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Select Poetry.

THE OLD STORY CONTINUED.

She read until she could not see—
Did "Ivanhoe" e're weary?
Then dropped the book upon her knee,
And said her life was dreary.
"From day to day I still must tread
The same dull round of duty—
Of darning socks and baking bread,
Without one glimpse of beauty.
From week to week my landmarks are;
A sermon dull on Sunday;
On Friday night the Plumville Star;
The weekly wash on Monday.
And, oh! there's never a line of grace,
And never a glint of glory."
She sighed and lengthened her pretty face—
"It's always the same old story!"
She dried her eyes and curled her hair,
And went to the conference meeting—
From the garden gate to the vestry stair
The self-same words repeating.
At last the final hymn was sung,
And all the prayers were ended,
When one from the doorway crowd among
Her homeward steps attended.
They left at length the village street,
And sprang the low wall over,
To cross through Captain Peasey's wheat
And Deacon Eascombe's clover.
The moon seemed shining overhead
To lood the path with glory;
They whispered low, but what they said
Was—Only the same old story!

How Mrs. Flint Managed a Husband.

"TRUE, Major Flint is a wealthy man, and good-looking, withal, but if you marry him he will make you his slave—take my word for it, Miss Atherton."

"Do you think so?" said the lady addressed, quietly, looking up from her embroidery.

"Think so? I know it. You cannot have forgotten how his first wife fared. So gentle and lovely, too, she was, yet the poor woman never dared to say her soul was her own—never! If she had had a different husband, she would undoubtedly have been alive to-day."

"Very likely, Mrs. May."
"And yet, knowing all this, you are going to take her place?"

"Major Flint will find me a very different person from his first wife," said Miss Atherton, composedly. "However, as I do not wish to anticipate trouble, we will, if you please, dismiss the subject."

This was not the first remonstrance Miss Atherton had received on the subject of her approaching marriage, but she had made up her mind, it appeared, and was now occupied in making preparations for the wedding.

What had been said respecting Major Flint and his first wife was unquestionably true. He was a domestic tyrant, and holding the female understanding in very slight esteem, considered that the wife ought, in all respects, to be subservient to the husband's will.

His reason for marrying again was principally from the fact that he found no housekeeper who would be sufficiently subservient to his whims and caprices. Having lost one after another, he came to the conclusion that he needed a wife, and soon resolved to tender his hand to Grace Atherton, who had been a warm personal friend of his wife. We will not analyze her motives for accepting his proposal, though probably a regard for Mr. Flint's two helpless little children, who resembled their mother rather than their father, influenced her quite as much as any other motive. However that might be, the marriage soon took place, and after a brief journey Miss Atherton returned

as Mrs. Major Flint, to take the place of mistress of the household.

Hitherto Major Flint had forebore to "show his hand." Now, however, that their married life had fairly begun, he thought it quite time to do so.

"I have given Mrs. Burns a week's warning," he remarked at the breakfast table, the morning after their return.

Mrs. Burns had been housekeeper and maid-of-all-work, the entire duties of the household devolving upon her.

"And why have you given her a week's warning?" said the lady, composedly. "Are you not satisfied with her?"

"It is not that, madam," said the Major, deliberately.

"Any difficulty about wages?" asked his wife, unconcernedly.

"No," said her husband, feeling somewhat embarrassed. "The fact is, Mrs. Flint, there is not very much work to do in our small household, at least, no more than one pair of hands can easily do. My first wife always did her own work, and with ease, though she was not a very strong woman."

"Did she not die very young?" said wife number two, sipping her coffee, composedly.

"Why, yes," said the obtuse Mr. Flint, a little disconcerted. "You know the young die as well as the aged."

"So I have heard," returned his wife.

Major Flint was a good deal puzzled by the matter-of-fact manner of his new wife. Her cool self-possession awed him in spite of himself. If she had stormed, he would have felt better prepared to meet the emergency.

