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Select Poetry.

THE PARTING HOUR.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

There's something in the "parting hour"
Will chill the warmest heart;
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
Are fated all to part.
But this I've seen—and many a pang
Has pressed it on my mind—
The one who goes is happier
Than those he leaves behind.
No matter what the journey be—
Adventurous, dangerous, far,
To the wild deep or bleak frontier—
To solitude or war.
Still something cheers the heart that dares
In all of human kind,
And they who go are happier
Than those they leave behind.
The bride goes to the bridegroom's home
With doubling and with tears,
But, does not hope her rainbow spread
Across her cloudy fears?
Alas! the mother who remains,
What comfort can she find,
But this—the gone is happier
Than one she leaves behind?
Have you a friend—a comrade dear?
An old and valued friend?
Be sure your term of sweet converse
At length will have an end.
And when you part—as part you will—
Oh, take it not unkind,
That he who goes is happier
Than you he leaves behind.
God wills it so—and so it is:
The pilgrims on their way,
Though weak and worn, more cheerful are
Than all the rest who stay;
And when, at last, poor man, subdued,
Lies down to death resigned,
May he not still be happier far
Than those he leaves behind?

Trapping The Smugglers.

IN an inn at the little village on the New England coast, two men engaged in a conversation relative to a gibbet located not very far distant, one of them declaring that every night, at a certain hour, three murderers would return and hold converse under it. The other regarded such a statement as nonsense, and finally the dispute ended in a bet of a horse against a pony, the stakes being put in charge of a man named Morton. Bystanders became interested in the controversy, and most of the company regarded the bet as already lost by the unbeliever.

After the man who had accepted the wager had departed, accompanied by a flask of brandy, to encounter supernatural foes, one of the spectators said:

"Well, the young fellow's gone. He'll get enough of it."

"That he will," said another. "They have driven off better men than him. He ought to know better than to be so free with his bets."

While these men were speaking, the one who had made the bet, with his two companions, had quietly departed.

It was on the summit of a wild, bleak and desolate ridge, terminated by a cliff, where some years before a murder had been committed by a gang of ruffians. Three of them had been captured and hanged upon a lofty gibbet on the spot. As the adventurer neared the locality, the wind blew in gusts over the ridge. The moon, shining out from behind a cloud, revealed the scene. It was gloomy indeed, and might well have appalled a man of strong nerves. As the wind drove past, it swung the skeletons, making them vibrate slowly to and fro with all their load of chains and fetters, so that they creaked and rattled, and made a thousand weird and ghastly sounds in

the lonely darkness. From the distance there came up a deep, low, sullen sound, at regular intervals dying and rising again, to die away in long, low reverberations. It was the ocean surf which beat upon the shore not far away. These things were sufficient to inspire dread in the boldest heart; still the young man seemed unaffected by any superstitious terror. He quietly dismounted, flung the horse's bridle over his arm, drew his cloak about him, and waited patiently, keeping a wary look about him, so as not to be surprised in the gloom. At length he felt conscious of a low moan, which was different from any of the sounds he had hitherto heard. It seemed to arise from the ground behind him. He grasped his pistols and turned toward the direction from which the sound came. Then came a deep groan. A smile of contempt passed over the watcher's face.

"Very clumsy trickery," he thought. "If I had the management of it, I would act differently."

Suddenly there was a grating over head. He looked up. The skeletons in chains were descending, moving down slowly. As they descended they swung in the wind, and were knocked together and dashed against the gallows tree. Still they suspended, and were not coming down without being lowered down. At last they touched the ground. The watcher took hold of one of them and gave a violent pull. It fell down, dragging a rope after it, which creaked as it ran through a pulley overhead. The watcher pulled away at it, and dragged down a line which was at least a hundred feet in length. Meanwhile the other skeletons kept rising and falling. He caught one of them with the same peculiar jerk, and pulled the rope in the same peculiar way. Suddenly the other skeleton began to ascend.

