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Select Poetry.

JUST WHEN.

Just when the way is roughest, and the feet
are bruised and torn,
And the back oppressed with the burdens, so
long and patiently borne,
We find that the path grows smoother, the
mountains and hills recede,
And there is rest and refreshment to meet this
hour of need.

Just when we feel the weakest in some dark
and desolate hour,
When the spirit of evil assaults and torments
with relentless power;
Then suddenly strength is given and we who
are lying low
Have risen to fresher triumphs—have again
conquered the foe.

Though closer the shadows gather, and weary
appears the way
That leadeth through clouds and darkness,
where shineth the perfect day;
Though the vessel in which we're sailing bears
close to a rocky coast,
We are sure of help when we need it—just
when we need it most.

And so we have but to trust to our Heavenly
Father's care,
Feeling our way in the darkness, by the light
of faith and prayer;
For we know that His heart is tended toward
all the children of men,
And our prayer He will surely answer, though
we know neither how nor when.

THE KING'S REVENGE.

IN the small town of Kustrin, not far from the capital, lived an old, disabled soldier. He had served during the Seven Years' War in a Hunters' Volunteer Battalion, and had lost a leg in the battle of Rosbach, for which he received a badge of honor, but nothing else; for, as is well known, these volunteers were allowed no pensions, but many of them had received a small office, and a few, eminent places.

Our poor soldier, who lived in miserable quarters, had asked again and again for an office, but in vain. His petition remained unnoticed. He finally went to Berlin himself, in order to beg a good office in person, and had tried to lay his petition before the king, but without success.

His patience was completely exhausted, and one morning there appeared on the palace wall a large placard, in which the king and government were attacked in the severest manner.

Naturally, this placard was promptly removed by the police, and every means taken to discover the guilty person. As, however, in spite of all their efforts, they were unsuccessful in this, they turned to the king, as a last resort, with the request that he should offer a reward to the one who should discover the author of the libel.

At first Frederick the Great, who was always very indifferent to such matters, would hear nothing of it; but was finally persuaded to offer a reward of thirty thalers for this purpose.

Meanwhile, the old soldier had returned to his home, and had heard nothing of what had been going on in the capital until some time afterwards there fell into his hands an old newspaper containing the above mentioned advertisement. He kept this paper, put on his old Hunters' uniform, and immediately set out on foot for Berlin.

Having arrived there, he at once sought an audience with the king, which, under the pretext that he came in regard to the libellous placard, and would speak only with the king, was actually granted him.

Frederick the Great sat in his council chamber at his writing desk, and appeared to be in not a very good humor.

He left his visitor unnoticed for some time. Finally he turned to him:

"Now, what do you want?"

"Your Majesty, I came in regard to that placard. It states in this paper that—"

"Right. What do you know about it?"

"But shall I receive the promised reward, your Majesty?"

"If you are in condition to deliver up the right man, certainly."

"Under all circumstances, whoever it may be, your Majesty?"

"Zounds! Yes. Now, out with it!"

"Now, your Majesty, I myself have this placard—"

"Fellow, are you mad, or what is the matter with you?" cried Frederick, springing up. "Do you know what you will get for that?"

"I know it, your Majesty. I go to Spandau; but, if only my family receives the thirty thalers, then no matter what becomes of me."

And he told him in a few words in what condition he was, how he had often petitioned for a position, how he had in vain tried to see the king, how in his despair he had written this placard, and how he had come here in order to at least receive this reward.

While the old Hunter was speaking, the king had paced up and down the room with long strides.

"H'm, h'm," he growled, as if to himself, "that is certainly bad. In any case, another unpardonable negligence—But," said he, pausing in front of the soldier, "you did not need to do that. You could have tried once more, and you must have obtained a hearing. It certainly cannot be altered now. You must go to Spandau, and immediately."

"But my wife shall receive the thirty thalers?" cried the soldier, bursting into tears.

