VOL. XII. NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1878. NO. 46.

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

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Select Poetry.

TIME TO ME.

Time to me the truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing,
More offend from want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling.

If advice we would convey,
There's a *time* we should convey it;
If we've but a word to say,
There's a *time* in which to say it!

Many a beauteous flower decays,
Though we tend it e'er so much;
Something secret on it preys,
Which no human aid can touch!

So, in many a loving breast,
Dies some canker-grief concealed,
That, if touched, is more oppressed,
Left unto itself—is healed.

Oft, unknowingly, the tongue
Touches on a chord so aching,
That a word of accent wrong
Pains the heart almost to breaking.

Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Had been smoothed, or turn'd aside,
By a quiet voice of kindness!

Time to me this truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing;
More offend from want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling.

A Discouraged Young Man.

MARK and Jane are to be married in a week. Dropping into the Taylor sitting-room one evening, Mark found Aunt Mary assisting Jane about some of her elaborate and mysterious bridal preparations. Aunt Mary was always considerate and sympathetic in her words and ways, and Mark liked her. He sat down beside her in unwonted silence and with a clouded brow.

Jane looked at him furtively from behind the clouds of white lace and muslin in her lap, as he mechanically poked over the multitudinous trifles in her dainty work-basket, making as vague and unsatisfactory answers to her numerous questions as if he were guessing conundrums. After ten minutes had been spent in this rather stupid way Aunt Mary asked, suddenly:

"Well, Mark, what is it?"

The young started and looked up at her with a smile, as bright as if a heavy fog had been lifted off his mental horizon, as he said:

"I declare, Aunt Mary, I didn't mean to speak of it, but I am as nervous as a girl over—over—next Thursday; not the ceremony itself, mind you; I shall really enjoy the display in the church—but I refer to all the life that is to follow."

"The fact is, Aunt," replied Mark, hesitatingly. "I have just come from Cousin Henry's. As I was passing the gate on my way here, I heard the woodshed door open, and Susan voice call out:

'Supper's ready.'

"The pleasing visage of a neat dining-room, a cosy tea-table, and two happy, contented young souls enjoying the nicely cooked, tastefully served supper rose up before me and I could not resist the impulse to turn back and take a look at them. I ran in unceremoniously, as is my wont, announcing myself, as I opened the sitting-room door, by a hearty 'Good evening.' There was no fire in the room, but plenty of dust and disorder.

"'Come right in here,' shouted out Henry, and I followed his voice through the dining-room, unwarmed except by the far-away warmth of the kitchen fire. A large basket of rough, unfolded and unironed clothes was turned bottom upward on the extension table, an immense clothes-horse filled half the room and every chair was loaded with coats, hats, cloaks and shawls.

"'We just use the dining-room as a sort of 'gangway' in the winter," said Henry, 'and den up here, except when we have company. If anybody runs in upon us they must take us as they find us.'

"This was not an over-cordial welcome, but I went along into the kitchen where Henry was seating himself at the tea table, which, if you will believe, Aunt Mary, was their little hanging cooking-table covered with a strip of oil cloth. A few old pieces of crockery were scattered upon it without regard to order.

"The little bit of a kitchen was untidy, the stove dirty and rusty. There were memories of Saturday's baking in the shape and appearance of flour, dough and grease, on the floor, table and door-latches, and a salt codfish, with a cotton string tied around its tail, was hanging on the knob of the closet door. Susan's hair was rough and frowzy, and her gown was torn and soiled. Dear me, who could have have imagined that such a state of things was to follow their great and expensive wedding? What a picture of loveliness the bride was!—They might as well hire two or three rooms in a flat to 'den up' in as to own that large and elegantly-furnished house and not use it or to so misuse it.

"This scene rather discouraged me.—Were Jane and I to deteriorate in that way I think I would rather have everything to stop just where it is. I believe it would save a world of trouble, and we would go on looking at married life as we would have made it, through rose-colored glasses;" and Mark moved uneasily, got up nervously, and going around the table, seated himself by Jane's side and tenderly kissed the pretty, reproachful face she raised toward him while Aunt Mary was considerately looking another way.

