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The Doctor's Fees.

MRS. WINTRINGHAM'S drawing-room was a bright and comfortable place with its handsome carpets and gilded tables, and deep couch-like sofa, covered with crimson satin, and the mossy rug in front of the fire into which your feet sank as if it had been strewn inch deep with newly-gathered rosebuds. And the fire glimmered in the polished grate, and the wax candles beamed through their ground glass shades; and you might have fancied the apartment expressive created for sweet words and honeyed flirtations, and readings from the poets, and the various other pleasant occupations which are supposed to belong to high life. But not for frowns and lowering looks, such as now disturbed the equanimity of Mrs. Wintringham's artistically-enameled countenance, as she stood there in a rustling chameleon-colored silk dress, with red carbuncles hanging from her ears, while Josephine Moore stood pale and shivering before her.

"Such forwardness I never saw," said Mrs. Wintringham. "No never! And I wish you to understand that it is not going to be tolerated in decent society, Miss Moore. A governess—yes, a common nursery governess, whom Mr. Wintringham is good enough to employ—to sit the whole of the evening and flirt with young Dr. Aymer!"

"I did not flirt," pleaded poor Josie. "He was only asking me about the arrangements of Mendelssohn's music, which—"

"Oh, very likely," tittered Mrs. Wintringham, sarcastically. "He is very much interested in music, I've no doubt. And when you know perfectly well that Octavia expected him to be talking all the time to her. Well, really I don't know what this world is coming to. One thing I wish you to understand—that you are dismissed from my employment from this very moment. You will find your wages on the mantel yonder, for I don't grudge you the quarter's money, though you do leave in this irregular manner. Of course you won't expect a character, for I can't conscientiously give you one."

Josie Moore turned very red and then pale. She did not speak a word of remonstrance, however, but, slowly turning round, went up to her own room, put on her bonnet and shawl, packed her slender belongings into a small trunk and left the house.

Half an hour later Mrs. Wintringham rustling through the well-warmed rooms espied the money lying untouched on the marble mantle, where she herself had placed it.

"Dear me!" quoth the stately dame, "the governess has forgotten her wages. Well, I shan't take the trouble to send them after her!"

Josie went home to the poor but neat apartments where her aunt took in embroidery to do for a fashionable shop, and told her simple tale. Aunt Mary's eyes, already reddened with night work and much application, were quick to overflow in her niece's behalf.

"It's a burning shame," said the poor woman, "that such people should have it in their power to tyrannize over others. But never mind Josie you shall be welcome to a home here until you find another situation."

"I knew I should, Aunt Mary."

"What makes you speak so hoarsely, child?"

"My throat is a little sore, aunt; I think I have caught a cold."

"You had better let me make you a cup of hot tea, and go to bed at once."

"Nonsense, aunt," cried Josie cheer-

ly. "I am going to help you finish this first."

But the next morning Josie waked up hot and flushed and feverish, with a racking pain over her temples and quite unable to rise; and before evening she was delirious.

"Bob," said aunt Mary, as she came out of her niece's bedroom, with a troubled face, and went down into the passage where the landlady's red-headed son was playing marbles. "I want you to go to Dr. Caffery's and ask him to come here as quick as possible. Don't delay a moment Bob, for it may be a matter of life or death."

"Yes," said Bob, stolidly, and away he went.

"Is the doctor in?" demanded Bob of the assistant at Dr. Caffery's.

"No, he ain't," said the Gannymede of medicine.

"When'll he be in?"

"Don't know," was the listless reply.

Bob wasted no more time in useless inquiry, but set off for some other doctor.

"If it's really a matter of life and death," thought sensible Bob, "it don't make any difference what doctor they have."

So it happened that young Dr. Aymer who had just returned home from visiting a patient, found himself confronted by a small red-headed boy.

"Please to come directly sir, to No. 10 Duke's court," cried our Master Bob, exaggerating somewhat on his literal orders. "It's a case of life and death."

