



**THE TIMES.**

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*Select Poetry.*

**THE POOR FARMER.**

Too poor to take a paper,  
Too poor to join the Grange!  
So when the price was rising,  
He did not know the change,  
And sold his wheat for a dollar—  
'Twas worth a quarter more,  
And now the man is poorer  
Than he had been before.

His neighbor Lookout told him,  
This side the market town,  
He should have come in sooner,  
While groceries were down,  
"But then perhaps 'tis even,  
Since corn is on the rise,  
And what you gain by waiting,  
Will pay for your supplies."

"Corn rising? why, I sold it!  
The chap who bought my wheat,  
Said this year corn was plenty,  
But mine was hard to beat;  
So he paid three shillings—  
What! everywhere 'tis four?  
The difference would give me  
A hundred dollars more."

He drew the reins and started,  
With spirits sadly down,  
And did a heap of thinking  
Before he reached the town.  
The upshot of the matter  
Remains without a doubt,  
This year he takes "The Times,"  
And couldn't do without.

**A WOMAN'S ADVENTURES.**

CONCLUDED.

"YOU must know, mademoiselle," he began, "that in Vienna we are all in the power of the police; they must have the name, nationality, business and address of every person who comes into the city. The morning after your arrival these men came and asked if two English ladies were stopping here. I said 'Yes.' They then said they believed you were persons they had been trying for two weeks to catch, and that you were very suspicious characters who had been stopping here in the Grand Hotel. I told them it was not possible—that you had come direct from Italy; and I mentioned the telegram you had sent from Trieste, and that you had been recommended to my courtesy by a gentleman whom I well knew and who had many times lodged here. But they went away, and came back again next day, making some inquiries about you, and asking if numbers so and so were those of your rooms. You were out, and whether they visited your rooms or not I cannot say. This is all that I know. Now they are here again, and if they say you must go to the police-court, there will be no other way but to go."

"But I don't understand. I have my passport; there is my bill, receipted at the hotel in Trieste six days ago. I never knew before it was a crime for two English-speaking women to travel alone or to stop at a Grand Hotel. Of what are we suspected? And upon what grounds suspected?"

"Why, a napkin has been seen among your effects with the mark of the Grand Hotel upon it."

After a moment's thought it flashed into my mind that it was that Nice serviette, and, more amused than annoyed, I exclaimed, "Oh, I have it. 'Tis that serviette St. Cecilia took at Nice;" and opening my trunk soon had it in my hands, holding it up by two corners for the men to see and explaining how it came into my possession.

"It will go very hard with Madame Cecilia," observed the spokesman; "you will please give us her address."

My indiscretion at once became apparent, but I was a complete novice in "being arrested." To involve Cecilia in

the affair would be but an aggravation of matters, and I at once decided, come what might, I would not give the police her address. Looking at the half-obliterated stamp in the corner of the napkin there was unmistakably the mark, "Grand Hotel," but directly underneath "Nice," which the police in their ardor to find me guilty of something which I could not find out, had undoubtedly mistaken for Wien, the German name for Vienna. I called their attention to the "Nice," asking what jurisdiction the Austrian government had over matters relating to hotels in Italy. They replied by looking very closely at the stamp, and then one of them took my passport and the napkin and went out, leaving the other man to guard our apartment, and soon returned with a new arrest for myself and my *genella-chapterin*, Miss Barton still refusing to give her name. The landlord had only placed mine in the visitors' book, thereby making himself liable to a fine of eight or ten dollars.

