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SOLDIERS' DREAMS.

A WEEK previous to the battle of Fair Oaks a New York volunteer who passed the night in a tent of a member of the Third Michigan Infantry got up in the morning looking very glum and down-hearted, and when rallied about his fancied homesickness he said:

"I have only a week to live! I had a dream last night which has settled the business for me and lots of others. A week from to-day a battle will be fought and thousands will be slain. My regiment will lose over a hundred men, and I shall be killed while charging across a field."

The men laughed at his moody spirit, but he turned on them and said:

"Your regiment will also be in the fight, and when the roll is called after the battle you will have nothing to be merry over. The two sergeants who were in here last night will be killed among the trees. I saw them lying dead as plainly as I now see you. One will be shot in the breast, and the other in the groin, and dead men will be thick around them."

The battle took place just a week after. The dreamer was killed in full sight of every man in the Third before the fight was an hour old, and within twenty minutes after the two sergeants and six of their comrades were dead in the woods, hit exactly where the dreamer said they would be. More than fifty men will bear witness to the truth of this statement.

Just before the battle of Cedar Creek a camp sentinel who was off duty temporarily and trying to put in a little sleep, dreamed that he went out on a scout. A mile to the right of our camp he came upon a log barn, and as it began to rain just then he sought shelter, or was about to, when he heard voices and discovered that the place was already occupied. After a little investigation he ascertained that three Confederate scouts had taken up their quarters for the night in the place, and he therefore moved away. The sentinel awoke with such a vivid remembrance of details that he asked permission to go over and confer with one of the scouts. When the log barn was described to this man he located it at once, having passed it a dozen times. The dreamer described the highway exactly as it was, giving every hill and turn, and the scout put such faith in the remainder of the dream that he took four soldiers, one of whom was the dreamer, and set out for the place. Three Confederate scouts were asleep in the straw, and were taken without a shot being fired. The dream and its results were known to hundreds of Sheridan's cavalry, and has been alluded to at reunions.

The night before the cavalry fight at Brandy Station a trooper who slept as his horse jogged along in column dreamed that a certain Captain in his regiment would be unhorsed in a fight next day, and while rising from his fall would be wounded in the left knee. Everything was so clear to the dreamer that he took opportunity to find the Captain and relate his dream.

"Go to Texas with your croaking!" was all the thanks he received, but he had his revenge. In the very first charge, next day, the Captain was unhorsed by the breaking of the girth, and was pitched head over heels into a patch of briars. As he struggled out a shell killed his horse and two men, and one of the flying pieces of iron mashed the Captain's left leg to a bloody pulp. He is now a resident of Ohio, and his wood-

en leg is indisputable evidence that dreams sometimes come to pass.

While McClellan was besieging Yorktown the fun was not all on one side. The Confederates had plenty of shot and shell, and they sent them out with intent to kill. One morning a Michigan man who was in the trenches walked back to a spot on which three officers were eating breakfast and warned them that they were in great peril. On the night previous he had dreamed that he had looked at his watch and marked that it was a quarter of seven, when a shell hit the ground behind him and tore up the earth in a terrible way. It was now twenty minutes of seven, and he besought the officers to leave the spot at once. His earnest manner induced them to comply, and they had only reached cover when a Confederate shell struck the earth where they had been grouped and made an excavation into which a horse could have been rolled with room to spare.

Three days before the affair at Kelly's Ford a Corporal in the Sixth Michigan Cavalry dreamed that a brother of his, who was a Sergeant in another company, would have his horse killed in action, and would almost immediately mount a dark bay horse with a white nose. Within five minutes both horse and rider would be killed by a shell. This dream was related to more than a score of comrades fully two days before the fight. Early in the action the Sergeant's horse was struck square in the forehead by a bullet, and dropped dead in his tracks. It was scarcely three minutes before a white-faced horse, carrying a blood-stained saddle, galloped up to the Sergeant and halted. He remembered the dream, and refused to mount the animal, and soon after picked up a black horse. The white-nosed animal was mounted by a second corporal in another regiment, and horse and rider were torn to fragments by a shell in full sight of four companies of the Sixth. These things may seem very foolish now, but there was a time when a soldier's dream saved Gen. Kilpatrick's life; when a dream changed Custer's plans for three days; when a dream prevented Gen. Tolbert's camp from a surprise and capture; and when a dream gave Gen. Sheridan more accurate knowledge of Early's forces than all the scouts.

