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# FRANK MORTIMER.

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#### A BREACH OF PROMISE.

BY A RETIRED ATTORNEY.

TS IT POSSIBLE! Rose Leavitt?" exclaimed I, as I saw a lady whom of her in the matter of matrimony. I recognized as one of the beautiful heiresses of Boston enter my office.

"I dare say you are surprised; but my the event."

Rose Leavitt was a beauty and an heiress, but she was a strange girl for all that. Her father had died when she was about sixteen, leaving something like a million to be divided between her and her two brothers. Charles and Henry Leavitt were much older than she, and both of them had long been settled down as quiet, orderly busi-

ness men. They were respectable in the fullest sense of the word, and were never known to be erated in the slightest partic-Rose seemed to be cast in another entire-

ly different mould from that in which they had been formed. At school she been so wild, that neither master nor mistress could control her. She would have her own way a peculiarity to which I am sorry to say, very many young ladies are addicted. For the proprieties of life-I mean for

those set formalities of life, which pass as such in the world of fashion-she had sovcreign contempt. She hated pimps, hated dandies, hated belles, hated planos, music books, French and German "methods;" in fact, she seemed strikingly disposed to live out her existence after the dictates of her own fancy, or her caprices, as the reader may choose to regard it. She passed into her twenty-first year, without having done anything to call the attention of the world at large to her. Her whims had only been manifested in the schoolroom, or at the home of her eldest brother, with whom she

She was now twenty-two, and was in a fair way to become historical, as I shall inform the reader. Of course, Rose had a profusion of lovers-heiresses always find them as plenty as snow flakes at Christmas. Rut Rose very summarily disposed of this crowd, by selecting from them one who was certainly a very superior fellow. He was not rich, and had not been very forward in his attentions, until it was plain to him, and all the world, that she had taken a fancy to him. Charles Carpenter was poor, but he sincerely loved the wayward girl, and would not have bent at her shrine, if he had not loved her.

Then Rose, after she had secured him in her toils, as the spider does the fly, seemed a little disposed to play the coquette .-Now Charles Carpenter had not assurance enough to deal with a coquettish heiress. He was not a man of the world. He was conscious of the vast difference in their social | therefore I withhold them. position, and when she began to flirt with another, he did not resent it; but seemed to desired her to send for Mr. Deele. He

TIMES regard it as a change of sentiment on her came and impudently stated the grounds each offense. There is but one offense. part to which she could offer no reasonable opposition. Calmly yielding to the fate which denied him the bliss of being loved, but let "concealment like a worm in the bud feed on his damask cheek."

Rose flirted. A new star had risen in the firmament of that circle in which she moved in the person of a Mr. Sampson Deele. He had lately come from Baltimore, was the son of a merchant prince, who owned a fine estate on the Rappahannock in Virginia, with two hundred negroes.

Rose flirted with him and Mr. Sampson Deele was as constant as a needle to the pole. Soon the flirtation assumed a more serious aspect. The elegant gentleman was ever by her side, and she never failed to smile upon him. Poor Carpenter gave up all for lost, and never intruded upon her presence.

For about three months, Mr. Deele had clung to her, and then it was whispered that he had proposed and was accepted. Rose's brothers were in ecstacies. They had been fearful she would throw herself away upon a poor fellow like Carpenter; and both of them declared it was the most sensible thing they had ever known her to do; inasmuch as they did not expect much

I had heard all about these things as matter of gopsip. I pitied poor Carpenter, with whom I was well acquainted; but the business is of a strictly legal character; so wealth, position, prospects and magnificent you need not waste any exclamation upon expectations of Mr. Sampson Deele could not be gainsayed.

> "How is Mr. Deele?" I asked, when she was seated.

"He is a knave!" replied she smartly. I was utterly astonished at the ebulition of feeling.

"Read that letter, Mr. Docket, and let it explain my business in a lawyer's office." I took the document. It was from Mr. Sampson Deele. From it I learned for the first time, that the engagement between the parties had been broken up. It appeared that she had formally dismissed him .-The letter was a strictly business document. If he had written any thing more delicate; had he remonstrated as a lover against his banishment, he had done so before this was penned. In this he laid aside the character

ter would prosecute her for a breach of promise, if she refused to marry him. "What shall I do, Mr. Docket?" she asked, trying to laugh, but I could observe

of the lover, and assumed that of business,

looking out sharply for his material inter-

ests. The substance of it was that the wri-

the trepidation that filled her mind. "Really, Rose, this is bad business .-Why did you banish him? I can conceive what a terrible misfortune it must be, to be xiled from your presence."

"I banished him because he is a knave. I can prove that he is a gambler—a profes-

sional gamester." "That will not be sufficient,"

"I feared not, but one thing is certain, I will never speak to him again, let the onsequences be what they may."

"Have there been any letters?" "Yes, he has everything in black and

"Bad, bad, Rose."

