

THE TIMES.

An Independent Family Newspaper,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

F. MORTIMER & CO.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.

(WITHIN THE COUNTY.)

One Year, \$1 25

Six Months, 75

(OUT OF THE COUNTY.)

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

Six Months, (Postage included), 85

Invariably in Advance!

Advertising rates furnished upon application.

A Jealous Lover's Trick.

I WAS as big a fellow as she could see anywhere about. I had a farm of my own, and, when I was married, father had promised to build me a first-rate house and stock the place for me.

And when we went to church on Sunday, or to town, I had good clothes, and was never told I looked ill in them.

On the whole, I felt myself a good, fair match for Maggie Franz, though she was so nice a girl. And her father and mother thought so, too, and she never refused my attentions.

I had settled, in the low, quiet sort of way in which countrymen do settle these things, that we'd make a match of it.

The other young folks knew it, and if we were not fashionable we were so far gentlemen that we had our code of honor. None of them ever interfered or tried to cut me out.

But then "he" came, you see—dapper and pretty, and dressed like a tailor's fashion-plate, and talked things I knew very little about, and his hands were white, and he had graceful, gallant ways that I had never learned.

Mr. Zacheus, that was his name, and in that summer holiday of his, while we were working hard over the hay and were tanned, dirty and worn, and so tired that sleep was about all we wanted when work was over, why then he, soft, sweet and smiling, made himself agreeable to the girls, and crept into Maggie Franz's heart—my Maggie.

She scarcely looked at me. She did not care whether she met me or not; and on Sunday, there he was making me feel somehow so coarse, rough, and vulgar, and when I wanted her to go with me into the park, where we used to sit in the great green shadows, and listen to the birds sing, she had some excuse for staying at home, and when on the road to church, I took her hand in mine, she snatched it away, and said, quite crossly:

"Don't, Frank; don't do such silly, rustic things, while folks are here. They never do it themselves, and they laugh so."

"Mr. Zacheus laughs, you mean, I suppose," said I. "That's gentlemanly, too."

"You are criticising Mr. Zacheus' manners, are you?"

After that there was a coolness between us; but, though it made my heart ache, I could not think that it mattered much to her.

I stayed away from her father's house, and did not walk home with her from church on Sunday; indeed, I did not go to church at all. And knew the young folks—aye, and the old folks, too—were saying that we had fallen out with each other, and I suppose everyone guessed why; but I would never answer any questions—not even when my own mother asked me—not I.

So the summer came and the autumn passed on, and the town people stayed and stayed. I saw that fellow's silk hat and will umbrella, and exquisitely-fitting garments wherever I went. Farther than I could see other people, I used to see him and her—Mr. Zacheus and Maggie.

They had never made Maggie work much at home, and she had plenty of time to enjoy herself—an only daughter, you see, I mean, and her people were what is called forehanded. I never intended that she should drudge after we were married. When I had hoped for that, I did not mind work myself, but I'd never have made a slave of my wife.

This Mr. Zacheus could not make of her a more precious treasure than I would; I knew that. I was thinking this all over one evening in the meadow,

when suddenly I heard some one say:

"Ah—Mr. Wollmerath!"

I looked up, and there was Mr. Zacheus, natter than ever, with a cigar in his mouth.

If he had known just how I felt toward him, I'm not sure that he'd have come to find me alone in the great meadow, and I thought of that just as I jumped up from the grass and looked at him. But he was smiling as politely as possible, and there is something in a man's heart that makes it hard to do the first rude thing to one who is civil.

Still I was not polite to him.

"That's my name," said I to him.—

"Do you want me?"

"I want something of you," said he.

"There is a little excursion to-night from our house. We're going to take a lady. Have you any little light trap and horse, of course, that you could let me hire for the evening? I'd rather go alone with her than in the big wagonette. You know, I'm sure, how this is—that a fellow would rather ride alone with a pretty girl, and, if you will help me out, I will be ever so much obliged to you."

