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Select Poetry.

TRUST.

I cannot see with my small human sight,
Why God should lead this way or that for me;
I only know he saith, "Child, follow me,"
But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times
So straitly hedged, so strangely barred before;
I only know God could keep wide the door,
But I can trust.

I often wonder, as with trembling hand
I cast the seed along the furrowed ground,
If ripened fruit for God will there be found,
But I can trust.

I cannot know why suddenly the storm
Should rage so fiercely round me in its wrath;
But this I know, God watches all my path,
And I can trust.

I may not draw aside the mystic veil
That hides the unknown future from my sight;
Nor know if for me waits the dark or light;
But I can trust.

I have no power to look across the tide,
To know, while here, the land across the river;
But this I know, I shall be God's forever;
So I can trust.

MRS. COBB'S PLOT,

—OR—
ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE.

ALL the family, with the exception of Jennie, were seated in the great cheery kitchen. To-morrow was Saturday, and Mrs. Cobb was paring apples in anticipation of to-morrow's baking.

"Where's Jenny?" asked that lady at length. "I want her to help me. She isn't good for much of anything—these days. If 't a'n't singin'-school night, why, it's a gettin' ready for singin'-school night, or hevin' company, or somethin' or other."

"She's in the front room, a lightin' up," replied Bob, who was a regular store-house of useful knowledge. "I heard 'em say in the store how her beau was comin' over from Rockville to-night."

"Her beau!" exclaimed Mrs. Cobb, aghast. "Why, John Prendergrast's her beau, if she's got one. He's bin a goin' with her ever sence they was children; but she don't light up the front room for him, and he don't live over to Rockville neither. It can't be she has asked that good-for-nothin' finfied Frank Walters over here, with his perfumery a smellin', and his power of manners. If she hez, she shall never do it again—never!"

And the excited lady threw her apples into the waste-basket, and carefully saved the parings.

"Now, ma," said prudent Pa Cobb over the farmers' almanac, "you jest let Jennie alone, and it'll come out all right. Ef you go meddlin', you'll only make bad matters worse. Keep still a while, and let her go her own goes; and ef John ain't a bigger fool 'n I think he is, he'll keep still too, and bide his time."

And Pa Cobb finally had his way; and restless Jennie, who soon appeared with a look of not altogether pleased expectation in her pretty face, was allowed to remain unquestioned while the apple-parings dropped swiftly from her impatient, nervous little fingers.

In the course of fifteen minutes, John Prendergrast walked in at the back door, unannounced, as was his usual custom. Jennie looked decidedly taken aback; for, as he had spent the evening before at the Cobb fireside, it would hardly be expected that he would come again so soon.

"Want another hand at your apples, Mrs. Cobb?" said the young man in a hearty, ringing voice, that was pleasant to hear.

"No, thank you; they're most done now. But you're always welcome as the sun, John; you know that."

John looked at Jennie as if he wished to hear this sentiment confirmed in that direction.

But she did not look up. In fact, she had been staring very hard at a red-cheeked Baldwin ever since he came in.

Then there was a ring at the front-door bell; at which every one seemed startled, for the sound of that bell was a rare occurrence. The minister rang it sometimes when he came to call, and ladies from far-away neighborhoods when they came to the sewing circle.—Otherwise it was silent. The hired man looked in from the back room, his eyes open to their widest extent; the baby woke, and contributed fierce cries to the general excitement; and the children stood on their heads with expectation.—Jennie colored to the roots of her hair, and hastened away to answer the bell; while the hired girl stole down two or three steps of the front stairs to listen.

"Go in, John," said Mrs. Cobb, indicating the door with her eyes; "there's somebody in the front room 't wants to see you."

John looked bewildered, but did not stir.

Pa Cobb placidly read his almanac. "I shall esteem it a great favor if you will go in, John," continued Mrs. Cobb solemnly.

John accordingly rose, and obeyed her request, without the least suspicion what or whom he was going to encounter.