Nothing could have been more widely different than the effect produced upon Kate and myself. To me the whole affair was inexpressibly mysterious and ludicrous, notwithstanding the insolence of the police, and, as it seemed to me, their amazing stupidity. Poor Kate was the wrathfullest woman I ever saw, while her obstinate refusal to answer any questions about herself only increased the ferocity of the men, whose treatment of her was shameful in the extreme. They threatened to search our trunks, which aroused Kate's wrath the more. I observed that as they had assumed the right to unlock and search mine during my absence, they were probably already acquainted with its contents. They, however, abandoned the searching scheme, and ordered us to get ready to go to the police-court, which was about two minutes' walk distant. Kate declared that to the police-court she would not go, unless she were dragged there by her hair, while the men declared that she would then be taken by *armed force*. I concluded to telegraph to the American embassy for help, but that was denied me. Herr Schwager had called to see us only the day previous, saying his lodgings were quite in our neighborhood, but we had not asked his address. There seemed nothing to do but to go to the court and be my own lawyer. It never occurred to me that the landlord to whose courtesy I had been recommended would refuse to go with me; but when I asked him for his protection he begged to be excused, on the ground of being very busy and that he could be of no service to me. I do not wish any reader to infer from this that he was an exceptional Viennese hotel-keeper—that is, exceptionally ungentlemanly; he was, on the contrary, a fair representative both of his trade and his country-men. Austrian military officers and diplomatic attaches of the government have won in fashionable society a reputation for extreme politeness and gallantry toward women; which may be true, as neither under such conditions costs any earnest sacrifice. But the rank and file of the middle class of Austrians, the class with which travelers have naturally most to do, are most brusque and ungracious in manner as well as in deed, unembellished with any hint of courtesy.

I enjoyed a fling at the landlord by expressing surprise at his refusal to accompany me to the police-court, adding maliciously that American gentlemen were not famous for polished manners, but there was not one mean enough in the whole country to refuse his protection to a lady, a guest under his own roof and in a strange land, where the help of friends was denied her. I then appealed to Kate to go with me, as it would only end the trouble sooner, and that I would never allow her to go to such a place alone, but with tears streaming from her eyes she resisted my entreaties, and I followed one of the men to the court; the other remained behind to watch Kate.

I had no more idea of a police-court than I had of the reason why I was being taken there. It was mystery and curiosity that sustained me. I undoubtedly looked like an amused interrogation-mark, for the moment I was introduced into the presence of the grand interrogator of that inquisition, upon whose desk lay my passport and "that

serviette," he smiled and remarked in French, "It is very evident, mademoiselle, that you have nothing to do with this affair."

"With what affair, monsieur? I haven't the faintest idea what I was brought here for," I responded.

"Why, just this; about a fortnight ago two English-women stopped at the Grand Hotel in this city, and left without paying their bills, carrying off with them all the household linen they could lay their hands on."

And so we had been arrested as household thieves! It was too humiliating. I was then interviewed as to my companion's refusal to give her name etc., which argued very much against her. I explained as well as I could the extreme annoyance and brutal treatment to which she had been subjected, her horror of having anything to do with a police-court, and how the disgrace of being suspected of a crime was aggravated by nervous excitement brought on by the insolence of the police. After considerable pleading on my part in her behalf—for I felt that I was the sole cause of the trouble—it was agreed upon that she should be relieved from coming to the court upon condition that she would sign a paper giving her name, nationality, etc., and I was dismissed without the slightest apology for the trouble to which I had been subjected. At that point the affair ceased to be funny, and, turning back after I had reached the door of exit, I made a short and as effective a speech as the polite language of the French would allow, in which I conveyed a frank idea of my opinion of Austrian courtesy. I succeeded well enough to convince my examiner of something—probably that he had caught a Tartar—and I left him tugging furiously at his moustache. My official escort led the way back to the hotel with a very crestfallen air, savage and sullen.

I found Miss Barton in a worse condition than ever, the persecutions of the guarding policeman having continued with increased ferocity. He had dogged every movement she made, until the poor girl had nearly gone mad; and it was only after long persuasion that I induced her to sign the paper, such a one as most travelers without passports in Austria are obliged to fill out. She finally wrote her name in a great scrawl which nobody could decipher, and gave as her country "Cape Town, Africa;" which again confounded the men, as they had no idea how a "Hottentot" could be an English subject. But they swallowed their ignorance, and finally went away.

