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tion.

A STRANGE MISTAKE.

CONCLUDED.

SHE made no answer; indeed, he gave her no time, but went on:

"I have been all the week at Milford, attending court, and have gained my case. My farm is my own at last, and I am an independent man."

She murmured some half inaudible expression of pleasure at the result.

"Lizzie," he said, stopping suddenly and taking her hand in his, "there is only one thing I want to make me the happiest man in Bayfield. I want you to come and share my home with me."

Here Lizzie drew her hand hastily from him, and said in a frightened tone, "Don't Mark! You must not talk to me so."

"What do you mean, Lizzie? Why may I not tell you that I love you better than all the world? I think you must have known it without my telling."

Poor Lizzie burst into a passion of tears, but could not speak. Mark drew her gently out of the path and seated her upon a stone, placing himself beside her. He waited some minutes for an answer, but she remained silent.

"Dear Lizzie," he said at last, "you must know that I love you. Can I be mistaken in thinking you care for me?"

He drew away the hands with which she had covered her face, and begged her to speak to him.

"Oh Mark!" she gasped out in a kind of desperation. "I have promised to marry Robert Jocelyn."

Mark Boynton flung away the hands he held with an angry gesture, and sprang to his feet.

"Lizzie!" he cried indignantly, "you are not, you cannot be in earnest."

No answer from Lizzie. Her voice was choked with sobs. Poor Mark broke out in bitter reproaches. He accused her of cruel trifling with him and declared his belief that she had accepted Jocelyn because he was the richer man, and his own case a doubtful one. Lizzie had but one answer to his reproaches; she cried as if her heart were broken; and the strong, tender hearted fellow, soon grew pitiful of her grief, and soothed her, and begged forgiveness for his harshness. After a while he drew from her the whole story. He understood the pressure which had been brought to bear upon her, and how powerless she had been to resist it. He saw that if she had felt sure of his affection she would have stood out against them all. If he had but spoken before! But his own pride had been to blame.

Though he argued long and earnestly, he could not convince Lizzie that she had any right to draw back. She had given her word, and she held herself bound by it, persistently declaring that he must not talk, or she listen. So at last he gave up in despair and the two walked home in gloomy silence.

In Bayfield everybody's affairs are known to everybody else; and so it was but a few days before the whole neighborhood was informed of Lizzie's engagement to Robert Jocelyn, and by some mysterious agency, know only to rural communities, the secret of Mark Boynton's love and disappointment was also generally understood. The circumstances created a kind of excitement. The general opinion was that the two young people were being sacrificed to the wishes of their elders; and sympathy was with them, as always, where true love is crossed. The young people blamed Lizzie for her want of firmness; but parents, interested perhaps in the cause of authority, exonerated her and censured those who were taking advan-

tage of her filial duty. Robert, too, came in for his share of sympathy. The sad story of his love for Phoebe was well remembered; and there was not wanting some romantic souls who thought it fitting that the daughter should compensate him for the pain her mother caused.

Of course all the neighborhood gossip was known to Mrs. Ezra, but she took good care that very little of it should come to Robert's ears. She had made up her mind that she knew what was best for Lizzie, and she did not mean to let her plans fail.

And Robert! Was he ignorant of the state of things? He might have seen but he would not. He heard it said that Lizzie loved Mark Boynton, and he would not believe it. Had he not loved her all her life as no young man could? Had he not a right? He had missed happiness once, and now it was again within his grasp, who should say that he ought to give it up? Lizzie would be happy. She loved him already; she would love him wholly when she was his wife. The other was a passing fancy. He shut his eyes to the evidence of her pale and sorrowful face, silenced all inward remonstrance, and held his way.

The preparations for the marriage were rather hurried forward, for Mrs. Ezra thought the sooner it was over the better. Lizzie made no objection. Since it was to be, all times were alike to her. The day for the wedding was fixed, and they only waited for the regular three week's "punishment," one of the legal forms essential in those days. They were to be "cried" for the first time on that pleasant Sunday afternoon on which this story opens. And Mr. Beaman, whose duty it was to perform that office, stood up before the congregation and published the banns of marriage between Elizabeth Heath and Mark Boynton! No wonder that the people were thunder-struck, and that they moved in silent amazement out of the church.