So he had come to ask me to help him to have a nice time with my girl—he who had cut me out! I looked at him, just holding my hands still by force, and I thought of him riding along the moonlit road with Maggie close to him.

I asked myself whether his arms would not be around her waist, and whether in the shadow, as they fell a little behind the others, he would not kiss her.

"And you want me to help you?" I said, out loud. "Me!"

"Yes," he said. "Please."

"Come along," I said. "I'll show you what I have got."

On the farm that was mine there was one building, a little cow-shed. We put the tools in there sometimes, and I had a padlock for the door; they key was in my pocket.

It came into my head that I could spoil that evening for him, and spite Maggie, too, by locking him in the shed. And if he had spirit enough to fight me for it afterwards, so much the better.

I led the way down into the meadow where it stood and unlocked the door.

"Just look in," said I, "and see if that will suit you."

"Can't see anything," said he. "It's pitch dark. Wait a minute, I have a match."

He took one from his pocket and stooped to strike it on the sole of his boot, and then I gave him a push and over he went, flat on the floor, and I had the key in my pocket.

"You'll not make any one hear very soon, my lad," said I, "and you'll not kiss Maggie Franz going over the bridge this evening."

Then I went away and laid myself flat upon the porch in front of our house, and felt happier than I had felt before for a long time.

Revenge is sweet now and then. I do not pretend to have none of the old Adam in me.

I had been there about half an hour, and the chirp, chirp, chirp of the cricket was lulling me off to sleep, when I suddenly heard a little light step close by me, and saw a woman's white dress fluttering, and, jumping up there, stood before me, Maggie Franz.

The first thought that came into my mind was that she was looking for her beaux, and it made me fiendish.

"Is that you Miss Franz?" said I.

"Yes, Mr. Wollmerath," said she—and though I had said Miss Franz, how it hurt me not to be called Frank.—

"I came over to see your mother, is she in?"

"No," said I.

"Then I'd better go home," said she. But she lingered.

"Not looking for any one else?" I said.

"No," she said very sadly. "Good-night."

But I could not let her go without a cut.

"I thought you'd be on the wonderful moonlight drive," said I.

"Then you were mistaken," said she.

"Did he forget to come for you?" said I. "Mr. Zacheus, you know."

"I haven't been asked to drive," said she. "I don't know why you speak so. Mr. Zacheus, I suppose, is with the lady

he is engaged to. She came down last week with her mother."

"Oh," said I, and I began to wish I had asked a few more questions before I locked young Zacheus up in the cow-house.

We stood still, apart from each other. I saw her lip quiver. Was it for him? Had he jilted her? That was tit for tat anyhow.

But she was pretty, and so sad, and so winning that I felt my heart give one great throb. I took a step nearer, she took another.

"Oh, Frank," cried she, "I can't stand it, if you keep angry with me. I have always liked you best, but you've been so awful cross."

And then she was crying on my shoulder.

Did you ever make up with some one you'd quarreled with, loving her all the time?"

Did you ever feel, holding the dear face between your two palms, pressing sweet kisses on the dear soft mouth, that it had all come back, all the old love and trust, and sweetness, and hope that you thought dead? If you have you must know what I felt that minute.

I found myself again. I was Frank Wollmerath once more. How strange it was!

But of all my life I'd like to have that one moment back; it was the sweetest I ever lived through.

Up in the midst of the far meadow rose a column of flame. The cow-house was on fire, and I had locked poor innocent young Zacheus up in it, there to be roasted alive!

"Oh, Maggie," I cried, glaring at the sight. "I'm a murderer—a murderer, don't touch me."

And away I flew to undo my mischief, if there was time. There might be, perhaps. Never was such a run as I took across the long meadow. When I reached the door, plunging my hand in my pocket for the key I could not find it. I had dropped it somewhere. It was not about me.

"Zacheus!" I cried; "Zacheus, are you there? I am on the outside. Courage!"

