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Editor and Proprietor.

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BY

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ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR!
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A QUAKER AND A ROBBER.

AN EXCELLENT STORY.

THE most honest of all Quakers, Toby Simpton, lived in London, in a pleasant little dwelling graced by the presence of his daughter Mary. She was not quite seventeen years of age; was charmingly fair; had blue eyes, and possessed as much modesty as beauty. All the young men of her father's acquaintance were her suitors; all those of the neighborhood sought to gain her notice. Vain efforts! Mary was no coquette, and instead of enjoying the effect produced by her charms, she was vexed on account of the manners of all her admirers, except one Edward Weresford, a young artist, admitted to the intimacy of the family.

A simple event had caused this friendship. A premature death had carried off the Quaker's wife. She was young and beautiful; and desiring to perpetuate the image of her who was so dear to him, he had caused the artist to come to the bed of death. It was there that Edward saw the desolate damsel; it was there a serious first love took place, amid the tears of one and the pious work of the other. The year which elapsed after this epoch had but strengthened the bond formed under these auspices, and the young man had showed to the father both his desire and hope.

The excellent Toby had no reason whatever, for opposing the mutual inclinations of the two young persons. Without being rich, Edward earned, by means of his pencil, what sufficed to support a family honorably. His father, Mr. Weresford, an old merchant of the city, had retired from business with a fortune increased more than ten fold. This was a rare example of rapid success in speculation—so rapid indeed that few were able to follow its progress. Yet Weresford, of a blunt and stern disposition lived alone in a suburb of London, and without caring what his son was doing, left him entirely at liberty. He was one of those accommodating egotists who trouble no one, provided they trouble not themselves—persons of perfect complaisance if you ask nothing of them.

Edward, therefore, could without interruption, court his pretty Quakeress, well assured that his father would never think of opposing his marriage. The situation of the loving couple was, to all appearance, very prosperous; and honest Toby did not put off the day of their marriage longer than to collect the arrearages of his rents: he destined the money for the extraordinary expenses of the ceremony. For this purpose he went to his country seat, some miles from London, in order to regulate his affairs. He had passed but one day from home; and as he was about to put up his horse for the night, he perceived at some distance a horseman, who barred the road. He stopped, uncertain whether to go on or turn back. Meanwhile the horseman advanced towards him. The Quaker could not even think of escaping; he therefore put on a good face, and brought his horse to a walk. In approaching the man who caused his uneasiness, he perceived that he was masked, a grievous augury, which was soon confirmed. The unknown showed a pistol and directed the muzzle to the traveller, demanding his purse. The Quaker

did not want courage, but calm by character, inoffensive by religion, and even unable, without arms to resist an armed man, he pulled from his pocket very coolly, a purse containing twelve guineas. The robber took it, counted the pieces, and left the poor man whom he had stopped, to pass on, while he put his horse to the trot. But the robber, seeing the slight resistance he had offered, and allured by the hope of a second booty, immediately rejoined honest Toby, placed himself anew in his way, cried, "Your Watch!"

The Quaker, surprised, was nevertheless unmoved. He coolly took his watch from his fob, looked at the hour, and put the costly article into the hand of the robber, saying:

"Now, I beseech thee, permit me to go to my dwelling—my daughter will be uneasy at my absence."

"A moment more," replied the masked cavalier, the more and more hardened by this docility; "swear to me that you have no other sum—"

"I never swear," said the Quaker.

"Very well. Affirm that you have no other money, and on the faith of an honest robber, incapable of taking by violence from a man who yields with so good a grace, I will let you continue on your journey."

The Quaker reflected a moment and shook his head.

"What thinkest thou," he said gravely, "thou hast discovered that I am a Quaker, and will not betray the truth, though at the peril of my life. Thus I declare to thee that I have under my saddle cloth a sum of two hundred pounds sterling."

"Two hundred pounds sterling!" cried the robber, while his eyes sparkled through his mask.

"But if thou art good as thou art kind," replied the Quaker, "thou wilt leave me this money. I wish to establish my daughter, and this sum is necessary; for a long time I shall not have a similar sum at my disposal. The dear child loveth her intended, and it will be cruel to delay this union. Thou hast loved, peradventure, and thou wouldst not commit this wicked act."

"What care I for your daughter, and her lover and their marriage? Less talk and more promptitude of execution! I must have this money."

Toby, with a sigh, lifted the cloth, took a bag heavy enough, and passed it slowly to the masked man. His intention then was to gallop off.

"Stop again, friend Quaker," said the other laying his hand upon the bridle; as soon as you arrive, you will denounce me to the magistrates. This is according to order. I have nothing to say; but I must have the advance of the process of to-night, at least. My mare is feeble, and is, besides, fatigued; your horse, on the contrary, appears vigorous, for the weight of this bag does not incommode him. Alight and give me your beast; you may take mine if you will."

