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Select Poetry.

AN ABORIGINAL CHANT.

What time the glittering rays of morn
O'er hill and valley steal,
Chief Joseph's squaw, with dog and corn,
Prepares the Indian meal.

And if, with wild, rebellious shout,
The papoose shall appear,
The chieftain leads the bad child out,
Clutched by the Injin ear.

The breakfast o'er, the daughter strolls
Down glen and shady dell;
While gay young braves, from wooded knolls
"Look out for the Injin belle!"

Each stricken brave she turns and leaves
Her coyness to bewail;
Her dragging blanket stirs the leaves—
The well-known Indian trail.

A Black Hills miner, scalped and dead,
Upon the ground is found;
Grim speaks the child: "There's been, I'm
afraid,
An Indian summer's 'round."

What time he rideth forth to shoot,
His favorite horse the dapple is;
And, when he wants a little fruit,
Goes where the Indianapolis.

When finished are his warlike tasks,
With brazen incongruity
For overcoats and food he asks,
With charming Indiannity.

At night, before his bed he'll seek,
With countenance forlorn,
He takes his scalping-knife, and eke
He trims the Indian corn.

Written for The Bloomfield Times.

MY MYSTERIOUS PATIENT.

ONE evening while myself and several old friends were seated in Dr. Blank's office, telling stories of our past lives, one suggested that the doctor tell us some of the curious incidents that must have come to his knowledge during his long practice, in such a city as New York. He finally consented, and said he would tell us about his mysterious patient as he had named him. I will tell the story as near as possible, in his own words:

"It had been nearly a year since I had hung out my sign, and as yet I had hardly been called to a single paying case. My rent was long since due, and I was in daily expectation of receiving notice to quit or pay up. Just at this time I was not prepared for either, for if I left, I knew not where to go, and as to paying my rent it was impossible. This evening I had sat until quite late, thinking whether I had not better give up trying to secure a practice in this city.—I had finally come to the conclusion to hold on as long as my landlord's patience did not give out, and had just arose to close my office for the night, when I was surprised to hear a carriage stop before my door, shortly followed by the entrance to my office of a middle-aged man, of genteel appearance. He carefully closed the door, and taking a hasty glance around the room said, "If you are alone doctor and disengaged I should like a few words with you." Telling him that I was at his service, he replied: "I suppose, doctor, that you like to practice where you are sure of a good fee." Under existing circumstances I was not disposed to deny this, and he continued: "I have a case in which your services are needed, but before engaging you I must tell you that I shall require certain promises from you which may not be agreeable, but which I must necessarily insist upon; but I assure you that I require nothing that you may not easily and honorably agree to. In

return for your services, if you comply with my conditions, I shall pay you one hundred dollars," and handing me five twenty dollar gold pieces, said, "here is the pay for your first visit, do you accept?"

"I must know," I replied, "what are the conditions I am to agree to," though I needed the money so badly, I was ready to agree to anything not actually wicked.

"What I require," he replied, "is, that after getting into the carriage now in waiting at the door, you allow yourself to be blindfolded, and so to remain until you reach the room of your patient; and you are not to try to ascertain who your patient is, nor the manner in which his injuries were received. You shall be safely returned to your office, probably within two hours."

"I thought over the proposition for a few moments, and as I could really see no reason to apprehend danger from accompanying him, I signified my acceptance of his conditions. He then handed me the sum agreed upon, told me the nature of the case, that I might know what instruments to take, and in five minutes we were on our way. As soon as we started, he produced a handkerchief for a bandage, which according to promise, I allowed him to place over my eyes. We rode rapidly, for probably fifteen minutes, during which time we made so many turns that I could not even judge the direction we were from my office. When the carriage stopped my companion conducted me into the house, passing through a long hall, and up a pair of stairs covered with a carpet so soft and thick that no sound of our footsteps could be heard, and taking me into a room requested me to wait a few minutes while he announced my arrival. From the rustle of garments, I was sure that a lady was in the room, although nothing was said, during the absence of my guide, who soon returned and informed me that he would now take me to the patient who was anxiously expecting me. He then led me from the room, across a hall, as I thought, into an apartment opposite, when he removed my bandage, and pointing to another door, and said, "you will find the patient needing your services in the room adjoining this."

