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Select Poetry.

ALWAYS LOOK ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

Always look on the sunny side, And though life checkered be, A lightsome heart bids care depart, And time fly pleasantly.

Always look on the sunny side, And though you do not find All things according to your wish, Be not disturbed in mind.

Always look on the sunny side— There's health in harmless jest, And much to soothe our worldly cares In hoping for the best.

Always look on the sunny side, And never yield to doubt, The ways of Providence are wise, And faith will bear you out.

HOW I WAS SOLD.

A YOUNG MAN possessed of a small fortune desires to open a correspondence with a young lady of good appearance, with a view to matrimony if mutually settled.

The above advertisement caught my eyes as I glanced rapidly over the county paper, in the skimming way women have a fashion of gleaming the news. I read it again and again, growing more and more fascinated.

I could not reasonably expect anything from this correspondence; but, at the least, it would be capital fun, and, oh! I was dull in stupid little Stapleton, where there was never anything to interest or amuse anybody.

I knew that if fate willed it that this Armand Trevor and I should meet, he could find no fault with my present appearance. Why, Hiram Bung had told me on an average once a week that I was the prettiest girl in Stapleton.

My friend, Annie Towers, lived in Barcourt, and to her I decided to send my letter, asking her to post it there. I did not dare post it in Stapleton, for it was such a small place that my scheme would have been discovered directly.

after day for the fair being who had answered his advertisement.

What a length of time I took to write that first important letter! I wasted nearly the entire contents of a box of French note paper before the epistle was completed to my satisfaction.

After the letter was at length sent, perfumed with heliotrope, I grew impatient and nervous for an answer from Armand. No matter what I was doing at the time the daily mail came in, I would leave it, and rush to the post-office.

Of course I made a mental picture of Armand, and gave to him a face and figure suited to his aristocratic and melodious name; and I endowed him with every lovable and manly trait of character.

Although pretty, I had but few lovers and only one suitor—Hiram Bung. Stapleton was too small a place to support many young men, and those who did manage to wring a living from the exhausted farm-lands, or from the small stores, were not to my taste.

"There are so few young men in Stapleton, Judy," she would say, "that you cannot very well afford to say no to the best of 'em all. You'll live and die an old maid, I expect, and there is no chance of your ever getting out of this little village."

Hannah knew my aversion to having my name corrupted into "Jude," but she never took the trouble to pay any attention to it, much to my wrath and vexation. I was dependent upon my brother-in-law for my daily bread and the coarse clothes he was so loth to spare from the stock in the store.

Hiram came to call on me two days after I had written my answer to the advertisement. We sat in the prim, little, stuffy parlor which was Hannah's pride, and while I crocheted very industriously, Hiram gazed out of the window into the darkness of the garden.

Hannah and Jonas, under the mistaken belief that two would be company and more a crowd, remained in the kitchen the entire evening, much to my chagrin, for I detested a *tele-a-tete* interview with Hiram.

He was a tall, fair, slender young man with stooping shoulders, thin limbs, and sandy hair. His manner was nervous and awkward, and his hands seemed always in his way.

"Hiram," I said suddenly, this evening, as I made a scallop in crochet work,

"are you ever going to marry and settle down?"

He blushed up to his eyes. Even the roots of his hair turned a dull crimson.

"I hope to, some day, Miss Judy," he replied.

"For heaven's sake, don't call me Judy," I almost screamed. "If you can't call me anything."

"I would like to call you something better yet," he said hesitatingly. "I should like to call you my wife," and a wan smile flitted over his pale face.

"But you never will," I said, wondering, even as I spoke, how Armand would ask the one important question.

"You say positively that there never will be the slightest chance for me, Miss Judith?"

"Never the slightest chance, Mr. Bung."

"Then I won't trouble you any more, since you are so certain," he said, in a sad tone, which touched my heart in spite of my determination not to be affected by it.

The next day my eager hands received from the postmistress a letter directed to the well known handwriting of Annie Towers, and bearing the Barcourt postmark. I hurried home, gained the seclusion of my own room, and tore open the precious missive.

