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Select Poetry.

AND YET.

You would not think her cheeks were blooming roses; No line of pearls her beaming smile discloses; No delicate perfumes around her hover; And yet I love her.

She rivals not the sun in dazzling brightness; She steps not like the fawn with fairy lightness; Her eyes resemble not the stars above her! And yet I love her!

No waving tresses fall in rich profusion; No classic form, half hidden by illusion— No brilliant fancy could I ever discover; And yet I love her!

For she is truly sensible and good; And all the charms that make true womanhood; Unite in her; and she loves me moreover; And so I love her! Besides that she's my mother.

THE PREVING MAN.

"I do not like to hear him pray, Who loams at twenty-five per cent.; For then I think the borrower may Be pressed too pay for food and rent. And in that book we all should heed, Which says the lender shall be blest, As sure as I have eyes to read, It does not say 'take interest.'"

"I do not like to hear him pray, On bended knees about an hour, For grace to spend aright the day, Who knows his neighbor has no flour; I'd rather see him to the mill, And buy the luckless brother bread, And see his children eat their fill, And laugh beneath their humble shed."

JENNIE BURSTON'S PLOT.

"NO, CLEMENT, I cannot honestly say I am sorry Uncle Job bequeathed his estate to me. Money is a very useful article, and I, who have so long struggled with poverty, am the last man to scorn it," said Alarie Warrington to his friend Clement Totterdell, as the two sat smoking in the former's room one balmy evening late in May.

"Then why did you say that you were not sure it was a subject for congratulation?" asked Clement.

"Because I fear it may make me selfish, uncharitable, suspicious—"

"Come, come, Al! That won't do.—The idea of you, of all men, becoming an old curmudgeon is preposterous!—Why, you would give away your head if it was not fastened on securely. And as for being suspicious, any poor wretch with a long face and a pitiful tale could impose on you, unless you have altered wonderfully in the two years I have been abroad."

"What I meant was—was—it sounds awfully conceited, but I fear this money will—"

"Oh! I see; you fear the girls will love you for your purse alone. There is some sense in that, for, now you speak of it, I wondered why Mrs. Robertson had so suddenly become aware of all your excellences. I came on from New York in the same car with her, and eight or ten of her daughters, and she talked of nothing but 'dear Alarie,' and what a fine fellow he was. I had not heard of your windfall, and I confess it puzzled me. How she used to snub us when we were both poor medical students."

"Perhaps it is foolish, but I cannot forget those slights, now that she, and one or two others, think it advisable to seek my acquaintance. Judge Harvey and Mrs. Lloyd have both begged me to spend the summer with them."

"You are going to do so, of course?"

"Not much! I am going to some

quiet country place where no one ever heard of Uncle Job or his money!"

"I say, Al, I have an idea! Let's go to Oak Grove for the summer!"

"Why to Oak Grove? Where is it?"

"It is about fifty miles from Z—: a great many people went there last summer on account of some very wonderful springs. I heard an American family lauding it to the skies when I was in Rome last Christmas. Neither you nor I know a soul in Z—; so if we were to go there, pretending that I was the wealthy young bachelor, we might have a chance to find out which the Z— girls prefer, a heavy purse, or good looks and manly accomplishments. What do you say?"

The idea rather pleased Alarie Warrington; even he, who possessed as little vanity as any handsome man of five-and-twenty in all our broad land, could not deny that nature had done more for him than for Clement Totterdell, and he felt a romantic desire to try the experiment suggested in his friend's last words.

"Agreed!" he exclaimed. "You shall have the credit and the full benefit of Uncle Job's money. I will proclaim myself only a young physician, ordered to Oak Grove on account of ill health from too close attention to my studies. That will be no fib either: Dr. Galen told me the very day Uncle Job died that I was working too hard, and must take a rest this summer."

Some quick-witted genius had discovered two or three springs in Oak Grove, whose limpid waters were certainly ill-smelling and nasty tasting enough to be the most valuable medicated drink.—Judicious advertising and a discreet use of free tickets from Z— had made the pretty little village quite a summer resort. Two new hotels had sprung up like Jonah's gourd, and had not our two friends gone thither very early in the season, about the middle of June, both these capacious caravanseries must have turned them away, or stowed them in the attic.

