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FOR THE BLOOMFIELD TIMES.

FRIENDSHIP.

How hard it is to find a friend,
One on whom you can depend;
Sometimes we think the treasure got,
Till trial proves we have it not.

Many, to serve their selfish ends,
Warmly declare they are your friends;
But soon as serving self is o'er,
Behold they are your friends no more.

Others will act a part more base,—
Always be friendly to your face;
You turn your back, then they your name
Expose to obloquy and shame.

Apparent friendship others show,
That you may confidence bestow;
Your secrets thus they oft obtain,
And use to injure your good name.

Those who of others tell you much,
My counsel is, beware of such;
They bring your neighbor's faults to view,
And absent, speak the same of you.

A faithful friend I highly prize,
But mere pretense I do despise;
Whene'er disposed a friend to trust,
Be always sure to prove him first.

G. W. ORRIS

STOLEN FROM THE GRAVE,

—OR—

The Doctor's Wife.

CONTINUED.

SHE lifted her head a little. The momentary embarrassment was all gone, and with the timidity, and that look of troubled sadness which he had noticed all through her conversation; and in their place was pride—or it was something too lofty for pride, even?—and another expression that Doctor Thayer could not define, but which haunted him for many a day. It seemed a passionate reproach. She lifted her head, and gave him one look out of those brilliant eyes of hers. Only that; not a word from the closely shut lips—neither smile nor frown on the pale, beautiful face. But that look wrung his heart, as if, unawares, he had struck one already sorrowful. Without waiting for him to speak, Rose went to the window, and called Mrs. Coolidge and her children, who had just come upon the veranda from a walk in the garden.

Three weeks from that day Rose sailed for Europe, leaving Mrs. Coolidge in charge of the Hall. The doctor had not once seen her alone since the day she announced her intention to him; and when he went up to take leave of her, she had gone.

"Say good-by to him for me," Rose had said to Mrs. Coolidge. "Good-bys hurt me so that I hate to say them.—Tell him not to be angry me with me for disregarding his advice. I have a reason for going, and must go."

Doctor Thayer stood looking from one of the windows while the message was delivered to him, and for a moment after it was given he still stood with his back turned to the room. Then he wheeled about suddenly, and confronted his sister-in-law, who was watching him intently.

"Meeta, what is the meaning of this? What has the girl gone away for?"

She hesitated one moment, then gave the answer she had resolved on giving if he should ask her that question.

"It is my belief, Eugene," she said, "that Rose loves you too well to live so near you, and have you indifferent to her."

"Then I am glad she went," said the

doctor, returning to the window as abruptly as he had left it.

"Eugene," exclaimed the lady indignantly, "you are cruel and heartless! I wouldn't have believed!"

She stopped, for Doctor Thayer, had sunk into a chair, and dropped his face into his hands.

"Please leave me a little while, Meeta," he said, in a low tone.

That very morning, Rose lay in her berth in the ocean steamer Niagara, her face hidden in the pillow, her heart sick almost unto death.

"You had better accept your friend's invitation to travel," one whose advice she asked, and whom alone she had confided, had told her. "It will kill or cure; most probably cure."

"I think it will kill," thought the poor girl, as she lay there counting the long paddle-strokes that pushed her further and further from all that she loved.

"She shall be your wife in six months," whispered Mrs. Burkhardt exultantly to her son.

"Then, mamma, you will have to do the business," he said, rather crossly.—"I don't care about being refused a second time."

Mrs. Burkhardt took her prize directly to Paris. Rose had desired to see her guardian, in London; but they had found an excuse for hurrying her on.—Mr. Markharm was off at Edinburgh, or somewhere—he could not be reached readily, and they could as well see him on their return. They would go to Paris for a little visit. Somewhat unwillingly, Rose consented, and they staid but one day in London.—Mr. Markharm all the time within a half an hour's ride of them. Mrs. Burkhardt had no idea of allowing the heiress of Mr. Stanley to be known and introduced in London society. Neither did she mean that Rose should appear publicly among the novelty-loving Parisians, with her beautiful face and vast wealth to attract lovers as honey draws flies. The lady had been in Paris several times before, and was acquainted at court, where she had a cousin married to a marquis; but instead of taking rooms in a gay and fashionable locality, as she had before, Mrs. Burkhardt sought out a quiet and retired neighborhood, and lived in the most secluded manner. Rose did not know the difference—any part of Paris would have been full of interest; and since there was a church a few steps from the door where she could go to mass every morning, and since they visited all the notable places in Paris, she was content.

There were paintings and statuary and gardens and palaces to be seen, and more delightful yet, there were the convents. Rose got admittance to every convent in Paris and vicinity, and in every one she left her trail in gold. An ornament for the chapel, a sum of money for improvements, or for charities—they all had, for some gift, reason to remember the dark-eyed young American sylph whom each one longed to claim for their own.