"She shall have it," said the king; "but prepare yourself to go to Spandau. I will give you a letter to the commandant," added he, in milder tone, and immediately seated himself to write the letter; but first he struck a little silver bell which stood on his desk, and turning again to the soldier, said in the presence of the servant who had promptly entered: "You have a long journey before you, and will be very hungry. Go into the kitchen, and let them give you something to eat."

The old corporal was led into the royal kitchen, and entertained. When he re-entered the royal apartment, the king had finished his letter, which he handed to him, saying, "You have come here from Kustrin on foot?"

"I have, your Majesty."

"Then you can also go on foot from here to Spandau. The country has no money to order an extra post for such people, the less that already thirty thalers have been spent on you."

"My family shall receive the money, your Majesty?"

"That is already attended to," answered the king, nodding, and added with threatening voice, "See to it that you go to Spandau, for otherwise—"

With a heavy heart the old man had entered the palace, with a heavy heart he stood again on the street. He had hoped, perhaps, to find favor with the king. But—to Spandau! It rang continually in his ears. What should he now do? Should he really go to prison, or should he try to escape? But how far could he go with his wooden leg? And then the last words of the king said to him only too plainly that, in that case, it would be still worse for him; for then the thirty thalers would be lost, and all have been in vain. Should he at least first inform his wife, who had no suspicion of the whole occurrence? But he could not bring his heart to witness the grief this would cause her, so he decided without delay to struggle on to Spandau. His family were now provided for, for the immediate present; and what should follow lay in God's hands.

Arrived at Spandau, he immediately had himself announced to the commandant, and found some consolation in recognizing in him his old sergeant. He could not help drawing a comparison between him and himself. While he, the severely wounded, almost perishing from want and distress, stood here now as prisoner, the other had already occupied this lucrative place some years.

The commandant was also highly

delighted to see his brave old comrade again.

"But how in the world did you come here?" asked he.

"I am your prisoner."

"My prisoner! It is not possible. How does that happen?"

"I am indeed. See for yourself."

He handed the commandant the letter from the king, and related his story.

"H'm, h'm," said the commandant. "That is strange. 'Old Fritz' isn't usually so severe. But," continued he, laying down the letter, which he had looked at on all sides, "if that is really so, let us first have a glass for old friendship's sake."

They seated themselves, drank several glasses of wine, and related some of their war experiences. The old prisoner had almost forgotten his condition, when, finally, the royal letter occurred to the commandant. "Now we will see what the old man writes," said he, while he opened the letter and read. Then he handed it to his old comrade, saying:

"Yes, that is something different. You are not prisoner, but commandant, the new commandant of Spandau."

And so it was. The great king had nobly revenged himself. The man who had made, instead of prisoner, commandant of the fortress of Spandau; and the old commandant, who had often requested it, he placed on the retired list.

The new commandant had scarcely become conscious of his good fortune, when a servant entered the room and announced a woman with three children, who wished urgently to speak to the commandant.

"Now," said the old commandant to the new, "it is yours to command whether you will allow them or not."

"Do as you will," said he. "As yet no one knows of the change."

Immediately, the woman rushed weeping into the room, and threw herself at the feet of the cripple.

"O father," cried she, "that for the sake of these few, miserable thalers you should make us so unhappy!"

It took a long time to quiet her and convince her of the condition of affairs.

And then she, in her turn, told how a messenger brought her thirty thalers, with an order from the king to take the money and use it to go immediately to Spandau, how then she had heard for the first time of the connection with the placard affair, and how she had now come to share the fate of her husband.

And she lay on his breast, and a ray of the golden, setting sun fell upon the happiest people ever surrounded by the walls of Spandau.

A Pleasant Steamboat Reminiscence.

