

## THE TIMES.

An Independent Family Newspaper,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

F. MORTIMER & CO.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.

(WITHIN THE COUNTY.)

One Year, (Postage included).....\$1 25

Six Months, (Postage included)..... 75

(OUT OF THE COUNTY.)

One Year, (Postage included)..... \$1 50

Six Months, (Postage included)..... 85

Invariably in Advance!

### Select Poetry.

#### LOVE AND DINNER.

BY A BACHELOR UNCLE.

Ah love in a cottage is all very fine,  
And kisses are sweet when the loving ones  
take 'em!  
But there's naught in this world, when you sit  
down to dine,  
Like the girl who knows well how to fry and  
to bake 'em.  
The dinners, I mean, not the kisses of love,  
Though they both are all right, if you right-  
ly have "took" 'em.  
If you want to keep in with your darling, your  
dove,  
Be careful, oh wives, and be sure how you  
cook 'em—  
The doves now I mean, not the loves or the  
men.  
But I whisper this secret; as sure as we're  
sinners,  
The love will fly out of the windows just when  
You fail to have ready acceptable dinners.  
It is well you should fondle, and "dear" and  
caress,  
For love in itself is a bright household bless-  
ing.  
It is well for the husband who loves you to  
dress,  
But 'tis better by far if his dinner you're  
dressing.  
Call him "darling," and "lovely," and "dear-  
est," and "sweet!"—  
These things are all right, and by him will  
be "took" in—  
But be sure, all the same, that you don't burn  
his meat,  
And serve up his meals in your best mode of  
cooking.  
For remember that love will go out of the door  
If his stomach is empty—this sturdy bread-  
winner.  
He may love you to-day; he will love you no  
more  
If you dry up his pudding and ruin his dinner.  
There's a sight of this nonsense of "love all in  
all!"  
I tell you endearment has no such a handle!  
The road to affection, in cottage or hall,  
Leads straight through the stomach, and  
that you must dandle.  
At the door, with a smile, when he comes unto  
you,  
Be ready; enjoyment shall follow the meet-  
ing;  
But be sure that the fumes of a roast, broil or  
stew,  
Shall rise to his nostrils and second the greet-  
ing.  
And remember, dear girls who are lately made  
wives,  
Let this be a lesson to each new beginner—  
You may fondle and love through the rest of  
your lives,  
But be sure that you second that love with  
your dinner. E. N. G.

### TOM DUFFAN'S DAUGHTER.

TOM DUFFAN'S cabinet pictures are charming bits of painting; but you would cease to wonder how he caught such delicate home touches if you saw the room he painted in; for Tom had a habit of turning his wife's parlor into a studio, and both parlor and pictures are the better for the habit.

One bright morning in the winter of 1872 he had got his easel into a comfortable light between the blazing fire and the window, and was busily painting. His cheery little wife—pretty enough, in spite of her thirty-seven years—was reading the interesting items in the morning papers to him, and between them he sung softly to himself the favorite tenor song of his favorite opera. But the singing always stopped when the reading began; and so politics and personals, murders and music, dramas and divorces, kept continually interrupting the musical despair of "Ah! che la morte ognora."

But even a morning paper is not universally interesting, and in the middle of an elaborate criticism on tragedy and Edwin Booth, the parlor door, partially opened, and a lovelier picture than any ever Tom Duffan painted stood in the

aperture—a piquant, brown-eyed girl, in a morning gown of scarlet opera flannel, and a perfect cloud of wavy black hair falling around her.

"Mamma, if anything on earth can interest you that is not in a newspaper, I should like to know whether crimps or curls are most becoming with my new seal-skin set."

"Ask papa."

"If I was a picture, of course papa would know; but seeing I am only a poor live girl it does not interest him."

"Because, Kitty, you never will dress artistically."

"Because, papa, I must dress fashionably. It is not my fault if artists don't know the fashions. Can't I have mamma for about half an hour?"

"When she has finished this criticism of Edwin Booth. Come in, Kitty; it will do you good to hear it."

"Thank you, no, papa; I am going to Booth's myself to-night, and I prefer to do my own criticism." Then Kitty disappeared, Mrs. Duffan skipped a good deal of criticism, and Tom got back to his "Ah! che la morte ognora" much quicker than the column of printed matter warranted.

