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Select Poetry.

TRUST IN MOTHER.

Little daughters full of glee,
 Bright and bonny, fair and free,
 Trust in mother.
 You will never find another
 Like this one so good and true,
 And so faithful unto you—
 Trust in mother.

Tell her all your childish woes,
 For a precious balm she knows—
 Sweet and healing;
 And her kiss is warm with feeling;
 Blessed kiss that never cloya—
 All your happy childish joys
 Too revealing.

Maiden daughters blooming fair,
 With your opening charms so rare,
 Trust in mother;
 She'll advise you like no other;
 Lock no secret in your breast,
 Share with her who loves you best—
 Trust in mother.

Growing sons, our hope and pride,
 You, too, need a patient guide,
 Trust in mother.
 Not an aspiration smother,
 Not a folly fail to tell,
 Her sweet counsel worketh well—
 Trust in mother.

Girls and boys where'er you stand,
 Scattered through our beautiful land,
 Trust in mother.
 She'll advise you like no other;
 Loving sires you may possess,
 But, for thoughtful tenderness,
 Trust in mother.

The Wife of Two Husbands.

AT A SMALL, humble, but prettily situated cottage, built in a vale in a picturesque part of Essex, dwelt a young couple, who had been married about five years. They were most affectionately attached to each other; and though they had been united for a period certainly long enough to eliminate differences of opinion or disparity of temper, yet they had not once in the term quarreled, nor, indeed, had there passed an angry, or even cross, word on either side. They were blessed with two children, and these small gifts only tended to cement their fondness for each other, and render their union yet happier.

The husband, Harry Mitford, had an excellent situation with a farmer, who owned an extensive farm not a great distance from their pretty abode, known as the Valley Cottage, from the circumstance of its being the only cot in the vale in which it stood; and as he was steady, industrious, and skillful, the farmer took great interest in him, and improved every year the value of the post entrusted to him. The wife kept her little household in the neatest order and ministered to the wants of her children and the comforts of her husband in a manner which not only made him the happiest of men, but won for her the good opinion of all, far and near.

One night as she sat her children at her knee, watching at the window for the return of her husband, a man, whom she had observed issue from the plantation, at no great distance from the cottage, advanced direct to the window, and accosted her.

He was a ruffianly-looking man— young, but with a grim aspect. His hair was straggling and matted; his beard unshaved and grimy; his face haggard, and his clothes ragged. At first she took him for a vagrant tramp, who, guessing she was alone, had come to the cottage with the object of robbing it. She was undeceived; for, after he had gazed in her face hard, and per-

ceived she regarded him with an affrighted look, he said, "Have you forgotten me, Nell?"

"Forgotten you?" she echoed faintly. "Ah!" he said, with a coarse laugh; "have you forgotten your own husband, Reuben Gale?"

The young woman looked agonizedly into his face, uttered a shrill cry, and fell senseless to the floor. The children screamed with terror; but the man, pushing the latched-door open, entered the cottage and lifted her off the ground. He placed her in a chair, and then ran for some water, with which he bathed her temples.

"Dang my buttons!" he murmured, "I did not mean to fright thee, lass, like this."

Poor Nell was in a strange fit, for when the water brought back animation, the very sight of the fellow's countenance sent her into convulsions. The man Reuben kept dashing water in her face, but without being able to restore her calmness and consciousness. The children screamed terribly, and though he spoke soothingly they only seemed more terrified.

In the midst of all this Harry Mitford appeared. For a moment the sight he beheld when he opened the door of the cottage almost paralyzed him. Another minute, however, sufficed to make him fasten upon the throat of Reuben Gale.

"Scoundrel! Thief! Murderer!" cried Mitford, with frantic excitement. "You have killed my wife!"

Reuben Gale was a strong, muscular fellow, and by an exertion of violent strength he flung Harry off.

"Keep back!" he said. "Are you mad? Nellie Mills is my wife, and you know it. I am Reuben—Reuben, Harry!—Reuben Gale!"

With a groan, Harry Mitford sunk back in his chair, and looked upon him aghast.