For her social circle, it comprised Mrs. Burkhardt and Clarence—no one else; but the girl scarcely desired more, and they exerted themselves to supply her every wish. Clarence was not too attentive. Indeed, Rose sometimes wished he would be a little more friendly, and allow her to forget that she had once refused his hand. She liked him as an unsophisticated girl is apt to like a man of the world, with a sort of wondering admiration of his perfect acquaintance with what to her is utterly unknown, and with a confidence and reliance as pleasant for her to feel as for him to inspire. She longed to call him Cousin Clarence, as she had once done, and drop that stiff "Mr. Burkhardt" which had some way taken its place.—She wished that he would drop that way he had of acting as though he thought she hated him, and was trying not to be in despair about it. In fine, she wished he would act less like a despairing lover, and more like a true friend. Then she could not fail to see that he was a remarkably handsome and elegant young man, and she was sorry if he was unhappy about her. Altogether, Mr. Clarence Burkhardt was very much in his cousin's thoughts. He took care to be a good deal in her company, too. In

the morning she never, or but seldom, saw him. When she bade him good-night, and went to her early and innocent slumber, his day had but commenced. Then, dressing hastily, he went out to pass the night in some scene of gayety and dissipation, sometimes, on returning at morning, just escaping Rose, as she stole out, missal in hand, to her early devotions. Every afternoon he was at her disposal.

But one day all this quiet life met with a change. As they sat in their saloon one afternoon—Rose embroidering on a wonderful communion-cloth which she was going to present to her beloved sisters in Saxon, Mrs. Burkhardt leaning back in her sofa, and somewhat absently twisting the rings on her fingers, and Clarence reading aloud a letter from America—they heard the unusual sound of carriage-wheels in their little court-yard, and five minutes after, with a great rustling of silks, a lady tripped into the room, and, with silvery exclamations of delight and surprise, ran to embrace Mrs. Burkhardt. The Marquise of Bellevue had only just learned of the presence of her relative in Paris, and after what she protested were superhuman efforts had discovered her retreat.

"I thought I would have to employ the police," she said, laughing; "but, at all risks, I was quite determined to find you out."

After another embrace, she turned to greet Clarence, and he made acquaintance with Rose, welcoming both to Paris with every appearance of cordiality and delight. And all the while she was thinking:

"My black-eyed Cousin Barbara and her precious son are hiding this young beauty from me. I will find out what it means. She must be a prize, or they wouldn't take so much pains."

And at the same time, while replying to her visitor's compliments with what sweetness she could command at this moment, Mrs. Burkhardt was mentally complimenting her somewhat as follows:

"Peste! she will spoil everything.—She knows that at this moment I could tear her eyes out—and yet how sweet and smiling she is! How she looks at Rose, and pats her arm with that baby hand of hers! She is determined to get the girl."

Madame la Marquise was determined first to find out who the girl was. Miss Stanley! what, of England? Oh, of America. Madame did not know that there were any left of the family there—and yet Rose called Mrs. Burkhardt aunt.

Rose explained in a few words. "My name was Paulier; but when Mr. Walter Stanley died he made me his heiress, and wished me to take his name."

"Oh!"

Madame understood at once. She knew all that story. What a romance! So Mr. Stanley had found the daughter of his old love, and just caught her from under the nun's veil. Rose must remember that she, the marquise, was also a sort of cousin. And she must let Paris see her; and, above all she must be presented to the dear empress. Her majesty liked romance, and was the sweetest creature living—a perfect angel. The marquise would mention Rose to her that very day.

Mrs. Burkhardt tried to say something about Rose having an objection to gay society, and their intention to return to London right away; but Rose quietly interposed.

"I would like to see the empress," she said. "I have always wished to. And there is no hurry about going to London, is there?"

The marquise glanced triumphantly at her cousin, and Mrs. Burkhardt dropped her eyes to hide the anger in them.

Rose was presented to the empress, and immediately fell in love with her; Eugenie also taking an immediate fancy to the young stranger, and petting her remarkably.

"Cannot we persuade this white rose of yours to marry in Paris, and stay with us?" her majesty asked the marquise. "Is she to marry her cousin?—You think not. Then, madame, do not let her go."

It was certainly time, Mrs. Burkhardt perceived, for vigorous measures. For several days Rose had noticed that her

aunt, as she called her, was troubled and pre-occupied, and that Clarence scarcely appeared in the saloon. She felt uneasy, but did not like to ask an explanation. Perhaps they did not wish to remain any longer in Paris, and were disinclined to interrupt her pleasures by telling her so. At length she spoke to her aunt about it.

"If you wish to go to London, aunt, I will go any time; and we could return here."

"I do not think it is best that we should go to London," Mrs. Burkhardt said, in a constrained voice, looking down and tapping her foot on the carpet as she spoke.

"I thought you wished it," Rose said in surprise.

"I did; but circumstances have changed," was the cold answer.

"Why, what has happened? What is the matter? Is any one ill or dead?" exclaimed Rose, in affright.

Mrs. Burkhardt raised her eyes, and looked coldly and searchingly at the girl, and even while looking, her face softened, and she held out her hand.

"My dear, I know it is all false.—Your look is too pure, too frank for guilt."

"Guilt!" repeated Rose, growing pale, "what guilt? what do you mean?" The lady seemed to consider a moment, then she drew Rose to a seat beside her on the sofa.

