

VOL. XIV.

NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA., TUESDAY, JULY 20, 1880.

NO. 29.

THE TIMES. tu Independent Family Newspaper, 15 PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

F. MORTIMER & CO.

TERMS:

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. One year (Postage Free) \$1 50

To Subscribers in this County Who pay in ADVANCE. a Discount of 25 Cents will be made from the above tarms, making subscription within the County.

When Paid in Advance, \$1.25 Per Year.

Advertising rates furnished uponappli-cation.

Arthur Fairfax's Will.

"A ND so poor Miss Lucy is disin-herited ?"

"She might as well be. She gets only a paltry five thousand, and Gilbert Fairfax all the rest."

"It is very queer that his nephew should have the property instead of his only daughter's only child. Gilbert Fairfax has got everything in his own hands. He'll have his own servants, too; and now that he's master of Woodlawn, we that have served his uncle so many years, will have to be turned adrift. We think too much of Miss Lucy to stand any chance with him."

The above conversation took place between the gardener and housekeeper of Woodlawn, who had grown gray in the service of its late owner.

In the library within, quite a different scene was being enacted, where the grand-nephew and grand-daughter of the deceased confronted each other for the first time since the funeral.

The latter was a young and exceedingly lovely girl, attired in deep mourning, whose eyes, dark and wonderfully expressive, were fixed upon her companion, a man several years her senior, and whose otherwise handsome face was marred by its insincere and crafty expression.

"It is a great grief to me that I did not see my grandfather before he died. The post office stamp upon the letter you wrote me shows that it was mailed the day of his death."

The wily man's face flushed at all that this implied, and there was some haughtiness in the voice that said :

" Of course, you know, if you contest the will that there is a strong probability of your losing your legacy.' "I know that there is a chance of

It." The man's hands wandered for a moment aimlessly among the papers on the deak before him. Then he fixed his eyes keenly upon that sweet, ingenuous face.

"You don't, you can't think that there has been any foul play, Lucy ?"

"I don't know what to think," responded the young girl, turning wearly towards the door. " It is hard for me to believe that my grandfather would leave me so slenderly provided for. As to the rest I must refer you to Mr. Crawford, my lawyer."

When the two met again it was in a crowded court-room.

Not all Gilbert Fairfax's ingenuity was able to discover what course the prosecution would take; whether it would dispute the genuineness of the will, or endeavor to prove that the testator was not in a fit state of mind to make it; so he was obliged to provide for either contingency.

The legatee, in endeavoring to prove the validity of the will, presented a very strong case. Two respectable witnesses testified that they were present when the will was signed, and that they heard it read to the testator, who signified his understanding of and assent to it." The signature Itself, though somewhat cramped and tremulous, as it would naturally be under the circumstances, aside from this bore a strong resemblance to the testator's.

When the witnesses for the defence were all in, and the last one was about to leave the stand, the counsel for the prosecution arcse and said :

"Now, sir, remember that you are under oath! Do you declare that you saw this paper signed by the living hand of the late Arthur Fairfax ?"

The countenance of the man addressed visibly altered at these words.

"I saw his hand sign it," he said after a moment's pause.

"Do you, dare you assert that you heard the man, whose name is attached to this paper, assent to its provisions ?"

There was a pause considerable longer than the first. Then the witness said, speaking slowly and with some hesitation :

"I heard the will read to him. I also heard his nephew ask him if he understood it, and saw him bow his head in assent."

men. 'The door of the closet bein' ajar, I saw the doctor prop up the dead body with pillows. I then heard Gilbert Fairfax read the will that gave him the heft of the property. At the close of it he sava:

"'Uncle Arthur, do you understand and agree to this ?"

" Then the doctor, who was standin' beside my dead master, put his hand on his head and bowed it down.

" I then see Gilbert Fairfax put a pen into the cold, stiff fingers of the dead, an' guide it along on the paper. After which the other two men put their names to it.

"Then Gilbert Fairfax brought out a bag of money, all in gold, which he divided among the four, promising that they should each have as much more after the will was proved.

