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Select Poetry.

WE COME AND GO.

If you or I To-day should die, The birds would sing as sweet to-morrow; The vernal spring The flowers would bring, And few would think of us with sorrow. "Yes, he is dead," Would then be said; The corn would floss; the grass yield hay; The cattle low, And summer go, And few would heed us pass away. How soon we pass! How few, alas! Remember those who turn to mold! Whose faces fade, With autumn's shade, Beneath the sodded churchyard cold! Yes, it is so, We come, we go— They hail our birth, they mourn us dead A day or more! The winter o'er, Another takes our place instead.

The Troubles of a Hot Day.

WHY is it that our patriotic forefathers chose the hottest day in the year to declare their Independence? If they could have foreseen what miseries they were thereby entailing upon their children and children's children, they would have hastened or retarded the period at least a month or two without doubt.

How pleasant it would be to celebrate the Fourth of July on the fourth of May or September. But no, the flats have fixed our fate and we must go on, shooting off cannons and firecrackers and working ourselves into an undue state of excitement, the hottest day of the year, until this great nation of ours shall share the fate of all those that have gone before.

The last Fourth of July was even warmer than usual. Early in the morning I resolved to lie in the shade and keep cool; but the booming of the cannon in a neighboring city changed my mind, and I was soon on my way to join the innumerable throng that moved hither and thither without any apparent object or aim.

If I had tried to analyze my own thoughts and feelings, I would have been at a loss to discover a good and sufficient reason for going to town.

I suppose the principal reason in my case was the chief reason in the case of most others, namely, the disposition inherent in human beings to congregate together whenever opportunity occurs. It has sometimes occurred to me that mankind are like blackbirds and wild pigeons. At least, there is a kindred feeling in the breasts of birds and men, in respect to this one thing. But the birds show the most sense, as they do not, like mankind, congregate together in blistering hot weather.

On arriving in town, I was still more puzzled to know what I came for.

I, plain John Dobbs, without any Esq. at the end of my name, and a singular man in some respects. For, though of patriotic lineage, and believing myself to be an enthusiastic lover of my country, I never could listen quietly to the reading of the Declaration of Independence, or the supposed necessary appendage, a long-winded oration. And as to picnics, I've always detested them, even from my youth up. And the booming cannon, after drawing me away from home, has no influence over me, what-

ever, except to keep me away from its immediate vicinity.

Being unable to determine what I came for myself, the happy thought struck me that I could solve the problem by finding out what actuated others to come. Having found this out, it would be easy enough, after considering all the circumstances of other cases, and the peculiar circumstances of my own case, to strike a balance and find out what I came for myself.

Lest the intelligent reader may be tempted to entertain a poor opinion of the mental roundabout way of trying to ascertain a fact, be it remembered that the hot sun was, meantime, pouring down in his hottest rays upon poor John's head, and almost making a stew of his brain.

Just as the happy thought struck me, I recognized an old acquaintance on the other side of the street, James Bond by name, who was the very man to enlighten me, as he could give a reason for everything. Especially was he prolific in giving reasons for not paying his just debts; and as he owed me the trifling sum of one dollar, a kind of half-formed resolution was floating in my mind that if it came round handy I would dun him for money, and if he didn't shell out, I would somehow manage to take it all out in ice-cream.

Up one street and down another we went, he some distance ahead, and I, of course, following after. As time passed, it occurred to me what a grand day it was for ice-cool lemonade and ice-cream. Then a suspicion entered my mind that James had somehow caught sight of me, and was trying to give me the dodge.— This thought, however, only stimulated me to renewed effort.

All thought of getting my money vanished, as I mentally resolved to show Jim that I wasn't mean enough to chase a man all day with the thermometer 100 degrees in the shade, and the Fourth of July besides, for the paltry sum of one dollar.

As this noble purpose became fixed in my mind, my rate of speed increased so that I found myself gaining very perceptibly on my friend.

All of a sudden he stopped and turned round, facing me.

"What do you want?" he asked.

Goodness alive! It wasn't Jim at all, but an entire stranger.

"I am a philosopher," I stammered.

"A what?"

"A philosopher. Satisfied that men do not celebrate the Fourth on account of patriotism, I choose this day to find the reason why they chose the hottest day in the year on which to get unduly excited. And, my dear, sir, I selected you as a man likely to give me the desired information. Will you?"

"A philosopher, are you? That is rather thin! I know who you are!— You're one of those onery cusses that try to make a living without work. But you've got after the wrong fellow, this time. Take that!"

The next thing I knew I was lying on my back, with a crowd of men and boys gathered around; and the man, who looked somewhat like James Bond, was saying:

"He's a three card monte man, or something worse, and has been following me all day."

It was evident that the sympathy of the crowd was in his favor. It was further evident that I would have to apologize for being knocked down, and stand a good chance of being sent to the lock-up, besides.

