

## 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.

#### THE OTHER SIDE.

"The words are good," I said, "I cannot doubt;  
I took my scissors then to cut them out;  
But Mary seized my hand: "Take care," she cried,  
"There is a picture on the other side."

I fell to musing. We are too intent  
On gaining that to which our minds are bent;  
We choose, then fling the fragments far and wide,  
But spoil the picture on the other side!

A prize is offered; others seek it too;  
But on we press with only self in view,  
We gain our point, but pause well satisfied,  
But, ah! the picture on the other side.

On this a sound of revelry we hear;  
On that a wail of mourning strikes the ear;  
On this, a carriage stands with groom and bride,  
A hearse is waiting on the other side.

We call it trash—we tread it roughly down,  
The thing which others might have deemed a crown;  
An infant's eyes, anointed, see the gold  
Where we, world-blinded, only brass behold.

We pluck a weed and fling it to the breeze;  
A flower of fairest view another sees,  
We strike a chord with careless smile and jest,  
And break a heart-string in another's breast.

Tread soft and softer still as on you go,  
With eyes washed clear in love's anointing glow;  
Life's page, well finished, turn it, satisfied,  
And, lo! heaven's picture on the other side.

### A TERRIBLE TRIAL.

MARY KNIGHT would have graced the drawing-room of a palace if fate had cast her lot among princes of the earth. But she was forced to live in an atmosphere which she felt was degrading to her womanhood. Were it not for the strong love she had for her father and the almost idolatrous worship she received from him, her life would have been unbearable.

Shortly after her mother's death her father had taken her East and placed her in a fashionable school where she received an education which entirely unfitted her for the life she was now leading.

She had no female friends, and was surrounded by the rough, uneducated men who were her father's companions. Still she bore this dreary existence with patience, sustained by her father's love, but often in the solitude of her chamber wished he had never sent her from her home in the backwoods, to acquire tastes for a life above the one he brought her back to.

About six months previous to the time I speak of, Elliot Burnett came from the East and settled in the mining district. He was a young man of good personal appearance, well educated and refined in manner. He met Mary Knight, and the two became fast friends. Their friendship soon ripened into love.

Black Bill, a companion of Joe Knight's, had been an ardent admirer of Mary, and had once dared to give utterance to his love in her presence. She disliked the man, and did not hesitate to tell him so. He paid little heed to her repulses thinking that in time he could overcome them. The arrival of Elliot Burnett aroused the jealous, revengeful part of his dark nature, and he determined if Mary Knight refused to become his wife she should never belong to another.

He used every means to excite the anger and indignation of Joe Knight

against Elliot, hoping it would finally end in the murder of the young man by Mary's father. Then he would suggest lynch law for the murderer. Thus Mary would be completely in his power, as her father had appointed him, Black Bill, the trustee of his daughter's fortune, and he hoped in time to be able to coerce her into marrying him. Black Bill's artfully arranged plan had been very successful, and Knight had forbidden his daughter to see or speak to Burnett.

One evening a number of men were congregated in the tavern carousing and drinking, when Knight became involved in a quarrel with another miner. During their war of words Burnett entered and endeavored to pacify both parties. Knight, in his excitement, thought Elliot was taking sides against him, and Black Bill used every effort to start the men fighting, but without success, for Elliot did not lose his presence of mind. His coolness exasperated Knight, who finally gave him a stinging blow on the cheek. This was a signal for a general fight among the loungers of the tavern, for Elliot was a favorite with most of them. They knew his forbearance had been actuated by his love for Knight's daughter, and not by cowardice, as Black Bill insinuated. They accordingly sympathized with and admired his manly courage when he said:

"Joe Knight, I respect your daughter too much to allow myself to become involved in a quarrel with her father." Knight attempted to deal him a second blow, but was prevented by the bystanders, who declared it cowardly to force a man into a fight under such circumstances.

Before the quarrel ended, Black Bill and Knight received some rough treatment from the hands of the crowd, and they returned to their respective homes swearing vengeance against all who had opposed them, and particularly against Burnett, who was blamed for the result of the fight.

The next morning Mary was greatly distressed when she learned what had transpired. Of course her father gave his own version of the affair, telling her that Elliot had insulted him, and when he struck him, dared not return the blow, but drew others into the quarrel and left them to fight for him.

Mary listened to the recital, but doubted her father's statement, and determined to withhold her judgment until she heard the story from Elliot's own lips.

The following evening, after she had finished her work indoors, she set out for her usual walk. As she strolled slowly along her mind was occupied with thoughts of Elliot, and of the tender words of love he had uttered at their last parting. Why, she asked herself, was she forbidden to partake of this one joy of her solitary existence? It was true that she loved her father, and he loved her, after his fashion; but he could not understand the want of her higher nature. The desire for intellectual companionship was something entirely beyond his comprehension.—She knew he did not dream she was dissatisfied. As he often said:

"She was well fed and well clothed; and then, too, she would have a snug little fortune some day."

