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Select Poetry.

Sweet to Have.

When fair fortune smiles kindly upon us,  
And hope sheds her bright rays around,  
When prosperity crowns each endeavor,  
And riches and honor abound,  
When life's pathway is strewn with rich garlands,  
And cloudless the bright skies above,  
It is sweet to have some one to love us,  
And sweet to have some one to love.

When adversity throws its dark mantle  
Around our bright visions of joy,  
When despair fills our bosoms with anguish,  
And seeks our fond hopes to destroy,  
When the friends that we cherished so fondly,  
Prove false, and turn coldly away,  
It is sweet to have some one to love us,  
Who will not our friendship betray.

When the days of our youth have all vanished,  
And time leaves its impress behind,  
When the furrows of age are upon us,  
And silver and gold is entwined;  
When the lamp of our life dimly flickers,  
And death hovers dark o'er the way;  
It is sweet to know some one will love us,  
Throughout long eternity's day.

A POOR BOY'S SUCCESS.

"TELL you I won't stand it. I'll go for you, if you don't quit? Do you want me to lam you?"

"Boo-hoo! You leave me be. Ma, he's killing me!" rang out a shrill, boyish voice.

Ma came to the rescue from an inner room, with face flushed from bending over the wash-tub, and arms wet and red with the suds. She jerked the angry boys apart, and, rescuing the eldest, took him upon her lap, brushed the boyish curls over her bony fingers, kissed the low forehead, and wiped the pinched, red nose from which the blood was oozing.

"Is my darling hurt? Oh! he is bleeding to death!" turning with threatening air to her younger son, a sturdy, surly-looking boy of seven. "You cruel, cruel boy! is this the way you treat your angel brother? Do you not remember how the Lord punished Cain for murder? and how dare you try to take your own brother's life?"

John stood gazing at the pair with curled lip, and vouchsafed no reply. The angry scowl upon his forehead, and the bitter expression of his mouth, made his plain face almost ugly.

"Tell mamma all about it, Ikie. Did John hit my precious lamb first?"

"Boo-hoo!" bawled the lamb, as the blood streamed from his nose. "I am going to die, I know I am! That cruel bully has done for me this time."

"Call me a bully, do you?" exclaimed John, squaring about, and suddenly confronting his late antagonist. "Me a bully, as saved you from being licked by Jim Sykes yesterday! No, mother, if you'll believe my word against that sickly baby, I caught him a-copying my sums that I worked on all last evening, and he got mad, and rubbed 'em all out. A saint won't stand that, and neither will I! I'll go for him again if he dares hand 'em in!"

"O my sons, my sons!" groaned the poor, overworked mother. A hurried rap interrupted the lecture upon morality she was about to deliver, and she arose to open the door, admitted an elegantly attired lady.

The lady (?) was dressed in the richest of lavender silks. Heavy chain bracelets hung like shackles about her fat wrists, and her chubby hands were confined in the tightest and lightest of kids.

"Am I in the abode of my laundress?" came in an oily voice from the mass of silk and lace.

Martha Fielding's face became, if possible, more flushed: she drew down the worn calico sleeves over her bare arms,

dusted a cane-bottomed chair with her apron, and jerked Johnny from too near contact, with the lady's precious robe.

"I am Martha Fielding, ma'am, at your service. I have the honor of speaking to Mrs. Jones?"

"Lud, no, woman! I've been to Europe since those days, and am married to a right handsome young man by the name of Landersdale. Mrs. Ross Landersdale. Quite an aristocratic title, ain't it? But I didn't come to talk, though, seeing as you used to wash for us in old times, before dear Jones speculated and got rich, it's but nateral that I should like to gissip a bit. I'm inclined to be very friendly with my inferiors, and Landersdale scolds me for it; but I told him at the last Inaugural Ball, when I danced with two ginerals, that I could never stand it to be etiquetical for any length of time."

She evidently enjoyed Mrs. Fielding's breathless admiration; and, as she drew herself up with suddenly remembered dignity, there was a comical mixture of freezing hauteur and good-natured familiarity in her manner.

"Lud, Fielding, it's a terrible trial to life and limb to climb these stairs. The footman wanted to come up for me, but I told him no,—your time was more precious than mine, and you couldn't afford to leave the wash-tub and come into the street, even to talk to rich folks. What is your price a dozen now?"