Perhaps it was because Clement was so very particular about their rooms,—perhaps because he, and not Alarie, had an imphish little valet who had a grand idea of his master's importance,—or perhaps because the two carriages, the eight or nine horses and their attendants, and the coachman, made their appearance in his name, that the proprietor of the Plute House (the largest, newest, shiniest of the two large, new, shiny hotels) concluded that he was a young man of boundless wealth, who had come to Oak Grove for the waters, bringing his physician with him.

Such, at any rate, was the tale which spread like wild-fire all through the Plute House the evening that Clement and Alarie arrived there. The only topic of conversation in the parlors that evening was Clement.

"Have you seen the wealthy Mr. Totterdell?" and, "Oh, do tell me if that millionaire who has arrived is married!" were the staple questions of the evening.

The two young men made their first appearance at breakfast the next morning. The young ladies were, at first, somewhat disappointed to learn that the tall, broad-shouldered, graceful man, with curling brown hair, silken mustache, and soft, velvety brown eyes, that seemed capable of saying more than any other man's lips, was "only" Dr. Warrington; and that the reputed millionaire was he who stood scarcely five feet ten in his boots, was unfortunate enough to have only ordinary dark-brown, almost black hair, guileless of wave or curl, mustache and beard of the same hue, and gray eyes,—in short, was not the sort of young man a girl ever 'raves' over on account of his looks, although he was by no means a bad-looking fellow.

Among the summer boarders at the Plute House were Mrs. Relling, her daughter Camilla, and her niece Bessie Purviance, from Philadelphia, and Mrs. Burston and niece Jenny, from New York. These ladies occupied rooms on the same floor and seats at the same table, hence they had become tolerably well acquainted in ten days which had elapsed since their simultaneous arrival.

"Look!" exclaimed Jenny Burston, as Alarie and "the millionaire" entered the room the morning after their ar-

rial. "There are the strangers: the tall one is the doctor, and the other one is Mr. Totterdell."

"How do you know?" asked Camilla. "I asked our worthy landlord to describe them to me a little while ago, and he said, 'Mr. Totterdell a'n't no great for looks,—kind o' short and dark,—but the doctor now is a powerful handsome fellow, and nigh onto two inches taller than I be.' So I now know which is which."

"I hope we will get introduced to them. Jenny, you're smart, can't you contrive it?" suggested Mrs. Burston, in her harsh, unpleasant voice.

"Don't you bother your head, Aunt Mary, it will be all right," replied Jenny, shortly.

Jenny Burston could be very agreeable; for the first few days Mrs. Relling liked her, and pitied her for being tied to such an uncultivated woman as Mrs. Burston, but now and then the girl would utter some piece of coarse slang, some unlady-like sentiment, or would be unwarrantably rude and cross to her aunt, and then Mrs. Relling would determine to associate with her as little as possible.

The three girls attracted the attention of Clement and Alarie; they had come to the Plute well recommended, so before night-fall they had made the acquaintance of the young ladies and their chaperones.

Mrs. Relling was not a mercenary woman; she had a handsome fortune in her own right, and needed not to angle for a rich husband for her only daughter. She was, however, very willing that Camilla should receive the various attentions that Clement offered her; and when she came to know him well, and see that his reputed wealth was by no means his only virtue or attraction he possessed, she allowed herself to erect some castles in the air, with him as their corner-stone.

The glorious summer days went by all too quickly for some of the transient denizens of Oak Grove. Rides, drives, picnics, croquet parties, boating, fishing dancing, filled up the sunny days, and the dewy, perfumed nights. Clement Totterdell was in his glory: no young lady but thought herself honored by his smiles, no matron but paid him court on behalf of some fair charge; and he, laughing in his sleeve, accepted all their homage gravely, and gave himself as many airs as if he had been all their fancy painted him.