"As I was mortal fearful of bein" discovered, I crept away as still as I could. 'Bout half an hour later Gilbert fairfax comes to me an' says :

" 'Barker, my uncle is dying ; you an' the rest of the servants had better come in, if you want to see your old master alive.

"When we went into the room, we see the doctor standin' by the pillow where the old man's head lay, jest a little turned one side, as if he was sleepin'. The doctor had one finger on the wrist.

"' He's jest gone,' he says, lookin' up at us as we stood round the bed. Who'd a thought he'd have dropped off so sudden ?'

"I knew he'd been dead several hours, but I said nothin' to nebody, until Miss Lucy got home. I said nothin' to her until after the funeral and I see how things was going. Then I told her jest what I've been telling you, gentlemen, an' which is the gospel truth, every word on't."

This disclosure created a profound sensation, spreading terror and dismay among the guilty conspirators, two of whom made a full confession, throwing themselves upon the mercy of the court. In the excitement and confusion that followed, Gilbert Fairfax managed to effect his escape, nor was he ever seen in that vicinity again.

The young heircss, now restored to all her rights, did not regret the escape of her guilty kinsman ; well knowing that he would carry with him, wherever he went, a sharper punishment than any law could inflict.

mother begged that the curtains be withdrawn that she might see her baby, the same admonition were given, the doctor also insisting that it would be best for the child to have a foster mother.

But one person beside the discreet nurse and physician had seen the child -that was Juliet's mother-and when she gazed upon it her face turned white and cold as marble, for she saw an infant with a dark skin, thick full lips and a head covered with genuine wool. In short, a child with unmistakable African blood in its veins.

Dumb with horror, the lady left the house with the physician, and when they reached her own she implored him to explain this phenomenon. "Madame," said the doctor, sternly, "there is no 'phenomenon,' but two explanations, either of which may fit this case. The first is too painful and horrible to mention ; the second is that your daughter's or your own blood is of mixed purity, and that in this unfortunate child the characteristics of the race of its grandfather or grandmother are repeated-a fact that medical lore proves no uncommon thing either in mental, moral or physical attributes."

The lady wrung her hands in despair, exclaiming: "I will tell you all, for something must be done, and I do not know which way to turn. Listen! About sixteen years ago my husband and I were traveling through the South on an extended tour for my health. During a brief stay in Atlanta I noticed a remarkably pretty mulatto woman, who waited on me at the hotel. She looked very ill, and, in fact was in quick consumption, which, being the disease that threatened me, roused my sympathies. I gave her some medicines and little comforts, but the poor thing seemed almost distracted at the thought of dying and leaving her child, a little girl of two years, which she brought to show me. Its father was evidently a white man, and the child bore no traces of negro blood, but was as fair and lovely as any I have ever seen among ourselves. Sorry for both, I promised the mother to take her child North with me, bring it up well and have her taught to support herself. Matters were arranged with little difficulty, and on our return to New York we took the child with us. On account of her great dark eyes I called her Juliet. As she grew older her beauty, her lovable character and her affection for us won upon my heart. Gradually the prejudice of race faded away, and at last, as Heaven had denied me any children of my own, we concluded to bring her up as our child. " No one, from her appearance, would have suspected her descent, which ceased to trouble me until the time of her engagement. The young couple were so deeply in love with each other and so happy that I had not the courage to tell the truth which I never dreamed could be found out. Now I see my terrible mistake. What shall I do ?"

'I love.' I looked at her for bein' so improper, but she went right on and sed, 'thou loves' and 'he loves.' And I reckon you never heard such a rigmarole in your life-love, love, love and nothin' but love. Bez I, ' Who did you love?' The skolers laffed, but I wasn't to be put off, and said, 'Who did you love, Nancy ?' The skoolmaster said he would explain when Nancy had finished the lesson. This sorter pacified me, and Nancy went on with her awful love talk. It got wus and wus every word. She said, 'I might or would love.' I stopped her again and sed I reekon I would see about that, and told her to walk out of that house. The skoolmaster tried to interfere, but I would not let him say a word. He sed I was a fool, and I knockt him down, and I made him holler in short order. I talkt the strate thing to him. I told him I'd show him to learn my darter grammar. I got the nabers together, and we sent him off in a hurry, and I recken thar'l be no more grammar teaching in these parts soon."

