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For The Bloomfield Times.

A LAY TO SUMMER.

JOHN B. ECK.

And thou art here with thy sweet South winds,
And thy glow of blushing flowers—
With perfume laden on every breeze
From thy amarantine bowers.
As thy balmy winds sweep over the hills,
And over the limpid river;
I wish that the bright, sweet Summer time
Might linger with us forever!

Thou bringest the meadow's waving grass,
And the scent of the new-mown hay,
And the fragrance of the lily cups,
As the rivulets round them play.
Oh! give me the bright, sweet Summer time,
And the grandeur of the trees,
And the music of the babbling brook,
And the softly sighing breeze.

Thy breezes sigh through the leafy wood,
And the sunlight glints between;
And the birds are singing overhead
In the beautiful forest green.
I think of the Summer woodland paths
As memories round me throng,
Of the many happy hours I've passed,
With harp and lute and song.

Oh! I love the hours, the joyous hours,
Of summer's dearest pleasures,
When the earth puts forth her glad smiles
And yields her bounteous treasures.
Then give me the bright, sweet Summer time,
The light of the Summer hours;
The soft low winds, and the wild-bird's song,
And the greenwood, leaves and flowers!
Philadelphia, June, 1878.

BRINGING HIM TO TERMS.

"WHAT!" crying, little girl?" said Gen. Bertrand. "Not married six months, and yet dissolving into tears like an April snowdrift, or a July mist. This won't do, at all; it will never do in the world!"

All the gay world had cried out at Emily's White's "good luck" when Basil Bertrand asked her to be his wife—Basil Bertrand, who was the only son and heir of the rich old general, who had made such a fortune in the Montana silver mines. And, indeed, Emily herself had scarcely credited the full amount of her own happiness.

And, to the astonishment of all her friends, the bride's first act was to strike up an affectionate alliance with her father-in-law, who, on his part, caressed and petted her as he might have done a Maltese kitten, or a little white fawn. And so it came that on this April day the old general walked into Emily's boudoir, and surprised her in tears.

"I'm very foolish papa," said Emily, trying to smile, "but indeed I cannot help it."

"Then don't try, my dear," said the general seating himself in the big easy-chair beside her, and laying a kind hand on her brown braids. "Tell me all about it. An open confession is good for the soul, you know. Has Basil been scolding you?"

"No, papa."

"Is he jealous?"

"Jealous! My Basil?" and Emily could not help laughing at the idea.

"Then what is it?" demanded the general.

"I—I want a favor of him," faltered the little bride, "and he won't grant it to me."

"Indeed!" said the general frowning a little. "What favor?"

"I should like him to give me a regular allowance," said Emily, "and he thinks it silly of me. But, oh, papa, it is so mortifying for me to be obliged to go to him for every penny I want. And indeed I wouldn't spend any more if the money were dealt out to me so, than I do now. Dear papa, continued she with her soft brown eyes uplifted to his face, "do you think it so silly?"

"No, Emily, I don't think so," said

the old gentleman, slightly contracting his frost white eyebrows. "And did he refuse?"

"Yes," confessed Emily, faintly.—"And he said I was unreasonable and asked too much."

"Fudge?" said Gen. Bertrand.

"Just what I thought papa," said Emily, with a laugh. "But never mind; I feel better, now that I have told you all about it. Oh, papa, it is such a comfort to have you to talk to!"

"I'm not like the fathers-in-law in the sensational romances, eh?" said the general.

"Not a bit!" declared Emily.

The next morning, when Basil made his appearance at the Nineteenth National Bank, he learned, to his surprise, that the quarterly sum which was usually paid in so promptly to his account by his father's bankers was not forthcoming as usual.

"What the deuce does this mean?" demanded the young man tugging perplexedly at his moustache.

"I am sure I do not know, sir," replied the gentlemanly clerk.

And Mr. Bertrand went straight to his father's office, where sat the old general, as bland as a May morning.

