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On a certain Sabbath evening, some twenty-five years ago, a reckless, ill-dressed young man was idly lounging

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For The Bloomfield Times. AUTUMN.

The beautiful summer days are past, With their bright and lovely flowers;

But lovelier far than Summer's reign, Or even May's sweet treasure,

Reverend views now greet the eye On every hill and mountain;

What luscious fruits it ever brings— Its apples, pears, and peaches,

Then hail to the Autumn! loveliest queen! She rules with smiles and gladness;

Millerstown, Oct., 1870

Lines on the Death of Lewis W. Orwan. We parted at the portals, At the open gate of death;

The little bark lay mooring, Cold Jordan's stream beside;

Oh Death! thou cam'st so early, To take my all away;

The little ones cling round me— Our children—his and mine;

Deal gently! O deal gently, For thou'rt the widows God;

Booneville, Ind., Oct. 16, 1870.

Blushing.

WHAT is there more mysterious than a blush, that a single word, or look, or thought, should send that

They caught it from the rose, for all the roses first were white;

On a certain Sabbath evening, some twenty-five years ago, a reckless, ill-dressed young man was idly lounging

As he sauntered along, out of humor with himself and all mankind, a stranger laid his hand upon his shoulder,

A brief conversation followed so winning in its character that the reckless youth consented to go.

He went; he heard the appeals there made. With tremulous hands he signed the pledge of Total Abstinence.

By God's help, he kept it, and he keeps it yet. The poor boot-cripper, who tapped him on the shoulder (good Joe Stratton) has lately gone to heaven,

but the youth he saved is to-day the foremost of the reformers on the face of the globe.

Sometimes when I listen to the thunders of applause that greet John B. Gough on the platform of Exeter Hall or the Academy of Music, it seems to me, I am hearing the echo of that tap on the shoulder, and of that kind invitation under the ancient elms of Worcester.

"He that winneth souls is wise."

Distance Leads Enchantment.

WHO originated this expression I know not, but a truer saying never emanated from the mind of man.

It applies not only to space, but to time, to the past and to the future.

In looking at a range of mountains in the distance, you do not see the difficulties of ascent;

you see the ups and downs, the blue peaks rising here and there, the valleys between, but all looks smooth and easy.

It is only by a near approach that we find the jagged peak, the frightful precipice, the darksome cavern.

Even the valley so lovely, in the distance, may be a loathsome swamp.

The thirsty traveler in the desert sees in the distance the long-sought-for water—beautiful lakes with lovely islands dotting their surface—rivers of pellucid waters gliding gently along,

on whose banks grow the lofty palm, hastens on, to find the lovely lakes and rivers changed to sand—the same weary burning sand he trod before.

Perhaps he sees rivers in the distance yet, and keeps on and on till he drops from exhaustion.

So with us. In youth we look forward to the realities of life, and distance covers them with such rose-colored tints that we build castles in anticipation, and never doubt their reality.

It is only as we grow to manhood that we find the precipice, the caverns, the swamps; that the gentle eminence we saw in the distance is of fearful height, the climbing of which may take years of toil, and the beautiful lakes and rivers of youth are nothing but sand.

How many there are who sink in the swamp of blighted hopes—who chase the mirage of happiness in the desert till they die!

But climb, climb the mountains, ye adventurous; you may not reach the top, but you will not sink.

Dig dig in the desert, and if you go deep enough you will surely find water; and after a toiling, useful life, when old age comes creeping on, distance will lend its charms to cover up the rough spots of life, and as you look back the mountains will again appear smooth and pleasant.

While the streets of the golden city will grow the more beautiful as you draw near to them.

Scenes in Japan.

A STREET called the Tokedia is the Broadway of Yeddo. It is twenty miles long and is crowded throughout.

There are no vehicles in use in Japan, and the pavements extend from one side of the street to the other.

No provision is made for the passage of carriages, omnibusses or wagons, for there are none in existence, and persons on foot take possession of the whole highway.

The entire metropolis is built of wood, and one dwelling is a representation of all.

A Japanese house at the first glance resembles a child's toy house on a large scale.

The floor is raised about two feet above the earth, and there is a covered porch in front resting upon the bare ground.

After entering the porch you step up into the house, always leaving your shoes behind you.

It is considered a very great breach of propriety to enter a dwelling without removing one's boots.

As they wear only sandals, covered with a leathern thong, which they can shuffle on or off in an instant, this custom is of but little moment to the natives, but foreigners find it a very troublesome one.

