

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

Invariably in Advance!

Advertising rates furnished upon application.

FOR THE BLOOMFIELD TIMES.

SNOW-FLAKES.

I.

Lilies-of-the-valley of the skies,
In throngs that seem unending,
The snow-flakes are descending,
Hovering, filling the air with a wide-spread,
White surprise.

Winter is a dark and dismal night,
A tyrant, too, to many,
And welcome scarce to any,
Yet for what child of the Year are there flowers
More fraught with light?

Spring about her feet strews wind-flowers fair,
And Summer brings red roses;
Blue asters Fall disclose;
But for bleak Winter bloom these when the
woods and meads are bare.

II.

Lilies-of-the-valley of the skies,
Perfumeless, fresh, unwrinkled,
By angel-hands are sprinkled
Over the bosom of earth that all cold and
corpse-like lies.

Like the daughter of the grieving Jew,
For her there has been weeping,
But she's not dead, but sleeping,
Whom as in winding-sheet gently these lilies
wrap from view.

Though the day a dim death-chamber seems,
And all is hushed around her,
Yet 'tis but sleep has bound her;
Pulses the life in her veins, and her soul is
soothed with dreams.

III.

Lilies-of-the-valley of the skies,
Without you care would cumber
The earth 'e'en in her slumber,
But the soft pall of your pureness the peace of
heaven supplies.

Streams will soon for joy about her leap,
Birds sing, bees hum, and splendor
Of countless blooms attend her,
Vanish these spirit-like lilies, and end her
wintry sleep.

Then when vernal flowers again I view,
So tender and so fragrant—
Then will my fancy vagrant
Wander with Memory back in a May-day
dream of you.

W. L. SHOEMAKER.

STOLEN FROM THE GRAVE,

—OR—

The Doctor's Wife.

CONTINUED.

"I DON'T SEE HER," replies Mr. Charles Wilson; and with very good reason, for he has not removed his eyes from Rose and Clarence.

Miss Lily Raymond glanced into his face, saw the direction of his eyes, and pouted her red-underline lip. The young man had been detailed to show her through the rooms, and he had gone no further with her than to this post of observation, where for the last hour or more he had stood as if glued to the corner of the cabinet against which he leaned, and had not once looked at the lady on his arm. And yet, Miss Lily Raymond was well worth looking at. A pretty blonde she was, with a bright, airy manner, half-childlike, half-coquettish, and wholly charming. She had now been at Doctor Thayer's nearly two months, and had seen Mr. Wilson every day; yet this, she thought, with vexation, was all the impression she had made.

At length Mrs. Burkhardt felt herself released from her duties, and, turning to take Doctor Thayer's offered arm, she beckoned to Clarence.

"Take Rose to see the rooms," said she.

But Rose, with pretty willfulness, shook her head at him, and put her

hand in the doctor's disengaged arm.—She had begun to see that she could do as she pleased.

"Very well," Mrs. Burkhardt said, smiling to hide her anger. "I will find another escort, withdrawing her hand. Rose drew back, blushing.

"I will go with Clarence," she said. "Was it very improper in me, Clarence, to take the doctor's arm in that way?" she whispered, in much distress.

"Certainly not. You cannot do anything very wrong," was the gallant reply; "but in a company like this, one lady is considered enough for one gentleman. Whom are you looking for, Rose?"

"Oh, it is no matter," said Rose, blushing again.

She had been looking back to where Charles Wilson stood, still looking after her, trying to hide the pallor of his face under an appearance of gayety. Her escort glanced back, and shut his teeth close together.

"Charles and that pretty Miss Raymond are certainly very much occupied with each other," he remarked carelessly.

"It would be a good match," he went on. "Charles is a capital fellow, and of course you can recommend your fair friend."

"What has become of the doctor and Mrs. Coolidge?" asked Rose abruptly, stopping to look back as they stepped out on the veranda.

"Mrs. Coolidge is talking with Mrs. General Summerville, about her babies, I'll be bound; and Doctor Thayer and my mamma have just disappeared in the direction of the pink boudoir. I wish I could ask you something in confidence, Cousin Rose," he said, as abruptly as she had spoken.