A Romance of the Seashore.

Though the bathing season in Galveston harbor ends as early as October 1, a party of men and women went out by steamer to an island in the gulf on the evening of October 22, last year, for the purpose of testing the salt water .--Among the ladies was Mrs. B. H. Davis, the wife of Major Davis, of the town of Bryan. Mrs. Davis and her sister, Mrs. N. B. Davis, were left by their husbands in charge of M. W. McGraw, who was from Bryan also. After an enjoyable bath, and when the time for the departure of the steamer had come, Mrs. B. H. Davis was missing. Her sister had seen her up to her chin in the water shortly before, and the news soon became noised about that the lady was drowned. The affair caused much excitement throughout the night, and on the following day it was talked about in every house in Galveston. A large reward was offered for the recovery of the body, and a long search, by means of boats and seines was made. A week passed, and as no clue to the mystery could be found, Mrs. Davis was given up as dead. But a few weeks ago, seven months having elapsed, Major Davis received a letter from his wife, who had landed in New York, after a seemingly endless cruise in a merchant vessel, by which she had been picked up. She had gone beyond her depth while bathing, and had floated with the tide for an hour, when her moans attracted the attention of the vessel as it passed out of Galveston harbor bound for a Brazilian port.

" It was written as soon as I saw that my uncle was not likely to live ; I cannot be responsible for the mistakes and omissions of others."

Then a moment later, in a softer tone:

"I don't wonder, my dear cousin, that you feel hurt and disappointed at the tenor of your grandfather's will. It was a great surprise to me. This beautiful place must seem like home to you. You need not leave it, unless you choose to do so. By becoming my wife, you can be mistress of Woodlawn ; for I love you, Lucy-I have loved you a long time!"

It would have been hard to decide whether there was more surprise or aversion in Lucy's face, as she heard this.

"Not even to win the inheritance that is rightfully mine, can I be your wife, Mr. Fairfax. And I beg that you will consider this answer as final."

A look of sullen anger took the place of that passionate, appealing gaze.

"I will pay you your grandfather's legacy, then ; that you may not be compelled to remain longer under the roof of a man whom you so evidently detest !"

"By my lawyer's advice, I decline to receive it."

The face turned towards the speaker paled, while the eyes had a startled look.

"By your lawyer's advice ?" he echoed. "You intend to dispute the will then? On what grounds?"

"By my lawyer's advice, I refuse to accept so small a portion of what is rightfully mine. Also, to answer any questions,"

Gilbert Fairfax was evidently disturbed, not to say alarmed, though he made a strong effort to repress all signs of it.

"I wish that I could persuade you not to attempt so foolish a thing, cousin," he said, after a thoughtful pause. "That will do," said the lawyer.

Then turning to the judge, he added : "Your honor, I can prove, to your satisfaction, and the satisfaction of every one present, that the late Arthur Fairfax died three hours before the will was signed."

"The clerk will now summon Mrs. Rachel Barker to the stand."

Mrs. Barker, an elderly, respectable locking woman, being duly sworn, said :

" My name is Barker. I was housekeeper to the late Arthur Fairfax, having been in his service nigh on to twenty-five years. Was in his service at the time he died, the twenty-ninth day of August last. Have often heard him say that when he died Miss Lucy would have Woodlawn and all its belongings. But, when he took to his bed, his nephew, Gilbert Fairfax, came and took everything in his own hands. The doctor was a stranger to us all. He had his own friends and servants, and none of us as had served him so long and faithfully was allowed to come nigh him.

"I was coming up the stairs the day master died, when I see Gilbert Fairfax an' the doctor comin' out of his room, an' locking the door on the outside, walk off together. Thinkin' that this was mighty queer, an' mistrusting that there was somethin' wrong, I determined to git into the room by means of a door that lead through a closet, an' which hadn't been opened for many a year. The lock was old and rusty, but after considerable trouble I managed to turn the key ; findin' Mr. Fairfax layin' on the bed as cold an' lifeless as he was when I see him in his coffin the next day.