There was no answer.

"For heaven's sake, if you can speak, do," I shrieked, but silence answered me.

Doubtless the smoke had already smothered the poor fellow, but I set to work and tore away the burning boards. I was scorched—my hair, my face, my eyebrows. Twice my clothes were on fire, but I rolled on the dew-wet grass, and was up at the flames. Oh, it was horrible!

If he had been my rival it would have been bad enough, but an innocent young fellow; his sweetheart waiting for him somewhere!

What a monster I was!

"Heaven have mercy on him!" cried I. "Let me save him, don't punish me by making me a murderer!" and I tore and wrenched the boards with my burnt hands. And in a moment more—well—it was the roof that fell, I think I don't know.

"He'll do very nicely now," said one—very nicely; plenty of nourishing food, and the wine as directed. No danger, though his escape is wonderful."

It was the family doctor and I was on the spare bed in the bedroom, with a bandage about my hands.

Mother sat there; so did Maggie.—Father looked over the bed foot. Maggie Wermeskirchen, Lizzie Rhu, Frida Hensel, Angelica Hensel, and one whose first name is not known by me were also visible.

"And why he was so set on saving that old shell, I can't tell," said mother. "He must have had something precious there."

They did not know, then, I sat up, in bed and looked at them all.

"It wasn't the shed," said I. "Mother, father, Maggie, it was Mr. Zacheus. I had locked him up in there. I've murdered him."

"No you haven't," said another voice, and some one came around the bed.

"I'm alive, you see. You didn't think I'd stay locked up in a cow-shed when I had an engagement with a lady, did you? I just burned the lock off with my cigar, and came away. I intended to give you a fright in return for your trick. I suppose it's called a practical

joke in the country—but I didn't think of anything serious—I'm really sorry."

I don't know what I said. I know I felt very foolish; but that was not half as bad as feeling like a murderer.

I had a pretty pair of hands for the next four weeks, but I didn't mind it as much as if Maggie had not fed me with hers.

She petted me as if I were a hero instead of an idiot. I believe she thought I had done something noble and grand.

And she's been my wife, now—how long, Maggie? Not so long as to have forgotten to be lovers, though my boy's head is on a level with his mother's shoulders and my own is turning gray.

A Five Minute Sermon.

A STORY is told of a crazy man who in some very lucid interval, asked a friend if he could tell the difference between himself and the people who were considered of sound mind. His friend, curious to see what he would say, said:

"No, what is it?"

"Well," said the crazy man, "it is that I say all that comes into my head, while you other people keep the most to yourselves."

My friends, I am afraid the crazy man was about right, but he was too complimentary in his judgment of others.—By this rule there would be a great many people in the asylums who are still at large. Really it seems as if it never occurred to some persons, who are supposed to be in their right minds, whether their thoughts had better be given to the world or not. Out they must come, no matter, whether wise or foolish, good or bad.

Yes, the madman, for once in his life, was pretty nearly right. One who talks without consideration, who says everything that comes into his or her head, is about as much a lunatic as those who are commonly called so. For such will have one day to give an account for all their foolish and inconsiderate words, long after they themselves have forgotten them. And to carelessly run up this account is a very foolish thing.

A little instrument has lately been invented, as you no doubt have heard, which will take down everything you say. It is called the phonograph. It makes little marks on a sheet of tinfoil, and by means of these it will repeat for you all you have said, though it may have quite passed out of your own mind.

There are a great many uses to which this little instrument may be put; but I think that one the best would be to make people more careful of what they say. They would think before they spoke, if a phonograph was around.—Few people would like to have a report kept of their talk, ready to be turned off at a moment's notice. It would sound rather silly, if no worse when it was a day or two old.

Learn Your Business.