Alarie, too, was enjoying himself.—His good looks, his value as a fine dancer, perfect oarsman, and a more than tolerably good musician, made him a great acquisition to Oak Grove society; nevertheless, he fully realized that he was by no means the beau, the eligible, that Clement was. Bessie Purviance and Jenny Burston were really the only two girls who appeared to prefer his society to Clement's. Of these two Bessie was decidedly his favorite, but he saw less of her than of Jenny. Bessie was penniless, and her aunt, thinking it her duty to see that she made a good marriage, did all she could to keep her out of Alarie's way.

"I must act a mother's part to her," Mrs. Relling said to Mrs. Leonard, one day when the latter lady had intimated that Bessie seemed to admire the young doctor. "If she was wealthy, it would be different, for Dr. Warrington is undoubtedly a very fine young man; but I cannot allow her to sacrifice herself this year for romance, and next year blame me for her misery."

"What a pity he had not a part of his friend's property!" "Yes, it is a pity," said Mrs. Relling, honestly; "but of course I cannot force Bessie and Mr. Totterdell to fancy one another simply because the one's lack of gold is complemented by the other's superfluity."

"I presume the Burston's are in easy circumstances. Miss Jenny and the doctor are certainly having a fine flirtation, and Mrs. Burston apparently approves of it. She does not look like a girl who would appreciate love in a cottage."

"No; a brown stone front would be a fitter residence for the blind god, in her estimation. But perhaps I am unjust. I do not like the girl, and yet I hardly dare say so, for fear that people will say I am jealous of her beauty. She certainly outshines Camilla and Bessie."

Mrs. Relling spoke truthfully. Her

daughter and niece were graceful, well-bred, sweet-voiced girls of nineteen and twenty; their hair, matching to a shade, was the color of a ripe chestnut; their eyes, true, honest gray; their feet and hands well formed, but neither too large nor too small. They were both of the type that does not always shine the brightest in the ball-room, but reserves its brilliance for home life. They were as well versed in kitchen lore as in science, politics, music and art. In short, they were born to be loving daughters, idolized wives, and tender mothers. Can praise be greater?

Jenny Burston was cast in a different mould; taller than either Camilla or Bessie, she was also more stylish in appearance and dress. Her hair was golden—very golden—luxuriant, and always fashionably dressed; her complexion was excellent—Bessie and Camilla whispered "rouge and Bloom of Youth," when in the secrecy of their own rooms; her eyes were blue, and her eyelashes and eyebrows several shades darker than her hair. But even Camilla and Bessie could not accuse her of coloring these. She liked Dr. Warrington's society, and thought it no shame to evince her preference openly. He was her companion in rides and walks, and her partner in the ball-room. If he did not seek her, she did not hesitate to seek him, in a delicate, lady-like way, and he never repelled her advances.

One warm August evening there had been a dance on the lawn in front of the Plute House.

"By Jove, Al!" exclaimed Clement, late that night, when the two were alone, "I have done an awfully shabby thing. I ought to have known better, but I didn't stop to think."

"What have you done now?" asked Alarie, who had been wondering, somewhat sadly, why Bessie Purviance persisted in avoiding him on all occasions.

"I've gone and made a fool of myself about Miss Camilla Relling, forgetting that I haven't a dollar to call my own. I ought to be hung."

"Proposed her, you mean?"

"No, thank Heaven! I succeeded in stopping short of that madness, though I came awfully near it. I have been fool enough to fall head and ears in love with her; and, as of course I can't marry on nothing a year, I must pack up, and be off before my midsummer madness completely masters me."

"Do you think she cares—"

"I don't know," answered Clement, hastily, the tell-tale blood dyeing his honest face a brilliant crimson. "I didn't ask—of course not! Only I must get away before she—for fear!"

"Yes, yes, I see!" answered Alarie. "Our little plan has worked finely; you have proved the efficacy of gold, and I—have played second fiddle!"

"You forget Miss Jenny!"

"No, I don't. Exceptions prove the rule! She and her aunt are the only unmercenary people here. I, at least have found one honest heart," answered Alarie.

"Yes," replied Clement, "but I must leave this place at once."

"Not to-morrow, Clement. You forget that you have invited a large party to a moonlight dance on Emerald Island. Wait until the day after, and we will go together."

