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Select Poetry.

MARY'S GOAT.

Mary had a William goat,
And he was black as jet;
He followed Mary round all day,
And liked her? you just bet!

He went with her to school one day;
The teacher kicked him out;
It made the children grin, you know,
To have that goat about.

But though old Whack'em kicked him out,
Yet still he lingered near;
He waited just outside the door,
Till Whack'em did appear.

Then William ran to meet that man—
He ran his level best;
And met him just behind, you know—
Down just below his vest.

Old Whack'em turned a somersault;
The goat stood on his head,
And Mary laughed herself so sick
She had to go to bed.

A STRANGE MISTAKE.

IT WAS the close of the afternoon services in the village church of Bayfield. The last notes of the doxology were still echoing from the singing gallery, and the congregation, with a rustle and a stir, turned their faces toward the minister for the benediction. In the brief pause before it was spoken, old Mr. Beaman, the town clerk of Bayfield, stepped in front of the pulpit, and raising his hand, said in a loud clear voice, "Know all whom it may concern, that Mark Boynton, of this town, and Elizabeth Heath, of the same, intend marriage."

There was a movement throughout the whole congregation as if it were pervaded by an electric shock, and looks of surprise passed from eye to eye. But there were three persons present on whom the clerk's announcement fell like a thunderbolt. One of these was a young girl with a pale face and downcast eye. When Mr. Beaman began to speak she listened with a kind of patient composure; but as the names were announced, a wild, startled look came into her eyes, she sank back upon her seat, and buried her now burning face in her hands.

Not many steps removed stood a man of perhaps forty—a grave and sober person with hair slightly turning to gray. His face, habitually a somewhat sad one, had worn throughout the service that day, a look of cheerful content; but as Mr. Beaman made his announcement, it took the paleness of death. His head dropped upon his breast, and he stood like one paralyzed, clasping the railing of the pew for support.

Very different was the effect produced upon a young man, the solitary occupant of a pew not far away. He had been standing with a drooping head and downcast, heavy look; but as he heard the words of the old clerk he started visibly, the blood mounted in a crimson flush to his forehead, while his eye flashed with a blended look of triumph and defiance, and his lips closed with an expression of stern resolve.

There was a painful hush over all the house, as if every one present were strangely moved to sympathy with one or another of those so deeply and variously affected by what had been said. It was broken by the voice of the minister saying solemnly, "and now may the grace of God, and the communion of His Holy Spirit, be and abide with you all for ever. Amen." And the people moved silently out of the church.

The pale and stricken man upon whom the old clerk's most unexpected

words had fallen solike the stroke of doom, was Robert Jocelyn. He had listened that day to hear his own name coupled with that of the lovely girl who had promised to be his wife, and the voice of the clerk had joined with hers that of another and a younger man! To understand the full force of the blow which had fallen on him, it is necessary to go back at a time, nearly twenty years before, when as a youth he had won the love of his pretty and gentle cousin Phoebe Jocelyn. Phoebe was the loveliest girl in all the country round, and had admirers by the score, but Robert Jocelyn was the choice of her heart, and to him she was tenderly attached. But though capable of loving with devotion, poor Phoebe was weak-willed and timid, and quite powerless to resist a resolute and domineering mother, who had chosen a different person to be her daughter's husband. William Heath had more money than Robert, and was a showy, plausible fellow, in whom the ambitious mother fancied she saw a more brilliant match for her daughter. She plied the yielding girl with arguments, reproaches and appeals to filial duty till she was quite bewildered; and almost before she was aware of it she had given up her cousin, and was plighted to William Heath. Her married life was fortunately brief, for she knew no happiness in the three weary years she lived with her husband. At the end of that time he left her in poverty, and no one in Bayfield ever saw him again. Poor Phoebe sinking under the pressure of grief, neglect and privation, lived but a few months after his desertion. During that time she was tenderly cared for by her cousin Robert, who supplied all the wants of her and her infant daughter, and found for them a serene asylum under the roof of his brother Ezra and his wife. This kind couple had no children, and when her mother was gone the little Lizzie was adopted by them as their own.

