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Miss Higgin's Man.

FOR thirty years Miss Higgins had looked under the bed every night and had never found a man there, yet still she looked. Whether it was fear that impelled that deathlike research or a fatality that was beckoning her to her fate, I know not.

Indeed, at the informal tea-drinking of the allied forces of Chesterville, the three Misses Wheeler and the two Misses Jones, she had often excelled them all in the withering tone with which she would repeat: "Man! man!" and no one could breathe greater defiance at this foe than she.

As Eunice Higgins well remarked: "That would put an end to widowers pretty lively." And with this remark the Hyson flowed, and the wassail went on—with such a spirit that, Aurelia Wilder, the most radical, added another clause: "That the children of widowers should be thrown in too, and not be a botherin' other women."

Now if any one thinks that Miss Eunice Higgins was a woman devoid of virtues and womanly graces, I pity them—they are so utterly mistaken.—She had assisted a drunken father through the world, till he made his exit—sustained and supported a feeble mother—and three or four children older but more helpless than she, till the mother went home to her reward, and the children had found flourishing homes for themselves, with the exception of the oldest son, who had followed his father's foot steps, literally.

The night on which commences my humble history, Miss Higgins went to her room in unusual good humor. She had had a tea party. The allies had all been present, and admitted unanimously that such fragrant tea, such snowy biscuits and honey, such golden butter, such cakes and sweetmeats had not been partaken of that season.

She saw again the sinking sun shining in, through her house plants in the window, upon the crimson druggert of the dining room; the snowy tea table with its silver and pink sprigged china; the admiring faces of her friends as they partook of her delicious food.

By this time she was arrayed in her long white night dress and night cap. She folded up every article of clothing, and laid it down at right angles, she

looked up at her breastpin, and then impelled by fate she calmly advanced to the side of the bed, and raised the snowy valances—gave one shriek, and fell back on the carpet, hitting her head as she did so on a chair rocker.

Miss Higgins had often fancied how she would awe such a robber, such a burglar, with her fearless and searching glances; how she would defend her property with her life. Let us not be too hard with her—she is not the only one of us who has found that it is more easy to dream of great achievements than to accomplish them.

But Eunice Higgins was not the one to wither away before a calamity. Not long did she lie there; but as short a time as it was, when she lifted her head her man confronted her. He was a very small man, indeed, not more than seven years old, and small at that, very good looking and well clothed, although exceedingly dishevelled and uncomfortable in appearance.

"How came you here, under my bed?"

This was the first question, but it was repeated before he answered, with drooping head and glances: "I've runned away."

"Run away from where?"

"From our folks."

"Who is your folks?"

"Father."

Here the dialogue terminated suddenly. Eunice Higgins becoming suddenly conscious that a night gown and night cap was not the proper raiment in which to entertain even so small a man. Out in the pleasant sitting room, beneath the warm light of kerosene gleaming through rose geraniums, and the keener light of Eunice Higgins' eyes, the inquisition was continued. From which these facts were gleaned: That the boy, Johnny Dale, had been so tried with his father, because he wouldn't let him go to a circus, that he had run away. It was early in the morning, he said, and he had got a ride with a teamster, and had rode with him till afternoon, so he must have come some distance. After the teamster had stopped he had walked on, and coming to her door in the twilight, he thought he would ask her for supper, but there was no one in; Miss Higgins had gone "a piece" with her visitors.

Miss Higgins had found the man she had been looking for for thirty years, but now the question arose, what was she to do with him? As he had no designs upon her property or her life, she could not lecture him therefor. And as his courage arose, he displayed a pretty—a very pretty—face, surmounted by a mass of white curls, in which shone two hen's feathers. Miss Higgins was very neat, but where is the feathered bed that will not occasionally shed a few tears, dry tears happily falling over memories of former nights?

Miss Higgins' good sense, backed by her good heart, taught her that what her man needed now was a good supper and a bed. But in the morning the question again vexed her. What was she to do with her man—should she advertise him? Again she questioned him in the sun lighted dining room at his excellent breakfast.

"Whereabouts do your folks live—in what place?"

He looked up mildly at her, with a large piece of peach pie midway between his plate and his mouth, and answered obediently: "Our folks' house."

"Who is your folks?"

"Father."

The allies were called in; the stiffly-starved inquest sat on Miss Higgins' man. The additional result of their over-questioning being that the father of Miss Higgins' man belonged to that corrupt and shameless sect—widowers. Miss Higgins trembled.

"Had she not better dispose of her man at once? Was it not partly encouraging widowers in their nefarious doings, to harbor these small men?"

She asked these questions with some relenting of heart, for already had the childish charms of her man been upon her, and it was with great relief that she heard the decision of Aurelia, the most radical of the allies.