A YOUNG man in a leather store used to feel very impatient with his employer for keeping him, year after year, for three years, "handling hides." But he saw the use of it in after years, when in an establishment of his own he was able to tell by a touch the exact quality of the goods. It was only by those thousands of repetitions that the lesson was learned, and so it is with everything in which we acquire skill. The great army of "incapables" is large enough; we would none of us willingly join its ranks. The half-skilled in every business outnumber the other, dozens to one. It was a good suggestion, worthy of being remembered, which Daniel Webster made to a young man who asked him if there was any "room in the legal profession." "There is always room enough in the upper stories," said the great statesman.

The better you know your business the better you chance to rise. If you drone through your allotted tasks without keeping a wide awake lookout on all that goes on about you, your progress will be needlessly slow. You can gather much information by making a wise use of your eyes and ears, and perhaps be able to surprise your employer in an emergency by stepping into the "next man's" place and discharging his duties satisfactorily.

A fine little lad, some twelve years old, was employed in a telegraph office

in a Southern town last year when the yellow fever raged so fearfully in that section. All the operatives were down with it and others sent on by the company were attacked. No one knew that the lad understood the business, but he had picked it up and kept up communication between the town and the outer world all the time the fever lasted.

Ex-Governor Morgan, of New York, was once a clerk in a store in Waterford. A trip to New York was an event in those days, but the young man had proved so faithful that he was entrusted with several commissions, among them being one to buy corn. He came back in due time in the old stage coach, and inquiries were made about the corn. The price was very satisfactory, but the old gentleman thought it could not be good at so low a price. A handful which the young man pulled from his pocket convinced him, but what was his amazement to find that he had bought two cargoes!

"Why, Edwin, what shall we do with it?" he asked in consternation.

"I have disposed of all you don't want," said Edwin, "at an advance. I stopped in the stores as I came along. I could have disposed of three cargoes if I had them."

The profits were clear, and his employer said the next morning, "We will let some one else do the sweeping," and Edwin was made a partner under twenty-one.

A Fish Finds a Ring.

About fifty years ago, or thereabouts, Admiral X—was in command of one of his Majesty's ships on the Mediterranean station. He always wore an antique ring of rare workmanship and very great value; it was curiously engraved with Arabic or Egyptian characters—a ring that nobody could possibly mistake.

One day when on deck in giving some orders he lifted his hand, and his ring slipped off his finger and fell overboard. Of course he concluded that he had seen the last of his favorite ring; but a few weeks later he received a letter from a friend, Captain C—, who was stationed at Gibraltar, and who had heard of his loss, telling him he had found the ring in the following singular manner.

He was buying some fish, when on the vendor's finger he saw the ring, which he at once recognized (as I said before, it was one it was impossible to mistake).—He inquired of the woman how she got it, when she directly answered:

"Sir, it is very odd, and perhaps you will hardly believe me, but I found it inside a fish I was cleaning."

I need scarcely add that Captain C—bought the ring, and returned it to his old friend, who, you may be sure, was more careful of it after this adventure, having a double value for it.

A Hard Test.

Ten or a dozen men were enjoying the hot weather, which baked the shingles on a ferry dock saloon, recently, when a stranger walked in and inquired of the bar-tender:

"Have you any mint?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And you have sugar, lemons, gin, brandy, and so forth?"

The stranger turned around to the crowd, noted the sudden increase of interest on each face, and kindly said:

"Gentlemen, I'm going to treat every liar in this room. Let all the liars—the monstrous liars—come forward."

Not a foot moved.

"Gentlemen," continued the stranger in a plaintive tone, "don't be backward. Juleps wait for all. Every one of you who is known as a liar will please stand up."

Not a man stood. The stranger's face betrayed deep disappointment as he ordered a rousing big "mint" for himself, and not a word was spoken in the place while he sipped the cooling liquid through a straw. When he had finished he wiped off his mouth and said:

"Well, every truth-teller in the crowd will now stand up."

Each man rose with the promptness of a soldier.

"And sit down again," softly said the man as made for the door.

They would have sat down on him, but great truth-tellers are poor runners.