



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.

For The Bloomfield Times.

SCHOOL-GIRLS.

TO MISS LULU WALTON.

American school-girls, I believe, have the most bewitching beauty in the world. JOHN BURNHOLDS: WATER STRENGTH.

Their lips are like cherries glowing; Like fountains clear their eyes. Like that of brooks their laughter, Now rippling low, now loud:

Of what may hap hereafter No thoughts their spirits cloud. O happy, happy mortals, Hearts unbeguled and true, As look ye through life's portals, What flattering scenes ye view!

With no dark clouds behind you, With sunshine bright before, Unblighted flowers still find you Along life's smiling shore. In you no frosty chill is, But all is warm with love, And ye bear yet the lilies Ye brought from fields above.

Your soft cheeks' winsome roses Wear not the hint of shame; Heaven's light there still reposes, And ye are void of blame. O lovely, little ladies, What magic ye possess! Enshrouded in what shade is The spot ye fall to bless!

With your enchanting presence, And your ethereal bloom, And joy, which is joy's essence, The darkest ye illumine. I love you—how I love you, Ye school-girls one and all! Fair be the heavens above you—Thence blessings on you fall!

My love is as a brother's; May all, I fondly pray, Be happy wives and mothers, When school-days pass away!

Georgetown, D. C., W. L. SHOEMAKER.

A FEMALE DETECTIVE.

THE late Captain John S. Young, for many years the head of the detective police force of New York, was one afternoon walking up Broadway with the writer of this article. A fashionable young lady, in all the glory of street toilet passed along, and while passing, eyed keenly, in the usual woman's way, another lady going in the opposite direction. Young looked at the woman a minute, and then said emphatically: "I would give five years of my life if I could tell all about a thief as quickly and as truthfully as a woman can tell about another woman."

all crime concern only sentimental matters, would make by far the best detectives in the world; in fact, they would be the only detectives, worth calling so.

But instinct, though perfect in its sphere; is limited in its range; all the crime is not committed by females, nor is it by any means always connected with sentimental consideration; consequently female detectives, though capital in their line, have but a comparatively limited field. Still this field is really pretty wide, and is sufficiently peculiar and characteristic to require and merit a survey.

Of late years women have been employed to watch women in various temples of trade resorted to by females. In addition to the regular male detective, and the floor walkers, and the clerks, each of whom acts as amateur detective, our large dry-goods stores employ women whose special province is to keep their eyes upon the patrons of the place. A large eastside dry-goods palace employs two clever women for this purpose.

One of these has been in the service of the firm for six years, and calculates that she has saved the establishment, in that time, at least twenty times her salary of fifteen dollars a week. The smart little creature generally dresses quite elegantly, and pretends to be a customer herself of the house. She mingles freely with the crowds, sees everything and everybody, and gives instant notice of any attempt at shoplifting or purloining.

She also acts as searcher of suspected parties, and is very thorough in her personal examination of such individuals. A woman who has secreted anything about her belonging to the establishment runs a better chance of being struck by lightning in January than of escaping detection under examination. Our large hotels also employ female detectives, at least some do so, who are expected to determine upon the character, especially the moral character of certain guests of the house. Morality, social morality, pays just now, and in various delicate matters appertaining to morals, the services of a female detective are indispensable; no man, however clever could exactly supply their place.

One of our leading Broadway hotels has a very clever woman, who though ranked as an assistant housekeeper, is really a first-class detective. This woman is rather pretty and quite lady like, and passes with strangers as one of the guests of the hotel at which she is employed. She talks well and often wins the confidence of the very party whom she suspects and watches. She maintains a system of constant espionage upon doubtful people, and thereby prevents the culmination of many a scheme of humbug and imposture.

Not long ago a woman came and took a suit of apartments at this hotel where this detective was employed. The stranger was very showy yet withal very solid-looking, and brought with her references and all the credentials of respectability.

The proprietors of the hotel received her with empressement, but the female detective warned them against receiving her. When asked for the reason of the warning she could not give any justifiable ground, but persisted in it nevertheless; the stranger made herself quite popular at the hotel, paid her bills regularly and gained, through the endorsement of the proprietor of the house, the acquaintance of many of the regular boarders.

All went smoothly, but the female detective still persisted in her prognostications of evil, though these latter had become to be universally regarded as mere prejudice and obstinacy—unwillingness to confess one's self to be mistaken.

But one day the hotel world was surprised by the leaking out of an attempt at blackmail by the distinguished stranger, the victim to which was no less a personage than one of one of the owners of the very hotel at which she had been entertained in style.

Of course, this development, while it chagrined the hotel men, has not been altogether unwelcome to the hotel female detective, who has since been more in demand than ever.

