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**Select Poetry.**

**WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER.**

BY A DISPLACED THREE-YEAR OLD.

Mozzer bought a baby,  
"Little bitty sing;  
Sink I mos could put him  
From my rubber ring.  
An't he awful ugly?  
An't he awful pluk?  
"Just come down from heaven."  
Vat's a fib, I sink.

Doctor told anozer  
Great big awful lie;  
Nose an't out of joint zen,  
Vat an't why I cry.  
Mamma stays up bedroom—  
Guess he makes her sick;  
Frow him in ze gutter,  
if I can right quick.

Cuddle him and love him!  
Call him "Bressed sing!"  
Don't care if my kitten an't  
Got a bit of string!  
Send me off with Biddy  
Every single day.  
"Be a good boy, Charlie!  
Run away and play."

"Sink I ought to love him!"  
No, I won't; so zare!  
Nassy, crying baby,  
Not got any hair,  
Got all my nice kleses,  
Got my place in bed,  
Mean to take my drum stick,  
And crack him on the head.

**Vision of a Shipwreck in the Gulf of Suez.**

IN 1869 I was in Suez, in command of the British steamship Neera, belonging to the Bombay and Bengal steamship company—a company owning a line of steamers born of the necessities of the manufacturing world when the supply of American cotton was so largely cut off by the war of the rebellion. The line was under the management of Wm. F. Stearns, now deceased, son of the late Professor Stearns, of Amherst College—a man who, going to India penniless, developed qualities which enabled him to rise on the flood-tide of prosperity to a colossal fortune and high social position, but, as it proved, only to see his riches float out on the receding tide, and leave his family but poorly provided for at his untimely death.

The Neera was lying in Suez Roads, the canal not being yet open, awaiting passengers, etc., before sailing on her return voyage to Bombay. The Peninsular and Oriental company's steamship Carnatic was also about ready to sail for the same port, and only waiting mails and passengers. It happened that the passengers for the two steamers came across the Isthmus together, and that two old friends and schoolmates met, the one to join the Neera and the other the Carnatic. A day was spent by the friends, who unexpectedly met on the Egyptian desert, in recounting their experience since they last parted, and, naturally enough, there was a good deal of badinage between them as to the comparative merits of the two steamers, and as to which should first land on the "coral strand" upon which these "griffins" were to be initiated into their duties in the "Civil Service" to which they had been newly appointed.

The Carnatic was the first to be ready, and sailed from Suez in the morning; the Neera left early in the evening, some ten or twelve hours after the mail steamer. The night

was fine, and at breakfast time we had passed Shaduan Island, were out of the Gulf of Suez and into the Red Sea proper. Breakfast was served on the deck, under double awnings of heavy canvas. The young gentleman who had left his friends the day before seemed somewhat depressed in spirits and during breakfast said rather anxiously: "Captain, at what time did we stop last night?"

"Stop! We have not stopped since leaving," was the reply.

"Not even to take soundings?"

"No; the engines have not been eased since leaving port."

The young man seemed much surprised, and finally said that he had a most vivid and remarkable dream during the night, and that he proceeded to relate in substance, as follows:

"In my dream it appeared to me that the steamer was stopped during the night, and that I went on deck to ascertain the cause. I saw a boat pulling off from the island to intercept us, and a lantern was waved to arrest our attention. As the boat came nearer I saw my friend Morton standing in the stern. As he came up the gangway I said, 'For God's sake, Morton, what brings you here?' I never saw him plainer, nor heard his voice more distinctly than when he said: 'The Carnatic has struck a rock and gone down; the passengers and crew are on an island close by, all safe, and we want your ship to take them on board.' I dreamed that our ship stopped until other boats came off with the remainder of the people, and we then proceeded."

The narration of the dream made a profound impression upon the passengers, but the captain, as in duty bound, laughed it off. The young man proved a jolly sort of fellow, but was called "the dreamer" during the rest of the voyage.

