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HOW SHE MANAGED HIM.

"I CAN get along with him, I'm very sure," said Josceldin Darkridge. "Nobody could get along with him!" chorused the three Miss Darkridges in unison.

Uncle Black was the personage of whom they spoke—a crabbed, ill-tempered little old man—who lived in a superb old county seat among the Catskills.

He had money to leave, but his nieces and nephews secretly believed that it would be a deal easier to go to California or Golconda, or some of those fabulous places, and dig fortunes out nugget by nugget, then to stay at home and earn them by making themselves acceptable to an old gentleman who had as many angles as a rose-diamond, and as many prickly spikes of temper and disposition as a porcupine.

Naomi was a soft-voiced, slender girl, with a head which reminded one of a drooping lily.

"No one can help liking Naomi," said Mrs. Darkridge, as she kissed her daughter good-bye.

But in three weeks Naomi came back, half-frightened out of her wits.

"He scolds so dreadfully," said Naomi. "And he looks at me as the wolf must have looked at Little Red Riding Hood. Oh, mamma, I couldn't stay there, not if I was to be made richer than Miss Burdett-Coutts herself!"

Magdalen Darkridge went next; but Magdalen, although a fine tall girl, with a spirit of her own, was cowed by Uncle Black's savage eyes in less than a week.

"I'd sooner sweep crossings for a living," said she, "than to be Uncle Black's heiress."

And so she came home without loss of time.

Rhoda Darkridge, in no wise abashed by the successive failures of her sisters, was the third one to try Black Grange and its possibilities. But she also succumbed before the terrible scourge of Uncle Black's tongue.

"It's scold, snarl, snarl, scold, from morning till night!" said Rhoda, as in three days time she tearfully related her experience to her parents. "Oh, you don't know, nobody can know, what a dreadful man Uncle Black is!"

"Oh, hang the old scamp!" said Mr. Darkridge, who was of a free-and-easy nature, and thought his girls a great deal too sweet and nice to be snarled at by any old miser. "Let him alone. My daughters needn't go begging for any man's money."

But here Josceldin, the youngest, tallest and prettiest of the four girls, spoke up:

"I will go!" said she. "You do not know what you are undertaking," said Naomi, with a shudder. "He would wear out a stone," said Magdalen.

"He's a ghoul!" shuddered Rhoda. "I can get along with him, I am very sure," said Josceldin, brightly. And she packed her little trunk, and went to Black Grange.

It was sunset—a red, flaming sunset, like one of Gifford's pictures—when she came up the terraced flight of steps that led to the old house. Everything blushed blood red in the deep light, and Josceldin could see how lovely was the scenery; how substantial this old gray house, with its square towers and semi-circular, colonnaded porch.

Uncle Black stood on the steps, in a wig and black silk stockings, surmounted by huge silver knee-buckles.

"So you are Josceldin?" said Uncle Black, surveying her with little twinkling eyes, like black beads.

"Yes, I am Josceldin?" said the bright-cheeked girl, giving him a kiss.

"You're late!" said Uncle Black.

"I am late," said Josceldin. "I thought the old beast of a stage never would get here. The horses fairly crept and the roads were horrid."

"It's a dreadfully warm day," growled Uncle Black.

"I'm almost roasted," sighed Josceldin.

"The whole summer has been intolerably warm," said the old gentleman.

"We might as well be in the tropics and done with it," retorted Josceldin, flinging off her shawl and fanning herself vehemently.

Uncle Black gave her the keys that night, just as he had three times before given them to her three sisters.

"I shall expect you to take charge of the whole establishment," said he. "The servants are miserable—"

"No more than one might expect," interrupted Josceldin, with a deprecatory motion of the hand. "Servants are mere frauds, nowadays!"

"And nothing goes right about the place."

"Nothing ever does!" said Josceldin. Uncle Black eyed her queerly. This was quite different from the determined cheerfulness and systematic good spirits of her three sisters.

At breakfast, the next morning, Uncle Black began to scold, as usual.

"Fish again!" said he. "This makes four mornings in the week we've had fish."

"I detest fish!" said Josceldin, pushing away her plate with a grimace.