Female detectives have for some years

been employed in the custom house, but these are rather more "searchers" than detectives. They are not supposed to ferret out anything for themselves, but only to inspect the persons and tolls of such women as may be suspected of carrying and concealing about them contraband goods.

Perhaps the most peculiar line in which female detectives are to any extent employed is that of divorce detectives—women who hunt up evidence in divorce cases, for or against certain specified persons. The divorce detective of the present day is generally a woman, and very often an attractive woman to boot.

One of the most notorious female detectives of the day was one of the most beautiful women in New York, a tall, stately, graceful blonde, without any verbal exaggeration, a "queenly creature. She was the wife of a lawyer who had an extensive practice in divorce cases, and aided her husband very materially in his peculiar line of business.

The majority of divorce detectives are as unscrupulous as they are undoubtedly clever. They hesitate at nothing to procure the necessary evidence against or for the party. They will manufacture it rather than miss it, and incite to the very crime which they were paid to detect.

Of course they are not faithful to their trust. How can a woman who would undertake such a role as this be faithful to anything or anybody save her own interest? A smart, A No. 1, female divorce detective who recently figured in a famous divorce case, acted both for the man and his wife. To the husband she reported the peccadilloes of his wife, to the lady she narrated the iniquities of the husband. On two separate occasions she entrapped the husband in the interest of the woman, and so to make matters even she subsequently entrapped the woman in the interests of the man; she even went so far in one episode of the case to personate one of the parties in the suit, and then to give evidence about herself in her assumed character.

True, these little tricks were finally exposed through the ingenuity of a detective employed by the husband, but not until a vast deal of unnecessary mischief had been done, and not until the divorce detective herself had secured nearly \$2,000 for her services from the two equally betrayed employers.

Surely the female detective has it in her power to become an institution.

How a Thief Was Trapped.

THE Springville (N. Y.) Journal says: Charles Thill is not a lank, wild-eyed and long-haired character like the trapper of the plains, but a muscular Dutchman, with a level head on his Teutonic shoulders. He keeps hotel and fills the position of constable in his town.

On Sunday last a citizen of this place visited New Oregon and hitched his horse in Thill's shed. The guest left a brand new whip in the buggy, and that whip looked very tempting to a young man who chanced to gaze upon it, and the consequence was that when the Springville man got ready to come home the whip was gone.

Thill was mortified, as all good landlords should be, at such an occurrence, and began a search of the premises, thinking that the thief must have secreted the article to carry away under cover of darkness.

The shed connects the hotel with the barn, and beneath the manger, which extends the length of the shed, a loose stone was found in the wall of the stable. On removing the stone the whip was drawn from the hole. To recover the whip would be triumphant enough for most men, but our host wasn't satisfied. He must bring the culprit to justice.—Accordingly he resolved to watch the spot till the thief came back after his booty. This would be an arduous task if the fellow should stay away a week.—Thill ruminated. Borrowing a large double-sprung rat-trap from a neighbor, he planted it close inside the hole where the whip had been secreted, anchoring it firmly by a heavy chain to a joist, and then awaited developments.

No one came to claim the prize Sunday night. Monday passed away with-

out a visitant to the place of secretion. Night came on, and a young man of the place spent the evening at the hotel.—When he abade adieu to the host it was past ten o'clock, and the landlord prepared to retire for the evening, forgetting all about the transaction of the day before.

He had hardly disrobed himself, however, when a cry of help greeted his ear, and the cry came from the shed. Others heard the alarm, and long before the floor could be taken up to loose the trap quite a crowd had congregated to witness the young man's humiliation.

Sprawled out under the manger, with one arm through the hole in the wall and one finger in the merciless jaws of the trap, he presented a picture of dire distress. Could he have got his head through the hole and gnawed that finger off it would have given him pleasure to have done so; but he didn't happen to be a rat, and that thing was an impossibility; so, humiliating as it was, he had to cry out to the landlord for deliverance and in calling the landlord he called the constable also. The young man is of good family and had hitherto borne a good name.

An Evening Call.