But once the crowd was fairly outside the sacred edifice, comment and question were free. Mr. Beaman was beset by inquiries. Ezra Jocelyn was there, angrily accusing him of wantonly insulting his daughter and his brother. The poor man was completely bewildered. He did not understand that anything was wrong. He had been called upon by Robert Jocelyn to publish the intention of marriage between himself and Lizzie Heath, and he had done it.

"Why, man alive!" exclaimed a bystander, "it was not Robert Jocelyn's name that you called, but Mark Boynton's."

The unlucky clerk could not believe it possible that he had committed such a mistake, until the reiterated assertions of all his neighbors convinced him. He could only explain it by the fact that he had thought a good deal of the peculiar circumstances of the case—he had heard, he said, the woman talk it over—and had pitied the adverse fate of the two young people crossed in love; and he must have had Mark Boynton so much in his mind that he had spoken the latter's name unconsciously. A fine commotion his blunder had made.

Mrs. Jocelyn, with a flushed and angry face, took Lizzie's arm and hurried her away. She believed the whole thing was a trick of Mark's; and she suspected that Lizzie might be privy to it. But she prudently repressed her anger until they reached home, where Lizzie quickly escaped to her own room and locked herself in; so the good woman's lecture had to be postponed.

As for Mark Boynton, the last syllable of the benediction was hardly spoken before he was out of the house. Curious eyes followed him, but no one had time to speak to him, for he sprang over a stile leading from the churchyard to a foot path across the fields, and disappeared in the woods beyond.

But doubtless the saddest, the most plying sympathy of the crowd went after Robert Jocelyn, as, with a face white and immovable as that of the dead, he moved through the throng, which divided to let him pass, and went away to his home. He sat down by the open window, through which the pensive autumn sunshine streamed in warm and sweet, and burying his face in his hands, remained for a long time lost in gloomy thought. Bitter memories

crowded thick upon him. The struggle in his soul was a cruel one, but it was the better part of him which conquered. After a long time he lifted his head, and drawing out his watch, took from the inner part of the old-fashioned silver case a lock of hair, faded now, but once a bright warm brown. Over it lay a little watch-paper on which was painted in water colors a wreath of forget-me-nots encircling two clasping hands. Underneath the whole was the name "Phoebe." He gazed at these treasures long and steadily, while the hard look of suffering went out of his face and his eyes grew tender and moist with tears. He leaned his elbow on the window sill and looked out across the happy autumn field to the church yard where for so many years poor Phoebe had rested from sorrows. Then his eyes went on to his brother's house, from the door of which he presently saw little Lizzie pass out and take the path to the orchard. At sight of her his lip quivered slightly; he heaved one great sigh and then said, as if summoning strength for some final resolutions, "yes, I will go and tell her."

Poor Lizzie had thought her cup was full before; but this day she was sure she could bear no more; and escaping as soon as possible from her mother, she sought the only place where she would be likely to be uninterrupted, that she might cry her heart out alone. She hurried along till she reached her favorite seat beneath an ancient apple tree whose long branches drooped so low as to almost touch the ground. On one side was the wall, and on the other a huge barberry bush, so that she was almost entirely shut from view, and any one approaching could not be seen until close upon her.

Now, not far distant from the Jocelyn orchard, and separated from it only by a small field, was a pleasant strip of woodland. It was a part of Mark Boynton's farm; and up and down its shaded paths their owner had been recklessly walking ever since he left the church. He alone, of all present that day, had understood in a flash the old man's blunder and its cause. In that moment when he drew himself up proudly in the face of all who looked at him, he was saying to himself, "She belongs to me, and she shall be mine. That notice shall be repeated here, and it shall be no blunder."