CAPT. ST. CLAIR THOMASSEN, who died the other day, used to be commander of one of the great Mississippi steamers, and was fond of relating the incidents of a journey made on his boat by the famous prima donna from New Orleans to Louisville. His story runs as follows:

"When we were fairly on our way up the river, one of the ladies—she was a great belle in her day, the daughter of a senator, and afterwards a wife of one of our foreign ministers—came to me and asked whether it were really true that Miss Lind meant to keep her stateroom all the way to Memphis."

"Of course not," said I. "Everybody comes to dinner on my boat."

"Then I went to Barnum—Barnum, the showman—who was managing Miss Lind."

"Barnum," said I, "is Miss Lind getting ready for dinner?"

"Barnum looked surprised."

"Why no," said he, "Miss Lind eats her meals in her room."

"Not on my boat," said I; for you see I didn't want to disappoint the ladies."

Well, Barnum and I argued this awhile, and then I agreed to talk to Miss Lind myself about it. I knocked at the door of her stateroom.

"The pleasantest voice I ever heard said, 'Come in.'"

"Miss Lind," said I, "I am the captain of this boat. There are twenty ladies on board—ladies of the first station in America—whom I had brought anywhere from 200 to 600 miles down to New Orleans to hear and see you. They couldn't get even to the door of your concert-room for the crowd. So they

took passage on my boat again with no other hope than just to see you. They didn't mean to be rude—neither do I; but I do hope you will satisfy them and not seclude yourself all this long trip."

"My dear capitaine," said she, as pleasantly as could be, "I don't mean to hide myself. Why should I? But what would you have me do?"

"Come and sit at my right hand at dinner," said I. "It's nearly time for the bell to ring."

"Wiz ze greatest pleasure," said the great lady, and when dinner was ready she came out of her state room smiling, and bowed to everybody in the ladies' cabin, and sat down by my side.

"Will you not do me ze honaire to introduce me to ze ladies?" she said, and I introduced her to all the lady passengers that were at my table—all the ladies mind you. It was the most pleasant dinner I ever had. After dinner the tables were cleared away, and Miss Lind sat down on the sofa at the end of the cabin. I went forward to where Barnum was sitting, near the clerk's office.

"Barnum," I said, "won't Miss Lind sing something for the ladies?"

"Captain," said he, turning on me, "are you gone raving mad? Miss Lind sing in a public place like this! Why, man you make me laugh! Miss Lind gets a thousand dollars for every song she sings. Perhaps you've got a thousand dollars about you to spare. Offer her that, and then—"

"All right, Barnum," said I, "we'll see."

"Well, then, I went into the pantry and got my nigger band together. There was one likely young boy among 'em who had such a voice as you never heard. I was younger then, considerably than I am now, but I could never hear that boy sing one of his old plantation songs without the tears coming into my eyes. But I thought I would try him first. So one of the boys kept time on the banjo, and the fellow sang over his song. It was about a yellow girl who had been sold off into slavery from her Louisiana home into Georgia. I always thought the boy made it up himself. I never heard the music or the words before or since. The words didn't exactly rhyme; nor the music wasn't such as you hear in the opera, but I knew it would do. So I got the boys together in the cabin, and after they had played a while the boy sang his song. Miss Lind listened from first to last, and there were tears in her eyes, too, when it was through. I don't exactly know how it was, but five minutes afterward she was at the piano and sang first the music of that song as well as she could remember it, and then song after song of her own. And not only that evening either, but every evening that she was on the boat. The pianist of her troupe played too, and the other members of the company sang and played, and my ladies also, and such concerts there never were in all America before or since."

A Bonnet Museum.