"I shall permit my children to remain where they are, at my mother's, until you get accustomed to the house a little. In the course of a week," he added, "you will get an idea of the extent of the work by observing Mrs. Burns."

And rising from the table, he was about to leave the room, when his footsteps were arrested by the simple address:

"Major Flint."

"Well?" said he, turning back.

"It appears that you have been making these arrangements without consulting me."

Major Flint was astonished at his wife's temerity.

"You, madam? Why should I consult you about my arrangements?"

"Because I may not approve them."

"Mrs. Flint," he said, severely, "it is your duty to acquiesce in whatever plans I, as your husband, see fit to form."

"Indeed, I never took that view of the matter."

"Then the sooner you take it the better," he said, pompously.

"Do I understand that you expect me to perform all the labor required in this establishment?"

"Exactly so, madam."

"I believe you are considered a rich man, Mr. Flint?"

"I am accounted so," he replied, complacently.

"And quite able to hire domestic assistance?"

"Yes, if it were needful."

"Suppose I say that it is needful?"

"I should take the liberty to doubt it, madam."

"Very well, Mr. Flint, since you force it upon me, I may as well tell you first as last my decision on this point. You offered me the position of wife, not that of maid-servant. On this understanding I accepted you. Yet, if your circumstances ever become such as to require it, I shall not hesitate for a moment to conform to them. I only object to assuming a burden which, from your account, appears to be quite needless. I am very willing to superintend the household arrangements, considering that a duty which my position devolves upon me."

"I have listened to your arguments, Mrs. Flint, and they are weak. They do not weigh with me, madam."

"It is to be regretted," said his wife, calmly.

"The first Mrs. Flint better understood her duties as a wife," he returned, excitedly. "But it is quite useless to discuss the point with you, madam.—However, this day week Mrs. Burns leaves us, and I expect you to qualify yourself to assume her duties."

Mrs. Flint smiled. Mr. Flint frowned.

Then, taking his hat and cane, he left the house.

"There's nothing like beginning right," he said, mentally, planting his cane firmly down on the pavement. "If Mrs. Flint married me with the idea of squandering my money in silks, furbelows and things, she'll find it difficult in my establishment. I don't intend to encourage female insubordination. I believe the husband was born to govern—the wife to obey. If more husbands had my firmness, my tact in governing, things would be very different at the present day."

And Mrs. Flint, left at home, summoned the housekeeper.

"I learn that my husband has given you a week's warning," she said.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And is it your wish to leave us, Mrs. Burns?"

"O, no, Mrs. Flint, for I don't know where I could find another place, and I have to pay my little girl's board out of my wages."

"I believe there is considerable work to be done in this establishment?"

"Yes, Mrs. Flint, a great deal. Then Mr. Flint is so peculiar—he wants everything done just so. And that's why I am sorry to go just as you come, for I know you are easy to please."

"How do you know that?" said Mrs. Flint, smiling.

"By your face—it looks so good-natured. Mr. Flint says, ma'am," she continued, hesitatingly, "that I am to show you some about the work. But if you try to do it alone, unused to hard work as you are, it will make you sick in a week."

"I think very likely it would, Mrs. Burns, but I have not the slightest idea of doing the work. At all events, you must not secure another situation until you hear from me again. I am very confident," she added, smiling, "that if Mr. Flint sends you away, he will be only too anxious to take you back again."

The week passed quickly.

"Mrs. Burns leaves us to-morrow," remarked Major Flint at the tea-table.

"Then you have decided upon it?"

"Yes, madam, I believe I announced the fact to you some days ago."

"I thought it possible my objections might have weighed with you and induced you to change your mind."

"I never change my mind," said her husband, loftily.

"But I warn you that I have little experience as a cook."

"You can learn, madam."

"Perhaps I may not cook to suit your taste."

"That is my affair," he observed, stiffly.

Had he been aware of the plot formed in the lady's fertile mind, he might not have felt so confident in regard to the quality of his bread and butter; but as it was, he retired for the night all unconscious of the discipline to be meted out to him.

