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**Select Poetry.**

**"GOING HOME."**

All day long I have labored and wrought  
And now my labor's done,  
For softly from yon radiant cloud  
Smiles down the setting sun.  
Happy, happy, happy!  
O, happy, happy, am I!  
I'm going home to the sweetest eyes  
Beneath this evening sky!

All day in the dull, blind world of men  
I've toiled for love and home;  
And now I'm coming to you, my dear;  
To rest till morning come.  
Gayly, gayly, gayly,  
O, gayly, gayly I come,  
For the truest heart in all the land  
Is waiting for me at home.

Some time when labor is done for us,  
And sorrow's passed away;  
When the eye is dim, and sunk the cheek,  
And th' hair is thin and gray—  
Deeply, deeply, deeply!  
O, deeply my dear and I  
Shall sleep together a dreamless sleep  
Beneath the evening sky.

FROM BALLOU'S MAGAZINE.

**The Battle for the Cedars.**

BY PRESSLY W. MORRIS.

"BURTON!" shouted the brakeman. A young lady stepped off the train, on the platform, two or three trunks were thrown out from the baggage car, and with a shriek, the locomotive was away again, dragging its burden after it. The young lady stood for a moment looking about her, and then she walked into the ticket office.

"Can you tell me how far it is from here to the residence of a gentleman by the name of De Vere?" she asked.

"The place is about half a mile distant," was the courteous reply of the ticket agent.

"Has Mr. De Vere been here this morning?"

"I have not seen him to-day," was the answer; "however, if he is expecting a visitor, as I take it for granted he must be, I do not doubt but that he will be here soon."

"He is expecting me," said the lady. The agent was right in his prediction. There came the roll of carriage wheels outside, and soon a gentleman strode into the office.

"Miss Lindsley," he exclaimed. "Mr. De Vere," she answered. The two shook hands cordially.

"I am a little late," De Vere said; "still, I have not kept you waiting long; but it was a little vexatious to find no one here."

"Not at all," Miss Lindsley said. "You are ready?"

"Yes." Mr. De Vere escorted Miss Lindsley to his carriage, and assisted her into it. "Drive on, Dick," he cried to the colored driver.

"I will send Dick down, with a cart, for your trunks," he said to Miss Lindsley, as he took a place beside her.

A hundreds yards away, a river ran parallel with the railroad. A hard, level carriage-way stretched out to this from the depot. Then there was a long bridge. Beyond it, the road again, of course.—Soon they had crossed the river.

It was a beautiful scene that was spread out to view. To the right and the left, the river wound away like a silver thread. Overhead there was a sky of unclouded blue. The wide valley was green and smiling. Orchard and field stretched away before them. Back of it, great hills were outlined against the sky. And fragrance and sweetness were borne to the senses by the summer breeze.

"Victoria is well, of course," said Miss Lindsley as the carriage whirled along.

"Victoria is very well, indeed," Mr. De Vere answered. "And little Minnie?"

"Yes." There were other commonplaces.—Presently, the carriage stopped before some folding gates. The colored driver sprang from his seat, and swung them open. Then he drove up the avenue before the carriage, to a residence stylish and new.

"Here we are," cried Mr. De Vere. He leaped to the ground, and assisted Miss Lindsley to alight.

"Yonder comes that delightful sister of mine," he nodded.

A pretty young girl rushed out from the house, with many exclamations of joy. Inside, the greetings ended, Miss Lindsley said:

"Can I be shown to my room, Victoria? I am so tired, and so dirty, and heated that I am ashamed to be seen."

"I will go with you, myself, to your room," said Victoria De Vere.

She led the way, Miss Lindsley following. Up a flight of stairs they went, and very shortly Victoria ushered her visitor into a pretty room, with green carpet, carved furniture, and picture-covered walls.

"Your bedroom opens out of this," Victoria said. "I have had these apartments furnished in a style that I thought would please you."

"Thank you for your forethought and kindness," Miss Lindsley returned.—"The apartments are very beautiful."