"And the rolls heavy again!" growled Uncle Black, breaking one open.

"Please give me the plate, Uncle Black," said Josceldin; and she rang the table bell sharply.

Betty, the cook, a stout, good humored Irishwoman, made her appearance.

"Betty, be so good as to throw these rolls out of the window," said Miss Darkridge.

Betty stared.

"Do you hear what I tell you?" said Miss Darkridge, with emphasis.

And Betty flung the rolls among the rose-bushes, where they were speedily devoured by Cato, the Newfoundland dog, and Rob and Roy, the two setters.

"But what am I to eat for breakfast?" bewailed Uncle Black.

"Crackers, of course. Anything is better than imperiling one's digestion with such stuff as this! And, Betty, if you send up any more fish in a month, you may consider yourself discharged—do you hear?"

But my dear, I am rather fond of fish," put in the old man.

"One can't eat fish the whole time," said Josceldin, imperiously. "Here, Betty—this coffee is not fit to drink! and the toast is burned! and you must have put the cooking butter on the table by mistake! let these errors be rectified at once."

Betty retired, with an ominous rustle of her stiffly starched apron.

"My dear," said Uncle Black, rather apprehensively, "Betty is a very old servant, and she—"

"I don't care if she is the age of Methuselah; nobody can be expected to put up with such wretched cookery as this!"

"I really think she is not so bad, if—"

"Oh, pray don't apologize for her, Uncle Black!" said Josceldin. "They are all shiftless, lazy creatures, who must be discharged promptly if they don't do their duties."

Uncle Black began to look frightened. He had kept Betty, Sylvia and John for ten years. Was it possible that he had scolded at them for ten years, only to have Josceldin Darkridge out-scold him now?

"I wouldn't be too short with 'em, my dear, if I were you!" he remonstrated.

"Then let them do their duty!" said Josceldin, with the air of an empress.

"We are all mortal," pleaded Uncle Black.

"I expect every one around me to live to their conditions," said Josceldin.

"Uncle Black ate the rest of his breakfast with but little appetite. Sylvia, the housemaid, was finishing dusting his library as he entered it.

"Not through yet?" growled Uncle

Black, the fretwork of wrinkles once more coming into his brow.

"Sylvia," said Miss Darkridge, severely, "if this happens again, I shall dispense with your services! Look at that clock! Is this the time of day to be dawdling about the rooms with a broom and duster? Remember that Mr. Black does not pay you exorbitant wages to lie in bed until noon!"

"My dear," said Uncle Black, "Sylvia is generally a very good girl, if—"

"Dear Uncle," interrupted Josceldin, "pray permit me to be the judge of these matters. You have ruled your household with a slack and indulgent hand altogether too long. I shall now institute a reform."

And poor Sylvia had never moved about so briskly as she did that day.

Old John, the gardener, was not exempt from his share of the general turmoil. Miss Darkridge chanced to overhear her uncle reproaching the old man for some fancied neglect in the flower-beds, whose diamonds, ovals and crescents of brilliant colors were the pride of his horticultural heart, and she came promptly to his aid.

"Gardening, indeed! Do you call this gardening?" she said. "Uncle Black, I'm astonished that you keep such a man as this about the place!"

And the torrent of taunts and reproaches which she showered upon the luckless head of poor old John was enough, as that individual observed, "to make one's flesh creep."

"My niece is a young lady of spirit and energy, apologized Mr. Black, when at last Josceldin had gone back to the house.

"Verra like you, sir—verra like you!" said old John, scratching his head.

"Like me!" said Mr. Black, slowly.

And he stood for full five minutes, quite speechless and motionless, staring down at the mossy rim of an ancient sun-dial, half sunk in the velvet grass. And at the end of the five minutes he spoke two other words, and only two:

"Like—me!"

"There's no knowin' the masher, he's that changed," said Betty, in the kitchen, a week or so after. He's as mild as a lamb and as peaceable as a kitten."