The moonlight dance on Emerald Island was a thing to be remembered. The lawn in front of that rustic cottage on that charming islet was as smooth and soft as its each spear of grass had been laid in its place by fairy fingers; the cottage, the tiny grove at its rear, the banner-draped stand for the musicians, and the refreshment tent, were brilliantly illuminated by hundreds of gay-colored Chinese lanterns. The night was balmy, and the sky cloudless; the full moon sailed through the blue vault in brilliant grandeur.

Clement, in his capacity as host, was indefatigable and impartial in his attentions. He danced the first waltz with Bessie, the second with Jenny, and the third with Jessica Rogers, the plainest, most unattractive girl present; then he requested the honor of Camilla's hand, but she was engaged for half a dozen dances by this time, and, vexed at his unusual neglect, was not sorry that such was the case. She treated him with affected indifference, and the two did not meet until their faces were turned homeward.

Alarie had sent Jenny Burston, that morning, a very beautiful bouquet; accompanying was a note much more tender in its tone than usual, and signed, "Your true lover, Alarie." Both note and flowers were triumphantly exhibited to Bessie in less than ten minutes after they were received; and coupled with Alarie's devotion to Jenny on the island, spoiled Bessie's pleasure for the evening; for, in spite of her aunt's warnings and watchings, she had given her whole heart to the handsome young doctor.

Jenny Burston was a very careless young lady; if there was a nail, a splinter, or a thorn within six feet, she was sure to tear some of her numerous ruffles or flounces; and so it happened this evening. She wore a delicate blue organdy muslin, and while waiting was unfortunate enough to whisk her voluminous skirt over a plank in the musicians' stand, and tear the lower flounce half way off.

Summoning her aunt to her aid, she repaired to the cottage, to repair the damage as well as pins could do it.—Alarie saw her as she went through the brightly lighted door-way, and threw himself down on a bench on the porch to await her return. Unknown to himself or to Jenny, he had chanced to sit close to the open window of the dressing room, and Jenny's voice being rather loud, overheard the following conversation:

"Dear me, Jane, you are the carelesslest girl! You tear every rag you put on your back. Here's this span new organdy just ruined!" said Mrs. Burston.

"Oh, confound the old thing," replied Jenny, sharply. "Who cares? When I am Mrs. Warrington I won't wear any such flimsy trash as this, you may bet your life on it!"

"Has he proposed yet?"

"No, but he's been awful spoony; I will lead him up to the scratch before we go home. But just think how mad that Relling crowd will be when the cat is out of the bag! They snubbed Warrington, and run after Totterdell, in such a public way, that it will be an awful blow when they find what a trick those fellows are playing!"

"Totterdell is in love with Camilla evidently."

"Yes, and she with him. That little Bessie Purviance is just dead in love with Warrington, although she really believes that he is poor. You ought to have seen her face when I showed her Al's note this morning! Didn't you see how red her eyes were at dinner-time? Never mind; they'll be redder yet when she finds that the money is his, and he is mine. Do hurry, Ann,—you are the pokiest thing!"

I dare say it was very dishonorable in Alarie Warrington to listen quietly to the above, but he did it. Then, rising quietly, with a smile on his face, he turned his footsteps toward Mossy Spring, about a dozen yards back of the cottage, where Bessie Purviance was sitting, listening to the strains of music from the band, the cricket's melancholy chirp, and the solemn croak of some invisible frog. In spite of the gayety around her, her heart was very heavy, and her eyes were suspiciously bright.

"Is this Miss Purviance? or is it some fair drayd to whom all these fire-flies are paying homage?" said Alarie, suddenly.

"O Dr. Warrington, how you startled me! I did not hear you coming," answered Bessie.

"Then, as you are Miss Purviance, and not a drayd, why are you here in solitary state? It is cruel in you to leave your partners desolate," said Alarie, seating himself on a smooth stone near her.

"I might answer your question, Yankee fashion, by asking another: why have you deserted your partners?"

"I came in search of you."

"Nonsense!"

"You didn't know I was here!"

"But I did though! You slipped away from your cousin about ten minutes ago. I was watching you. Do you think I fail to know your whereabouts?"

Alarie's tone brought a blush to Bessie's cheek, and a smile to her lip.—She exclaimed,—

"What a lovely night! and what a