Now, as he restlessly paced to and fro, quite convinced that affairs had reached a crisis, and could never stay as they were, he was fully resolved to make a good fight for his rights. He was just making up his mind to go to Robert Jocelyn and have it out with him at once, when he chanced to glance across the field to the orchard beyond, and his eyes caught the flutter of a pink dress among the trees. Well he knew who had worn that pink muslin at church; he knew, too, the nook under the apple tree, for he had sat there more than once with Lizzie Heath. Without a moment's hesitation he sprang over the low stone wall and went straight across the field to the old tree. There, as he expected, he found Lizzie. It is unnecessary to relate all the arguments he used to bring her to his way of thinking; at least they were not immediately effective, for the poor girl's conscience and sense of duty were unfortunately arrayed on the wrong side. They had been thus occupied for perhaps half an hour and were on the verge of a genuine quarrel. Lizzie, with tear-stained face, sat pulling nervously at the long grass. Mark stood before her talking earnestly. She had said something about repairing her mother's wrong. He interrupted her almost angrily:

"How can you repair one wrong by doing another? That your mother failed to keep faith with Robert Jocelyn is nothing to you. A girl is not bound to marry every man her mother jilts. If she did wrong by him you cannot make it right by doing me the same wrong. I tell you my claim is better than his. That he loves you I have no doubt—how could he help it?—but I love you as well as he, and you love me, for you have admitted it with your own lips. Oh, Lizzie! don't you know that love has some rights as well as duty?"

What answer Lizzie might have made I cannot tell, for just then the sound of a step in the grass made them both turn, and there stood Robert Jocelyn. Mark

straightened himself with a defiant look, but Lizzie sat silent and trembling. It was to her the new comer spoke.

"I thought to find you alone," he said, "but perhaps it is better as it is. I have heard a part of your conversation, and what Mark says is right. I have thought it all out myself to-day, and came to tell you so. I have made a great mistake, but thank God, I have found it out before it was too late. I hope you will forgive me, Lizzie. I have not been faithful to your mother, for I promised her upon her dying bed that I would watch over the happiness of her child; and I have not kept my word, but selfishly sought my own happiness, forgetting yours. Long ago I regarded you as my child; it was presumption in me to think that you could be anything else. But my eyes are fortunately opened. It will be all right between us, for I have found my child again."

He stooped and kissed her twice upon the lips so like her mother's. Then, taking Mark's hand, he said:

"This child has promised to be mine. I give her to you. Be good to her, and may God bless you both."

Then he walked slowly away in the direction of his brother's house. The young people looked after him in silence, their own great joy forgotten in their sorrowful sympathy for him who had resigned to them so much.

Robert Jocelyn made it his care to reconcile Ezra and his wife to the change in Lizzie's destiny. By what arguments he did so, and how things were explained to the public—if explained at all—I am unable to relate. It is sufficient to say that on the two Sundays immediately following, old Mr. Beaman again announced to the deeply interested congregation the intention of marriage between Mark Boynton and Elizabeth Heath, and the intention was carried out at no distant day.

It was many years ago that those things happened, during which the Boyntons have been a happy and a prosperous couple, with no reason to regret Mr. Beaman's mistake. Strong sons and pretty daughters have grown up around them. One of these, a gentle, blue-eyed girl, bears the name of Phoebe. With her is often seen an aged man who leans upon her arm, or follows her movements with eyes full of tenderness and love. "Uncle Robert," is the object of affection and reverence from all, but Phoebe is his own special darling. It is her gentle ministry which sheds life and beauty on the evening of his days. He is only waiting now, serenely waiting for the happiness which shall soon be his. And "grace, mercy and peace, the love of God, and the communion of His Holy Spirit," do abide with him now, and shall forever.

*Rah for the United States.