"Ah!" said Reuben, "you both believed that I was dead. You wished me so; but here I am come for Nelly—and I mean to have her, too!"

Harry put his hands before his eyes, and burst into tears, sobbing in dire agony.

"Come, come," cried Reuben, with a sneer. "It's no use snivelling; you had better set to work and recover Nelly. She'll heed you. I am a stranger to her, you see."

Harry did dash the tears from his eyes, but there was an air of strange determination about his features. His brow was knitted, his lips were set closely together, and his teeth were clenched. He went to Nelly, and raised her up. Reuben would have aided him, but he shouted in a voice of thunder.

"Stand off! We will settle accounts presently."

"Oh, very well," said Reuben, carelessly. "I shall stay here to-night, at all events. I am hungry, Harry, where do you keep the grub?"

Harry made no answer, but bearing his wife tenderly in his arms, he conveyed her to his sleeping-room, calling, as he did, to his little ones to follow him. They trotted after him, and Reuben was left alone. He proceeded at once to the larder or cupboard, and cutting himself some food, commenced eating ravenously. By the time he had completed his meal, Harry had succeeded in restoring his wife to something like composure; and bidding her cheer up and be hopeful, for all might yet go well, he descended to the floor beneath, where Reuben was, just washing down his meal with a long draught of home-brewed ale.

"Now, Reuben," said Harry, in very decided terms, "you must leave here at once."

"I shan't!" he cried defiantly.

"I tell you, you must!" he returned, firmly. He produced from his pocket, as he spoke, a pistol, and placed its muzzle to Reuben's temple. The fellow started back, electrified.

"Halloa," he cried; "what are you going to do?"

"Shoot you, as I would a dog, if you don't leave instantly."

"What!" Would you commit murder?"

"If you like to call it so. Don't attempt to struggle with me. Your certain death will follow any such movement," he added, as he saw Reuben preparing to spring upon him.

"Why, you'd be hanged—hanged, if

you shot me, you know!" cried Reuben, beginning to dislike the steady aspect of the pistol's muzzle placed so close to him, and which a contraction of a muscle would cause to belch out death to him.

"Would that prolong your life one minute?" cried Harry. "Go! my finger is on the trigger, and the spasm of holding it so long there will, if you stay another minute, compel me to fire."

"Nell is my wife—she must come with me!" said Reuben, doggedly.

"We will settle that hereafter," returned Henry. "Go from here now, you must and shall, or within half an hour you will be under four feet of ground in the plantation, so help me heaven!"

Harry almost shrieked the last words, and they had their effect. For Reuben rose up and said:

"Well, if I must, I must; but I will have you and her up for bigamy, you know. I'll be here at daylight with a constable; perhaps in an hour, perhaps sooner."

"When you will—but you must go now."

Reuben rose slowly up and walked out of the cottage, accompanied by Harry, to the coach road leading to the nearest village, and when Reuben was far enough on his way thither to render his return unlikely, he hurried back to the cottage, made Nelly put on her bonnet and shawl, and dress the children also. When this was done, he took them under his charge and went direct to the farmer who employed him—a man of considerable intelligence and experience. His employer, who was about retiring to rest, was astonished to see him, and perceiving that something was wrong, ushered them into his parlor, where he could listen undisturbed to what they had to relate.

"Something wrong has transpired," he said, as soon as they were alone.—"You want my advice; now, tell me reserve nothing."

"Cheer up, Nelly, dearest!" said Harry, tenderly, to his wife. "Tell Mr. Grant all; he will help us out of this strait."

"My story is not a long, though a sad one," exclaimed Nelly. "Oh, sir, if you can only help us, it will save me from death, and my dear, dear Harry and children from misery."

"There, there, dry your tears, and go on with your story. All will go right I dare say."

"Well, sir, Harry, here—my—oh, heaven!—Harry Mitford and I were brought up together in Manningtree, and from children loved each other dearly. When we were old enough to know what love meant, we plighted our troth together, and vowed to be true to each other. Well, sir, my father fell into difficulties, and Harry's mother was poor. A situation offered down here, and he came to take it. After he was gone, Reuben Gale, the son of old Gale—"

"What! the son of old Ralph Gale, who kept the 'Bell and Wagon' so many years?" asked Mr. Grant.