So the following morning Mrs. Burns received her wages and was sent off. At ten o'clock the marketing was brought home. At the usual dinner hour Major Flint made his appearance. The table was laid with more than its usual neatness. Major Flint congratulated himself on this fact of his personal triumph on his part. But he hardly felt so complacent when the dinner came up. The beef was terribly overdone; the vegetables, on the contrary, were not half cooked. In short, there was nothing fit to eat on the table. This Mr. Flint angrily remarked.

"I dare say," said his wife placidly, "I am not a very good cook."

With his appetite only half-satisfied, he was obliged to rise from the table.

The following morning, breakfast was delayed more than half an hour; and when it was ready, scarcely eatable, Major Flint was quite out of humor; but in reply to his indignant remonstrances, his wife coolly remarked:

"You know, Mr. Flint, I warned you that I might not cook to suit your taste."

And so matters deteriorated rather than improved. The tea and coffee, prepared by his wife, were quite nauseating to him, while the bread was not only sour, but hard and clammy, requiring considerable effort to masticate it. And what rendered it all the more exasper-

ating was that, no matter how inferior in quality or distasteful to himself, his wife professed her inability to discover any fault in what was prepared for the table, protesting that it was in perfect accord with her own taste.

The following day Major Flint seated himself at the dinner table, his mind filled with various emotions. He was growing thin, he felt sure; not a good, square meal had he eaten for three days.

"This woman will be the death of me, sure as fate," he said to himself, gazing at the food placed before him.

Here was the rich, juicy steak that he himself selected and sent from the market, after all his instructions as to how it should be broiled, shockingly overdone—in fact, almost burned to a crisp, his wife, meanwhile, partaking of it with evident relish.

"What a taste that woman must have!" he said, with horrified eyes.

"I have made you an extra cup of tea, to-day," said the lady opposite, handing him a cup with his dessert.

Hitherto Mr. Flint had been very particular in regard to his cup of tea at dessert, insisting that it should be brought to the table both strong and hot. Had the tea been prepared to his taste, it would have smoothed somewhat the riotous emotions within; on the contrary, it was miserably weak—quite lukewarm and brackish. He took one sip at the tea, and then set the cup down forcibly on the table, his face expressing the disgust he really felt.

Madam glanced up at him from under her long eyelashes, sipping from her cup industriously, that her facial muscles might not betray the amusement she felt.

"I knew you would pronounce the tea excellent this time," she said.

"This was too much. His rage, his disgust fairly boiled over."

"Tea, madam! Tea!" he roared.—

"Such abominable stuff. Tea, is it? Excellent, is it?—excellent!"

"It is excellent," said madam, sweetly, taking him at his word and ignoring the exclamation points utterly.—

"Mamma taught me to make tea when I was ten years of age—"

Major Flint had stood fire for three whole days, but flesh and blood could endure it no longer. Not waiting to hear more, he bounded to his feet and rushed into the hall. Here he seized his hat in both hands, jammed it down over his eyes, and started for the street. Then, as if forgetful of something, he retraced his steps, and, thrusting his head through the partially opened door, almost shouted:

"In Heaven's name, madam, can you tell me where Mrs. Burns went when she left here?"

"I think," said madam, deliberately, "if my memory serves me rightly, I heard her speak of stopping with her little girl at Mrs. Marsh's till she could secure a situation."

"I thought the tea would finish him," said Mrs. Flint amusedly, watching from the window her husband's retreating form, the click of his boot heels ringing like a bell as he brought his feet vigorously down on the pavement, the small boys eyeing him askance and hastening out of his way, wondering if he was racing for a wager.

"It is, perhaps, needless to say that before the evening closed Mrs. Burns was again installed in her old rooms at the Flint mansion."

"It is useless," said the Major, mournfully, that evening, in the solitude of his apartment; "I might as well attempt to move the huge boulders on yonder mountain-top as to contend with that woman, wife number two."