This answers for a depository for shoes, and, in passing a house, the number of visitors may be known by counting the number of pairs of sandals on the porch.

When the walls of a house are up it consists of one large room, which is then cut up by partitions, which are nothing more than sliding screens that close up into each other in a fashion that admits of one apartment being divided into a dozen distinct ones instantly.

There are no chimneys attached to the house, and they contain no beds, chairs or tables. The floors are covered with a series of clean bamboo mats or cushions, each six feet by three and nicely bound with red or blue tape.

They are stuffed with light wool or moss and are as soft and yielding to pressure as the heaviest Brussels velvet. These mats fit in with each other as regularly as the squares on a chess-board, and the whole floor is kept as clean and is dusted as often as the mahogany sideboard in the house of a Dutch burgher.

No flock of dirt is ever allowed to rest upon the polished surface of the matting, and to step upon it with a pair of boots would be a greater insult than to make a footstool of a seven-hundred-dollar piano.

The family sit upon the matting all day, with their legs bent under them, in a shape that would give any foreigner in-

curable paralysis in fifteen minutes, and they sleep upon it at night.

A Japanese pillow is a curiosity in its way. It is nothing but a rocker of a cradle, broad enough to stand alone, with a semi-circular depression on the upper side.

The Japanese lie full length on the floor, place not their head, but their neck in the crescent-shaped hollow on the upper side of the pillow, and rock themselves to sleep in a few minutes.

Carrier Pigeons and how they are Trained.

BALLOONS and carrier pigeons are among the prominent agents of communication employed in the Franco-Prussian war.

The carrier pigeon is larger than the common pigeon—measuring about 15 inches in length and weighing about one and a quarter pounds.

An appendage of naked skin hangs across its bill. Its value is estimated according to its shape and size. Its strong, instinctive love of home is so valuable, and fits it for its functions as a carrier.

The birds are regularly trained when young, their trainers taking them at first short distances from home and then turning them loose.

Those that fail to return home are considered stupid and rejected as valueless.

Those that return home are then taken to greater distances, progressively increased from two miles to a thousand miles.

The good birds return home with unerring certainty. The birds are sometimes kept in a dark place for some hours before they are used and sparingly fed, but abundantly watered.

The paper on which the message is written is carefully tied around the upper part of the bird's leg, but so as not to impede its flight.

An old English ballad and a line from Tasso imply that the original way of suspending the despatch was from the wing or around the neck, but the above method is that now in use.

The employment of the carrier pigeon dates from remote antiquity. The rapidity of the flight of this bird is almost incredible.

Audubon speaks of passenger pigeons shot in the neighborhood of New York with their craws full of rice, which the birds could not have procured nearer than the rice fields of Georgia and Carolina.

The same naturalist observes that as their power of digestion is so great that they entirely decompose food in twelve hours, the birds which were killed in the neighborhood of New York, must have traveled between three and four hundred miles in six hours.

When the annual trial of the prize for the best carrier pigeons was decided at Ghent, in 1833, twenty-four birds which had been conveyed from that place, were thrown up at Rouen at fifty minutes past nine o'clock in the morning.

The distance is one hundred and fifty miles.—The first pigeon arrived in Ghent in one hour and a half, sixteen came in within two hours and a half, and three in the course of the day.

Four were lost. The rate at which the first bird flew was ninety miles in the hour.

When thrown upon the bird rises, and when it has reached a good height will at first fly round and round and then make off, continuing on the wing without stop or stay, unless prevented, until its well-known home is reached.

Paddy Hayes and the Turtle.

In New York, a man was carry a live turtle along the street, when along came an Irishman, followed by a large dog.

The countryman tried by gentle words to get the son of Emerald to put his finger in the turtle's mouth, but he was too smart for that.

"But," says he, "I'll put my dog's tail in, and see what the baste will do."

He immediately called up his dog, took his tail in his hand and stuck it into the turtle's mouth.

He had scarcely got it in when Mr. Turtle shut down on the poor dog's tail, and off the latter ran at railroad speed, pulling the turtle after him at a more rapid speed than it had ever traveled before.

The countryman thinking his day's work would be thrown away if the animal should run at that speed, turned with a savage look upon the Irishman and exclaimed:

"Call back your dog."

Patrick put his hands into his pockets, threw his head to one side, winking and then answered with a provoking sang froid:

"Call back your fish."

