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Select Poetry.

FORGOTTEN.

How harshly falls upon the ear
This one sad word—how great the fear
To be, when death to us draws near,
Forgotten!

To know, ere many Summers gay,
Or Winters drear, have passed away,
That we must moulder in the clay,
Forgotten!

So all men seek the mystic key
Of earthly immortality,
In the vain hope of not to be
Forgotten!

But all vain hopes must die,
No man can flight of time defy;
We all within our graves must lie,
Forgotten!

STOLEN FROM THE GRAVE,

—OR—

The Doctor's Wife.

CONTINUED.

DOCTOR THAYER had a double reason for this arrangement, the second one of which made him feel a little guilty. The arrangement made at home was that the child should be given to the nuns to adopt and do as they pleased with, he retaining no authority, and paying no expenses; but since she had clung so to him, and he had found how hard it would be to renounce all influence over the fate of one bound to him by such peculiar ties, and to give her up so utterly that he would have no right to make inquiry for her, he had changed his mind. The only way to keep any hold on her was by paying her expenses, and that he instantly resolved to do. But he as instantly decided to say nothing at home about this change in his plans.

"It will only worry and annoy Annie," he thought. "She can't understand how I feel, and doesn't see why I should care anything about the child, and I can't change. It is better to avoid discussion."

"Has she been baptized?" the superior asked.

The doctor did not know, and had no means of finding out.

"You would want her to be christened Rose?" was the next question.

"Yes, and I would like to add a name, if it is customary."

"Oh, she can take as many names as you like," said the superior.

Doctor Thayer bent smilingly over the child, who still nestled closely to his side, and lifting her face with his hand, asked:

"Would my little girl like to have me name her Rose Blanche? She is too white to be only a Rose, which should be pink. May I name you Blanche, dear?"

"Yes," whispered Rose, with unsmiling lips.

There seemed nothing else to do but to intrust to the superior the souvenirs of Rose's mother which Mrs. Burkhardt had kept, and to take leave of the little girl.

"Please write me a line after a few days, and let me know how she is contented," the doctor said, rising. "I think that she will attach herself to the place and to you, but I shall feel anxious till I learn."

He clasped tightly the little hand that held his in its soft, clinging hold, held up the small face, and looking steadily into it for one moment, kissed the child, forehead, cheek and mouth, and sud-

denly released her. With her habit of obedience and dependence on him, Rose did not, at first comprehend the meaning, and did not resist him when he put her away. He bowed hastily to the superior, and went out of the room and out of the house. But as his hand was on the knob of the outside door, he heard a step running after him over the bare floor of the hall, and he stood on the steps, fastened out by the spring lock, a cry rang through the oaken panels—not loud, but sharp and full of anguish.—Then there was silence.

"It is a shame!" exclaimed Doctor Thayer, turning to open the door again. But it resisted his hand. He stood a moment irresolute, listening; but no sound came to his ear. "It is cruel that a child should be made to suffer so."

He put his hand on the bell-knob, but hesitated before ringing; and that moment showed him the folly of going back, if he was not going to take Rose away with him. He walked uneasily to and fro on the wide veranda, and after a few minutes, seeing one of the nuns near an open window, he spoke to her:

"How is the child?"

"The poor little thing is recovering," was the reply. "She is with the superior."

"Did she faint?" he asked, quickly.

"Yes, sir."

"I will wait till she is quiet," he said, decidedly. "Please let me know presently."

He walked to and fro again with a troubled face, and after a while the nun appeared at the window and beckoned him. He softly approached and looked in. The superior sat in an arm-chair, holding the child on her lap; the little face was laid close to her bosom. It was evident that she was quiet.

"She has found a friend," the doctor thought, looking with a feeling of relief and yet of pain.

The superior raised her eyes and gave him a smiling nod. He bowed, and turning away, went down the steps, got into his carriage and drove down the avenue.