There was indeed a letter from Armand, and in it he told of his delight at hearing from me, and the consciousness he felt that we would yet rejoice over our acquaintanceship, and begging me to write soon again.

The style was elegant, the handwriting beautiful and legible, and there was not an error in the whole letter.

I could not resist the temptation to sit down and answer it at once, while all the beautiful expressions I had in my mind were fresh; but I dated it three days ahead, and mailed it on the day it was dated, so that my Armand should not think me too eager to reply.

I could not help missing Hiram just a little. True to his promise, he did not come near me any more. Several picnics took place in the beautiful September weather; but, lacking an escort, I could not attend them. Then when the Lyceum lectures and spelling matches began, I missed Hiram greatly, and felt regret that I had not given him just enough encouragement to keep him dancing attendance on me all winter.

I sat in the little prim parlor through the long winter evenings, crocheting mats and tidies and thinking of my unknown lover in Barcourt. The mats and tidies I sent to Annie Towers, who sold them to a store-keeper in the town for me. I carefully saved up my money, thinking that the time might come when I would need every cent of my hard-earned hoard to buy a wedding gown.

My sister Hannah rang the changes on my rejection of Hiram, and the probability of my being an old maid, until my ears ached. She dwelt with peculiar sadness on my obstinacy to be Mrs. Bung after an adventure which occurred to Hiram during the winter. At the risk of his own life he saved that of an old man who had broken through the ice into the river. Hiram plunged in after him, and after desperate efforts rescued him from certain death.

Armand and I corresponded regularly twice a week until June came with its soft breezes and fragrant roses. I had been careful to give him in my letters no hint of my identity, and had never mentioned my place of residence, allowing him to suppose that I lived in Barcourt. We had not exchanged photographs, though I had described for his benefit my face and figure. Our letters grew very lover-like as the summer

came upon us, and he had written that Fate had intended us for one another, and begged me to appoint a day of meeting in Barcourt.

How my heart throbbled! I felt that to Barcourt I must go, no matter how great the difficulties in the way, for my future happiness hung on my ratifying the vows we had made through the "silent medium of the pen."

The sixteenth of June was the day set for our meeting, and my beloved wrote me that I must be under a large apple-tree in Hampden Lane, half a mile from Barcourt Centre, at three o'clock in the afternoon. To make sure of there being no mistake made in identity, I must wear in my dress a rose, and he should wear one in the button-hole of his coat.

My greatest difficulty lay in inducing Hannah to permit me to pay Annie Towers a visit. Barcourt was only twenty miles distant, but it seemed a long journey to Hannah, who never went beyond the outskirts of Stapleton. But finding that I had the money to pay my stage fare she at last consented to my going.

I reached Annie's home on the fifteenth of June, and we lay awake that night until nearly dawn, pouring into each other's ears the tales of our loves and hopes. The dear girl appeared to be as much interested in my Armand as myself, and said she could hardly wait with any patience to know how our meeting would terminate—she hoped in a wedding a few months later. In return for my confidence she told me of her engagement to a Harry Chesley, a fine young hardware merchant of Barcourt.

I was impatient for the hour to come when I should meet by beloved Armand and I set off for the trysting-place before the clock struck two, leaving my smiling friend in the doorway, nodding good wishes after me.

I found the tree easily, for there was no other of its kind in the lane, and seated myself to await my lover's coming. I felt nervous and anxious, and as the clock struck three and he had not made his appearance my heart sunk like lead in my bosom. But just as I had given up all hopes, I heard a step on the road, and looking up quickly saw—not a tall, handsome, raven-haired Apollo, but—strange coincidence!—Hiram Bung. What unhappy thought had sent him here? and by what strange fatality did he wear in the button-hole of his coat a large red rose—of the cabbage variety?

I sprang up, and we stood face to face, confusion and embarrassment in the manner of both.

"Hiram Bung!"

"Miss Judith!"

"Then there was a dreadful pause. 'Strange we should meet here,' from him.

"Why do you wear that rose?" from me.

"I might ask the same of you."

"I came here to meet some one," I faltered.

"So did I."

"You cannot—no! you cannot be Armand Trevor!"