"People are talking a little about the doctor and my mother, and I can't find out anything by her. Do you know anything? Do you think they are going to be married?"

"I never dreamed of such a thing?" cried Rose starting away from him. "It would be shameful! She is years and years older."

"I quite agree with you," said the young man. "I was afraid of it once; but I feel easier now, since mother is so much less rich. I always thought he would like the place here."

They went down into the gardens, that were scenes of enchantment. The foliage had turned with autumn tints, and in the lights seemed to be trees of red and golden flame; the very spirit of starlight, odors, love and beauty, breathed in the strains of music that seemed to pierce the air, so penetrating was their sweetness. Lights were clustered here and there among the groves, and groups and pairs glided like shadows through the garden paths. The upper terraces were in full light from the house, and nearly as crowded as the saloons, the costumes and faces far more picturesque, since the light, coming only from one side, gave room for shade, and for many a brilliant effect on jewels, feathers and silks.

"I don't see how anything on earth can be so beautiful!" exclaimed Rose, clasping her hands.

That night Mrs. Burkhardt took leave of her friends with great emphasis. She was about going to Europe for a time, perhaps for years; and this was probably her last meeting with them before starting. Rose was to take possession of the hall in a week.

"It will be so large and lonesome," said Rose pitifully, as they rode home.

"Won't you change houses with me, Doctor Thayer, or come and live with me?"

It was rather a silent party that drove home to the cottage that night of Mrs. Burkhardt's reception. Scarcely a word was said till the quiet good-night with which they parted. Mrs. Coolidge was tired, and went directly up-stairs, and Lily, divided between pique and a pain sharper than pique, silently followed her, but lingering a little on the way. Doctor Thayer took off his light gloves, put on an extra wrap, and stepped out to see a patient near by. The man could scarcely live through the night, and he had promised to look in a moment on his way home from the party.

"I cannot think of sleep," Rose said, hesitating on the threshold of the par-

lor. "I am too much excited; and, besides the night is so fine. Are you sleepy, Charles?"

Leaning over the balusters, Lily Raymond heard the question, and the young man's impassioned reply.—"I don't care ever to sleep again!"—and starting back went into her chamber and banged the door after her.

"Why, Charles?" Rose exclaimed: "What is the matter?"

"I should be a fool were I to tell you!" he answered, almost rudely; and you would be angry with me."

She stood in the doorway a moment longer, hesitating, the light of a single lamp that hung from the ceiling shining softly over her fair, wistful face, looking toward her companion, who had turned his back, and was leaning from the open window. The blue-hooded mantle she wore dropped downward from her shoulders, her dress lay out in rich, snowy folds on the carpet. The strictness of her training and her natural timidity inclined her to leave him; but the recollection of that time so long ago when he had taken pity on her, and been the only one in the wide world who loved her, and forgot himself in loving, prevented her going. She went slowly toward him, and after standing a moment near the window where he was, seated herself on a sofa that stood just behind him.

"I am not likely to be angry with you for telling me anything, when I ask you to tell it," she said gently. "I don't want to urge you indelicately; but it troubles me to see you unhappy, and I would gladly do anything to comfort you, if I could."

It was impossible to resist those earnest, affectionate tones. The young man turned from the window and seated himself beside her, after asking permission. She looked kindly at him, and waited to hear his explanation.

Our poor simple Rose was not on the lookout for lovers, and every new one was a surprise to her. She had not been brought up to think of such things; she was not able to distinguish between affection and a jealous, exclusive love; she had never in her life read a novel, nor heard a love-story. Now, the most she expected was to hear that Lily had in some way displeased or disappointed Charles. She was soon undeceived.

"Oh, hush! hush!" she cried, putting her hand up to stop him. "You ought not to speak so to me. You know that I am almost a nun; and if I were not, it would make no difference. And my money makes no difference either. If I wanted any one to—to think a great deal of me, and my money were in the way, I would give it all up."

