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For The Bloomfield Times.

LILIAN.

A sweet domestic beauty—a household grace—Lives in her every motion; round her lies An atmosphere of peace; and from her eyes Beams an angelic nature. In her face The impress fair of sympathy we trace With all things good. Instinctive she flies The paths of folly: fond affection's ties Bind her to home—to her best-loved place. Her voice is soft as the West-wind that sighs On Summer evenings; anger or disdain Breathed never in its tones. 'Tis health supplies Her cheeks with roses: white, without a stain, Her soul is, which the lily typifies— Ah, happy he who her pure love shall gain! W. J. Shoemaker.

STOLEN FROM THE GRAVE,

—OR—

The Doctor's Wife.

CONTINUED.

HE OPENED the package, and took out the trinkets, surprised at their value and elegance. The miniature represented a young man of about twenty-five, exceedingly handsome, but rather weak-looking, just the face to captivate a young girl. The case was of fine gold, delicately wrought with a love-motto twined into the chasing of the border, and the name "Louis" marked on the back. A single row of large pearls surrounded the locket. There was a gold thimble scarcely larger than a child might wear, evidently an old one, and worn thin all over, a pearl ring with a single fine pearl in it, and the watch. This last was a valuable one, old-fashioned, but exquisitely made, and adorned with a wreath of pearl flowers. Inside the case was engraven "Rose from Walter."

"Let's go up-stairs and see the child," the doctor said. "She may know something about these."

But Rose knew only that the trinkets were her mamma's, and that the pictured face was that of her papa.

Doctor Thayer took the child on his knee, and questioned her closely about the persons she had known, and these at whose houses she had been; but she could recollect no names save those three of the doctor and two ladies of whom Miss Fairfield had spoken.

The doctor is dead; but I mean to call on the ladies some time when I am in town." Doctor Thayer said, absently smoothing the silken locks of the child as she leaned against his breast. Then, glancing at his wife, he put Rose down, and went to sit beside Anne. It was not the first time that the bride was shown a pettish jealousy on seeing her husband pet the little orphan stranger.

When Rose Paulier was told that she was to have a new home, and that she was to go to it immediately, she made no ado. If she looked a little soberer than usual, it was scarcely noticeable, for she seldom smiled. But Charles loudly protested; and when Doctor Thayer started away at five o'clock one morning with his charge, the boy not only refused to eat any breakfast after it, but went off and wandered about the roads all day, not coming home till late in the evening. He had taken leave of Rose over night, and had not meant to speak to her in the morning; but at early daylight his door was opened an inch or two, and a soft voice whispered—

"Charlie, are you awake?"

"Yes, little dear," he answered, fondly. "Come in."

First appeared a loose curl of brown hair pushed through the door, then the edge of a pale, sweet profile, then the

whole lovely face was put in, which turned and looked at him with its bright eyes. At any other time Master Charles might have been shocked to have a young miss come to his room when he was in bed; but now grief at losing her mastered every other thought, and sitting up in bed, he stretched his arms toward her and waited, eager and silent, as she slowly and shyly came in, a step at a time, then a little pause, till she was close to him; then she sprang into his arms.

"Will you be sure to come and see me, Charlie?" she whispered.

"Yes, dear, if they will let me. And you will be sure to recollect your promise to me?"

"Yes, if I don't forget it," says Rose, doubtfully.

"You are not to tell it to anybody," he said, earnestly; "but you are to marry me when we are both old enough. Then we will keep house by ourselves, and nobody shall ever take you away from me. Remember, if any one else asks you to have him, you are to say that you are engaged."

"Rose, come, dear!" called Miss Meeta. And after one more kiss and embrace, she ran out of the room and down-stairs, wiping away the tears that came again as fast as she wiped them.

Doctor Thayer was in the dining-room, eating his breakfast.

"Come, little one," he said, "eat your breakfast as quickly as you can, and we'll be off."