"No! keep him here. Such a chance was seldom vouchsafed to the allies to teach one of these men—widowers—a lesson they would not soon forget.—Punish that wretch, that unnatural widower, by saying nothing about the child. Let him think he was lost; let him hunt him up the best way he can."

The younger Miss Jones—she was only forty and naturally timid and apprehensive—suggested that "it would be just like one of these men to come right here to Miss Higgins' after him. There wasn't anything they hadn't the face to do. It would be just like one of 'em to walk into her sittin'-room."

Here Miss Higgins remarked with spirit: "She would like to see him walk into her house. He wouldn't stir a step beyond the hall, and as for that stair carpet she was going to take it up and cleanse it anyway."

This remark, which was warmly applauded, terminated the conference.

Johnny did not seem averse to the arrangement. He was at the age when bodily comfort overshadows the mental. He appeared to have a great deal of affection for his father, but there was a Sarah Ann at the very mention of whose name he almost gnashed his teeth. "She was awful, she had shaken him, pinched him and pulled his hair."

Eunice Higgins' warm heart almost melted within her at the recital of his sufferings.

A week passed away, and daily had Miss Higgins' man gained upon her affections. She was the youngest child of her parents, and had never known the delights of childish society. She had dwelt so long alone, that to have that bright, manly little face opposite hers at the breakfast table, looking out of the window, hailing her return from her short absence, his merry, innocent prattle and ringing laugh, were all more agreeable to her than she would be willing to acknowledge.

She grew lenient to the boyish nerve of her man, for the best of boys have unregulated moments; looked benignantly at him as he capered in the garden paths in startling proximity to her marrowfats and cluster cucumbers. She ravelled out a long stocking, and out of one of her second best Morocco shoes made a ball for him; and when he lost it in her best meadow, she herself boldly breasted the clover waves, side by side with him in pursuit of it.

So that beautiful week passed away, and one morning Eunice Higgins was called from her snowy dairy rooms by a ring at the front door.

Opening it, she confronted a pleasant looking man of about her own age.—Woman's unerring intuition said to her, "That is he." Here was the opportunity to wither him with her glances. But how could she when he looked so much like Johnny, just such a pleasant, manly look to his face. Eunice did not wither him.

"I have been informed, Madam, that there has been a boy, a runaway boy, here—is it so?"

Instead of the prussic acid and vinegar that she had designed to have in her tone, the likeness to her man so softened her voice, that it was only pleasantly acidulous like a ripe lemon, as she replied, "Yes, sir, it is."

"Is he here now?"

"Yes, sir, he is."

His anxious eyes so brightened at this that she entirely forgot her carpets and her enmity, and actually invited him in.

No sooner was he seated that Johnny ran in with eager eyes.

"Father! Father!"

He threw his arms around his father's neck and kissed his bearded lip, and then, in his delight, he turned and threw his arms around Eunice Higgins' neck, and kissed her with the same pair of lips, and still Miss Higgins could say, in the dying words of the great statesman: "I still live!"

Mr. Dale was a man of means and

leisure. He thought the air of the town exceedingly good. He obtained board for the summer, for himself and son, at the little hotel. But in all Chesterville, no air was so salubrious, he thought, as the air of Miss Eunice Higgins' parlor, consequently he sought that healthful retreat often, Johnny going before like an olive branch.

Day after day did Mr. Dale tread over the immaculate purity of her carpets, and they were not taken up and cleansed. Hour after hour did he sit upon her parlor sofa, and it was not purified with soapsuds or benzine.

And at last, one peaceful twilight, it was on the 14th of September, at the close of a long conversation—both of the parties being, at the time, of sound mind—Johnny's father kissed Miss Higgins upon her cheek.

When I say that she did not immediately burn out the spot with lunar caustic, you may be prepared for the result which followed.

The next week Eunice Dale, late Higgins, was ignominiously expelled from the allied forces of Chesterville; her name washed out in hot streams of Hyson, and still more burning indignation. But Eunice made a happy home for her man and his father, and rejoicing in their content and her own, she wisted not of the "allied" proceedings. And thus endeth the story of Miss Higgins' Man.

A Small Boy's Pluck.

THE boy marched straight up to the counter.

"Well my little man," said the merchant, complacently—he had just risen from such a gloriously good dinner—"what will you have to-day?"

"Oh, please, sir, mayn't I do some work for you?"

It might have been the pleasant blue eyes that did it, for the man was not accustomed to parley with such small gentlemen, and Tommy wasn't seven yet, and small of his age at that. There were a few wisps of hair on the edges of the merchant's temple, and, looking down on the appealing face, the man pulled at them. When he had done tweaking at them, he gave the ends of his cravat a brush, and then his hands traveled down to his vest pocket.

