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Select Poetry.

A POEM OF NAMES.

There's Isabel—we Noah well— Woo'd by a bashful feller, For Theodora of this belle Adored but dared not Ella. At last one Eve upon the porch In earnest tones he pleaded He'd give up Paul to win her heart— Her love was Saul he needed. "I wish that Ida heart to give," Unto herself she Seth— "If Phebe Levi am a flirt His St will close in death." He'd Caesar Randal little while As Titus he was Abel— From his big Guy a tender Luke Beamed Dora tresses sable. No sooner Adelaide his arm About her waist so clever, Then up she Rose Andrew away— She wouldn't have it—never! In vain did he for Mercy sue— This foolish swain Elijah, "Oh, Hugo 'Ira Hall," she jeered, "I never could Abjiah!" He ne'er came Mary time again Ann never after seen 'er— And he's grown Solomon since that day While she has grown Aurora.

The Battle for the Cedars.

BY PRESSLY W. MORRIS.

CONTINUED.

A GREAT and terrible dread filled her soul, but she could only lie still and await the end.

At length the carriage stopped. The driver jumped down and fastened his horse to a tree. Then he went to the side of the carriage, and, raising the curtains, lifted Barbara out. He hurried away with her in his arms, while no sound save his tread broke the stillness of the night.

Directly, Barbara saw, standing out against the sky, a tall building, and she comprehended that it was the stone mansion which was justly her inheritance.

The man continued on till he stood directly beneath the shadow of the building with his burden. It was at the extreme end of the east wing, another unoccupied portion of the great mansion, and there was no probability that any person would trouble him. He ascended some stone steps, and pushed against a door that opened at his touch. He entered and groped through a hall and up a stairway. After that, he proceeded some distance along another hall. He stopped before a door that he could feel but not see, and laid his burden down upon the floor. He reached his hand in his pocket, and drew out a heavy, rusty iron key. By his sense of touch he inserted this in a lock and turned it.

A door sprang open, and a lighted apartment was displayed to view. Into this Barbara Lindsley was carried. The door was closed, and then she was unbound and the gag taken from her mouth.

"Oh, spare me!" she cried to the man. "Release me from this prison!" But the cruel face of Varcor, the slave, for it was he, showed no pity. Without a word he turned away from the pleading girl. He went out of the door, and shutting it again, locked it. The shooting of the bolt was like a knell of despair to Barbara.

The room in which she was shut was to all appearances very similar to the one in which Lionel Cashel had been thrown, in its strength and prison-like

appearance. The loudest cries of a human being would only echo back from its walls. But it was comfortably furnished. It was in the east and not in the west wing of the building, and Valasquez had had it prepared for the use to which it was now being put.

Barbara threw herself on a couch, trembling and in tears. Oh! for what terrible fate was she reserved?

She laid for a long time weeping, but presently she sank into a restless, disturbed slumber. She was awakened by the opening of the door of the apartment.

"Where am I?" she murmured, not remembering her situation at first.

Then she beheld the cruel face of Henri Valasquez.

She sprang to her feet in a moment.

"It is morning," he said, "and I have come to tell you why I brought you hither."

Barbara clasped her hands across her bosom and was silent.

"You have chosen to scorn my suit," Valasquez continued, "but I have taken means to show you that I am not to be trifled with."

He paused to note the effect of his words. Barbara Lindsley was still silent.

"You have scorned my love," Valasquez repeated, "but you are in my power, and shall be my wife yet. You shall never leave this apartment till you solemnly swear to wed me, and that you will not betray me."

Barbara Lindsley found her speech at last.

"I will die ere I be your wife," she cried, her eyes flashing in scorn. "Yes, villain, I would rot in a cell before I would wed you."

"Beware!" hissed Valasquez. "Beware, girl, or my love for you will turn to hate. You will never escape from here, I repeat, and you may live to repent your utterances."

He colored a little, and added,—

"Consider well, Barbara Lindsley, what I have said. I mean in all honor that when you are willing you shall be my bride. For the present, the slave who brought you here will attend to your wants, bringing you food every night to last you twenty-four hours. I hope you will soon relent. I shall come to you occasionally, and ask you for your answer. But I assure you my patience will not endure forever."

He went out, taking care to secure the door.

"Yes, I would die a thousand times over ere I would be his wife!" sobbed Barbara.

She found food and drink that had already been placed on a table for her. After a while she partook,—sparingly, however. She was not hungry, but she wished to reserve her strength, for she could not yet utterly despair of escaping from her prison, and her escaping might depend upon her own efforts.

The hours dragged themselves slowly away.

Late in the afternoon Valasquez came once more into the prison-room. He was seemingly in a softer mood than in the morning.

"Dear Barbara!" he cried, "I would not be so cruel, only I love you so."

The girl felt that she would prefer his anger to his declaration of love.

"Remember how strong, how great my passion for you is," Valasquez continued, "and be kind to me."

He had been drinking more wine even than usual; so much that it had affected his brain, and he was partially intoxicated.

Barbara saw that he was under the influence of wine, and her heart beat rapidly in fear.