Robert Jocelyn had never married. He lived on, a sad and silent man, old before his time, but he had no heart to offer to another woman. He had loved Phoebe so unselfishly that he could have borne to lose her if she had been happy; but to have her taken from him to suffer neglect and cruelty was hard indeed. It was with solemn thankfulness that he saw the sod laid over her faded beauty and broken heart.

Years passed, and Phoebe's daughter was a charming, bright-eyed girl of eighteen. Under the fostering care of Ezra and his wife, she had grown up cheerful and happy, loving and dutiful, a favorite with all. Like her mother, she had many admirers; but it could not be positively determined that she favored any. Still, there were shrewd suspicions, and more than one young fellow would have been glad to stand in Mark Boynton's place, and would have felt rich indeed with but a portion of the smiles which shone on that fortunate youth.

Mark was a neighbor of the Jocelyns. He had inherited from his father a fine, well-stocked farm; but unfortunately there had been discovered a flaw in his title; and ever since his majority he had been involved in a tiresome law suit, which it was now generally believed would go against him. Should it so result he would be a poor man, if a young man with a strong hand and courageous heart can be poor. With all the strength of an earnest manly nature Mark loved Lizzie Heath; but his pride withheld him from saying so until he should know whether, indeed, he had a home to offer her. If he won his case, he would ask her to share the wealth which would then be his. If he lost, he must—no, he could not resign her; but if she loved him, she would wait for him. He was not a vain man, but his hopes rose high. He had seen how Lizzie's eye would brighten and her color glow at his approach, and had marked the innocent arts by which she sought to avoid the attentions of others while his own were gladly received.

As for Lizzie, her ideal of manly beauty and excellence was embodied in Mark Boynton; but maiden like she would not admit the idea of love. She knew that she was perfectly happy only when he was by; but she would not own even to herself the reason. Of late, too, she fancied that he avoided her, and interpreting the fact backward, felt no

plique, but just enough uncertainty about his sentiments to be resolute in concealing her own.

And so matters stood when one pleasant afternoon in summer Lizzie sat sewing with her mother, as she always called Mrs. Ezra. There was an unusual shade of pensiveness on the young girl's face, and her mother watched her narrowly. At length the latter said:

"You seem very sober, to-day, for you, Lizzie. Has anything happened to make you so?"

A blush and some low, inaudible words were the only reply. Mrs. Jocelyn went on:

"Are you thinking of anything that brother Robert said to you last night as you walked in the orchard together?"

"Why, mother, did you know?" asked Lizzie, looking up in surprise.

"Yes, dear: your father and I have known all along that Robert was fond of you. What did you say to him?"

"What could I say," replied Lizzie in a broken voice, "but that such a thing is impossible?"

"I don't see, dear, why it should be impossible. You are surprised because you have not thought about it; but when you come to reflect I hope your answer will be different. If your father and I have a wish in the world it is that you should marry Robert."

"Oh, mother, how can I?" exclaimed Lizzie, looking up in astonishment.

"Why not pray? I am sure it is not every girl has such an opportunity—a man of character and position, and so good and kind as he is. Then you know he is well off; you would have everything that money could buy. And I always thought you were fond of Robert."

"Yes, mother, but not that way. He is my uncle."

"I know you have called him so, but you knew all the time he was only your second cousin. There is no reason why you should love him in 'that way,' as you say, unless you like somebody else. Is that it?"

"No—indeed, no," poor Lizzie faltered hastily, turning away her face, now burning with blushes. The eyes of Mark Boynton rose up before her with a glance of reproach at this denial; but how could she confess a love for one who perhaps did not care for her.

"I am glad to hear it," Mrs. Ezra went on, "for I am sure you will in time return Robert's affection. He loves you dearly and you have it in your power to make up to him in part for what he suffered through your mother."

