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The Missing Watch.

FRANKLIN COULTER, a dry goods clerk, joined as a private, one of the first New York regiments that volunteered for the suppression of the Rebellion. In the course of service he won the rank of second lieutenant, then of first lieutenant, and finally a brevet captaincy. Toward the close of the war his regiment was encamped at a small village in Virginia, guarding a depot of supplies. It was an easy and pleasant service, and both officers and men delighted in it.

Beside the village, which had only been depopulated of its young men, there were several fine plantations in the neighborhood, the property of families that had been wealthy and were still proud.

The young ladies of the village and the plantations, although they grieved for those who were away, could not be expected to devote their entire time to that employment, and were not unwilling to be consoled by their "conquerors," who exerted themselves to provide all manner of amusement, so that time should not hang heavy on their hands.

At the plantation which was nearest the village, Frank Coulter was a great favorite and a constant visitor.

It was the home of the Penohyns, a family of English descent, highly considered in the neighborhood. At that time the family was reduced to Mrs. Penohyn and her two daughters, Ada and Augusta, her husband being dead, and her only son in Lee's army. The younger of the daughters, Augusta, was Frank Coulter's choice.

She was a beautiful brunette, peculiarly susceptible to the charms of a manly presence, and had been too young at the opening of the war to claim a sweetheart among the young men who went to fight.

At the Penohyns' Frank Coulter spent most of his spare time, his agreeable manners making him welcome to all the family, and there was no doubt that he was devoted to Augusta. It was evident, also, to those who observed closely, that she was ready to reciprocate his affection whenever he should choose to declare it. But no words of love had yet passed between them, and it is probable that Coulter felt that the uncertainties of war did not justify him in making the desired declaration.

One evening he had stayed at the Penohyns' until it was quite late, and was requested to remain all night as he had done on one previous occasion. He consented, and retired to his room at a reasonable hour as he would be obliged to leave very early in the morning. Augusta Penohyn remained seated on the porch alone, enjoying the beauty of the summer night, and admiring the moonlight as it was filtered through the vines. She was also thinking of the handsome young Union soldier who had lately left her side, wondering whether he really loved her, and wishing, if he did, that he would declare himself and end her suspense.

From this reverie she was aroused by the sound of a light footfall. Turning her head, she saw Frank Coulter approaching her. He had removed his coat and boots, but his partial undress was neither unusual or objectionable, as the nights were very warm, and he was an intimate friend.

He did not seem to be looking at Augusta; indeed, his eyes were strangely fixed upon vacancy; but he came to her side, took her hand, and slowly and solemnly spoke these words:

"Whatever may happen, Augusta,

remember that I love you truly and faithfully—that my heart is entirely yours."

Then he dropped her hand, turned quickly, and walked away as swiftly and silently as he had come, before she could recover from her surprise or make any movement or reply.

To Augusta this conduct appeared strange but not unaccountable. She soon came to the conclusion that he was more timid than she had supposed him to be—that he had formed a sudden resolution, as he was about to retire for the night, to declare his love—that he had mustered courage to come down and speak the words that she had longed to hear, and then frightened by his own audacity, had hastened away before he could learn his fate.

But the thought that he loved her was blissful enough for Augusta. She determined to go and dream on it, and went up stairs to her room. There another strange surprise awaited her.

As she reached the open door, she saw a man standing at the bureau, and by the moonlight she recognized him as Franklin Coulter. He held in his hand her watch and chain, which he had taken from their place on the bureau. Then he turned and swiftly left the room, looking straight ahead, as if he supposed himself to be unseen.

Augusta Penohyn was even more amazed by this second encounter than she had been by the first. She was so astounded that she did not know what to do or say. She shrank back into the shadow of the door while the young man passed her, with the watch and chain visible in his hand, and disappeared in the passage that led to his own apartment.

The young lady entered her room, and sat down to reflect upon this very peculiar occurrence. Could it be that her lover wanted to carry away the watch and chain as a remembrance of her, or that he merely wanted something that was her's to put under his pillow that night? Or was the proceeding intended as a joke, which would be explained and laughed over in the morning? Surely it could be nothing worse than this, and she resolutely dismissed the dark suspicion that intruded itself upon her. She went to bed, but her thoughts of the strange conduct of her lover kept her awake a long time, though she assured herself that the affair would be pleasantly explained in the morning.

But in the morning the young officer was gone. He had risen at an early hour, as was his intention, and had returned to camp long before Augusta was awake. She searched the room which he had occupied, but saw no signs of the watch and chain, nor even a note from him to explain the disappearance of the articles. This was unaccountable, and the young lady was naturally much displeased; but she concluded that it would be best to say nothing about the matter at present, hoping that Coulter would explain it satisfactorily on his next visit.