SEVERAL years ago there died in western Massachusetts a venerable lady who for fifty years had been possessed with the singular whim of preserving and making a kind of museum of comparative fashions out of her old bonnets. Beginning with the one she had worn as a blooming bride, she never stopped till she had hung up at the end of the line the last that had crowned her snow-white head. Young people fortunate enough to be admitted to the huge attic on pegs around which was suspended this chronological attestation of the mutability of human taste and caprice would go into fits of laughter over the spectacle. How their grandfathers could have ever married their grandmothers, when the latter made such frights of themselves, seemed past comprehension. The startled imagination felt itself confronted with an antediluvian epoch, in which such terrific megatheria and pterodactyles of bonnets prevailed that the wonder was how the most undaunted of men could have ever dared to venture a marriage proposal to any face that would ensconce itself under such nodding horrors. So are the young in the pride of to-day ever tempted to make sport of their grandmothers; grandmothers, perhaps, who, in the flush of their prime, could have done an execution from out under their sugar-scoops with their spirited eyes and

blooming cheeks that would have left their presumptuous ridiculers of to-day nowhere in the race.

A Story of Ticonderoga.

IN THE middle of the last century the chief of the Campbells of Inverawe had been given an entertainment at his castle on the banks of the Awe. The party had broken up and Campbell was left alone. He was roused by a violent knocking at the gate, and was surprised at the appearance of one of his guests, with torn garments and dishevelled hair, demanding admission.

"I have killed a man and I am pursued by enemies. I beseech you to let me in. Swear upon your dirk—swear by Ben Cruachan—that you will not betray me."

Campbell swore, and placed the fugitive in a secret place in the house. Presently there was a second knocking at the gate. It was a party of his guests who said, "Your cousin Donald has been killed; where is the murderer?"

At this announcement Campbell remembered the great oath which he had sworn, gave an evasive answer, and sent off the pursuers in a wrong direction. He then went to the fugitive and said:

"You have killed my cousin Donald. I cannot keep you here."

The murderer appealed to his oath, and persuaded Campbell to let him stay for the night. Campbell did so, and retired to rest. In the visions of the night the blood-stained Donald appeared to him with these words: "Inverawe, Inverawe, blood has been shed; shield not the murderer." In the morning Campbell went to his guest, and told him that any further shelter was impossible. He took him however, to a cave in Ben Cruachan, and there left him. The night again closed in, and Campbell again slept, and again the blood-stained Donald appeared. "Inverawe, Inverawe, blood has been shed. Shield not the murderer." On the morning he went to the cave on the mountain, and the murderer had fled. Again at night he slept, and again the blood-stained Donald rose before him, and said: "Inverawe, Inverawe, blood has been shed. We shall not meet again till we meet at Ticonderoga." He woke in the morning, and behold, it was a dream. But the story of the triple apparition stayed by him, and he often told it among his kinsman, asking always what the ghost could mean by this mysterious word of their final rendezvous.

In 1758 there broke out the French and English war in America, which after many rebuffs ended in the conquest of Quebec by General Wolfe. Campbell, of Inverawe, went out with the Black Watch, the Forty-second Highland Regiment, afterward so famous. There on the eve of an engagement the general came to the officers and said: "We had better not tell Campbell the name of the fortress which we are to attack to-morrow. It is Ticonderoga; let us call it Fort George." The assault took place in the morning. Campbell was mortally wounded. These were his last words, "General, you have deceived me; I have seen him again. This is Ticonderoga."

How to Become a Lawyer.

A day or two ago, when a young man entered a Detroit lawyer's office to study law, the practitioner sat down beside him and said:

"Now, see here, I have no time to fool away, and if you don't pan out well I won't keep you here thirty days. Do you want to make a good lawyer?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, now listen. Be polite to old people, because they have cash. Be good to the boys, because they are growing up to a cash basis. Work in with reporters and get puff. Go to church for the sake of example. Don't fool any time away on poetry, and don't even look at a girl until you can plead a case. If you follow these instructions you will succeed. If you cannot, go and learn to be a doctor and kill your best friends."

A moment's work on clay tells more than an hour's labor on brick.—So work on the hearts should be done before they harden. During the first six or eight years of child-life mothers have chief sway, and this is the time to make the deepest and most enduring impression on the youthful mind.