And he never did. For whenever his wife appealed to him in regard to the children or the domestic arrangements, he would answer, meekly:

"My dear, do as you think best."

And Mrs. Flint owed her success to the fact that she never touched upon her husband's real prerogatives, but respected them as she claimed respect for her own.

And so that is how she managed him.

Cat and Looking Glass.

Many years ago, at Carne farm house, where relatives of mine were then living, the household cat was observed to enter a bedroom in course of being spring cleaned. The looking glass being on

the floor, the cat, on entering, was confronted with its own reflection, and naturally concluded that he saw before him a real intruder on his domain. Hostile demonstrations were the result, followed by a rush to the mirror, and then meeting an obstacle to his vengeance, a fruitless cut round to the rear. This manoeuvre was more than once repeated with, of course, equal lack of success. Finally, the cat was seen to deliberately walk up to the looking-glass, keeping its eyes on the image, and then, when near enough to the edge, to feel carefully with one paw behind, for the supposed intruder, while with its head twisted round to the front it assured itself of the persistence of the reflection. The result of this experiment fully satisfied the cat that he had been the victim of delusion, and never afterward would he condescend to notice mere reflections, though the trap was more than once laid for him.

The English Cat.

The London Times of July 7 says:— On Saturday the members of Parliament who attended the daily sittings in the House of Commons were engaged for some time in viewing the instruments used in the inflicting of corporal punishment in the army and navy and Her Majesty's prisons. The "cat" exhibited by order of the Home Secretary and Sec'y of State for men of War were four in number, and were exposed to inspection in the alcove adjoining the "cloak room." The alcove was guarded by two policemen, who had received strict orders to admit no person not a member of Parliament. The most formidable weapon of the four exhibited was undoubtedly the "marine cat" which bore a descriptive label in the following terms:

"Sealed pattern of 'cat-o-nine-tails,' approved by the First Lord of the Admiralty, 7th of December, 1877. Signed, G. W. Rodney, Deputy Adjutant General."

The handle of the instrument is nine-tenths inches in length, and from the end depends a thick cord, which at 4 inches distance from the handle is divided into three separate cords, and these again are divided each into three tails 14 inches in length. Each of these tails, which are fine, hard whipcord, is knotted nine times. The "Navy cat" came next in interest. It was endorsed, "Navy cat, brought from the Duke of Wellington, 25th of July, 1879, H. M. Dockyard, Portsmouth." The instrument is formed of a handle, covered in green baize, 21 inches in length, from which depends nine lashes of thick cord, each 28 inches in length. A label at one end of the handle was indorsed, "Never used."— Another "navy cat," called the "approved cat," was also in view, and like the "marine" instrument, the handle is 19 inches in length, with thick lashes, nine in number, and each 28 inches long. It bore the inscription, "cat approved for use on board Her Majesty's ships, for seamen and marines." The fourth instrument exhibited is that used in Her Majesty's prisons, and is composed of a black handle 19 inches in length, made of whipcord, and each bearing three hard knots.

A Jury Story.

One of the best jury stories I have heard for a long time, says a London correspondent, is about a case that was tried at Westminster lately. The action was brought to decide a dispute between a water company and some of its consumers, and the evidence in favor of the defendants seemed so irresistible that the Judge expressed his wonder that the jury should want to retire in order to consider their verdict. After being absent some time they came back and announced that they were all agreed with the exception of one, and the Judge, indignant at a single person refusing to accept the overwhelming testimony offered in favor of the defendants, made some remarks not flattering to the intellectual powers of the solitary recalcitrant, though, of course, no one out of the jury box knew which of the twelve the man was. However, the jury had to be discharged, and it afterwards turned out that it was the twelfth who had taken the same view of the evidence as the Judge himself, and the other eleven who had refused to adopt what his lordship, and, indeed, everybody else in court, thought the only reasonable conclusion to be drawn from the fact.