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Select Poetry.

WE'VE A BABY AT OUR HOUSE.

We've got a baby at our house, Not much bigger than a mouse; It has such a tiny nose, Tiny feet and tiny toes, That I fancy some fine day It will wing its flight away-- We've a baby at our house.

We've a baby at our house Not much bigger than a mouse: It has eyes as blue as blue, Ringlets of a golden hue, And, if I remember right, Three months old 'twill be to-night-- We've a baby at our house.

We've a baby at our house Not much bigger than a mouse; Little naughty, precious weight, Keeps me 'wake the livelong night, With its crying--I declare Sometimes makes me almost swear-- We've a baby at our house.

We've a baby at our house Not much bigger than a mouse-- "Oh! how happy you should be!" Said a friend of mine to me, "For there's many folks to-day Would give worlds if they could say-- We've a baby at our house.

A Short Courtship.

JUST after the close of the American Revolution, James Tudor, a young ship carpenter of Boston, sailed on board the Orient, a new and staunch-built ship, bound for Smyrna, at that time the largest and wealthiest city of the Levant. After the usual tedium and want of variety incidental to so long a voyage, the Orient arrived safely at that port and unshipped her anchor.

The next morning, just as the captain's gig was being lowered for the accommodation of that officer and the supercargo, who were then preparing to go on shore to report to the British Consul, and pay their respects to Mr. Tracey, the American merchant, to whom they bore letters of introduction and credit from Gray, Tollbits & Co., the great importing house at home, they perceived a small row-boat rapidly approaching the ship, and containing two persons--a man, who was vigorously rowing, and one solitary female figure.

When the boat came alongside, the boatman promptly assisted the lady on board. Somewhat wildly, but hesitatingly, she inquired for the captain, who, in company with the supercargo, was pointed out to her. She was young and pretty, in fact, almost childlike, and seemed, from her wild, scared look, to be laboring under some deep anxiety or fear. She was dressed in garments of the richest materials, though seemingly thrown on in haste and with the greatest negligence.

She approached the captain, and, in a hurried, nervous way, inquired if she might be allowed to speak with him a moment alone.

He answered in the affirmative, and, drawing her aside, out of the hearing of his companion, patiently prepared to listen; for the sudden appearance of the strange young woman on board his ship at so early an hour in the morning had greatly excited his curiosity.

"Will you excuse me," she began timidly, "but are you a single or a married man?"

Captain Ward glanced at the questioner curiously. Indeed it was a peculiar question for a young woman to ask of him, a perfect stranger. But he answered her with perfect good breeding and politeness. Yes, he was a married man.

The young lady looked disappointed, but presently recovered.

"Is there any gentleman on board

your ship who is not married, and--and whom you think would be willing to marry a rich young girl within the hour, and ask no questions? I will say she has been deeply wronged and persecuted, but is nevertheless highly respected and virtuous, though she can only claim her property by clearly establishing the fact of legal marriage."

"Both of my mates are married," said the captain, "and the supercargo is engaged to a young lady in Boston, to whom I understand, he will be married on our return. But hold," he added, reflectively, "there is our carpenter, James Tudor, a fine looking, gentlemanly young fellow as one might wish to see, and unmarried. In fact, he is much more of a gentleman in his ways and manners, than any of us, if we except Mr. Owley, yonder, the supercargo."

"Can I see him?" inquired the strange young lady, eagerly.

"Oh, certainly, Miss, I will summon him directly."

And James Tudor, the sprightly and handsome young carpenter, was sent for, and came promptly aft, where Captain Ward and his mysterious visitor were standing.

It was evident at a glance that Tudor had made, at first sight, a favorable impression upon the young lady.

Captain Ward therefore excused himself to the lady, and leaving her alone with Tudor, rejoined Owley, when the two shortly after took their seats in the gig and were pulled ashore by the four seamen in waiting.