She spoke hastily, almost angrily. It was an offence to her to be so approached, so sp ken to. She regarded herself as one set apart, sacred from all earthly ties, only now for a season mingling in worldly gayeties. But when she saw Charles Wilson's head droop, and a deathly paleness overspread his face, her heart relented.

"I am sorry to pain you, Charles," she said, in a faltering voice. "I like you very much, and I shall never forget how kind you were to me when I was a little friendless girl."

Lily Raymond, sitting at her window up-stairs, heard a step in the entry below, heard the outer door open and shut, and in a moment more saw Charles Wilson stride down through the garden. Instantly she divined the trouble. Indeed, she had expected it. Looking after him, she saw that after walking to and fro in that part of the garden furthest from the house, he threw himself upon the ground, and lay there with his face hidden in his hands. She had begun by being angry.

"Good enough for him!" she had muttered, when he first went out. "He might have known that she wouldn't have him!" But when she saw him lying there, her anger died away. "I cannot bear it!" she said, at length. "I must go to him, if he hates me for it. Poor fellow! he can't help it if he does love her."

Looking from the side window that commanded a view of that part of the grounds, Rose had been standing with her hands clasped to her breast, watching the young man, wondering, in distress, what she ought to do, wishing Doctor Thayer would come, half of a mind to call Mrs. Coolidge. She heard

Lily's step on the stairs, saw her glide past the window and down the garden path, saw Charles start to his feet at her approach. The two stood a moment, then Rose saw that while Charles hid his face in his hands and leaned against the trunk of a tree, Lily stood beside him, and after a moment touched his arm with her hand.

"Dear little Lily! she will comfort him," she said, with a sigh of relief, and went back to her sofa.

The late moon had arisen, and shone in over her, flinging its beams in a silvery mantle over that pure brow and white-robed form. Rose got up and extinguished the lamp, then sat down again and gazed thoughtfully out into the night.

"I wonder why I feel so unhappy?" she murmured. "I felt so before Charles spoke. It must be because I am doing wrong. I haven't said my prayers to-night. Oh, mea culpa!"

Rising instantly, she knelt before her sofa in the moonlight, and, blessing herself, folded her hands, and, lifting her pale and spiritual face, went softly and solemnly through with her neglected devotions. So intent was she that she scarcely was aware of the soft opening and closing of the front door, or of the step that went through the entry. But when she rose from her knees, she saw Doctor Thayer standing in the door of his study, his form outlined against the window behind him.

"Oh, I thought it was Charles," she said, as he came forward. "I happened to remember that I hadn't said my prayers to-night, and so I said them right away, lest I should get sleepy."

"Are you sleepy?" he asked.

"Oh, no, I am wide awake. I think that my first party has excited me. I shall not be able to sleep to-night, and I don't want to try."

Doctor Thayer seated himself on the sofa she had left, and presently she took a seat there also. She fancied that he had motioned her to. For a minute he sat looking thoughtfully out into the moonlighted night, seeming to have forgotten Rose; but just as she was getting a little uneasy, and thinking that perhaps he wanted to be alone, he turned his face toward her.

"How beautiful he is," was her involuntary thought.

And, indeed, that fine high-bred face did look beautiful in the softening light that shone over it, and with the added charm of the faint smile that stirred his lips as he looked at her.

"I have been mentally traveling back ten years," he said, "and I have been thinking that I should like to ask you something about your experience at that time, if the subject will not be painful to you. In all the gossip and wondering that has been made over your history, you and I have never mentioned it to each other. There was no need we should. There is no need now, except to gratify a professional curiosity of mine. Would you rather not speak of that strange illness of yours?"

Rose leaned back in her corner of the sofa, and rested her head upon her hand, shading her eyes; but her forehead shone pure in the light, and the small ringless hand looked as though carved from ivory.

