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Select Poetry.

THE ANGEL OF SLEEP.

When twilight soft from earth has faded,
And round me darkness thickly falls,
A spirit from some mystic region
My soul away most sweetly calls;
Away from toil, from pain and sorrow,
Away where all distractions cease,
To scenes of bliss, of hope and pleasure,
Where all is peace.

Unconscious of the ills that gather
When fall the cheerless shades of night,
I drop into a realm of glory
O'er flowing with a sea of light—
A matchless sea of joy and beauty,
Whose radiant waves with light increase,
While o'er me stands an angel watcher,
My guard of peace.

So let us sleep while thus around me
Remains my unseen guard so true;
Life's varying scenes may fly or linger,
Approaching ills becloud my view,
But when this sleep of life shall vanish,
And death my weary soul release,
O, let some other spirit wait me
Where all is peace!

JUDGE LANE'S STORY.

THE JUDGE knocked the ashes from his cigar, and rose with an emphatic "hem!" All the others drew a long breath, and brought their chairs down from their tilted positions. Graham had been telling a story to while away the long hours of the Christmas night, and Graham was a magnificent storyteller.

"Your turn, Judge," said Graham, with a slight laugh, the flush slowly dying out of his face.

"Beat Graham's, if you can," said Fenner, rubbing his hands together with great glee.

"You don't know the Judge, Fenner," said Williams. "He used to equal Mr. Midshipman Easy in the number of his adventures, and his grace in relating them."

The young lawyer, whose sobriquet of "Judge" had been bestowed upon him in the early days of college life, from his superannuated gravity and his sententious way of deciding questions that bored him, drew back a chair with a flourish, and then pushed it toward the fire and sat down.

"I'll tell you what it is, boys, you needn't think I'm going to be beat by Graham. I have a story to tell which is just as good as his, but then it may lose something in the telling. Since we parted, five years ago, I have interviewed Blackstone, Chitty and others of that ilk, and a good deal of the romance has faded out in that way, you perceive. But then, as we agreed to meet in five years, and compare experiences, it was merely to have something to tell, so I did my best to have an adventure.—Hem!

"Perhaps you all remember what my college days were. You do? Humph! Then it will save me the trouble of telling you, though I had studied up a fine bit of pathos about them. However, it don't matter much; let it go now. One fact, though I must speak of, and that is the financial condition of your present orator in those college days. I never said anything about it then, because I was a deal too proud; but to tell you the truth, boys, it required some twisting and some pretty close calculations to make my allowance cover my modest wants. I remember I used to be not a little envious of Fenner and Graham when I saw them scattering money around with such a lavish hand, and I with my fine natural abilities, good looks and extraordinary stock of common sense," and the Judge straightened himself back, and laughed in his rare, ge-

nial way, without finishing the sentence.

"However, to pass over that, and come to the time when we all left college with young honors thick upon us. Weren't we proud of our diplomas, though? Boys, I want you to tell me truly whether you ever took your sheepskin out of its case after the first six months?"

"Haven't seen mine since two weeks after commencement," murmured Graham.

"Don't know where mine is," said Fenton, and the others intimated that their experience entirely coincided with his.

"That's just it, boys," pursued the Judge. "I tried to get a situation by exhibiting that imposing document, but after a good many trials and as many ignominious failures I put the pious fraud away and left off being a college graduate. I went in on my merits then, resolved to win or perish in the attempt. It seemed as if I would have to accept the latter alternative. I had neither money nor friends, and there were plenty of young men with wealth and position ready to fill every vacancy. I was pretty hard up for money, you know, and it was about this time I fell in with Steve Ranald who was in about the same condition with respect to funds. I believe none of you ever saw him, did you? I wish you had known him. He was half French, and that accounts for some peculiar traits in his character. A magnificent looking fellow, with a certain kind of fascination about him that you could not resist. I could not, I know. He led me into all kinds of scrapes that I never would have thought of going into, and it was impossible to blame him. He had such a merry, light-hearted way with him, when he chose, that took me quite by storm.