"I hadn't more'n time to make sure of this when I heard footsteps approachin' the door, havin' jest time to git back into the closet, when in walked Gilbert Fairfax, the doctor, and three other

A REMARKABLE CASE.

NEW YORK CITY is at this time excited by a very strange case, and one that brings sad trouble to a well known wealthy family. The father is well known on Wall street, and is a fine, portly-looking man. The mother, an elegant, refined woman, has not lost all traces of the beauty that made her a belle thirty years ago, but can still boast a pair of handsome black eyes, dark wavy hair, almost untouched by silver, and a stately figure.

The daughter, Juliet, seems to have Inherited her loveliness, for though no actual resemblance in features exists, the same great black eyes, the rippling tresses and fine figure are noticed.

About a year ago, she was wedded to one of the leading young men of Brooklyn, and the match was universally pronounced an admirable one. The marriage came of with great eclat. Then came the farewell, the tour to Europe, and finally the return to the beautifullyappointed home in Brooklyn, where, surrounded by all that taste and wealth can command, the young couple began life in earnest. The first and supremely happy year of their married life had almost passed away, when on one bright day there was ushered into the world a tiny stranger.

The pride of a young father was forgotten for a time in the anxious husband, but when a feeble wail reminded him of the new relationship, he delightedly asked to see his child. The family physician, notwithstanding the fact that his patient was doing favorably, looked unusual grave, and replied that the little one was better left undisturbed for a few days, and must especially be kept from a bright light, as its eyes seemed delicate; so a peep at the little one as it lay shrouded in fiannel in a very dark room was all that the father

"Tell the husband all," was the physician's advice, "and let him decide whether or not his wife shall learn the reason of this misfortune or be led to look upon it as an affliction that might have taken the shape of any other deformity."

The lady acted upon the advice, and a bitter scene followed between herself and her son-in-law, who was almost beside himself with rage and grief.

The unfortunate young wife has not yet been told the whole truth, the child having been taken into the country, where it is cared for by kind, respectable people, and as yet no other steps have been taken, though it is understood that the lawyers advise a separation, so the end of the cruel story cannot be told at present.

No Grammar For Him.

HAVE been sendin' my darter Nancy to skool, and last Friday I went over to the skool to see how she was gettin' along, and I seed things I didn't like by no means. The skoolmaster was larnin' her things entirely out of the line of eddycation, and as I think improper. I set awhile in the skool house and heard one class say their lesson. The lesson that Nancy said was nuthin' but the foolishest kind gained, and when the impatient young | of talk ; the rediclist words she said was |

Romance and Tragedy in Hungary.

A young Hungarian engaged couple entered a draper's shop in Sepsi-Szent-Gyorgy for the purpose of buying a wedding cap for the bride, who duly selected one to her taste; but, while her betrothed was paying for his purchase, she cast her eyes upon an uncommonly handsome kerchief, and expressed her eager desire to possess it. The enamored youth, however, peremptorily refused to investany more of his capital in headgear; whereupon, after rating him soundly for his stinginess, she abruptly turned her back upon him and left the shop. Indignant at this proceeding, he took himself to the dwelling of a rival village beauty, to whom he offered not only his hand and heart, but the cap he had purchased for his former fiance, besides the many hued handkerchief that had awakened her longings. All his offerings were accepted ; but his forsaken love, unable to bear the mortification inflicted upon her by his faithlessness and the triumph of her rival, promptly hanged herself in her bedroom. Considerable sympathy was manifested with her sad fate by her fellow-villagers, and the fickle bridegroom, meeting the funeral cortege as it passed down the main street, was so stricken by remorse that he also put an end to his life the same evening.

ar Never condemn your neighbor unheard, however many the accusations preferred against him ; every story has two ways of being told, and justice requires that you should hear the defence as well as the accusation, and remember that the malignity of enemies may place you in a similar position.