"I remember so little!" she murmured, in an agitated voice; "and yet, all that I knew ten years ago, I know now. My sickness was full of terror. I can recollect that the moment I was left alone, strange little men and women, with ugly faces, used to crowd my room, and seem to threaten me. Mrs. Warren was not, certainly, very tender; but I dreaded to have her leave me at night. Doctor Maraden was kind, I think. Once he put his hand on my head, and said, 'Poor child!' But through it all was the thought that if you, or Charles, or Mrs. Coolidge, would come to me, all would be well. Of course I was delirious all the time. At last, one night, I heard the doctor say to Mrs. Warren that I was going to die. It filled me with terror, and I began to scream. In my delirium, it seemed to me that they wanted to kill me; and I tried to get out of bed, and run away. I suppose I did run across the room, and fall. I had a sensation which even now it chills me recall. It was as though I were falling, falling, in darkness, and with a sickening horror in my heart,—falling till it seemed as though I should

fall forever; and then I went out like a flame. The next I knew was a sensation of cold, and of being bound so that I could not move. I heard sounds, and longed to speak, and open my eyes; but could not. Then I thought that some one was carrying me. But it was all so dim that the effort to recall it is like trying to catch motes in the beam. Then some one else took me, and laid me on a hard bed, and I felt as though a strong light was shining over me. I could see the glow of it, though my eyes were shut. I felt quite happy, and believed that I was in heaven. Some one took my hand, and I thought that my mother had come to meet me. I lay there, and drew that light and warmth to myself, and woke slowly to a new life. It was as though I had been in some terrible place, and a friend—my mother, or some one else—had led me out of it, and now all was safe. I opened my eyes, and saw a face bending over me!"

Rose started suddenly forward from her corner of the sofa, and impulsively held out both her hands.

"O my friend! my friend!" she cried passionately, "it was you who saved my life. Do not forsake me, nor send me away from you!"

A flush swept over the doctor's face, at the suddenness of her appeal. He clasped the two trembling hands, and looked earnestly into the tearful face.

"My dear, I never dreamed of deserting you," he said; "and as for sending you from me, you will only go to your own, and I hope to see you often. Indeed, dear, I am as unwilling to spare you as you are to go. I shall be lonely here."

"Could you not go to the Hall, and live with me, and Mrs. Coolidge, and Lily?" asked Rose, softly touching with her delicate finger-tips one of the hands that had held hers, and that still rested on the sofa between them.

As she spoke, she leaned slightly toward him, then drew back timidly, withdrawing her fingers from his hand. Kind as he was, he was so dignified and unresponsive that she half feared him.

Doctor Thayer breathed quickly, and his eyes scintillated, as he looked at her one instant in silence. This girl was too utterly ignorant. He must put a stop to such solicitations, and, cruel as it seemed, give her a lesson in respect for the world's opinion.

"I could live there only as your husband, Rose," he said, and in the effort to speak calmly his voice sounded cold. "It is not usual for gentlemen no older than I to become the guests of young ladies. The world would consider it very improper."

She looked at him one instant, with her beautiful eyes dilating with surprise, then a crimson blush rushed over her face, burning like a flame her pallid whiteness,—a blush of mingled pain and shame. For the first time, she thought came into her mind that she had been bold and indelicate, that she had offended and disgusted him, and that there was something shocking in her expressing her affection, and her willingness to love him. That, then, was what his coldness had meant! She sat overwhelmed with humiliation. Could it be that he would think she meant to ask him to marry her? The thought took her to her feet as though she had received a galvanic shock.

"You must pardon my childish ignorance," she stammered, half turning away, and not looking at him. And there was a ring of pride, almost of anger, in her voice. "You know I have had no chance to learn such things."

She was going away, but he detained her.

"My dear Rose," he said, with sorrowful tenderness, "do not leave me so. Do you think that I am blaming you? or that I am ungrateful for your affection? I only said this to you to save you the necessity of hearing it from somebody else."

"She shrank away from him, withdrawing the hand he had taken.

"You make me think myself mean and unmanly!" he exclaimed. "Have I insulted you?"

"No," said Rose, with a drooping head; "but you have made me think of things I never thought of before."

She glided away from him, and hurried up to her room. Doctor Thayer her husband! The thought made her faint.