Yes, some day after the light of her youth had burned itself out, when all her bright hopes and ardent desires for a more ennobling life were dead. What good would money do her then when her dream life had vanished?—She was in a rebellious mood this evening, and, like some captive bird that frets its wings against its prison bars, longing to be free, so she longed to escape from the existence which had grown so hateful to her. Before she was debarred from companionship with Elliot she used to pour out her complaints into his sympathizing ears, and he would strive to make her forget her present life, while drawing bright pictures of the happy future they would enjoy together, when he had accumulated sufficient means to provide a home for her.

In the distance she saw Elliot coming toward her. Her heart gave a bound of joy; then grew sad again as she remembered her father's mandate.

Elliot hastened to meet her, and remarking her pale face and tearful eyes, said:

"What has gone wrong with you, Mary? You have been weeping."

"I am very unhappy, Elliot. My father has forbidden me to see or speak to you again, but I could not resist the temptation of saying farewell, and beside, I wanted to hear from your own lips of the events which occurred the other night."

He gave her a truthful account of the affray, and, while exonerating himself from blame, tried to excuse her father, saying:

"Black Bill was more at fault than your father. He hates you both, and will destroy you if he can. My darling, I wish it was in my power to take you out of this life and away from such scenes. Unfortunately I cannot just yet. So we must trust and love each other while looking forward to brighter days."

They walked along the road so perfectly happy in each other's society that they forgot the flight of time, until suddenly startled by a rustle in the bushes near them, and before either could speak a whirling sound was heard, then the report of a pistol broke upon the stillness of the night.

Elliot uttered a cry of pain, placed his hand over his breast, staggered a few steps forward, and fell to the earth, blood spurting from the wound he had received. Mary stood motionless, gazing at the prostrate form before her. A deadly faintness came over, and she dropped at his side.

When she awoke to consciousness she looked around. Where was Elliot?—Surely she had seen him fall dead at her feet. Was it her father she had seen peering out from among the bushes just before she fainted? She could not tell. It all appeared like a horrible dream.

She turned her steps homeward, where the shadow of a fearful crime seemed to follow her, and entered the house, in which a deathlike stillness reigned.—When passing the door of her father's room, she saw him lying on the bed sound asleep.

The next morning she was awakened by hearing a confused mingling of voices, but could not tell what they were talking about. She arose and went to the door to listen. Some one said:

"There is no use in talking, Joe Knight, Elliot Burnett is missing. You threatened him, and the report of a musket was heard near here last night. No doubt he has been murdered, and suspicion points strongly toward you. If you can clear yourself from the charge, so much the better; but we will keep you in irons until you do it."

Mary's blood seemed to curdle in her veins, and her heart almost ceased beating as these words reached her ears, and an agonized cry she could not repress burst from her lips.

"That was Mary's voice," said one of the men. "Bring her here; perhaps she knows something about it."

As quick as lightning the thought came to her that she must not tell what she knew. If Elliot was indeed dead, the sacrifice of her father would not restore him to life; and even if it would, could she desert her father? No; she must defend him in every possible way, for who else would do it? Would not every man's hand be turned against him now? While thus thinking, one of one of the men came to seek her, saying:

"Mary, your father is in trouble, and you are wanted in the next room."

She followed the man to the room, where her father sat, his hands and feet firmly pinioned with ropes. His head was bowed on his chest. He raised his eyes, gave one rapid glance at her face, which told him she did not believe in his guilt, or if she did she would never acknowledge it to his enemies. She went quietly up to him, and putting her arms around his neck, said:

"Do not be troubled, father. It will all come out right. Submit to these men; they are only doing their duty."

One of the party, who acted as spokesman for the rest, said, in respectful tones:

"Miss Mary, if you know anything about this affair which will tend to clear your father, you had better tell it now; for the men are much excited over the disappearance of Burnett, and you know the cool heads cannot always control them. I will do all I can to protect your

father, but will not answer for his life if Elliot Burnett is not found."

"Who first accused my father of this crime?" she asked, with forced calmness.

The men looked at each other as if each was waiting for the other to answer her question. Finally one of them said:

"Black Bill told me of it. He said some one was looking for Burnett, and couldn't find him. Inquiries were then made, and at last a general search was instituted, but without success. He was seen coming toward your house, and late at night, some one—Black Bill, I think—heard a shot in this direction.—That, with the threats your father was heard to utter against Burnett, is the only evidence we have at present."

"Where are you going to take him?" she asked, in the same calm tones.

"To the tavern," the man replied.—"Some of the miners are searching for Burnett's body. If they find it, why—I tell you, Miss Mary, if you can do anything to clear your father, you had better set about doing it."

Alas! any information she could give them would only strengthen their conviction in her father's guilt. She wanted time to think and weigh her words, for one rashly uttered sentence might seal his doom.

"I am too much shocked at what has occurred to speak now," she said.—"Give me time to collect my confused thoughts, and let me assure you my did not commit the crime he is charged with. I was with Elliot Burnett when the bullet struck him, and my father was at home."

