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Select Poetry.

I MUST WORK.

Death worketh, Let me work too; Death undoeth, Let me do. Busy as death my work I ply, Till I rest in the rest of eternity. Time worketh, Let me work too; Time undoeth, Let me do. Busy as time my work I ply, Till I rest in the rest of eternity. Sin worketh, Let me work too; Sin undoeth, Let me do. Busy as sin my work I ply, Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

Nora's Plot to Win a Husband.

SHE was sitting under the shadow of a fragrant lime tree that overhung a very ancient well, and as the water fell into her pitcher she was mingling with its music the tones of her "Jew's harp," the only instrument upon which Nora had learned to play. She was a merry maiden of "sweet seventeen," a rustic belle as well as a rustic beauty, and a terrible coquette; and she had what in Scotland they call a "tocher," in England a "dowry," and in Ireland "a pretty penny o' monny," it is scarcely necessary to state, in addition, that she had a bachelor. Whether the tune—which was certainly given in alto—was or was not designed as a summons to her lover, I can not take upon myself to say; but her lips had not been long occupied before her lover was at her side.

"We may as well give it up, Morris Donovan," she said somewhat abruptly; "look, 'twould be as easy to twist the top of the great hill of Howth as make father and mother agree about one thing. They have been playing the rule of contrary these twenty years, and it's not likely they'll take a turn now."

"It's mighty hard, so it is," replied handsome Morris, "that married people can't draw together! Nora, darling! that wouldn't be the way with us. It's one we'd be in heart and soul, and an example of love and—"

"Folly," interrupted the maiden, laughing, "Morris, Morris, we've quarrelled a score of times already; and a bit of a breeze makes life all the pleasanter. Shall I talk about the merry jig I danced with Phil Kearney, or repeat what Mark Doolan said of me to Mary Grey?—eh, Morris?"

"Leave joking, now Norry; God only knows how I love you," he said, in voice broken by emotion; "I'm yer equal as far as money goes; and no young farmer in the country can tell a better stock to his share than mine; yet I don't pretend to deserve you for all that; only I can't help saying that when we love each other (now don't go to contradict me, Norry, because ye've as good as owned it over and over again) and yer father agreeable, and all to think that yer mother, out of divilment, should be putting betwixt us for no reasons upon earth only to spite her lawful husband, is what sets me mad entirely, and shows her to be a good for—"

"Stop, Mister Morris," exclaimed Nora, laying her hand on his mouth, so as effectually to prevent a sound escaping from it, "another ye're talking of, and it would be ill-blood as well as ill-bred, to hear a word said against an own parent. Is that the pattern of yer manners, sir; or did ye ever hear me turn my tongue against one belonging to you?"

"I ask your pardon, my own Nora," he replied meekly, as in duty bound; "for the sake of the lamb we spare the sheep. Why not? and I am not going to gairney about yer mother—"

"The least said the soonest mended!" again interrupted the impatient girl. "Good even, Morris, and God bless you, they'll be afther missing me within, and it's little mother thinks where I am."

"Nora, above all the girls at wake or pattern, I've been true to you. We have grown together, and since ye were the height of a rose bush ye have been dearer to me than anything else on earth. Do, Nora, for the love of our young hearts' love, do think if there's no way to win your mother over. If ye'd take me without her leave, sure it's nothing I'd care for the loss of thousands, let alone what you've got. Dearest Nora, think, you'll do nothing without her consent, do think; for once be serious, and don't laugh."

"I'm not going to laugh, Morris," replied the little maid, at last, after a very long pause, "I've a wise thought in my head for once. His reverence, your uncle, you say, spoke to father to speak to mother about it. I wonder, and he a priest, that he hadn't more sense! Sure, mother was the man; but I've got a wise thought. Good-night dear Morris: good-night."

The lass sprang lightly over the fence into her own garden, leaving her lover perdu at the other side, without possessing an idea of what her "wise thought" might be. When she entered the kitchen, matters were going on as usual—her mother bustling in style, and as cross as a "bag of weasels."

