



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.

Select Poetry.

A NOVEL DISCOVERY.

"One night beside his 'girl' he sat
The hour was late, but merry chat
Had whiled the hours; he growing bold
At last essayed her hand to hold.

Unconscious she appeared, that he
Had taken the fond liberty;
Elate with joy at his first taste
Of privilege, he clasped her waist—

Her perfect waist, "two hundred bones,
At Paris made, by Monsieur Jones"—
Nor met repulse the bold caress,
But still the sweet unconsciousness.

"Dearest," he said, and closer drew
The willing form; "I never knew
Until this hour" (oh, callow clown!)—
"That woman's ribs ran up and down!"

The Deacon's Hasty Proposal.

"I WONDER he didn't take the parson," mused the deacon's house-keeper, as the deacon drove off alone to the Annual Conference. "He's commonly master-thoughtful about lookin' out for folks. What a husband he was!"

Yes, Asa Phoenix had been a good husband. All the neighbors agreed with Mrs. Dubbs in that particular. He had waited upon his fussy invalid wife, dying by inches for thirty years, making her as happy as she would let him; and when her summons came, he had closed her dying eyes tenderly, saying, even with tears:

"Poor sufferer, she is better off!"
That he was better off he never hinted by word or look. He wore his widower's weeds with sad decorum; he reared in memory of the departed Lucinda a monument which the most fastidious deceased might have envied; he grieved faithfully for the full allotted year of mourning. If now, from the ashes of the funeral pyre, like his feathered namesake of fable, he was springing up with renewed youth and freshness, was it not well?

In truth, though he had not seen fit to confide this fact to Mrs. Dubbs, Deacon Phoenix had slighted the minister deliberately and with malice aforethought.

Nor was it of the Conference he was thinking that fragrant June morning as he whirled away, tucking the lap-robe well about his glossy new broad-cloth.—For once in his hitherto blameless life he was essaying to hide the secular underneath the spiritual. He did not mean to go straight to meeting; it was his wily intention to make a wide circuit and call on Miss Olive Wayne in the town of Chester. He had a question to ask her, and did not want the parson with him; he hoped he might want him later.

Pretty, cheerful Olive! How fond he had been of her, years ago, when she attended school. If he had not then been in love with Lucinda, he was sure he should have fallen in love with her, mere child though she was. He had never lost sight of her, and he thanked Providence that he had been enabled by money and influence to help her family over some hard places. Please God, the dear girl should henceforth have an easier life. Girl! Why, little Olive must be fifty.

The good deacon laughed at the amusing recollections. Well, she would always seem young to him. And as for himself, at sixty odd he was a hale man yet; he could jump a five-rail fence as well as he ever could—give him time.—His thoughts continually reverted to Olive, so patiently devoted to her in-

valid father. She should bring the old gentleman to his house if she wished, or he would provide for his maintenance at her brother Reuben's. He was inclined to consider that the better plan. The money would be an object to Reuben.

In these cogitations the morning passed, and noon found Deacon Phoenix at the little hotel in Chester. Impatient of delay, after a hasty dinner he set out almost immediately for the Wayne homestead.

Arrived at the gate, he spied Miss Olive at the window, and alighted with a youthful agility not altogether prudent in a man who had twinges of sciatics.—And yet—strange inconsistency of human nature!—he dallied at the hitching post, and afterward, with his hand on the very knocker, he paused to scan the distant horizon, as though he came mainly for a view of the mountains.—Miss Olive opened the door, her cheeks flushed like late October peaches. She would not have been a woman had she not divined the deacon's tender mission, proclaimed by every detail of his immaculate toilette, by the grasp of his hand, by his nervous, expectant air.—And, moreover, Miss Olive was an attractive woman, not unversed in lovers' ways.

"Happy to see you, Mr. Phoenix.—Walk in," said she, flurriedly, ushering him into the sitting-room, where her aged father dozed in his armchair.

"Who is it, Olive?" said the old gentleman, waking with a bewildered stare.

"Mr. Phoenix, father. You remember Mr. Phoenix, I'm sure."