"I know that or I should not have came

to you with such an affair." I questioned her closely as to all the particulars of the affair. Mr. Sampson Deele could have no better case, as it looked as if everything had been done by design; and before the interview was finished, I was satisfied that he was a scoundrel, that all he wanted was my fair client's fortune. But Rose was completely in his power.

For two or three days I fretted over the case, and then decided to go to Baltimore myself. Enjoining upon Rose the strictest secrecy in regard to my movements, I departed. It would take too much space to relate the incidents of my search in Baltimore; besides it would spoil the story

On my return, I hastened to Rose and

of his claim to the hand of his heiress.

"How much will buy you off, Mr. Deele?" I asked with all appearance of deep anxiety.

"Well, sir, I do not wish to prosecute the lady. If she has ceased to love me, it is not my fault; but it is not right that for I should be a sufferer by her change of sentiments. She is worth, I am told, some three hundred thousand dollars. I will not be hard with her. Give me one sixth of her fortune, and I will return the letters."

"No sir : we will not do that."

"Very well," said he, and coolly rose to

"One word more; do you think your claim upon that lady is good?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Wait a moment, then, and I will convince you to the contrary."

I opened the door of an adjoining room, and Rose conducted a lady who had come with me from Baltimore, into the apart-

"This lady will be an excellent witness for the defence," I remarked.

"Thunder!" shouted he, as he seized his hat and rushed from the house.

Rose threw herself on the sofa and laughed till I thought she would go into hysterics-the crazy girl.

In a word, the stange lady was Mrs. Sampson Deele, wife of the aspirant for Rose's hand and fortune, whom the wretch had deserted several years before. So much for my visit to Baltimore. Rose rewarded Mrs. D. for her trouble, and it was a profitable journey to her. About a year after Charles Carpenter was made happy by receiving the hand of Rose, and, I am pleased to add, she has made a very steady wife.

### A Dutch Justice.

PLEASANT country village in Ohio, some years since possessed that which is often denied to places of more consequence-a court which really dispensed justice. Its chief was a Justice of the Peace, whose good common sense and honesty of purpose counterbalanced his want of legal lore; and in consequence of its straightforward decisions the "Dutch Court," as it was popularly called, became a great terror to evil doers.

Once upon a time a case was brought before his Honor arising out of an infraction of the "liquor law" of the State, which then provided for the punishment by fine of any individual who sold intoxicating beverages to persons under sixteen years of age, or by a less quantity than a quart. Upon one of these grand occasions when a 'general muster" of the militia gave delight to numerous officers in gay uniforms, and to large masses of the good people of the country, an unlucky wight sought, to avail himself of the "glorious" opportunity to turn an honest penny. Providing himself with a small lot ofginger cakes and a disproportionately large stock of "lightning whiskey," he located upon an elligible site near the field. Knowing the penalty of the law against his little enterprise, the vender of "the ardent" hit upon the happy expedient, to evade its provisions, of selling to his customers a ginger cake, and then throwing a drink into the bargain.

Justice was not so blind as to fail to notice "this artful dodge," and the next day found the delinquent citizen in the very jaws of the "Dutch Court." The testimony was short and conclusive, to the effect that he had sold a boy a cake, and then had given him a "horn;" and the defendant's lawyer put in the defense that his client sold, on the occasion under consideration, not liquor, but ginger-cakes, well knowing at the same time, that salt wouldn't save him. As he anticipated, the Court pronounced a verdict of guilty, but to the surprise of the defense, put the fine at fifteen dollars, instead of the legal penalty of five.

"May it please the Court," interposed defendant's counsel, "is there not some mistake in this sentence?" The statutes provide for a fine of but five dollars for game would spile before I could get it."

proven, and we are ready to pay that fine, but we hold it as contrary to the plain reading of the law to make the penaly fifteen dollars."

"There is no mistake at all," replied the Court. "The law says five dollars each offence. Now I fines this man five dollars, in the first place, for selling less than a quart of vishky, I fines him in the second place, five dollars for selling vishky to a boy; and I fines him, in the third place, five dollars for trying to schreen himself behind a ginger cake !"

The find was paid, and no appeal taken.

#### Some Setting.

Old Farmer Gruff was one morning tugging away with all his might and main at a barrel of apples, which he was endeavoring to get up the cellar stairs, and bawling at the top of his lungs for one of his boys to lend a helping hand, but in vain.

When he had, after an infinite amount of sweating and puffing, accomplished the task, and just when they were not needed, of course, "the boys" made their appear-

"Where have you been, and what have you been about, I'd like to know, that you could not hear me call?" inquired the father, in an angry tone, addressing the eldest. "Out in the shop, settin' the saw," replied

the youth. "And you, Dick?"

"Out in the barn, settin' the hen."

"And you, sir?" "Up in granny's room, settin' the clock."

"And you, young man?" "Up in the garret, settin' the trap."