"Jack Clary," said she to her husband who sat quietly in the chimney corner smoking his duddean, "It's well you've got a wife that knows what's what! God help me! I've little good of a husband, barring the name! Are you sure Black Nell's in the stable?" The husband nodded. "The cow and the calf, had they fresh straw?" Another nod. "Bad cess to ye, can't ye use yer tongue, and answer a civil question?" continued the lady.

"My dear," he replied, "sure one like you has enough talk for ten."

This very just observation was, like most truths, so disagreeable that a severe storm would have followed, had not Nora stepped up to her father and whispered in his ear, "I don't think the stable door is fastened." Mrs. Clary caught the sound, and in no gentle terms ordered her husband to attend to the comforts of black Nell.

"I'll go with father myself and see," said Nora.

"That's like my own child, always careful," observed the mother, as the father and daughter closed the door.

"Dear father," began Nora, "It isn't altogether about the stable I wanted to see ye, but—but—the priest said something to you to-day, about—Morris Donovan."

"Yes, darling, about yourself, my sweet Norry."

"Did you speak to mother about it?"

"No, darling, she's been cross all day. Sure I go through a great deal for peace and quietness. If I was like other men, and got drunk and wasted, it might be in reason; as to Morris, she was very fond of the boy till she found that I liked him, and then, my jewel, she turned like sour milk in a minute. I'm afraid even the priest will get no good of her."

"Father, dear father," said Nora, "suppose ye were to say nothing about it, good or bad, and just pretend to take a sudden dislike to Morris, and let the priest speak to her himself, she'd come around."

"Out of opposition to me, eh?"

"Yes."

"And let her gain the day, then—that would be cowardly," replied the farmer, drawing himself up. "No, I won't."

twilight concealed her blushes—"if that took place, it's you that would have his own way."

"True for ye, Norry, my girl, true for ye. I never thought of that before!" and pleased with the idea of "tricking" his wife, the old man fairly capered for joy. "But stay awhile—stay, aisy, aisy!" he commenced, "how am I to manage? Sure the priest himself will be here to-morrow morning early; and he's out upon a station now, so there's no use speaking with him. He's no way quick, either; We'll be bothered entirely, if he comes in on a sudden."

"Leave it to me, dear father, leave it all to me!" exclaimed the animated girl. "Only pluck up spirit, and whenever Morris' name is mentioned, abuse him; but not with all your heart, father—only from the teeth out!"

When they re-entered, the fresh, boiled potatoes sent a warm, curling steam to the very rafters of the lofty kitchen; they were poured out into a large wicker dish, and on the top of the pile rested a plate of coarse, white salt; noggin of buttermilk were filled on the dresser, and on a small round table a cloth was spread, and some delf plates awaited the more delicate repast which the farmer's wife was herself preparing.

"What's for supper, mother?" inquired Nora, as she drew her wheel toward her, and employed her fairy foot in whirling it around.

"Plaguy snipeens," she replied, "bits o' bog chickens, that you've always such a fancy for; Barney Leary kilt them himself."

"So I did," said Barney, grinning, and that stick wid a hook of Morris Donovan's is the finest thing in the world for knocking 'em down."

"If Morris Donovan's stick touched them they shan't come here," said the farmer, striking the poor little table such a blow with his clinched hand as made not only it, but Mrs. Clary jump.

"And why so, pray?" asked the dame.

"Because nothing belongs to Morris, let alone Morris himself, shall come into this house," replied Clary; "he's not to my liking, anyhow, and there's no good in his bothering here after what he won't get."

"Excellent," whispered Nora.

"Lord save us!" ejaculated Mrs. Clary, as she placed the grilled snipes on the table, "what's come to the man?" Without heeding his resolution, she was proceeding to distribute the savory "birdies," when, to her astonishment, her usually tame husband threw the dish and its contents into the flames. The good woman absolutely stood aghast. The calm, however, was not of long duration. She soon rallied and commenced hostilities. "How dare you, ye spalpeen, throw away any of God's mate after that fashion, and I to the fore? What do you mane, I say?"