"Delighted to see you, my dear boy!" said the old general. "Pray be seated."

"I don't understand what you mean, sir, by stopping my income," began Basil, excitedly.

"Stopping your income, my boy?" repeated the general. "I never dreamed of such a thing."

"Then why isn't it paid in as usual to my account at the bankers?"

"Oh, well, you see, I'm tired of that way of doing business," mildly replied the old gentleman. "It is hardly exact enough. But you'll find it all the same, Basil—all the same. What did you want money for to-day?"

"There's my cigar bill," hesitated the young man; "and that fellow with the tailor's account has been waiting a day or two; and—"

"How much are they?"

"I suppose the cigars are about twenty-five dollars," answered the young man; "and Snipp's account is two hundred and ten."

"Ah," said the general, "indeed?—Just have the goodness to wait half a minute while I write you a cheque for the amount."

"But, sir, this won't do!" said Mr. Bertrand.

"Why won't it do?" asked the general, looking blandly up.

"I've not a cent of pocket-money. I can't even ride up town in a stage."

The general put his right hand deep down in his trouser pockets, and produced a small silver coin, saying, "Oh, that's nothing! Here is a quarter for you. Don't fret, my dear boy—don't fret. Whatever money you want, you have only to ask me for, and—"

"My dear sir," burst out Basil, in an agony of vexation, "you are treating me exactly like a school-boy!"

"Don't you like it?" said the general.

"Like it? Like to be degraded? To be treated as if one were not to be trusted with so much as a ten dollar bill?" cried the impetuous young man. "Father, you have always given me credit for being a rational human being until now. What has wrought this change? If my money is to be dealt out to me a penny at a time, like a school-boy's allowance, I'll take a bricklayer's hod, or a mason's trowel, and go to work to earn my own independent living."

"Here's a great commotion about nothing," said General Bertrand, arching his shaggy white brows. "I am only following up your own idea."

"My own idea, sir? What can possibly have induced you to suppose that—"

"Hold on a minute, my boy—hold on a minute!" said the general. "I went to see Emily yesterday, and found her in tears."

"Emily—my wife?" exclaimed the young man.

"So, naturally enough, I questioned her as to the cause of her troubles," said the old gentleman, serenely; "and she confessed to me that she was crying because she wasn't allowed any spending money."

Basil colored deeply. "I give her

all that she can possibly want, sir," said he.

"Exactly," nodded the general, "and that is precisely what I intend to do by you."

"A large amount of money given to her at once would encourage extravagance," pleaded Basil.

"Just what I was thinking of in your case," chuckled the general. "But you don't seem to like it any more than she did."

"The cases are not parallel sir!" cried Basil, indignantly.

"Where's the difference?" shrewdly demanded Gen. Bertrand. "I tell you, my boy, it's a poor rule that won't work both ways. At all events, I mean to make the trial."

"You are simply degrading me, sir!"

"Did it ever occur to you that you were degrading your wife, Basil? Use your own common sense, my son—ask yourself if a wife has not as many privileges as a business partner—and let me know to-night at what conclusion you have arrived."

And the next day when General Bertrand stopped in to see his daughter on his way down town, Emily met him with a radiant face.

"Papa," cried she, "I am so sorry I complained to you yesterday. Basil says he has been thinking it over, and he concludes to give me a regular allowance—a hundred dollars a month, all of my own, to spend just as I please! Isn't he kind?"

"Very kind," said the old gentleman, smiling.

"And won't it be nice?"

"Very nice, indeed," said General Bertrand.

And when Mr. Basil Bertrand visited the Nineteenth National Bank that same morning, he found the quarterly sum paid in to his account as usual.

"I can't think why so prudent a person as the general should have delayed his payment even by a day," remarked the cashier.

"Little things will sometimes derange a business man's plans and calculations," said Mr. Bertrand, with admirable composure.

A Lazy Passenger.