Frank Waters, the dainty clerk in the variety store at Rockville Corner, sat very lazily in an arm-chair at no great distance from Jennie, who was blushing and looking very conscious. The atmosphere was filled with the mingled perfumes of hair-oil and patchouly.—The room was "fixed up" very carefully too; John noticed that. The melodeon was open, and on the rack was placed the tender ballad of "Maggie Darling." A vase with one of Grandma Prescott's monthly roses in it adorned the center-table; and the bright worsted tidy, through whose intricate meshes he had watched Jennie's pretty fingers through several blissful evenings, was finished and spread in all its glory over the arm of the sofa.

"Ah! good-evening, Mr.—Mr.—I've forgotten the name, weally," said Mr. Waters condescendingly, and imitating successfully the manner of a summer boarder who had excited his envy and admiration last season because he had pleased the young ladies more than he himself had the honor of doing.

"Pendergrast," said Jennie, with a confused tongue.

"Ah, yes! Pendergrast. I have had the pleasure of seeing you in my establishment, I believe, Mr. Pendergrast."

"I sometimes go over to Mr. White's store," said John stiffly, but not without a little flicker of amusement in his blue eyes in spite of the horrible jealousy which was raging in his breast.

Mr. Waters winced a little, and the two sat glaring at each other in silence for a few moments.

Jennie cast a little indignant glance at John, and broke the silence before it became quite unendurable, by asking Mr. Waters if he thought it would storm to-morrow.

"Well, weally, Miss Jennie," he replied, "I'm a weal poor weather-wise.—You'd better ask Mr.—ah—Mr. Pendergrast; he's out-of-doors so much, a diggin' potatoes and a hoelin' cabbages, that probably he gits used to the look of the sky. Anyhow, we don't care what the weather is to-morrow, if it clears off Thursday in time for our dance, do we?"

John was furious; not at the fling against his occupation, but that he should dare to use the word "we" in connection with Jennie and himself, with such amazing coolness and confidence. He dared not trust himself to speak for some time, and was obliged to hold himself into his seat, so strong was his impulse to seize Mr. Waters by his collar, and throw him out-of-doors.

It was Jennie's turn to be angry with

Mr. Waters now; and she turned to John with a smile of great sweetness, and ignored her other admirer.

Mr. Waters, with a great deal of quickness, then commenced to shower down politeness upon the head of his enemy, and was pleasantly apologetic.

John continued to be savage, however, and made himself so disagreeable that Jennie finally turned her back upon him completely, and she and Mr. Waters had the conversation entirely to themselves.

John sat with the aspect of a revengeful robber for a few minutes, and then sulkily left the room. He was about to leave the house, when Mrs. Cobb called to him to return.

"John," said she breathlessly, "pa has gone to bed and I want to have a talk with you. Don't you think Bob heard that Jennie promised to go over to Rockville to the dance Thursday night with that puppy of a Waters, and I want you to help me put a stop to it.—Pa says, 'Oh, you let Jennie alone, and it will come out all right;' and I've no doubt but what it would ef I could hev patience to set still and see a child of mine make a fool of herself. You see how it is. He's heard of her inheritin' her Aunt Field's property, and she's a pooty girl too, and looks well to go round with; but, if she was as humble as sin, he'd want to git her jest as bad, so he could be supported in idleness, and set in the store and wear his best clothes every day. And she's taken a fancy to him jest because he's new, and knows how to say soft things, and is so mighty perlit and attentive, and has such white hands, and all the other girls are so in love with him. They say he's the best dancer that ever took a step in this part of the country, and that goes a good ways with girls before they git over their folly. But I won't hev him hangin' round here; and, if you'll help me put a stop to it, why, we'll do it right straight off."

"I don't know what I can do about it," said John gloomily.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Mrs. Cobb. "Did you know that the turnpike bridge was broken?"

"Why, yes," said John, looking somewhat horrified, as if he thought the lady was contemplating murder.

"And the only way that a body can git over from Rockville now is through the old road, that is kind of pokerish, and runs through that awful dark piece of woods, where the peddler was murdered when grandpa was a boy."

John looked more and more mystified.

"I always go that way when I have an errand at Rockville," said he, "it is so much shorter."

