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For The Bloomfield Times.

TRUST.

How few are those in whom we dare put trust!
How rare is he in whom unwavering faith
We cherish for whatever thing he saith!
How many are mere lumps of lying dust,
Pierced through and through with the infernal lust
Of gold; whom greed, not honor, ever
away'th;
Whose oath the feather of a moth out-
weigh'th;
For whom we oft, instinctive, feel disgust!
Give me the man whose word stands, like a
rock,
Firm in the shock of billowy circumstance;
Who never lets self-interest hide from view,
Fog-like, his duty, nor will conscience mock
With quibbles, nor will lay his fault on
chance:
Him I revere—but where is he, and who?
Georgetown, D. C. W. L. SHOEMAKER.

STOLEN FROM THE GRAVE,

—OR—

The Doctor's Wife.

SUPPOSE the reader takes a trip with me to the pretty town of Saxton on a pleasant day in the middle of May.— Having arrived there we will go to one of the cosy cottages and take a peep into one of the chambers. As we approach the door a voice asks:

"How would cherry-blossoms do?"
Another moment of silence, then another voice replies, doubtfully:
"We might try."

The picture we see, as we stand upon the threshold of this chamber, is a pretty one, and explains itself. Four young ladies, chief among them Miss Meeta Wilson, surround a girl who stands before a dressing-glass, not looking at herself, far too pre-occupied and agitated for that, standing there because she was told to, and because, however she may on ordinary occasions be capable of thinking for herself, on this morning she is only an automation in the hands of her four gentle tyrants. A very charming automaton Miss Anne Wilson is on this occasion, as a fresh and lovely girl in her bridal dress is sure to be. Anne is neither a beauty nor a genius, but she is an amiable and a pretty girl, and a fortunate one, moreover; for she has captivated one of the most desirable young men in the town of Saxton. Indeed, Doctor Eugene Thayer could have chosen a wife from any one of the old city families. To be sure, he was not rich; but then his connections were of the best, his education was excellent, his talents far above the common, and his person agreeable. He belonged to a medical family of high repute, his father, grandfather and an uncle all having been doctors, and eminent in their profession, and though but a few years in practice, he already had nearly monopolized the business in the town of Saxton. If a few still clung to old Doctor Marston, and preferred experience to talent, the majority had perfect faith in the sharp-eyed young physician, who loved his profession to enthusiasm, and who had also the benefits of his ancestors. Doctor Thayer was sure to be rich some day, and to have a name which would vie with the names of his father and grandfather, who were everywhere quoted as authorities both in pharmacy and surgery.

There had been a good deal of debating by the doctor and his lady's family over this wedding. Both had a large circle of acquaintances, and both had limited means. Both, moreover, had common sense and good taste. It would certainly be very pleasant for the young people if all their friends could witness their marriage, and offer congratulations on the

event; but in that case they must be married in church, and receive their visitors—well, where should they receive them?

The end of the matter was that a quiet little wedding at the cottage, with a few of their nearest friends, and after that a few week's journey, was decided on.

The bride wore plain muslin and a tulle veil, but persons learned in such matters might perceive that both these were of wonderful fineness; and the young friends who were admitted to assist at the mysteries of the toilet were in raptures over Anne's satin corsets, silk stockings and embroidered bed linen. Only one thing had failed, and that was orange-blossoms. Not one was to be had, for love or money. This mishap brings us back to the question, "How would cherry-blossoms do?" and the bride's absent admission, "We might try?"

Miss Meeta put her head out the chamber-window, and scanned closely the great pyramids of snow-bloom that stood steeping themselves in the warm sunshine, and indolently yielding a drop of honey here and there to the bees that only seemed to make the silence greater with their buzzing. She stretched her arm out and tried to reach a branch, thereby scaring away two golden robins that sat motionless on a twig, and seemed looking in at the chamber-window; but the branch was too far away.

"If I could see some one," murmured the bride's sister, glancing up and down the road; and immediately—having her wish—beckoned to a little girl who was sauntering up and down the hill. The child had been looking at the house, and, seeing the lady beckon, hesitatingly approach the gate.