"Do some work for me, eh? Well, now, about what sort of work might your small manship calculate to be able to perform? Why you can't look over the counter."

"Oh, yes, I can, and I'm growing, please, growing very fast—there! see if I can't look over the counter."

"Yes, by standing on your toes. Are they copped?"

"What, sir?"

"Why, your toes. Your mother couldn't keep you in shoes, if they were not."

"She can't keep me in shoes anyhow, sir," and the voice hesitated.

The man took pains to look over the counter. It was too much for him; he couldn't see the little toes. Then he went all the way round.

"I thought I should need a microscope," he said, very gravely, "but I reckon if I get close enough I can see what you look like."

"I'm older than I'm big sir," was the neat rejoinder. "Folks say I'm very small of my age."

"And what might your age be, sir?" responded the man, with emphasis.

"I'm almost seven," said Tommy, with a look calculated to impress even five feet nine. "You see, my mother hasn't anybody but me, and this morning I saw her crying because she could not find five cents in her pocketbook, and she thinks the boy that took the ashes stole it—and I havn't had—any—any breakfast, sir."

The voice hesitated again and tears came to the blue eyes.

"I reckon I can help you to a breakfast, my little fellow," said the man, feeling in his vest pocket. "There, will that quarter do?"

The boy shook his head, "Mother wouldn't let me beg, sir," was his simple reply.

"Humph!" Where's your father?"

"We never heard of him, sir, after he went away. He was lost, sir, in the steamer."

"Ah! you don't say! That's bad. But you are a plucky little fellow any-

how. Let me see," and the merchant puckered up his mouth, and looked straight down into the boy's eyes, which were looking straight up into his.—"Saunders," he asked addressing a clerk, who was rolling up and writing on parcels, "is Cash No. 4 still sick?"

"Dead, sir; died last night," was the low reply.

"Ah! I'm sorry to hear that. Well, here's a youngster that can take his place."

Mr. Saunders looked up slowly—then he put his pen behind his left ear—then his glance traveled curiously from Tommy to Mr. Towers.

"Oh, I understand," said the latter; "yes, he is small, very small indeed, but I like his pluck. What did No. 4 get?"

"Three dollars, sir," said the still astonished clerk.

"Put this boy down four. There, youngster, give him your name, and run home and tell your mother that you've got a place at four dollars a week. Come back on Monday, and I'll tell you what to do. Here's a dollar in advance; I'll take it out of your first week. Can you remember?"

"Work, sir? Work all the time?"

"As long as you deserve it, my man."

Tommy shot out of that shop. If ever broken stairs, that had a twist through the whole flight creaked and trembled under the weight of a small boy, or perhaps, as might be better stated, laughed and chuckled on account of a small boy's good luck, those in that tenement house enjoyed themselves that morning.

"I've got it, mother! I'm took! I'm cash boy! Don't you know when they take the parcels the clerks call 'Cash'? Well, I'm that! Four dollars a week, and the man said I had real pluck—courage you know. And here's a dollar for breakfast; and don't you never cry again, for I'm the man of the house now!"

The house was only a little ten by fifteen room, but how those blue eyes did magnify it! At first the mother looked confounded; then she looked faint, and then she looked—well, it passes my power to tell how she did look, as she caught the boy in her arms and hugged and kissed him, the tears streaming down her cheeks. But they were tears of thankfulness now.

Selling Penn's Estate.

The last of the line of William Penn, bearing his name, being dead, according to the authorities on the subject, the agents of the property in Philadelphia have been gradually settling up the estate, until now there is very little left. Four lots in Sunbury Manor, the only large proprietary tract remaining; four more small tracts in Luzerne county, one of which is given up as lost through a long standing squatter's title, and a few irredeemable ground rents on improved property in Philadelphia—the largest, one a \$300 a year, on the square on the north side of Race street, between Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets—constitute the only remaining portion of an estate which once included the whole of Pennsylvania and what is now the State of Delaware. The property never brought much income to the Penns even in its palmiest days, and William Penn himself, as all acquainted with his history are aware, was imprisoned for his debt upon his return to England. What is now the State of Pennsylvania was part of a grant to William Penn by Charles II., ostensibly in consideration of the services to the Crown of Admiral Penn, his father, but really in consideration of large sums of money owed him. Two beaver skins a year were required as a rent and the receipts for these skins by officers of the household at Windsor Castle up to the time of the Revolution can be seen now at the rooms of the Pennsylvania Historical Society.

"It is a grander thing to win a soul for Christ than it would be to launch a new star into space, for when all the stars are dim the soul will shine on, reflecting the glory which comes from the countenance of God.

Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners.

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.