"Well, Kitty child, what do you want?"

"See here."

"Tickets for Booth's?"

"Parquette seats, middle aisle; I know them. Jack always does get just about the same numbers."

"Jack? You don't mean to say that Jack Warner sent them?"

Kitty nodded and laughed in a way that implied half a dozen different things.

"But I thought that you had positively refused him, Kitty?"

"Of course I did, mamma—told him in the nicest kind of way that we must only be dear friends, and so on."

"Then why did he send these tickets?"

"Why do moths fly round a candle? It is my opinion both moths and men enjoy burning."

"Well, Kitty, I don't pretend to understand this new-fashioned way of being 'off' and 'on' with a lover at the same time. Did you take me from papa simply to tell me this?"

"No; I thought perhaps you would like to devote a moment to papa's daughter. Papa has no hair to crimp and no braids to make. Here are all the hair-pins ready, mamma, and I will tell you about Sarah Cooper's engagement and the ridiculous new dresses she is getting."

It is to be supposed the bride proved attractive enough, for Mrs. Duffan took in hand the long tresses, and Kitty rattled away about wedding dresses and traveling suits and bridal gifts with as much interest as if they were the genuine news of life, and newspaper intelligence a kind of grown-up fair lore.

But any one who saw the hair taken out of crimps would have said it was worth the trouble of putting it in; and the face was worth the hair, and the hair was worth the exquisite hat and the rich seal-skins and the tantalizing effects of glancing silk and beautiful colors.—Depend upon it, Kitty Duffan was just as bright and bewitching a life-sized picture as any one could desire to see; and Tom Duffan thought so as she tripped up to the great chair in which he was smoking and planning subjects, for a "good-by" kiss.

"I declare, Kitty! Turn round, will you? Yes, I declare you are dressed in excellent taste. All the effects are good. I wouldn't have believed it."

"Complimentary, papa. But 'I told you so.' You just quit the antique, and take to studying *Harper's Bazaar* for effects; then your women will look a little more natural."

"Natural? Jehoshaphat! Go away, you little fraud!"

"I appeal to Jack. Jack, just look at the women in that picture of papa's, with the white sheets draped about them. What do they look like?"

"Frights, Miss Kitty."

"Of course they do. Now papa."

"You two young barbarians!" shouted Tom, in a fit of laughter; for Jack and Kitty were out in the clear frosty air by this time, with the fresh air at their backs, and their faces steadily set toward the busy bustle and light of Broadway.

They had not gone far when Jack said anxiously, "You haven't thought

any better of your decision of last Friday night, Kitty, I am afraid?"

"Why, no, Jack. I don't see how I am, unless you could become an Indian Commissioner or a clerk of the treasury, or something of that kind. You know I won't marry a literary man under any possible circumstances. I'm clear on that subject, Jack."

"I know all about farming, Kitty, if that would do."

"But I suppose if you were a farmer, we should have to live in the country. I am sure that would not do."

Jack did not see how the city and the farm could be brought to terms; so he sighed, and was silent.

Kitty answered the sigh. "No use in bothering about me, Jack. You ought to be glad I have been so honest. Some girls would have 'risked you,' and in a week you'd have been just as miserable!"

"You don't dislike me, Kitty?"

"Not at all. I think you are first-rate."

"It is my profession, then?"

"Exactly."

"Now what has it ever done to offend you?"

"Nothing yet, and I don't mean it ever shall. You see, I know Will Hutton's wife; and what that woman endures! It's just dreadful."

"Now, Kitty?"

"It is, Jack. Will reads all his fine articles to her, wakes her up at night to listen to some new poem, rushes away from the dinner table to jot down what he calls 'an idea,' is always pointing out 'splendid passages' to her, and keeps her working just like a slave copying his manuscripts and cutting newspapers to pieces. Oh, it is just dreadful!"

"But she thoroughly enjoys it."

"Yes, that is such a shame. Will has quite spoiled her. Lucy used to be a real nice, a jolly, stylish girl. Before she was married she was splendid company; now, you might just as well mope round with a book."

"Kitty, I'd promise upon my honor—at the altar, if you like—never to bother you with anything I write; never to say a word about my profession."