SEVERAL years ago I was called upon by a party named Tom—to allow him to work his passage on the schooner—to Baltimore and return, (a very common request before steam-barging was established on the river he hailed from). I agreed, and he took his place in the cabin, and seemed more at home there than anywhere else. He couldn't (or wouldn't) neither "steer," "stow," (excepting grub) nor "reef." I tried him at everything, though raised in the salt water region, he failed at all. On our way back we arrived off the mouth of the river (a very wide one) about midnight, and as the wind was very light, and a strong "ebb tide," I anchored with my sails up.

A large schooner was lying ahead of me at anchor, and was the only thing visible.

Now, thinks I, is the time to settle with my "green" (?) passenger. He was in the cabin "dead" (asleep). The crew "went below" and "turned in." I waited till everything was quiet, then, standing by the wheel I called Tom.—After a good deal of yawning, he "turned out" and wanted to know what was wanting. I told him to "take her awhile," (i. e., to take the wheel). He said:

"You know, Cap, I can't steer by the compass."

"Now, Tom, I've got you all fixed up nicely. You see that large schooner ahead?"

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"Well, 'steady her' right for her. She is a steady craft, and as the wind is light, we ought to overhaul her; that is, if you can keep our craft steady." And telling him to call me when he came up with her, I laid down.

The strong tide made our vessel "sheer about" whenever Tom moved the helm, and the water passing us gave the appearance of the vessel going ahead.—After half an hour I sang out:

"Tom!"

"Sir!"

"How are you making it?"

"Pretty well, sir," (moving his wheel a little).

"How is she making it with the schooner ahead?"

"Well, sir, it is about 'what-what,'"

(a great expression with him in comparing rates of speed).

After an hour, perhaps, I sang out again:

"Tom?"

"Sir!"

"Have you come out with that chlap?"

"No, sir."

"How are you making it?"

"About 'what-what,' sir."

Towards day break I awoke. The wind was better and the tide about done. I roused one of the men, sent him on deck, and sang out:

"Tom?"

"Aye! aye! sir," says he.

"Lay forward, with Jim, and 'get' up anchor."

"Get what?"

"The anchor."

"The anchor?"

"Yes, get the anchor up."

He stood still, started a little, and the way he breezed would have put to shame a Black Hills' miner.

"Just to think," he solloquised, "I straddled that 'old hulk!' Racing with another vessel, and both of them anchored, and to brag about it too!"

It was too much for him, and to-day the question, "How does she head?" will put him on his mettle.

DANGEROUS HAIR.

THE name of the lady who a few weeks since dropped her back hair on the sidewalk of a street in Clinton, Illinois, has now been ascertained. The hair in question was of a bright red color, and few persons would have imagined that it was dangerous when unconnected with its owner. Nevertheless, that seemingly innocent back hair led to a tragedy that nearly ruined the peace of two happy and respectable families.

Messrs. Smith and Brown are the leading citizens engaged in the grocery business in Clinton. They are men of great worth of character, and have reached middle age without incurring the breath of slander. One evening Mr. Smith returned from the store and sitting down at the tea-table, produced a Chicago paper from his pocket and remarked with much indignation, "That revolting Beecher scandal has been revived, and its loathsome details are again polluting the press and corrupting the minds of the public."

Mrs. Smith replied that "it was a shameful outrage that the papers were allowed to publish such disgusting things," and asked her husband "which paper had the fullest account of the matter."

That excellent man said that he believed the *Gazette* contained more about it than any other paper, and that after tea he would send one of the boys to get a copy of it.

His wife thanked him, and was in the act of remarking that he was always thoughtful and considerate, when the oldest boy exclaimed:

"Pa, you've got a long red hair on your coat collar!"

A prompt investigation made by Mrs. Smith confirmed the boy's accusation.—There was an unmistakable female hair on the collar of Mr. Smith's coat, and it was obsciously red. Mr. Smith remarked it was a very extraordinary thing, and Mrs. Smith also remarking "very extraordinary indeed," in a dry, sarcastic voice, expressed deep disgust at red hair, and a profound contempt for the "nasty creatures" who wore it.