"No, no, my fine fellow," muttered the watcher, catching the chains of its feet before it got out of reach, and pulled with all his force. It was a sudden, violent pull, and the skeleton yielded. Down it fell, along with the watcher, who fell with it to the ground. But in a moment he arose, and with an audible chuckle, he pulled the rope down also. Then he stood waiting cautiously as before.

At last a bright light flashed up from the ground in front of him. It was close by the edge of the cliff, and looked like a crevice. In the midst of the light three figures appeared, each wrapped in a long white sheet. They marched up slowly toward the gibbet. The watcher moved to one side. Suddenly, as they came near, they made a rush at him. He fired. One of them dropped. Instantly he sprang toward the opening from which they had emerged, and, pulling out a boatswain's whistle, he blew three times a shrill penetrating blast. Then he waited with his pistols extended.

Two out of the three figures stood motionless, close by the one who had fallen. Groans of pain came from the fallen figure. But now others appeared upon the scene. At the sound of the shrill whistle six or eight men, all armed, sprang up from behind a hillock, where they had lain in concealment, and rushed up to the two figures. In a moment they had surrounded and seized them. The watcher then advanced toward them.

"Who's this fellow?" said he stooping over the wounded man, and tearing away the sheet with which he was enveloped. "Ah, ha!" it's you is it? So you've lost your bet."

It was the man with whom he had made the bet.

The watcher tore away the sheets from the others. One was Morton—the man who held the stakes; the other was one of the company who had been at the inn.

"Who are you?" cried Morton, savagely.

"Well, if you want to know, I'm Captain Arthur, a custom house officer. I've suspected that you were up to mischief here. My predecessor failed to trace out the extensive smuggling operations which have been going; but I thought that perhaps the gibbet had something to do with it. You see I've caught you."

Morton uttered something between a curse and an entreaty.

"Tie his hands, lads. Tie up both of

them. Now two of you fellows stay here. Has anybody got a lantern?"

One was handed him. He lighted it, and then descended by the orifice through which the three figures had emerged. After a short distance he found a passage way, which went down on the side of a cliff that had been severed in twain. The path sloped steeply for one hundred yards or so, and ended in a cavern. Here and there were barrels and boxes in great numbers, filled with contraband articles. The cavern was just underneath the gibbet, the latter having been of service in frightening people away from their haunt. The three smugglers, having been so completely entrapped, found themselves cast down from their dreams of wealth, and on their way to state prison.

THE GIRL SOLDIER.

FRANCES HOOK was a young lady whose parents had died when she was only two years old. She resided with a brother in Chicago who enlisted in the 65th "Home Guards." Frances was now alone in the world, and, unable to stand the separation from her brother she smuggled herself into his regiment under the name of "Frank Miller."—She served with her brother three months and was honorably mustered out, without the slightest suspicion having arisen as to her sex. Frances was a strong handsome girl, and many were the remarks made about the "fine young boy with the rosy cheeks," but no one suspected the rosy cheeks belonged to as heroic, sweet tempered girl, as good as God ever made.

When their time was out in the 65th, Frances and her brother enlisted in the 90th Illinois, and he was killed while she was taken prisoner by the rebels at the battle of Chattanooga. She was fighting with her regiment when a shot from the enemy hit her in the calf of one her limbs and knocked her down.—Frances fearing the discovery of her sex more than any thing else, made every effort to escape, but was too badly wounded, and was finally overhauled by the rebels and captured. She had got cut off and was lost when captured; going to the rear of the rebels instead of toward the Union lines. She had changed parts of her uniform and hid in an outhouse or old barn. When taken she was suspected of being a spy, and was conducted at once to one of the rebel generals. The rebels who had captured her wished to search her person for papers, but in this she resisted so strongly and begged so hard to be taken to headquarters that her wishes were finally complied with. The rebel Lieutenant, on presenting her to his commanding officer, said:

"Here is a Union soldier who was captured under peculiar circumstances and is suspected of being a spy. I ordered him to be searched for papers, but he said he would rather die than have that done, and begged so hard to see you I thought I would bring him to you and receive your orders in the case."