"Rose Paulier," the lady called out, in a pleasant but peremptory way, "come in here!"

The child opened the gate and entered the yard, her lustrous eyes of dark hazel steadily fixed on the lady as she went timidly up the smooth gravel-walk, and no sign of a smile gathering on her pale and wistful little face.

"Now, Rose," Miss Wilson said, when the child had come within easy hearing, "you do something for me, and I will give you a slice of wedding-cake. You go up the steps into that big cherry tree, and pick this basket full of blossoms and buds, and be quick about it."

The little girl, who did not seem to be more than nine years old, caught the basket the lady threw her, and, crossing the yard to an enormous cherry-tree in which an arbor had been built, went up the steps, and gathered bunches of buds and flowers, choosing the fairest. As she descended from the tree, she saw that Miss Meeta was leaning out of the window and watching her.

"Come right up here with them," the lady said.

The child obediently, but with the same air of mingled dreaminess and timidity, went softly in at the open front door, crossed the entry, and stole up the stairs, appearing presently at the door of the young ladies' chamber.

"That's a good girl!" said Miss Wilson, approvingly, taking the basket of flowers. "Now you may stay and see the bride dressed."

The bride, who had a smile for everybody, had one also for the little bare-footed, coarsely clad girl who had brought her bridal garland, and who stood just within the threshold, gazing with admiring awe at the lovely, white-robed figure before her.

"I do believe," said Miss Meeta, in a detached manner, as she fastened bunch after bunch of the delicate flowers in her sister's veil, "I believe that these are going to look lovely."

There was an admiring chorus. The cherry-blossoms proved to be an exquisitely beautiful substitute for the bridal orange-flowers.

"Bless me!" cried Miss Meeta, glancing from the window at the sound of a quick step on the gravel-walk. "Here is the doctor. You're all ready, Nan.—I must run and get my dress on."

As she disappeared through one door, Doctor Thayer appeared at the other, and stood there a moment, silent and smiling, looking at his bride, who blushing allowed his inspection. Doctor Thayer could not have been much over thirty, and perhaps was scarcely that age. He was slight, but gave promise of developing into a noble figure, if that ner-

vous temperament which showed in his prompt and direct motions, and in the quick glance of his brilliant eyes, did not keep the flesh off. His features were noticeably fine, though rather thin; his hair dark, and close-cut to a well-shaped head; a long mustache, drooping over but not concealing a remarkably handsome mouth and chin. The expression of his face was bright, frank and cordial; but will and pride lurked in the rather prominent and pronounced brows. The eyes, which were deep-set, brilliant and penetrating, would easily have been mistaken for black, but were in reality of a clear, pale gray.

Without saying a word, he advanced into the room, took his bride by the hand, and kissed her glowing cheek, then nodded smilingly to her friends.— Lastly, he perceived the child, who had shrunk back on his entrance, and now stood earnestly yet fearfully regarding him.

"Well, is Rose Paulier going to be brides-maid?" asked the doctor, in a clear, pleasant voice, smiling on the child, not so much from fondness for her as from contentment with himself.

"No, sir," whispered Rose presently, since no one else answered, her cheeks, glowing scarlet with confusion at seeing so many eyes upon her.

"You would rather be a bride, perhaps?" asked the doctor, with great politeness.

Rose hesitated, not knowing what manner of answer she was expected to make, then dropped her lustrous eyes, and said again:

"Yes, sir."

The eyes were lifted, though instantly, at the laugh that broke forth at her answer, tears of anger, surprise, and wounded feeling rushed into them, and enhanced their dazzling brightness.

"What are you doing to this child?" cried Miss Meeta, appearing in the door, arrayed in white like her sister, but wearing a scarf of blue gauze instead of the white veil. "I won't have her plagued."

"She wishes to be married, Meeta," explained the doctor.

