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THE PATTERN OF THE SHINGLE.

When the angry passion gathering in mother's
face I see,
And she leads me in the bed-room—gently lays
me on her knee;
Then I know that I will catch it, and my flesh
in fancy itches
As I listen to the patter of the shingle on my
breaches.

Every tinkle of the shingle has an echo and a
sting,
And a thousand burning fancies into active be-
ing spring;
And a thousand bees and hornets 'neath my
coat-tail seem to swarm,
As I listen to the patter of the shingle, oh! so
warm.

In a splutter comes my father—whom I sup-
posed had gone—
To survey the situation and tell her to lay it
on;
To see her bending o'er me as I listened to the
strain,
Played by her and by the shingle, in a wild
and weird refrain.

In a sudden intermission, which appears my
only chance,
I say: "Strike gently, mother, or you'll split
my Sunday pants;"
She stops a moment, draws her breath the
shingle holds aloft,
And says: "I had not thought of that, my son
just take them off."

Holy Moses! and the angels cast thy pitying
glances down,
And thou, oh! family doctor, put a good soft
poultice on;
And may I with fools and dunces everlastingly
commingle,
If I ever say another word when my mother
wields the shingle.

FOR THE TIMES.

The Spectre of the Susquehanna.

BY CLAY CORDERL.

THE shades of night were deepening
and gradually effacing the shadows
left by the departed sun on the Susquehanna.
It was a peaceful evening in
October, and all nature serenely lay
enfolded in the hazy atmosphere of the
Indian summer. The evening was
beautiful, and so was the scenery in this
particular locality. To the east towered
the Half Falls and Berry's mountains,
now of an azure hue, while to the south,
the Cove mountain loomed up to the
height of a thousand feet, and stood
guard for many a mile over the smooth
flowing Susquehanna, until, the blue
Juniata, adding her aqueous volume to
that of her sister, they together wend
their way toward the south through the
channel, which, in ages past they had
hewn for themselves through the proud
mountains. To the north and west
stretched the forest, now dressed by the
autumnal frosts till they rivaled the
rainbow.

It was at this point, near where the
Juniata empties into the Susquehanna,
that there stood a large stone house in
the long ago. It was strongly and sub-
stantially built, and early as it was, it
had been already standing for some
years.

This evening it was lit up early.—
Hardly had the first star appeared before
tallow dips smoked and sputtered in
every room, and, by their flickering rays,
serenely tried to illumine the scenes of
bustle and confusion reigning within
and without the house.

Every one was in a hurry, even Jack,
who, because of his provoking slowness
had been called the racer, for once,
quicken his gait. And well might he,
and all of them, be excited, for this was
a great occasion. For the first time in
the history of that section of the coun-
try, there was to be an apple butter
boiling, of apples raised and cider made
in the county. This was to be a big

affair. It had been talked of for months.
Invitations had been sent far and near.
The elite of the country had all been
invited, and, as there was but one class
as yet, none grieved because they did
not belong to the "first set."

The candles had not spluttered fifteen
minutes before the neighbors began to
arrive, and were soon all there, for the
future town of Duncannon was then in
its infancy. The smoking chimneys
and groning engines were yet buried in
the earth and only half a dozen log
houses showed the site of the future
town. Soon the joyous laugh could be
heard as the young folks gathered. Some
walked, but the majority rode. Buggies
were unknown in those parts, conse-
quently horses had to take their place,
and few were the horses that arrived
that evening which had not a double
burden,—always a male and a female.

Strange as such a mode of conveyance
might appear now, it was a very favorite
one among the young folks in those
days. Nothing was simpler; each girl
possessed a "riding cushion," which
was made of some gay material and
arranged to be strapped on the horse
behind the saddle. Whenever a jour-
ney of any distance was intended, the
faithful swain would bridle and saddle
his horse and gallop to the house of his
passenger, where he was always certain
to find her awaiting his arrival with
cushion in hand. To strap it behind
his saddle took but a moment, to ride to
the horseblock and get her on, but a
moment more, but to prevent his heart's
bursting as she clasped him around the
waist to keep herself on, was often the
hardest task of all. Thus mounted,
they rode in the good old times and were
happy.

The guests arrived rapidly, and by
eight o'clock, all that might be expected
were there. In the meantime, the cider
had been placed in the huge kettles, and
a roaring fire made under them. The
time had now arrived for dissolving the
apples, and basketful after basketful was
emptied into the boiling cider.