She saw him after the lapse of a few days. He came to the house as he had been in the habit of coming, and there was nothing in his appearance or manner to indicate that anything unusual had occurred. He treated Augusta precisely as he had treated her before his strange declaration of love was spoken, and made not the remotest allusion to the affair of the watch and chain.

This was quite displeasing to Augusta, who determined to draw him out in private as her questioning looks in public had failed to produce any effect upon him. She asked him to walk with her, and when they were entirely alone began to question him.

"Did you bring back my watch and chain, Frank?" she asked.

"Your watch and chain?" was his surprised reply.

"Yes, my watch and chain, which you carried away the last time you spent the night here."

"I don't know what you mean. I have not had your watch and chain. I know nothing about them."

It was then the young lady's turn to show surprise and indignation.

"You surely cannot have forgotten," said she, "that you took those articles from the bureau in my room the last

night you staid at our house, and carried them away with you."

"This is news to me, I assure you."

"You had even taken off your coat and boots, sir, and doubtless supposed that you were not observed, but I saw you plainly in the moonlight."

"Miss Penohyn, do you know what you are saying? You are accusing me of stealing."

"I did not believe that you meant to steal them," she said, half sobbing. "I supposed that you had only taken them for a joke, or perhaps for a keep-sake, and that you would bring them back or make an explanation. But I never thought that you would deny taking them."

"Miss Penohyn, this is unbearable. To be accused of theft, and by a lady, as that is something new in my experience, I declare upon my honor, that I did not take your watch and chain, and that I was not out of my room that night."

"Do you really think that you can face me down in this way?" she indignantly demanded. "I suppose you will also deny that you came down stairs just before you took the watch and chain, and came to where I was sitting on the porch, and said—"

"Some other crime," he said perceiving that she hesitated. "I am not in the humor to listen to any more accusations. Either there has been some monstrous mistake, or you are deliberately insulting me."

"Or the honor, of which you just spoke does not exist."

"If you can speak to me in that strain, Miss Penohyn, the sooner I leave you the better."

"Yes, indeed—before any more portable property is missing."

They parted in anger, and that parting was final. Miss Penohyn told her mother and sister of her loss, and was at first disposed to complain to the Colonel of Coulter's regiment, but was persuaded that such a course might lead the family into trouble, and allowed the matter to drop. The regiment was soon ordered away, and she saw no more of Frank Coulter.

It was not until two years after the close of the war that Frank Coulter returned to Virginia, and then he came in a peaceful capacity of an agent or a drummer for a New York dry goods house. The Penohyns had become comparatively poor, and the family mansion was turned into a tavern, which was kept by the son, Henry, who had come out of the war with the loss of an arm.

At the tavern Frank Coulter stopped to pass the night. There was no other place to go to, and perhaps he would not have made another choice if he had the chance, as he was neither a physical nor a moral coward.

Augusta Penohyn had told her brother the story of the loss of her watch and chain. Henry informed her of Coulter's arrival, and she satisfied herself, without being seen by him, that he was the same man who had been so strangely proven unworthy of her love.

Then they consulted together to decide upon what should be done. Henry was for his immediate arrest, saying that he could be punished for his crime, as he ought to be, under the laws of Virginia, but Augusta, who had not quite lost her love for the recreant, was unwilling to go to that extreme. Harry finally resolved that he would have an interview with Coulter in the morning, and press him closely on the matter.

The brother and sister were still seated on the porch discussing this question, when the man of whom they had been speaking came down stairs. He had retired to his room at an early hour and now he came down bare-headed, in his shirt-sleeves and his stocking feet, just as he had done on the night which witnessed the episode of the watch and chain. The moon shown just as it did then, its light filtered through the vines that nearly enclosed the porch.

"This is strange," said Henry, as Coulter stepped off the porch. "Stay where you are, Augusta, and I will follow him."

Looking straight ahead, as if staring at vacancy, Frank Coulter walked out into the road, and turned down a lane that led to the stable, cautiously followed by Henry Penohyn.

At the stable he stopped, and dug

under a corner. Then he returned to the house, closely followed by Henry. As he stepped up on the porch a watch and chain was plainly visible in his hand.

Henry held up his hand warningly to Augusta as she was about to rise from her chair.

"Be quiet," he said, "I understand it now."

Then he quietly followed Coulter up stairs.

The next morning Henry Penohyn contrived that Frank Coulter should be alone with him in the parlor, and his sister Augusta came in smiling. Her chain was around her neck, and her watch was visible in her belt.

"I find that I did you a great injustice, Mr. Coulter, when I last saw you," she said.

"You accused me of stealing your watch and chain," he replied, as his face flushed. "I see that you have them now. Had you mislaid them?"

"I had not mislaid them."

"Who, then, was the culprit?"

"Nobody but yourself."