"No, no, Sir? Then you would soon be finding some one else to bother, perhaps some blonde, sentimental, intellectual 'friend.' What is the use of turning a good-natured little thing like me into a hateful dog in the manger? I am not naturally able to appreciate you, but if you were mine, I should snarl and bark and bite at any other woman who was."

Jack liked this unchristian sentiment very much indeed. He squeezed Kitty's hand and looked so gratefully into her bright face that she was forced to pretend he had ruined her glove.

"I'll buy you boxes full, Kitty; and, darling, I am not very poor; I am quite sure I could make plenty of money for you."

"Jack, I did not want to speak about money; because, if a girl does not go into raptures about being willing to live on crusts and dress in calicoes for love, people say she's mercenary. Well, then, I am mercenary. I want silk dresses and decent dinners and matinees, and I'm fond of having things regular; it's a habit of mine to like them all the time. Now, I know literary people have spasms of riches, and then spasms of poverty. Artists are just the same. I have tried poverty occasionally, and found its uses less desirable than some people tell us they are."

"Have you decided yet whom and what you will marry?"

"No sarcasm, Jack, I shall marry the first good honest fellow that loves me and has a steady business, and who will not take me every summer to see views."

"To see views?"

"Yes. I am sick to death of fine scenery and mountains, 'scarped and jagged and rifted,' and all other kinds.—I've seen so many grand landscapes, I never want to see another. I want to stay at the Branch or the Springs, and have nice dresses and a hop every night. And you know papa will go to some lonely place where all my toilettes are thrown away, and where there is not a soul to speak to but famous men of one kind or another."

Jack couldn't help laughing; but they were now among the little crush that generally gathers in a vestibule of a

theatre, and whatever he meant to say was cut in two by a downright hearty salutation from some third party.

"Why, Max, when did you get home?"

"To-day's steamer." Then there were introductions and a jingle of merry words and smiles that blended in Kitty's ears with the dreamy music, the rustle of dresses, and perfume of flowers, and the new-comer was gone.

But that three minutes' interview was a wonderful event to Kitty Duffan, though she did not yet realize it. The stranger had touched her as she had never been touched before. His magnetic voice called something into being that was altogether new to her; his keen searching gray eyes claimed what she could neither understand nor withhold. She became suddenly silent and thoughtful; and Jack, who was learned in love lore, saw in a moment that Kitty had fallen in love with his friend Max Raymond.

It gave him a moment's bitter pang; but if Kitty was not for him, then he sincerely hoped that Max might win her. Yet he could not have told whether he was most pleased or angry when he saw Max Raymond coolly negotiate a change of seats with the gentleman on Kitty's right hand, and take possession of Kitty's eyes and ears and heart. But there is a good deal of human nature in man, and Jack behaved, upon the whole, better than might have been expected.

For once Kitty did not do all the talking. Max talked, and she listened; Max gave opinions, and she endorsed them; Max decided, and she submitted. It was not Jack's Kitty at all. He was quite relieved when she turned round in her old piquant way and snubbed him.

But to Kitty it was a wonderful evening—those grand old Romans walking on and off the stage, the music playing, the people applauding, and the calm stately man on her right hand explaining this and that, and looking into her eyes in such a delicious, perplexing way that past and present were all mingled like the waving shadows of a wonderful dream.

She was in love's island for about three hours; then she had to come back into the cold frosty air, the veritable streets, and the unmistakable stone houses. But it was the hardest of all to come back and be the old radiant, careless Kitty.

"Well, pussy, what of the play?" asked Tom Duffan; "you cut—'s criticism short this morning. Now what is yours?"

"Oh, I don't know, papa. The play was Shakspeare's, and Booth and Barrett backed him up handsomely."

"Very fine criticism indeed, Kitty.—I wish Booth and Barrett could hear it."

"I wish they could; but I am tried to death now. Good-night, papa; good-night, mamma. I'll talk for twenty in the morning."

"What's the matter with Kitty, mother?"

"Jack Warner, I expect."

"Hum! I don't think so."

"Men don't know everything, Tom."

"They don't know anything about women; their best efforts in that line are only guesses at truth."

"Go to bed, Tom Duffan; you are getting prosy and ridiculous. Kitty will explain herself in the morning."