"Perhaps Henry is not altogether blameless in the premises," said Aunt Mary, coming back to the table with a red face after an energetic hunt for the shears: "did he fix himself up for tea?"

"Oh, dear, no," replied Mark, "he sat down and ate his bread and milk in his shirt-sleeves, collarless and cravatless and with unbrushed hair and whiskers. He would not have shown himself to Susan in such a plight before his marriage, I assure you."

Aunt Mary looked at the pretty Swiss clock on the mantel, took out her gold pencil, wrote a little note, and then said to the young man:

"I wish, Mark, dear, you would carry this billet over to my nephew, Horace Alden's, for me. They live in the cast tenement in the Rutherford Block, you know, and on the strength of your cousinship that is to be, I want you to run in without ceremony."

Mark came back in an hour with a radiant face. Removing his hat he made Aunt Mary a low bow, saying:

"I am obliged to you, aunt; I would not surrender the opportunity that may be graciously given me of helping make a home with Jane here for any earthly consideration."

"Indeed," cried Aunt Mary in seeming surprise, "perhaps you will be good enough to tell us what has changed your mind so suddenly."

"Well, you see," said Mark, "I ran up stairs and opened the door at the top, as you told me, and such a charming picture that I saw. A living room—neither parlor, dining-room nor kitchen, but a happy combination of the three—made attractive and homelike by perfect neatness, order and good taste.—Such a cordial welcome that I had, to be sure. I was heartily ashamed of myself when it came over me how well I used to know both Horace and his charming wife, and that I had not called on them before.

"I gave Julia your note, and she read it with a little laugh and insisted that I should take off my overcoat and take tea with them. The cosy round table, with its snow-white cloth and pretty tea-service, looked so inviting I couldn't resist the temptation. 'Horace doesn't get out of the store till seven; he sees to the closing up; so we have our tea at half past seven,' Mrs. Alden said.—Julia's dress was plain, but tasty and neat, set off by a dainty white apron; and her simple toilet was completed by a geranium leaf and a verbena blossom in her shining hair. Horace, in a handsome dressing-gown and embroidered slippers looked every inch a gentleman, as he is.

"The situation made us confidential, and I asked Mrs. Alden how she managed to settle down into being such a wonderful little housekeeper, and she said:

"'I used to be somewhat inclined to be careless in my habits, and I suppose my friends had some misgivings as to my ability to keep house. Among my wedding presents was one from a great-aunt of mine who was wonderfully skillful with her needle. It was this tea-pot mat'—and she held it up to my inspection. 'It was a scalloped circle of scarlet broadcloth, with a slipper run down at the heel embroidered in it in black worsted, with the words, "Never get slipshod."

"This had been a constant reminder to me," Julia went on. "Were I tempted to neglect any trifling duty for the first time, my eye would fall upon or recall the words of Aunt Mittie's motto, and I would not only do what I had thought of neglecting, but would do it a little better, if possible. Horace, too, has kept me from falling into slipshod ways by his own habits of neatness. He always touches up his toilet for my sake before every meal, as punctiliously as if we had company. Of course, when he is so thoughtful to me I cannot be less regardful of him. All these little things take a few of the precious moments of our fleeting lives, but we consider their observance our bounden and interchangeable duty. Since housekeeping is the principal business I have in hand, I want to do my best in that vocation; to be as conscientious and painstaking in that as I would in teaching music or any other accomplishment. I enjoy my work, and it comes easy to me. I take both pleasure and pride in it, and I think the secret of my success in this humble sphere of mine has been my keeping everything up from the very first, and never allowing myself in the smallest particular to fall into slipshod ways."

Mark and Jane, now setting in their beautiful, well-ordered home on the Connecticut, only the other evening spoke of the two lessons that December evening brought them, and the lasting impressions they wrought.

Parker's Plant.