"She is trying to shield her father," whispered one of the men. "Poor girl! I don't blame her." Then he added aloud: "You say you were with Burnett when he was shot—if your father didn't shoot him, who did?"

Mary grew deathly pale, but making a supreme effort to control her emotions, she turned, and looking her interrogator full in the face, answered in a hoarse voice:

"It was Black Bill."

"Why didn't you say so when we first asked you about the affair? And why didn't you give the alarm when it occurred?"

"I fainted when Elliot was shot, and when I recovered consciousness I was so frightened and confused that I could not tell what had happened."

The men talked together in low voices for a few moments, then one of them said:

"We must guard your father until we can investigate the matter."

Without further parley they started for the tavern, taking Mary and her father with them. As they reached the spot where Elliot and herself stood when the fatal shot struck him, the whole scene presented itself so vividly to her mind that she burst into tears.

When Mary found herself alone with her father she put her arms around his neck and begged him to tell her what he knew about the terrible affair.

"Black Bill came in just as you went out," said Knight, "and brought a bottle of whiskey with him. We sat smoking and drinking for some time, when he left, and I, feeling very drowsy, went to bed. The first thing I knew about the affair was when the men accused me of it. You don't think I shot Burnett, do you, Mary?" he asked, pleadingly.

"No, my dear father, I believe you have spoken the truth."

She then told him what had happened the night before.

"Are you sure it was Black Bill who fired the shot?" asked Knight.

"No," replied Mary; "I said that to gain time. I saw a face peering out from the bushes, but it was too dark to recognize the features. Still, I believe, if the men investigate the matter, they will find that Black Bill is the guilty one. I know he hated, and was jealous of Elliott, and I do not think he loved either you or I any too well."

Father and daughter spent that day and the two succeeding ones in their prison. Each time the landlord came to bring their food, Mary would inquire eagerly if they had found Elliot. The answer was always the same:

"No; but they are still searching for him."

The third night Mary was startled by hearing something strike against the

window pane. She listened attentively, then approached the window and opened it quietly, so as not to disturb her father, who was sleeping soundly. As she did so, a voice from below said:

"Miss Mary, Elliot is not dead."

Her heart throbbed wildly as she asked:

"Where is he? Oh, tell me where he is!"

But no response came to this appeal—all was silent as the grave. The she decided that the words were only the effect of her excited imagination.

The next morning when the man brought their breakfast, he whispered:

"Black Bill and one or two others talk of taking your father out to-day and forcing a confession from him.—The men are greatly excited, and if they once get started in that sort of business they may lynch him whether he is innocent or guilty. I thought Black Bill was a friend of your father's, but he has done more than all the rest to keep up the excitement."

The landlord, who was a kind-hearted man, looked pityingly at Mary's white face as he added:

"Cheer up, my girl, I am sorry for you, and will do what I can to save your father."

When he left the room Mary stood like one petrified, as the peril of her father's position burst upon her. Joe Knight was still sleeping. His daughter awoke him, and after he had made his toilet, served his breakfast, she exhibited more reverential tenderness than usual, feeling that each little act of kindness might be the last she could ever bestow upon him. She decided not to tell her father of his danger, it would do no good, and she wished to spare him the horror of knowing his life hung by a thread as it were.

Toward evening the door was unlocked, and several of the most desperate characters of the mining district entered the room. Jim Snyder, the leader of the party, swaggered up to Joe Knight, and said they had not succeeded in finding Burnett, but were convinced he had been murdered, and that he, Joe Knight, had committed the deed, and if he refused to confess they would lynch him on the spot.

Joe told them the same story he had told his daughter, but his denial only exasperated the desperate men.

"Well," said Snyder, "we will see when you get the halter around your neck if you will still defy us."

Poor Mary pleaded earnestly for her father; but in spite of her tears and remonstrances they pinioned his arms, and led him to the place where the mob was collected. She, accompanied by the landlady, followed the crowd. Her white face and despairing cries touched the hearts of the spectators, yet they dared not interfere with the desperadoes.

The men formed themselves into a jury, and appointed one of the gang judge—when, after going through the form of a trial, Joe Knight was pronounced guilty of murdering Elliot Burnett, and was sentenced to be hung then and there.

When Knight realized that all hope was over he asked for writing material, that he might revoke the will he had made, appointing Black Bill trustee of his daughter's fortune. But his quondam friend determined, if possible, to prevent this, and told his desperate companions it was only a ruse to gain time—Mary would soon be of age and mistress of her own fortune. His influence prevailed, and Joe was forced to submit to their decision.

When they attempted to put the halter around the prisoner's neck, Mary broke away from her companions, and running up to her father, threw her arms around him, and fought desperately for his life. Her wild, unearthly looking eyes, and her face convulsed with the agony of despair, sent a thrill of pity through the crowd—pity for the poor frenzied girl rather than for the supposed murderer; still the work of death went on. Some of the men unclasped Mary's arms from her father's neck, while the others arranged the rope.

"God bless and watch over you, my poor girl!" said Knight, in a broken voice. "I am innocent, Mary. Oh, believe it, child, when I am gone."

At that moment there was a surging