He was slow in beginning to comply, because these cross exigencies were of a nature to raise the choler of the most patient man. The good Toby, however, descended, and resignedly took the sorry jade which was left him in exchange. "If I had only known," he contented himself in thinking, "I would have fled at the first encounter with this rogue, and certainly it is not with this courser that he would have gained the race."

During this time the masked man ironically thanking him for his complaisance, applied both spurs and disappeared.

Before he reached London, Toby had time to reflect on his misfortune, on the chagrin of the two young persons who loved, and whose happiness would be put off. The sum taken from him was irrevocably lost. Not the least of it could be regained, nor could the audacious robber be recognized. Meanwhile as a sudden idea struck him, he stopped.

"Yes," said he, "this means may suc-

ceed. If this man liveth in London, I may peradventure meet him again. Heaven, no doubt, hath willed that he should have been so very imprudent.

Somewhat consoled, by I know not what hope, Toby went home without showing any trouble, or saying aught of his adventure. He did not go to the magistrate, but embraced his daughter, who suspected nothing, and lay down and slept. His faith was in God.

Next day he secretly thought of co-operating with Providence in making research. He let the mare out of the stable where she had passed the night, and threw the bridle over her neck, in hopes that the animal, led by habit, would naturally go to the house of her master. He therefore sent off the poor beast which had been fasting, to wander at large through the streets of London, and followed her. But he supposed her to have more instinct than she had: for a long time she went right and left, making a thousand turns and returns without aim, without direction, sometimes at a stand, then taking a contrary course. Toby despaired. "My robber," thought he "doth not live in London. What folly in me! instead of going to the magistrate when I had the time, to have suffered myself to be led away by this wretched animal."

Suddenly, however, the beast pricked up her ears and set off on a brisk trot, followed by the Quaker.

"Stop! stop!" was the cry on all hands. "Detain me not!" cried the Quaker; "I entreat you, detain me not!"

And anxiously following with his eye the course of the animal, he saw her rapidly entering the gate of a dwelling in the suburb.

"'Tis here," thought the Quaker, raising his eyes toward heaven, in thanks to Providence.

In reality, in passing the house, he perceived in the court a domestic, who patted the poor beast and conducted her to the stable. He demanded at once the name of the proprietor of the house.

"What, have you never been in these parts?" was the answer, "that you don't know that this is the dwelling of the rich merchant, Weresford?"

The Quaker stood petrified.

"Weresford," repeated the neighbor, who believed that he had not understood him, "the man who made so rapid a fortune."

"Excuse me, my friend, excuse me," replied Toby.

He could not recover from his stupor.

"Weresford, the father of Edward, a man of note, my robber!"

He believed he was dreaming, and desired to come to himself. Meantime many examples occurred to his memory of many respectable persons who were in league with banditti. Toby resolved to investigate the mystery.

He entered boldly into the court, and demanded to speak with the proprietor, who had just gone to bed, though it was near midday—a new indication of a night of fatigue! The Quaker insisted on being introduced, and soon found himself in Weresford's bedchamber. He not being used to being disturbed, rubbed his eyes and demanded with some impatience,

"Who are you, sir? What do you want with me?"

The sound of the voice was recognized by Toby, and thoroughly convinced him. He tranquilly drew a chair and seated himself at the bedside, his hat on his head.

"Do you remain covered?" cried the merchant, in surprise.

"I am a Quaker," answered the other, with much calmness "and thou knowest that such is our usage."

At these words of the Quaker, Weresford sat up in bed and eyed the stranger. He doubtless recognized him, for he turned deadly pale.

"Well," demanded he, stammering, "what is it—if you please—the subject that you come about?"

"I ask thy allowance for appearing so pressing," answered Toby; "but between friends it matters not much, and I come without ceremony, to ask for the watch that thou borrowedst of me yesterday."

"The—watch?"

"I value it much; it belonged to my poor wife, and I cannot go without it. My excellent friend, the alderman, would never forgive me were I to fail for one day to return to jewel the his sister."

The name of an alderman appeared to make some impression upon Weresford. Without waiting an answer, Toby continued—

"Thou wilt do me the pleasure to return also the twelve guineas which I lent thee at the same time. Nevertheless if thou art in need of them, I consent to let thee have them for sometime, on condition that thou givest me a receipt."

The scheme of the Quaker so disconcerted the old merchant that he could not deny the possession of the articles, but, not liking to acknowledge the crime, he hesitated to answer, when Toby added,

"I wish thee to participate at the approaching marriage of my daughter Mary. I had reserved the sum of two hundred pounds sterling for the bridal of the espoused, but an accident happened to me last night on the road to London—I was completely robbed, so I come to pray thee to give thy son a portion, which otherwise I would not have asked of thee."