Rose sat very properly up to the table, buttered her bread and raised it to her mouth. Then she put it down again, and glanced timidly at the other two, who did not seem to be noticing her. Her lip was quivering so, and her throat was so full, that she could not eat. Without appearing to notice her trouble, Miss Meeta tempted her with a little plate of jelly, but with equally ill success.

"Why, you poor child!" she said. "Who would think you would care about leaving us! Don't cry! You are going to a pretty place, where they will be kind to you; and if you wish, some time you can come to see us."

Rose struggled to hold back her tears, but they would come, and she gave a little sob.

"Are you sorry to go?" asked Miss Meeta, taking Rose in her arms and kissing her on the forehead.

"Charlie feels so bad," whispered the child, with quivering lips, nervously twisting the ribbon that bound Miss Meeta's curly flaxen hair.

"Eugene," said the sister-in-law, abruptly, "this is the most captivating child I ever saw. If I should live anywhere but in Saxon, I would have her to live with me."

"I hate to have her go away," the doctor said, "but there is no help for it. The circumstances forbid her being with us, and the manner of her coming, gave me a peculiar interest in her and a claim on her. But there is no other way than the one we have decided on, and the sooner we get over it the better."

Miss Meeta sighed, and finding it impossible to make Rose eat anything, dressed her for her drive, and drawing a veil closely over her face, led her down the garden walk and put her into the carriage that stood at the gate.

It was a lovely morning as the two rode slowly through the fresh suburban streets. The sun was up and lazily pushing before him the mists that clung in silvery masses wherever they could hide or hang. The fruit trees were in their fullest bloom, and the gardens were gay with flowers. Birds were darting about, dew was glistening and dropping, all nature was fresh, fragrant and awake.—Sitting beside her guardian, quite content and safe since he was with her, Rose Paulier leaned back on the cushions and drank in the morning air, vaguely enjoying all its beauty, and the smooth, light motion of the carriage.

She watched the doctor, however; marked how even he kept the reins, and wondered if his shining little sorrel horse wouldn't rather carry him than any one else. Then her eyes traveled along the reins to the smooth hands that held them. Only one wore a glove; the other was bare, and just touched the rein now and then, dropping again to the doctor's knee. It was a very handsome hand, white, beautifully shaped, with round and tapering fingers, sensi-

tive at the tips, and adorned with a wrought gold ring, holding a small but very brilliant amethyst. Miss Rose watched this hand for some time. Its whiteness and symmetry pleased her, and she had a childish delight in the glittering gem. Then her eyes stole yet further, marked the narrow band of snowy linen at the doctor's wrists, the fine, clear gray of his coat-sleeves.

Finally, the bright, inquisitive eyes were lifted suddenly to the gentleman's face and met his eyes watching them.—He was smiling, and her glance instantly fell under that kind, penetrating, yet amused look.

"If one could know what thoughts are buzzing like bees inside that little head," he said, with graceful lightness. "If one could even guess what she is thinking about! Perhaps you are having a pleasant drive?"

She smiled up at him, with a wistful look, as if desirous to speak, but not daring to.

"You won't forget me in the place you are going to?" he asked, fondly watching the changes on that fascinating child's face.

Instantly the soft brightness left her eyes and lips, and in its place came an expression of astonishment, grief and alarm.

"Aren't you going to stay with me?" she exclaimed.

He put his free arm about her, and with the white hand which she had admired, drew her pale face close to his bosom.

"My child, how can I? I must go home and live; that is the place for me. I would like to keep you with me, but it is impossible. Some time I will come to see you, if you don't forget me. Are you going to forget me, Rose?"

She said not a word, but clung to him, trembling from head to foot.

Doctor Thayer was indescribably touched. This friendless little one whom he had rescued from death seemed to belong to him, and to recognize that ownership. Was it not possible that in calling her back to life he had established some relationship with her as strong as that of blood? Was it quite right to put her so entirely out of his hands? Was it not possible to explain and clear himself, or to recall the child to his protection after a brief absence? A single thought was sufficient to sweep away these questionings, and that was a thought of his wife. She certainly had not taken very much to the child. It was natural, he said to himself, that dear Annie, loving him as she did, should desire all his attention, and should be anxious about everything which affected his welfare.