After petting and soothing the child a few minutes, the superior set her upright, and patting her pale cheek, said, cheerfully:

"Now my little girl must go, and have some breakfast. I have a pretty playmate for her here. Will she come now?"

Poor Rose had no will of her own, and could only permit herself to be led up the great stairway, through a long upper hall with bare floor like the lower one, and into a large dormitory that crossed the end of it and occupied one of the wings. Both hall and dormitory had a bare look, but were fresh, airy, and exquisitely clean. The dormitory had windows at each extremity, and rows of little white-curtained beds at each side and down the centre. The doors stood open into the wash-room adjoining, showing the long line of faucets, each one with a basin underneath, the racks for towels, and the countless drawers and pigeon-holes that lined the walls. The superior led Rose to one of the beds, drew the curtain aside, and displayed a little girl lying there with a thin, pale face and cropped hair, but with the brightness of returning health in her eyes. The child smiled brightly at sight of the nun, and kissed the hand that was offered her.

"Here is a little girl who has also been sick," the superior said, lifting Rose and setting her on the bed beside the other. "And now you two are going to have breakfast together. One is Rose, and the other is Lily. You must be very fond of each other, and see which will get strong and well first."

Smiling kindly on them, she wisely left them to become acquainted in their own way. For a minute they were silent, the sick child shyly regarding Rose, and Rose looking off with swimming eyes toward the windows. At length, Lily ventured, in the sweet, hesitating way of a bird learning to sing:

"I'm real glad we're to have breakfast, aren't you?"

Rose looked with wan and listless surprise at the speaker. Breakfast was the thought furthest from her mind. With her heart full of grief, and strange, tragical images floating vaguely before her mind—images that might well, if understood, appal the stoutest mind—

Rose had but little consciousness of any of her bodily wants.

"We shall have strawberries, I think," continued Lily, more confident now that the ice was broken. "Sister Anastasia told me that she should not be surprised if I had some, and of course you will too."

Rose drew a long, tremulous sigh, and began to look about her, and take note of things.

"Isn't this a splendid place?" asked the other, determined to talk.

Rose sighed out a "Yes."

"All the other girls got up early, and are down in the garden," Lily went on. "I sleep late because I have been sick. At ten o'clock I shall be dressed and go out and walk on the terrace, or down the graperies. Will you go with me?"

Here there was a faint rattling of dishes above the rustling of trees, and a nun appeared at the door carrying a waiter, and followed by the superior, who brought a little stand and placed it before the children. Sure enough, there were strawberries, two small saucers full, strewn over with sugar, and with a spoonful of cream in each. Two cups of chocolate and two generous slices of buttered bread completed the breakfast.

Whether it was the novelty of her situation, the gentle cheerfulness of her companions, or some reaction in herself, Rose presently felt disposed to think eating not only possible but desirable, and after a while managed to eat nearly all her breakfast, giving half her slice of bread to the famished little convalescent.

After leaving them to loiter and chatter for a while over their food, the superior came back.

"You are to have the bed next to Lily's, Rose," she said. "And now you may come with me and see your place in the wash room. You are to have this pigeon-hole for your own, and these two drawers; and when your trunk comes, I will show you what things to put in them. This is your basin, and you are to hang your towel here. Now go back and stay with Lily, and presently I will take you both out to walk."

A week later, a note was handed to Doctor Thayer, in his office.

"Your patient is doing well," the superior wrote. "She gains in strength and cheerfulness, is perfectly at ease with me, and has become attached to a little girl whom I have given her for a playmate. The friend I have chosen for her, is Lily Raymond, an orphan of Southern parentage, who has no near friends, and who spends her vacations with us. I think you may feel perfectly easy about the child."

The doctor read the note twice, then twisted it up and carefully burnt it.