Mrs. Wintringham had sent Josephine Moore away in order that she might be effectually out of Dr. Aymer's path; but fate and Mrs. Wintringham were marshaled on opposite sides this time, and that rising young physician walked into Josie's sick room quite unconscious whom he was to behold.

George Aymer started a little when he looked into the dark brown eyes; but Josie smiled up in his face.

"It wasn't my fault," she said, innocently. "I never dreamed of offending Mrs. Wintringham, but it was wrong, very wrong of her to turn me out of doors."

"You see she is delirious," exclaimed Aunt Mary.

"Yes," said Dr. Aymer, in a faltering voice, "I see."

So while Miss Octavia Wintringham lounged in the handsome drawing room dressed in silk attire, watching the gilded hands of the clock, and wondering why the expected did not come, Dr. Aymer was sitting by Josephine Moore's bedside, counting the rapid pulsing of her slender wrist, and thinking that he had never seen anything so beautiful as her pure, oval face and lovely hazel eyes.

"So you think I am really cured, doctor?" said the fair convalescent.

Josephine was sitting up in Aunt Mary's easiest chair, dressed in a loose wrapper, with her brown hair netted back from her face.

"Yes," said the handsome young physician, "as we say of our hospital cases, I think I may mark you down as 'discharged cured.' I do not think it necessary for me to pay any more visits here, unless—"

Josephine blushed deeply.

"I am afraid, Doctor," she faltered, glancing at Aunt Mary, who looked equally distressed, "that I—that we shall not be able to—hand you your fees just yet—"

"I was not thinking of my fees," observed Dr. Aymer.

"But we must think of it," said Josephine.

"And you won't let me come any more as a doctor?"

Josephine looked pained.

"If our means—," she began.

"What nonsense!" laughingly interrupted the doctor. "I see I shall have to be more explicit. May I come, then, as your suitor? as your future husband? Will that do, Josie?"

The soft pink flushes chased away the paleness of the young girl's cheeks.

"Dr. Aymer!"

"Yes, Miss Josephine Moore!"

"Do you really—"

"I do really love you?" exclaimed the young doctor, fervently.

"But Miss Octavia Wintringham—what will she say?"

"What has Miss Octavia Wintring-

ham to do with it, I should like to know? She is nothing to me; nor was she ever anything more than the merest acquaintance!"

"Then," said Josie, speaking very low, "if that be the case, you may come again. But, as for your fees—"

"As for my fees," interposed the doctor, gaily, "I will send the account in to your husband after you are married!"

But as no entry of the transaction was ever made on the doctor's books, we may presume that this was one of his "bad debts."

And Mrs. Wintringham never called on Mrs. Aymer.

A True Shark Story.

IT may not be generally understood that in the playful marine acrobat, the porpoise, the shark possesses an implacable enemy that will permit no intrusion on its fishing grounds. The writer first learned this fact from two old and experienced fishermen when out on a fishing excursion one lovely August day, off Swan Beach, New Jersey. It came in the course of a story, which is here given as it was told in the boat.

The fisherman were serious and quiet men, watchful and ready; and I noticed that they not only used no profane expressions themselves, but appeared to be annoyed and distressed at the occasional expletives that escaped me under the exasperating excitement of losing a fine fish from the hook after hauling it to the surface. Somewhat surprised at the demeanor I had not been accustomed to in "tollers of the sea," I asked them at last if anything was the matter. They replied very respectfully, that being religious men and members of the Methodist church they felt pained by everything approaching the sin of profanity, and that if I would listen they would tell me the story of their remarkable deliverance from death which resulted in their conversion. It was as follows:

Some ten years ago we were hard drinkers, swearers, wild surfmen and fishermen. We never entered a church, and cared for neither God nor devil.