"I mane that nothing touched by Morris Donovan shall come under this roof; and if I catch that girl of mine looking at the side of the road he walks on, I'll take the eyes out of her head, and send her to a nunnery!"

"You will! And dare you say that to my face, and to a child o' mine! You will, will you! we'll see, my boy! I'll tell ye what, if you like, Morris Donovan shall come into this house, and, what's more, be master of this house, and that's what you never had the heart to be yet, you poor ould snail."

So saying, Mrs. Clary endeavored to rescue from the fire the hissing remains of the burning snipes. Nora attempted to assist her mother, but Clary, lifting her up, somewhat after the fashion of an eagle raising a golden wren with its claw, fairly put her out of the kitchen. This was the signal for fresh hostilities. Mr. Clary persisted in abusing not only Morris, but Morris' uncle, Father Donovan, until at last the farmer's helpmeet swore, ay, and that roundly, too, by cross and saint, that, before the next sunset, Nora Clary should be Nora Donovan. I wish you could have seen Norry's eyes, dancing with joy and exultation, as it peeped through the latch-hole; it sparkled more brightly than the richest diamond in her monarch's crown, for it was filled with hope and love.

The next morning, before the sun was fairly up, he was throwing his early

beams over the glowing cheek of Nora Clary; for her "wise thought had prospered, and she was hastening to the trysting tree, where, "by chance," either morning or evening, she generally met Morris Donovan. I don't know how it is, but the moment the course of true love "runs smooth," it becomes very uninteresting, except to the parties concerned. So it is now left for me only to say that the maiden, after a due and proper time consumed in teasing and tantalizing her intended, told him her saucy plan and its result. And the lover hastened, upon the wings of love (which I beg my readers clearly to understand are swifter and stronger in Ireland than any other country,) to apprise the priest of the arrangement, well knowing that his reverence loved his nephew and niece that was to be—to say nothing of the wedding supper and the profits arising therefrom—too well not to aid their merry jest.

What bustle, what preparation, what feasting, what dancing gave the country people enough to talk about during the happy Christmas holidays, I can not now describe. The bride of course looked lovely, and "sheepish," and the bridegroom—but bridegrooms are always uninteresting. One fact, however, is worthy of mention. When Father Donovan concluded the ceremony, before the bridal kiss had passed, farmer Clary, without any reason that his wife could discover, most indecorously sprang up, seized a shillalah of stout oak and whirling it rapidly over his head, shouted: "Carry me out! by the powers, she's beat! we've won the day! ould Ireland forever! Success boys! she's beat! she's beat!"

The priest seemed vastly to enjoy the extemporaneous effusion, and even the bride laughed outright. Whether the good wife discovered the plot or not, I never heard; but of this I am certain, that the joyous Nora never had reason to repent her plot.

A SEA CAPTAIN'S ADVENTURE.

AN old sea captain in one of the South American line of steamers, thus relates an experience which he underwent while on a recent trip through the forests of Brazil: "My way lay through a dense wood from which I emerged only to find myself halted by the River Amazon. Going along the banks I found a small hut and obtained a boat from the owner to row myself to the opposite shore. When in the middle of the river a big tree came crashing along, and hitting my boat full on the quarter, smashed her like an egg shell. I had just time to clutch the projecting roots and whisk myself up on to them, and then tree and I went away down stream together, at I don't know how many miles an hour.

At first I was so much rejoiced at escaping just when all seemed over with me, that I didn't think much of what was to come next; but before long I got something to think of with a vengeance. The tree, as I said, was a large one, and the branch end (the opposite one to where I sat) was all one mass of green leaves. All at once, just as I was shifting myself to a safer place among the roots, the leaves suddenly shook and parted, and out popped the great yellow head and fierce eyes of an enormous lion!