"Dear little innocent!" cried Miss Wilson, taking the child's hand, and bending to kiss the low, sun-burnt brow. "She isn't the only one who wishes it; witness Anne here. And you ought to be ashamed, Eugene, to tease her. She came here to gather flowers for Anne's wreath, and came by my invitation. I am sure the child hasn't too happy a life."

"I didn't mean to tease her," the gentleman said, sobering at once; then smiling, as a soft voice at his elbow echoed:

"Oh, no! he did not mean to tease her."

Miss Wilson was still holding the little girl's hand, and looking at her attentively.

"I don't think she is well, Eugene," she said. "Her hands are quite hot—and see how her eyes burn."

The doctor approached the child, and, in spite of her shrinking back and turning away her face, took her hand, examined her pulse, and then made her show him her tongue. The little hand was burning hot, the pulse was throbbing full with fever, and the tongue was coated with a thick, white coating, down the centre of which ran an ugly yellow line.

"What in the world is she out for?" exclaimed the physician angrily. "They take no care of children at that place.—Here, child! go directly home and give them this."

He wrote hastily on a slip of paper which he had taken from his pocket:

"Rose Paulier has a high fever, and needs immediate attention. It is a shame that she should be anywhere but in bed. Send for the doctor at once."

"I am sorry there is no one to go with her," he said. "But she can go alone, as she came. Go right away now, and give Mrs. Warren this paper."

The child took the paper, and went silently out of the room and down-stairs again, followed by kind words and pitying looks, and by a promise from Miss Meeta that she would come to see her, and bring her the promised wedding-cake just as soon as Rose was well enough to eat it.

It wasn't a very pleasant episode in the midst of the bridal party, particularly as not one of the ladies present

had had scarlet fever, which was probably the disease that threatened the young visitor. But the company began to arrive, and in a few minutes they had enough to think of besides sickness and poverty.

Meantime, Rose Paulier went down-stairs, and was about going homeward, as she had been hidden; but the place was too attractive, and home too repelling. Beside, she wanted to see what was going on, and what a wedding was like. Nobody was looking, so she crossed the yard a second time, and climbed up into the arbor in the cherry-tree. There she was concealed from all below, but through the flowery branches had a good view of the garden-walk and through the open windows into the parlor. Presently the company began to arrive, not many in number, but exceedingly stylish. First, the doctor's mother and brother, in their carriage—the lady with a yard of silk trailing behind her, and a real Indian shawl dropping from her shoulders. Then another and finally the minister—an awful personage, in a white necktie.

From her post of observation, Rose saw the group settle themselves about the parlor, and saw the white-robed bride enter on the doctor's arm, saw the awful minister stand before them a few minutes, saw them join hands, saw the kissing and hand-shaking after, the presenting and eating and sipping of cake and wine. Finally, she saw the company depart, and after them the newly married couple, all the little household following the latter to the carriage, and gazing after them as long as they were visible.

"A very pretty wedding," everybody pronounced it, and everybody was quite right.

When Mrs. Wilson and Miss Wilson and one of the young ladies who was to spend the remainder of the day with them, and the hired girl and her assistant procured for the occasion, had all gone to the house again, Rose came down out of the tree and went towards the garden-gate. She felt a little dizzy, and, though perfectly familiar with the roads, seemed to have forgotten which way to go.

From the parlor-window Master Chas. Wilson saw the child leave the yard, and glancing about to be sure that he was not observed, he went out and followed her. He couldn't have told why, but this little pauper always drew him as a loadstone draws.

He followed her, led by an irresistible attraction. The boy was romantic and imaginative. Perhaps he knew that the slender little creature who hesitated and followed along before him was shaped like an ideal form. May be he could perceive some beauty in the exquisite bare feet, in the low, smooth brow, beneath those glorious eyes shining so radiantly, in the small, red mouth, in the shy, sweet, earnest ways which had a touch of that premature fascination which is often called natural coquetry. He had often seen this little girl, all the people about knew her, and though pride had prevented his speaking to her it had not prevented his being bewitched by her.

"How queerly she acts!" he thought, seeing her stop and reel about. He had not known of the scene up-stairs.

