



**THE TIMES.**

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**Select Poetry.**

**BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.**

In speaking of a person's faults,  
 Pray don't forget your own,  
 Remember those with homes of glass,  
 Should never throw a stone.  
 If we have nothing else to do,  
 Than talk of those who sin,  
 Yes, better we commence at home,  
 And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man  
 Until he's fairly tried;  
 Should we not like his company,  
 We know the world is wide.  
 Some may have faults, and who has not?  
 The old as well as young;  
 Perhaps we may, for aught we know,  
 Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell of a better plan,  
 And find it works full well,  
 To try my own defects to cure,  
 Ere other's faults to tell.  
 And though I sometimes hope to be  
 No worse than some I know,  
 My own shortcomings bid me let  
 The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we begin  
 To slander friend or foe,  
 Think of the harm one word may do  
 To those we little know.  
 Remember sometimes curses, like  
 Our chickens, roost at home;  
 Don't speak of others' faults until  
 We have none of our own.

**A TELEGRAPH ROMANCE.**

FIRST, I must tell you who I am, and how I came to be in the Bayville Bank in the "wee sma' hours" one dreary December night, some three years ago.

My name was then Olive Hudson and I was seventeen years old that same December night, and so small that Mrs. Knight's Dolly, who was not twelve years old, was a half a head taller than myself.

We were rich folks once, but father died and left us very poor. Mother struggled along in a weary hand to hand fight with poverty till I was sixteen, and then died. She had rented two rooms of Mrs. Knight, widow, also, with two stalwart sons, an aged father and two daughters. After mother died I was adopted by the Knights, and, although I was earning a support as music teacher in the Baysville Academy I was like one of the family when I was in my good landlady's home.

They were all in good position, but by no means an aristocratic family.—John, the eldest son, was in New York in a wholesale sugar-house; Tom was the night watchman of the Baysville Bank building, and grandpa—we all call him grandpa—was telegraph operator of the town, while Mary was a milliner, and Dolly stayed at the office sending and receiving messages.

Baysville Bank building was a large granite structure, containing the post-office and bank on the first floor, the telegraph office and a number of private law offices on the third floor. In the basement were postoffice rooms for sorting the mail and also the large bank vault.

I knew the building well, for I was fond of telegraphing, and spent half of my leisure time perched up beside grandpa while he slept peacefully or read the newspapers.

And that was the beginning of my amusement at Dryden, the next station. The operator at Dryden was a wit, and flashed nonsense to our office when business was dull. It fell flat when grandpa was in the office, but if I were there I

sent back jest for jest, and sometimes an hour slipped by like a minute as we talked over the wires of every topic under the sun. He called himself "Lion," and I, for nonsense, signed myself "Elephant," laughing as I did so at the reflection of my tiny figures in the office mirror.

Beyond Dryden, and only five miles from Baysville, was C—, a large commercial town, the nearest railway station, and where an office was always open for the accommodation of travelers.

As I have said, Tom Knight was the night watchman of Baysville Bank building, and a lonely spot he had of it. The last mail came by stage at four o'clock in the afternoon and the post-office was vacated at six. The bank closed at three, and by six every office was deserted for the night.

At seven Tom was on duty, and grandpa, who was restless at night, was in the habit of taking down some coffee and luncheon, as the building was only a stone's throw from the house.

On the December night I have already mentioned, it had stormed heavily all day, and I had taken a new class at the academy, coming home later in the day than usual, and excited over my increase in salary.

Everybody else had gone to bed, and I was lingering over the fire with Mrs. Knight, dreading to plunge into my cold room where I had allowed the fire to go out.

The clock struck twelve and Mrs. Knight, lifting her face from over the fire, said:

"Do call grandpa, Olive; he's asleep on the sofa in the sitting-room. I'll have Tom's basket ready by the time grandpa has his coat and hat on. I hate to call him, for he was complaining of rheumatism all day and the ground is very wet, though the storm is over."

"Let him sleep," I said; "I'll run over with the basket. It is but a few steps."

"But it is so dark; are you not afraid?"

"Not a bit; I'll slip on my water proof and rubbers, and draw the hood of my cloak over my head."