And she kissed Victoria. There was a great difference between these two young girls in personal appearance. Miss Lindsley was tall and queen-like, a brunette, bright and brilliant. She was very beautiful. There was a firm setting of the sweet red lips that told a story of self-reliance. Doubtless Miss Lindsley had had need of self-reliance. Any woman who marks out her own lot and position in life does.

But Victoria De Vere was a fairy-like little creature, with a *petite* figure. She was fair, with hair like spun gold. Her eyes were blue, and her lips scarlet. She was a merry, light-hearted, clinging piece of humanity. One would not say of her that she was beautiful, but that she was lovely.

After a few minutes' conversation, Victoria turned to go.

"At what hour do you dine?" Miss Lindsley called after her.

"At three," was the reply.

The De Vere mansion belonged to young Robert De Vere. He possessed also quite a large estate of land, surrounding it. The land had been purchased, the residence constructed, with money that Robert had inherited from his father. In this connection it may be stated that both the parents of the young De Veres were dead. Victoria had as much money as Robert, but it was invested differently. She did not know how, "but Robert did." Robert had taken good care to invest it safely.

Robert was still unmarried, and Victoria, as well as another sister, much younger, and with a fortune of her own, too, resided with him; or perhaps it might be more correctly said that they were under his care.

It was two o'clock when Miss Lindsley descended the stairs, and entered the parlor. There was no one there, and she seated herself at the piano. She ran her hands over the keys, and the chords throbbed responsive to her touch. She played a plaintive piece, simple, tender and sweet; yet, though the piece was simple, it was evident that Miss Lindsley was more than an ordinary musician.

But she did not stop. A waltz followed, and then a difficult selection from an opera. Almost at the first, Robert De Vere had come to the door. He paused there, and listened. Presently Miss Lindsley ceased playing, and he walked to her side.

"Your playing is as matchless as ever," he said.

Miss Lindsley did not start, but turned with a smile; but before she could reply, Victoria De Vere appeared in the doorway.

"Little Min is very anxious to see you," she said to Miss Lindsley.

"Little Minnie?" cried Miss Lindsley gayly. "Why, I am equally anxious to

behold her, the sweet child! Where is she?"

"In the family-room," Victoria replied. "The little witch has just been asleep and her nurse is bathing her. I will have her brought in in a moment." Victoria disappeared, but returned in a short time. She was leading a little girl by the hand—a pretty creature, very much like herself.

The child released herself from Victoria's grasp, and ran to Miss Lindsley, who bent over her, and kissed her many times.

"Min glad to see Miss 'In'sey," she cried. "Min 's a great notion to cry 'cause she 's glad."

But Min did not cry. Miss Lindsley took her in her lap, and played a schottische, gay and lively, for her.

"Perhaps you remember," she said, "that Min is as fond of my playing as—as"

"Some other persons you could mention," interrupted Robert De Vere, with a laugh, as Miss Lindsley hesitated.

"I remember that when you were with us last summer," said Victoria, "her chief delight was to get you at the piano."

At that instant the summons for dinner sounded.

"Come," said Victoria. "I dare say you are quite hungry."

Robert escorted Miss Lindsley to the dining-room; Victoria took Minnie in charge. At dinner, the three young people, and the little child, sole occupants, save the servants, of the dining-hall, made a pleasant group.

"Do you like the country?" Miss Lindsley asked. "Doubtless you remember that this is the first time I have beheld any of you since you moved into this great, new house."

"To be sure we remember," Victoria answered. "We are very much pleased with the country; but we scarcely expect to remain here during the entire winter. About Christmas we will flee back to the city."

"After dinner I must have a glimpse at the scenery of your neighborhood," said Miss Lindsley. "How is the view from your piazza?"

"Very good," answered Robert De Vere.

And when the meal was finished, they all went out on the piazza.

"Delightful!" cried Miss Lindsley, as she viewed the scenery. "All is bright and fair."

"Yonder is the Cashel property," said Victoria presently. "See, yonder is the residence, half hidden among the trees. It is the oldest residence, and the property is the best in all this country. I sometimes wish our house were more like Mr. Cashel's. Everything is so new here."