"What does this mean?" said the rebel General looking hard at the lithe and handsome young soldier.

"It means General," said the brave girl, "that I am neither a spy nor a man, but a Union girl who has been serving in the ranks with her brother, and who has unfortunately been wounded and captured. I was afraid of your soldiers, and feared if they discovered my sex I might receive ill-treatment or be taken for a spy. I am now in the presence of a Confederate general, whose position assures me he is as honorable as he is brave, and who will respect and protect a poor unfortunate girl."

The gallant rebel General rose from his chair and lifting his cap, said respectfully:

"You are right; you are safe here, and shall have the best care and treatment we can afford."

Frances who had strained every nerve to keep up, no sooner heard the assuring word of the brave General than she felt a dizziness coming over her; her countenance became deathly pale, she staggered and fell to the floor in a swoon.

The General had her carried to a house near by, and sent his staff surgeon to dress her wound. Frances was badly hurt, the ball having passed through the upper part of the calf of her leg and severed some of the tendons. It was a

delicate task attending the fine Illinois girl and dressing her wound, but Frances was cheerful, and having a robust constitution, recovered rapidly and was soon walking about.

Jeff Davis, who has always been a gallant man and a great admirer of the sex, heard of Frances' story and at once sent her a letter, saying he would see she had a home with good people in the South, and asking her if she had relatives North and where they lived. She replied thanking the Confederate President for his kind words, and said, "I have no home, no relatives, now that my brother has been killed; but I prefer to be what I have been, a soldier for the Union, and ask that I may soon be exchanged, so that I can fight again for the Stars and Stripes." Frances was soon exchanged and attempted to rejoin her regiment, but was not permitted to do so. Miss Hook is described as being rather tall for a girl, had dark hazel eyes, brown hair, rounded features and a great deal of color in her cheeks. Her eyes were bright and her voice soft and musical. She was delicate and refined, both in appearance and deportment. Every one who saw her in female attire wondered how it was possible that they could ever have mistaken her for a boy.—Philadelphia Press.

THE DUTCHMAN'S TELEPHONE.

I GUESS I haf to give up my telephone already," said an old citizen of Gratot avenue yesterday, as he entered the office of the company with a very long face.

"Why, what's the matter now?"

"Oh! eferytings. I got dot telephone in mine house so I could speak mit der poys in der saloon down town, and mit mine relations in Springwells, but I haf to gif it up. I never haf so much droubles."

"How?"

"Vhell, my poy Shon, in der saloon, he rings der pell und calls me up und says an old frenk of mine vphants to see how she works. Dot ish all right. I say: 'Hello!' und he says: 'Come closer.' I goes closer and heloes again. Den he says: 'Sthand a little off.' I sthand a little off und yells vunce more, und he says: 'Shpeak louder.' It goes dot vay for ten minutes, und den he says: 'Go to Texas, you old Dutchman.' You see?"

"Yes."

"And den mine brudder in Springwells he rings der pell und calls me up und says how I vhas dis eafnings? I says I vhas feeling like some colts, und he says: 'Who vphants to puy some goats?' I says: 'Colts—colts—colts!' und he answers: 'Oh! coats, I thought you said goats.' Vhen I goes to ask him if he feels petter I hears a voice crying oudt, 'Vhat Dutchmans ish dot on dis line!' Den somebody answers: 'I doan' know, but I likes to punch his head!' You see?"

"Yes."

"Vhell, somedimes my vwife vphants to speak mit me vhen I am down in der saloon. She rings mine bell und I says, 'Hello!' Nopody speaks to me. She rings again, und I says 'Hello!' like dunder! Den der Central Office tells me go ahead, und den tells mine vwife dot I am gone avhay. I yells out dot is not so, und somebody says: 'How can I talk if dot old Dutchmans doan' keep sthill!' You see?"

"Yes."

"And vhen I gets in pedt at night, somebody rings der pell like der house vas on fire, und vhen I schumps oudt und says hello, I hear somebody saying: 'Kaiser, doan' you vphant to puy a dog?' I vphants no dog, un vhen I tells 'em so, I hear some beebles laughing: 'Haw, haw, haw!' You see?"