We knew when in the army a similar result of a dream. When lying at Sandy Hook, Md., in July 1861, we had in our company a young man of known courage. On the morning of July 2d he came to the captain in command and said that he was sure that some of the company would be hurt very soon, as he had dreamed that he lay on a stretcher and a surgeon was cutting a slit up his leg, hunting a bullet. He described the doctor very accurately, and as he was different from any surgeon on duty at the post, all laughed at him. About an hour afterward a strange officer was seen coming up to head quarters when Sergeant M— said, "there comes the man I saw in my dream, and I'll bet he is a doctor." It proved to be so, and the next day in a skirmish, Sergeant M— was wounded, brought in on a stretcher, and the doctor he saw in his dream performed the operation of cutting a ball out of his leg.

A GOOD GHOST STORY.

NOT long since, two rustic gallants went regular to see the same girl. The young lady—a farmer's fair daughter—resided just half way between the respective homes of her adorers, and, as a matter of course, when Sunday evening arrived, when they 'came courting,' the distance traveled over was the same to both.

Now as they were jealous of one another, each lover tried his skill, by a series of manoeuvres, to drive the other off. Affairs had gone on in this manner for some time, yet neither had seemed to have made any marked progress in the lady's regards. I do not know how it would have terminated, for the girl liked them well enough but she could not marry them both, she was puzzled which one to choose. Whether she wished them to fight a duel, or decide the contest by fist-cuffs, for the honor of her hand and heart, I cannot say; but her suspense, and that of her anxious lovers, was, at last, relieved in the following manner:

As they had exhausted human inge-

nity in trying to outgeneral each other they, both—strange as it may seem—resolved unknown to each other, to call to their aid the terrors of the spirit world. Stranger yet, the same night, was chosen when each should personate a ghost, to drive the other off the field.

Well, the next Sunday evening came, and, attired in the habiliments of the grave, could be seen, about nine o'clock, our two heroes, cautiously approaching the abode of their 'dearest dear.' The object of ghost A. was to meet B. before he reached the house, frighten him out of his five senses, and then chase him home. If A. could accomplish this, B. would never dare to show his ugly mug there again.

Ghost B's object was, precisely the same towards A., and, consequently a fearful collision between them was inevitable.

A. had chosen a hollow pumpkin, with two round holes cut near the top for saucer eyes, and a huge horizontal, parallel organ opening for the mouth. A candle was placed burning in it, and at a distance in the dark, it looked really frightful.

B. had got some punk—which looked like burnished silver in the dark—which he intended placing around his person, in the night, in order to give him a supernatural appearance; a pair of ox horns placed upon his head, and attired in a huge winding sheet, B. would have passed for a very respectable devil.

They met. The night was very dark, the road somewhat muddy—it was always muddy up in Dane county—so that they had in a manner to feel their way along. A turn in the road, close by the dwelling, revealed each to the other in their ghostly costume.

What a sight! A. saw a ghost—B. also beheld another before him. A pumpkin-head grinned horribly at B., whilst the wierd lanterns on B.'s person almost annihilated poor A., for he imagined, I suppose, that it was the evil one himself before him.

What mortal could stand this? They could not; but, appalled, terrified, and nearly mad with fear, they both turned homeward and fled, with fearful outcries bursting from their trembling lips. As B. however, was putting in his best paces, in re-passing the house, a large mastiff, alarmed by the outcries, rushed out, and headed him off.