"A dollar for fine pieces, ma'am, and I allow one white skirt to the dozen?"

"Preposterous!" Mrs. Landersdale, although wealthy, shared the weakness of most rich people, and was parsimonious. "Seventy-five cents was all I used to pay."

"Yes, madam; but times is hard.—There is the fuel, the rent, and the children. Poor folks must keep body and soul together, you know."

Mrs. Landersdale vouchsafed no reply to this, but rolled her small blue eyes to the ceiling, and seemed to be counting the flies thereon—or rather the small white spots where the flies were not.

Ike had taken refuge in the kitchen, but now appeared radiant, after ducking his pretty face in the tin basin, and rubbing it with a coarse towel. His large blue eyes were cast down behind their curtains of golden lashes, and his long chestnut curls hung in graceful confusion below his waist. He was certainly a remarkably beautiful boy, and Mrs. Landersdale, with all her failings, possessed a passionate maternal love for pretty children.

"Oh, what a duck of a boy! What a precious cherub! Will the little dear come and kiss the lady?"

Ike advanced, the blood mantling his fair cheeks and temples. He looked very little like a boy that would steal his brother's sums, fight, and tell lies.—His appearance was truly angelic; and no wonder Mrs. Landersdale, who possessed very little penetration, was charmed.

"Just what the Lord has denied me—a child. Ah, Fielding, is it possible this little sprig of aristocracy is your son?"

Martha's face reddened at her visitor's insolent tone.

"The Fieldings have good blood in their veins, ma'am, and my folks were honest New England people. There's no aristocracy in America and my son may be President yet—who knows?"

"To be sure, Fielding. When universal suffering comes in, he'll get all the women's votes, and hearts too, by his beauty."

She chuckled, and drew Ike, with his coarse boots and patched trousers, upon her lap.

"My dear, will you go home with the lady, and ride a beautiful pony, and wear a velvet dress? What is my precious' name?"

John made a face as Ike, looking bashfully up, caught his eye. He knew that this saintly manner was a sham, and beauty did not influence him as it did the fairer sex.

"Isaac Vernon Fielding," answered his mother, with a glow of pardonable pride. His father's name was Vernon: he belonged to a respectable family, but was driven from home for my sake. Ah, they were proud folks. Poor soul! he was charmed by my yellow curls and blue eyes, or he'd never have given up wealth for me."

She raised her faded gingham apron, and wiped away a few scalding tears.

"Yes: good blood will tell," murmured Mrs. Landersdale. "I knew that no Irish chap could wear this one's refined face. I'll tell you what I'll do, Fielding. I have no children of my own, and this child has captured me entirely by his sweet face and winning ways. If you will sign a paper resigning all claim to him in the future, and promising never to try to see him again, I'll adopt him, educate him, and leave him comfortably well off. Come, now, that's an offer you won't get every day."

Martha Fielding's face grew pale at this proposition. What! part with her pet lamb? Sell her child for gold?

Then ambition whispered:

"Was not this a golden opportunity for her boy?—wealth, luxury, the best of clothes, a carriage to ride in, and no work to soil his pretty hands. If she made this sacrifice, would he not reward her for it all when he grew up to be a rich, honored man?"

No good angel whispered in her ear that he might live to be ashamed of his humble mother; her faith in him was infinite.

She was ignorant, worshiped what gold could buy, and would have cut out her heart if her idol could have been benefited thereby.

There was one terrible struggle with her mother-love, then the tempter triumphed, and she gave her son, whose soul should have been her most precious responsibility, into the hands of a worldly-minded, coarse woman, who believed that money was the open sesame to even the gate itself.

"I appreciate the honor done us, ma'am," in a husky voice; "but it is hard, the terms you make. If I could only see my darling once or twice a year."

"Impossible, my good woman!" with a decided, ugly shake of the head; "impossible. You must give him up entirely, or not at all. I'll have no vulgar relatives claiming my pet. He shall be all Landersdale, and nothing coarse must come near to spoil his future. Vernon Landersdale. I will have Bishop Stafford christen him at once. How do you like the name, my dear?"