"Well, if you will, though I'm afraid Tom will scold at my letting you go."

"I'll put down the basket and run, and he will never know who left it."

"Go into the rear basement door; he leaves that open for grandpa."

"I know."

I grasped the handle of the basket, and hurried over the space between the building and the house, and stole softly in at the basement door, in pursuance of my plan to drop the basket and run.

In my rubber shoes my steps were noiseless, and I had scarcely passed the threshold when I stood rooted to the floor in terrible amazement.

Somebody was talking.

I crept forward and listened. There was a man in the vault, and a light shone under the door.

While I listened, some one said:

"There is a confounded draft here; did you shut the door, Smith?"

"Yes, but the wind might have blown it open."

I had just time to dart under the staircase and crouched down, when the door of the vault opened and a man came out.

He crossed the entry, drew two heavy, noisy bolts, fastened the door by which I had entered, and returned without closing the vault door.

I could look in by the dim light and see two men working at the safe locks by the stream of light thrown from a dark lantern.

There was the outline of a man bound and gagged upon the floor, but I could only conjecture that it was Tom, for I could not see distinctly.

There I was nicely caged, for it would be impossible for me to draw those heavy bolts without attracting notice. And the bank being robbed, that was evident.—How could I prevent it? I could not go out; I could not reach Tom. Suddenly I remembered the telegraph office on the second floor. If I could summon help from C—. It was only five miles, and there was a long job for the burglars before they could open the safe.

I could creep around the staircase. If one of those busy men turned his head I was lost. I softly crept out on all fours, slowly, watchfully, and gained the stairs.

Up I darted, blessing my India rubber shoes, till I gained the door of the telegraph office. All was dark there, and I dared not strike a match.

I listened, and then, leaving the door open, groped my way to the well-known desk and gave the signal for C—. I could hear my heart throbs as I waited for the answer. It came. Still working in the dark, I sent this message:

"Burglars in the Baysville Bank vault! Watchman gagged and bound! Can you send help?"

Again the agony of suspense in listening, but at last the sound reached me: "Will send help immediately."

I crept to the head of the staircase, afraid the clear ring of the instrument had been heard in the vault, but no one came upstairs. The windows of the telegraph office faced the street, so I returned, bolted myself in, and sat down to wait.

The town clock gave one resonant stroke, breaking the deep silence, and no signs of life were visible in the long stretch of road leading to C—. I was numb with cold, wishing heartily that I had left Tom's basket under the staircase, thinking regretfully of my own cosy bed, when I heard afar off the sound of horses' feet.

No sister Anne, in Bluebeard's tower, was ever more watchful than I was then. Would the burglars take the alarm?

The building made a corner of two streets, and I saw eight mounted men dash up the road, separate, and while four dismounted in front, four went to the rear.

The burglars were unprepared for this flank movement, for while the police in the front were thundering at the main entrance, the robbers rushed to the rear basement door right into the arms of the police stationed there.

I could hear the hubbub, pistol shots fired, the scuffle of feet, cries, oaths, and general confusion; and I slipped down stairs out the now deserted main entrance and ran home.

Everybody was in bed, and I went to my room and had a good crying spell, and comforted my half frozen body in double blankets, where I soon fell asleep.

All this was on Friday night, and I had no teaching to do until Monday, so I slept late, but coming down I found all the family prepared to make a heroine of me.

"I never knew until mother told me this morning," said Tom, "that it was not grandpa who sent the telegraph to C—. By Jove, Olive, you're spunky, if you are little. I gave up when four pounced on me from one of the upper rooms. They must have got in during the day and hid there."

I tried to make the Knights promise not to tell my adventure, but could not. Before night all Baysville knew how Olive Hudson caught the burglars. I was in the office with grandpa, when over the wires came this message:

"Who does Olive Hudson look like? Everybody in Dryden is talking about her great exploit."

I flashed back:

"What do you suppose such a woman would look like? She is nearly six feet tall, broad-shouldered and loud-voiced—a perfect elephant."

"Was it really yourself, Elephant?"

"Dear Lion, it was."

"Do you know, I want to see you. I am going to New York to-day, but I'll be back next spring."

