



THE TIMES.

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Select Poetry.

ONLY A WORD.

Only a word! a little winged word Blown through the busy town, Lighter than thistle down, Lighter than dust by roving bee or bird Brushed from the blossoming lily's golden crown; Borne lily here and there, Off as the summer air About men's doors the sunny stillness stirred. Only a word! But sharp, oh sharper than a two-edge sword To pierce and sting and scar The heart whose peace a breath of blame could mar. Only a word, a little word that fell Unheeded as the dew That from the darkling blue Of summer midnight softly steal, to tell Its tale of singing brook and star-lit dell In yonder noisome street, Where, pale with dust and heat, The little window flower in workman's cell Its drooping bell Uplifts to greet the kiss it knows so well; A word—a drop of dew! But oh, its touch could life's lost hope renew.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

IT WAS a little studio, quite at the top of the house. Upon the easel that occupied the post of honor in the middle of the room, a large piece of canvas glowed with the soft tints of a spring landscape, and Frank Seymour stood before it, pallet in hand, his large brown eyes dreamy with a sort of inspiration. In a comfortable easy chair, by the door, sat a plump, rosy, little female, in a lace cap with a plenty of narrow white satin ribbons fluttering from it, and silver-gray poplin dress—Mrs. Seymour, in fact, our artist's mother, who had just come up from the very basement "to see how Frank was getting along." "Here, mother," said the young man, with an enthusiastic sparkle in his eyes, "just see the way the sunset light touches the topmost branches of the old apple tree. I like the brown, subdued gold of that tint; it somehow reminds me of Grace Teller's hair." Mrs. Seymour moved a little uneasily in her chair. "Yes, it's very pretty; but it strikes me, Frank, you are lately discovering a good many similitudes between Miss Teller and your pictures. Frank laughed good humoredly. "Well, mother, she is pretty." "Yes, I don't deny that she's pretty enough." "Now, mother, what is the meaning of that ambiguous tone?" demanded the young artist, pleasantly. "What have you discovered about Miss Grace Teller that isn't charming and womanly and lovely?" "Frank, do you know who she is?" "Yes, I know that she is a remarkably pretty girl, with a voice that sounds exactly like the low soft ripple of the little rivulet where I used to play when I was a boy." "Nonsense," said Mrs. Seymour, sharply. "Well, then, if you are not satisfied with my description of her as she is, would you like to know what she will be." Mrs. Seymour looked puzzled. "Mother, I think one day she will be my wife." "Frank! Frank! are you crazy?" "Not that I know of," said Mr. Seymour, composedly, squeezing a little deep blue on his pallet out of a dainty tin tube, and mixing it thoughtfully. "We know so little about her,"

thought Mrs. Seymour. "To be sure she is visiting Mary Elton, and Mary belongs to a very good family, if she does live in half a house and takes in fine embroidery for a living. But then she has no style at all compared with Cynthia Parker, and Cynthia always did fancy our Frank. Then, moreover, she has five or six thousand dollars of her own. But, dear me, a young man in love is the most headstrong creature alive." Mrs. Seymour mused a while longer, and then put on her mouse-colored silk bonnet and gray shawl, and set out upon a tour of investigation. "I'll find out something about Miss Teller, or I'll know the reason why," thought the indefatigable widow. Miss Grace Teller was "at home," helping Mary Elton in an elaborate piece of fine embroidery. The room where the two girls sat was very plain, carpeted with the cheapest Ingrain, and curtained with very ordinary pink and white chintz, yet it looked snug and cheery, for the fat blackbird was chipping noisily in the window, and a stand of mignonette and velvet-blossomed pansies gave a delightful tint to this pretty picture of every-day life. Mary Elton was pale, thin, and not at all pretty; there was a tremulous sweetness about her mouth that seemed to whisper that she might have been different under different circumstances.—Grace Teller was a lovely blonde, with large blue eyes, rose-leaved skin, and hair whose luminous gold fell over her forehead like an aureole. As Mrs. Seymour entered, a deeper shade of pink stole over Grace's beautiful cheek, but otherwise she was calm and self-possessed, and readily parried the old lady's interrogatories. "Very warm this morning," said the old lady fanning herself. "Do they have as warm weather where you came from, Miss Teller?" "I believe it is very sultry in Factoryville," said Grace, composedly taking another needleful of white silk. "Factoryville? Is that your native place? Perhaps then you know Mr. Parker—Cynthia Parker's father, who is superintendent in the great calico mills there?" "Very well; I have often seen him." "Are you acquainted with Cynthia?" "No—I believe Miss Parker spends most of her time in this city." "That's very true," said Mrs. Seymour, sagely; "Cynthia says there's no society worth having in Factoryville—only the girls that work in the factory; Cynthia is very genteel. But—excuse my curiosity, Miss Teller—how did you become acquainted with Mr. Parker and not with his daughter?" Grace colored. "Business brought me in contact frequently with the gentleman of whom you speak. But I never happened to meet his daughter." Mrs. Seymour gave a little start in her chair—she was beginning to see through the mystery. "Perhaps you have something to do with the calico factory?" "I have," said Grace with calm dignity. "A factory girl," gasped Mrs. Seymour, growing red and white. "Is there any disgrace in the title?" quietly asked Grace, although her own cheeks were dyed crimson. "Disgrace! Oh, no—certainly not; there's no harm in earning one's living in any honorable way," returned Mrs. Seymour, absently. The fact was, she was thinking in her inmost mind, "What will Frank say?" and anticipating the flag of triumph she was about to wave over him. "I do not hesitate to confess," went on Grace, looking Mrs. Seymour full in the face, "that to the calico factory I owe my daily bread." "Very laudable, I'm sure," said the old lady, growing a little uneasy under the clear blue gaze, "only—there are steps and gradations in all society, you know, and—I am a little surprised to find you so intimate with Miss Elton, whose family is—"