Isaac was only eight years old, but he was sharp enough to comprehend the lady's meaning.

"I love you already, ma'am, and, if ma will let me, I'll go and live with you."

"That is a precious lamb. Come, now, Fielding, be sensible."

"Well," with one last struggle between love and expediency, "take him, ma'am." Then, with a burst of tears, "Go now. I know it is for my darling's good; but, if you don't take him right off, I can never part with him."

"We musn't have a scene, Fielding. Kiss your boy, and then we will go at once. I will get my lawyer to draw up the papers, and come here to-morrow; and, if you decide to take it quietly, I may give you a little something too.—Of course you must give up all idea of washing for me; for, though I'd like to help you a bit, it might cause the servants to make scurrilous remarks about Vernon's birth."

The mother clasped her son in her arms for the last time, and pressed burning kisses upon his lips; but his eyes were dry as he slipped from her caresses with a peevish cry.

John stood by while this scene was transpiring, scarcely realizing what had happened. As Ike was about to leave, he ran forward and caught his brother's hand.

"Good-bye, Ike. Don't hold a grudge, do you? I don't; and I think it's bully you are going to live in a big house, and have a swell time!"

Mrs. Landersdale paused at the head of the creaking stairs and looked at John through a pair of gold eye-glasses she sometimes affected when she desired to appear particularly awful.

"And who is this vulgar little rough, may I ask?"

"Oh, this is John, my youngest, ma'am. A good enough boy, but he'll pick up gutter talk, you know."

There settled upon Mrs. Landersdale's features an expression which betokened her extreme annoyance.

"Dear, dear! a coarse brother to follow my pet through the world, and spoil his prospects. But he shan't do it! no,

sir!" turning decidedly toward John, who had grown very warm and red.—

"You musn't come sneaking about my house, for I won't have it! Do you hear?"

"I'll be darned, old lady, if I don't keep clear of the whole raft of you!"

"Old!" exclaimed the horrified Mrs. Landersdale, taking the boy by the collar and commencing to shake him.—

"You little brute! how dare you?"

Then she suddenly remembered her long-suffering dignity, relaxed her grasp and floated down stairs as gracefully as her two hundred pounds avoirdupois would allow.

Ike followed, but in passing stepped upon John's toes, and whispered with an insolent sneer:

"You'll never lam me again, you gutter-snipe. I'll pay you off some day yet!"

Then, as Mrs. Landersdale turned, the sneaking, villanous expression left his face, and a bright smile came in its stead.

"Vernon, are you coming?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'll hurry. Oh! am I going to ride in that beautiful crimson carriage? How good and sweet you are!"

Martha and John watched through the steaming window the footman, all in gray livery and brass buttons, descend from his perch and open the door for their Ike. Yes, and Ike sank back in the crimson cushions beside Mrs. Landersdale as if he was to the manner born, and never even gave one glance up at the heart-broken mother, who was leaning out of the window now that she might catch a last glimpse of the flying wheels and shining horses.

"Poor darling!" she sighed, as her tears fell hot and fast into the wash-tub.

"How sweet he looked with those blue eyes and golden curls all wrapped up in the robes! I pray God he may be happy, and that his poor mother's heart won't break."

The tears blinded her again, and she left the clothes in the suds, leaned her head upon the table and gave full vent to her grief.

A sunny day in May, with a spring freshness in the air. Central Park wore a gala aspect this Saturday afternoon, and John Fielding, as he danced about the Zoological Garden, feed the deer with peanuts and made faces at the monkeys, wore as happy a face as any of the delicate little scions of aristocracy out taking their constitutionals with their nurses.

There was no envy in his heart as he gave these favorites of Fortune a passing glance now and then. He curled his lip contemptuously as he met boys of his own age with long curls, peevish voices, and puny limbs.

"What a precious set!" he mused: "they are so pretty, it's a pity they are not girls. Jingo! if there don't go a regular beauty, though! Why, it's a little angel, I guess."

The little creature who had attracted his attention was dressed in the height of fashion. Her white embroidered skirts barely touched her knees, and her tiny feet were encased in the most impossible-looking kid boots. Her long yellow hair, caught by a ribbon, fell over her blue sash, and the large hazel eyes were upturned to her companion—a pleasant-looking gentleman of thirty or thereabouts.