Even while he spoke, she stopped short, and, putting her hands up to her head, gave a faint cry.

"What is the matter? Are you sick?" asked the boy, running to her.

She clung wildly to his hand, and leaned her burning face against it.

"Oh, yes; my head goes round and round," she cried.

He attempted to lead her, but she could not walk; and, after a few minutes, he bravely took her up in his arms, and, with her face nestled into his neck, carried her down the hill. At the foot of the hill the broad road made a turn to the right, but a narrow one led to the left, and into that the boy walked with his moaning burden. There were woods at both sides for a few rods, then they opened at the right, and there stood a large brick house, with a plain grass-plot in front, and a wooden rail-fence next the road, the bare, bleak look of everything offering a striking contrast to the charmingly adorned residences all about, of which they had occasional glimpses through the trees.

Pushing open the gate with his foot,

muttering at the same time some word of pity for the child, Charles Wilson approached the front-door of the house just as it opened, showing a coarse and hard-looking matron standing within.

"Mrs. Warren, this child is very sick," the boy explained. "I think she ought to be taken care of."

"Poor Rose!" the woman said, with an air of pitying surprise. "I thought she had a cold, but she would go out.—I'll make her some herb-tea right away."

Little Rose might have shrunk at another time, but now she was entirely passive as the woman took her and began to smooth her hair back.

In giving her up, Charles saw the note clenched in Rose Paulier's hand, and read it aloud.

"Bless my stars!" cried the woman, in affright. "Go right away, Mr. Charles. You'll catch the fever." And she unceremoniously shut the door in his face.

"Poor little dear! She'll die as sure as fate," he sadly muttered, leaning on the fence, and looking sorrowfully up at the front of that abode of sorrow. The house at which he looked, and which little Rose Paulier called home, was the poor-house.

There were but very few town poor in Saxton, but these few, after the infamous custom which makes our town charities an injury and an insult to those who are obliged to avail themselves of them, had been given in charge of the lowest bidder, and they fared accordingly. The Warrens were a hard, money-getting, childless couple, who did not feel called upon to feed paupers out of their own pockets, but who looked that their charges were kept clean and presentable to visitors. That done, their duties were done.

Rose Paulier had been with them two years. Her mother had come to Saxton to nurse a sick lady, bringing her child with her, and had fallen sick and died suddenly at her employer's house. There was no one to take charge of the little girl, and their search found no relatives. It was a pity, but there was nothing to do but to send her to the poor-house. To an ordinary poor-house they would on no account have sent the child, who was a dainty little thing, and whose mother was evidently a lady; but then this house was a model of its kind, and Mrs. Warren was a very excellent woman.—So said the Burkhardt family, at whose house the mother had died, and who had already been sufficiently troubled in the matter, and did not want to be bothered with the child.

Mrs. Warren would teach her to sew and keep house, and when she should be old enough they would give her employment. So the rich family, living in splendor in a house that was almost a palace, and with only one son to claim their care, washed their hands of the whole affair.

A gold-framed locket containing a miniature which had been around the woman's neck when she died, a pearl ring which she wore, and a little gold watch with a spray of pearl lilies-of-the-valley on the back, they kept to give the child when she should be old enough to take care of them. For the rest, Mrs. Burkhardt felt that she was very charitable and very condescending indeed, if, when she was driving that way, she ordered the footman to go to the door of the poor-house and ask how the little girl was getting along.

There were no other children then at this establishment, and of course the children of the rich people would not play with her, and Rose had a lonely time of it. But she had not much work to do, and, aside from poor and insufficient food, and having to sleep alone in an attic where she sometimes could not sleep for fright, might have lived a pleasant enough animal life, wandering about as she listed in summer-time, and coiled in a sunny window in the winter.

But children need company even more than adults do, and the child's lonely life was telling on her, wearing her out, saddening her, making her imaginative and morbid. She was ready for the fever when it came, and it clenched her as some fierce, wild creature might.

There had been no mother's eye to note the growing symptoms, to see that the child refused even her soapy food,