One year stole away, days and nights succeeded each other as silently as light and shadow chase across the landscape; and another year followed in its tracks, and another and another, till ten years are gone since that morning when little Rose and Lily, little no longer, ate their first breakfast together in the dormitory of the convent school of the Sisters of Notre Dame, near Saxon. Whatever changes may have come to people, places are not noticeable different, and we might walk up the avenue to Rose Hall and fancy that but a day had passed since Doctor Thayer went there to call on the lady of the house for some trinkets belonging to a poor little pauper in whom he was interested. Perhaps the trees have a more stately growth, the shrubs are fuller, the hedges finer; but the wide door stands open as then, the wrought-lace curtains hang scarcely swaying in the faint breeze, and the same bird-songs thrill the air, though the same birds do not sing them. It is surely the same lady who stands by one of the lower front windows, holding back the curtain with an imperious arm, as though she had just swept it aside to give some angry command to one who must obey. There is the same white and haughty face, the same wealth of silken black hair, the same hard, bright eyes, and same fine and stately form.—Instead of the rose-colored dress which formerly cast its faint blush on the marble pallor, Mrs. Burkhardt wears a loose morning robe of white pique elaborately embroidered with black. If the hair is thinned on the top of the lady's head that mark of time's depredations is hidden by the coquettish little barbe of lace which is fastened to her braids with

a knot of lavender ribbon, and falls in long embroidered ends to her shoulders. Though nearly fifty years of age, Mrs. Burkhardt can yet be captivating when she chooses; and it must be owned that she sometimes chooses of late. These lingering signs of lavender, and black embroideries are all that is left of her widow's weeds. Mr. Burkhardt has been three years dead.

It would seem that the lady was expecting some one; for after looking out a while, she dropped the curtain, and began walking the room, glancing from the windows whenever she passed them, and keeping a close lookout on the avenue. Even the anger and excitement which is evidently quivering in every nerve of her form gives her a more youthful look, by chasing away that languor which ever comes with years.

At length, after she had paced the room impatiently for nearly half an hour, she paused and listened, for there was a faint sound of light wheels in the avenue; and in a few minutes a glittering little top-buggy drawn by a beautiful bay was driven up to the steps, and a gentleman alighted and tossed the reins into the hands of a colored servant, who had come immediately forward on hearing him.

Looking at this gentleman as he ascends the steps with prompt but unhurried feet, we may recognize the flight of ten years since we last saw him. It is Doctor Eugene Thayer; but not the bridegroom smiling at his bride's crown of cherry-blossoms, nor the kind young doctor taking his little orphan charge to the convent. The man looks his full forty years, and you can see they have not been forty years of play. Ten years of severe study and of faithful practice in the science of fighting disease and death in the myriad forms which they assume to attack the citadel of life will leave their mark; and Doctor Thayer has had other wearing influence at work on him beside this professional wear and tear. But there are few persons who would look on him with less pleasure now than ten years ago.—The face is thin; but it is the thinness of the finely wrought statue, and not one ignoble tool has cut its line there.—A young person may have physical beauty; but a refined mind requires time to imprint its higher beauty on the features. Ten years ago, the expression of the doctor's face, when in repose, was thoughtful; now it has added melancholy to thoughtfulness. No ray of brightness has gone from his eyes; but they are, perhaps, more steady and less flashing. His whole manner has changed, except that prompt way which is essential, and a feature of mind as well as of body. There is less play of expression; the smile is slow to come; the manner is more reserved and cold; though gentle, the words are few. To intimate friends, or the rare persons who suit him, he can unbend, and be as easy and more charming than ever; but the doctor's patients and ordinary acquaintances stand a little in awe of him. Careless rings of dark hair curl about his forehead, and his beard is all shaven except a long mustache, beloved of the ladies, who never weary of the way in which it turns back so as to hide the composed mouth, yet at the ends droops in a silken tress below the chin. This mustache is the doctor's only sign of dandyism, unless his exquisite neatness may be classed under that head.—

"A frequent bath and clean linen are indispensable to a physician," he would say; and he acted on his maxim. Servants appeared as if by magic at the Hall. One never had to ring a bell there on approaching. An obsequious quadron rose from the earth, as it were, as you drove up the steps, his hand extended to take the reins from yours; the doors opened as you approached them; it was as if your unspoken wishes were audible to the dwellers there. One was not without an uncomfortable feeling that privacy was impossible at the Hall, and that any minute, however inopportune, a dusky-faced Afrite might start up at one's elbow. One of these noiseless beings appeared just inside the open door as Doctor Thayer entered, and, bowing low, informed him that Mrs. Burkhardt was in the sunset room, so named on account of a beautiful painting of an Italian sunset which adorned the walls. There he found the lady, absorbed, apparently, in examining rose-petals through a microscope.