However, as good luck would have it, a mutual friend appeared upon the scene and helped me out of an awkward predicament.

It is, perhaps, needless to say, that after this unfortunate episode, the ardor of my philosophical researches began to cool down, in spite of the fact, that the air was getting hotter all the time.

While trying to banish from my mind the unpleasant events of the morning, I accidentally halted in my wanderings, near a couple of men, whose ages were about forty and eighty.

"And so Jake's drunk!" remarked the old man.

"Yes," replied the other "and Jim, too."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the old man, in a pensive mood.

"And Bill," continued the middle-

aged man, "is the drunkest one of the three."

"And how about Tom?" queried the old man, his curiosity seemingly increasing as the list continued to lengthen.

"Tom? Why, Tom is as drunk as a fool, of course."

"Is that a fact?" remarked the old man.

Then he asked:

"How about Sam?"

"Well, Sam is so drunk he don't care a darn whether school keeps or not."

"Then they are all drunk!" muttered the old man, musingly.

"All drunk," echoed the other.

The old man shifted his quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other and very calmly remarked:

"Just as I expected."

"That old man, at least," mused I, "is not the victim of bitter disappointment. He is one of the few men who can lay his head upon his downy pillow, to-night and say that the events of the day have fully met his expectations."

Although disposed to feel amused at the old man, episode number 2 had a rather depressing effect upon me, and I was fast becoming dissatisfied with myself and disgusted with humanity in general.

For the purpose of viewing the ruins of a late fire, and also desirous of communing alone with my thoughts, I left the surging sea of humanity, and sought the locality where the fire had made such fearful havoc. To my surprise the smoke was still ascending from the debris.

While searching for relics among burnt logs and piles of broken bricks, all the while indulging in day dreams, I was startled from my reverie by a man whose smiles might have indicated that he had just found a long lost twin brother.

His face was familiar, for I had seen and avoided the man in ever town and village in which I had ever chanced to be, within a radius of two hundred miles or more.

"This is a world of disappointment," he began. "Riches take to themselves wings, as it were, and fly away. The prudent man foreseeth the evil, and insures his property in the Home Insurance Company, of which I am agent.— It is necessary for me to—"

"Excuse me," said I, abruptly; "I see a friend on the other side of the street. Please excuse me a moment."

It was not polite in me to leave him thus, but what else could I do? I was determined not to have my modest little piece of property insured, and was equally well aware of the fact that in five minutes he would convince me I was a fool for not doing it. No man likes to be proved a fool right to his face.

It is needless to say that when I had reached the other side of the street my mythical friend had turned a corner, and that I followed him in all haste. For a full half hour I kept up the pursuit, for there was no danger that the myth would about face and begin an aggressive movement. Then, thinking that by that time I had lost him, or, rather he had lost me, and was smiling upon some other unfortunate victim, I began to look around me, and to take notes, mentally as it were.

The first man my eyes fell upon was the first real downright happy one I had seen during the whole day. The perspiration was streaming from his forehead, and great drops stood out like beads over the fair face of the girl by his side. But they both were happy nevertheless, not, perhaps, because it was a hot day and the Fourth of July, but in spite of adverse circumstances.

"Is it not true," thought I "that after all real happiness consists in believing one's self happy? That cannot be either, for if it were true, yonder boy with the firecrackers must be really and truly happy. I will try what effect a few common sense remarks will have on the little fellow."

"My boy," said I, putting my thoughts into words, "don't you think you are spending money foolishly in buying firecrackers? If it's noise you want, you can get a better article and more of it for less money, if you will go down to the boiler shop some day, when the men are all feeling well and all at work."

The boy looked at me as though he thought me a fool.

"After all," mused I, "a boy is a true epitome of a man. Men generally have an opinion, generally unexpressed, that those who differ from them in unimportant matters are fools, at least in respect to those matters; on the other hand, they are apt to believe that all those who agree with them are wise. No doubt that insurance agent classes men into divisions—first, the wise men, who insure their property, and, second, the fools, who do not."

Just then I came face to face with the man of all others whom I did not wish to see. It was the insurance agent himself, smiling blandly upon me.

"It is unnecessary for me," he said, taking up the thread of his discourse where it had been broken off an hour before, "to inform an intelligent looking man like you that it is not only poor policy for a man to labor to acquire wealth and then leave it in a condition in which he may lose it all without a moment's warning, but it is a wrong committed against wife and children."

"I have no property whatever," I said.

This was small fib, but so small that I thought it excusable. I am by nature very particular about telling the exact truth, but experience taught me that it is not always fair to a man's own self to do so. At least it must be confessed that whether it is right or not the temptation to tell a fib is very great when a man—a stranger—is trying to pry into the condition of one's private affairs. But my reply did not better things much, for he said:

"Then, my dear sir, there is the greater need that you do something to insure your family against want should you happen to die. The man who loses property by fire is apt to have some little that escaped the flames, but the man with no property ought to secure something for his wife and children that would otherwise be left destitute, by having his life insured. I am also agent for the Bunkum Life Insurance Company, and would be happy to accommodate you with a policy."

