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Select Poetry.

TYPE PICTURES.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE:



There is a land of tears and bitter wailing. A land most like that drear one Dante knew. Where wan-faced Niobus, with dark robes trailing...

AND NOW LOOK ON THIS:



There is a land that flows with milk and honey. Not the Condensed nor yet the Sorghum strains. Each dweller bears a gripsack full with money...

DEBBY'S ADVENTURE.

MISS NANCY BARLOW was standing on her kitchen porch churning, and singing that ancient melody, "Billy Boy," in a voice that was not as sweet and musical as it might have been...

Beside Tabby and Bruno there was among Miss Nancy's audience Grandma Barlow, Miss Nancy's mother, an aged lady of at least seventy, who also yielded to the drowsy influence of the warm September afternoon...

"What a girl you do be, anyhow! will you ever settle down?" "I hope, my respected aunt, to some day develop into a prodigy of refinement and dignity, in fact papa sent me out to you, that I might begin the settling-down process, and as I stand in about as much awe of you as I do of Miss Tabby here, it is probable I shall do just as I please all the time I am here...

"How you do talk," said the astonished Miss Nancy. "I can't make head nor tail of anything you say." "Head nor tail," my dear aunt, is an expression approaching vulgarity; you should say you do not clearly comprehend the meaning of my words...

come, Miss Nancy provides herself with a huge wooden bowl and ladle, and with her great red arms bare to the elbow, and an immense gingham apron tied about her waist, she separates the yellow butter from the milk, and proceeds to "work" in a vigorous manner...

Flies at and embraces a young miss of about sixteen, in a pretty gray-and-black traveling suit, and coquettish little round hat with a mass of frizzes and braids under it and a pair of great, laughing black eyes and rosy cheeks...

And the young lady released herself from her devoted aunt's embrace, affectionately kissed the old lady, who was wide awake now, as were Tabby and Bruno, who exhibited signs of recognition and joy as soon as they saw Miss Deb...

"I declare, aunty, if everything isn't just as natural as can be; you, and grandma, and Tab, and Bruno, and—yes, as I live, if there isn't His Royal Highness, Sir Charles, as pompous and gorgeous as ever, and how is your Most Excellent Majesty?"

And here Deb made a series of mock salaams, which the royal rooster received in a manner becoming so majestic a fowl.

"And you are not changed a bit, my dear Deborah," said Miss Nancy; "you look exactly as you did last year when you were out to see us, only a little taller, and—I orient say it before you—prettier, and, I reckon, more like a woman."

"Oh, yes!" laughed Miss Deb, "ever and ever so much more like a lady; in proof of which, I propose to go out into the dear, old barn as soon as I get rested, and have a good roll and tumble in the hay-mows, and, as a sample of my great womanly dignity and sweetness, I may possibly stand on my head in a corner, as I used to do."

"O Lor!" giggled Miss Nancy, "if you ain't just Deb yet, in spite of your sixteen years and gown that touches behind."

"Yes, ma'am, and in spite of the fact that there is coming in my trunk another gown that has a twelve-inch train, in which I am not a whit more dignified than I used to be in my Gabrielle and pinafore. Alas! Dignity and Decorum, why forsakest thou me?"

"What a girl you do be, anyhow! will you ever settle down?" "I hope, my respected aunt, to some day develop into a prodigy of refinement and dignity, in fact papa sent me out to you, that I might begin the settling-down process, and as I stand in about as much awe of you as I do of Miss Tabby here, it is probable I shall do just as I please all the time I am here, and return to the city so wild that it will be necessary to put me in irons to keep me still. I told papa that his plan of sending me out here to "settle down," was like turning a wild colt out of a pen into a field to keep it from running about and kicking up its heels, the elegance of which simile must be apparent to any one of real culture and refinement."

"How you do talk," said the astonished Miss Nancy. "I can't make head nor tail of anything you say." "Head nor tail," my dear aunt, is an expression approaching vulgarity; you

should say you do not clearly comprehend the meaning of my words, and that—is that Uncle Nathan over yonder in the field? If I don't skip right out there and ride home on a load of hay, it will be because I faint and fall by the wayside before I reach the goal of my wild ambition!"

And off ran the versatile, sprightly Deb, followed by the barking Bruno, the pair causing great consternation among the barn-yard fowls, by rushing into their midst with whoop and halloo, thereby causing the feathered bipeds to fly squawking in every direction, the most astonished lot of biddies ever heard of.