"Indeed! And yet you say that you did me an injustice in accusing me of the theft. I don't understand this."

"You took them just as I said you did," persisted Augusta, still smiling.

"How then, did you recover them?"

"You brought them back last night, and put them on the bureau from which you had taken them."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the young man. "This is outrageous."

"Not in the least. Were you not aware, Mr. Coulter, that you were a sleep-walker?"

"A sleep-walker! If I am, I never had any cause to suspect it."

The entire story was then told, to Coulter's great bewilderment, but also to his great satisfaction, and he concluded that his business would oblige him to remain several days at the Penohyn hotel.

That evening he was walking in the moonlight with Augusta.

"When we parted," she said, "I was about to tell you of something else you had stolen when you took my watch and chain, but you would not allow me to finish."

"I remember," he replied, "that you were going to accuse me of another crime. What was it?"

"Not a crime at all. You came down on the porch, took my hand, and told me that whatever happened, I must remember that you loved me. You stole my heart before you went up stairs to steal my trinkets."

"Now you must give me your hand, Augusta, and if I should ever again get up in my sleep to steal your watch and chain, we will at least have the consolation of knowing that the act is not a criminal one."

"I shall watch you, sir," she blushing replied.

The law and the church gave her the right to watch him.

Familiar Quotations.

ALTHOUGH the poems of Alexander Pope are seldom read at the present day, people without knowing it quote him more frequently than any other author or book, with the exception perhaps of Shakespeare, Milton, the Bible, Byron, Isaac Watts, Benjamin Franklin, and Æsop. The following list of quotations will give some idea of his popularity in this regard:

Shoot folly as it flies.

Man never is, but always is to be, blest.

Lo, the poor Indian!

Die of rose in aromatic pain.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole.

Whatever is, is right.

The proper study of mankind is man.

Grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength.

Vice is a monster of such hideous mien.

Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.

He can't be wrong whose life is right.

Order is Heaven's first law.

Honor and shame from no condition rise.

Act well your part—there all the honor lies.

Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Look through nature up to nature's God.

From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

Guide, philosopher and friend.

Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

Missress of herself, though China fall.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

A little learning is a dangerous thing.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

Damn with faint praise.

Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike.

Breaking a butterfly upon a wheel.

The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

An Irishman's Wit.

When Jackson was President, Jimmy O'Neill, the Irish door-keeper of the White House, was a marked character. He had his foibles, which often offended the fastidiousness of the President's nephew and secretary, Maj. Donelson, who caused his dismissal on an average of about once a week. But, on appeal to the higher court, the verdict was always reversed by the good old General.

Once, however, Jimmy was guilty of some flagrant offense, and, being summoned before the President himself, was thus addressed:

"Jimmy, I have borne with you for years, in spite of all complaints; but this goes beyond my power of endurance."

"And do you believe the story?" asked Jimmy.

"Certainly," answered the General; "I have just heard it from two Senators."

"Faith," retorted Jimmy, "if I believed all that twenty Senators say about you, it's little I'd think you was fit to be President."

"Pshaw, Jimmy," concluded the General, "clear out and go back to your duty, but be more careful hereafter."

Jimmy not only retained his place to the close of Jackson's Presidential term, but accompanied him back to the old Hermitage, and was with him to the day of his death.

A Surprised Dog.

The following story come to us (*Forest and Stream*) well authenticated: At a certain club house in Boston there was kept in the billiard room a parrot which was so tame and such a favorite that it was not confined to its cage, but was allowed the liberty of the room, and was often seen perched upon the furniture or wandering about the floor. On one occasion, when the bird was seated in one corner of the room, a gentleman, Mr. B., entered, followed by his dog, whether a pointer or a setter we do not know. The dog after a few moments wined the parrot, drew on it, and finally stood fast. The bird, which had been, up to this time, apparently oblivious of the presence of the canine, now turned its head slowly, and in tones expressive of the utmost contempt, said, "Go home, you darned fool!" The dog started, looked, and then turning tail, slunk out of the room. It is said that although up to this time the animal had been a splendid hunter, he would henceforth never point a bird.

Tough on the Minister.

A young Methodist minister at Mercer, in this State, fell in love two years ago with a young lady who returned his affection. He went to India as a missionary, and wrote from there to her to come out, marry him, and help in his pious work. She wanted to, but had no money, and confided her wishes to a well-to-do clothing merchant of Mercer, who furnished her the money for the trip. When she started from Mercer for New York the good citizen discovered that he was sorry she had gone—in fact that he was in love with her himself.—He took the train and followed her in the hope of reaching New York before the steamer sailed. He arrived just in time. She had already gone on board; he followed her on deck, proposed to her; she accepted, and they went back to Mercer. Tough on the missionary, though, wasn't it?