"Well, as I said, our condition was about the same financially, so we joined together and rented a room in a very cheap but respectable neighborhood. We kept bachelor's hall there very comfortably for awhile, while I hunted employment, and he compounded wonderful French dishes out of nothing.

"I suppose in my search for employment, I had started out with the vague idea of becoming minister to some foreign power, or postmaster-general, or something of that kind. My aspirations after declining for several weeks, like a decreasing series of geometrical progressions—the bete noir of my boyhood—at last pointed to an ordinary clerkship in some mercantile establishment as happiness beyond comparison. Even here I was doomed to disappointment, and then I gave up the struggle. I had spent my last dollar that morning. All day I had walked from street to street, from square to square. My limbs were aching with the unaccustomed exercise, my brain was in a whirl. I knew one man whom my father had befriended years ago in the days of his prosperity, when the man was in great distress. Since then fortune's wheel had turned, and my father had died in poverty, while Mr. Laclade was one of the money kings of the city. Can you understand why I would not go to him until every other resource had failed? Even then I went slowly and reluctantly. I stood before the door in the gaslight, watching the crowds as they came and went, thinking some very bitter things, it may be. But at last I went in, knowing that they would soon close up for the night and asked to speak with Mr. Laclade.

"He received me in his private office, where he was looking over and filing papers; and he left me standing near the door, and went on with his work, after once looking up and saying, 'good evening.' There was something repulsive about him, I thought, and I determined to try for the situation first, without saying anything about who I was. So I stated my business very concisely. He raised his spectacles on his glistening forehead, referred from me to a paper he held in his hand, and from the paper back to me, and then said:

"Young man, there is no vacancy and even if there were, for the past two weeks there have been on an average twenty applications like this per diem. You had better apply somewhere else."

"My hand was on the door-knob, but I turned around and looked at him. Without knowing cleverly how the words came, I said slowly:

"I am Kenneth Lane, sir. My father

helped you once, in the greatest extremity of your life."

"His face flushed a little, and he interrupted testily:

"Ah, certainly! But you see, Mr. Kenneth Lane, I can't make situations."

"I do not know what else he was going to say. I shut the door, and passed out, through the long rooms, past smiling clerks—who no doubt read my errand and its failure in my face, and out into the street. I do not remember anything else very distinctly, except that I seemed plunged suddenly into an alley, and from that into all kinds of No-Thoroughfares—desperate places, that I would have shrunk from at any other time. I was conscious of rushing along at times, and then blindly groping my way, dragging myself along slowly and painfully. I was in one of these latter moods, when I was seized and brought to a halt by two ill-favored villains, who proceeded to go through my pockets in gallant style. Apparently disgusted with the general emptiness of those receptacles, they turned around to the light.

"Drunk," said one of them, "or else a fool, I don't know which."

"Come, my covey," said the other, "you are innocent, you are, and you'd better skin out o' this afore you get a tap on the head."

"I skinned out o' this, and soon found myself leaving the city behind, and coming out on the broad fields, lying white and still beneath the light of the moon. Then my sense began returning, and I sat down by the side of the road, bared my head, and tried to look calmly at my situation—or rather at my want of one.

"It was gloomy enough, boys, I can tell you. The sense of failure is a horrid thing, and it had full possession of me then. I was young, and had fitted myself for some of the higher, nobler work of life, just to be thrust back and told that there were no vacancies. Right then and there I felt that there were powers in my brain which could win me a name and place among men if they were only given an opportunity. Oh, boys, there was the bitterness of it! 'I might as well be a highway robber,' I said aloud, despairingly.

"That's just what I think!" said a voice close beside me, and when I started and turned, there was Steve Ranald, sitting there as coolly as if we had walked to the place arm in arm. I never had quite liked his cat-like way of watching and coming on me unawares, but it had never startled me before as it did then.

"Why, Steve?" I exclaimed, "how came you here?"

"Oh, I've kept you in sight all the evening. I thought you did not seem quite right, so I followed you. Devilish cool, that, on old Laclade, wasn't it?"