"I don't know as I do," said he, querulously, fumbling with the guest's outstretched hand. "What's he come for, Olive?"

The deacon looked as if he were suddenly feeling the hot weather; Miss Olive was positively feverish, but she deftly avoided the troublesome question by diverting her father's attention. His peppermint tea was ready—would he not drink it? As she hovered about the invalid, straightening his footstool, arranging his pillows, steadying the cup while he drank, Mr. Phoenix regarded her admiringly. How young she seemed still. Not a gray thread in her golden hair; scarcely a wrinkle in her face. That was because of her excellent disposition. He waited till she had soothed the old man into slumber, then in a direct, manly way introduced the subject that lay next his heart.

Miss Olive interrupted him by an eloquent glance toward her father.

"He is very childish and dependent. He cannot do without me."

"Let me help care for him, Miss Olive; my house is large, my means are ample."

"I couldn't, Mr. Phoenix—it is like your generosity to propose such a thing; but I couldn't have him a burden on you."

"Why, bless your soul, Olive, do you suppose I should consider a friend of yours a burden?"

"You don't know how trying poor father would be to any body but his own daughter, and I think he is likely to live to a great age, as grandfather did."

"For that very reason, then—"

"Besides, it would make him wretched to take him from the old homestead."

"But, Olive—"

"So, you see, I'm engaged, Mr. Phoenix," said Miss Olive, playfully, while she whisked away a tear. "I'm engaged. You must marry some lady who isn't. And I hope you'll be as happy as you deserve to be," she added, with a little tremor, springing up to adjust the curtain.

In vain he tried to bend her to his wishes; she remained outwardly firm as the hearth-stone at her feet, till at length he arrived at the unwelcome conviction that she had no liking for him, or she would have listened to his pleadings. She had interposed the old gentleman merely as a sort of cushion to soften the blow of her rejection.

If he took a smiling leave, it was because pride tugged at his facial muscles, for, to tell the truth, he had never been more disappointed and chagrined in his life.

Of what avail the stylish equipage upon which he had plumed himself? Was it not bearing him on to the tomb? And why should he wish to prolong

this earthly pilgrimage? What further attractions had life for him, a lonely old man nearing seventy?

Hardly conscious of the reins, he had driven some miles at an unsanctified pace, when he almost ran over Mr. Torrey, brother of the deceased Lucinda, who was walking behind his carriage up a long ascent.

"Going to Conference?" asked that gentleman, after an exchange of greetings. "Didn't you come a roundabout way?"

"I'm inclined to think I did," assented the deacon, with a prodigious show of candor. "A roundabout way and a hard way. Is your wife with you?"

"Yes, and the widow Vance. I have to foot it up hill, you see. Horse stepped on a rolling stone back apiece and lamed himself."

"Your load is too heavy; let Sister Torrey ride with me."

But Sister Torrey being nervous, like Lucinda before her, and mortally afraid of the deacon's spirited steed, it was in the end Mrs. Vance who nestled into the vacant seat. She was a gushing young widow whose mitigated grief manifested itself in certain coquettish bows of pale lavender. She protested that she felt already acquainted with Mr. Phoenix through her late husband, to whom he had been so kind. She was so glad of this opportunity to thank him. She should never cease to be grateful for the many favors he had conferred upon her dear Charles, etc.

In the morning the worthy deacon would have smiled inwardly at this effusive panegyric. This afternoon he hugged it like a poultice to his aching heart. It soothed his wounded self-love, and inclined him toward his fair eulogist, to whom he recounted pleasant anecdotes of her husband's boyhood. Indeed, he made himself so agreeable that she was rather sorry to reach Churchville, where the whole party were cordially welcomed at the house of Mr. Zenas Torrey.

A proud man was Mr. Phoenix. He would not for the world have had his recent disappointment suspected by his wife's relatives, and during those three days of Conference he carried himself with a resolute cheerfulness that some times—out of meeting, of course—verged upon friskiness. Mrs. Vance told Mrs. Zenas Torrey that he was "just splendid," which compliment Mrs. Torrey repeated to him with a significant smile, hinting that if he thought of marrying again, he need not search for a wife.—He looked confused, and hotly disclaimed any matrimonial intention. As to the young widow, was he not double her age? Would June join hands with December?

