

## THE TIMES.

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### Select Poetry.

#### A SIMILAR CASE.

Jack, I hear you've gone and done it.  
Yes, I know; most fellows will;  
Went and tried it once myself, sir,  
Though you see, I'm single still.  
And you met her—did you tell me?  
Down at Newport last July,  
And resolved to ask the question  
At a soiree? So did I.

I suppose you left the ball-room  
With its music and its light;  
For they say love's flame is brightest  
In the darkness of the night.  
Well, you walked along together,  
Overhead the starlit sky,  
And I'll bet—old man, confess it—  
You were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace,  
Saw the summer moonlight pour  
All its radiance on the waters  
As they rippled on the shore;  
Till at length you gathered courage,  
When you saw that none were nigh—  
Did you draw her close and tell her  
That you loved her? So did I.

Well, I needn't ask you further,  
And I'm sure I wish you joy.  
Think I'll wander down and see you  
When you're married—eh, my boy?  
When the honeymoon is over,  
And you're settled down, we'll try—  
What? The dence you say! Rejected,  
You rejected? So was I.

## STOLEN FROM THE GRAVE, —OR— The Doctor's Wife.

CONTINUED.

“WHAT do you mean?” she demanded.

“Mrs. Paulter became sick from her devoted attention to her, and her death was in consequence of that sickness. Of course you could not help it if the apothecary made a blunder; but still, the fact stands that she came to her death in this house, and that she would not have died if she had not come here.”

Mrs. Burkhardt's haughty black eyes were fixed keenly on her cousin while she spoke, and continued steadily to regard her for a moment after she had ended. Then she drew along breath, and turned decidedly away.

“The child must go,” she said.  
And the very next day the child went.

It was always a joyful time for Miss Fairfield when the family were away. She was freed from the watchful eyes that were ever on the lookout lest she should lower the family dignity, and, being the only one in the house who was not a servant, felt her own consequence vastly increased. Perhaps the only time when she felt the pride of blood, or ever really upheld the pretensions of the house of Burkhardt, was when she alone was left to stand against hirelings. Mrs. Connors, the housekeeper, was still invited to her room, but instead of unbending quite to her, and whispering trembling confidences, with one eye on the door, Miss Fairfield received her visitor with gracious condescension, and even while gossiping, contrived to let the woman feel that she should not presume to consider herself an equal.

“I feel very uneasy,” she said, one evening, about a week after the doctor's wedding. “What it is, I don't know, but I've been thinking of that poor Mrs. Paulter all day. Last night I dreamed of her. I hope that nothing has happened to the child.”

“It is odd how you do take to that little girl, the housekeeper said. “And it is two years now since you saw her.”

“I am of a grateful disposition,” replied the invalid, drawing herself up a little. “Ingratitude is a vice of low minds. I never forget a benefit. That child's mother nursed me like a sister—no, not like any sister I ever had, like an angel, I should say. To be sure she was hired; but that signifies nothing. Money doesn't buy affection, nor such tender care as she gave me. For two nights I suffered agonies, and yet nothing could be done for me. I have suffered so before and since, and my nurse always goes to sleep. What is the use of remaining awake when nothing can be done? So while I groan, she snores. But Mrs. Paulter was different. She sat by me, she spoke softly and soothingly, she wiped the perspiration from my face, she made me think that there was one, at least, who could not sleep while I suffered. No child could be more tender to a mother. Besides, though she had wages, she was not a common person, she was a lady. I know a lady when I see her, and Mrs. Paulter was of gentle blood. She bore all the marks. There wasn't a coarse fibre in her. Indeed, she intimated as much to me, and gave me clearly to understand that with her nursing, was a labor of love and that she wouldn't take care of everybody.”

“I suppose she went to those who sent for her,” said the housekeeper, somewhat stiffly, feeling herself touched by those distinctions of gentle and plebeian in those who work for a living.