Merciful heaven! I always felt myself unable to combat one insurance agent, and here was about the same as two standing before me!

"I have no children," was my reply.

This was a pretty good-sized fib, considering there were five at home, counting the baby twins.

"Then, my dear sir, you ought at least to insure your life for the benefit of your wife! Think how helpless she would be in case of your death without any boys to take care of her!"

"I have no wife, either?" said I.

Worse and worse! What would my "wifey tify" have thought could she have heard her "hubby dubby" thus coolly ignoring her very existence!

"Where do you live, and what is your name?" he asked, casting at me a piercing glance, which meant more than the mere words.

Perhaps I might have answered him truthfully had he not taken out his lead pencil, preparatory to taking down my name and place of residence, just as though I had been of some criminal act for which he intended to hold me responsible.

"I'm a stranger in this town," said I.

"Just landed here this morning."

This was simply a downright untruth. But what was I to do? Ought I to tell my name and place of residence, and thus place it in his power to gain the victory over me?

Besides, I had already made assertions that would not bear the light of a rigid investigation; and it was no time for hairsplitting discriminations as to the number and size of the fibs I should tell.

"Never was within a thousand miles of this place before," I continued.

"Ah!" said he; "how came you to have a friend across the street only a short time ago?"

Sure enough, I had quite forgotten about that. It is very true that a liar needs a long memory.

"I am a Turk," I said recklessly, and quite ignoring his sarcastic question, "and have just arrived in this great country to avoid the draft. My name is Osman Pasha."

His countenance fell, and victory was just within my grasp.

But, as bad luck would have it, my

particular friend, Peter Jones, hove in sight and was bearing down upon us.— He would recognize me, that was certain. For he was one of those fellows that sees everything and everybody as he passes along. The thought occurred to me that I would turn my back upon him and thus escape notice. But no, that would not do. His hat and mine were precisely alike. We bought them in the same hat-store, at the same time because they were so odd looking. They were so odd, indeed, that they were the only ones of the kind that the hatman could ever sell; and in all that great throng not a man or boy could be seen with a hat like ours. Yes, he would know me by that hat. And only think how the great superstructure of untruths. I had been building up to the seventh story, as it were, would come tumbling down about my ears by a simple:

"How are you Dobbs?"

The thought was maddening! The only chance to escape the humiliation was the not much less humiliating alternative of running away from him once more.

"Ha!" said I, "they are on my track. I see them coming. Good bye, my friend, for the present. When the cruel war is ended, and balmy winged peace returns to my country once more, call on me at Constantinople as you are passing, and we will finish this interesting conversation. Bye-bye."

When I looked back he was gesticulating wildly and pointing in the direction I had taken; no doubt telling everybody that I was an escaped lunatic.

But it was so hot that nobody gave chase; or, perhaps, there were so many lunatics on the street that day that nobody thought it worth while to pay any particular attention to just one.

At any rate I arrived safely at home at four o'clock P. M.

"Why, John," exclaimed my wife, "what made you come home in the heat of the day? You look so bad?"

My story is told. If any one is inclined to think the moral of it is obscure, let me say to that one:

Never tell a lie under any circumstances. Even should you feel justified in telling a white lie, under some peculiar circumstances, remember that you are forming a bad habit that may be troublesome. Besides, one untruth calls for another to cover it up, then another and another, till finally the heap becomes so large that concealment is impossible.

As to any other lessons that may be learned from this story of a hot day, it need only be added that if I live till the hottest day next summer, which will, of course, be the Fourth of July, I will provide, for the occasion, plenty of lemons for lemonade, a little candy for the children, a few copies of choice papers; and will take a holiday at home with my family like a sensible man.

A Confederate Coin.

Very few people are aware that the Confederate States ever had any metal money, but they had at one time a die made ready to go to work. An order was given to a Philadelphia engraver to prepare a die which was used for coining one cent pieces. The die was made as directed, and about a dozen nickel impressions taken from it, when the man became frightened and refused to deliver his work because he was afraid of being prosecuted for treason. He carefully hid the coins and die and no one knew of their existence until over ten years had elapsed. One day the engraver, in a fit of generosity produced by too much liquor, showed one of the coins to a friend.

A Philadelphia fancier shortly heard of it and tried hard to get one, but the engraver denied all knowledge of any such thing. Among other methods used to get him to divulge his secret he was frequently treated one night until he got in the proper condition to tell all he knew. Shortly afterwards a gentleman obtained the die itself and intended having 500 pennies struck for collectors. When about 50 had been coined the die broke. These with the other twelve are the only genuine Confederate coinage in existence. Each one is worth as a curiosity about \$10, and they will soon be all gone. They have at first view very much the appearance of our present cent, although close inspection shows many differences.