"So does 'most everybody, but not Mr. Waters. Seth, our hired man, used to live over to his uncle's; and this Frank was there, and he says he's the biggest coward he ever seed in all his born days, and no matter how much of a hurry he's in, he goes 'way round the other road when he comes over this way, for fear of seein' the ghost. They say there is a ghost there, you know; old Daddy Jenkins saw it once, and so did Mis' Ethan Grindle when she was drivin' home from the store alone. Now, when Thursday night comes, I want you to dress up in a sheet,—I'll help you rig,—and then drive over, 'in hide in them woods, and when Waters comes along on his way to get Jennie, you just appear in the road, and he won't dare to go past you any more 't if you held out a pistol, and said, 'Your money or your life.'"

John laughed, but could not at first be brought to see the wisdom of the plan.

"What if Jennie really likes him, after all!" said he, a flush of pain passing over his face. "And then she will be disappointed about the dance.—Everybody is going."

"You can go with her, yourself, afterward. You can git home in plenty of time. John, I'm determined that you shall go, for my sake if not for your own. I know whether she likes him or not; and I know who she does like, in the bottom of her heart."

And John finally consented to assume the character of a ghost, and obstruct the way Mr. Frank Waters on the road to his lady-love in the shades of Thursday evening.

Thursday evening came,—moonless,

but with plenty of starlight, and a weird wind moaning in the tree-tops. It was cold too, and the window-panes were covered with frost.

Jennie was quite surprised that her mother made no objection to her going to the dance with Mr. Waters, and prepared to rebel should she be moved to do at the last moment, was all equipped at an early hour, and looking her very prettiest.

Bob came in with news of what Tilly Johnson was going to wear, and declared that none of the fellows in the store could find out what girl John Pendergrast was going to take; but it was known to a certainty that he was going, and he'd bought a new team yesterday "up to the port—a reg'lar stunner, the best one in the county," Joe Judson said.

John going to take another girl!—Jennie felt a sudden pang of indignation at the very thought of it. But, then, what could she expect, since she was going with another man? But he might have asked her to go before Frank Waters did; and she would have accepted the invitation—perhaps. She had supposed he wasn't going to the Rockville dance, because he had said once that he didn't like the set. He was growing so stupidly particular lately; and then he wasn't nearly as stylish as Mr. Waters—not near as nice to go to dances with, any way. He could go with whom he pleased.

This was her train of thought; but still she did not look particularly happy as she sat by the fireside, waiting for her own escort.

Her mother's behavior puzzled her.—She seemed exceedingly nettled and nervous, and was mysteriously absent for some time, keeping the supper waiting, and not even Bob could find out where she had gone. When she returned, she seemed in amazingly high spirits, and was continually indulging in little bursts of laughter, though the cause of her merriment was unknown to the rest of the family.

"Can it be that she is so pleased that I am going to the dance with Frank Waters?" thought Jennie. "I thought she adored John, and fairly hated Frank."

Whereupon Jennie, with the perversity of her sex, began to wish that she was not going with Frank, after all, but had waited a little longer for John to ask her.

The dance, after the staid country fashion, was to begin at eight o'clock; and Mr. Waters was to come for Jennie at a quarter before seven, as it was a long ride to Rockville Corner. But now it was fully seven, and he had not yet made his appearance. Jennie was growing impatient, and peered poutingly out of the window. Another half-hour passed, and still he did not appear. Jennie tore up-stairs, and was about to remove her things, when she concluded to wait a little longer, as there was a sound of carriage-wheels in the distance.

"He's a comin', I guess, Jen," shouted Bob from the foot of the stairs; "but catch me to go to a dance with a feller't couldn't keep up to time."

Jennie waited anxiously. The carriage stopped in front of the house; but there was no ring of the door-bell. A quick step came up the walk to the back door, and in a moment John's voice was heard from the kitchen.

"Jennie gone to the dance?" she heard him ask in his loud cheery tone.

"No, she ha'n't," replied Bob. And for once he had the wisdom to hold his tongue after giving this information.

"Indeed! Why, I was pretty sure she was going, or I'd have asked her myself. Where is she? Can I see her?"