“By no means!” replied Miss Fairfield, with spirit. “She was a friend of Doctor Malcome's, in the city, and he mentioned to her any places where he thought she would like to go. It happened oddly enough that he died while she was here. I think he knew about her family and affairs, and would have done something for the child if he had lived. She had only been out to nurse twice before she came here, once to poor dear Mrs. Gen. Summerville when she broke her leg getting out of her carriage, and once to Mrs. Governor Smalley's when she lost her little girl. In both cases there was a servant to do work under the nurse, and Mrs. Paulter was quite like one of the family.”

“It was an awful thing,” said the housekeeper, irrelevantly.

Miss Fairfield shuddered.  
“Yes,” she said, following the other's tack. “And I think that apothecary ought to have been arrested, and so I told Cousin Barbara and Doctor Marston. But they didn't like the eclat of such a thing. If anything should happen to bring the matter out, it would have an awkward look. It certainly was our duty to complain.”

“I'm sure Mrs. Burkhardt did everything that could be done,” the housekeeper said, testily. “It would have been putting herself out a good deal to have a trial, and it would have been a shame for such a lady to have to go into court and testify, and have her name in the daily papers, and be questioned and cross-questioned by lawyers. Besides, it would have done no good. Then, that poor Mr. Somes never put up a dose of medicine afterward, and he almost went crazy about the mistake he had made.—Tom Somes says it was the death of him.”

“But supposing the trial had been dropped,” Miss Fairfield said, yielding to these arguments; “there was no need of sending that dear child to the poor-house. It was a shame, if Cousin Barbara did it. That little girl was just what I want, and would have been like an own daughter to me. If I could walk, I would have gone to see her this very day.”

The housekeeper said nothing. She was jealous of this child whom both her mistress and Miss Fairfield seemed to make of far too much consequence; but she knew too well how very much stronger Miss Fairfield was in promise than in performance, and had little fear of a visitation of paupers.

“I feel so uneasy,” the invalid said again after a silence; “I do believe I am superstitious about that child and her mother. It seems as though they haunt me. Let us have tea, Mrs. Connors, and see if that will drive off these vapors.”

The curtains were drawn away to let in all the soft May twilight, and a round table was set up to the invalid's sofa. The housekeeper rang a bell, and in a few minutes the housemaid, the only

female servant left in the place, appeared with a waiter, bearing supper for the two. Under the genial influence of tea, toast and jam, the housekeeper's temper softened, and Miss Fairfield's spirits brightened. Both felt more inclined for an old-fashioned, confidential gossip.

“I think it strange that Barbara does not write,” Miss Fairfield said, laying down her napkin and sinking back among her pillows. “I'm afraid she is not pleased with her visit. When matters go rightly, she sends letters in clouds. She always likes to communicate good news.”

“Yes,” said the housekeeper, cautiously, perceiving that something was coming, and anxious lest she should frighten away the little news-bird if she said too much.

“Of course you have the interest of the family at heart, and are perfectly trustworthy in regard to all their affairs,” the lady continued, in a confidential tone.

“Certainly,” said the other, expansively; “I've been here now ten years, and if it were my own mother and children, I couldn't be more bound up in 'em. Mrs. Burkhardt knows that I'd stick to the family through thick and thin. I'm sure I've kept mum about Mrs. Paulter, and shall to my dying day. And as to the way Master Clarence does carry on sometimes, red-hot irons could not draw it from me.”

“You're a faithful creature,” Miss Fairfield said, affectionately, “and we all think the world of you. Cousin Barbara considers you a treasure. I only wish she were as well satisfied with Mr. Stanley.”

“He's a relation of hers, isn't he?” asked the housekeeper, after a pause, seeing that something was expected of her.

“Oh, yes!” was the answer of Miss Fairfield now thoroughly under way.—“He is second cousin to Barbara on her mother's side, as I am on her father's, and he is the millionaire of the family. He is very eccentric, and dresses and looks more like a pauper than a gentleman. When he was here years ago, she was tried half to death. But after all he is a good soul, though the greatest tyrant in creation. It was he who bought this place, you know. That was sixteen years ago, when Barbara was first married; and he wouldn't let her have it unless she promised that it should always be called Rose Hall. He named it after his first love. They say that when he was twenty years old he fell in love with a cousin of his, and that he never got over it. The poor thing died.”