The question brought me back to my grievances. "It was terrible," I said. "My father started him in business when he had not a friend or a dollar in the world. When I think of that, I could almost swear vengeance on all mankind for that man's base ingratitude."

"Yes," said Ranald, "but remember your American proverb—the world owes you a living."

"I'll never be able to collect the debt," I returned bitterly.

"But you wouldn't make a good highway robber, you know," said Ranald, mechanically, plowing up the earth at his feet with a short stick. "You haven't the right kind of pluck."

"What kind does it take?" I asked with a short laugh.

"Well, suppose a carriage comes along, your first job is to wring the driver, after which you can talk with the inside passengers at your leisure. In case its a rider or a foot passenger, you can deal with him easily enough. But then you've got to have a quick hand on the trigger, and you haven't got the pluck, you know."

"Haven't I?" I cried, with a kind of reckless daring. "If I was armed I would show you before to-morrow. I don't owe the world much gratitude, and I had as well do something desperate and get hanged, and done with it all."

"Oh, as for arms, I could let you have mine," said Ranald, not looking at me at all, but back towards the city. "But I don't like much to do it. You'd never use them."

"I need not go on to tell you, boys, how it all came about, but in less than

half an hour Ranald was on his way back to the city, while I, with his pistols in my pocket, was striding along the green lanes that led farther and farther out into the country. I was desperate, of course, and a burning fever was bounding in my pulses, confusing all that I did. It must certainly have been that, combined with Ranald's influence, that set me, Kenneth Lane, behind a hedge, with a pistol in my hand, and a murderous intent in my heart; while the moon shone whitely over the broad fields and the long ribbons of road that lay between them.

"The first that passed was a man whose face I could not see. I had my finger on the trigger. I was just ready to spring out upon him when suddenly—well, Graham, he began whistling that same little foolish love tune you used to be always whistling, singing and playing at college. That made me grow very weak, and I couldn't move. It brought back all you fellows so distinctly. By the way, I wonder if he will ever know how near that little love tune saved his life? Talk about the value of little things, the stars might all have fallen from their spheres, and never have affected me as did the few simple bars whistled by that traveler along the moonlit road.

"I recovered myself after a little—or rather lost myself again—and began to wonder at my weakness; and then, just as I had straightened myself up and taken a new hold on my resolution to do something desperate, I heard the rattle of carriage wheels far away on the moonlit, white-ribbon road. Instantly I was on the alert, with every faculty quickened. I raised my pistol and examined the look, wondering at the same time whether my sentence would be hanging, or transportation, or imprisonment for life, with hard labor. Before I had settled the matter in my own mind, the carriage had come nearer. The wheels were rattling furiously. Who could it be driving at such a break-neck speed? Then suddenly it came in sight and at the same moment I heard the terrific screams of women, saw that the driver was missing from his place, and that the horses were running away.

"In an instant, forgetting everything else at those cries of distress, I dropped my pistol and sprang into the road.—Just for a moment the startled horses paused, and in that moment I seized the bits. Then commenced a fierce battle with the frantic, plunging steeds. I was thrown down, trampled upon, but I clung to them with despairing energy. Ten minutes ago, my only thought had been to take life; now, my only desire was to save it. So it was; I clung to the horses and kept them there, until I felt stronger hands assisting mine, and then the wild struggle, the broad fields, and the white road all faded away, and left nothing but darkness and silence.

"When I awoke—well, boys, I thought Aladdin's lamp had certainly come back upon the earth, and somebody had been using it for my benefit. If I had come back to life in our own room, Ranald's and mine, I might have concluded that the whole affair had been a horrible dream, and so said nothing more about it. But it certainly was surprising to find myself in a strange room, on a strange bed, with a rosy old gentleman leaning over me on the other side, and a rosy old lady on the other, their faces expressing the most lively solicitude, while a grave medical gentleman first felt my pulse and the rubbed the palms of his hands together with great satisfaction. Nor was my astonishment decreased when the rosy old gentleman said:

"The dear boy has come through.—Allow me to take your hand, doctor.—We owe so much to you."