Uncle Nathan sees the pair coming, and mentally wonders who is with his dog. He knows it is not his sister Nancy, for never in all her life had that good woman been known, under the most urgent circumstances, to deviate in the least from her usual slow pace, and the lady with Bruno is coming at the remarkable rate of at least a mile in ten minutes; but as soon as she gets near enough to be heard, and cries out,—

"Clear the track for the fast train!" He knows at once who is coming, and being a remarkably jolly old bachelor, he takes out his huge, red silk handkerchief, and, wildly waving it around his head, runs toward the pair with loud cries of "Stop! stop! danger ahead!" receives Miss Deb in his arms, she crying out,—

"Shocking accident! The engines collide! Both mashed!"

Deby Barlow was Aunt Nancy's and Nathan Barlow's brother's daughter, who lived in the city, and paid yearly visits to the farm, where she was always received with extravagant expressions of delight by her aunt and uncle and aged grandmother, notwithstanding the fact that she always set at defiance all of Aunt Nancy's rules of order and tidiness, and would convert the sitting-room into an infirmary for any crippled gosling or chicken she might find, and would play at hide and seek with Bruno in every room of the house, not even excepting that chamber of grandeur and state, Miss Nancy's parlor, the very atmosphere of which room was calculated to fill ordinary mortals with awe and reverence, so stiff and solemn looking were the high-backed chairs, and family portraits of a whole generation of deceased Barlows, that graced the walls in huge walnut and gilt frames.

"I declare," said Miss Nancy, as Deb disappeared in a cloud of dust round the barn, "I must really be stricter on that girl; she is getting too old to carry on so. Why, lawdy me! when I was her age I'd cut an' pieced seven quilts with my own hands, and when company come I'd never think of openin' my mouth; an' when Deb was here last fall and Deacon Graves called she talked him most to death, and would talk and laugh with the Prince of Wales, I do believe, if she got a chance; but, then, all girls are more forward than they used to be; but, then, Deb is worse than the general run of girls, so awful full of mischief!"

"Pshaw! Nancy, let the child be, it does me good to see and hear her, an' goodness knows the time 'll come soon enough for her to be less gay and thoughtless," said Grandmother Barlow.

"I reckon so," assented Miss Nancy. "There's none of us that don't run agin the dividing line between the joys of youth and the cares of age sooner or later, an' when once the line is passed there's no stepping back. There comes Nathan with a load of hay across the field, and Deb standing up on top of it; if she don't tumble off and break her neck, it will be a miracle that I shall be thankful for."

But Deb did not fall off the load of hay, and when the wagon stopped before the great barn-doors, she came sliding and laughing down into Uncle Nathan's arms, with her hair flying in sad disorder about her face and shoulders, and all her dainty ruffles and bows terribly crushed, which sad accident, she informed her horror-stricken aunt, should not occur again, as she vowed she had made an arrangement with her Uncle Nathan, the terms of which were that she was to wear a suit of his old clothes during the remainder of her stay in the country, an arrangement that met with a decided veto from Miss Nancy, who

exhibited signs of fainting when the plan was made known to her.

"Aunt Nancy," said Deb, at the tea-table, "will you please jog your memory and tell me what you promised me last fall?"

"Why,—why," said Aunt Nancy, meditatively, "I don't remember promising you anything excepting those half dozen old china plates that you think are so pretty, and I was not to give you them until you were married; surely you are not going to call on me soon to fulfill that promise?"

"I should say not," laughed Deb. "I have not even thought about taking unto myself a husband, although when I do so, I shall expect the plates at once, for myself and that remote and contingent hero, my husband, to dine from; but think again, and tell me what promise I extorted from you, by dint of much pleading and coaxing."

"Well," resumed Aunt Nancy, "I promised you my green silk dress when I died, and my white lace shawl, and—and—why, yes, there was something said about giving you a party, eh?"

"I think," demurely replied Deb, "that the subject of a party was casually referred to among our wise deliberations, in fact, I think it formed the greater part of my conversation for two weeks, but you refused to give me a party then, because grandma was not very well, but you gave me a solemn promise that you would give me a party this fall if grandma were well, and I remained a good girl; and, here, grandma is unusually hale and hearty, and I have been a miracle of goodness, and am come to demand of you that you keep your promise."

"Oh, pshaw! Deby! I—I—" "Aunt Nancy Ann Barlow," demanded Deb, in mock tragedy, "do you desire to see your young and lovely niece go into fits? If not, fulfill your promise. I have looked forward to that party for a whole year as one of the grand events of my life; and surely you would not crush me to earth by refusing my desire?"

"Oh, of course not," replied Aunt Nancy. "Have a dozen parties if you want to, although it will be the first time my house was ever filled by a passel of giddy-headed youngsters."

"O you dear, duck of an aunt!" cried impulsive Deb, giving Miss Nancy a loving hug, and kissing her raptuously on both cheeks. "I just never did see so good a woman; and now for that party! We'll have the three Duncan girls, and the Vale girls and boys, and Fred Lane, and all the nice boys and girls in the neighborhood, not forgetting my particular star,—Tommy Deane, the fellow who wears a green necktie, and parts his hair in the middle. O me Thomas! how my heart thrills at the mention of thy name!"