"Clarence," she said, without looking up, on hearing a step, "I shan't go to town to-day. Cousin Margaret wants me to sit with her. So you needn't wait. O, doctor!" with a charming little air of surprise, "I thought it was Clarence. How noiselessly you came! Your wheels must be tired with velvet. Or did you walk?"

"I drove," the doctor replied, with a courteous greeting.

As he came up the avenue, his sharp eyes had plainly seen the lady pacing her room, and had seen her white dress pause a moment before the window as he came round the near turn at the wing of the house.

"What does she want to make such a pretence for?" he thought, coolly looking her, and calmly admiring her faultless make-up.

"At the microscope?" he remarked, with a glance at her occupation. "That is our modern substitute for the enchanted carpet: it transports us into a new world."

Mrs. Burkhardt laughed lightly.

"I am simply consoling myself," she said. "Chancing to look at my own hand through the glass, I was horrified at its coarse appearance; and I can only regain my own self-respect by proving to myself that the rose-petals are quite as rough."

She took up one of the petals from the table beside her, and, dropping it to the delicate palm of her hand, smilingly contemplated it.

The doctor smiled lightly also; but there was a spice of cynicism in his expression as he marked the coquetry of her action.

"The petal has the worst of it," he said, with the air of a man who knows that he is expected to pay a compliment.

The lady tossed the flowers aside, and became grave immediately.

"I have a childish habit of trifling when I am anxious," she said, with dignity. "And I am very uneasy and very much annoyed this morning. I wish to speak to you about it."

The gentleman signified that he was all attention. Indeed, Doctor Thayer respected Mrs. Burkhardt when she proceeded to business. She had a clear, prompt way and showed more coolness and common sense than women are always in the habit of displaying when they are interested in the subject under discussion.

"You have not forgotten what I told you years ago about the death of that Mrs. Paulier who was here to nurse Cousin Margaret? Well, I had almost forgotten it, when suddenly it was recalled to my mind in the most unexpected manner. I was at Mrs. General Summerville's yesterday. She has just returned from the South. She told me that about six weeks ago she received a letter from my cousin, Mr. Stanley, of England. The letter was addressed to O—, and forwarded to her. He wrote to make inquiries concerning this same Mrs. Paulier—having, he said, just heard that she once nursed Mrs. Summerville. Now, the fact that Mr. Stanley should inquire about this person does not surprise me—I should not be surprised at his knowing or inquiring about any one, or at anything he might do. He is a most unaccountable being. But the fact of any person asking for her now of course makes me uneasy. What can I say if asked concerning the manner of her death? Since poor Dr. Marston's death, no one knows the particulars except yourself, me, Cousin Margaret, my housekeeper, and the apothecary's son Thomas. What am I to do? It is really very embarrassing. I shall never cease to regret that I did not put aside my dislike of vulgar scandal, and have the matter made public at the time. I cannot imagine what should have made me so indiscreet, except that I was too much shocked by the occurrence to know well what I was about. What ought I to do?"

Mrs. Burkhardt in the effort to control and hide her own agitation, did not notice that a swift flush had passed over her companion's face, and he checked an eager impulse to speak.

When he had finished speaking, he had himself it hand again.

"It is impossible for me to dictate your course," he replied quietly, his eyes dwelling steadily on her pallid face. "It is very unlikely that any one will apply to me for information. I was not your physician at the time. You must really use your own judgment in the matter."

The lady frowned angrily.—Continued.