"I must give you up, my little girl," he said, holding her closely, and looking down into the eyes that looked up into his. "But will you remember what I say to you now?"

Her lips faintly syllabled a "yes," which he saw rather than heard.

"Don't tell any one else what I say to you," he said, jealously. "Keep it all for a secret between you and me.—Rose, did you know I saved your life—saved you from dying?"

The pupils of the child's eyes dilated slowly, her lips parted, but without giving utterance to a word, the breath hanging suspended on them, and her brows drew themselves slightly together, as though she was trying to understand or to remember.

"In the first place, you have to thank God," he went on, looking at her steadily. "and next to him, you have to thank me for your life. I shall never forget this, and you must not. It makes a bond between us which nothing must break. I am your second father, and you are the first child of my heart. However I may love others, and however you may love them, no one may, no one can, come so near to you or to me as we come to each other. Whenever in after years you hear my name, think, but do not say, "He saved, my life, and I must not forget him." Whatever you may propose to do of importance, remember that there is one who has a claim on you, and do not make a promise without consulting me? Will you remember?"

"Yes," said the child.

"And now," he went on, smiling again, "cheer up and tell me how much you love me."

"I love you," she said, hesitatingly, sitting upright, drawing a full breath,

and looking about as if in search of something to measure her love by, "I love you so much that I can't measure."

"God bless you, my white Rose!" exclaimed her protector, unwonted tears dimming his eyes.

The two drove about five miles through the lovely green roads and lanes, and then for a half mile or so the houses disappeared, and they were shut in by over-arching trees that brushed the top of their carriage.

Presently, through the sound of sweeping leaves, and bird-songs, and babbling brooks, fell a sudden clash of music that seemed to come from the skies,—a chime of bells, clear and sweet, set all the air ringing about them.

With a start and involuntary smile of delight, the little girl raised her eyes, and saw, near by and high up over the trees, the top of a square tower in which these golden-toned bells were swinging.

It appeared and disappeared like a vision, as their carriage spun over the ground, and in a minute more they turned into a broad highway and came out in front of a stately edifice, that stood back, with gardens, a lawn, and an avenue in front.

The building was lofty in itself, having four stories with a deep basement, and consisted of a square central edifice with tower and cupolas, and two long wings, and it was placed so as to have a yet more commanding appearance, being on a rise graduated into two deep terraces.

Fine old trees stood in groups, adorning but not shading the house and grounds too much; flowers bloomed in beds around the terraces, and in large garden vases placed on the walks; there were glimpses of grapery, greenhouse, and extensive gardens and orchard in the rear of the buildings. Everything was in exquisite order; and, early as it was, the windows were all open, and the curtains half drawn, having that look which indicates that the rooms within are arranged for the day.

The wide gate leading into the avenue was open; and there Doctor Thayer entered, drawing his horse back to a walk, and presently stopping for a moment as the sound of singing came through the open windows of a room in one of the wings.

"Listen!" he whispered.

And, with her pale cheeks against his sleeve, Rose listened. A choir of female voices were singing an invocation to the Holy Spirit.

"Isn't that sweet, little one?" asked the gentleman, smiling to cheer the child. "You will hear singing like that every day. And see what a fine house you will live in! Don't you feel glad, now, coming?"

Rose shook her head, unable utter a word.

"Well, it can't be helped. We must say good-by. Say it to me now, while we are alone. Good-by, and God bless you, my dear, sweet little white Rose."

He put his arm about her, and she clung to him, silent, and trembling violently,—clung as though she would never let him go, her small arms, clasping his neck, her cold little forehead pressed lovingly to his cheek.

"Good-by!" she whispered, after a moment, and, in speaking, suddenly released him, sinking back in the carriage, but holding his hand, which she kept clasped to her neck, with her cheek turned sideways, and pressed to it,—a gesture expressive of adoring fondness.