The poor wretch, thinking it was his diabolical persecutor in the form of a dog, turned aghast, and went off after A. with all his might—no hat on, his winding sheet streaming in the wind behind him, while the dull glaring of his punk-wood ornaments gave him, indeed the look of a demon. A. heard the noise, and glancing behind him, saw with horror, the phantom in full chase. He dropped the pumpkin-head—which he had been carrying in his hand—gave another, yet louder, yell and exerting all his powers to the uttermost, he bounded forward with the agility of a hunted deer, almost flying over the ground, as he went, B., in the meantime, not seeing the pumpkin-head, pressed on in the rear, the dog at his heels, barking and urging him forward still faster than before.

How long they would have continued on in their headlong flight, if not stopped, I cannot tell. They had already legged it over two miles, and were in a fair way of running themselves to death, if A. in his blind haste, had not pitched headlong into a mire hole, B., too, the next minute sharing the same fate. Fortunately, the hole was not deep, or they both would have been smothered in the mud, for they were fairly tired out and weak as infants. They remained in this condition until next morning, when the neighbors found them, pulled them out and carried them to their homes. Wet, covered with mud from head to foot, their raiment torn in rags, they presented a truly miserable appearance. Both were laid up for some days, from the effects of their fright, and overtasking their physical powers. It had one good effect, however, it cured them of love, for they never went courting there again.

A Wonderful Clock.

A WONDERFUL clock, said to be superior in mechanism and the variety of its performances to the famed Strasbourg astronomical and apostolic clock, has been constructed at Detroit

by Professor Felix Meiers, a gentleman who has devoted his entire life to the study of astronomy and mechanics. It is called the American National Astronomical Clock, and it is probably the most complex and ingenious horological work that the hand of man has ever produced. The clock is 18 feet high, 8 feet wide, and 5 feet deep, and weighs 4,000 pounds. It is wound once in 12 days, and is run by weights of 700 pounds. It shows the local time in hours, minutes and seconds, and the time of thirteen other cities of the world, among which are Washington, San Francisco, Melbourne, Peking, Cairo, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, London, Berlin and Paris. It also denotes the movements of the planets, and measures their movements by seasons, years and cycles for 200 years, including leap years. Concealed in its interior is a music box which plays when death strikes each hour. At the same moment the figure of Washington, seated in a chair beneath a canopy, rises to his feet, holding the Declaration of Independence in his right hand. A liveried servant sitting at the right hand also rises and opens a door through which comes all the Presidents of the United States, who march in review before the effigy of Washington, saluting him as they pass. The procession disappears through a door on the opposite side of the platform, which is opened and closed by a servant in gorgeous livery. The likenesses of these figures includes that of President Hayes, who is in the rear, and are said to be excellent. As soon as the door is closed the figure of Washington resumes its chair of state, and all is quiet until the hammer of Death again sounds the hour on the gong, when the extraordinary scene is repeated. The quarter-hours are struck by an infant, the half-hours by a youth, and the three-quarters by a man. The South Church, Boston, has offered \$45,000 for the clock, the price of which is \$50,000.

A Comical Duel.

In an interesting article which appeared in one of the magazines a short time back, giving a brief account of the life of Fighting Fitzgerald, the celebrated beau, gambler, horseman and duelist, the following anecdote was omitted:

After his return from Ireland, an old gentleman declared his intention of trying to cure Fitzgerald of his love of dueling, and one day provoked him to a duel. His friends tried in vain to persuade him not to go out. "Leave me alone," he said, "I'll settle him. I have got the choice of arms. Each of us shall be mounted, each shall choose his own weapon, a space shall be marked out, and whoever first crossed the boundary shall be declared vanquished." Fitzgerald being informed of these strange proposals did not like to refuse and, confident in his admirable horsemanship and skill with all weapons, accepted. He appeared on the ground superbly mounted on a fiery steed and armed with pistols. To the surprise and mirth of all, the old gentleman trotted up on a donkey, carrying a bladder with dried peas inside, and a scarlet cloak in his hand. Waving the cloak and shaking his rattle, he rode into the space, off started the fiery courser, and before Fitzgerald knew where he was he had crossed the boundary and lost the duel. The ridicule was too much for him, and he never "went out" again.