"Leave me, Mr. Cashel," she cried. "Give me time to consider."

Her words had the effect that she so much desired.

"Ah, ha! you are relenting," he exclaimed. "I am glad to see it. Well, I will leave you for the present, hoping that by the time I come again, my dear Barbara, my sweet love, you will have made up your mind to be Mrs. Cashel."

And he departed from Barbara's presence. She sank upon the couch, pale, terrified, shuddering.

"Oh that I had died before I fell into his power," she moaned.

At that moment her fate seemed utterly hopeless.

She was shut within walls from which she could see no means of escape. Her friends would never guess where she was. The man who had abducted her, and held her prisoner, was wealthy, respected, and beyond suspicion.

What wonder that poor Barbara almost despaired.

She had no means of estimating time, save by instinct, so she did not know what time in the night it was, when Varcor entered with a waiter bearing food. Upon the waiter were bread and butter, a pie, jellies, part of a roast fowl, and a bottle of wine.

Barbara was awake, and mechanically glanced at what Varcor had brought. She beheld something there, besides the food, that stirred her numbed faculties. It was a knife, keen and sharp; how keen and sharp, Varcor had not noticed, else he would not have brought it.

Barbara advanced toward the man. A wild thought had flashed through her brain. A way of escape had suggested itself, yet it was a dreadful resort. But how could she endure to remain here?

Suddenly she snatched the knife, and, before Varcor dreamed of her purpose, she, with strength and courage born of the dread fears in her heart, struck him with the blade full on the breast.

He staggered, and, with a groan of pain, fell prostrate to the floor.

Varcor had locked the door behind him; but Barbara snatched the key from his grasp, and with trembling hand unlocked it.

"Heaven grant that I have not killed him!" Barbara thought; "but I was mad with despair, and could not keep from striking."

She glided into the dark hall.

"May the merciful father guide my steps!" was the girl's prayer.

Doubtless it was answered.

Barbara could only glide on, not knowing in what direction she was going.

All was quiet, and there was not a sound to tell whither to direct her steps. On she went from one hall to another.

She reached a stairway, and descended it.

And yet all was dark and still around her.

She continued to proceed noiselessly.

At length she came to a place where a ray of light shone through a key-hole. Barbara crept past. She reached the door that opened out to freedom. But it was bolted and barred.

Cautiously Barbara turned the great key that she found in the lock. Then she began taking the heavy bars from their fastenings.

Her heart beat wildly; for she felt that in another moment she would breathe the air of freedom.

But, at the last moment, a bar dropped from her grasp, and fell to the floor with a crash; and, before the trembling girl could open the door between her and liberty, that of the library swung wide, and a flood of light streamed out into the hall. Henri Valasquez appeared, holding a lamp in his hand. The light fell upon the shrinking form of Barbara, and he beheld her.

"Shades of the demons!" he cried, "what does this mean?"

Valasquez sprang toward Barbara, but before he could reach her, the entrance door burst open with a crash, and instantly three men entered. One was a tall man, with a long red beard.

"O Mr. Victor!" exclaimed Barbara, springing into his arms, "save me from that man!"

"What means this?" cried Victor hoarsely, with terrible anger in his voice.

"He carried me away by force," sobbed Barbara, "and has been holding me prisoner. He wants me to marry him."

The two men who had come with Victor advanced toward the astonished and frightened Valasquez.

"Henri Valasquez, you are our prisoner," said one. "We arrest you for the murder of Lionel Cashel."

Then ensued a wild struggle. It was of short duration, however, and ended in Valasquez being securely handcuffed.

"O Mr. Victor!" Barbara tearfully entreated, when the struggle was finished, "take me away from this dreadful place, to my friends,—to Victoria!"

Then her sobs became more violent.

"But you must search first for that man I stabbed, and see whether or not

he is dead," she continued, between her sobs.

"Search for whom?" cried Victor. Barbara explained.

"Indeed it is dreadful that I should have been compelled to do such an awful thing," she concluded, "but I could not well avoid it. Oh, I hope he is not dead."

Evidently all of Barbara's courage and fortitude had deserted her. The thought that she had slain a human being, wicked creature though he was, was terrible to her.

And she could only be satisfied by Victor's going in search of Varcor, to ascertain his condition, accompanied by one of the detectives.

The other detective remained in the library, guarding Valasquez. He kept his hand on his revolver while the villain sat cursing in vain, wild anger.

Victor and his companion had been gone but a minute or two when the great clock in the apartment adjoining the library began to strike. It continued till it slowly rang out twelve strokes. It was midnight.

Scarcely had the last stroke of the clock echoed out when there appeared at the door of the library a woman. She was a wild-looking creature, with long, black hair, and dark, blazing eyes, and had come from some where out of the darkness. She stood still for a moment, and then advanced to the side of Valasquez, who, beholding her, grew even paler than he had been before.

The detective thought she was mad, and rising to his feet regarded her closely.

"Henri Valasquez," she exclaimed, "I have come to announce to you that the hour of doom is at hand.—Concluded next week.

The Five Silver Donkeys.

THE following was related to me by the Minister of a foreign power, at the Court of St. James.