As they reached the central flight of steps that mounted the first terrace, where Doctor Thayer fastened his horse, and, lifting Rose from the carriage, led her up to the lofty portico, and rang the door-bell. It was answered presently by a woman dressed in a garb of religieuse, who held the door open, and silently motioned the visitors to enter, conducting them across a long, airy hall, of which the floor was bare and white, into a prettily furnished parlor. There, having motioned the doctor to a chair, and smilingly advanced a stool for Rose, she stood with downcast eyes, awaiting orders.

"I would like to see the superior," said the doctor.

"She is in the chapel now," the nun answered, in a low, soft voice, which was in keeping with her gentle movements, and modest, downcast face. "I will tell her as soon as she comes out."

The nun bowed slightly, and withdrew with noiseless step.

After she had gone, Rose pushed the stool to Doctor Thayer's elbow, and, seating herself on it, took his hand, and again held it clasped between cheek and shoulder, her breath coming quickly, and a faint color beginning to flicker in her face. Neither of them said a word; but they sat there, the child clinging to the friend she was so soon to lose, that friend looking down on her with a pang of pity and tender regret.

Presently the door was softly opened, and the superior of the house came in, smiling pleasantly, her manner showing that mingling of sweetness and dignity which we so often observe in those whose vocation is religious. Her age might have been fifty. She was large and noble-looking, with a somewhat patrician cast of features, clear, steady eyes of deep blue, and a mouth that seemed to smile even when closed, so sweet were its curves.

"I am the superior," she said simply, saluting her visitor with unconscious stateliness, as he rose to meet her.

Doctor Thayer gave his name, which she had heard before, and told his whole story, omitting nothing. He was not in the least afraid that the gentle religieuse would feel herself called on to have him arraigned for grave-robbing, particularly when the fruits of his degradation had been so fair a lamb for her flock.

"I am not a Catholic, madam," said he, "but I am sufficiently well informed to be not only willing but desirous to place this child in your care. Indeed it is only here that secret of her identity can be preserved. Should any friend of hers ever appear, I shall of course give up that authority and responsibility which I now assume. I shall pay for the child's board and tuition, and expect to be consulted about anything of importance which may be proposed for her, and informed if she should be sick, or if anything should happen to her.—For the rest, I desire that you will use your own judgment. Let her have every advantage which your establishment affords, and be fitted to become a teacher in case it should become necessary at any future time that she should do anything toward her own support."

"Am I to bring the child up a Catholic?" asked the superior.

The doctor paused, and hesitated a moment. His religious opinions were of the most liberal sort. He was what might be called a full-blown Unitarian, which is about a near an entire losing of dogmas as can well be.

"After all," he said, laughing, "what use would it be for me to say no? There would be an atmosphere about her life which would influence her, even if no direct instruction were to be given. Besides," he added more gravely, "such a prohibition would be in some measure destructive of perfect confidence between you and the child; and I am very anxious, madam, that you should be to her in place of the mother she has lost. I want her to find here a happy home."

The superior's expressive face thanked and assured him still more than her few earnest words.

"I shall feel a peculiar interest in the child," she said; "not so much from her orphan state and attractive appearance, as because her history. One whom God has so signally distinguished by raising her from the grave, almost by a miracle, must be destined for a singular fate."

A few words settled the pecuniary part of the arrangement. Doctor Thayer was to send the pay, and the superior not to send any acknowledgment for it. In case by any accident the remittance didn't reach her at the proper time, she was to write to him within a week to that effect, her note, like all communications from her, to be sent, not by mail but by a trusty messenger, who was to deliver it into the doctor's own hands and to no one else.—To be Continued.

Mrs. Partington on Ginger.

"How flagrant it is," said Mrs. Partington, as she sniffed the odor of a bottle of Jamaica ginger. "It is as pleasant to the oil factories as it is warning to the diagram, and so accelerating to the cistern, that it makes one forget all pain like the oxide of gas that people take for the toothache. It should have a place in every home where people are subject to bucolics, and such like maladies; besides a spoonful is so salubrious when run down like a boot at the heel in walking, one feels like a new creature."