Four willing hands grasped each stir-
rer and with many jokes and happy
laughter, spun the thickened cider
around. These stirrers were relieved at
the end of every few minutes, until the
butter was done, which was not till far
in the night.

The boiling of the butter was only a
secondary object of the gathering. The
primary object was fun and innocent
enjoyment. And they determined not
to be disappointed. For already the
notes of a violin and the sound of quick
moving feet could be heard in the house,
while the apples and cider ever went
round, without.

We will now leave them till I intro-
duce you to two of their number, John
Thompson and Juliet Weston. John
was a young farmer, with good pros-
pects. He had broad shoulders, dark
hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, and a
pleasant voice. Just such a man as
half the girls these days, picture to
themselves and call their "ideal." He
was worth looking at the second time,
so the girls thought, for nature rarely
endows one mortal with a more pleasing
appearance. Juliet Weston was a beau-
tiful girl. The simplicity of her dress
but added charms to her appearance.
She was not tall but was as graceful as
a princess. She was a brunette, but her
cheeks outrivalled the roses. Her hair
fell in graceful curls of raven blackness
almost to her waist. Her eyes were
dark and her smile angelic. To see her
was to admire her, to know her was to
love her.

John Thompson and Juliet Weston
had met in the past summer, and now
were lovers. John had brought Juliet
behind him on his horse, this evening,
and, as they came along, had told her of
his love, asking her to be his wife,
and while she trembled for joy, she had
sweetly said "yes."

John was happy to-night, and so was
Juliet, and their laughter rang out the
gayest of the gay. It was their forms
which were seen the oftener in the
dance and received the greatest number
of tags in the ring. But they wearied
at last of these violent games, and rest-
ing themselves they began the game of
button. The forfeits came in rapidly
and the auctioneer was soon crying for
their owners. Juliet's was the first
exposed, and she took two commands
and one question.

The "master," arose and with a grave

countenance and solemn voice said; "I
command you to go out and walk three
times around the post at the old ferry
and then look over the river, after which
come back quickly and tell us what you
have seen. Remember the Spectre of
the Ferry."

Juliet was no coward, still she did not
like the command. Involuntarily a shiv-
er would run over her when she recollected
the Spectre, but she started out with
a brave heart. She hurried onward
and reaching the post passed around it
the three times. Then she paused, but
kept her eyes on the ground. Should
she look over the river? She was half
afraid to do so. What if she should see
the spectre? The thought filled her
with terror. She was so happy now,
that the bare thought of dying was terri-
ble, and if she saw the apparition, all
her happy days would be ended, for it
was but the forerunner of the speedy
death of those who saw it. Still she
stood there with her eyes on the ground.
But, at the last, she mastered her fears,
and raising her eyes, looked over the
water.

The moon was shining on its smooth
surface and all was calm and peaceful.
She gazed at the scene for a moment
and was turning away with a smile at
her timidity, when her attention was
arrested by a change. The water was
calm and peaceful no longer, but ran
rapidly. The waves grew deeper and
deeper every instant. They poured
along with that sullen roar which ac-
companies the flood. Large trees were
carried on its surface, drift of every kind
swept past with incredible swiftness,
and see! up the river comes a canoe!
There was a man in it, and a woman
who was straining a babe to her breast.
They were in great peril. It was no
longer dark. Juliet saw them plainly,
saw the look of despair on the woman's
face, saw the beads of sweat roll off the
man's brow as he strained every nerve
to reach the shore. But his efforts were
useless. A large tree came down on
him with the speed of a race horse and
sent his light canoe to the bottom. They
were gone but they soon appeared
again. He clasped his wife in his one
arm and desperately struggled for the
shore. He was gaining. Nearer and
nearer they came. They were just be-
fore Juliet, a moment more and they
would be saved. But an ugly piece of
drift struck them and with a shriek
they sank beneath the water. The
shriek dispelled it all. The truth burst
upon her. Before, she thought the scene
was real, now, she knew that she had
seen the Spectre of the Susquehanna,
and with rapid steps and blanched face
she fled from the fated spot.