Bill Parker, the expressman, has a soul that loves the beautiful. He went into the woods across the river a few days ago to fill his soul with sweet commune with nature. He espied a plant with large glossy leaves and a wealth of foliage that attracted his artistic eye. So he dug it up, and putting it into his wagon, and put it in a tub in the dooryard of the Parker mansion. It grew wonderfully, and was the admiration of the neighborhood. Everybody wanted to know what it was. Some pronounced it a species of Japan lily, and others thought it was a section of the great American aloe. So Bill went down to Shoaff and asked him to inspect it.—Shoaff knows all the plants like a book, and he pronounced it the Symptocartus Fœtidus, which so delighted Bill that he had it written on a card and tacked to the side of the tub. When anyone called and remarked, 'That's a beautiful plant of yours, Mr. Parker, what do you call it?' Bill would answer with a glow of satisfied pride:

"Yes, ma'am, that's a smyp—yes, a sim—carcass — or some such a name, durned if the name somehow—but you can read it for yourself right here on this end of the tub."

Continued struggling with the word made it more formidable to Bill, and so he went once more to Shoaff with, "Say, Shoaff, can't you knock off a few letters out of the name of that plant? It is Dutch, I reckon, and them that's posted may walk away with it easy enough, but it gravels me. Can't you bile it down somehow?"

"Yes," said Shoaff., "I can give you the common name."

"That's it," said Bill, "give me the common name."

"The common name," said Shoaff, "is skunk's cabbage."

And Bill concluded to either dig up his tub, or let it swim along under as high-sounding a title as he could get.

MRS. COOLY'S EXPERIMENT.

COOLY has been suffering a great deal, since the cool nights and mornings have set in, with rheumatism, and his wife has been badly frightened for fear it will end in consumption. Cooly could not be induced to try any remedy for the trouble, and Mrs. Cooly has been nearly worried to death about it. She determined to try strategy. She made up a dry mustard plaster, and one night, while he was asleep, she sewed it on to the inside of his undershirt so that it would just about cover the rheumatic place. Cooly dressed himself in the morning, wholly unsuspicious of the plaster, and went down stairs. At the breakfast table, while he was talking to his wife, he suddenly stopped, looked cross eyed, and a spasm of pain passed over his face. Then he took up the thread of the conversation again, and went on. He was in the midst of an explanation of the political situation in Ohio, when all at once he ceased again, grew red in the face, and exclaimed:

"I wonder what in the——no, it can't be anything wrong."

Mrs. Cooly asked what was the matter, and Cooly said:

"Oh, it's that infernal old rheumatism again, come back awful. But I never felt it exactly the same way before; it kinder stings me."

Mrs. Cooly said she was sorry.

Then Mr. Cooly began again, and was just showing her how the ravages of the potato bugs in the East, and the grasshoppers in the West, affected the political result—when he suddenly dropped the subject and jumping up, he said:

"Thunder and lightning, what's that! Ouch! O, Moses! I feel's if I had a shovel full of hot coals inside my undershirt."

"Must be that rheumatism getting worse," said Mrs. Cooly, sympathetically.

"Oh, gracious, no. It's something worse than rheumatism. Feels like fire burning into my skin. Ouch! Ow-wow-wow. It's awful. I really can't stand it another minute. I believe its cholera, or something, and I'm going to die.

"Do try to be calm, Mr. Cooly."

"Calm! How can a man be calm with a volcano boiling over under his shirt. G'way from here. Get out of the way quick, while I go up stairs and undress. Murder-r-r-r, but it hurts. Let me get out quick."

Then he rushed up to the bedroom and stripped off his clothing. His chest was the color of a boiled lobster; but he couldn't tell for the life of him what was the matter. Then his eyes rested on something white on his shirt.

He picked up the garment and examined it. Ten minutes later he came slowly down stairs with a dry mustard plaster in his hand, while his brow was clothed with thunder.

Going up to Mrs. Cooly, he shook the plaster under her nose, and said in a suppressed voice:

"Did you put that thing in my clothes?"