"A quick survey of the furniture and ornaments, around the room, showed it to be the home of wealth and refinement. I had no time now to think over the singular manner in which I had been brought there, though the questions, why all this secrecy? would force itself upon me.

"I found my patient to be a young man, probably about twenty-three years of age, and to be suffering from a severe fracture of the thigh, and a severe cut on the head, with some internal injuries which I judged came from a fall. It was apparent that the injuries had been received, a day or perhaps two days previous, and I wondered greatly at the delay in securing surgical attention.—After attending to his injuries in a proper manner, during which time I saw no other person except the gentleman who had come for me—I signified my readiness to leave—when I was again blindfolded and returned to my office accompanied by my former companion. He removed my bandage as the carriage stopped at my office, and said: "I suppose, doctor, we can depend upon your services, as we may need them." I assured him that he might, and wishing him good night, went into my office to think over the singular circumstances attending this visit.

"After I returned it was long before I could sleep, and then I dreamed such strange dreams, that I awoke in the morning uncertain whether the whole affair, was not a delusion, and nothing but the gold received for the visit convinced me of the reality of the transaction. Although I had promised not to try to discover who my patient was, I must acknowledge that nearly my whole thought through the day, was, 'who is this mysterious patient, and why all this secrecy,' but I arrived at no satisfactory conclusion. About ten o'clock in the evening I was again called for by the same person, who came the evening previous, and again he paid me the hundred dollars for a visit, requiring the same precautions.

"In this manner I had made four visits, receiving each time the same fee,

and as yet was as far as ever from arriving at any solution of the mystery. I could but wonder, 'why they should pay me so large a price for a secret visit, when ten dollars would pay for the visit in the regular manner of the best surgeon in New York,' unless there was some crime connected with case. What I saw of the premises showed every evidence of wealth and refinement, and I was unable to think in what way to connect any crime with the parties.

"The morning after my fourth visit, in looking over a paper, I read a paragraph which at once explained, as I thought, the whole affair. This you remember was before the days of telegraph and often quite important events would not be extensively known by the public for some days after they happened. The article read as follows:

"On last Monday night, Charles Gordon, who was confined in Hackensack jail, awaiting his trial upon the charge of killing Abner Henderson, made his escape. By the aid of some friends he had procured tools with which he had cut the bars to his cell, and by tearing his bed clothes into strips had made a rope long enough to reach the ground. The rope was found to be broken near the top, and from appearance of the blood on the pavement he must have been badly hurt by the fall. It is probable that some of his friends were there to help him, as he could hardly have escaped after reaching the street without their aid. No clue to his whereabouts has as yet been discovered. He will probably have to apply for medical attention, and this may lead to his detection."

"Charles Gordon, to whom the above referred, was the son of a wealthy broker in the lower part of the city. He had been exceedingly dissipated, going on from bad to worse, until in a drunken fight, a companion was killed, and he was arrested on the charge of murder.

"All was now clear to me. Mr. Gordon to save his son the risk, and his family the disgrace of his trial for murder, had aided Charles to escape. The injuries received by the fall had made it necessary to bring him home and care for him in this secret manner.

"I was undecided, whether when asked again to visit my patient, to state my suspicions, demand an explanation or else decline to visit him again, or to say nothing and continue my visits as before. I finally decided, that as I might be wrong in my conclusions, and was so well paid for my services, that I would not relinquish so profitable a case, on mere suspicion.

"I therefore continued my calls whenever required, and it was not until I had made eleven visits that I thought my patient sufficiently recovered to dispense with my services.