and did not ask Grace to return her call, although she extended an invitation to Mary, crouched in the politest and most distant terms. "Frank!" she ejaculated, never once stopping to remove her shawl or bonnet and bursting into her son's studio like an express-messenger of life and death news, "who do you suppose your paragon of a Miss Teller is?" "The loveliest of her sex," returned Frank, briefly and comprehensively. "A factory girl!" screamed the old lady at the height of her lungs, "a factory girl!" "Well, what of that?" "What of that? Frank Seymour, you never mean to say that you would have anything to say to a common factory girl?" "I should pronounce her a very uncommon factory girl," said the young man, with an aggravating calmness. "Frank, don't jest with me," pleaded the poor little mother, with tears in her eyes. "Tell me at once you will give up this fancy for a girl that is in no way equal to you." "No—she is in no respect my equal," returned Frank, with reddening cheek and sparkling eye, "but it is because she is in every respect my superior. Grace Teller is one of the noblest women that ever breathed this terrestrial air, as well one of the most beautiful. Mother, I love her, and she has promised to be my wife." Mrs. Seymour sat down, limp, lifeless and despairing. "Frank! Frank! I never thought to see my son marry a common factory girl." And then a torrent of tears came to her relief, while Frank went on quietly touching up the scarlet foliage of a splendid old maple in the foreground of his picture. "So you are determined to marry me, Frank, in spite of everything?" Grace Teller had been crying—the dew yet on her eye-lashes, and the unnatural crimson on her cheeks, as Frank Seymour came in, and Mary Elton considerably slipped out "to look for a missing pattern." "I should think so," said Frank, looking admiringly down on the gold head that was sleeping among the pansies. "But your mother thinks me far below you in social position." "Social position be—ignored. What do I care for social position, as long as my little Grace has consented to make the sunshine of my own home." "Yes, but Frank—"

"Well," thought Mrs. Seymour, as her hostess hurried away to welcome the new comers, "will wonders never cease? Grace Teller at Mrs. Randall's soiree! But I suppose it's all on account of Mary Elton's uncle, the judge. Here comes Mr. Parker and Cynthia—dear me, what a curious mixture our American society is; how they will be shocked at meeting Grace Teller." Involuntary she advanced a step, or two to witness the meeting. Mr. Parker looked quite as much astonished as she had expected, but somehow it was not just the kind of astonishment that was on the programme. "Miss Grace; you here? Why, when did you come from Factoryville?" "You are acquainted with Miss Teller?" asked Mrs. Randall, with some surprise. "Quite well; in fact I have had the management of her property for some years. Miss Teller is the young lady who owns the extensive calico factories from which our village takes its name." "Dear me!" ejaculated Mrs. Seymour, turning pale and sinking down on a divan near her. "Why, they say the heiress of the old gentleman who owned the Factoryville property is the richest girl in the country." "Grace," said Frank, gravely and almost sternly, "what does this mean?" The blue eyes filled with tears as she clung closer to his arm. "I can't help owning the calico factories, Frank. Don't you love me just as well as if I didn't?" "My little deceiver. But why didn't you tell me?" "Why should I tell you, Frank? It was so nice to leave the heiress behind and be plain Grace Teller for awhile. And when I saw how opposed your mother was to our engagement, a spark of woman's willfulness rose up within me, and I resolved I would maintain my incognito, come what might." "Mrs. Seymour," she added, "turning archly round and holding out her hand to the discomfited old lady, "didn't I tell you that I owned my daily bread to the factory?" And poor Mrs. Seymour, for once in her life, was at a loss for an answer.