At the awkward introduction of the captain, the carpenter touched his tarpaulin, politely, and made a low and graceful bow, which went far toward captivating the heart of the young lady.

"Dear sir," she said, blushing and trembling visibly, "I have what may appear a very unmaidenly proposal to make. There is a wealthy young lady, in whose service and interest I am now employed, who cannot obtain possession of her rights excepting by marriage, as a proviso to that effect was unfortunately embodied in her father's will.

"Her uncle was appointed her guardian, and, taking advantage of the situation, has since attempted to make a traffic of her hand by marrying her to a wretch whom she loathes, in consideration of his yielding up to him one-half of the property, which amounts, I am told, to over fifty thousand pounds sterling. It is now the good wish of this young lady to marry some one else, and thus defeat the unprincipled guardian, who has been to her, since her father's death, a most unmerciful tyrant. She is pretty and amiable, and, I have every reason to believe, would devotedly love her husband. And now I come to the difficult part of my mission. Will you, a stranger from a foreign shore, take pity on her hopeless condition and marry her? The moment you are married she will make over to you her entire fortune."

"I will marry her," said James Tudor, "if for nothing more than to spite her tyrant, but I will not be so mercenary as to exact her fortune for so slight a service."

"Come, then, my boat awaits you; let there be no delay," said the young lady, greatly overjoyed at his ready answer. "You need make no alteration in your toilet, as I am supplied with ample means, and have been authorized to procure for you the most costly garments to be found in the market.

Hardly knowing how the adventure was likely to end, Tudor followed the strange young lady into her boat and they were speedily landed at the market wharf.

She hailed a cab and the two entered it. They were driven to a locality mentioned by the young lady, where our young American enjoyed the delightful luxury of a Turkish bath, which left his naturally clear skin as pure and white as an infant's.

Their next step was to visit one of the most fashionable English clothiers in the city, where Tudor, at the earnest solicitation of the young lady, secured the richest and most expensive outfit in the establishment.

The proprietor himself assisted young Tudor in the arrangement of his toilet, and when once attired in those elegant and costly habiliments, a finer-looking gentleman could not have been met in the city of Smyrna.

He was tolerably well educated, too;

well read, with a great flow of language at his command, picked up from the works of Steele, Addison and others, with whom, in his leisure hours, he had made himself thoroughly conversant, added to which he was naturally possessed of easy, graceful and winning manners.

When his toilet was complete he glanced admiringly into the full-length mirror before him, and was then ushered triumphantly into the presence of the young lady by the gratified proprietor.

She looked at him in a half bewildered way, as though she were in some doubt of his identity, and then her eager face was suddenly overspread with a genuine blush of pleasure, and, taking his arm, they re-entered the cab, which was still in waiting, and were driven directly to the residence of an Episcopal clergyman, the address of whom had been previously given by the young lady.

On alighting from the close cab they were ushered into the parlor by an officious servant girl, where they were presently joined by the clergyman.

"You must speak to him," whispered the young lady, blushing crimson, for, as you may have guessed, I am to be the bride, if you do not object to me."

"Nay, on the contrary," whispered Tudor, his cheeks glowing with a manly pleasure, "I am overjoyed to hear that it is you. But please tell me by what name I am to introduce you?"

"Susan Faber," whispered his fiancée, smiling through her blushes.

The young American promptly accepted his cue, and proceeded with a graceful introduction of the young lady, as well as the purpose for which he had called.

The clergyman bowed and withdrew, but presently reappeared with his wife and two daughters as witnesses.

When the interesting ceremony was over, they again entered the cab, and were driven to the residence of the British Consul, before whom the new made bride made a clear statement of all the facts.

As good fortune would have it, Captain Ward and Supercargo Owley arrived just as she concluded, and both readily vouched for the responsible and gentlemanly character of James Tudor, the bridegroom, and a messenger was immediately sent for the false guardian.

