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Select Poetry.

THE BOSS FOOL.

The farmer roameth o'er his fields,
And gathereth in his grain;
But the farmer's son, all doubled up
Doth bowl and loud complain;
The wille, beneath his jacket, he
Doth bear a bitter pain.

The farmer pauses in his work,
And on his rake doth lean;
"Oh, I have roamed in many lands,
And many fools have seen;
But the boss of all the fools is he
Who eateth apples green!"

GORMLEY'S ADVENTURE.

A Story With a Moral.

OLD HIRAM GORMLEY was an individual whom fortune had not forgotten in her distribution of the good things of this world. He had a fine fortune, a magnificent dwelling, and a plump, good-tempered wife. Moreover, he had a great reputation for sanctity and uprightness, and was an elder of the church to which he belonged. A very good man and a thorough christian old Hiram considered himself, for he had family prayers every morning, went to church every Sunday, and allowed the cook to give all the uneatable scraps of bread which remained in the larder to any beggar who applied for them. A judicious parent he considered himself to be, and a just one, for when his only daughter had married against his will he had cast her off forever, and refused to see her when she stood weak and trembling at his door to tell him that her husband lay upon the verge of death and that starvation stared them in the face.

"As she has sowed so she must reap," he muttered, as he saw her turn away, hiding her griefed face in her shabby bonnet. "She might have had old Grimes and lived in clover and must abide by it."

And, so saying, he went back to his account books and banished his daughter from his mind as soon as might be.

Old Hiram Gormley was, I have said, very wealthy, but yet clung to trade with the utmost pertinacity. Money-getting was his life, and he was never so happy as when making a bargain.—Among other things he had speculated in flour, and had made more, perhaps, in that line of business than in any other. How old Hiram and his brothers in the trade chuckled as the poor man's loaf decreased and the store of their own coffers augmented, is best known to themselves.

It was at such a season that Hiram Gormley sat before his parlor fire, basking in its blaze and sinking gently into an after-dinner nap. His portly form filled the huge velvet chair, and his own portrait looked from its gilded frame upon its drowsy original with a blended dignity entirely of the artist's own invention. Mrs. Gormley had gone out to dine, and the carriage was to be sent at an appointed hour, so that the old man and his portrait were alone together in the comfortable room.

They were alone, at least for many minutes. But as the silver-toned time-piece rang out the hour of seven, the outer door was opened, and a small man, clad in a faded green velvet coat, entered the room with the soft tread of a stealthy cat. He was a queer looking individual, so withered and wrinkled that he might have resembled some old goblin, and his white hair stood out, strangely enough, upon either

side of his brown forehead. Upon his meager lower limbs he wore great, mud-stained boots, a world too wide for him, and in his hand he carried a cap of the same color and material as his coat. He looked first at old Hiram and then at his portrait, then back again to the original and finally stepped forward and touched him on the shoulder.

Hiram Gormley awoke with a start, and springing to his feet, regarded him with astonishment.

"Who are you, and what do you want here?" he asked, in a manner sufficiently imperative.

"Who I am is a matter of no importance," replied the stranger; "but I am here on business. I believe you are buying up flour?"

"I am," replied old Hiram, becoming interested, and gracious in a moment.—"Take a seat, sir, and let me understand your business."

He pointed to a chair, and the visitor seated himself immediately, crossing his muddy boots and folding his elfin arms upon his bosom, as he bent down his head and peered from under his drooping black brows straight into Hiram Gormley's face.

"We have flour to sell," he said.

"We?" said Hiram, interrogatively.

"I and my partner, or, more politely speaking, my partner and I," responded the little man of the firm.

"I'd rather not mention names until I'm sure that we shall come to terms," continued the little man. "But let me tell you, Mr. Gormley, that such a chance has never been offered to one man before. If you accept it bread will run up to such a price this year that a loaf of the better sort will be worth its weight in gold, and rich men will give great sums for what they now esteem as nothing. How many barrels do you think we have on hand?"

"How many?" asked old Hiram, trembling with eagerness.

The little man bent forward and whispered something in his ear which made him start to his feet once more.

"So many!" he cried. "Why, the very speculators themselves will be at my feet. I shall be the richest man in the world. I'll buy it all—all, all!—When can I see it?—when can I sign the contract? Be quick—tell me where all the store is hidden?"

"In our office," said the little man.

"What office would contain such quantities?" asked Hiram.

"Hush!" whispered the little man; "there is an underground passage and a cellar or vault capable of containing ten times what it now holds. As for the time, you may come with me to-night, if you like; all hours are the same to my partner and me."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth ere Hiram Gormley had hurried on his overcoat, dashed his broad-brimmed hat over his eyes and seized his gold-headed cane with a nervous grasp of the right hand. "Lead the way," he said; "lead the way; I'd follow if you were going to the moon."

The stranger only grinned and passed out of the door before him.