"O uncle! do look at this sweet little deer. Can't I feed him some candy?"

Her uncle smiled indulgently down upon the pretty vision. His dark eyes, long side-whiskers, and exquisite toilet made a pleasant exterior; but the weak mouth, half hidden by a tawny mustache, and low, slightly receding forehead, betokened to a shrewd observer a lack of firmness, and a morality that might give way under the strain of great temptation.

"No, Maudie; I wouldn't venture too near the animals. Come up with me, pet, and see the swans; then you can run round, while I smoke this cigar."

She left rather reluctantly, and watched her hero half enviously as he patted a timid-looking fawn upon the head.

"Oh, look, look, uncle! The dear little toad isn't a bit afraid of that boy.—He looks like a kind, good boy; mayn't I speak to him?"

"No, no, child: what would auntie

say? Don't be ridiculous, Maudie, and come on."

She took his hand and danced away up the path, but not until she had thrown Johnny two or three candy hearts. He picked them up and stood gazing after her in a dazed sort of way. They were going up to visit the swans; why might he not go too?

He answered the question satisfactorily for himself by taking another path toward the lake, and was rewarded when he reached the spot by catching sight of the object of his search. The gentleman was seated upon a bench, lost in a paper, and Maudie ran along the water's edge, throwing pebbles into the sparkling lake.

John seated himself upon a rock, and watched the child as the sunlight danced in her long curls and lighted up her mischievous brown eyes. A beautiful white swan was sailing majestically on the blue waters, and she was using every childish wile to induce him to come to shore.

"You dear, sweet little bird!" John heard her whisper, "won't you come to Maudie? She's got candy for you, and will eat it all up if you don't hurry."

Then she clapped her tiny hands, as the swan, moved by her persuasive powers, no doubt, came with a slow, graceful movement toward the spot where she stood.

She ran to the edge of the lake, until the water washed against her blue boots, and, in her eagerness to touch the bird's white feathers, stood upon tip-toe, and held out both hands, forgetful of the danger.

John started as he saw her reach forward over the deep water, but he was too late. He heard a childish shriek of terror, then two brown eyes were lifted imploringly toward him, two tiny hands reached in a mute appeal for rescue, and a white dress fast sinking from the view was all he could see of Maudie.

Before her uncle, roused from his paper by her scream, could reach the lake, John had thrown off his coat and vest, and was diving for the little girl.

He was athletic, strong for his age, and, thanks to his education, a splendid swimmer; so, before many minutes had elapsed, Maudie was in her uncle's arms, wet and pale from the dousing and scare, but none the worse for her bath.

"Why, darling! what a careless wretch I was, to be sure! Why, it is a miracle you were not drowned! Where is the boy?"

John had already gone from sight, and was wringing out his wet hair and replacing his coat and vest.

"He went behind that tree, uncle; and he is the one you wouldn't let me speak to. He is a dear, good boy, though he is dreadful poor," in a confidential whisper, "for he ain't got no good clothes, and his trousers are all patched up."

The gentleman went behind the tree indicated, and found John, who blushed and looked foolish enough when he saw he was discovered.

"My good boy," in a lofty, condescending tone, "you have done a very brave act, and of course you must be duly rewarded. I am going to call a cab and you can accompany us home; then we'll see what can be done for you."

"O sir!" began John in an expostulating voice; but the gentleman did not heed him.

He took Maudie in his arms, walked down the road, and ordered John to follow. They were near the entrance to the Park, when an elegant-looking turnout passed them, a boy's head was thrust out of the carriage, and a shrill voice cried:

"I say, Johnson, you here, pull up your horses! There's Uncle Ross and Maud."

Johnson, in obedience to the polite command, accordingly pulled up, and Mrs. Landersdale herself leaned out of the carriage.

"What under heaven, Landersdale, are you doing in the Park on foot this time of day?—and Sunday, too! You will mortify me to death yet. I just passed General Gun's family and the Petereses. Lud! I knew that Peters gal saw you, for every one knows where her heart has flown to, and she craned that long neck of hers away out of the carriage to see you. It is perfectly disgusting, these American manners. I declare, give me foreign women for refinement."

Mrs. Ross Landersdale echoed the last