On arriving at Aden, five days later, before our anchor was down, we were hailed by a boat which had been dispatched from the Peninsular and Oriental office and asked if we had any news of the Carnatic, that ship being a day overdue. We had no news to give, but our dreamer quietly remarked to me: "You may find that there is more in my dream than you supposed."

A few hours completed our coaling, and we were off again for Bombay. On arrival at that port we heard the news of the loss of the Carnatic, and the circumstances were just as narrated to us two weeks before. The ship struck on a rock near Shaduan Island, some twelve hours after leaving Suez. The passengers and crew were landed on the island. The steamer subsequently slid off the rock and went down in deep water. During the night a steamer's lights were seen by the shipwrecked crew, and a boat was sent out to intercept her. Our dreamer's friend Morton went in the first boat. The remainder of the people were subsequently taken on board, and the rescuing steamer proceeded on her voyage to Suez. Except that another steamer, not the Neera, rescued the party, the dreamer told the story as well as it could be told today.

It seems probable that our dreamer's vision was shown him at the very moment the shipwrecked people were embarking upon the steamer which came to their aid, and that the Neera was not ten miles from the scene at the time.

It may be stated, in conclusion, to show the perfection to which the postal system of the world has arrived, that the only letter addressed to the writer which ever failed to reach him in all his twenty years' wanderings went down in the Carnatic.

**How the Bet Was Settled.**

A BARTENDER always takes the opposite view of everything. The other day Mr. Gallagher was in a Court street saloon and tipped his chair too far back and went over and jammed his head into a cuspidor and was considerably hurt.

The incident annoyed him, and the bartender told him he hadn't ought to swear. Gallagher said that under the influence of sudden pain five men out of six would swear.

The bartender wouldn't believe it, and the result was a bet. Then, for the test, Gallagher got an ordinary

brick and heated it fearfully hot and placed it on the marble bar.

Now a brick doesn't show heat, and therefore it was not surprising that when Mr. Guff came in and saw the brick on the bar he should pick it up. He, however, showed no disposition to put it in his pocket or do anything else with it. He immediately laid it down and made frantic gestures and said a number of wicked things. Then came a butcher, who also picked up the brick and put it down. He looked around savagely, and after freeing his mind of some unholy sentiments, said he shouldn't see anybody laugh, as he preferred not to be under the necessity of doing murder.

The next victim was a Chinaman, and he spoke every word of English he knew, and two-thirds of what he remarked would have been considered improper in a Sunday school. He joined Mr. Guff and the butcher in sucking his fingers and watching for the next man.

The next one came in the form of a prominent politician, and as he placed the brick upon the bar his language sounded like after-election talk.

The bartender began to be nervous, but the next man merely pranced about and wildly waved his hands without saying a word. It appeared that he was a dumb man. So the next man would decide the bet.

He was a young man from the lumber districts of Maine and didn't look like a talkative chap. But when he got hold of that brick his jaw seemed to become loose, and the way he blasphemed even shocked a parrot, and the butcher said he'd give seventy-five dollars if he could talk like that.

Gallagher had won. He rose up and explained the affair.

The six, headed by the young man from Maine, started for him as one man. They pulled him all over the place. They brushed the ceiling with him, used him for a football, threw him down the cellar, tore his clothes off, and made him drink water. They said they wanted to see if it would make him swear. It did.