"Yes."

"Und so you dake it oudt, und vhen somebody likes to speak mit me dey shall come right avay to mine saloon. Oof my brudder ish sick he shall get pedder, und if somebody vphants to puy me a dog, he shall come where I can punch him mit a glub!"

Rasping a Ruffian.

"DEADWOOD," said the stranger, putting down his half-eaten slice of lemon pie and taking a long pull at the milk, "I went there when the first rush was made for the hills. Rather a rough crowd the first lot, you bet; more

wholesome now. When I got there I was dead-broke—didn't have a dollar, didn't have a revolver. I was prob'ly the only man in the hills who didn't carry a firearm, an' I was some lonesome, I tell you. The only weapon I hed—I am a blacksmith—was a rasp, a heavy file, you know, 'bout eighteen inches long, which I carried down my back, the handle in easy reach just below my coat collar. One day—I hedn't been in Deadwood more'n a week—I was sittin' in a 'loon—only place a man kin set to see any society—when a feller come in, a reg'ler hustler, with his can full and a quart over. Hed a revolver on each side of his belt an' looked vicious. Nothin' mean about him, though. Askt me to drink. 'Not any, thank you,' sez I. 'Not drink with me! Me! Bill Feathergill! When I ask a tenderfoot to drink I expect him to prance right up an' no monkeyin'! You h-e-a-r me?"

"Well, when his hand went down for his revolver, I whipped out my old file quicker'n fire 'ud scorch a feather an' swiped him one right across the face. Vhen he fell I thought I'd killed him, an' the 's'loon fillin' up with bummers I sorter skinned out, not knowin' what might happen. Parly soon a chap in a red shirt came up to me. Sez he, 'You the man as ke-erved Bill Feathergill?' 'Cos, of so be as you are, ef you don't want every man in the hills to climb you, don't you try to hide yourself—the boys is askin' fur you now.'

"It struck me that my friend had the idee, so I waltzed back and went up and down before that 's'loon for nigh three hours. I'd found out Bill wasn't dead an' was bad medicine; but it wouldn't do to let down. Parly soon I seen my man a-headin' for me. His face had been patched up till it looked like the closing out display of a dry goods store. There was so little countenance exposed that I couldn't guess what he was a-almin' at, so I brought my hand back of my collar an' grabbed my file.

"Hold on there; hold on,' sez he, 'gimme y'r hand, I'm friendly. I've got nothin' agin you, not a thing, but—you'll pardon my curiosity—what sort of a weepion was that, stranger?"

A Strict Officer.

IN the year 1862, when the army of the Union was filled with citizen-soldiers unaccustomed to strict army regulations, a regular army officer as a commander was very much dreaded by the volunteers. Colonel C—, a regular army officer, was assigned to the command of the brigade I was in, and, after being subjected to his strict rules as to duty, we felt that there was reason to dread a regular. We soon learned, however, to love and respect our commander. One of the first incidents related in camp that led us to think favorably of our Colonel was the following:

A soldier of my regiment had captured a six-weeks-old pig, and had been himself captured by the division provost guard. General W—, who commanded the division, sent the soldier, under guard, to Colonel C—, with a verbal order that he be sent to his regiment and severely punished. The guard did as ordered. The Colonel sent the guard back from whence they came, and the soldier stood in the presence of the Colonel, expecting the worst. The Colonel said:

"Where in h—l did you get that pig?"

"I stole it down the road there at a farm house," replied the soldier.

"Any more there?"

"Yes, plenty."

The Colonel arose, took the pig from under the soldiers arm, and, looking at it, said, "Go and steal another one, d—n you; I will keep this one."

Spare moments are the gold dust of time. Young, wrote a true as well as striking line when he said, "Sands make the mountain, and moments make the years." Of all portions of our life, spare moments are the most fruitful of evil. They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden of the soul.

The darkness of death is like the evening twilight; it makes all objects appear more loving to the dying.