There are two directly opposite reasons why some men have poor credit—one because they're not known, and the other because they are known.

OUR DUTCHMAN.

He Joins the Sons of Temperance and Backslides.

CAN you believ dat great vonder ven I dell mit you dat I didn't trinken a single trop of anyding stronger as tea and milk for more ash about a hole veek?

De reason of it vhy dat ding ish so vecause I ish now shoined mit dat Son of Demperance Society, und dat affair don't allow no memper vot pelongs mit it to trinken no peer und vhiskey und such kind of dings.

I dinks you must be ex-donished mit me ven you hear dat I could do mit out mine peer for so long a dime ash a hole veek.

Yet still dat ish so, for vhy ish it dat I vill undertook to teceive you mit a lie in a ding of dat kind? I dinks not.

After I ish signed mine name town mit de pledge, und vas a memper mit dat demperance dings for a few tays, I find out dat de orter vas maken reddie to haben deir grand annual barade shust to tantalize dem peer salune und de vhiskey tealers a drife.

So pesure ven I hears apout dat dings, I dinks it ish nodings more den mine tudy dat I must durn out mit dat barade affair.

Last Tuestay ish de dime ven dat barade vas to dooken blace, und ash I didn't haben no more den doo tays to got mineself reddie in, I vas haben plenty to do—I pelief so.

Ven Duestay morning comes around, I tress mineself ub mit a glazed cap und a ledder pelt mit a tin cup tied on—und pesure I haben also mine best plack bair of bandaloons on und a vwhite shirt.

Den I buys den cents vorth of round toenuts mit a hole in, und string dem on a vire to hang around mine neck.

Dat dings ish for eating burpuses ven I ish marchen mit dat barade. I know all apout how dis ding goes, und pesure I understand how to brepere, for dat's not de fursd brocesion vot I durn out mit—und vhy ish it dat I didn't know somedings? Vell I guess so—ain't it?

Ven I pelief dat I vas ash near reddie ash I can got, I startzen for Proad Straus, vhere dat durn out starts from.

For de fursd half a hour dat marchen goes blenty nice; but ven a hole hour vas ub, den I pegins to got dry mit mine mouth; und for spite, de more I marchen de de tryer I got, shust on agount dat I vas in the line mit a demperance barade.

Den I pegins to got mad dat I ever shoined in mit a ding dat vot allow a man to drinken shust a drife glass of peer.

I holt out for a leetle vwhile longer, und den I can't stand dat deatuation ash I go past so many lager peer salunes.

So I dinks I can slip away from the rear end of dat barade mitout anypody daken notice of me, so ash I can sneak into a beer blace und saw vot dime it ish.

I goes into a beer salune und I finds out vot I vants; still dat makes me more dryer ash before; den every beer salune blace vhere ve go by mit I stopped in mit me, und by de time I ish marchen mit dat barade a odder half hour, I got so tizzy mit mine head, und crooked mit mine legs, dat ven I undertook to keep ub mit dat durn out in de rear, I can't hardly do dat.

Vell, dat Marshall leader comes pack vhere I vas, for by dat dime blenty beeples ish hollering pad dings mit me.

So dat Marshall delis me it vas petter, for the sake of the orter, dat I vill left de line und go lay town somevheres undill I I soper ub a drife.

Now, ven I undertook to convince him dat dar ish nodings de matder mit me, I look around, und dat parade ish far away off.

So dat Marshall leaves me und runs away to catch ub mit de line. Vell, so I dry to run to catch up mit it to, only mine legs get all tangled ub togedder, und I ish fallen town so hard ash I can't dell.

Pesure a pig crowd gets around, und I ish picked ub and carried to a toor-step.

At one of the railroad depots in the vicinity of Elizabeth, intending travelers were recently amused in this wise. A merchant purchased a ticket, and then addressed the agent:

"Stranger, I want to leave my dog in this 'ere office until the train starts. I'm afraid somebody will steal him."

"You can't do it," said the clerk.—"Take him out."

"Well, stranger, that is cruel; but you're both disposed alike, and he's kinder company for you."

"Take him out!" roared the clerk.

"Well stranger, I don't think you're honest, and you want watching. 'Here Dragoon,' said he to the dog, 'sit down here, and watch that fellow sharp!' and turning on his heel, said to the clerk, 'Put him out, sir, if he is troublesome.'"

The dog lay there till the train started, watching and growling at every movement of the clerk, who gave him the better part of the office