his countenance assuming a thoughtful and rather perplexed look.

Then it suddenly cleared.

"Ah, ah, yes," he muttered, as he jogged along. "She wants some to take my place while I'm gone. Let me see. Guess folks is mostly busy at this time of the year, but p'raps I can git one of the Thompson boys."

The Thompson boys were not to be had, and after Jacob had done the rest of his errands, he drove over to the village tavern, whose proprietor, John Baker, was standing on the porch, talking with a stranger, a fine-looking, stalwart young fellow, who had just come in the stage.

"Do you know of anyone I can git to stay with Mrs. Dracut a week or two, Mr. Baker?"

"Wall, no, I can't say that I do; everybody's so busy hayin'. Here's a man who's goin' up toward Corner's; p'raps he'll give you a lift."

This was spoken to the stranger, who, turning to Jacob, said:

"I should be very glad if you would take me as far as you go. I can easily walk the rest. I will pay you for your trouble."

There was something in that frank, pleasant smile and cheery voice that pleased Jacob.

"You can ride an' welcome, sir; and I won't charge you nothing, neither."

"You are living on old Deacon Dracut's place?" said the stranger, as, leaving the village, the two rode along under the tall, over-arching trees.

"Wall, yes—that is to say, it was his when he was alive. He's gone where farms an' sich ain't of no account. The deacon was powerful fond of money if he was a deacon, but he couldn't take none of it with him."

"He left a young widow, I hear?"

"Young? Wall, yes, I should think so. I never was so dumfounded in my life as when the deacon brung her home, a sweet, pretty critter, young enough to be his gran'darter. They never disagreed none, though it was easy seein' that she weren't any too happy, poor thing! They do say that she was disappointed; that she was engaged to a young man that went off an' married somebody else. But I don't know as to the right on't."

"I think I heard you speaking about her wanting help. I shouldn't mind hiring out myself for a while, if I thought I could suit her."

Jacob's face brightened.

"If you would, it would be really an accommodation. You won't find it hard—only the dumb critters to feed, and to do the chores. I want to git away for a week or so 'mazingly."

At this moment they stopped at the gate, over which Mrs. Dracut—a pretty, blooming brunette—was leaning.

"Did you bring any mail?" she said to Jacob, not noticing, in the dusk of the gathering twilight, the stranger just back of him.

"Wall, yes, marm, though it's all luck an' chance my gettin' him. This is Mrs. Dracut," added Jacob, turning to his companion. "I don't mind as you told me your name."

Opening her eyes widely, Mrs. Dracut looked from one to the other, reddened, and then as the nature of poor Jacob's blunder broke through her bewilderment, burst into a merry ringing laugh.

"I beg pardon, sir," she said, as soon as she could speak, "but it is such a ridiculous blunder. I asked Jacob to see if there was any mail matter for me, and he—"

And again the pretty widow went off into a merry peal of laughter, in which the stranger was forced to join.

There was something in the sound of that laugh that made Mrs. Dracut's pulse quicken. She turned toward the stranger, who now suddenly grew sober.

"So you don't want me, Susan?"

As Mrs. Dracut looked attentively at the speaker, her face blushed, and then paled.

"Robert!—is it possible?"

"Quite possible, Mrs. Dracut, as I suppose I ought to call you now."

"How—how is your wife, Mr. Ainslie?"

"I have no wife; it was a wicked lie that they told you. I am the same—my heart is the same as ever. And you?"

The face was very bright with smiles and blushes that Susan lifted to that questioning gaze.

"Neither have I altered. But come in, Robert; you will go no further to-night."

Robert Ainslie walked in, and, though he went the next morning, he came again and yet again.

There was a time, not very far remote, when he came to go no more, though this did not occur until Susan had gone through the formality of having her name changed to Ainslie.

Old Jacob Miller lives with them finding ample employment in the garden and stable.

Facts About Bristles.

IN a readable article on Brush making, as carried on in a leading establishment of this city, the Polytechnic Review gives these facts about bristles:

Next to wool and silk, bristles are about the most important of animal products. Of these the principle supply does not come from our own hemisphere, where they lack flexibility; nor from Great Britain, where fine breeding has improved the flesh at the expense of the bristle; nor from France nor Southern Europe; nor from the German States, where the bristles are either too short and rigid or too long; nor from the immense forests of Poland, which once furnished so many; but it is the Russian Bear—to make a bull—that furnishes us with the best bristles.

In Northern Muscovy are interminable forest of pines and larches, oaks and beeches, birch-trees and rowans. Beneath these the ground is literally knee-deep with cones, acorns and berries, rich and easy food for countless droves, of half-wild swine. Of these a special race, fattened in a certain way, yield the bristle par excellence. The desirable food is the refuse of the great government tallow factories. The most suitable animals are the rustic pigs, being nearest to the wild boar, from which they spring. The best bristles are from the back of the animal. The northern central governments furnish the most bristles, exporting annually over 40,000,000 pounds, worth about \$5,000,000.

From France come bristles, white in color, soft and elastic to the touch. The German bristles rank about with the French. Pennsylvania bristles are good; those from our Western States poor. The Russian bristles are long, straight, clear at the butt and transparent. The French and German are dead in color.

Of the whole bristle crop the cobbler has the first choice, getting for his "waxed ends" the longest and strongest.

To make an artist's "camel's hair" brush some one must first go gunning for squirrels. The hair is weighed and bunched, the bunch put points downward in a flat-bottomed metal cup, which is rattled in a peculiar way upon a stone table, so as to get the points even. The butts are then trimmed off even, the bunch struck through a soldered flat tin ferrule, which is further flattened with a hammer, so as to grip the hairs. In the "English" style the butts are first cemented then glued, the glue partly holding it. For use in varnish, which does not affect glue, the cement is not necessary. The French style is still further secured by cross-nails driven through the ferrule and cemented butts and clinched hard.