When he arrived and saw how matters stood he ground his teeth in suppressed rage, but wisely declined to test the validity of the marriage.

He relinquished the spot all further claims as the guardian of his niece, and, at the request of the consul, made out a hurried schedule of all the property then under his control belonging to the aforesaid niece, Mrs. Tudor.

A fortnight later, and the happy bride came into lawful possession of the fifty thousand pounds left her by her father, and on the subsequent return of her husband to Boston, where with the money thus received was purchased the wharf which bears their family name to this day.

Railroad Anecdotes.

A CONDUCTOR on the Great Northern Pacific Railroad tells a story illustrative of the ignorance and the rough belligerent character of some of the people along the route, who are more familiar with hip-pocket pistols than with conductor's ticket punches.

"I had only made one run down here," said the conductor, "when passing one of the sidings, we took on a Simon pure, double-fisted grey-eye of the pioneers; those fellows who live a life in advance of civilization, making the way easier for others, but always leaving in time to escape the press and improvements, the foundation for which he has so surely laid. Evidently he had never before seen the interior of a car, for it was some moments before he concluded to seat himself, which he did cautiously, and with that quick, nervous twinkle of the eye which men constantly on the alert for danger exhibit. Let me say here that in this country every man carries a pistol, and generally in his back pocket. Well, as I had already seen the other passengers' tickets, I took my time about matters and slowly walked up to my man and put my hand, with the usual quick motion, behind me to get my punch; but before I could say 'Hoket, sir!' quicker than powder the

muzzle of a six-shooter swelled under my eyes, and a hearty voice rang out:

"Put her back, stranger, I've got the drop on ye!"

(You may laugh, but I shook hands over a free ride anyway). I happened down the road another time when there was a service held in the new depot. Old Hayes a one legged preacher, had permission to hold a meeting there. Hayes wore an old fashioned wooden leg, strapped in place and held firm by a leather around the waist, and this being uncomfortable he was constantly tugging at it. Very few of the hands knew him, and they thought it a good chance to have some fun; and a very rough set they were that filled in that evening, and filled the back seats. Of course some few railroad officials and ladies were present. Planks raised on boxes and some few chairs served as seats, while the preacher stood behind an empty whiskey barrel, on which were his lamp and books. From the singing of the first hymn to the close of service an ever increasing buzz and noise disturbed worship; but old Hayes in his quiet way went on oblivious of it all. The forms gone through with, he prepared to dismiss his congregation with the usual benediction.

"Let us pray," he said and slowly put his hand behind him under his coat-tails. The sudden silence was wonderful, and as he got on his knees every mother's son on the back benches knocked down quicker than a diver. The old fellow never dreamt of drawing a pistol, but his habit of hitching at that strap served him good stead.

A BARBER'S ROMANCE.

LESS than a hundred miles from the Press office is a neat little barber-shop, into which a reporter walked a few days since to undergo the customary tonsorial refreshment. The man of the razor was evidently a foreigner, a stalwart specimen of manhood, nearly as dark as an Indian and straight as an arrow. His mustache was fiercely waxed in military style, and his accent showed him a native of sunny Italy. While reclining in the comfortable chair the eye of the reporter fell upon the rack of cups which is to be seen in every well regulated barber-shop. The cups inscribed with the names or initials of their owners or some gaudy device were as plentiful as usual. While the occupant of the chair gazed listlessly upon the number of mugs opposite, his eye was attracted by one different from anything he had ever seen in a similar place. It was an ordinary porcelain cup, but instead of flaming in crimson and gold it was colored jet black. On the front was the inscription:

3 Agosto, 1577
Data Fatale.

To an inquiry as to what the inscription signified, the attendant hesitated and then said:

"It means unlucky day for man zat owns ze cup."

"I understand that," was the response, "but I wish to know what was the cause of that fatal day. Who is the owner of the cup?"

"Oh, one of ze customers," was the reply. "I know not his name."

