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### Select Poetry.

#### A SILENT VOICE.

Sweetly the evening bells ring out their call,  
Slowly the deepening twilight shadows fall  
O'er dreamy earth and sky.  
The cricket chirps in solemn changeless tone,  
Thrilling my heart with sadness as alone  
In weariness I sigh.  
Sweet are the voices that the twilight brings,  
Dearest the sadness that to memory clings  
For happy thoughts come too.  
Of golden dreams of youth too bright to last,  
Sweet visions of an unforgetful past,  
When loves dear song was new.  
But when the darkness deepens into night  
And all my golden dreams have taken flight,  
My heart grows wild with pain.  
The midnight only hears my bitter cry,  
No answering voice sends back a soft reply,  
I cry in vain, in vain.  
Love's pleading voice will come to me no more,  
Save in sweet echoes from the silent shore  
Where cherished memories dwell,  
Or in the breezes that round me blow  
Breathing in accents sad, though soft and low  
The painful word, farewell!

#### A Detective's Strategy.

I HAD of late frequently heard extolled the beauty of a woman bearing the stage name of Lola, who was a singer of ballads at a variety theatre. Happening to pass the theatre one evening I dropped in just prior to the moment of her appearance. Truly her beauty had not been spoken of in terms of exaggeration. She was, indeed, very beautiful. At the conclusion of her song a large bouquet was flung on the stage. It came from a private box, in which was seated an elderly man, whose dress and appearance betokened his wealth. She was recalled and sang again, and I saw her smile an acknowledgement toward the box. A fancy struck me to see what Lola looked like when off the stage, and I made my way to the stage entrance. I noticed a carriage drawn up near by, and it struck me that it belonged to the gentleman in the box. I found the stage entrance guarded by a doorman. I was, however well acquainted with him, and he permitted me to enter and I posted myself in a position where she must pass near me in going out. I had not been there long when I heard footsteps slowly drawing near, and voices in low conversation.  
"Well, what do you say, Harry?"  
"You say he has proposed?"  
"Yes."  
"He is rich? There isn't any doubt about it?"  
"No."  
"Then——," he paused sulkily.—  
"I hate to give you up, Lola, even for a week. But I suppose you'd best marry him, though. They say he's got the heart-disease—and you'll be a rich young widow before a great while."  
"And then it will be plain sailing for us," said the woman. "I'll tell him 'yes,' then."  
And with a parting kiss he hung back allowing Lola to pass out alone, where she was met by James Bristol, a wealthy retired dry-goods merchant.  
Instantly I comprehended the situation. Bristol had become enamored of Lola and wished to marry her, having no suspicion of her true character, or that this man, Harry Evans, was her lover.  
I saw her enter his carriage to be driven to her home.  
Thinking it all over that evening in the privacy of my room, I wondered whether I'd better attempt to enlighten Bristol.  
"Pshaw! I'd be a fool to try it," I at