John spied her first, and, noticing the
pale of her countenance, quickly asked
her for the cause. She slowly sank to
the floor and in a husky voice answered,
"I have seen the spectre."
A deep silence fell upon them all, for a
moment, and in that moment John
Thompson felt that the happy days of
his life were over. An unknown terror
seized upon him, but he tried to cast off
all these dismal feelings, and with the
others, endeavored to banish the scene
from Juliet's mind. But her smile was
gone and in a short time she persuaded
John to start for home.

They had gone a couple miles. Their
horses seemed unusually restless but
John held him firmly. Neither of them
feared any danger. They were coming
pleasantly along and Juliet seemed more
cheerful, when a limb moved at the
roadside. Quick as thought his horse
leaped forward. Juliet tried to keep her
seat, clung to John desperately, but at
last she could hold no longer and fell to
the earth, where she lay quite still.
John dismounted as quickly as possible
and hurried to her side. He raised her
tenderly. Oh, how pale she was! Her
eyes were closed, across her temple was
a slight cut, but she breathed. He spoke
to her in tones of anguish, he pressed
her to his heart, she breathed a few
moments and then all was still.

The fate was too terrible, too sudden
for John to realize its full force at once,
so he sat there and tenderly supported
the dear head and lovingly watched the
cold, beautiful face, that would never
smile on him again, through the long
hours. Thus they found him in the
morning.

He saw the grave close over her, then
he sold his farm and going to the ferry

built himself a cabin on the bank of the
river. He had no object, no desire now,
but to see the Spectre. For this he
watched many long years. Slowly he
saw the town increase from a few houses
until it covered many acres and became
the home of a numerous people. He
saw the stacks of a mighty industry rise
and heard the scream of the locomotive
as it swiftly coursed along its iron track.
All this, and much more, he saw, and
saw it with indifference. He held little
intercourse with the people and told
none of his vigil. But he still waited
and watched faithfully.

Old age came upon him and he felt
with joy that he had not many more
years to live, yet he never ceased his
vigil. Time passed. A terrible flood
was raging. John could scarcely make
his way to the shore, but he managed to
hobble there at last. He stood near the
spot where Juliet had stood, so long ago,
and looked over the boiling waters. He
looked again. What did he see? At
last! at last! he saw the spectre! He
could not believe it. He rubs his eyes,
it floats nearer—yes—no—yes it is! it is!
it comes still nearer, no, it is not it. It
is only three children. They are afloat
on some drift, they cry, they hold out
their hands imploringly toward him.
He cannot see them float by without an
effort to rescue them. His old age was
gone. He felt young again and in a
moment was buffeting the waters. He
reached them and taking the younger
in his arms gained the shore. Again he
entered the water and again landed with
another. His strength was failing but
fearlessly he plunged in the third time;
he reached the drift with great effort
and again started for the shore. It is
hard work. His strength was almost
spent, but heroically he struggled and at
last fell exhausted on the land. He had
done a noble act, and behold, his reward
was at hand, for at last he saw the
spectre canoe.

No mistake this time. The canoe
moved on the waters rapidly. It was
approaching the place where he lay, but
there was only one in it, and it was a
woman. She sat in the stern and guided
the boat with a silver paddle. It
came nearer and nearer; he could see
her face now, and she smiled on him.
He knew that face, it was Juliet's. She
steered the boat close beside him and
paused for him to enter. He tried to
rise and fell back a corpse, but his spirit
leaped aboard, and with Juliet, it sailed
away on the sea of the hereafter.

Breaking the News Gently.

IN an alley off Hastings street just
back of a tumbledown rookery one of
the sanitary police squad found a man
lying under a wagon and inquired if he
was ill.

The man pointed to the old house,
cautioned the officer to speak low and
replied:

"Do you see that woman hanging out
clothes over there?"

"I do."

"I'm her husband."

"And tell me why you are hiding
here."

"I have been on a spree for a week
sir."

"Ah, I see."

"Yes sir."

"It is like the return of the prodig-
al."

"Wus than that sir."

"How so?"

"The prodigal had no wife, and he
didn't steal the rent money to get drunk
on. Oh, I'll catch it sir if you don't in-
tercede for me."

"Me?"

"Yes sir."

"What can I do?"

"You slip around to the front of the
house and say you have news for her.
Watch her face and see how she takes
it. Then tell her about me. Watch and
see if she gets white round the mouth.
Tell her that you have news that I was
drowned at the ferry dock. Watch her
tears at this point. Tell her that I cal-
led her dear names as I went down for
the last time. Watch and see if that
melts her."