All attempts to draw the man out were futile, as he would say nothing more.

A few days afterward the reporter again dropped into the same shop and found the other barber, a keen young American, alone, his foreign companion having gone to dinner. He was asked if he knew the history of the curious cup.

"Oh! yes," said he, "it belongs to the other man. He told me the story soon after he came here, one night when business was dull and we were sitting here alone. He seemed to be kind o' meditating like and talked away for some time, but as soon, as I tried to ask him any questions he shut up and refused to say any more. This is about what he told me: He is an Italian nobleman of an old but poor family, and his name is Casimir Conte Bella Monte. He was born in Turin on September 10, 1853, and educated in that city and in Rome. When only 17 years old he fell in love with a young lady named Christiani Biosa, whose parents opposed the match because he was not rich. Casimir was

quite talented, a good linguist and an excellent singer having appeared several times in amateur opera. He had not much money, to be sure, but then he loved the girl and told her so. They saw each other occasionally for two years or more, and then her parents stopped their meetings by sending her to a convent for safe keeping. He was nearly 20 years old at that time, and like many other young men of Italy, he followed Garibaldi to fight for his country. He was with him through the campaign and rendered distinguished services for which he was personally complimented by the General.

"After the war was over he returned to Turin and called at the convent in which his betrothed had been placed to see her once more. He there learned to his horror that she had been deceived by a young priest in whom she reposed the greatest love and confidence. Casimir sought the priest and taxed him with his infamy and forced from him a virtual acknowledgement of his guilt. When Casimir told me this the hot blood flew to his face and he looked like a maniac. He didn't seem to know he was talking to me, but went right on as if he was compelled to tell the story. He was in uniform when he saw the priest, and he had hanging by his side the short sword of an officer of petty rank. When he heard the reply he drew the weapon and struck the priest, who fell bleeding on the ground. Then Casimir realized for the first time that he had placed his own life and liberty in peril, and he fled. He roved through Switzerland, Belgium, Spain and other countries. Upon arriving in France he found an Italian opera company just upon the point of embarking for America, and joined it, as his fine voice and previous experience fitted him for a position. The company came to this country but was not very successful, and soon went back again. He remained here, and for a time I guess was pretty hard up. He didn't know what to do for a time, and then he remembered that he had learned to shave while in the army and was considered a good barber. He tried to get work and succeeded so well that he stuck at it. After awhile he drifted to this city and has been here for several months. He had that cup made soon after he came to this country, and, of course only uses it himself. He keeps it where he can see it all the time, and now and then I find him looking at that date, '3rd of August, 1877,' and muttering to himself in Italian. It's dangerous to talk to him then, and I don't think he has ever told the story of it to any one but me."--Philadelphia Press.

A Political Love Story.

The son of an old Jacksonian Democrat, living near the Maryland border in Pennsylvania, having been successful in his suit for the affections of a young lady, asked his sire one day after dinner for permission to marry. The old gentleman lowered his spectacles and, glancing over them for a moment or two, quietly asked:

"What is her father? Is he a free-trader or a protectionist?"

"I don't know what he is now," rejoined the prospective son-in-law, "but when I first visited Mary he was both."

"Both! Nonsense!"

"Yes, both; he protected her every time we tried to sneak off, and he was the freest trader with his boot that I ever came across."

In Good Hands.

He was a young country fellow, a little awkward and bashful, but of sterling worth of character. She was a Cincinnati belle, and had sense enough to appreciate his worth despite his awkwardness and bashfulness, and was his fiancée. On a gloomy Sunday evening last winter they were standing in front of the window in the parlor of her home on East Walnut Hills, watching the snow flakes rapidly falling outside. He was not up in the society small talk, and being hard up for something to say, remarked, as he watched the snow falling: "This will be hard on the old man's sheep." "Never mind, dear," said she, slipping her arm around him. "I will take care of one of them."

Marriage keeps men out of mischief; so does a ball and chain.