last decided. "She'd swear it wasn't so, and the old fool would believe her in preference to me."  
I thought no more of the matter until one day several weeks later, when I saw their marriage announced in the papers. They had been married the day following the conclusion of her engagement.  
These circumstances, with the lapse of time, had nearly been obliterated from my memory, when they were recalled one day, about a year later, by seeing a notice of the death of James Bristol.  
He had died of "heart-disease," the announcement stated.  
It would be impossible for me to say why I so far interested myself in the matter as to take the trouble to ascertain the precise circumstances of his death.—I had a vague desire to know—that was all the incentive I ever knew.  
I learned that Bristol had brought an elegant house and grounds on the boulevards, near Fort Washington. He had been found dead in a small summer-house on the grounds by the coachman—stricken down with heart disease.  
Wandering about the grounds, I finally approached the stables and struck up a conversation with the coachman.  
"I fancy she won't break her heart," said he referring to Mrs. Bristol.  
"Why?"  
"Well, she didn't love him any too well," said the loquacious fellow. "He worshipped her, though. There's a younger and better-looking man who comes sometimes that she likes a heap better."  
Instantly my thoughts reverted to her old lover, the variety actor—Harry Evans.  
"Oh well," I carelessly said, "that's not anything. There's many a woman who thinks more of another man than her husband. But it doesn't follow that there's anything wrong."  
"No," he answered, and then winked knowingly, as much as to say, "But in this case it's different."  
"Did you ever see anything out of way?"  
"Not myself. But you must know that the cook and me's agoin' to be married, and she can be kind o' free you know, in telling me what goes on in the house; and she says she's seen the same fellow about the house when he shouldn't be; that's all."  
Now, all this amounted to nothing.—Had I not overheard that short conversation in the theatre, I should not have given this idle gossip a second thought. But the trifling matter of overhearing that short discussion was destined to be the unimportant circumstance on which weighty matters were to hinge.  
I determined to obtain a look at the body of Mr. Bristol, and finding out who his undertaker was, I gained admission with him to the house. And I made a discovery.  
Less than a week after the burial of Mr. Bristol, I saw an advertisement in the paper for a man as coachman, and his wife as cook, inserted by the young widow.  
Ha! I can understand this. She wishes to get rid of her old servants and take new ones, who have no idea what has occurred.  
Ten minutes later I was at my house, in deep discussion with our cook, Kate, an intelligent Irish girl.  
Dressed up in her best, and I attired in a very loud suit, we presented ourselves at the residence of Mrs. Bristol. As we entered her presence, I thought:  
"There's no great sorrow in her face, anyhow."  
She had an album in her lap looking over some pictures.  
"Ha!" she said, glancing up; you've come in answer to the advertisement?"  
"If you please m'm," I answered, and stooping, I pretended to pick up from the floor a man's glove, which I extended to her as I said:  
"Maybe as how you know the owner. I'm faith, but it's stained with something—blood is't it?"  
She snatched the glove quickly from my hand, glanced at it, and then recovering her composure, tossed it carelessly on the table beside her. But I saw she never took her eyes from it or gave me a chance to carry it away again.  
She questioned Katy and myself at some length. I made myself appear exceedingly stupid, and Katy did the same. She evidently wanted around her people who were not too bright, and

this being the best of recommendations we were engaged.  
I found that the cook and coachman were already gone, and Katy settled down in the kitchen and I assumed my position in the stables at once. When my work was finished for the day I sat with Katy in the kitchen, pretending to read, but in reality with my ears wide open to hear what transpired about me. The door bell rang. Coming into the kitchen afterwards the waiting maid said it was madam's cousin.  
"Her lover," I thought but said nothing.  
I began to furtively eye the girl. It would be next to impossible to take up the espionage I proposed without her being aware of it; and yet I hardly liked to take her into my confidence. Happily she solved the problem for the present by declaring herself very tired.  
"If you will go to the door in case anybody rings, I'll go to bed," she said to Katy, who glancing at me, and correctly interpreting my look, answered in the affirmative. Once she was fairly out of the way, I took off my shoes and softly went up stairs. They—Lola and her cousin—were in the sitting-room where I had seen her. I managed to get near enough to hear what was said, even though they conversed in very low tones.  
"You've got your new help?"  
"Yes."  
"Have you done well?"  
"Splendidly, I think," she replied.—  
"They are both as dumb as can be, though they understand their work, and wouldn't tumble if a house fell on them."  
"By the way, I have lost one of my gloves. Have you seen it?"  
"Yes, here it is."  
I peeped through the crack of the partially opened door and saw him take it eagerly, and a look of relief crossed his face.  
"I didn't know what had become of it. Little things like the losing of this glove, might do us much damage.—Hallo here's a spot on it! Blood! I didn't think he spilled a drop. There was none seen on him?" he said anxiously.  
"No," she answered. By the way Harry, did you get that new crochet needle?"  
"No, but I'll do so to-morrow. Where's the handle?"  
"In the workbox in my room."  
I waited for no more.  
My espionage was of shorter duration than I had reason to expect.  
Leaving the house I hurried to the nearest telegraph office and sent a dispatch to headquarters.  
In an hour four officers were at my side. I admitted them to the house and led the way to the sitting-room.  
They did not hear us, and were talking in the most loving strain.  
It fairly chilled my blood to think that it was possible for them to talk so, when the man they had murdered was hardly cold in his grave. We heard them kiss each other, and when we entered the room suddenly, she was sitting beside him, his arm about her waist. They started up at our entrance and both turned pale.  
"John," said Mrs. Bristol, angrily, speaking to me, "What does this mean?"  
"Simply madam, that you and this man here are prisoners."  
"How? What for?" she said in faltering tones.  
"For murdering your husband!" I sternly said. "For murdering the kind old man who rescued you from a life of misery and shame, and made you his wife, unworthy as you were."  
With a shriek she fell back on the sofa, and lay there quivering and moaning.  
Harry Evans at first laughed scornfully and seemed disposed to brave it out; but as he heard my calmly spoken words, and realized that I spoke only what I knew to be the truth, a change took place in him. He never thought of the woman now; he only thought of himself—of how he could escape the penalty of his awful crime.  
I saw him glance about him, and toward the open window, and I uttered a few words to my companions.  
They started towards him.  
His face took on a desperate look; he snatched out revolver, and fired two shots point blank at the officers. Evans