“Quite romantic!” remarked Mrs. Connors, desirous to please.

“Yes. There is, indeed, an element of romance in the family,” said the ancient maiden, with a look of mysterious consciousness. “He isn't the only one who has remained single in consequence of a disappointment. Well, as I was saying, Mr. Stanley lives in England. His father and uncle went there when they were young men, and entered into the tea-trade, making themselves rich beyond count. The brothers died, and Mr. Stanley, who was the only one left of the two families, inherited their property.”

“So Mrs. Stanley gave Mr. Burkhardt this place?” said the housekeeper.

“Well—yes. That is, he just the same as gave it to her. When Barbara wrote him that she was going to be married, he came over. Her family were not rich, but Mr. Burkhardt's was. Of course, among people of our class riches are not considered to be of supreme importance as they are among *parvenus*, but still Barbara wished to make a good appearance.

They lived very elegantly in town, but there were seven girls, and it takes a large fortune to fit out seven girls. Well, Mr. Stanley came, and he was most generous. He gave Barbara a good deal of money, and kept buying presents for her. Between you and I, though, I do not think that he took a great fancy to her. Cousin Barbara is a very fine lady, but she has not a winning manner.—That must have been the reason why he acted so oddly afterward. But he took a liking to Burkhardt, and when he found him inclined to enter the tea-trade, made him his partner in a branch house here. I've heard it said that he gave Barbara ten thousand dollars in presents. Riding out of town one day, he saw this place, and took a fancy to

it. A Mr. Bertram had just built it and failed. Mr. Stanley bought it on the spot. Of course everybody thought that he meant to come here and live, and I believe myself that such was his intention at first. But after he had furnished the house, and got a troop of men at work on the grounds, he suddenly changed his mind, and invited Barbara and her husband to live in it, rent free, till he should call for it. So it has gone on ever since. He has paid the taxes, and they have lived in the house. At first it was as much as they could afford to keep up the establishment; but Mr. Burkhardt soon got rich, and then one of the first things he did was to offer to buy the place. Mr. Stanley wrote that he wasn't going to sell it, and asked them why they couldn't be content to live in it just as though it were their own. Of course he means to give it to them, for he hasn't child nor child, and must be about sixty years of age. But he won't give them the least satisfaction about it, and seems to like to keep them in suspense. It isn't likely he would think of coming here to live at this late day, and it is still less likely that he would sell the place to any one else and turn Barbara out after she had made the Hall her home for so many years.”

“Then it doesn't belong to them, after all,” was the housekeeper's conclusion.

“Certainly it does!” exclaimed the lady, sharply, somewhat alarmed at having gone so far in her tale-telling. “It is merely a form that stands in the way of their title. To slip such a thing would be as much as your place is worth. Cousin Barbara has gone to England on that business now. If she can see and talk with Mr. Stanley, she can persuade him to make the place over to her. Besides, they are rich enough to buy another as fine as this, if such a place could be found.”

“How long is it since Mr. Stanley was here last?” the housekeeper inquired.

“Sixteen years. He came when Barbara was married, and that was sixteen years next month. She was married in a white satin dress with point-lace flounces, and had six bridesmaids.”

There was silence for a while then.—The housekeeper had heard time and again the particulars of Mrs. Barbara Burkhardt's wedding, and the grand doings on that occasion. Presently she took another tack.

“Perhaps the things that the nurse left might tell who her friend are,” she said. “I saw a beautiful miniature about her neck.”

“There was nothing that would afford a clue,” the invalid replied. “The miniature was of her husband, who died long ago. She herself showed it to me one day. The ring and watch were very old, though nice, and were probably given her by her husband. She told me that she had no near relations, and that no one was under any obligations to help her.