"Jen, there's somebody down here wants to see you," screamed Bob. "Come down 's quick's you can, 'cause he's in a awful hurry."

Jennie went down,—she could not do otherwise,—but looking extremely crestfallen and mortified.

"John's ben askin' me to go over to the dance with him, seein' 's he thought you was goin' with somebody else," said her mother, with the same wonderful disposition to laugh; "but, now he's found out his mistake, he'd rather hev you, by a long chalk, I'm sure."

"Will you go, Jennie?" inquired John gravely.

Jennie looked ready to burst into tears.

"You're very good to ask me, under the circumstances, John; but"—

"Oh, no 'buts,'" said John, feeling rather guilty and uncomfortable, in spite of himself. "Come; let us hurry. You are all dressed, and my pony will take us over in a twinkling."

And, after a few tears and a few doubts, Jennie consented. Anything rather than have the other girls think she was obliged to stay at home because she could get no one to take her to the dance, she thought. And, after all, she was glad she was going with John.

While she was engaged in putting on her wraps, Mrs. Cobb, nearly doubled up with laughter, took John aside.

"I know you succeeded," she said; "but do tell me about it, for I am dyin' to hear how the silly coward acted."

"Oh, I stood directly in the middle of the road, wrapped in my sheet, and with the white paint on my face; and, when he come in sight, I lifted a threatening finger toward him. He stopped as suddenly as you please when he caught sight of me, and I waved him back in as ghostly and dreadful a manner as possible. Then, without making an effort to come any nearer, he turned his team, and drove away like mad. I really thought he would try to pass me," added John earnestly.

Mrs. Cobb shrieked with laughter; but John looked somewhat disturbed.

"I waited some time, thinking he would get some one to accompany him over the dangerous ground, and appear again," he continued; "but I think he was pretty well frightened; for he seemed to have no control over his horse in turning, and came near tipping over."

"Was there ever anything so 'cute'?" said Mrs. Cobb, clapping her hands. "I declare! I believe I must tell pa, whether he scolds me or not. You did look awful, though, John."

"I can't help feeling that it was not exactly the right sort of a trick," said John; "and I'm going to confess to Jennie when I"—

"If you do," she threatened, "I'll"—

But just then Jennie appeared, and so of course nothing more was said.

The dance was the greatest success of the season, and even the girls themselves agreed that Jennie was the belle. But she made it a point to dance a good many dances with John, and only one with any other gentleman. Mr. Waters was not there.

When the bridge on the other road was ready for travel again, however, he came over to see Jennie, and was full of explanations and apologies; but she sent him away in a most hopeless condition.

Six months afterward she was married to John. He had confessed, and had been pardoned.

Jennie hated a coward. Then she had never cared for any one but the lover of her childhood; but she had seen him so constantly that she did not know it until that little affair with Frank Waters.

The story that the ghost had appeared again was spread far and wide. The village grandmothers talked the murder over again by the fireside nearly every evening; and the village children did not sleep at night, for fear, after these thrilling tales.

But the ghost has been quiet and never once shown himself since the night of the dance at Rockville Corner.

Curious Bible Errors.

Certain editions of the Bible, owing to the errors they contained, have received many odd names. What is known as the "Breeches Bible" (Geneva 1560), was so called because Genesis iii, 7, was translated: "They sewed five leaves together and made themselves breeches," instead of "aprons" as in the English version now used. In the "Treacle Bible" (1568), Jeremiah viii, 22 was made to read: "Is there no treacle in Gilead," etc., instead of "balm," and in 1609 the word was changed to "rosin;" "balm" was first used in 1611. The "Vinegar Bible," printed in Oxford in 1717, by John Baskett, derives its name from the heading of Luke xx, which was made to read: "The parable of the vinegar." The book had many other errors from which it has also been called, after the printer's name, "A Basket of errors." In 1681 a Bible was printed in England, and in 1732 another appeared in Germany, both of which made the seventh commandment read: "Thou shalt commit adultery," the word "not" being omitted. It has been very appropriately called the "Wicked Bible."