The following from the Detroit Free Press having several amusing and truthful hits at society, we give our readers the benefit of it on the local side of the house: "Gem'len," said Brother Gardner, as he rose up and placed his hand on a copy of "The Great Orators of Madagascar"—"gem'len, de ole woman war out to delibe de washin' de odder night, and I drapped over to see de Widder Johnson for a few minits. I sat down on de front steps in de deepnin' twilight, an' while de skeeters sailed aroun' frew the sleepy atmosphere, I axed de widder why it was dat de man who does de moas'blowin' about hard times hez de leas' to lose by a panic; an' she showed de gold fillin' in her teef ez she sweetly replied: "Misser Gardner, dar will be tatur bugs jes' ez long ez dar am tatur." "De sof' clouds sailed across de azure surface of de bewtiful moon, an' I axed de widder why de church preachers stood up in deir pulpits an' wept ober de heathen in China, but forgot to even heave a sigh ez dey passed base ball, dog fights, jumpin' matches, an' nayborhood rows on deir way home; an' de widder she shined up her brass rings wid her apron an' replied: "Misser Gardner, all butchers may pe honest, but all butchers scales may not weigh sixteen ounces to de poun. It am powerful easy fur us to fin' fault wid odder people's noses, an' jes' like us to forget dat de ends of our own turn up." "I sat dar in de increasin' daakness, feelin' a goneness for de want ob a sweet turnip to eat, an' I axed de widder why de man who doan' mean to squar' up wid his grocer am jes' de chap who finds fault wid de size of a quart measure, an' she dodged a pinch-beetle an' replied: "Misser Gardner, dis woruld am so constitooted dat de dog which barks de loudest gits de moas' bones. Money am powerful good, ole man, but de nex' bes' fling to it am a good pa'r o'lungs an' plenty of surface between de eye an' de chin." "Gem'len, ez soon ez de ice goes outen de river, an' I git a little time to fink, I'ze gwine to dwell on such fots ez de above an figger up conclushuns wid a soft pencil."

How the Editor Got His Pants.

A good story is told us of an editor in a neighboring county, who had made a trade with a tailor by which he was to receive a pair of pantaloons.

Months passed by and the pants were not ready, when one day the tailor had a law suit in which a lawyer friend of the editor's, now upon the bench, was engaged. To him the editor told his grievance, adding:

"Now, if you can devise some way to get those pantaloons for me, I shall be everlastingly obliged."

The lawyer promised to think of the matter, and they walked into the courtroom. At the lawsuit, just as the tailor was in the midst of his testimony, he was thunder-struck by an inquiry from the lawyer:

"Ain't you making a pair of pants for Editor W.?"

"Yes," was the slow and muttering reply.

"When will they be done?"

"Next Friday," answered the tailor.

"And delivered to him?"

"Yes."

"That's all on that point," quietly remarked the lawyer. As soon as the tailor stepped off the witness stand he was confronted by the editor:

"Now I've got you, you old scoundrel. You swore you'd have those pants made and delivered next Friday, and you'd better do it. If you don't I'll have you arrested for perjury and sent to Allegheny, as sure as you're a living man."

It is hardly necessary to add that the editor received his pants in good order at the exact time they were promised.

A Dog's Fidelity.

A few days since a little child only two years of age, daughter of Mr. Forry, who resides a short distance from Hanover, York county, strayed away from its home accompanied by a large and very intelligent Newfoundland dog, which is its constant companion. It wandered to the railroad and there sat down on the track just a few moments before a train came thundering along.—In the meantime the dog seemed to understand its danger, went and sat down beside it and between the child and the train.

The engineer seeing the dog but not the child, which was on the other side, blew the whistle and tried in every way to scare the dog. The dog refused to stir, and thinking it strange the fireman looked again, saw the child, and as it was too late to stop ran out on the cow-catcher to catch the little one, when just as the train touched the dog, the child got off the track; then, and not until then did the dog leave his post, and barking with delight, and showing every manifestation of joy followed its baby mistress. Was it not something beyond instinct that caused this dumb animal to interpose between the child and harm?

A Homesick Pig.

One of the most remarkable cases of instinct we ever heard of came under our personal observation a few days ago.

Mr. Deveaux, the County Jailer, was presented with a small pig by a friend living about four miles from town, and it was tied by him in the Court-house yard.

The pig was not over four weeks old and was brought the whole distance in a sack. On Friday morning last Mr. Deveaux untied it and did not notice it particularly. In the evening he noticed that it had strayed off. On Saturday morning his friend informed that the pig had returned to his farm and was with its mother, it having succeeded in making its way from town to the place of its nativity. The journey was the more remarkable, as the way to be traversed was first across Briton's Bay, which is half a mile wide, and thence through the enclosure of three farms.—The pig was seen by some colored men while crossing the bay, who tried to intercept it, but it eluded them and escaped to the cornfield in the direction of home.—St. Mary's (Md.) Beacon.

Effects of Emancipation.

Revisiting the scenes of his war experience, Col. Higginson finds a marked improvement in the social and physical condition of the blacks. The negroes sleep in beds where formerly they slept on the floor. The cabins, in old time, had no tables, and families rarely ate together, but now they generally have family meals. Pictures from illustrated papers adorn the walls, and the children's school books are seen on the shelf. Col. Higginson met but one of his black command who complained of poverty, and he earned good wages, but having no wife or children to support, was given to whisky. Most of his old soldiers had a comfortable homestead, with from five to two hundred acres of land. Many were highly prosperous.

If you wish to preserve continual harmony, learn that the great secret lies in being sometimes blind to things you do not care to see and deaf to things you do not care to hear.