"Sure, isn't that just what the young lady told us," said Sylvia, "when she came down into the kitchen that first morning before the fire was lighted, and told us she was goin' to try an experiment, and we wasn't to mind a word she said, 'cause it was all by contraries. 'He don't know what his temper has got to be,' said she 'and I'm going to show him.' And, bless her sweet heart, her plan has worked like a charm!"

It had, in good truth. Uncle Black was a changed man. And Josceldin had relapsed into the original sunshine of her temper—and all the domestic wheels of Black Grange seemed to revolve on velvet.

But Uncle Black took all the credit to himself. He never knew that Josceldin had taught him a lesson.

"We get along very nicely," said he, "now that my niece has subdued those little tempers of hers."

And Josceldin was his heiress and darling after all—for he will always believe that it was he who "formed her character."

TOO WELL PAID FOR THAT.

SAM SLICK tells this story of an old admiral whom he knew at Halifax: On one occasion I attended divine service with him, on board of his magnificent flag-ship, the Graball. The discipline in those days was dreadfully severe, and, I may add, unmerciful. The men were punished so often and so cruelly, that they became desperate, and mutiny and desertion were things of frequent occurrence. Scarcely a day passed without the loss of a man; and even the extreme penalty of death, which was the inevitable consequence of such crimes, did not check their desire to escape from the service. The chaplain took the opportunity to preach against such desertion, and selected for his text the eleventh verse of the sixth chapter of Nehemiah, "And I said, should such a man as I flee?" He enlarged upon the duty of sailors to be obedient to those who were set in authority over them, and to continue true to their engagements, and enforced every exhortation by a repetition of his text. He then con-

cluded by an eloquent appeal to their feelings; first, eulogizing their coolness and intrepidity in danger, and then calling upon them to stand by their king and country, and maintain the honor of both, and slowly and emphatically reiterated, "And I said, should such a man as I flee?"—"No," said a voice which arose from among the marines, and was evidently the effect of ventriloquism—"no, blast you! you are too well paid for that!" A loud, long-drawn breathing was audible among the men, who, feeling that something atrocious had been done, which in all probability would be followed by some terrible retribution, while an ill-suppressed titter was heard among the junior officers, at the suddenness and quaintness of the retort. The chaplain paused and looked at the Admiral, and the Admiral glared at the men, as if he could annihilate them all. Immediate inquiry was made and the strictest examination of every individual instituted, accompanied by a positive declaration that the whole ship's company should be whipped, unless the culprit was given up. The secret, however, was never divulged, nor the threat of indiscriminate punishment carried into effect.

RATHER MIXED.

IS there any truth in this story that Mr. Garfield has killed Senator Conkling? Inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke, fitting the sleeve into the armhole and running in the basting.

"No!" ejaculated Mr. Spoopendyke. "Where did you get that? Mr. Conkling has resigned, but he ain't dead."

"I read that he had got into some difficulty with Mr. Garfield, and Mr. Garfield had dragged him all around by the ear, and finally they had to take Mr. Conkling away to save his life, though he died afterward."

"Who said so?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Where'd you read anything like that?"

"I read it on a pattern that Mrs. Winterbotham loaned me for an overskirt. I'm sure it's so," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Get the pattern, Mrs. Spoopendyke. Show it to me."

Mrs. Spoopendyke unrolled the pattern and commenced to read:—

"The complications at Washington have assumed the most exciting shape. To-day the troubles between Garfield and Conkling culminated in Conkling seizing him by the throat and holding on while the crowd yelled with delight. Twenty to one was offered, but Garfield remains firm and declares that the administration will not yield. This position roused the crowd to frenzy. It is said that Conkling really desires to retire to private life, but Garfield at that moment planted his teeth in his game adversary's ear, and dragged him around until the friends of Conkling were compelled to interfere to save the poor thing's life. He was taken home, but died in a few minutes. There!" said Mrs. Spoopendyke, triumphantly, "I told you so."

"Show me!" said Mr. Spoopendyke, jumping up and seizing the pattern. "Where d'ye find such dod-gasted nonsense as that? Where is it?"

"There, it begins under the ruffle, then it runs over on the band and down on the gore, and ends here on the plaiting. I knew I'd see it," and Mrs. Spoopendyke smiled pleasantly.