THE civil war has not yet wiped out patriotism from the American heart. It may lie slumbering and unseen upon our own shores, but when we strike abroad the fitful spark is breathed into fiery existence that frightens as it shines. A typical wild eagle of this sort was recently met with. Among a party of young American tourists on the Continent was one who would have proved chief satchem to the doubting Thomases of the Innocents Abroad. He was so thoroughly patriotic that he could see no excellence in anything in the Old World as compared with his own country. Mountains, waterfall, churches, monuments, scenery, and all other objects of interest, were inferior to what the United States could show. His companions became somewhat tired of his overweening boastfulness, and determined to give him one startling novelty at any rate, and witness the fall of his boasting greatness. They spent last winter in Rome, and one night, on a drinking bout, they got the enthusiastic young Yankee under the table, but kept sober themselves. He got gloriously drunk, intoxication kissed his eyelids down in sleep, and they carefully carried him into the catacombs, laid him carefully down, with a candle within reach, and retired a short distance out of sight to wait for developments. After a while their friend roused up, having slept off the first drunken stupor, and, in a state of some astonishment, began endeavoring to locate himself, at the same time

muttering: "Well (hic!) this's little strange. Wunner (hic!) where I am, anyway?" He got out a match, lighted his candle, and began to study his surroundings. On each side were shelves piled with grinning skulls, and niches filled with skeletons, while all about were piled legs, arms, ribs, and vertebrae—a ghastly array, and altogether new to him. He nodded to the skulls on one side with a drunken "How de do (hic!)" and on the other with "How d'ye feel (hic!) anyway?" took a look at his watch and once more at his surroundings, got on his feet, took off his hat, and holding it above his head, shrieked gleefully and proudly: "'S'all right! (hic!) all right! Morning of the resurrection (hic!) First man on the ground! 'Rah for the United States! 'Alera ahead! 'Rah for me 'specially!'"

The Czar's Winter Palace.

Some of the customs that have gathered around the old dynasties of the old world are curious in their character, and sometimes inconvenient to those in authority.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: "It may be unintelligible to many persons abroad how the Nihilists succeeded in doing their work in the very residence of the imperial family. Probably no other building in St. Petersburg is less safe than the Winter Palace. It has always been the refuge for numberless vagabonds, workmen, friends of servants and others, many without passports, who would not live with impunity anywhere else. The imperial ukase of last April gave full power to General Gourko to search the buildings of the palace, but even that severe Governor General could hardly venture, such is the Russian Administration, to interfere with the special authorities of the imperial residence. There is an old Russian law which gives the right of sanctuary to criminals taking refuge within the buildings of the imperial palaces as far as concerns the ordinary police, who have no jurisdiction in such cases. No fewer than five thousand persons have been living in the Winter Palace, and nobody ever knew the precise duties of one-half of them.

Cheerful Women.

In marrying, men should seek happy women. They make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, for talent, or for style. The sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being happy under any and every circumstance. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference, the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Nothing ever goes wrong with them—no trouble is so serious for "to make the best of it."—Was ever the stream of calamity so dark and deep that the sunlight of a happy face falling across its turbid tide would not awake an answering gleam? Why, then, joyous-tempered people don't know half the good they do.

No matter how cross and crabbed you feel, no matter if your brain is full of meditations on "afflicting dispensation," and your stomach with medicines pills and tonics; just set one of those cherry little women talking to you, and we are not afraid to wager anything she can cure you. The long-drawn line about your mouth will relax—the cloud of settled gloom will vanish, nobody knows where, and the first you know you will be laughing! Ah, what blessings are these happy women! How often their little hands guide the ponderous machinery of life, with almost an invisible touch! How we look forward through the weary day to their fire-side smiles! No one knows, no one will ever know, until the day of judgment reveals, how much we owe to these helpful, hopeful, uncomplaining, happy women!

Roman Glass Ware.

A feature peculiar to Roman glass ware was the production of "double" glass ware. This was composed of several layers of glass of different colors. The innermost layer was either quite dark or very light, and was covered by a layer formed of various figures and decorations in different colors, and covered by a third transparent layer. In this way very beautiful effects were obtained. The precise way in which these goods were produced is not known.