had fallen awkwardly, and lay sprawling on the ground. One of the officers lighted squarely on him, driving the breath from his body, and placing him hors du combat. With the handcuffs on him they marched around the house, through the front door, and into the sitting-room again, where one of the two other officers was engaged in staunching the flow of blood where one of Evans' bullets had entered his companion's shoulder.  
"Don't give yourself away!" said Evan's to the guilty woman. "They can't prove nothing against us."  
"Can't they?" I remarked. "Well, we'll see."  
The body of Mr. Bristol was exhumed, and a coroner's jury empanelled. And there, while the guilty pair stood by, I sprung the mine, and unravelled the history of their guilty crime.  
"Harry Evans was at your house, Mrs. Bristol, the day of your husband's death. You surreptitiously administered a small quantity of opium to your husband. He complained of feeling sleepy soon after, and you suggested fresh air. He sat down in the summer house and there fell asleep.  
Here I held up a handle of a crochet needle, made of gold, and bearing the words:  
"Lola; from your husband."  
"Gentleman, you observe that the needle has been broken. See if you can find it in Mr. Bristol's head."  
Instantly the defiant manner of Evans vanished. He saw that the game was up.  
With a pair of pincers the missing piece of the crochet needle was drawn from the old man's head. The present—the token of love he had given her—had been made the instrument of his death. Most persons know that the skull is not one solid bone, but is divided in three parts. A pin, properly directed through the place of juncture, penetrating the brain, will cause instant death.  
While Mr. Bristol was sleeping heavily in the summer-house, Evans had plunged the needle into his brains, and then broke it off. The fracture at the point of breaking was peculiar; there could be no doubt that needle and handle belonged to each other.  
Besides, there was his glove. I had found it—not when I handed it to the woman—but several days before, in the summer-house. At the moment of puncturing the brain a single drop of blood had spurted upon it.  
The glove was proven to be his very easily. It was a brand sold by A. T. Stewart & Co., and the salesman remembered selling this pair to Evans.  
The evidence could not be gainsayed, and they were committed to answer the charge of murder, although before the day of trial they cheated justice by poisoning themselves.  
Thus you see how it is verified that a small thing sometimes brings great results.  
On hearing the conversation that night in the theatre, and the employment of a little strategy—first in gaining entrance with the undertaker, when the mere accident of touching the head of the dead man and pricking my finger, gave me the clue, afterward in gaining admission to the house in the character of a coachman, led as you will see, to the discovery of a most hideous crime.