I don't think that I ever got such a fright in my life. My gun had gone to the bottom along with the boat, and the only weapon I had left was a short hunting knife, which against such a beast as that would be of no more use than a bodkin. I fairly gave myself up for lost, making sure that in another moment he'd spring forward and tear me into bits.

But whether it was that he had already gorged himself with prey, or whether (as I suspect) he was really frightened at finding himself in such a scrape, he showed no disposition to attack me, so long, at least, as I remained still. The instant I made any movement, however, he would begin roaring and lashing his tail, as if he were going to fall on me at once. So, to avoid provoking him, I was forced to remain stoek still, although sitting so long in one position cramped me dreadfully.

There we sat, Mr. Lion and I, staring at each other with all our might—a very picturesque group, no doubt, if there

had been anybody there to see it. Down, down the stream we went, the banks seeming to race past us as if we were going by train, while all around, broken timber, wagon wheels, trees, bushes, and the carcasses of drowned horses and cattle went whirling past us upon the thick, brown water.

I was fairly at my wit's end what to do, when all of a sudden I caught sight of something that gave me a gleam of hope.

A little way ahead of us the river narrowed suddenly, and a rocky headland thrust itself out a good way into the stream. On one of the lowest points of it grew a thick clump of trees, whose boughs overhung the water; and it struck me that, if we only passed near enough, I might manage to catch hold of one of the branches and swing myself up on the rock.

No sooner said than done. I started up, hardly caring whether the lion attacked me or not, and planted myself firmly upon one of the biggest roots, where I could take a good spring when the time came; I knew that that would be my last chance, for by this time we were so near the precipice that I could see quite plainly, a little way ahead, the vaper that hovered over the great waterfall. Even at the best it was a desperate venture, and I can tell you that I felt my heart beginning to thump like a sledge-hammer as we came closer and closer to the point, and I thought of what would happen if I missed my leap.

Just as we neared it, it happened by special mercy of God that our tree struck against something and turned fairly crosswise to the current, the end with the lion on it swinging out into mid-stream, while my end was driven close to the rock on which the clump of trees grew.

Now or never! I made one spring (I don't think I ever made one before or since) and just clutched the lower bough and as I dragged myself on to it, I heard the last roar of the doomed lion mingling with the thunder of the waterfall, as he vanished into the cloud of mist that overhung the precipice. As for me, it was late enough that night before I got home, and found my poor wife in a fine fright about me; so I thought it just as well, on the whole, to keep my adventure to myself, and it wasn't till a year later that she heard a word about my strange fellow-voyager."

Slow and Sure.

This in the end is a sure motto. In the clerkship it is better to begin at the lowest round of the ladder, as Mr. Dodge did, and Mr. Stewart did, and Mr. Vanderbilt did, and thousands of rich men did, and work steadily on, year in and year out, and learn to wait as well as to work. Almost any honest employment, faithfully and perseveringly pursued, will bring a competency to an energetic, good man, with an average amount of sense. And if he has brains, with insect, he will be recognized and put forward by those whom he can serve to their advantage, while he helps himself upward in business. "Stick to your business" until you are called to something else because you have done so well in what you were at. But "a rolling stone gathers no moss." Going from one thing to another makes one perfect in nothing, and this explains why so many young men illustrate another proverb about "coming out at the little end of the horn."

"No, dis club nebber bez any debates," replied Brother Gardner. "I used to encourage sich fings, an' dar was a time when I felt myself a power in de land on debate. But I lived to see de evil effects. I disklivered dat if de ole woman wanted an armful of wood I wanted to stop for half an hour an' argy the matter. If I wanted a clean shirt, she had fifteen different reasons why de hull pile war in de wash. Members of de society squatted in grocery stores an' made demselves believe dey were at work an' airnin \$2 a day, and two of dem would stop on de street an' argy for half a day ober de query, "Which am de greatest benefactor, de elephant or de whale?" I fink we am doin' well 'nuff as it am, an' we will leave debates to outsiders."