"And now, master Fred. where were you, and what were you settin?" asked the old farmer of his youngest progeny. The asperity of his temper somewhat softened by this amusing category of answers. Come let's hear."

"On the door-step, settin' still" replied the young hopeful, seriously.

"A remarkable set, I must confess," added the amused sire, dispersing the grinning group with a wave of the hand.

### The Dutchman and his Pony.

"Chon, you reclememper dat liddle plack bony I pyed mit the bedlar next

"Yah vat of him?"

"Notings, only I gits sheated burdy pad." "So ?"

"Yah. You see in de vurst blace he ish plint mith bote legs, unt ferry lame mit von eye. Den von you gits on him to rite he rares up pehint unt kicks up pefore so vurse as a chachmule. I dinks I dake him a liddle rite yestertay, unt so sooner I gits straddle his pack he gonsmence dat vay, shust so like a a vakin peam on a poatsteam, unt ven he gits tone, I vas so mixed up mit eferydinks, I vints menezelf zittin arount packvards, mit his dail in mine hants vor de pridle.'

"Vell, vot you going to do mit him?" "Oh, I vixed him petter as cham up. I hitch him in te cart mit his dail vere his heat ought to pe; den I gife him apout so a tozen cuts mit a hitecow; he starts to go, put so soon he sees te cart pefore him he makes packwards. Burdy soon he stumbles pehint, unt sits town on his hanches, unt looks like he veel burty shamped mit himself. Den I dakes him out, hitch him de rite vay, unt he goes rite of shust so goot as anypody's bony."

That's a good gun of yours, stranger, but Uncle Dave here has one that beats it."

"Ah! how far will it kill a hawk, with No. 6 shot?"

"I don't use shot or ball either," answered Uncle Dave for himself.

"Then what do you use, Uncle Dave?" "I shoot salt altogether. I kill the game so far with my gun that without salt, the

### A Three Cornered Family.

THE hitherto unsung town of Litchfield. Illinois, makes a strong bid for national notice in the way of a decidedly quaint domestic romance. In 1865, the population of this ambitious settlement was augmented by the arrival from some place in Missouri of a hoary and beaming patriarch named Cavolt, who brought with him totake care of his household, a fine-looking woman of about thirty-five, in widow's weeds, with two interesting children. The neighbors quickly made it their most particular business to become acquainted with this picturesque family of strangers, and were presently informed that the lady of the weeds was the widow of the good old gentleman's late son, and clung to her bereaved father-in-law the more closely for the love she had berne the younger Cavolt. Upon this information, the most exacting social inspectors of Litchfield were moved to great admiration of the good-looking widow Cavolt, and she and her benignant father-in-law were admitted to full membership in the most genial hospitalities of the town.

Amongst their new friends was an honorable and thrifty young yeoman named Reuben Akers, who soon became the most frequent visitor to the house, and exercised such a tender influence over the lady that she finally gave signs of a disposition to forget the lost Cavolt. So, when "the winds of March were humming," Reuben led the widow to a second wifehood amid the congratulations of friends all; the patriarchal Cavolt's remarks and demeanor on the blushing occasion being effulgent with the sunny benignity of his paternal nature.

All went joyously for eight months, the young bridegroom being delighted with the docile affection of his phump bride and step children; Mrs. Akers accepting her second happiness in a spirit of complacency towards all the world, and the aged fatherin-law beaming upon the whole concern like a private sun on padded stilts. Indeed all might have gone on as merrily for ever, had not last week brought to Litchfield a brother of the bride, who, under the relaxing influence of the flowing bowl, allowed a feline prisoner to emerge from her previous captivity.

This cat liberated from the bag was equivalent to an assertion that Mr. Reuben Akers' matrimonial investment was in the nature of a second mortgage, the holder of the first having still a lien upon the whole property.

"In fact, Rube," quoth the communicative brother, "your wife's first husband was no other than Cavolt, and you're the worst sold individual in the list of my most verdant acquaintances."

Driven almost to lunacy by this playful revelation, yet unwilling to believe that it could be really true, poor Reuben flew to the patriarch without a moment's loss, and bade him explain. The benignant old creature was at first seized with a violear fit of a coughing, but presently regained his equanimity sufficiently to admit the soft impeachment.

"It is true my son," said he, with much effulgence, "that I was Mrs. Aker's previous husband; but I was growing old; I had but a few more years to live; and, not wishing to leave a young widow destitute in a heartless world, I thought it better to have her united, while I lived, to some hones and industrious young man, who would cherish and support her when I am no more. Be calm, Reuben, be calm, my son."

Reuben, however, refused to be "calm;" and then and there abjured all right antitle in the tri-parte alliance. He withdrew at once to other quarters in a tempest of righteous indignation, and, on the following day, the Cavolts, young and old, left Litchfield with that precipitation which ever characterizes the movements of a certain class when no one pursueth,

The coat that fits almost any one just now -That which keeps out the cold.