At the gate stood a small vehicle, black as ink, and capable of containing only two persons. A small, elf-like pony was fastened to its shafts, and a little black boy held the reins. Hiram glanced doubtfully at the shabby turnout, but, in compliance to a nod from his fellow traveler, stepped in and took his seat beside him. If the shabby pony was small and unpromising to look at, he was nevertheless as fleet of foot as any race horse, and the dngy vehicle spun along at a rate which made old Hiram cling to the sides with both hands and shut his eyes that he might not grow giddy, until, passing from the village, it turned down the broad country road, and paused at the margin of a little piece of woodland.

"Your office seems to be in a strange locality," muttered old Hiram suspiciously.

"Not at all," replied the little man in green; "only we are going by the underground way, so as not to attract attention."

"Ah!" said old Hiram; "well, this does seem to be an underground passage, sure enough!" for they were turning now into a sort of cave, and only one faint ray of light in the far distance saved them from being wrapped in utter

darkness. "I shall be glad when I am safe home again," he added to himself. "How do I know where this man is taking me?"

But even as he spoke the distant light grew larger, and the carriage stopped at an iron-bound door with a grating at the top, through which fell a light, like that of a flame from the chimney of a pottery on a dark night.

"This is our office," said the little man in green; and old Hiram followed him as he leaped from the crazy vehicle, which suddenly disappeared in a most mysterious manner.

A rap at the door summoned a dark visaged man, who admitted them without parley, and old Hiram Gormley stood in a veritable counting-house, the most spacious which had ever met his eyes.

He glanced down the rows of diligent clerks, all dressed in black, and all engaged in making entries in immense iron-bound volumes; at the huge fire, which he could see reflected on the roof through a wide grating in the distance, and which rendered anything in the way of lamps and candles unnecessary; and then turned toward a tall, dark man, who strode toward him from the centre of the glowing light. He was clad in black, and his hair was bound together in an old-fashioned cut. There was a sort of a supple, snake-like ease in his movements, and his feet were covered with shoes that suggested either the gout or bunions.

"Mr. Gormley," said the little man in green, "Mr. Gormley, partner. He has come to inspect our stock of flour; he'd like to buy it in."

"He would like to buy it in would he?" said the new comer. "You are very welcome, Mr. Gormley. I have no doubt we shall come to terms. Gentlemen, this is Mr. Hiram Gormley with whose name you are so well acquainted, and whom you have expected so long."

As he spoke the long rows of black-clad clerks arose with one accord, and, bowing, turned upon him their hollow, blood-shot eyes, filled with a light which must have been reflected from the fire beyond, it was so red and horrible.

Old Hiram Gormley shuddered involuntarily, as, addressing himself to his two companions, he said:

"Can I see this flour of which you have been speaking?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the taller of the three, as he flung open a narrow door to his right and beckoned Hiram to approach. "Light up, boys, light up!"

And at the words a myriad of torches flared down a seeming-interminable vista; and Hiram looked upon myriads and myriads of barrels, stretching away until they faded into mere specks in the distance.

"Full of flour, from the very first brand down to the poorest; not another barrel left in the market. You can have the upper hand of the whole of them, Hiram Gormley; when you can starve ten millions if you like to do so. Do you close the bargain, or shall we send for some one else?"

"Hush! I agree. Tell me your terms!" gasped old Hiram Gormley, nervously.

"There are very easy," said the tall man in black. "Sit down, if you please. Here is the pen and paper, and the document."

Hiram seized the paper and conned it rapidly, growing white and cold as he read on. At last he flung it from him and screamed:

"My soul! Promise to give you my soul! In the name of the fiend, who're you!"

"Your humble servant," said the creature clad in black; and old Hiram saw a cloven foot peeping from the queer boot and distinguished the perfume of brimstone.

"Let me go!" he said, "Let me go!"

"Softly!" said the creature at his elbow. "Softly! why do you care so much for what you have already mortgaged! You are half mine already; do you know that?"

"It is false!" said old Hiram. "I cheat no man. I belong to the church, and I subscribed \$50 to the missionaries a year ago."

The dark man grinned contemptuously. "Bring me Mr. Gormley's box," he said.

And he who had conveyed old Hiram to the spot where he now stood set upon the table a box like that in which lawyers keep the papers of their clients, labeled, "Hiram Gormley, Esq." From the depths of this box he took a pile of parchment and read from thence:

"A mortgage on the soul of Hiram Gormley, given on the day he turned when he seized old widow Potter's furniture for rent. Another, when he took advantage of a flaw in the papers to evade payment of a just debt of his own. Myriads when he first began business, told fifty lies a day, and gave false weight and measure, and a tremendous mortgage for passing through the world without one loving, tender, sympathizing feeling for mankind.

"Your soul—bah! What is it worth now?"

"I'll take it all back. I'll have my daughter and her husband home. I'll pay!"

"Too late!" said the dark creature.—"Too late, Gormley; too late!"

But the old man, stretching out his hands, screamed aloud in terror, and fell backwards in unconsciousness.

When Mrs. Gormley returned from the dinner party she found her husband stretched out upon the hearth-rug, with a blue lump upon his forehead as large as a hen's egg.

When he related his adventure she considered it a dream, and laid the blame upon the old port in the decanter on the sideboard; but dream or reality, it had a strange influence upon old Hiram, for in a week he was reconciled to his daughter, had ignored the flaw and made the settlement, performed various unwonted acts of charity, and was, in fact, an utterly changed and altered man, while, singular to say, no earthly power has yet been able to induce Hiram Gormley to invest in breadstuffs.