Lizzie looked up with startled eyes. "What do you mean, mother?" she asked in astonishment.

Then Mrs. Ezra told all the story of Robert's love and blighted hopes, of his delicate kindness to poor Phoebe during the sad years of her married life, and how in her last distress he had succored her and her child. She reminded the young girl of his generous and watchful care over her childhood and growing youth. And then, though the good woman had no idea of taking a mean advantage, she was yet so anxious to win Lizzie's consent to the match she thought best for her, that she did work upon the girl's gratitude to herself and husband, though, ordinarily it would not have occurred to her to think whether or not she had conferred favors on one who was almost like her own daughter.

Their talk was long, protracted and often renewed, and Robert added his pleadings. He told of the years during which he had watched her growing beauty, loving her first for her mother's sake, but as she bloomed into womanhood so like that mother, he found himself renewing the dreams of his youth, daring to hope that happiness might yet be his. The strongest, the best fortified woman's heart must ever be more or less moved by the evidence of a deep and earnest affection; and poor Lizzie had the yielding, pliant nature of her mother, and Mark Boynton was away—she had not seen him for weeks; and not knowing that he was occupied at the county town with the final trial of his case, she felt herself neglected by him.

Why, if he really loved her, was he not here to say so, and to stand by her in this time of trial? So it came about that, hopeless in the hands of affection-

ate but ill-judging friends, she yielded, and promised to marry Robert Jocelyn.

It was a day or two after she had formally given her word, that she was returning one evening alone from a neighbor's. She had not walked far when she heard a quick step behind her, and turning saw Mark Boynton. He greeted her gaily, and the dim light prevented his observing her pale and troubled face. He took her hand, drew it through his arm with an air almost of ownership, saying as he did so, "This is just what I wanted, Lizzie, to meet you. I was going to your house. I am such a happy fellow to-night that I want to tell you about it."—Concluded next week.

An Odd Couple.

SHE WAS a little thing, says the *Leadville Herald*, with a large luminous eyes, that lighting up her features, rendered positively attractive a face that would have otherwise passed in a crowd without a second glance, and a wealth of coal black hair neatly arranged, except a single heavy lock that had by its own weight escaped from its fastenings. She seemed half frightened at her position, and her dark cheeks and forehead flushed to the roots of her hair as she stepped into the little room where the squire sat, dispensing justice. She seemed not over sixteen, and modesty was apparent in her very attitude, as she stood with folded hands awaiting the commencement of further proceedings.

Her companion was an awkward, grizzled looking man, apparently fifty years of age, with an ugly scar stretching from the inner point of his left eye, across his cheek to nearly the point of his chin, describing an arc, which had left a wide track bare of an otherwise luxuriant growth of gray whiskers.—Hair matted, and growing low down on his forehead, together with the distortion of an eye, occasioned by the scar, gave his countenance a sinister look, positively repulsive.

The ill-assorted pair stood for a moment, while his honor disposed of some papers before him, the man fumbling a worn-out felt hat, while the girl nervously twisted her fingers. As the justice turned toward them expectantly, the man stepped to the desk and leaning toward his honor, said in a confidential husky whisper:

"Squire, you marry people, I suppose." The official nodded.

"Well, I reckon I can give you a little job this morning."

"Who are the parties?"

"This little gal here an' me."

His honor pushed back his chair, put on his spectacles, and deliberately surveyed the man from head to foot.—His inspection finished, he turned to the girl, whose blushes under his earnest, inquiring gaze, chased each other over her neck, cheeks, and forehead, until she was one glow of burning color.

"See here, my man," said the squire "come into my private room, for a moment. Take a seat, miss."

Leading the way to the inner room, his honor closed the door, and turned fiercely upon his companion. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, you old scoundrel, to come here, expecting me to marry you to a child like that?"