When Kate had become restored to her normal condition she heaped upon herself all sorts of self-reproaches, and paid me extravagant compliments for what she called "good sense" and "presence of mind." As she demanded redress for the insults she had suffered, and as I wished to know by what right an Austrian policeman privily searched the trunks of American women who had the misfortune to come into the Austrian dominions, we posted off to our respective national ambassadors. Kate had the satisfaction of being told that she ought to congratulate herself upon getting off as well as she did, since two of her country-women had been arrested, put in jail and kept there for two weeks upon even less grounds for suspicion. The result of our complaints was, that the amplest official apologies were made by the Foreign Office, the two policemen severely censured and degraded from rank, while, through the influence of Herr Schwager, who went to the president of the police, an officer was sent from that organization to apologize to us in person. But what I cared most for I never got—an acknowledgement of the right of the police to search baggage *à plaisir*.

As might have been expected, our liking for Vienna had been thoroughly damped. From that moment Kate never saw an officer without fear and trembling, and officers were everywhere.

"To think," she exclaimed, "that I have grown to be such a ninny! My brothers always said, 'Oh, we can trust Kate to go anywhere; she never gets nervous or afraid;' and here I am actually afraid to cross a street! I shall never have a moment's peace until I get out of this horrid country."

At the end of a fortnight, having en-

tirely missed her cousins, she joined a party of Americans going to England. St. Cecilia meantime had arrived, and was of course entertained by the napkin adventure. But she could not abide Vienna, and quickly returned to Paris. As I wished to "do" the Exposition and run no more risks of arrest, I decided to withdraw to Baden, a half hour's ride by express from the Sudbahn station of the Austrian capital, as the town was strongly recommended by Herr Schwager and several American friends residing in Vienna. Herr Schwager declared that with my small stock of *deutsch sprechen* the Badenites would cheat me out of my eyes, and very kindly volunteered to help me get installed. A history of the trials attending that transaction would alone "fill a volume," but I mention only one, and that simply because it seemed another link in the manifest chain of destiny.

An hour after our arrangement for my accommodation for the season had been settled "meine Wirthin" received a letter from her son-in-law that he was coming and she informed me that she would need her guest-chamber for him, returning to me my advanced gulden at the same time she broke her bargain. Nothing was to be done but to look elsewhere and eventually lodgings were obtained in the Bergstrasse, in quite another part of the town. The locality was excellent, being near the promenade and music-gardens; then I liked the face of the *Hausmeisterin*, as did Herr Schwager, who wisely remarked that he thought kindness of heart should rank high in that "benighted land."

I frequently went to Vienna, spending the day at the Exposition and returning to Baden in the evening. Upon one of these occasions I found upon my return to the Sudbahn that I had a half hour to wait for the train. As I was hungry, I ordered a cup of coffee in the cafe waiting-room. Upon putting my hand in my pocket for my portmonnaie, lo! I had none, not a kreutzer to my name, and my portmonnaie contained also my return rail-way ticket! I was alone; it was seven o'clock in the evening. My situation was dramatic, even comic, and I laughed to myself and smiled upon a gentleman and two ladies who sat at the same table, calmly remarking that I had been robbed of my *Geldtasche*; they smiled in return, and nothing more. I sent a *kellner* to bring me the master of the cafe whom I informed of my loss and my inability to pay my debt to him. He at once led me off to a *commissaire de police*—of whom there are always plenty about in civilian's dress—to whom I made a statement of my loss, describing my lost treasure and where I thought it had in all probability been taken. While we were talking a very distinguished-looking man, perhaps forty-five years of age, with magnificent black eyes, passed near, evidently, interested. When through with the police I remarked that I did not know how I was to get back to Baden; whereupon the master of the cafe—who, by the way spoke English well—exclaimed, "Oh, as to that, I will lend you what you need." Hearing this, the distinguished-looking stranger came up with a salaam, and, begging the conventional number of *pardons*, graciously volunteered any service he might be able to render me. I thanked him, explaining to him in a few words my misfortune, but that the master of the cafe—who had in the meantime purchased a rail-way ticket for me—had gallantly come to my rescue. At this moment the car-bell rang; I gave my card to the *meister* took down his name, and hurried away to get a seat in the train, the owner of the black eyes following me, helping me as best he could, and, "if madame had no objections, would take a seat near her, as he too was *en route* for Baden." He spoke in French, with a pure French accent, although it was evident he was not a Frenchman. He evinced a desire to continue an acquaintance so oddly begun, but I was obliged to doom him to disappointment. My mind was occupied with the grave question of finance, and about how long I should be obliged to remain in Baden before I should receive a remittance from London. I remembered having seen the gentleman once or twice in the park at Baden, and thought him, with his splendid eyes, graying hair and military bearing, a man of no ordinary appearance.