A STORY OF A TOOTH.

SOME months since [says the Oakland, Cal., Times] one of the loveliest and most accomplished daughters of a well-known resident was thrown from her horse and sustained, among other annoying injuries, a fracture of one of her front teeth. The delicate pearl which flashed through "lips within whose rosy labyrinth when she smiled the soul was lost" was hopelessly crushed, and marred the beauty of the lady considerably. The only remedy for its injury was to have the root of the broken tooth extracted and a false tooth made to fill the horrid breach in her mouth.

In her distress she sought the advice of Dr. Geo. Luce. She had read somewhere or been told by somebody that dentistry had advanced to such a science that it was possible to transplant a tooth from the mouth of another person which would take root and bloom as it had in its original gum.

Could he secure for her a match to the broken tooth? If he could he might name his price. Beauty in distress appeals to Dr. Luce never in vain, so he informed the grief-stricken maiden that such operations had been successfully performed, but in the present case the difficulty would be to discover a tooth of such purity, delicacy and beauty as to be worthy to munch caramels and bonbons in company with those which now mourned the loss of their crushed companion. However, he would see what he could do.

A month or two passed. At last the tooth was found. A young Spaniard, whose well brushed and somewhat faded habiliments indicated a struggle with fate, entered the office to receive some slight dental attention. His manners were those of a gentleman and his conversation denoted intelligence and refinement.

When he opened his mouth, the Doctor could hardly conceal his emotion.—There was the tooth he had been looking for flashing in its dazzling whiteness, the perfection of form and the acme of purity. It was indeed a gem.—The subject was approached cautiously, but when the young gentleman spoke of his poverty, the Doctor offered him one hundred dollars for the tooth. The money tempted the impecunious foreigner, who immediately offered all his stock in trade on the same terms.

An appointment was made for the

next day and a note dispatched to the lady informing her that at last the tooth was found. At the given hour the gentleman entered the front office and the lady closely veiled shortly after entered the rear office, for it was a part of the bargain the gentleman was not to see the lady.

The tooth was extracted, the money paid the stranger departed. Then the tooth was carefully cleansed and submitted to a delicate treatment to preserve its vitality, while the doctor was preparing the mouth of the lady for its reception.

It was soon inserted and in the course of three or four hours had immovably taken root in its new home. In a few days the operation was pronounced a complete success, and Miss — became the happiest of girls.

Now for the sequel. With a woman's curiosity she was continually speculating as to whom the tooth belonged, and the gentleman in turn was cudgelling his brains for some means to ascertain the whereabouts of his tooth which had turned the tide of his affairs so luckily. For with the money it had brought him, he had made a fortunate purchase of stock, and step by step he had gone on with his rapidly accumulating capital until he had a snug little bank account and patronized a fashionable tailor. Chance threw him into a select little party one evening where Miss — happened to be present and he commenced recounting his adventure.—When he smiled and pointed to the vacant place in his mouth where the tooth had once had its home, Miss — gave a little shriek and her secret was discovered. It is rumored that out of this dental operation a veritable love match will shortly result; and in fashionable Oakland circles this romance of a tooth is just now the all-sorbing topic.

Religion and Honesty.

Is it not time to preach anew the sermon of honesty? First, to do justly, as if honesty was the foundation stone, then to love mercy, and then to walk humbly.

There is too much one-sided religion. We know examples of zeal and untiring energy, in Christian work, in men who so neglected their own affairs that they are always under a load of debt, and give honest unbelievers a very poor opinion of a Christian man's business habits.

Such things ought not to so be. We know people who are called lights and shining lights, who not only profess and call themselves Christians, but do a great deal of real work, who are utterly unmindful of pecuniary obligations, who "fall" when they can pay no longer, and yet learn nothing of the value of money, and are just as devout as if they were not dishonest.

They are "unfortunate," true, but fortune implies chance, and there is no chance in living within one's income and paying one's debts. Think of a published "Memoir" of a so-called Christian who, in our opinion, cheated trades-people and defrauded creditors, while he lived better than they, and bated no jot of his expenses, or charities. No wonder that many honest men are not believers. They attend to their own affairs and are not always failing.

We want a great many things in these days, more faith, more love, more self-denial, more Christian zeal; but for symmetry of character we want more downright honesty in men and women.

To do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with our God,—God help us.

Ungallant.

A newly married man, who evidently needs discipline, thus discourses: "A woman is a handy thing to have about the house. She does not cost any more to keep than you'll give her, and she'll take a great interest in you. If you go out at night, she'll be awake when you get home, and then she'll tell you all about yourself, and more too. Of course she will know where you have been, and what kept you out so late, and will tell you: yet right after she get through telling you that, she will ask you where you have been and what kept you so late. And after you tell her, and she won't believe you, you mustn't mind that; and if, after going to bed, she says she hasn't shut her eyes all night, and then keeps up the matinee two hours longer and won't go to sleep when she has a chance, you mustn't mind that, either; it's her nature."