"Give this man his money back so I can get my ticket, and I will leave this road, which is run by swindlers." "Upon your agreement to leave the train I will do it," said he, "and send you back to Indianapolis." He then gave the money back and the ticket was returned. Presently the train stopped at Cumberland, and the conductor asked her to get off. "I have changed my mind," was the answer. "Then you must pay your fare." "Pay my fare, you swindler! Why, I can prove by every one in the car that you said my fare was paid." "Of course I did, but I gave the money back." "Yes, you gave it to that Jew. You don't pretend that you gave it to me. You want to rob me, but I won't allow it. I am on this train to go to Richmond, and I intend to do it," and she did. Minot is consulting a lawyer on the case. "New Zealand Cherries." THE Louisville "Courier Journal" says: Yesterday a fruit dealer on Market street, incensed at the liberties taken by the loafers with his wares displayed at the door, placed a half gallon of cayenne peppers in a basket, labeled it "New Zealand Cherries," and hung it in a conspicuous place in front of his stand. In a few moments the next door merchant sauntered up, inquired how trade was, picked up a New Zealand cherry, placed it in his mouth, and suddenly left to attend to a customer. Rev. Dr. Bolly next rounded to, observed that the yellow fever news from Memphis was not very encouraging this morning, and—ah! it had been years since he had eaten a New Zealand cherry; whereupon he ate one, remarked that it was superb, wiped his weeping eyes on his coat-sleeve, supposed that New Zealand was getting warmer every year, wished the dealer good morning and departed, lamenting the growing weakness of his eyes in the sunlight. A chronic dead-beat then came up, took a mouthful of cherries, spluttered them out, with an imprecation, all over the fruit, stuffed a pear, a banana and a bunch of grapes into his mouth to take out the taste, informed the dealer that he would have him prosecuted for keeping green fruit, and went down the street to the pump. A lady with two children next appeared, stopped to admire the cherries, asked if she mightn't just taste one of them—she never had seen any before—supplied the children and walked away—walked away with a face fiery with scorn and anger, while the children set up a howl that brought all the people to the doors and windows and drove all the policemen off the street. Thus the fun went on all the morning. The fruit dealer never laughed so much in his life. The occupants of the adjacent and opposite shores and a shoal of small boys soon learned what was up, and watched and joined in a ringing roar as each new victim tried cherries. Finally a solemn-looking countryman lounged up, inquired the prices of them 'ere New Zealand cherries, invested in a pint, put one in his mouth, took it out again, gave the fruit-dealer a lingering look of mild reproach, pulled off his coat and "waded into" him. When he left, the fruitman with tendencies to practical jokes had a blue eye, a red nose, a purple face, a sprained wrist and several bushels of fruit scattered around among the small boys, while the same ringing roar of laughter was going up from the lookers-on. Modest. Some time ago a planter a short distance from Memphis gave a party to the young folks in his neighborhood. It was a gay time, and in the course of the evening the boys and girls played forfeits. While this was going on, it chanced that the son of the planter, a nice, modest fellow, had to claim a forfeit of some of the girls, but he was overcome with diffidence. "Go ahead, John," said the planter, "and kiss some of the girls." John hitches from one foot to the other, blushed, and finally blurted out, "I—I never kissed a white girl, father." The laughter that ensued may be imagined.

A COMPLICATED CASE.

THE other day as Conductor Minot of the Panhandle was leaving Indianapolis on his trip east, he found a female passenger who had a ticket to Dayton via the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton. He explained that she was on the wrong train, that her ticket was not good, and that she could leave the train at Irvington and wait for the train on the other road, or he would send her back to the Union Depot, where she could wait for the train on the other line over which she was ticketed. The woman seemed to understand the explanation, but as soon as Minot had left her, an old lady occupying the seat in front of her said: "These roads are colleague together, and their tickets are good on any road. That is just a trick of the conductor to get money out of you and steal it from the company. This road goes to Dayton and, if I were you, I would sit right here." When Minot returned, the woman could not be made to understand why her ticket was not good on any road running to Dayton, and, in spite of the patient and polite explanations of the conductor, she persisted in not understanding it. Finally a kind-hearted Hebrew, who was seated opposite, thinking to relieve the embarrassment of the woman, offered to take her ticket and pay her fare to Richmond. Then she quieted down until Minot came through the car, when she asked: "Isn't that ticket worth more than the fare to Richmond?" "Certainly; worth a third more," was the reply. "Well, I ain't going to be swindled in that way, and I want my money back." "I have nothing to do with that," replied Minot; "you sold your ticket; your fare has been paid to Richmond, and I cannot aid you." Then she went for the Hebrew, accused him of being a swindler, and he finally told her that all he wanted was his money, and she could have her ticket. Minot came back and she called him again and said: