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Select Poetry.

THE WORLD AS I FIND IT.

They say the world's a weary place,
Where tears are never dried,
Where pleasures pass like breath on glass
And only woes abide.
It may be so—I cannot know—
Yet this I dare to say,
My lot has had more glad than sad,
And so it has to-day.

They say that love's a cruel jest;
They tell of woman's wiles—
That poison dips in pouting lips,
And death in dimpled smiles;
It may be so—I cannot know—
Yet sure of this I am,
One heart is found above the ground
Whose love is not a sham.

They say that life's a bitter curse—
That hearts are made to ache,
That jest and song are gravely wrong,
And wealth a vast mistake.
It may be so—I cannot know—
But let them talk their fill;
I like my life, and love my wife,
And mean to do so still.

Roderick Delane's Will.

LILLIAN DELANE had just closed the great hall-door behind her, and stood looking at the snow, the first of the season, which now began to fall thick and fast.

She was no great lady, this heroine of mine, but only a poor little seamstress. Yet she had that rare combination of beautiful features and loveliness of expression, which so few possess; and many a wealthy heiress would have envied her the lithe, graceful figure, which made even old Parson Grimes pause and look after her admiringly, as she went down the street.

"Miss Delane," said a voice at her side, "this is unkind. Wont you even bid me good-bye?"

The hall-door had again opened, and this time to give egress to a young man, who was the speaker.

"Certainly. Good-by, Mr. Buckingham," said Lillian; but she spoke in a hurried manner, and hastened her steps.

"It is late, and dark, and stormy. May I not see you safely home?"

"No," replied Lillian, decisively, almost angrily. "But I thank you," she added, a moment after, in a softened tone, "all the same."

"I shall come down and see you, then; you can't hinder that. Your mother, at least, will not shut the door in my face."

It was New Year's Eve, and Lillian had various articles to buy; so that more than an hour elapsed before she reached home. The cottage, where her mother lived, was in the outskirts of the old-fashioned Sussex village, where the Delanes had once been the great people of the place, as the Buckinghams were now. She was so late, that both her mother and her little sister Rose had given her up in despair, and had gone to bed.

"But here you are," cried the latter, kissing her again and again. "You dear, good puss, what kind of a New Year's Day could we have had without you?"

"I'm afraid we won't have a very merry one, dear," put in her mother. "I've been ill, you know, for the last month, and Rose couldn't get paid for what embroidery she's done."

"Never fret, mother," said Lillian, her face all aglow, and her little hands diving into various baskets and parcels that surrounded her.

"I've provided enough for us all three."

Mrs. Delane was sobbing softly, with her thin hand on her daughter's shoulder; but little Rose, her bare feet peeping out beneath her snowy night-gown, was watching, with her blue eyes wide with waiting wonder, a parcel that Lillian was unfolding.

"'Tis for you, dear," said her sister. "I made it myself at leisure time."

As she spoke, she shook out the dress. It was a pretty, glossy fabric, as blue as a June sky, and very stylishly made up.

"Oh! was there ever anything so pretty!" cried Rose. "Mother, mother! Think of the Melrose dance! Won't it be just the thing to wear?"

"I'm afraid you're a little vain and selfish, Rose," said her mother, reprovingly. "Your sister expends all on us, and saves nothing for herself."

"Oh, mother, don't, please!" cried Lily. "Let her be happy over it. But what about the Melrose dance, Rose?"

"Why, there's to be a dance and a supper at the Melroses' to-morrow night—a real old-fashioned festival; and the Squire has invited everybody," replied Rose, as she took off her nightgown, in order to try on her new dress. "You and I are to go, and I have been fretting for days about what I should wear; and won't this be glorious?"

"And what will Lily wear herself?" said Mrs. Delane.

"Oh, never mind me, mother," interposed Lillian. "I don't like such places. You know, Tom Dalton and his sisters will come for Rose, and you and I will have a cosy evening together at home here. This is your little present, dear mother."

Mrs. Delane received the warm, winter shawl in silence, only pressing her daughter's hand, and weeping; and Lillian was the happiest girl in the wide world, though her own garments were threadbare, and her little purse now empty.

Cold and stormy dawned New Year's Day; but the Delane cottage was cosy and warm, and the widow and her daughters enjoyed their dinner better, to be sure, than if such delicacies were common with them. As the day closed, the storm increased, but Tom and Mary Dalton came down early, in a covered vehicle, and insisted that Rose must not think of giving up the Melrose dance. And Rose had no desire to do so, longing as she did to display her new dress to Tom's admiring eyes.

Lillian stood in the cottage-door, and watched the young people drive off; then a momentary sadness came into her sweet, brown eyes.

"How gay and happy they will be," she thought, "and Dick Buckingham will be there."

But what was it to her? Why should she care? She shut the cottage door, and went back to her work. Her mother was ill, and had lain down; so Lillian quietly began some sewing. But her hands dropped idly on her lap, and she gazed moodily into the fire. For once in her unselfish life, Lillian Delane was discontented.

Presently her eyes wandered to an old picture that hung against the cottage wall. It was her grandfather's portrait—a stern, old-fashioned man, and the wealthiest landholder in the place, in his lifetime.

Delane Mansion, in those days, had been not a whit behind Melrose Hall, or Buckingham Villa, in comfort and luxury. Lillian could remember when they all lived there with her grandfather, so happy, with every wish gratified. But then her grandfather had died, and there was a trouble about the will. The right one, or what was believed to be the right one, could not be found, and her uncle, a bold, bad man, got all the estate, and her poor mother was turned out homeless and friendless. The uncle had gone to live in London, and the Delane Mansion stood empty and shut up.

The storm beat without. A wild wind clanked the elm boughs, and whirled the snow about the cottage windows. The din was so high, that Lillian barely heard a rap outside. She arose and opened the door half nervously.

"Why, Mr. Buckingham!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Miss Delane," he said. "Won't you ask me in? I am half smothered."

"Certainly. Come in Mr. Buckingham."

Dick approached the fire, shaking

himself like a great Newfoundland dog.

"Miss Delane," he said, presently. "I have come to take you to Melrose Hall. Your sister sent me."

"Thank you," she answered, shortly, "but I am not going."

"Why not?"

"Oh, for various reasons."

"Because you won't go with me?"

"Perhaps."

He looked at her a moment, standing before him, so shy and proud, and so provokingly sweet and luring, and then he broke out passionately.

"Lillian," he cried, "I love you, and you know it. Don't torment me."

"Mr. Buckingham," she replied, quietly, "I am your mother's hired seamstress."

"I don't care if you were her cook; you are as far above both her and me as the stars; and I love you, and no other woman shall ever be my wife."

Few could have withstood the passion in that grand masculine face; least of all, soft-hearted Lillian. She struggled an instant, and then burst into tears.

"Oh, Mr. Buckingham!" she sobbed; "please go away and leave me. You only make my lot harder. Please go away."

"Never! Never, till you promise to be my wife."

She looked up steadily.

"Mr. Buckingham," she said, "understand me now, once for all. I know how your mother feels. I have heard her express her horror of what she would think a low marriage for her son. Under such circumstances, I would go to my grave, sooner than become your wife."

He stood for a moment stunned, silent, his face white with agony; then he caught both her hands.

"Yet you love me," he cried. "You do love me, Miss Delane, and you dare not deny it."

His voice, his intense passion, mastered her again, for the moment. She drooped and trembled before him, and her cheeks were on fire with blushes.

"And, but for a little paltry wealth, you would be my wife. Answer me; is it not true, Lillian?"

"If I were back at Delane home-stead," she said, "it might be different. But I am only your mother's needle-woman, and that ends the matter."

He threw her hands from him, his face dark with pain and passion. Just then the winds without rose to a gale, the cottage reeled and shook beneath the shock, and the old portrait of Grandfather Delane came crashing to their feet. The frame shattered, and the back fell out, and when Dick Buckingham raised it, a package of papers dropped to the floor. One was heavy, and bound with official tape.

"What's this?" he said, turning it over and reading the superscription—"Roderick Delane's Will."

Lillian caught the package from his hands with a suppressed cry. For an instant her eyes ran down the yellow page, with its black seals, and then she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Buckingham, this is my grandfather's missing will. Mother, mother!" she cried, as she read, "we are rich again—we shall have the old home-stead back!"

She was hurrying to find her mother, but Dick caught her and held her fast.

"Will you forget your promise?" he said, under his breath. "When you get back to the old home, will you be my wife?"

She struggled a moment to escape him, and then she raised her brown eyes to his face, and in their happy depths he read his answer; and kissing her trembling lips, he let her go.

By the fire that night, when Rose had come home, they talked it all over, the three happy women, wondering and rejoicing over what the storm had brought them.

And before a twelvemonth went by, the Widow Delane was reinstated in the old home-stead; and next Christmas there is to be a double wedding; for Tom Dalton is to marry pretty Rose, and Dick Buckingham, making his word good, will take for his wife our brown-eyed Lillian.

The Judge and the Juggler.

A notorious scamp was once brought before an Onondago Justice of the Peace. He was accused of having

"come the strap game" over a native.—The portly Justice, wishing to decide understandingly, asked to see a sample of his skill.

"The party" instantly produced a leather strap, gave it a scientific whisk across the bench and remarked:

"You see Judge the quarter under the strap?"

"What!" interrupted the dignified functionary, "do you mean to say there is a quarter under there?"

"Sartin!" was the reply.

"No such thing!" said the Justice.

"I'll go you a dollar on it!" exclaimed the prisoner.

"Agreed!" said the Justice.

With accustomed adroitness the strap was withdrawn, when lo! there was the quarter.

"Well," said the astonished Shallow, "I wouldn't have believed it, if I had not seen it with my own eyes. Here is your dollar; and you are fined five dollars for gambling contrary to the statute in such cases made and provided."

The elongated countenance of the gambler required no additional evidence to testify his appreciation of the sell.

A STRANGE CHARACTER.

THERE was a Thomas Pett who died Clifford's Passage, London, in 1803. He was a native of Warwickshire. He came to London at the age of ten, with one shilling in his pocket. As he had no friends or relations in the city, he was indebted to the kindness of an old woman who sold pies for a tallow-chandler. Mrs. Dip—the chandler's wife—being "a lady of London mould," could not endure his rustic manners and awkward gait; so she sent him off one bitter winter's night, with the remark, "Your master hired you in my absence, and I'll turn you off in his." The good husband did not desert Tom however; he found him out, and sent him as apprentice to a butcher in Southwark. For the first five years he had twenty-five pounds a year and meat and drink. The accumulation of money and the abridgment of expense were the two sole objects of his thoughts. His expenses were reduced to three heads—lodging, clothing and washing. For the first he fixed on a back room on the second floor, with one window, that occasionally admitted a stray sunbeam. Of his dress every article was second-hand. Nor was he choice in the color or quality, sagely observing, when he was teased about his garb, that according to Solomon there was nothing new under the sun, and that as to color, it was a mere matter of fancy. Concerning washing, he said that no man deserved a clean shirt who could not wash it himself; and that the only fault he had to find with Lord North was the duty he imposed upon soap. There was one expense however, that always weighed heavily on his mind, and often robbed him of a night's rest, and that was shaving. He often lamented that he had never learned to shave himself. He used to console himself under this affliction by hoping that some day beards would become fashionable. He made a promise to himself that as soon as he had amassed a thousand pounds, he would treat himself to a pint of porter every Saturday. Fortune soon put it in his power to perform this promise, and he continued to treat himself till the additional duty was laid on porter; he then reduced his portion to half a pint once a week. If he heard of an auction anywhere near, he ran quickly and begged a catalogue, as if anxious to buy, and after he had collected a number of these, he sold them for waste-paper. When he heard an accidental rumor that the bank in which his money was, had failed, he shook from head to foot, and took to his bed, refusing to eat until he was assured that all was right. He was never known, even in the depth of the coldest winter, to light a fire in his room or go to bed by candle-light. He loved good cheer—at the cost of another. "Every man," said he, "should eat when he can; an empty sack can not stand." Once on a time he was prompted by the demon of extravagance to purchase a whole pint of small-beer; but after buying it, was so overcome by remorse that he locked it in his closet; then threw the key out

of the window, that he might not be tempted to make too free with it.

Thus lived Thomas Pett, whose pulse for the last twenty years of his life rose and fell with the funds; who for forty-two years lived in Clare Market as journeyman butcher; who lodged for thirty years in one gloomy apartment, which was never brightened up by coal or candle-light or the face of a visitor; who never treated man, woman or child to a glass of any kind of liquor; who almost never ate a morsel at his own expense; who never said a civil thing to a woman; who would not trust a laundress with a pocket-handkerchief; who considered all must be mad or foolish that did not pile up gold; and who tried to bargain for his coffin half an hour before he died. He left two thousand four hundred and seventy-five pounds to distant relations, not one of whom he had ever seen or written to. The list of his wearing-apparel, taken by a wag in the neighborhood, runs thus: "An old bald wig. A hat as soft as a pancake. Two shirts that might pass for fishing-nets. A pair of stockings darned with every color. A pair of old sandals. A bedstead. A toothless comb. A very old almanac. One old chair and wretched table. A small looking-glass. And a leather bag with one guinea in it."

Exciting Sport.

Two vaqueros, George Cornell and Gus Richardson, who were driving cattle in Mohave county, Arizona, saw a huge cinnamon bear plant himself directly in front of the herd. Cornell's horse snorted in alarm, and refused to obey the spur. The other vaquero rode a courageous little mustang, which soon put Richardson within ten yards of the beast. Unstringing his lariat, Richardson threw it at the bear, but, though the aim was good, the bear caught the rope in his mouth, and charged instantly. Richardson was caught. He could get no further than his lasso's length from the savage brute, because the bear's teeth were strong, his hold good, and his anger roused. The mustang's supple strength was equal to the occasion, however. He ran round and round, the bear following, for ten minutes or more, Cornell meanwhile watching an opportunity to cast his rope. The opportunity came, the vaquero's coil shot through the air, and the bear was caught by one of his hind legs. Then the real fun began. The cinnamon, mad from nose to tail, let go Richardson's rope only to find himself dragged backward by Cornell's ready horsemanship. The men had left their weapons at home, and so were puzzled for some time to know how death could be dealt. Richardson dismounted, and began a fusillade with rocks. This stunned the bear, and enabled the vaqueros to tickle his ribs with a pocket knife until he died.

A Lucky Lover.

Loring, the Boston bookseller, tells a romantic story as follows: "At one time I had prepared boxes of fancy paper with a fancy initial or pet name embossed in it, and I put this up at one dollar a box, and advertised it widely. One day I had an order from California, from a Miss Susie—. The box was done up, addressed to her and lay about here, when a young Englishman came in and wanted to write a letter. I gave him the materials and a place, when his eye caught the address on this box.

"Have you the order that came for that box of paper?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "'tis about somewhere."

"Would you mind sending it up to my hotel? If it is what I think, I shall leave for California to-night."

"I found it and sent it around and heard no more about it for perhaps three months, when one day the young man with a lady on his arm, walked in.—"Mr. Loring, I want to present you to my wife," he said. "We could not leave this country till we had thanked you for your part in bringing us together." The denouncement was quite a romance. The young man was the son of an aristocratic family in England, and the girl was the daughter of the gardener. But love levels all distinctions, and the young man felt this girl to be the chosen companion of his life. To break off the attachment his father had sent him to the Continent and despatched the gardener and his pretty daughter to America, where the young man had followed them, ignorant of their address, and at last finding it through the chance of the box of paper."