**A Case with Romance and Deep Mystery.**

A SPECIAL dispatch from Providence Rhode Island, says: The Quaker portion of this community has been rocked to its very centre over the tragic death of one of their society, a very pretty little blonde, thirty-one years of age, and named Elsie Ann Chace. Miss Chace was the only daughter of Collins and Elsie M. Chace, and lived with her parents on the old Chace farm, near the Pawtucket line in the northern suburbs of the city. Her father, died two or three years ago, and, leaving no will, one-third of his estate went to his widow and two-thirds to his daughter. After Collins Chace died, Neil Neilson, a Swede, was employed by the widow as a man of all work. Neilson was thirty-three years old, good looking mild mannered, unobtrusive, of good reputation, but almost unable to converse except in his native tongue. During his engagement as general utility man about the farm, he became very much attached to Elsie, who frequently accompanied him into the field and about the farm, apparently reciprocating his attachment. Her mother was much averse to her marrying anyone, and being literally under her mother's thumb her life was anything but a happy one. However, Neilson persuaded Elsie to marry him, and on October 24, 1880, the two drove to East Providence, where they were united by Rev. L. S. Woodworth of Rumford. Their marriage was a clandestine one. Elsie met him at the trusting place, and going to Pawtucket they hired a team and drove to the place where they were married. After the ceremony a certificate was asked for, but as Mr. Woodworth did not have any blanks with him they were forced to return home without it, though one was afterward sent to Neilson by the town clerk of East Providence.

Elsie told her mother of the marriage on the following morning, and, as expected, a row ensued. For a day or two Mrs. Chace refused to recognize her son-in-law, but afterward she appeared to have relented, and Neilson and his wife maintained an affectionate relationship that promised to be a last-

ing one. No change was manifest in the feeling of the household until one day Dr. Welcome O. Brown, also a member of the Society of Friends, came to the farm. The doctor who is general adviser for the family, had a talk with Mrs. Chace, the result of which was the sudden removal of Elsie from the farm to the residence of Elizabeth Medder of this city, also a Friend. Neilson had a very tender and affectionate interview with his wife that very day, and was at a loss to account for her disappearance. After Elsie had gone Dr. Brown went for the Swede, and, under the threat of arrest and imprisonment, frightened the poor fellow so thoroughly that he picked up his effects and went away. It was more than a week before he obtained a clue to the whereabouts of his wife. Then he found her with a Friend—Huldah M. Beebe, Oak street this city. He had a writ of habeas corpus issued, and his wife brought into court, but Elsie had been so thoroughly intimidated that she refused to go with her husband, and Huldah Beebe prevented her from speaking to him after the court had ruled in the case, although she desired to do so. Elsie was taken back to the old farm house, and there lived until her death, on the 28th of January last.

The manner of her death aroused the suspicions of the city authorities, who ordered an inquest to be held. On the day of her death Elsie complained, when sitting at the breakfast table, of being sick at her stomach, and of having a severe headache. An hour later she attempted to sweep and dust, but became so ill that she had to lie down on the lounge. She began to vomit freely, ejecting a yellowish substance, which grew darker and darker as the sickness continued. After she had been in that condition for six hours, her mother sent for Dr. Brown, who reached the farm at 4 p. m. He gave her a little brandy and water, but seeing that she was sinking he sent for Dr. Lloyd Morton, of Pawtucket, who got to the house just in time to see the poor girl die, but not until she had repeatedly protested that she had eaten or drunk nothing to make her sick. Coroner Palmer, the city physician, ordered an autopsy, which was made by Dr. Morton, Dr. Brown being present by courtesy and passing the time in taking notes of the examination and in repeating them to Mrs. Chace, who was in an adjoining room. Dr. Morton's report only strengthened the suspicions already entertained by Coroner Palmer, and by his orders the stomach of the dead wife, with some of the matter ejected by her when alive, was sent to Henry W. Vaughn, analytical chemist, and formerly state assayer. Chemist Vaughn made a careful analysis of the stomach and its contents, returning a statement to Coroner Palmer last Thursday noon. A coroner's jury was then sworn in, the body viewed and identified as that of Elsie A. Chace, and an adjournment made to the central police station. The body when taken from the tomb and exposed to view was fully preserved.