"The same, sir," returned Nelly: "he took a fancy to me and asked me to have him, but I refused him; I would not listen to him, and always avoided him—indeed I did, sir. But he had great control over his father, and he set him to work to persuade me, but I would not give ear to him, for I loved Harry too well, and I was sworn to him. Well, sir, old Ralph Gale was father's landlord, and father owned him a great deal of money, and he threatened to put father in jail unless I consented to marry Reuben. I was not fifteen then, sir; and I prayed to father not to urge me to consent. I told him I would beg for him rather than I would marry the man I now hated; but they were all like stones to my prayers, for I prayed to them all. Then father was on a sick bed and the men came to take him to jail and then—oh, heaven!—then they gave me the choice of marrying Reuben or killing my father by sending him to prison; and—I consented—and I did marry Reuben."

"You did?"

"Yes, sir; it is true—we were married!" and here Nelly burst into a paroxysm of tears.

"This is indeed a bad job," said Mr. Grant. "But tell me what followed. How came you to leave Reuben and live with Mitford?"

"The very day, sir, when we were married—when heaven forgave me! I was in my bedroom preparing to commit self-murder—I heard a great noise below, and descending, I found that Reuben, who a year or two before had enlisted, in a drunken freak, and had deserted, had been found out by a sergeant of his regiment; he was marched there and then a prisoner by a party of soldiers with guns and bayonets. We heard, sir, he went to India, and father had a letter to say he died on the passage. Shortly after this my father died, and Harry came to Manningtree, redeemed his promise to me, and I, believing myself free, married him. To night Reuben Gale has returned and claimed me."

Here she burst into another fit of tears; but Mr. Grant, after musing a moment, bade the unhappy couple go home, and said that in the morning he would see what he could do for them. He sent also a couple of his men to stay at Valley Cottage until the next day, to protect Harry and his family from any violence Reuben might attempt.

At daylight Reuben made his appearance with two constables and gave Nellie in charge for bigamy. In spite of all entreaties to grant her time, they were conveying her away, when Mr. Grant made his appearance. He also had two or three gentlemen with him, one the rector of the parish. He listened quietly to Reuben Gale's charge, repeated very insolently by him.

"But," said he, "who is to prove that you are Reuben Gale, the son of Ralph Gale, of Manningtree?"

"I'll swear that I am," cried Reuben. "You will?" cried Mr. Grant. "This is not a court of justice," he added, as Reuben assented, "but he will take your oath."

The rector administered the oath, and then Mr. Grant said, with a very emphatic enunciation, "I give Reuben Gale in charge to the parish constables here for deserting his wife, married by him in Colchester, some ten years back. I was a guardian, at the time, and signed the warrant for his apprehension; but he escaped me, for he enlisted, and we could not find the regiment which he had joined. The rector here performed the ceremony of uniting him with one Jane Moss, and is ready to swear that she is now living. Be happy therefore, Mrs. Mitford; for your marriage with him was null and void, and you may be happy with your true husband, Harry Mitford."

We pass over the scene of congratulations and joy that ensued. Reuben Gale was borne away in custody; he was proved to be a deserter from the regiment to which he was attached, when on its way to India, and was to have been tried for that offense; but in attempting to escape from his prison, he fell from a great height and broke his neck. Harry Mitford and his wife Nelly, on the contrary, lived the remainder of their lives in peaceful happiness at Valley Cottage.

Ben Holladay's Nose.

"ONE night," said Ben Holladay, "long before the Pacific railroad was built, I was bouncing over the plains in one of my overland coaches.—My wife was with me. She was sick, and lay asleep on the bottom of the stage on a bed of buffalo skins. The night was fearfully dark and a drizzling rain was falling. Mrs. Holladay and myself were the only passengers. Several stages had been robbed within two months, and the driver was ripping along as though a gang of prairie wolves were after him. Suddenly the horses were thrown upon their haunches, and the stage stopped.—I was heaved forward, but quickly recovered and found myself gazing at the muzzles of a double-barreled shotgun.—By the dim light of the stage lamps the barrels looked as big as nail kegs.—'Throw up your hands and don't stir,' shouted the owner in a gruff voice.