"I will tell you the whole," she said, with an air of frank kindness; "for you ought to know. But, my dear, rely on my friendship, and that of Clarence, and do not fear that we will turn against you, or believe any slanders that may be circulated against you. Indeed, poor Clarence is almost crazy about it, and so angry that I am in mortal terror lest he should fight some one."

"Tell me! tell me!" Rose broke out.

"It is said, my dear, that you are a favorite of the emperor, and that the Marquise of Bellevue is a go-between, that you must meet him at her house, and that the empress only receives you because she is afraid of her husband. All Paris believes it, and the story has gone both to England and America.—That is my reason for being afraid to go England. It is doubtful if you should be admitted into society there."

She paused a moment to mark the effect of her tale. Rose sat motionless, as if turned to stone, and stared at her.

"You can now see why I was not very willing to have you enter society with the marquise," she resumed.—"Marie is a giddy creature, and scarcely a safe chaperon for an inexperienced girl."

"No one can believe such a slander!" cried Rose wildly. "It is too horrible! It is too false! It is so easy to prove it false."

"My poor child," Mrs. Burkhardt said with a sigh, "it is impossible to recall or silence a slander that is once circulated. I have done everything I could, but all in vain."

Rose started up with a cry. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" walking to and fro, and wringing her hands. "It is worse than death."

Mrs. Burkhardt went to her, put an arm about her, and kissed the pallid cheeks.

"My love," she said, "there is one way, and I hesitated to mention it, lest you might think it hard. If you were married, it would silence all this. Of course, if a gentleman of high standing were to marry you now, it would be a proof that the story was utterly false, since he would have the opportunities for knowing the truth."

"Who would marry a girl of whom such things could for an instant be believed?" cried Rose, moaning between every breath.

"No one who believed them," said the lady, in a whispered voice. "But one who loved and trusted you might be willing to show the world that he knew you to be innocent."

"No one loves me," moaned the girl, sinking into a chair, and hiding her face in her hands.

For a moment there was silence, then as she sat there with her face hidden, some one knelt beside her, and an arm gently encircled her waist.

"No, no one loves me," Rose repeated. "I have never found one who would forget himself for me, or stand by me

through good and ill. My best friends are those dear sisters in Saxon, and perhaps they would not receive me now."

"There is one who loves you through good and ill!" said a low voice at her side.

Rose started and lifted her face. Mrs. Burkhardt had disappeared, and Clarence was kneeling by her with his flushed face and tearful eyes raised toward her.

"My poor darling!" he said tenderly, "come to me for protection. Be my wife, and no one in the world will dare to breathe a word against you."—To be concluded next week.

Showing His Diploma.

A surgeon who had acquired an extensive practice was suspected by his envious competitors to have no diploma. With a view to expose him, they invited him to meet them at a certain tavern, take a glass of wine, compare notes concerning their early and professional education and exhibit their parchments. He accepted their invitation, and at the day appointed was ushered into a drawing-room with them, where one after another produced diplomas; some one, some two, some more.

"These are fine, but I have a finer one."

So, giving a signal forth came a crowd of men, women and children. "Look here," said he, "this man was once blind, he now sees; this child was once deaf, she now hears; this man was once lame, he now walks; this woman was once a maniac, she is now in her right mind. Behold my diploma, written not on parchment, but on the bodies and minds of my restored patients."

So in every department of human exertion, the best diploma is found in the fruits of our labors. Write your names in the history of your country, or on the hearts of its inhabitants.

Only a Trifle.

It is related of a Manchester manufacturer that, on retiring from business, he purchased an estate from a certain nobleman. The arrangement was that he should have the house with its furniture, just as it stood. On taking possession, however, he found that a cabinet which was in the inventory had been removed; and on applying to the former owner about it the latter said:

"Well, I certainly did order it to be removed; but I hardly thought you would have cared for so trifling a matter in so large a purchase."

"My lord," was the reply, "if I had not all my life attended to trifles, I should not have been able to purchase the estate; and, excuse me for saying so, perhaps if your lordship had cared more about trifles, you might not have had occasion to sell it."

Nearsightedness in Children.

Encourage the pupil to look off the book frequently, to change the focus of sight by regarding some distant object. It is not enough to look around vaguely; the eye must be directed to something which must be clearly seen, like a picture or motto upon the wall, or a bit of decoration. The greatest damage to the eye of students is the protracted effort to focus the printed page. It was simple barbarous, the way we used to be "whacked" in school, when we looked off the book. It is easy for the teacher to know the difference between the resting of the eye and the idle gazing around that cannot be allowed. I regard this rule as the most important, and the disregard of it the most prolific of trouble.—Educational Weekly.

The Stream to the Mill.

"I notice," said the stream to the mill, "that you grind beans fully as well as fine wheat."

"Certainly," clacked the mill; "what am I for but to grind? and so long as I work, what does it signify to me what the work is? My business is to serve my master, and I am not a whit more useful when I turn out fine flour than when I make the coarsest meal. My honor is not in doing fine work, but in performing any that comes as well as I can." That is what boys and girls ought to do—do whatever comes in their way as well as possible.