"Now don't get hot, squire. I know that I ain't much to look at. I've been told that ever since I was a kid, and this beauty spot," touching the scar, "ain't an improvement. An' its all along o' this scar, that this 'ere circumstance has come about! This was the way of it: You see, what with being so ugly, and awkward, and all of that, I ain't been the best man in the world. I never harmed anybody, but I generally kept pretty full, and if I got ahead any, why it all went in a few days for liquor; and so I traveled round, and was never anything but a vagabond. Well, last spring I struck the camp, an' saw men making money, an' after a big drunk, found myself without a red cent.

This ain't no place for a man when he's dead broke, and I tumbled to myself, and chopped short. I worked a month on the Little Pittsburg, and never got drunk once, an' then took my money an' laid in a two months' grub stake, and went up to South Evans an' took up a claim. There's where I first met Kitty out there. Her father had

the next claim to mine, an' she kept house for him and we got kinder neighborly like. When I got broke I was down forty feet, an' the hole looked good. I worked for the Little Chief, a month then, and then went at it again. All that time I didn't drink a drop.—The second day after I went back to the hole, Kitty's father sickened, and in three days he was dead. Me an' two or three others did all we could for the girl, but there wasn't many of us up there, an' we was all as poor, as church mice, an' she had no money to get away with. So I just moved my grub over to her cabin, an' told her that if she'd do my cookin' and I struck it, I'd share even with her. She couldn't do anything else poor thing, and so I went on working and in a month got it. Of course I felt good, an' if I'd been broke it would have been all right. But I had a couple of dollars, an' I came to town, and when the money was all gone, I was too drunk to go to that little gal, and because I knew she'd come over to my cabin to call me to supper, I thought I'd go down the shaft an' sleep it off. But a drunk-en man can't calculate, you know, and after I'd let the rope down an' fastened it, I went to slide down the rope and touched the bucket, which was on the edge of the hole, and it came down on my face an' left this scar.

Don't know how I got down the rope, but I know that when I got down I couldn't get up, an' I laid there without knowin' nothing, and when I came to, it was mornin', and there was that little girl's face looking down the shaft. I thought it was an angel, and kinder swooned off again, and the next thing I knew some one was tying the rope around my arm, and blessed if it wasn't that little girl. When she got through she just shinned up the rope and histed me up herself. I don't know how she did it, but she got me out and nussed me, an' I'm well. I sold my hole yesterday and got enough to keep us both comfortable, and I've got used to her, and don't know how to get along without her, and so we want to get married, and that's the long and short of it."

"But there's such a difference in your ages?"

"Not so much, squire," said the man with a movement of his eye that would have been a wink, had a wink been possible. "She's 25, and I'm 52, the same figures, you know."

"But is the girl entirely willing?"

"You can ask her," and as the old man spoke the door opened, and the girl, who had become impatient at the long conference, walked in.

"There's nothing wrong about this, Judge," she broke out. "I'm turning 25, and my own mistress; and Jim is the kindest, best man in the world, and I love him, and though he don't say much I know he loves me, and we've got \$20,000, and we're going to get married, unless," and here she broke down in a sob, "he changes his mind."

"I'll never change my mind, Kitty," said the old man, drawing her toward him.

In a few minutes, man and wife went out of the office, and the squire, with a gratified smile, pocketed the best fee he had received for a month.

Her Preference.

One of the assistants at the post-office happened to be standing at one of the delivery-windows the other day, when a buxom damsel of about eighteen summers stepped up and asked if stamps were sold here. Upon being told that they were she said she wanted to buy one dollar's worth.

"One dollar's worth," repeated the smiling assistant; "of what denomination?"

The damsel showed symptoms of embarrassment and hesitated to reply. She twirled her shawl-fringe nervously, cast her eyes about to see if any one was near, moved a little closer to the window and finally asked in a timorous voice:

"Do you hef to write it down?"

"By no means," answered the courteous assistant; "that is not necessary, but I presume you have some preference as to the denomination?"

"Ah—well—yes," replied the stranger, her face turning scarlet, "I hev some. I generally go to the 'Piscopal Methodist myself, but the fellow I'm buyin' the stamps for he's a Universal Orthodox."