"It was about a year after these visits ceased that a young man, formerly an associate of Charles Gordon's was taken sick and died. Shortly before his death, however, he had duly drawn up and attested 'a confession,' which Mr. Gordon had published, stating that it was him who had killed Abner Henderson, and that Charles was perfectly innocent of that crime. Since his escape from prison no person seemed to know anything regarding the whereabouts of the young man; but it was only a few months after the publication of this confession, however, that a gentleman called at my office and introduced himself as Charles Gordon, and I at once recognized him as my former patient. He had been living in Europe until he found that he could return without danger of being arrested on the charge of murder. During the time he was suffering from the injuries, occasioned by his fall, he had thought over the evil of his ways and determined that in the future he would lead a different life. He carried out his good intentions, making an enterprising and useful citizen, and until his death which happened only about a year ago, he was one of my best friends.

"I have always considered, that one of the most fortunate events of my life was being called to visit this 'mysterious patient.'"

Rather High Plowing.

Soon after Bob Toombs had made his famous speech on "Slavery" at Boston, an anti-slavery New Englander approached him in a great crowd at the Revere House, and thinking to cause the Senator to betray himself, asked:

"You are Senator Toombs?"

"I am," said the great Bob.

"I have no doubt that your eminent

position will compel you to give a true answer to a question, even if it should criminate your section?"

"Try me," said Bob, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Sir," said the long-faced and long-haired philanthropist, "I am informed that in Georgia, your own State, they actually work negroes to the plow in the place of horses, and I rely upon you to substantiate or contradict it."

Toombs said—"I will answer you Yankee fashion by asking another question: Do you know what a likely negro boy or man costs?"

"Oh, yes," said Philo, "I am informed of your dreadful customs, and the price of human blood is from \$900 to \$1,500.

"Will you take \$1,000 as fair?" said Toombs.

"Yes, sir," said the man in search of his brother.

"Well," said Toombs, "a fair plow team is two mules with us. How many negro men do you think it would take to do the work of two good mules?"

The man pondered. He thought, here was confusion. He said:

"I should say about ten to a mule or twenty to a team."

Toombs said: "A mule costs from \$100 to \$150. A team, say \$300. Your negro team will cost just \$20,000. Don't you think that is rather high plowing?"

The man gave an angry jam of his hat over his ears, and went out, ejaculating, "I might have known it was a lie!"

A VETERAN DIVER'S EXPERIENCE.

JACK CAMPBELL, who is said to be "the oldest submarine diver in the United States," was interviewed a few days ago by a Toledo Blade reporter, and gave a vivid account of the first steamship into which he ever went. It was about two miles from shore that the vessel had gone down. He went into her for the purpose of recovering her cargo. The bodies were of no consequence, he stated. "It is a singular fact," said he in substance, "that the corpses of women in a sunken vessel always lie face upwards, while men are invariably face downward. The cabin of the vessel presented a horrid appearance. The bloated bodies all laid up next ceiling. Some were clasped in each other's arms. One mother had in her arms her baby. A husband and wife were clasped in each other's embrace so firmly that they could not pull them apart.

"It's a bad practice among some divers to go through the pockets of corpses that they find, and take all the valuables, I have known divers to make thousands of dollars in that way. There is a sort of a pocket in the armor in which they carry their tools, and I have seen divers come up out of a wreck in which they had been working with their pockets filled with gold watches, diamond rings and pins, and all sorts of trash. I dove once in Mobile bay where I put over 300 chains under an ironclad. The greatest annoyance that we had there was sharks. They didn't hardly dare tackle us because with our armor we looked more like scare-crows than anything else. They would come sailing along and gradually swim up towards us with their great big mouths wide open, but when within a few feet of us they would stop and lay there flapping their fins and looking, it seemed to me, like the very devil himself.