How an Owl's Head Revolves.

A writer in a cotemporary who had read a story of an owl wringing its own neck off by looking at a man who was walking around him, tested the matter by experiment. He obtained a specimen and placed him on top of a post. "It was not difficult," said the writer, "to secure his attention, for he never diverted his gaze from me while I was in his presence. I began walking rapidly round the post, a few feet from it, keeping my eyes fixed upon him all the while. His body remained motionless, but his head turned exactly with my movements. When I was half way round, his head was directly behind. Three-quarters of a circle were completed, and still the same twist of the neck and the same stare followed. One circle and no change. On I went, twice round, and still that watchful stare and steady

turn of the head. On I went, three times round, and I began really to wonder why the head did not drop off, when all at once I discovered what I had failed to notice before. When I reached half way round from the front, which which was as far as he could turn his head with comfort, he whisked it back through the whole circle so instantaneously, and brought it facing me with such precision that I failed to detect the movement, although I was looking intently all the time.

Patriotism and Clams.

Soon after the firing on Sumter a gentleman of New York, who passes his summers by the waters of South Bay, had occasion to drive from New York to Fallip, and to pass through the principal villages along the shore. Nearly everywhere the patriotism of the people was manifested by numerous flags that waved from poles or were hung from windows, and each village contained groups of men who were discussing the important events of the day. One village only was without bunting, and there was a sullen crowd at the principal store, whose breathings were anything but loyal. The gentleman was well known to the inhabitants, and felt justified in reproving them for their political attitude. He told what he had seen on his way down, how the other villages were decked with flags, and asked why they did not do like their neighbors. The men looked one toward another for several moments, and finally the boldest ventured to speak.

"Flags, eh?" said he, in a tone of withering contempt. "Flags!—and clams a dollar a thousand!" —Harper's Magazine.

A New Game.

"What is the puzzle of 'fifteen' they are all talking about?" asked Mrs. Melrose, as her husband dropped into the easy chair the other evening.

"Well, I'll explain the principle of it," he replied. "Suppose, now, you asked me for \$15 to buy a bonnet. I give you the money."

"O yes! very much you do! I'd like to see myself get \$15 out of you for any such thing. You'd have about a thousand excuses, to keep me waiting about a month and then give me \$7 to buy a bonnet and a ton of coal together."

"As I was saying, I give you the \$15," he went on, a shade of sadness crossing his face. "Now, the game is to make that \$15 get fifteen different articles, instead of one. You could buy me three white shirts, five collars, a pair of socks, a silk handkerchief and a new pipe, making eleven articles. Your bonnet would make twelve, and the other three articles could be shoes for the children. Thousands of loving mothers are playing the game."

Twenty years ago the steamer "Arabian" sank in the Missouri river, with 600 barrels of whisky on board. The current of the river went on changing, and now the place where the steamer sunk is dry land and the forgotten wreck is buried forty feet in the sand. The other day the man who owns the place put down a pump and the first liquid he found, was whisky in one of the 600 buried barrels. For a while after he had tasted the vein his pipe had struck, land in the vicinity was held at \$475,000 an acre; but by and by some one remembered about the old wreck and the price fell. A trustworthy and constant vein of twenty-year-old whisky on any Missouri farm has a tendency to increase the demand for it rapidly.

The Rev. Sumner Latham was engaged at \$300 a year as pastor of the Baptist church at East Ware, N. H., but a majority of the members were not willing to pay him even that meagre salary, and it was voted to dismiss him. He intends to sue for the \$300 dollars at the end of the year, and therefore prepares, every week, two sermons, which he carries to the church on Sunday to deliver, but always finds the door locked against him.

No books are so legible as the lives of men; no characters so plain as their moral conduct.

Find earth where grows no weeds, and you may find a heart wherein no error grows.