#### The First Trophy of the Revolution.

FROM a paper written by the late Theodore Parker, and read before the New England Historic Genealogical Society, we learn the following particulars regarding the gun presented by him, in his will, to the State of Massachusetts:  
Both Hancock and Adams were staying at Lexington with Rev. Jonas Clark an eminent patriot, on the afternoon of April 19, 1775, when several British subordinate officers were seen riding up the main road in the town. This excited the suspicions of men who knew them to be British soldiers although they were disguised.  
In the night, intelligence was brought to Messrs. Hancock and Adams that a British expedition was on foot, destined for Lexington and Concord, to get possession of their persons, it was supposed and to destroy the military stores at Concord. They gave the alarm to the proper persons, whom Captain Parker—grandfather of the eminent divine—had

selected for that work, and he sent men through the town to give notice for assembling the militia. The church-bell was also rung.  
Captain Parker lived about two and one-half or three miles from the meeting-house. He had been there late in the evening, and conferred with Hancock and Adams, and made arrangements, in case it was necessary, to call out the soldiers. He went to bed late that night, and ill. About two o'clock he was called up by the men referred to above and went to the meeting-house (the Common is just behind it). He formed his company a little after day-break. About one hundred and twenty men answered to their names, armed and equipped. But as the intelligence was not quite certain, he sent out other scouts to obtain information of the advance of the enemy, and dismissed the soldiers, telling them to be within call and assemble again at the beat of drum. They dispersed. Not long after one of his scouts returned and told him the British were near at hand.  
He ordered the drum beat in front of the tavern close by the Common. Seventy men appeared, were formed into four platoons, and marched on to the Common. His nephew, Jonathan Harrington, the last survivor of the battle, then a lad of sixteen, played the fife, which, with a drum, formed the only music.  
He formed them in a single line, then wheeled the first and fourth platoons at right angles, stepped in front and ordered every man to load his piece with powder and ball. When this was done he said:  
"Don't fire unless fired upon. But if they want to have war, let it begin here."  
He then wheeled back the two wings into a continuous line, and stood a little in front of the end of the right wing. Soon the British came close upon them, and some were soon terrified and began to skulk off. He drew his sword and called them by name to come back, and said he would order the first man shot who should run away.  
All bright young scholars know what followed—the fire of the British, the return of the fire by the Americans—the killing of eight of his company, his order to them to disperse and take care of themselves. After they were gone, the British soldiers gave three hurrahs, and stopped half an hour and ate their breakfast and then resumed their march toward Concord.  
After they were gone, Captain Parker and his men came back, took up the dead, looked after the wounded, etc.—Captain Parker saw a British soldier who had loitered behind, a little drunk, seized him and made him a prisoner.—He was completely armed, having the musket stamped with the royal arms, a knapsack, blanket, provisions, cartouch-box, with sixty rounds of ball cartridges, etc. Captain Parker kept them as the *spolia opima*, as did also his son, and then the Rev. Theodore Parker.  
The late Governor Andrews, it will be remembered, on receiving it on the State's behalf, in the presence of the Legislature, Jan. 22, 1861, kissed the gun and said:  
"I am proud to be the humble instrument of its transmission to the Senate, in whose chamber it is requested by the will that it may be preserved."  
The weapon is placed in the Senate chamber, on the left of the drum and other relics from the battle of Bennington.  
**Their Curiosity Satisfied.**  
A well on the Pew & Emerson lease, near Davis City, was stirred up by a torpedo Wednesday afternoon. Curiosity led several ladies and gentlemen to the place to witness the result. The ladies were elegantly dressed and bristling with interest. They took a position at a distance of about fifty feet from the derrick. After the torpedo had been discharged down in the hole near China, the oil bubbled in a fitful way out on the derrick floor. Each succeeding time the volume, rose higher. As it fell in a pretty spray the sun's bright rays kissed the little drops of oil and caused them to glow with all the varied splendor of a kaleidoscope. "Isn't that just too splendid for anything?" cried the fair ladies in the utmost delight, suiting the clappings of their soft, white jeweled hands to their enthusiastic utterance. Presently a subdued gurgling was heard at the well. In a jiffy an immense volume of oil shot out of the hole, cracked in fury against the sides and top of the derrick, and squirted in all directions far above and beyond. The rain of oil that followed covered a radius of seventy-five feet from the derrick. The ladies took to the woods, but not in time to escape the shower. The rank vegetation in proximity to the derrick was painted in oil, but still it looked sick. As the ladies gazed at the extremities of their skirts, dripping like an old gum-pipe at a water-station (to lay aside gallantry for the accuracy of the chronicles of times) it must be stated that they bore a close resemblance to the vegetation.