"What's the matter with you, you measly idiot?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "This is where you get your political information, is it? This is the source of your intelligence on national affairs? All you want is two more patterns and a bald head to be a constitutional lawyer! Three overskirts and a pair of spectacles would make you a supreme-court judge! What d'ye think this is?"

"Is n't it right?" faltered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Did you read from the ruffle over to the band and down to the gore?"

"Yes, I did, did n't I?" squeaked Mr. Spoopendyke, "and so did you, did n't you? Do you know what you've got here?"

"Is n't it a pat!"

"D'od gast the pattern—I mean the print! Part of it is about Garfield, part about Conkling, and the rest is about a dog fight on Long Island. Know what it is now? Think you can understand

it, now I've explained it to you? Oh, you can! You've got brains! Some day I'm going to run a pipe in your ear, and start a phosphorus factory!" and Mr. Spoopendyke danced out of the room, leaving it strewn with pattern dust.

"I don't care," sobbed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "It read all right, and the skirt fitted so nicely that I supposed the articles were put together straight. And it was so perfectly natural anybody might make the same mistake. It's so like most of the news from Washington that I've been expecting it every day," and Mrs. Spoopendyke overcast the sleeve, with the serene conviction that after all you've got to patch a newspaper into a pattern to get at the actual facts sometimes.

JERUSALEM AND THE DEAD SEA.

NEW ideas are working into Palestine. A new city is going up on the west side of Jerusalem, outside of the gates. Along the turnpike to Jaffa run the telegraph wires, and on the plain of Sharon stands the large "Jewish Agricultural College" surrounded by a model farm and thrifty nurseries. Bethlehem is a thriving town—largely it is nominally Christian—and it carries on extensive manufactures in mother-of-pearl. The Bethlehemites brought back from our Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia about seventy thousand dollars as net profit of the sale of their beautiful wares. If Palestine were only delivered from the tyranny of the Sultan, or were ruled by such a man as the Pasha Rouiff (the governor of Jerusalem), it would rise rapidly into a new era of economic progress. The Sultan's touch and tread are death.

The much maligned Dead Sea has a weird and wonderful beauty. We took a bath in its cool, clear waters, and detected no difference from a bath at Coney Island except that the water has such a density that we floated on it like pine shingles. No fish from the salt ocean can live in it; but it is very attractive to the eye on a hot noonday. A scorching ride we had across the barren plain to the sacred Jordan, which disappointed me sadly. At the places where the Israelites crossed and our Lord was baptized, it is about 120 feet wide; it flows rapidly, and in a turbid current of light stone color. In size and appearance it is the perfect counterpart of the Muskingum a few miles above Zanesville. Its useless waters ought to be turned off to irrigate its barren valley, which might be changed into a garden. For beauty the Jordan will not compare with Elijah's Brook Cherith, whose bright, sparkling stream went flowing past our lodging-place at Jericho. We lodged over night in a Greek convent (very small), and rode next morning to see the ruins of the town made famous by Joshua, Elijah, Zaccheus and the restoration of Bartimeus to sight. Squalid Arabs haunt the sacred spot.

Out of Groceries.

"John," said a farmer's wife to the lord of the manse, "we are out of sugar, and you will have to go to town."

"Well, we must get along some way. We can do without until I get through with my rush. I can't stop my teams now. You know the good book says if we do not sow we cannot reap."

"John," she says the next day, "we are out of coffee, as well as sugar, and you will have to go to town. You know you can't do without your coffee."

"Well, we must get along some way until I get through with my work. We can do—let's see, can't you go over to Mrs. Riddleberger's and borrow some until I get time?"

The next day John said to the hired man,—

"Billy, gimme a chew of your tobacco. I'm out."

"Wish I could; but I was just going to ask you for a chew," replied Billy.

"Well, I declare," said John. "Well, Billy, I've got to go to town, there's no use to talk. We are out of groceries."

John stops a machine, takes a team and goes to town for groceries.

A very charitable man and nobody's fool was he who used to say, when he heard any one being loudly condemned for some fault, "Ah, well, yes! It seems very bad to me, because that's not my way of sinning."