"Up went my hands, and I began to commune with myself. The fellow damned my soul, and then coolly asked for my money. I saw that he did not know who I was, and I was afraid that my sick wife might awake and call me by name. My coat was buttoned over my bosom, but hardly high enough to hide a magnificent emerald that cost me over \$8,000 a few weeks before in San Francisco. I hardly breathed through

fear the light might strike the stone and its sparkling brilliancy attract the attention of the robber. I had about \$40,000 in a money belt close to the skin and several hundred dollars in my pocket.

"Suddenly my friend shouted, 'Come, shell out, d—d quick, or I'll send the devil a free lunch.'

"I passed out the few hundreds loose in my pockets, and handed him my gold watch and chain. They were hefty. I think the chain alone would weigh five pounds at least.

"There," said I, "there's every cent I've got. Take it, and let me go on. My wife is very sick, and I don't know what would happen to her if she knew what was going on.

"'Keep your hands up,' was the reply, while a second robber received the watch and money. Then a search was made for the express company's box, but the double-barreled shotgun didn't move. Its muzzles were within a foot of my nose. For my life I did not dare to stir. My nose began to itch. The stiff hairs of my mustache got up, one after another, and it tickled until the sensation was intolerable. I could stand it no longer.

"Stranger," I cried, "I must scratch my nose. It itches so that I almost crazy."

"'Move your hands,' he shouted, 'and I'll blow a hole through your head big enough for a jack rabbit to jump through.' I appealed once more. 'Well,' he answered, 'keep your hand still and I'll scratch it for you. I hate to see a partner suffer.'

"Did he scratch it?" asked one of Ben's interested listeners.

"Sure," said Mr. Holliday.

"How?" asked the breathless listener.

"With the muzzle of the cocked gun," said the great overlander. "He rubbed the muzzle around my mustache and raked it over the end of my nose until I thanked him and said that it itched no longer."

A Human Body Petrified.

IT IS a fact not generally known that the cemetery of the Methodist Church in Hendersonville, N. C., contains a petrified human body. About the year 1836 Miss Adeline Byers lived with her father, Francis C. Byers, fifteen miles south of that place, in Henderson county. She was a bright, sweet girl, much beloved by all who knew her, and her hand was sought in marriage even before she was of a marriageable age. At last she was won by William Pinkney Murray, whom she had known long and well. Soon the nuptials were celebrated, and the bride and bridegroom set out in search of a new country, following the setting sun to the Mississippi Valley. There they located and began the journey of life together in real earnest. Prosperity and happiness came to them, until at an unexpected moment death cut down Mrs. Murray in the very prime of life. The disconsolate widower, consigning the body of his deceased wife to the dust, as he supposed, sought "surcease of sorrow" in the wilds of Texas. A few years afterward Dr. Josiah Johnson, intending to return to North Carolina, whence he had removed with his brother-in-law, Mr. Murray, disinterred the body of Mrs. Murray, for the purpose of carrying it back with him. Imagine how amazed he was to find it in the coffin just as he had seen it there years before. The same features—almost the very same expression. But what he saw was not flesh—it was solid stone. The whole body had petrified. In that condition he carried it to North Carolina, and delivered it to the aged father, Mr. Byers, who could hardly doubt that his daughter had come home to him asleep. The news spread that Adeline's body had been "turned into a rock," and great was the desire of everybody to see it. Attempts were made, it is said, to steal it out of the cellar where the old gentleman had carefully concealed it, but they were unsuccessful. All through the war it was guarded by the father as a most sacred trust, but few persons being allowed to see it. About six years ago, it was quietly buried in the Methodist Cemetery at Hendersonville, where, it is hoped, it will be permitted to rest until the "resurrection morn."