If he came to Baysville he did not see me. I ran away in a fit of shyness.

In March a wonderful thing happened. My mother's brother, who had been seventeen years—nearly all my lifetime—in Cuba, came to New York, found me out and took me into a life of ease and luxury, making me a pet in his splendid home. He was a bachelor, over fifty years of age, handsome and well-informed, and with large wealth.

He introduced me to old friends of his and my circle of acquaintances widened every day. I was entirely happy, for we loved each other well.

One day Uncle George brought home to dinner a stranger, whom he introduced as:

"The son of my old friend, Olive, Mr. Roberts."

I made myself agreeable, as in duty bound, to Mr. Roberts, a man of thirty or thereabouts, with a face that was

downright ugly, but pleasant, with an expression of frank good humor and intelligence upon it. We talked of everything, and I was surprised at the congeniality of taste we soon discovered.—In an animated discussion of heroines, Mr. Roberts, turning to Uncle George said:

"You were kindly inquiring this morning about my fortune since father died, but I did not tell you one little episode. Before I was fortunate enough to obtain my present lucrative situation I was for a time telegraph operator in a small place called Dryden, and then I heard of a real heroine of whom the world will probably never hear."

I knew what was coming, but kept my face perfectly composed to listen.—When the story was finished, giving Uncle George a sly pinch to keep quiet, I said:

"What kind of looking person was the wonderful heroine?"

"I never saw her, for although Baysville was the next village to Dryden, I never went there. But she was described to me as tall, strong and masculine."

"In short, my dear Lion," I said gravely, "she was a perfect Elephant."

Such a stare as greeted me I am certain never came upon Leo. Robert's face before or since that hour. His eyes dilated till I thought they would pop out of his head, ugly face, and his mouth opened in utter amazement. Finally he remembered his manners, and gasped:

"Pardon me, I—was it really you?"

"Uncle George," I said, "will you be kind enough to introduce me properly to Mr. Roberts? I believe he thinks your niece must bear your name."

With a flourish Uncle George arose and gravely introduced:

"Mr. Leo. Roberts, Miss Olive Hudson: Miss Hudson, Mr. Roberts."

After that we could not certainly be strangers, and Mr. Roberts came often to dine with Uncle George.

And one day there was a wedding, where the bride was very small, buried in lace and orange blossoms, and the bridegroom was ugly and good-natured: but it was a true love match, a fit ending for the flirtation commenced at Dryden and Baysville—"Over the Wires."

**A NICE OLD GENTLEMAN.**

NICE old gentleman he was; big white waistcoat, low-cut shoes, bald head and silver-bowed spectacles. He led in the singing on Sunday evening in the hotel parlor, and sung that old-fashioned bass in the "Coronation" and "China" in that sonorous up-and-down style which country choristers used to practice in accompanying the big fiddle, and withal had the bland, benevolent look of a good old up-country deacon.

He was "looking around the house" next night, and stepped in where some of the boys were playing cards—sometimes where they were talking of "calls" and "raises" and "seeing." The boys looked a little disconcerted, but the old man didn't say anything till the hand was played out, and one of the party, under pretence of having an engagement, winked to the others and said he must go, intending to break up till the old man had gone away and then resume the game. But he had scarce turned his back when the aged visitor remarked:

"I wonder he didn't 'raise' ye with the hand he held."

"Do you understand the game?" one of the party asked, taking a cigar from his mouth.

"Wall, a leetle; I've seen 'em play in' on it, and sometimes thought I'd like to take a hand jes' for fun."

"Just so," said another; "suppose you try a game or two with us."

"Wall, I don't mind jes' for the fun er the thing." So the old man sat down and with a good deal of instruction managed to get through with the game and won on the penny ante. "Thar," said he, "if that fellar that's gone had been spunky and put in \$5 he'd get it instead of those eight cents, wouldn't he?"

"Why, certainly," said one of the young men, "certainly; it's your deal, uncle, now, why don't you go in for a \$5 ante?"

"Wall," said the old fellow, throwing round the cards, "I dono, but I will, but I hain't got nothin' but a \$20 that I drew outen the bank to come here with."