"Whereupon he shook hands very heartily with the doctor, and then with the old lady, and they all seemed extravagantly glad of my recovery.

"It was astonishing, too, in the days that followed, while I was lying there too weak to move, to see how I was waited on and made much of by the whole family. They told me after a while how I had saved the lives of the rosy old lady and her daughter, who were in the carriage that night, and how I was dragged out from under the horses' feet, bruised and bleeding, and with my left arm broken; how I was brought there and never recovered consciousness, but went off into a raging

fever, and lay next to death's door for weeks. They told me how I had talked in my delirium—now arraigning Mr. Laclade for base ingratitude, then fancying that Ranald was upon my track wherever I went, and that he was going to make me commit murder. Then I was waiting behind the hedge with my finger upon the trigger of the pistol, listening to the rattle of carriage wheels far away on the road, and the next moment I was crying that there were women inside, and that I must save them; and I would strive to rise, and would fall back, exhausted only to begin all over again.

"Do you picture, boys, how I had fallen upon Paradise? After all, there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may."

They had gathered the whole story from my ravings. They knew what had been in my heart, that night beside the hedge, and yet they could be kind and tender. They restored strength and manhood in me. They made me feel that I was worthy of being honored and trusted. When I was able to work the old gentleman found me a splendid position, and I continued my law studies in my leisure moments. Mr. Lyndray gave me a most cordial invitation to make his house my home, and treated me with such confidence that I must have made myself worthy of it, however ignoble and unworthy I might have been. So it was that when Mr. Laclade came and offered me a position as bookkeeper in his establishment, I was enabled to decline the honor, with the old speech a little more proudly uttered: "I am Kenneth Lane, sir." And it was that every holiday took me back to the home of my preserver, where Mr. and Mrs. Lyndray treated me like a son and their fair daughter smiled on me at rare intervals. At last I was admitted to the bar, since which I have become—well, boys, you know the rest."

"The most promising young lawyer in the State," said Fenner, emphatically.

"But, what about the daughter, Judge?" said Graham. "You surely are not going to leave us in the lurch, after we had all concluded that there was going to be a spree of romance about it."

"Oh, yes—the daughter?" said Kenneth Lane, with a blush. Then the rising young lawyer drew himself up with the grace and pride of a young god. "My friends," he said, with unmistakable sweetness, "if you will go down to Mr. Lyndray's on the first day of the new year, you will see me united to Miss Ethel Lyndray, my queen among women."

"Hurrah! Three cheers for the judge and his bride!" shouted Graham, springing to his feet and waving his cap, and the cheers were given with a vim that brought back their college days afresh.

Cutting out a Boy's Tongue.

A few weeks ago a man presented his son, a boy of about twelve years, to our surgeons for treatment. The case was a novel one, the child being afflicted with enlargement of the tongue. His father hailed from Williamson county, and stated that he came to San Antonio to consult our surgeons, as those of Austin, Galveston and New Orleans, to whom he had applied, had demanded exorbitant fees. Dr. Herff informed the troubled father that he would endeavor to cure his son of the excrescence, and sympathizing with him in his trouble, and the child in his pain, the father being a poor man, he offered to perform the operation at a most reasonable charge. The citizens of Williamson county charitably raised the means to pay for the operation. It was executed Wednesday under Dr. Kerff's care, others aiding him. About four inches of tongue were taken off. The extreme end, which has been preserved in alcohol, would weigh about a quarter of a pound, and about as much more was cut off in small bits. It is thick, much wider than the child's mouth from which it was taken, is very rough, and resembles very much the tongue of a young calf. The patient is now doing well, and will no doubt be greatly benefited by the operation, which called into requisition the most perfect care, and the ablest surgical knowledge. The affliction was one in which there has probably been less room for surgical experience than in any other, and is the first case of the kind we ever heard of in Texas.—San Antonio Express.