Alas! what an insignificant trifle can turn the scale of human destiny! But for a horse's right fore-foot Deacon Phoenix might have returned to his home on the morrow as he had left it—a free man. It was the lame horse that kicked the beam and decided his fate.—On Friday morning, that meddling quadruped having been found lamer than ever, the deacon could do no less than offer to escort Mrs. Vance home.—She could do no less than to accept the offer gladly. By some mysterious law of sequences, this led to a second offer and a second acceptance, and almost before he knew it Deacon Phoenix had pledged himself to escort the widow for life.

When, after gallantly depositing his promised bride at her own door, he was alone with his thoughts, he felt a little surprised at his own precipitancy; but he told himself over and over again what a fortunate man he was, how happy he ought to be.

Contrary to his usual custom, he had acted from impulse, and the result was highly satisfactory. "Highly satisfactory," he repeated to himself as he passed the entrance of the cross-road which led to Miss Olive's. Somehow his reflections were less cheerful after that. Perhaps the chilly rain-storm just setting in depressed him, or perhaps it was the empty hearth that he met face to face—for the best of us have our superstitions. Certain it is, that as he alighted from his buggy that evening with weariness of limb and limppness of linen, his countenance led Mrs. Dubbs to fear the meetings had not been profitable.

Next morning, thanks to the ungra-

teous weather, he was aroused by sciatic tortures. To an elderly gentleman, newly betrothed to a blooming lady greatly his junior, such an awakening was peculiarly trying. He thought ruefully of the early visit he had promised Mrs. Vance.

Should these pains increase, he must defer it indefinitely, or limp into her presence on crutches—an alternate too suggestive of advancing age. Flattered as he was by the widow's acceptance, he could not deny that it placed him in a position in some respects irksome. It admonished him that he had no further right to infirmities; that henceforth it was his bounden duty to be as young as he could.

The reflection wearied him, the clutching pain wearied him. Mrs. Dubbs afterward said she had never seen him so out of sorts as on that evening when she took in his mail. Among the letters was one that caught his eye at once: it was as follows:

"DEAR FRIEND:—My poor, dear father is at rest. He was seized with paralysis the morning after you left us, and passed away painlessly in a few hours. How little I expected this event when we talked together! My hands were full then; now they are very empty. My work here is done. If you still think I could make happy the kind friend who has always been our benefactor, I should be glad to see you.
Yours, sincerely,
"OLIVE WAYNE."

Mr. Phoenix read this missive, re-read it, shut it into the Book of Job safe from prying Mrs. Dubbs, and drummed uneasily on the closed Bible. What a predicament! Must he thrust back upon Olive this gift for which he had so lately sued? Must he thus humble her?—He writhed at the thought. Must he thus humble himself? Bitterer than all, must he relinquish this tried friend of a lifetime? Having reached life's autumn, must he reject its mature and appropriate fruits for the rhubarb and greens of spring time? Alas! yes; he must fulfill his engagement, for was he not an "honorable man?" He would write at once to Olive a candid statement of the case.

But while he idled at his desk on the morrow Mr. Torrey came to ask the loan of a horse till his own should be in running order, and the deacon laid down his pen with a sigh of relief.

Feeling that he ought to tell his brother-in-law of his contemplated marriage, at dinner he led the conversation back to the Conference and Mrs. Vance.

"By-the-way, I met the widow this morning riding with John Vance," remarked Mr. Torrey, casually. You remember him—the brother next to Charles? He's just come home from California with his pockets full."

"Ah?"
"Yes. Shouldn't wonder if he took the widow. Some say they're engaged already."

Of course the deacon knew better than that; nevertheless, he delayed his tender confession. And he did not write the letter. Time enough for that after he had paid Mrs. Vance the promised visit. The latter lady had certainly the first claim upon his attentions.

Unfortunately several days of tormenting pain ensued, during which the deacon's patience was put to a pretty severe test; but he was at last able to seek the object of his hasty choice.