On a fine Sabbath morning in August, 1867, we started at daylight for this very reef of rocks. With plenty of bait, we looked for four or five hundred weight of sea-bass, flounders and black fish. At first we pulled them up as fast as our lines touched the bottom; then we had not a single bite. Surprised, we looked up and around, preparatory to changing our ground. To our astonishment the water was alive with sharks. We commenced pulling up our anchor, when a savage fish rushed to the bow and bit the rope in two. Then we hoisted sail, but the moment we put the steering oar into the water several sharks began biting it into pieces. So we were compelled to take in sail and drift. We were in the midst of a school of sharks two miles long and a half mile broad. They were all sizes, from six feet long to twelve or fourteen. They swarmed around our boat, and dashed it one-third full of water with their tails. We had to bail, one with his hat and the other with the bait pail. Every moment some big fellow would put his nose almost on our gunwale, while his yellow tiger eyes glared ferociously at the pale faces. One shark dashed at the boat and seized one of the side planks, and almost shook us out of our seats. Fortunately his teeth broke off, and away he went with bleeding jaw. In a moment he was torn to pieces and devoured. Then the school returned to us again.

We were in despair, and never expected to see shore again. We could not sail, we could not row, and were drifting out to sea. Finally, Charlie said: "Bill, we are in an awful muss. Let us see if God will help us." We knelt down and prayed for help, and confessed our sins, and promised amendment and repentance. We had hardly finished before we saw a great school of porpoises. They hurled themselves out of the water, jumping twenty feet at a bound. Soon we were in the midst of them. The sharks started out to sea, but the porpoises were too quick for them. They bit and tore the sharks fearfully. Sometimes three porpoises would have hold of one shark. Then they jumped out of the water and fell heavily on these tigers of the ocean. The fight continued for miles, and we were saved. We

rowed safely to shore and became professors of religion and gave up swearing and drinking and all vices. We have respect for porpoises, and believe if they were not so plentiful, the New Jersey shore would swarm with sharks, and then good-bye to fishing and bathing.

Very Animated.

SEVERAL nights ago, says the New Orleans Picayune, Rev. Mr. Mulbury, a Presbyterian minister, and Rev. Mr. Sassafras Swing, a Methodist circuit rider, stopped at a hotel in Little Rock. The two men had held a union meeting together and were friends. They agreed to occupy the same room, and when they had been "showed up" a pleasant conversation on the general welfare of the church was introduced by Mr. Mulbury.

"Yes," said Brother Sassafras Swing, placing his feet on the round of the chair and beginning the work of removing his shoe, "it is good that preachers of different denominations talk to each other."

"It advances the cause," replied Mr. Mulbury. "It moves the Gospel car with more celerity for ministers to exchange ideas."

"Mr. Mulbury, why is it that you allers say minister? You ain't ashamed of preacher, are you?"

"I say minister because it is correct. I was taught at college to speak correctly, and I intend to do so."

"Peter, the fisherman, didn't have no such foolishness."

"No, and Peter could not present the Gospel so eloquently and feelingly as Paul."

"Paul might have had more book larnen, but when you struck him on the subject of horse sense, Peter was the captain. I have said it many and many a time, and I expect to say it many times more, that I'm glad that I never rubbed my back agin a college wall."

"That's intended as a fling at me," said Mr. Mulberry, emphatically. "Anybody could discover the fact in a moment, Mr. Swing, that you never rubbed your head against a college wall."

"I can preach all around you, all the same."

"You couldn't preach a genuine sermon to save your life."

"Well, I'll just bet you fifteen hundred bundles of fodder and a young heifer that I can preach the socks right offen you. And don't you forget it. I've rid a circuit too long to be bully-ragged by a school house top-knot."

Mr. Mulbury's face flushed. He looked at his companion for a moment, arose and said:

"I dislike to use such violent language, but allow me to say that you are an ignorant old liar."

Brother Sassafras Swing sprang to his feet, kicked his shoes out of the way, shoved up his sleeves and exclaimed: "I didn't want to truck with you, but you've raised my bile. Cut your capers!"

The two men dived at each other. Mr. Mulbury jammed his thumb into Swing's eye and exclaimed: "He that hath eyes to see, let him see." Mr. Swing reached around, caught Mulbury's ear between his teeth, and muttered: "He that has ears to hear let him hear."