All this Miss Deb said in so utterly absurd a tone and such a wonderful rolling up of her eyes, that even sedate grandma smiled, while Uncle Nathan and Aunt Nancy were convulsed with laughter.

"As the prime mover in this affair, I proclaim that the party will come off on next Tuesday night, and Miss Nancy Barlow and myself will on to-morrow afternoon ride out in state behind Dobbin in the carryall, and deliver the invitations by word of mouth, as we have not the advantage of postoffice facilities, or small boys at the rate of ten cents an hour."

And having finished this harangue, Miss Deb enjoined silence on everybody while she told her fortune with the coffee grounds in her cup, in which, after several moments spent in staring into the cup, she vowed she beheld herself on the way to church, in bridal attire, with the loveliest young man on earth by her side, which young man she proclaimed to be Tommy Deane.

According to previous arrangement, Miss Nancy and Deb rode out on the following afternoon, and invited the young people far and near to attend the party at Miss Nancy's, the invitations being received with great delight, for Miss Nancy and Uncle Nathan were general favorites with the young folks, and they knew by past experience that wherever Deb was, there was also fun and jollity in the highest degree; for Deb brought no city airs and manners into the country, but conformed herself to country customs with such charming

naturalness, and entered so heartily into all the country games and amusements, that she also was a great favorite with both old and young, and her visits were always looked forward to with the most delightful anticipations.

Deb was looked upon by the youth of the neighborhood as the very personification of all that was beautiful, witty, and wise, and no one shared this belief to a fuller extent than Tommy Deane, notwithstanding the fact that Deb teased him most unmercifully on every possible occasion, although she really liked the boy, who was a good-natured fellow of eighteen, and just the right age to be highly susceptible to the charms of a young lady of Deb's calibre.

Of course Tommy received an invitation to the party,—I verily believe he would have committed suicide had he not,—and was in a high state of expectancy until the very evening of the party; in fact, his impatience for the eventful evening to arrive was so great, that his mother, who was remarkable for the elegance of her comparisons, declared that he was "like a hen on a hot griddle;" but as we don't believe that Mrs. Deane or any other woman ever had the pleasure of seeing a hen on a hot griddle, the comparison was a far-fetched and an unjust one.

Deb employed herself now in making extensive arrangements for the party, her first and greatest duty being to rearrange the furniture and re-hang the pictures in a manner that would make the general aspect of the rooms more cheerful and inviting, and less stiff and gloomy.

"For you see, aunty," Deb said to the astonished Miss Nancy, "it looks too awful stiff and prim to see six chairs in a row against one wall, and people do not hang their pictures nowadays within a half inch of each other, and the manner in which you hang your curtains is positively shocking."

The day of the party arrived. All the morning Deb had been flying from room to room, putting a bouquet in a quaint old vase here and there, and hanging some pretty little engraving in a vacant corner; and then out she would fly into the kitchen, and stir cake, and cut fantastical shapes in the pie-crust, and make herself generally useful.

"Deb, dear," said Aunt Nancy, "run out to the barn, and see if you can find me five more eggs to make a jelly cake with."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Deb, "and if I'm not back in fifteen minutes, you can understand that I am employed in the occupation of chasing the calves around in the back lot."

And, seizing a small basket and huge blue gingham sunbonnet, the property of her aunt, Deb ran out toward the barn.

Not finding the eggs, although she burrowed around in every corner and manger of the barn, Deb went out into the barnyard and severely upbraided all the fowls there for their idleness, which reproach the fowls received with deep humiliation, of course.

Suddenly a brilliant idea came into Deb's curly head.

"I know what I'll do. I'll take this basket and go over on those bluffs yonder, and get a basket full of those lovely ferns and grasses that grow there, to decorate the parlor with. How pretty they will look arranged above the pictures on the walls!"

And without any further hesitation, off ran Deb to the bluffs, which were fully a mile and a half from the house, although seemingly nearer.

In a very short time Deb found herself on the very top of the highest bluff, where she sat down to rest and look around on the beautiful scene spread out before her.

"How beautiful!" cried enthusiastic Deb, looking down at Uncle Nathan's fine farm, and the old farm-house below her, while to the right, stretching far, far away, was a broad, open prairie, with innumerable cattle grazing upon it; to her left was a long, irregular line of bluffs, covered with grand old trees and beautiful ferns and flowers; but the prettiest picture of all was Deb herself, sitting on an old, moss-covered stump, in her pretty, neat-fitting print dress and white apron, the blue sunbonnet thrown back on her shoulders, and