He had the air of a person looking for some one, and the expression was sad. Under ordinary circumstances I should have been curious to learn more of him. My coolness of manner, accompanied by the almost rude brevity of my replies to his few ventured remarks, seemed to amuse him, for he smilingly observed that I was a true "Anglaise."

To be taken for English always aroused my honest indignation, and I quickly retorted, "Pardon, mais je ne suis pas Anglaise."

"Vraiment! but you speak with the English accent."

"Quite possible, monsieur, as English is my mother tongue, but I am a true *Americaine*."

"*Americaine! Americaine!*" he repeated eagerly. "I once knew an American lady, and I should prize above all things some knowledge of her. I hope I may have the honor—" A blast from the engine broke upon his speech at that juncture; we were at Baden.

Hastily thanking him—for abroad one falls into the continental habit of thanking people "mille fois," for what they do not do, as for what they do—and saying "Bon jour," I hurried off to the Bergstrasse. The next morning I refunded my borrowed gulden to the master of the cafe by post (as I had not placed my entire bank in my purse,) and feeling conscience-smitten at having, in my direst extremity, been befriended by one of those "dreadful Austrians" whom I had so bitterly berated, I hinted my amazement, along with my thanks, at having been the recipient of so graceful and needed a courtesy from a Viennese. He acknowledged the receipt of the money, adding, "I hope you do not take me for a Viennese; I am a Bavarian, and have lived twelve years in England."

Among the occupants of the house and dwellers in the garden where I lodged and lived was a young Austrian woman, two years married, with whom I formed a pleasant acquaintance, and whose chatty ways rapidly revived my knowledge of the German, in which language only she could express herself. I shall not soon forget her, for she told me that she married to please the "Eltern"—that she "had never loved," and was so naïve in her mode of reasoning as to prove a source of infinite surprise. She had no conception of any destiny for a girl but that of marriage, and never tired of asking about "American girls," whom I described as oftentimes living and dying unmarried.

"And do not the parents force them to marry? And what do they do if not marry? And when they get old, what becomes of them? And they are *doctores* even? Did you ever see a woman-doctor?" etc., etc., and hundreds of similar questions.

One evening, two or three days after the "robbery," we went to sit in the park and listen to the music. On the end of a bench where we sat down was a poorly-clad, miserable-looking woman, who occupied herself in dozing and waking. I had no money in my pocket but I could not rid myself of the idea that the poor wretch was dying of hunger, and her sharp contrast to the hundreds of elegantly-dressed people all about her and constantly moving to and fro only gave more force to her isolation and misery. At length, perhaps more to relieve my mind than otherwise, I begged my *Nachbarin* to lend me a coin, which I slipped without a word into the creature's hand. To the surprise of both of us, she made no sign of acceptance or thanks. Ten or fifteen minutes later she rose, and coming near us she began to stammer out her thanks and to tell us how poor she was—that she could not work, and that for a month she had been coming to the park, hoping that where there were so many rich people some would kindly give her a trifle; but that in all that time but one person had done so—a gentleman who had given her a gulden; and if we would look she would point him out. We looked; it was the distinguished stranger. I confess to have been gratified, and to feeling confident that if he was one of the foreigners that Aunt Edith had bade me beware of, he was at least a gentleman and a Christian.

The last of August was nearing, and, as the heat was intense, I often went up a hill at the back of the park to be alone and enjoy the breezy atmosphere.