The porter heard the racket, rushed into the room and attempted to separate the men, but Swing bit him on the leg. Finally the clerk and two drummers rushed in and dragged the men into the hall.

"The uneducated brute!" panted Mr. Mulbury.

"The school house top-knot!" puffed Brother Sassafras Swing. "I can fan the tecks offen him any time."

It has been considered better not to take the case into court.

The Cunning of the Fox.

Many curious anecdotes are told of the craft of the fox, some of which are, no doubt, apocryphal, but others, doubtless, true. Naturalists assert that it has been frequently authenticated that the fox has counterfeited death to escape capture. I have been told a story of this kind within a few days by a person who claims that he was an eye witness of the affair. Some fishermen on the west coast of Ireland, had gone a few hundred yards from land, in quest of bait. The island was inhabited by large numbers

rabbits and could be reached at low tide by wading, the water then being only a few inches deep. One morning they went in their boat quite early, it being high tide, and on landing saw a dead fox lying on the beach. The fur of the animal was all bedraggled, and he seemed to have been drowned. One of the men remarking that his skin was worth something, pitched him into the boat. Procuring their bait they returned to the mainland, and the man who had possessed himself of the fox seized him by the tail and flung him on shore. As soon as the animal touched the ground he picked himself up with considerable agility for a dead-fox and shot off like a flash up among the cliffs, while the men stood staring at each other in mute astonishment. The men concluded that he had crossed over to the island during the night, when the tide was low, in search of rabbits, and finding in the morning that he was cut off from the mainland counterfeited death, with the expectation of thereby procuring a passage to the shore in the boat, an expectation which was fully realized.

How They Got Him Down.

One day recently, as the insane patients of the great Charity Hospital at Berlin were taking their accustomed exercises in the gardens of that establishment, under the supervision of several attendants, one of them, a lunatic cab driver, of herculean strength, contrived to slip away from his companions and to clamber up the trunk of a huge elm tree. Having reached one of the topmost limbs, and armed himself with a stout branch, he announced his intention of staying there forever. No one dared to attempt his capture by force; so, after a couple of hours had elapsed, the medical authorities summoned to their assistance a detachment of the fire brigade and an engine, which forthwith began to play upon the deranged gymnast. Having drenched him for a ten minutes' spell the firemen summoned him to a parley, but could get nothing of him save a fantastic and highflown speech of thanks for their "refreshing attentions." Another and still more protracted deluge proving equally ineffectual in inducing him to descend, the warders and policemen resorted to friendly negotiations, and their persuasions at length moved the triumphant madman to declare that if they would pay homage to his gymnastic skill and heroic endurance by three rounds of enthusiastic applause, he would come down. His terms were promptly accepted, and he descended to terra firma amid the vehement plaudite of policemen, warders and firemen, thus honorably capitulating after a siege of five hours and a-half duration.

She was Willing.

A London newspaper tells a curious story about a gentleman who proposed at a dinner party to a lady who is now his wife. He had been a lover for some time, but never quite persuaded himself up to the point of popping the question. During the eventful dinner he learned from the person sitting next to him that a rival intended that evening to make an attack upon his Dulcinea's heart.—She was sitting at some distance from him at the table, and the rival was at her side. He was equal to the emergency, however, for tearing a half-leaf from his note-book, he wrote upon it:

"Will you be my wife? Write your answer, yes or no, upon this paper and return it to me."

Calling a waiter the ingenious lover sent the missive to "the lady in blue at the end of the table—be very careful."—The servant did as directed, but the lover in his anxiety forgot to send his pencil. The lady had presence of mind however, and tucking the note into her bosom, said to the waiter:

"Tell the gentleman yes."

Force of Imagination.

A Hoboken drug clerk had gumption enough to give powdered chalk instead of arsenic to a youth who looked as if he wanted to commit suicide. But drug clerks have no imagination, and can't realize the extent to which it works in others. The desperate youth swallowed that chalk, and lay down in the street to die. He thought it was arsenic, and was suffering intense agony when picked up by the police. When told it was not arsenic, but only chalk, he promptly recovered.