Finally we devised a way to scare them off that never failed to frighten them so that they would stay away an hour or longer before they dare to come back. The armor that we wear is air-tight, you know. Our jacket sleeves were fastened around our wrists with an elastic, so that the air could not escape. By running my finger under the sleeve of my jacket I could let the air out, and as it rushed into the water it would make a sort of a hissing noise and a volume of bubbles shoot up. So whenever those infernal sharks would come prowling around me I would hold out my arm towards them, and putting my finger under the elastic of my jacket sleeve, I would let a lot of air out, and send a stream of bubbles into the shark's face, with a hissing noise like steam from a gauge-cock. The way that those sharks would go scooting off was funny to behold."

"Jack," said the interviewer, "It is

said that the submarine diving is very profitable business; what was the largest salary that you ever made?"

"I was working for Otis & Brothers, getting out bales of cotton. I was to have \$5 a day, work or play, and \$5 for every bale of cotton that I got out. I worked about six hours one day and got out 485 bales of cotton. My income that day was \$2,430. I tell you, I have made enough to buy and sell many a rich man in this town; but bless you! I could never keep it."

"I have had several narrow escapes from drowning," said Jack, as he relighted his ancient and much-tanned pipe, "but about the closest call was when I was workin' in the waterworks crib in Cleveland. You see, much depends on having a good signal tender. I can tell when some one else besides the regular signal man steps up and takes hold of the line. So can any good diver for that matter. There was the diver that worked for the Lake Shore Railroad Company when they were building the abutments of their new bridge here across the Manumee. He, by the way, was paid \$40 a day for 100 days. He was working one day shortly after he had begun on the job, and I went down to see him. The signal tender asked me if I would take hold of the line. I did so, and gave it three or four little shakes that a good diver always understands.

He immediately answered back and let me understand that he knew I was there. But I was going to tell you about that narrow escape. I had a signal tender who didn't hardly understand his business. The mouth of the crib had become stopped up with dirt and I was cleaning it out. I had crawled through the entrance, which was a sort of a door, and was outside of the crib. My life-line and hose chafed against the top of door, and all at once, when I went to turn around, I pulled my helmet off. There I was out in the water, where in a short time I knew I would drown. I pulled twice on the life-line for the signal tender to pull me up, but he didn't do it. I felt that I was filling up with water fast and I pulled again. But still he did not understand.

Of course all my armor had filled with water, and as there was no air in it, I was held down by tons weight. Suddenly George, who I was telling you about, and who had just come down to see me, stepped up and took hold of the life-line, shook it and asked me what I wanted.—I had just strength enough left to give two hard pulls, which meant, "Pull me up quick." George, I afterward heard them tell, yelled to the signal man and told him, "Help me pull in that life-line, and pull for all you're worth for Jack is drowning." They hauled me up out of there mighty quick, now I tell you, and it took lots of strength to do it, because my armor was full of water.—When they got me to the surface I was clear gone, and it was more than an hour before I came to enough to speak."

The deepest water that I was in was 168 feet. When one is down so low it is hard work to get air. I have had the air pump manned by six men, working with all their might, and still I've been obliged to keep pulling on the life-line and calling for more air."

In his day the hero of this brief history was a prize-fighter of much repute. He fought many battles and, it is said, came out the victor in most of them.—He states that his hardest fight was in 1845 with Matt Langdon. They fought 101 rounds in two hours and fifty-one minutes. Jack came out victorious, but with a broken jaw.

The old residenter has a wife and family living in Blackwols, England, none of whom has seen him for years, and from whom he has not heard in some time. Out of his vast earnings he has saved but little—a farm of wild land near Manistee, Michigan, being about all his possessions. But he is happy, and what more can be desired?

A German, while crossing the Alleghany mountains during the past winter, states: "Dat ven going up de mountain, hish foot slipped him on de ice, and he come down on de broad of hish back, mit hish face sticking in de mud, and dere he shooht."

If you wish to get rich, get married. When was honey ever made with only one bee in the hive.