"Well, uncle," said the other, gathering up and glancing at his cards, "I'll go yer twenty, and you can put it in

the missionary box when you win it, if you like."

"So! so I ken," said the old man: "I don't think 'twud be gambling at all ef that's the case."

"Not at all," said the other, winking to his companions.

"Well, then, I don't care ef I go yer this 'ere other fifty—but I s'pose you'll think I'll be doin' on it to akear ye—but our denomination's tarnal poor, and a big contribution is jest what they are hankerin' arter."

"Oh, no, I cover your fifty, uncle; we ought to be liberal, you know," and so the game went on till finally the old man remarked:

"Wall, I'd no idee I had this 'ere roll o' bills in my pocket—so ye call, do ye?—\$500 up!—yes, you hev got three picers—three queens and a jack! Well, it's kinder queer I got tother queen—haw! haw!"

"Yes, I'm sorry for you, but what are your other cards?" said the young man, triumphantly.

"Wall, three on 'em is kings—why, darn it, all that 'ere pot o' money is mine, young fellow!" said he, stretching out a powerful paw and squeezing the bills out of the hand of the young man, who had already begun to roll them up. "Perhaps, mister, you'd like to take your hand again," said he to the other who had returned meantime: "they are goin' to sing some tunes upstairs before going to bed, and I promised I'd jine 'em."

There was a blank look of amazement in that circle as he left, and the thought forced itself into more than one mind of the danger of trusting to appearances.

**PETER CARTRIGHT.**

AMONG the most notable of the American pioneer preachers was Peter Cartright, who was born in Amherst Co., Va., in 1785, and died at Pleasant Plains, Ill., in 1872. When he was a child his parents removed to Kentucky, where, about 1801, he was converted through the instrumentality of an itinerant preacher and joined the M. E. Church. He was ordained as a Deacon in 1806, as an Elder in 1808. In 1812 he was appointed Presiding Elder, and acted in that capacity 60 years; the last forty-five in the Illinois Conference.—During his ministry he received more than 10,000 members into the church, baptized more than 12,000, and for thirty-three years preached, on an average, four sermons a week. His "Fifty Years a Presiding Elder," and his "Autobiography," edited by Rev. W. P. Strickland, D. D., are a perfect storehouse of characteristic anecdotes and reminiscences. Among these we find the following:

One day, on approaching a ferry across the river Illinois, he heard a ferryman swearing terribly at the sermons of Peter Cartright, and threatening if he ever had to ferry the preacher across, and he knew him, he would drown him in the river. Peter, unrecognized, said to the ferryman:

"Stranger, I want you to put me across."

"Wait till I am ready," said the ferryman, and pursued his conversation and strictures on Peter Cartright. Having finished, he turned to Peter and said:

"Now I'll put you across."

On reaching the middle of the river Peter threw his horse's bridle over a stake in the boat, and told the ferryman to let go his pole.

"What for?" asked the ferryman.

"Well, you've just been using my name improper like; and you said if I ever came this way you would drown me. Now you've got the chance."

"Is your name Peter Cartright?"

"My name is Peter Cartright."

"Instantly the ferryman laid hold of the preacher; but he did not know Peter's strength, for Peter instantly seized the ferryman and holding him by the nap of the neck, plunged him into the water, saying:

"I baptize thee [splash] in the name of Satan, whose child thou art."

Then lifting him up, dripping, Peter asked:

"Did you ever pray?"

"No."

"Then it is time you did."

"I'll do no such a thing," answered the ferryman.

"Splash! splash! and the ferryman was in the depths again."

"Will you pray now?"

The gasping victim shouted: "I'll do anything you bid me."

"Then follow me—'Our Father, which art in heaven,'" etc.

Having acted as clerk, repeating after Peter, the ferryman cried:

"Now let me go."

"Not yet," said Peter. "You must make me three promises: 1st, that you will repeat that prayer, morning and evening, as long as you live; 2nd, that you will hear every pioneer preacher that comes within five miles of this ferry; and, 3rd, that you will put every Methodist preacher over free of expense. Do you promise and vow?"

"I promise," said the ferryman; and, strange to say, that very man became a shining light in the church.