If I can get her all broken down and
over come I'll burst in on her and get
her forgiveness before she gets over wip-
in' her eyes and pullin' her nose."

"Go, now, and I'll owe you a debt of
gratitude all my life."

The officer slipped around and told

the wife that the husband was hiding
in the alley.

He at once took a position where he
could witness what followed.

He had hardly secured it when the
man came down the alley on a gallop
followed at a short distance by the wife
armed with a hoe-handle.

There were no words spoken, but the
man simply threw up clouds of dust
with his heels, as he put on more steam
and as he passed the officer he some-
what curtly exclaimed:

"Ah, but ye ain't worth shucks at
the meltin' business."

Bible Names in the North of England.

IF we look over the pages of the direc-
tories of West Yorkshire and East
Lancashire, and strike out the sur-
names, we could imagine we were con-
sulting anciently inscribed registers of
Joppa or Jericho. It would seem as if
Canaan and West Riding had got inex-
tricably mixed.

What a spectacle meets our eye!
Within the limits of ten leaves we have
three Pharaohs, while as many Heph-
zibahs are to be found on one single
page. Adah and Zillah Pickles, sisters,
are milliners. Jehoiada Rhodes makes
saws—not Solomon's sort—and Hariph
Crawshaw keeps a farm. Vashni, from
somewhere in the Chronicles, is rescued
from oblivion by Vashni Wilkison, coal
merchant, who very likely goes to
Barzillai Williamson, on the same page,
for his joints, Barzillai being a butcher.
Jachin, known to but a few as situated
in the Book of Kings, is in the person
of Jachin Firth a beer retailer, familiar
to all his neighbors. Heber Holdsworth,
on one page, is faced by Er Illingworth
on the other. Asa and Joab are ex-
tremely popular, while Abner, Adna,
Asahel, Erastus, Eunice, Benaiah,
Aquila, Elihu, and Philemon enjoy a
fair amount of patronage. Shadrach,
Meshach, and Abednego, having been
rescued from Chaldean fire, have been
deluged with baptismal water. How
curious it is to contemplate such entries
as Lemuel Wilson, Kelita Wilkinson,
Shelah Haggas, Shadrach Newbold,
Neriah Pearce, Jeduthan Jempson, Azariah
Griffiths, Naphtali Matson, Philemon
Jakes, Hameth Fell, Eleph Bisan, Mala-
chi Ford, or Shallum Richardson. As
to other parts of the Scriptures, I have
lighted upon name after name that I did
not know existed in the Bible at all till
I looked into the Lancashire and York-
shire directories.

The Bible has decided the nomenclature
of the north of England. In towns
like Oldham, Bolton, Ashton and Black-
burn, the clergyman's baptismal regis-
ter is but a record of Bible names. A
clerical friend of mine christened twins
Cain and Abel only the other day, much
against his own wishes. Another par-
son on the Derbyshire border was grave-
ly informed, at the proper moment, that
the name of baptism was Ramoth-Gile-
ad. "Boy or girl, eh?" he asked, in a
somewhat agitated voice. The parents
had opened the Bible hap-hazard, accord-
ing to the village tradition, and selected
the first name the eye fell on. It was
but a year ago a little child was christen-
ed Telno, in a town within six miles of
Manchester, at the suggestion of a cot-
ten spinner, the father, a workman of
then name of Lees, having asked his
advice. "I suppose it must be a Scrip-
ture name?" said his master. "Oh yes
that's of course." "Suppose you choose
Telno?" said his employer. "That I'll
do," replied the other, who had never
heard of it before, and liked it better on
that account. The child is now Telno
Lees, ("lees" being the Lancashire way
of pronouncing "les"), the father, too
late, finding that he had been hoaxed.—
"Sirs," was the answer given to a be-
wildered curate, after the usual demand
to name the child. He objected, but
was informed that it was a Scripture
name, and the verse "Sirs, what must I
do to be saved?" was triumphantly ap-
pealed to.

There is again, a story of a clergyman
making the customary demand as to
name from a knot of women round the
font. "Ax her," said one. Turning to
the woman who appeared to be indicat-
ed, he asked again, "What name?"
"Ax her," she replied. The third wo-
man being questioned, gave the same re-
ply. At last he discovered the name to
be the Scriptural, Achah, Caleb's
daughter—a name, by-the-way, which
was somewhat popular with our fore-
fathers.