"I did it for the best, Charles," she said, "I thought———"

"Oh, never mind what you thought, you crooked-nosed, chuckle-headed idiot! Never mind what you thought. You've taken the bark clean off my bosom, till I'm raw as a sirloin steak, and I'll probably never be well again as long as I live. That lets you out. You play any more tricks on me, and I'll hist you into the coal bin and keep you there till you starve to death."

Then he slammed the door and went out. Mrs. Cooly doesn't know to this day exactly what effect the grass hoppers, etc., had on the fall elections.

Queen Victoria and the Welsh Tailor.

PRINCESS VICTORIA, now Queen of England, spent some of her youthful days in Anglesey, where she seemed to enjoy herself very much. She occasionally wore the sugar loaf hat and a riding habit, and went among the descendants of the old Druids in Mona's Isle. This was before she took a fancy to the brown heath and the tartan plaid, and pibroch of Caledonia. In the neighborhood of the New Palace in Mona, where she and her maid, the Duchess of Kent, were staying, was an old tailor named John Jones, who was a local preacher with the Wesleyans.

One Saturday afternoon the Princess Victoria had the misfortune, while riding, to tear her riding habit, and on her return to the palace the local tailor was sent for by the steward. John Jones went and asked for "the Lord Chamberlain," but was told there was no such functionary at the palace. He, in consequence, returned home. On Sunday morning another messenger came from the palace requesting his immediate attendance. He sent in reply that he could not go, that he was to preach that morning at Gorswen, and in the evening at Traethcoch, and away he went. On the following morning another message came from the palace and he this time obeyed.

On appearing before the house steward that functionary appeared much displeased with our old friend, and asked him angrily why he had not come when sent for the day before.

"I was preaching at Gorswen Chapel in the morning," replied John Jones, and at Traetcoch in the evening."

"Chapel, indeed!" said the officer. "Preaching, indeed! Did you not know that her Royal Highness Princess Victoria had sent for you to do some work for her?"

"Yes, sir," replied John, "but I do not work on the Sabbath."

The officer simply said, "Not work, indeed!"

"No, sir," replied John courageously; "I have never worked on Sunday, and never shall."

"What," said the officer, "you refuse to do a small job for the future Queen of Great Britain?"

"Well," said John, "I'm but a poor tailor of Llanfair, but I also expect to be a king some day in the next world, and it is better for me to lose the favor of a princess of this world than to forfeit my crown in the world to come."

The officer laughed, and gave to John the riding habit to mend. When the task was finished, the officer informed John that the Princess and Dutchess were much pleased with the manner he had done the work, and especially with his conduct, and expressed themselves willing to assist him when necessary.

An Ingenious Jewel Trick.

For six years past a pair of adroit scoundrels have been working the "Empress' jewels" trick in Spain with great success. They would write to a merchant in Paris that after the revolution of 1870 the Empress Eugenie intrusted one of them with one million six hundred thousand dollars worth of jewels to be carried to Madrid, which he had buried in the Bois de Boulogne. He was in prison for debt, and could not get back to France, and to make matters worse, a rapacious landlord had seized his trunk in which was the map on which the spot where the treasure was buried was marked with a red cross. In this cruel dilemma he applied to the French merchant, whom he had heard spoken of as a model of prudence and probity, to help him by sending the rapacious landlord 500 francs, and so getting possession of the trunk. The French merchant would then dig up the jewels and notes—for there were three hundred thousand dollars in bank bills in the buried box—and send them to the prisoner, retaining the money he had advanced, and whatever sum he desired as recompense for his good action. A great many honest merchants sent on their five hundred francs, and in due course received advices from the Madrid office of the Messajerias entra Espana y Francia that a trunk had been deposited there, which would be forwarded on payment of express charges. The honest merchant sent on the money, and that was the last of it. Sometimes instead of being a French officer, it was an aide-de-camp of Queen Isabella, arrested for plotting for the restoration of King Amadeus, who knew where the Queen's jewels were; sometimes it was one of Don Carlos' aides, sometimes a Turkish pasha. At last, however, the swindlers were run to earth, and now the Parisian authorities have advertised for evidence against them, which is forthcoming in such abundance as to show that the swindle has been very widely worked and very generally succesful.