"At the inquest it was determined to examine every member of the household, and an officer was sent to the farm to summon them. He found that the work girl and a woman named Esten, who attended Elsie through her last painful hours, had been spirited away. He called the mother, and in response was met by Huldah Beebe, who allowed the officer to believe that she was Mrs. Chace, until he began to read the legal document requiring her presence in court, when she remarked: 'That is mistaken. I am not Elsie M. Chace.' The officer was then shown into a room, where Mrs. Chace was reclining on a lounge. She was too weak to talk or move, but when threatened with arrest if she did not comply with the summons, quickly got up and dressed and drove to town.

"At the inquest Mrs. Chace told the story of her daughter's death without the slightest sign of emotion in her voice or features. She declared that her daughter had drunk nothing but milk that morning, and though suspecting poison at first, she came to the conclusion that her daughter died from natural causes. Dr. Morton then gave the result of his autopsy, which he declared, showed conclusively that Elsie had been killed by arsenical poisoning. Dr. Brown was next called.

He detailed his visit to the farm, said that he found the girl sick with symptoms of poisoning, but would not inject morphine when requested so to do by the suffering woman, as he 'feared complications.' He was pressed for an answer as to what he considered was the actual cause of her death, and replied, Gastroenteric irritation, brought on by sudden cold and undue exposure to inclement weather. He was sure that Elsie had not been poisoned; she had denied to him that she had done or taken anything to make her sick."

"Dr. Brown was permitted to remain and hear the next witness, Chemist Vaughn, who read the result of the several analyses made by him. He showed that the stomach and vomit were filled with commercial arsenic, and that between thirty and forty grains of the poison had been recovered. He estimated the dose taken as a teaspoonful and a half. While this testimony was being given Dr. Brown was fidgety as could be, squirming about in his chair like an eel.

"Coroner Palmer rested the inquest at this point, intending to take up the case some day this week. He will introduce testimony showing that Elsie was perpetually and systematically bulldozed, and that there was a lack of harmony between her mother and herself. One very peculiar feature of the case is the fact that two days before Elsie's death she made a will bequeathing all her property to her mother, and cutting off her husband entirely. The will will be contested, the Friends having come forward and taken up the Swede's side, and it is said that the will, which was witnessed by Dr. Brown and alleged to have been signed in his office, will be broken on the ground of undue influence. That the girl was murdered is generally believed about town. Various motives are assigned for the deed, and the police believe they have got on the trail of the perpetrators. The Swede attempted to attend the funeral of his wife, but was driven away from the house by Dr. Brown, thereby creating the turmoil existing in the Society of Friends."

**Why He Suffered.**

After a little dissertation on the troubles and annoyances of hotel clerks, a San Francisco paper relates the following anecdote. A recent visitor from Australia was rather taken aback the other day by the politeness of the Hotel, where he had taken up his quarters. The day after his arrival, which happened to be one of the windiest of the season, he went out for a stroll around the streets of Frisco to see the sights and exhibit his linen covered helmet. He returned to the hotel rubbing his eyes and very much disgusted, remarked to the clerk:

"You have a great deal of dust here in San Francisco."  
"Y-a-s," drawled the clerk, "I suffer from it myself."  
"Weak eyes?" inquired the stranger.  
"No, sir."  
"Your lungs are affected then?"  
"Not much," yawned the clerk.  
"In what way then, do you suffer from the dust?" asked the somewhat surprised Australian.  
"By hearing about sixty times an hour every fool who comes in here say, 'You have a good deal of dust here in San Francisco.'"

**Husbands, on Commission.**

A Chicago merchant accompanied a Milwaukee gentleman—an old friend—to his home, where he had been many times a guest before. In a conversation with the charming daughter of his host, he rallied her on her continuance in a state of single blessedness. She replied that none of the Milwaukee beaux were to her taste, and in an indifferent way inquired if Chicago had any nice young men disengaged. Receiving an affirmative reply, she remained a minute or two in a brown study, and then brightening up, said in a bantering tone:

"Well, you are a commission merchant; send me down a nice young man and I will allow you a commission of 10 cents a pound."  
The Milwaukee girl got her nice young man in due time. The commission charges were just \$19.50.