"And you cannot be Pauline Irving!"

"Yes, I am. I see it all. We have been making geese of ourselves, Mr. Bung. Will you be kind enough to explain your part of the affair?"

"Certainly," he replied. "I found you would not have me, and there wasn't any other girl in Stapleton I would have. So I advertised, partly in fun, and partly in earnest. I didn't want my letter to be post-marked Stapleton, so I sent them to my friend, Harry Chesley, to post them in Barcourt. He also sent me all the letters I received from Pauline Irving and others. But I preferred Pauline's above all the rest, though I assure you I was not aware that the writer was Miss Judith Lubby of Stapleton."

"If I had only known your handwriting, Hiram," I burst out, "but I had never seen it, and so this ridiculous, wretched mistake occurred," and my tears began to flow freely.

"Will you explain your part in this?" asked Hiram very gently.

I managed to sob out the details, and when I mentioned Annie Towers, Hiram interrupted me.

"Miss Towers is engaged to my friend Hiram Chesley; and I have not the slightest doubt but that they have talk-

ed us over, and mean to have an excellent joke on us. Judith, suppose we give them no chance to laugh? I said I should never ask you again to marry me, but if you will do so, I will enter into business at Barcourt, and you need not spend the rest of your life in dull, little Stapleton. What do you say, Judith?"

"I like you very much, Hiram. It was very brave in you to save old Mr. Pitkins from drowning last winter; and I don't want Annie to have a chance to laugh at us," I stammered, rather incoherently.

"Then you shall be my wife, Judith, and you shall learn to love me. I feel sure I can make you happy."

My dreams of the elegant Armand were gone, and in their stead reigned the reality of my engagement to Hiram Bung. But there was so much romance connected with it, that I was almost satisfied with the way matters had terminated. It was nearly dark when we at last reached Annie's home, for there had been so much to talk about that we had lingered under the old apple tree in the lane until the dusk of evening came upon the earth.

We found Harry Chesley with Annie, and both were prepared to laugh at us heartily. Of course they were astonished at the news of our engagement, but congratulated us, nevertheless, very warmly.

True to his word, Hiram began business in Barcourt, and, long before I became Mrs. Bung, I learned to love him very dearly,—which he certainly deserved.

My sister rejoiced at my "showing some common sense at last," but she never knew "how I had been sold."

The North of Holland.

IN THE north of Holland the farms are not over a foot above the level of the sea, and some are lower. The land is loose, spongy muck, and is very rich. It is sub-divided into small parcels by canals. There are thousands of wind-mills which are used to pump water all the time. The dwellings are as neat as they possibly can be. They are built in small villages, clustered closely together. The roads are all paved, and not a particle of dust is ever seen. They measure distance by the hour, saying that from place to place is ten hours' walk, four hours by boat, or two hours by rail. The houses are built as nicely as any in our cities, about fifty feet square, with about eight feet between the joists upon the first floor; all above is used for storing hay. On the other side are the stables for the cattle, and they are models of neatness. The floors are all paved with stones of brick. In these stables where the cattle are, they make butter, cheese, do the washing, ironing and baking and the general household work. It is not an uncommon thing to see hundreds of cheeses there; they weigh about four pounds each. The bedding is always clean, and lasts a good while. When the cattle are put into the stable they are put there for the season, and tied with a rope to the corner of the stall. The air is always chilly, and the cows are blanketed in the summer, and of course are warm in their stalls in winter, for fires are quite generally kept burning in two stoves throughout the coldest of the season. The calves do not need to be blanketed in summer because nature has provided a very thick coating of hair for them, and in winter they are shed.

A Beautiful Illustration.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Lincoln one day during war-time, to several western men who called upon him to criticize the Administration, "suppose all the the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara Falls on a tight rope, would you shake the rope while he was passing over it, or keep shouting to him, 'Blondin, stoop a little more,' 'Go a little faster?' No, I am sure you would not. You would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safely over. Now the government is in the same situation, and is carrying across a stormy ocean an immense weight; untold treasures are in its hands. It is doing the best it can; don't badger it; keep silence and it will get you safely over."