"My son?"

"Yes. Dost thou not know that he is Mary's lover, and that 'tis he that is to marry her?"

"Edward!" exclaimed the merchant, throwing himself from the bed.

"Edward Weresford," mildly replied the Quaker, while quietly taking a pinch of snuff. "Come, do this thing for him. I would not, verily, that he should know aught of what passed last night, and if thou dost not furnish him with the sum I promised, it will be well for me to tell him how I lost it."

Weresford ran to a bureau, and drew out a casket with a triple lock, opened it and returned successively to Toby his purse, his watch and his bag of money.

"Very well," said the Quaker as he received them. "I see that I had reason to count on thee."

"Is this all that you want?" demanded the merchant with one of his blunt airs.

"Nay, I yet need something of thy friendship."

"Speak."

"Thou wilt disinherit him. I see not but that some one may say I have speculated on thy fortune."

In finishing these words the Quaker left the chamber.

"No," murmured he, when he found himself alone, "children are not answerable for the faults of their parents. Mary shall marry the son of this man, but the stolen money she shall never touch."

When he reached the court, he called out to Weresford, who had come to the window, "ho! my dear friend, I brought back thy mare, return my horse."

Some minutes afterward, Toby, well-mounted, carrying by the top, his bag of money, furnished with his watch and purse, reached home at a moderate trot.

"I made a visit this morning to thy father," said he to Edward, whom he perceived entering with him; "I believe we shall now agree."

Two hours afterward Weresford arrived at the house of Toby, and taking him apart said:

"Honest Quaker, your proceedings have deeply affected my very soul! You might have dishonored me—dishonored my son; ruined me in his estimation, and caused the misfortune of refusing him your daughter. You have shown yourself a man in head and heart. I shall not again blush in your presence. Take these papers. Farewell! you will never see me again." And he departed.

The Quaker, left alone, opened the papers. They showed obligations of considerable value on the first bankers of London, with a long list of names, and opposite each name, in figures, a sum greater or less in amount. A billet was added wherein the Quaker read as follows:

"These are the names of persons who were robbed; the figures are the sums which ought to be restored; as to the money with the bankers, in my name, let it go to the strangers, but make the restitution secretly yourself. What remains will be my legitimate fortune, and your daughter will some day possess my estate."

The next day Weresford left London, and everybody was certain he had gone to spend his fortune in France.

On the day of the marriage, the Quaker brought together a company of merry friends among whom were noticed a number of persons enchanted with the conduct of the robbers of London, who through the interposition of Toby, had made restitution of their lost capital with interest.

A Crusty Passenger.

A good joke recently happened at one of our railroad stations. The cars were just starting as a man from the upper part of this county, all out of breath, reached the train. The baggage man seized his hand-trunk and pitched it in, while the passenger was assisted on the train as it moved away.

Breathless and perspiring, he drops into a seat by the side of a crusty-looking passenger, who is reading a paper.

New Passenger.—"Whew! Right smart chase they give me. Reckon this train's ahead of time, ain't it stranger?"

Crusty.—"Do'no."

N. P.—"Hurried so hadn't time to get a ticket, or one of them thingumbobs on my hand-trunk. Think it'll be safe, eh?"

Crusty.—(Shrinking back into his coat collar, and drawing impatiently away). "Can't say."

N. P.—(Determined to make himself agreeable, said), "Live far about here?"

Crusty.—(Gruffly). "No."

N. P.—(Peering at Crusty's paper), "I see you are reading the—. Up in our parts they don't think as much of that as they do of *The Bloomfield Times*. Ever read it?"

Crusty.—(Snappishly). "No, wipe my feet on the *Times*."

N. P.—(Taking a big chew of tobacco). "Well, stranger, you just keep on reading the—, and wiping your feet on the *Times*, and your feet'll know more than your head does."

"Old Crusty" being convinced that this was so, has since sent his dollar and had his name placed on our subscription list; and no doubt in future will feel in a better humor when he travels.

Our advice to every one who has not already done so, is to send one dollar and have their name placed among our list of subscribers.

A learned divine was in the habit of preaching so as to be rather beyond the comprehension of some of his hearers. A friend of his wishing to give him a gentle hint on the subject, asked him one day the duty of a shepherd.

"Too feed the flock, of course," was the reply.

"Ought he, then," said his friend "to place the hay so high that but few of the sheep can reach it?"

The approaching call of the census-taker has prompted some journalist to trot out Saxe's funny sketch, which runs like this:

Got any children? the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
The lady shook her flaxen curls,
And civilly answered, *Nein*.

Husband, of course? the Marshal said,
To the lady from over the Rhine;
The lady shook her Saxon curls,
And civilly answered, *Nein*.

How did Adam get out of Eden?
He was snaked out.