About the same hour Mr. Brown was also seated at his tea table, and was endeavoring to excuse himself to Mrs. Brown for having forgotten to bring home a paper. That lady, after having expressed the utmost indignation at the revival of the Beecher scandal, had asked for the paper in order to see who was dead and married, and was, of course, indignant because her husband had not brought it home. In the heat of discussion she noticed a long red hair on Mr. Brown's coat collar, and holding it before him, she demanded an explanation. In vain did Mr. Brown allege that he had not the least idea how the hair became attached to his collar. His

wife replied that what he said was very ridiculous. "Red hair don't blow around like this!—down, and at your time of life, Mr. Brown, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. The less you say the better, but I can tell you that you can't deceive me. I'm not a member of Plymouth Church, and you can't make me believe that black is white."

Now both Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith were perfectly innocent. Of course they were annoyed by the remarks of their respective wives, but like sensible men, they avoided any unnecessary discussion of the painful topic. The next day they each brought home all the Chicago papers that contained any reference to the Beecher matter, and, as the papers were received by Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith with many protestations of the disgust which they felt at hearing even the name of Beecher mentioned, they naturally supposed that they had made their peace. But marital suspicion once awakened is not easily put to sleep.—While Mr. Brown was handing his wife the bundles of newspaper, she was closely scrutinizing his coat collar, and, after she had laid the papers on her plate and told the children not to touch them, she quietly took two long red hairs from her unfortunate husband's coat, and held them solemnly before his face.

"Mary, I give you my solemn word," began the alarmed Mr. Brown; but he was not permitted to finish his sentence. "Don't say one word," exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "Falshoods won't help you; I am a faithful and loving wife, and I'll have you exposed and punished if there is any law in Illinois." Thus saying she gathered up her newspapers and rushing to her room, locked herself in. It was not until later in the evening that Mrs. Smith, as she was about to turn down her husband's lamp, which was smoking, perceived that two red hairs were attached to his shoulders. She said nothing, but after laying them on the table before him, burst into tears and refused to be comforted until Mr. Smith swore that he had not seen a red haired girl for months and years, and offered to buy a new parlor carpet the very next day.

Of the two ladies, Mrs. Brown was much the stronger and the more determined. The next evening, when Mr. Brown brought back from the store no less than five red hairs on his coat collar, she broke a pie plate over his head, and leaving him weltering in dried apples, put on her bonnet and left the house.—Mrs. Smith, on the same evening, found four of the mysterious red hairs on her husband's coat, but she refrained from violence, and merely telling him that she would not believe in his innocence if he was to swear till he was black in the face, called loudly for her sainted mother and was about to faint when Mrs. Brown burst into the room. Mr. Smith like a wise man fled from the scene, and the two ladies soon confided their wrongs to one another.

When Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith met the next day, the former confessed to the latter that he was in a terrible scrape.—Confidence begat confidence, and they soon became convinced that they were the victims of a frightful conspiracy to which some unknown wearer of red black-hair was a party. Their distress was increased early in the afternoon by the appearance of their respective wives, who walked up and down the opposite side of the street for hours, each carrying a conspicuous rawhide, and evidently lying in wait for the imaginary red-haired woman. Messrs. Smith and Brown felt that they were ruined men, and that a tremendous scandal was about to overwhelm them. They even wished that they were dead.

At 4 o'clock P. M., Mrs. Smith clutched her companion's arm and bade her listen to a small boy who was relating one of his recent crimes to a youthful companion.

"I just picked up that there hair," remarked the wicked youth, "and put some of it on old Smith's and old Brown's coats; I kep' a puttin' of it on every day, and you just bet they ketched it from their old women when they went home. Smith, he is as solemn as an old owl, and old Brown looks as if he was a goin' to be hung."

The remains of the boy were removed by the constable, and Smith and Brown's families are once more united and happy.