But Kitty did not explain herself, and she daily grew more and more inexplicable. She began to read; Max brought the books, and she read them. She began to practice; Max liked music, and wanted to sing with her. She stopped crimping her hair; Max said it was unnatural and inartistic. She went to scientific lectures and astronomical lectures and literary societies; Max took her.

Tom Duffan did not quite like the change, for Tom was of that order of men who love to put their hearts and necks under a pretty woman's foot. He had been so long used to Kitty dominant, to Kitty sarcastic, to Kitty willful, to Kitty absolute, that he would not understand the new Kitty.

"I do not think our little girl is quite well, mother," he said one day, after studying his daughter reading the *Endymion* without a yawn.

"Tom, if you can't 'think' to better purpose, you had better go on painting. Kitty is in love."

"First time I ever saw love make a woman studious and sensible."

"They are uncommon symptoms; nevertheless, Kitty's in love. Poor child!"

"With whom?"

"Max Raymond;" and the mother dropped her eyes upon the ruffle she was pleating for Kitty's dress, while Tom Duffan accompanied the new-born thought with his favorite melody.

Thus the winter passed quickly and happily away. Greatly to Kitty's delight, before its close Jack found the "blonde, sentimental, and intellectual friend," who could appreciate both him and his writings; and the two went to housekeeping in what Kitty called "a large dry-goods box." The merry little wedding was the last event of a late spring, and when it was over, the summer quarters were an imperative question.

"I really don't know what to do, mother," said Tom. "Kitty vowed she would not go to the Peak this year, and I scarcely know how to get along without it."

"Oh, Kitty will go. Max Raymond has quarters at the hotel lower down."

"Oh, oh! I'll tease the little puss."

"You will do nothing of the kind, Tom, unless you want to go to Cape May or the Branch. They both imagine their motives undiscovered; but you just let Kitty know that you even suspect them and she won't stir a step in your direction."

Here Kitty, entering the room, stopped the conversation. She had a pretty lawn suit on, and a Japanese fan in her hand. "Lawn and fans, Kitty," said Tom; "time to leave the city. Shall we go to the Branch, or Saratoga?"

"Now, papa, you know you are joking; you always go to the Peak."

"But I am going with you to the seaside this summer, Kitty. I wish my little daughter to have her whim for once."

"You are better than there is any occasion for, papa. I don't want either the Branch or Saratoga this year. Sarah Cooper is at the Branch with her snobby little husband and her extravagant toilettes; I'm not going to be patronized by her. And Jack and his learned lady are at Saratoga. I don't want to make Mrs. Warner jealous, but I'm afraid I couldn't help it. I think you had better keep me out of temptation."

"Where must we go, then?"

"Well, I suppose we might as well go to the Peak. I shall not want many new dresses there; and then, papa, you are so good to me all the time, you deserve your own way about your holiday."

And Tom Duffan said, "Thank you, Kitty," in a peculiar way that Kitty lost all her wits, blushed crimson, dropped her fan, and finally left the room with the lamest of excuses. And then Mrs. Duffan said, "Tom, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! If men know a thing past ordinary, they must blab it, either with a look, or a word, or a letter; I shouldn't wonder if Kitty told you to-night she was going to the Branch, and asked you for a \$500 check—serve you right too."

But if Kitty had any such intentions, Max Raymond changed them. Kitty went very sweetly to the Peak, and two days later Max Raymond, straying up the hills with his fishing rod, strayed upon Tom Duffan, sketching. Max did a great deal of fishing that summer, and at the end of it Tom Duffan's pretty daughter was inextricably caught. She had no will but Max's will, and no way but his way. She had promised never to marry any one but him; she had vowed she would love him, to the end of her life.

All these obligations without a shadow or a doubt from the prudent little body. Yet she knew nothing of Max's family or antecedents; she had taken his appearance and manners, and her father's and mother's respectful admission of his friendship, as guarantee sufficient. She remembered that Jack, the first night in the theatre, had said something about studying law together; and with these items, and the satisfactory fact that he always had plenty of money, Kitty had given her whole heart, without conditions and without hostages.

Nor would she mar the placid measure of her content by questioning; it was enough that her father and mother