“Since her husband died, she had been living as companion to an old lady. The old lady died, leaving her fortune to some public charities, and Mrs. Paulter found herself homeless. It was there that she told Doctor Malcome, the old lady's physician, that she would go out nursing. Oh, there's no one who would take care of her, but if her connections were found, they might take the child out of the poor-house. I thought that the poor thing wanted to say something when she died, but she couldn't speak. She took my hand though, and put the child's in it, and I understood that she wanted me to befriend her. Dear me!” cried the invalid, with nervous impatience, “I do feel so anxious about that child. To-morrow morning I want Beatty to go down and ask how she is, and carry some cake to her. Perhaps I will have her to come up and see me.”

Mrs. Connors lifted her eyebrows, but said nothing, and the two sat a while listening to the soft clash of flowery branches that were stirred by the light breeze, and the fall of a brook that flowed visible through the dale below. Presently the sound of carriage wheels mingled with these softer noises, and came nearer. No longer on the public road, it turned up the avenue toward the Hall and slowly approached.

“Bless me!” cried the housekeeper,

starting up, “who can be coming here to-night?”

“It can't be any visitor,” Miss Fairfield replied, listening attentively.—“Everybody knows that the family have been gone these three months.”

Their cogitations were interrupted by a loud peal of the bell, and by impatient voices outside. The two women looked each other in the face for a moment at the sound of those voices; then the housekeeper rushed out of the room and down-stairs.

Miss Fairfield seldom walked, but spent the greater part of her time on a sofa; but she managed to get up and follow Mrs. Connors to the head of the stairs.

The outer door was opened as she reached the balusters, and the first words she heard were in Mrs. Burkhardt's rich but sharp voice.

“For mercy's sake, were we not expected, Mrs. Connors?”

Miss Fairfield shivered as if she had just received a cold *douche*, and, stealing noiselessly back to her own room, silently shut the door.

Her hour of freedom was over. She was lady of the manor no longer; and, what was worse, the real lady had returned in ill temper. She seated herself, and considered in what manner she could possibly be responsible for the mistake which evidently existed.

She had hardly begun to puzzle over the subject, when the door of the sitting-room was flung unceremoniously open, and a lady came bounding in.

“How do you do, Cousin Margaret? I must beg permission to sit here a while since not another room in the house is habitable. Why in the world our dispatch was not received is more than I can understand. We came to New York yesterday, and staid there a day on purpose to give you time to prepare for us. It is certainly very annoying.”

“I am astonished,” said Miss Fairfield very sincerely. “We haven't heard a word. I was looking for a letter by this steamer, thinking it possible you might come soon; and only a few minutes ago I was remarking to the housekeeper that it very strange that you had not written. Won't Mr. Burkhardt and Clarence come in here?”

“I suppose not,” said the lady of the house rather ungraciously. “They are trying to get into their rooms.”

Mrs. Burkhardt, though in very ill-temper at present, was rather a handsome and a very stylish-looking lady.—She might have been forty years of age, was tall, broad-shouldered, had a marble-white complexion, with black hair and eyes, and large, regular features. She had an intellectual head, the forehead rather too high for generally accepted female beauty, and a face expressive of pride and talent.

“What is the news?” she asked presently, after having sat a few minutes tapping the carpet with the toe of her shoe.

“Nothing of importance,” Miss Fairfield replied, trying to recollect what had happened. “Doctor Thayer and Anne Wilson were married last week.”

“So he really married her?” the lady exclaimed. He is a fool! With his name and talents and prospects, he should have done better. If he must marry a red-cheeked simpleton, why hadn't he taken one who had money? I have no patience with him. If he had married Jane Seldon, as I told him plainly I wanted him to, I would have employed him. Doctor Marston is really getting too old. But, as it is, I will not have him; and, what is more, I will get another doctor here.”

“Anne is a very sweet girl,” Miss Fairfield ventured to say.

“Sweet!” exclaimed her companion contemptuously, and then relapsed into silence again. Presently she recollected her wrappings, and began impatiently to pull her gloves off, toss her shawl back, and untie the strings of her bonnet. “I might just as well have staid at home!” she said, in as low a tone as her anger would permit. “We took our journey for nothing.”

“Won't he sell?” asked the cousin eagerly.

“No; and he is as stubborn and aggravating as ever. He promises, though, that he will not sell the place to any one else. It is my opinion that he only does it to have power. He likes to think