Miss Lindsley had given a start, and grown pale. Robert De Vere, happening to turn toward her, beheld these signs.

"Are you ill, Miss Lindsley?" he exclaimed.

"Not at all," she returned, all the rich, warm color coming back to her face.

Robert took up the thread of Victoria's subject.

"The Cashel estate is a very valuable one," he said. "The present owner inherited it from Mr. Hebert Cashel, who died only two or three years ago. His father was Hebert Cashel's nephew.—Curiously enough, young Cashel is the only living one of the blood. He was never in this country until he came here to claim the estate. His father was an artist, and resided at Florence, Italy, where he died. That's the substance of the story, as I heard it. As it has changed, I have never beheld the present owner of the estate. He doesn't seem to be very sociable."

"Shall we go in?" asked Miss Lindsley, taking Min's hand, after a brief silence.

Her request was obeyed, and they all entered the house.

That night, the last words that Miss Lindsley murmured, after she had retired to rest, and before she closed her eyes in sleep, were:

"I knew that the Cashel property was in this part of Virginia; but did not dream it was so near here. Near Fairmont, was my understanding. However, I suppose Burton Station, being so unimportant, was unknown or forgotten. I wonder what he is like?"

It is as well to state here that Miss Lindsley's Christian name was Barbara.

Out seaward the minute-gun of a ship in distress was booming. A storm had come up suddenly, and clouds as black as the pall of death covered the sky.—The wind shrieked and raged with terrific force. The waves beat upon the beach with a sullen roar. Anon a glare of vivid lightning would cut athwart the gloom, and the thunder would crash through the heavens with a sound like the rending of a universe. Truly, it was a wild, wild night!

Farmer Lindsley was sitting before a blazing fire, listening to the roar of the storm without. His wife sat close to the corner of the chimney.

"It is an awful night!" she kept muttering.

Above the howling of the wind, and the roaring of the sea, came the boom of the minute-gun of the doomed ship, heard for the first time by Farmer Lindsley.

"Hark! what was that?" he cried, as he suddenly sprang to his feet, in a listening attitude.

"I heard nothing but the storm," replied his wife.

"But I did," exclaimed Mr. Lindsley,—"a signal-gun of distress from the sea. Some poor vessel is being hastened on to its doom."

"But vessels never come ashore here," said Mrs. Lindsley.

"Ay, they do," said her husband; "rarely, however. I remember that twenty years ago, before we were married, many a poor dead body was washed ashore from a wrecked ship one night."

"Boom!" came from over the sea.

"Ah! you heard that?"

"Yes, I heard that," answered Mrs. Lindsley, her lips white.

"The vessel will go to pieces on the rocks," said Mr. Lindsley solemnly.

Mrs. Lindsley wrung her hands.

"Can nothing be done to save the poor wretches on board?" she cried.

"I fear not," answered her husband.

"But get me my great-coat, and I will hasten over to Ogden's, and rouse them, to get them to go with me down to the beach. We may be able to render some aid."

Mr. Lindsley was soon inside his overcoat.

"Build on a rousing fire, wife," he said, "for if any poor wretch should chanced be washed ashore alive, we will have to carry him here. Oh! my lantern. Strange that I should nearly forget that."

The lantern was lighted. The door being opened, a fierce gust of wind swept in; but Farmer Lindsley drew his coat about him, and went out into the storm.

"Hollo!" he shouted, ten minutes later, at Ogden's door.

"Hollo!" was returned from inside the house.

"Did your hear that gun?"

"Yes."

"You are going down to the beach?"

"Yes," was shouted from the inside; "we will be ready in a minute."

The door of the house opened, and a man in an oiled coat peered out.

"Is that you, Lindsley?" he asked.

Lindsley gave an affirmative answer to the question.

"The boys are lighting their lanterns," said Ogden. "Hollo! Jack! Tom!"

"Coming, sir," answered voices.