He found her in the door-yard playing croquet with a tall, well-dressed gentleman.

"So happy to see you, Deacon Phoenix!" cried she, with voluble embarrassment, "and so glad to introduce Mr. Vance, dear Charles' brother. Do come in."

"I hope my tardy coming does not seem discourteous, Mrs. Vance," said he, with affable formality, while the stranger hastened to a suddenly recalled engagement. "I have not—"

"No—oh, no," broke in the widow, nervously.

"I have not been well. Otherwise, our present interesting relation—"

"Oh, Mr. Phoenix!" interrupted she, throwing herself upon a cricket at his feet. "Do you know, I am so afraid I am not the one to make you happy?—And my friends say that the discrepancy in our ages is too great. Ought I to marry against their wishes?"

"You must decide that question, dear madam," responded the deacon, with suppressed eagerness. The finger of Providence was in this. He held his

breath to make sure which way it pointed.

"Then, if you don't mind very much, Deacon Phoenix, perhaps it would be better for us to part as friends. Oh, dear! I hope you'll forgive me if I have done anything wrong."

The deacon was greatly pleased with the turn that affairs were taking, but did not make any expression that showed his satisfaction.

He simply replied: "Madam, perhaps we ought not to refuse the guidance of Providence, and it seems as though the way was made clear to us just in time to prevent our stepping into the wrong path. I therefore accept your decision, and we will part as you say, friends."

It is needless to say how promptly the deacon acted upon the suggestion in Olive Wayne's letter, because every masculine reader knows how quickly he would have presented himself too, had he been in a similar situation; but it may be gratifying to our lady readers to know that in proper time Olive took up new duties under the deacon's roof, and the deacon never ceased to congratulate himself on his escape from the consequences of his HASTY PROPOSAL.

Matrimonial Curiosities.

A marriage was brought about under difficulties by two inmates of the Columbus asylum for the blind. They stole out slyly, found their way to a clergyman, and were united. The bride returned for her clothing, and was imprisoned in a second story room; but she made a rope of sheets, slid down to the ground, and rejoined her husband.

One of a pair of lovers in St. Cloud, Minn., could not understand German, and the other could not understand English; yet they managed to come to an understanding on the question of matrimony.

The difficulty in the case of a Troy burglar was his incarceration in jail, but the girl induced a minister to go with her to the prison and perform the ceremony. The bridal tour was deferred for two years.

The parents of a San Francisco girl were willing, and the opposition came from the family of the young man, who was locked in his room, a prisoner by his father. So the girl drove to the house at night and helped him to escape, thus reversing the usual conditions of an elopement.

Curious Use of Photography.

The London "News" reports that the Bank of France has for some time past employed a photographic detective to examine suspicious documents; and more recently has placed an invisible studio in a gallery behind the cashiers. Hidden behind some heavy curtain the camera stands ready for work; at a signal from any of the cashiers the photographer secures the likeness of any suspected customer. It is also reported that in the principal banking establishment in Paris several frauds have lately been detected by the camera, which under some circumstances exercises a sharper vision than the human eye. Where an erasure has been made, for instance, the camera detects it at once, let the spot be ever so smoothly rubbed over, while a word or figure, that to the eye has been perfectly scratched out, is clearly reproduced in a photograph of the document.

Whales Show a Northwest Passage.

If arctic explorers have not discovered a practical northwest passage whales have, as is shown by the fact that whales have been captured in the North Pacific ocean having harpoons that were thrown into them on the other side of the continent. Captain Bauldry of the Helen Mar of San Francisco has taken a whale having in it a large flint harpoon, supposed to have been put in by natives of Cape Bathurst, or the regions beyond the mouth of the Mackenzie river, because the natives living to the westward of that river never use such weapons, but always bone or iron. A more positive evidence is found in the fact that the Captain of the Adeline Gibbs took a whale in the Arctic with an iron in it which had been thrown the same season in Hudson bay. This is known to be the case, because the iron bore the mark of a ship at the time engaged in whaling in the bay.