A very wealthy man of the Hebrew faith, finding himself near his end, called his five sons to his bedside and presented each with a silver donkey, equipped with panniers, and said: "There was a merchant traveling from Basra to Bagdad with a cargo of silk, but as this, however, was not sufficient to fill more than one of the panniers, he balanced the burden by filling the other with stones. As he was journeying he was over taken by a wayfarer who fell into conversation with him, and in the course of it remarked, 'What a fool you must be.'"

"Very probably," was the reply, "but in what particular?"

"Why," said the other, "don't you see that, if you were to distribute your silk equally between the two panniers and throw away your stones, you would diminish your aas' burden by one half?"

"Very true," rejoined the other, "I thank you for your wise counsel;" and forthwith the silk merchant threw his stones out on the road, and distributed the cargo in equal portions between the two panniers. As, however, they continued their journey, the merchant remarked, "You are a very clever and discerning person, but how is it that you are in such evil case? Your clothes are soiled and thread-bare, and you have scarcely a shoe to your foot."

"The truth is," was the reply, "I am an unfortunate man."

"Are you an unfortunate man? Then I will go back and pick up my stones," which he accordingly did, and replaced the silk *in statu quo*. It happened that when he arrived at Bagdad he found that the Caliph was building a new palace, but was brought to a standstill for want of stones. So the merchant sold his stones for more than he got for his silk, and returned rejoicing. Now, my sons, in presenting you each with the silver donkey, I wish to impress upon you this maxim, "Never take the advice of an unfortunate man."

A preacher who had been preaching on trial in a country church in northern Pennsylvania was tackled by an older preacher and told that it would please the congregation greatly if he would quote a little Latin, Greek and Hebrew in his sermons, as if taking for granted that his hearers understood it, when in reality none of them knew anything about those languages. The preacher

was puzzled. He didn't know anything of either Hebrew, Greek or Latin himself, but he was a native of Wales and thought they wouldn't know the difference if he gave them a little Welsh every time. So he made a Scripture quotation in his first sermon to them, and said: "This passage, brethren, has been slightly altered in the translation. It is only in the original Hebrew that you can grasp its full meaning. I will read it to you in Hebrew, so that you may comprehend it more exactly." and he gave them the passage in very good Welsh. They liked it first rate, and presently he gave them some Welsh as Greek, and then some more as Latin. Then he was going to give them the Chaldaic version in Welsh, when he saw a Welshman sitting by the door, almost bursting with suppressed laughter. The preacher didn't let on, but instead of the Welsh quotation he was going to give, said in Welsh, "For goodness' sake, my friend, don't say a word about this till I have a chance to talk with you." The Welshman never told on him, and the congregation, completely deceived, called him to be their pastor.

A Puzzled Parson.

AN OLD gentleman from the East, of a clerical aspect, took the stage from Denver south in ante-railroad days. The journey was not altogether a safe one, and he was not reassured by the sight of a number of rifles deposited in the coach, and nervously asked for what they were.

"Perhaps you'll find out before you get to the Divide," was the cheering reply.

Among the passengers was a particularly (it seemed to him) fierce-looking man, girded with a belt full of revolvers and cartridges, and clearly a road agent or assassin. Some miles out, this person, taking out a large flask, asked, "Stranger, do you irrigate?"

"If you mean drink, sir, I do not."

"Do you object, stranger, to our irrigating?"

"No, sir." And they drank accordingly.

After a further distance had been traversed, the supposed brigand again asked, "Stranger, do you fumigate?"

"If you mean smoke, sir, I do not."

"Do you object, stranger, to our fumigating?"

"No, sir." And they proceeded to smoke.

At the dining-place, when our friend came to tender his money, the proprietor said, "Your bill's paid."

"Who paid it?"

"That man,"—pointing to the supposed highwayman, who, on being asked if he had not made a mistake, replied, "Not at all. You see, when we saw that you didn't irrigate and didn't fumigate, we knew that you was a parson. And your bills are all right as long as you travel with this crowd. We've got a respect for the Church—you bet!" It was no highwayman, but a respectable resident of Denver.—Harper's Magazine.

Barber's Signs.

In Europe the usual sign used by barbers is not the striped pole, but it is one or more brass discs or dishes, suspended over the street. The origin of the use of these different signs is not perhaps generally known. Until the time of Louis XIV., in France, and of George II., in England, the offices of barber and surgeon were united. The sign then used was the streaked pole, with the basin suspended from it. The former was to represent a bandaged wound and the latter a basin into which the blood flowed. The barber after their separation from the surgical profession, appropriated the sign, apparently without appreciating the joke they were playing upon themselves.

A Strange Freak.

Walter P. Worrall, gave himself up as a vagrant in a New York police court, on the 24th of last December, and was committed to the House of Correction. He was set to work there as a cook, and he continued at this until last Sunday, when he grew tired of his employment and wrote to his attorney to have him released. When his attorney called he was astonished to find that Worrall had been in the institution such a length of time, and he could not give any excuse for his strange freak. He is worth at least \$50,000, and his family are highly respectable.