Richard Ogden, and the stalwart young fellows, his sons, came out.—They went back, for a short time, toward Farmer Lindsley's house, and then turned down the beach. Down on the shore they stopped.

The wind was shrieking and howling as madly as ever, and they sea was like a raging monster seeking his prey.

"Ugh! it's a bad night!" cried Richard Ogden; "it's an awful night for those poor wretches out yonder!"

"I have not heard the gun lately," said Lindsley. "Can she have struck already?"

"I think not," was the reply.

To confirm Ogden's words, once more the minute gun wailed out. The men strove to look out over the boiling sea; but naught save the dense whiteness of the yeasty waves could be seen.

Suddenly, a vivid flash of lightning seemed to divide the heavens in twain;

and out over the raging, foaming waters the men saw the doomed vessel, weird as a phantom ship, with the blue light of the troubled heavens gleaming upon her.

"She is very close!" cried Ogden; "scarcely a mile away. A few moments will tell the tale."

"And we can do nothing to aid those poor wretches!" exclaimed Lindsley.

"Nothing, I fear," Ogden echoed.

High above the shrieking of the storm and the raging of the sea, came a crash.

Then naught could be heard but the mad roaring of the elements, sounding to the thrilled and appalled men like wild shouts of triumph.

"Heaven pity the poor drowning creatures!" exclaimed Lindsley.

"Heaven pity them!" echoed the Ogdens solemnly.

Then the men did all that it was in their power to do. They separated, and walked up and down the shore, watching and listening.

"What little effort we can make seems vain," said Lindsley to himself.

But it was not to be so. Scarcely had he muttered those words when there was cast up at his feet a human figure. Lindsley stooped quickly, and clasping it in his arms lifted it away from the cruel waves. He placed it on a rock, and then bent over it with his lantern.

A woman's face, white and ghastly in the reflected light, met his gaze. He reached down his hand and put it over her heart.

It was perfectly still.

He was astonished by hearing a pitiful wail. Certainly, a dead woman could not give forth a sound like that!

Lindsley felt about the woman's figure. He then discovered whence the cry proceeded. Clashed close to the right side of the woman, was a little babe.

"Jack Ogden! Hollo! Jack!" Lindsley called.

In response, Jack came.

"Here is a woman and child," Farmer Lindsley said. "The woman is dead, I believe; but the child yet lives. You and I will carry them to my house."

The other two Ogdens came up and saw in a moment how matters were.

"Ogden, you and Tom can stay here and watch," Lindsley said, "while Jack and I are gone to the house."

Then the child was released from the close-pressing arms of the woman.—Lindsley led the way with his lantern, holding the child close to his breast. Jack Ogden lifted the woman in his arms and followed after. They reached Lindsley's house and entered.

"Lord pity!" cried Mrs. Lindsley; "what have you here?"

For an answer, Jack Ogden laid the dead form that he held before the blazing fire, and Farmer Lindsley placed the babe in his wife's arms.

"It lives," he said. "Wrap it in something warm."

Mrs. Lindsley obeyed. The child's walls gave evidence that its hold on life was strong. Attention was given to the woman. But no effort could give back the breath of life to her form. The mother was dead—the child living—for she was its mother. Evidently, she had been young and very beautiful. Her clothing was of fine texture. Doubtless she had belonged to a wealthy and refined family. It mattered little now. The immortal spark had fled the tenement of clay. The ways of Providence are mysterious, past finding out. The cruel ocean had stolen away the mother's life, and left her helpless babe alive.

When the morning dawned, the storm had stilled to quietness. The sun rose in golden splendor. The ocean was as calm as though it had never hungered to swallow up the human freight of ships.

The Ogdens and Lindsleys had watched all night. Several dead bodies had been washed ashore; and, besides the babe, one other that contained life. That other was a youth, a sailor. Judging from appearances, he was about twenty-five years of age.

Of all on board of the ill-fated vessel, but two had been spared.

The young sailor remained with the Ogdens for a few days. His name was George Gorman. Farmer Lindsley interrogated him about the woman and the babe.

"I suppose they are mother and child?" he said.—To be Continued.