

The Bloomfield Times

FRANK MORTIMER, }
Editor and Proprietor.

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The Bloomfield Times.

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BY

FRANK MORTIMER.

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IN ADVANCE.

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

Bilthely moving! gayly smiling!
Comes to us the bright New Year—
Scattering blessings all around him,
Full of hope and full of cheer.
Passing from the blue Pacific
To the stern Atlantic shore,
As the white-winged Dove of Promise
Moved with tidings glad, of yore.

With a sterner mission comes he
To the nations of the East;
Vultures there their beaks are whetting
O'er the gory battle feast.
Thrones are tottering, crowns are shaking,
And the people mutter low,
Words of menace, threats of vengeance,
Arming for the coming blow.

The Sultan, in his palace, trembles;
Troubled, too, the ice-throned Czar;
Shakes the kingdom of the British
At the menace of war,—
While the crash of muskets rattle,
And the boarser cannon's roar,
Tell that thousands—French and Prussians
Now are red with human gore.

Adieu to struggling Europe,
God send peace in his own way;
May He, too, preserve our nation,
Guide and bless from day to day,
So that neither Grant nor Sumner,
Nor McCleary—dangerous elf!
Bring disgrace upon the Country,
As has each upon himself.

But adieu to Congress, also;
Now, at least, is not the time,
When its worth dears the justice
Of a more than passing rhyme,
And we'll note what's worth the telling,
Of events occurring here,
How the burning of a dwelling
Spread its horror far and near.

'Mid the smoke and gasses smothering
Roasting in the angry flame—
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Helpless die ere morning came.
Awful death! And soon a jury
Will be called and sworn to try
If there lives a wretch among us,
Who had doomed them thus to die.

But, a few words, now, more pleasing;
Ere I close these limping rhymes,
I'll record the rapid progress,
Which distinguishes "THE TIMES."
Just one year ago I told you
We would then enlarge our sheet;
Now a new increase is needed,
All demands to rightly meet.

And so large is our subscription—
What I dared not then to dream,—
A power press we've introduced,
And print our paper none by steam.
But I send you all my greetings,
Wish you health, and wealth, and joy,
And length of life, to read our paper,
I'm truly yours, the Carrier Boy.

TOM.

Judge Gordon's Will.

The Mysterious Disappearance.

THE clocks were striking midnight.—

I threw a pile of exchanges on the floor, upset a chair and an inkstand, caught a glimpse in a cracked glass of half a dozen fierce faces with dishevelled hair and whiskers, and felt ashamed of myself. I was cross and sleepy.

I had just brought out the Daily Budget an exceedingly dilapidated sheet, established some years ago by old Judge Gordon to help him into Congress. According to all accounts it helped him considerably the other way. It appears the judge expected to astonish the world with the wit and learning of "The Budget;" but was more astonished himself to find that the world was too dull to see its wit, and too ignorant to appreciate its learning, for nobody cared to read it. He was an obstinate fellow, however, and although he possessed house and lands, the best horses in the country, and the handsomest daughter, by a strange freak of fancy he took most pride in the Budget, which he continued to publish to the end of the chapter; that is, until one day he was found dead in the editorial chair with the editorial pen in his grasp, and an unfinished editorial on the desk before him entitled "Ethics of the Ancient Greek Philosophers."

Frank Greatham—half-nephew of the deceased—profanely intimated that that editorial was enough to kill anybody.

When the paper was sold at auction, the auctioneer knocked it down with a professional groan to an aspiring young reporter for the Transcript, who had saved a few hundred, and fancied he could produce a better paper than that old and delightful sheet.

That ambitious young man was myself, and I now worked night and day to build up my paper.

I had just finished the leader for morning issue, and had twice rung the bell for the "devil," who was probably snooping in some corner among the cobwebs; and started to mount five flights myself, resolved to hunt him up severely, when he appeared, rubbing his eyes vigorously, a great old grown cub, very much disfigured with printer's ink. I regret to say I expended some bad language on this imp of darkness, and I doubt whether, in his profound state of drowsiness he heard anything. He took the manuscript with staring, vacant eyes, and retreated; and I composed myself on two chairs and a box, with a pile of paper for a pillow, to get a little sleep while waiting for the proof. I would sooner throw my leaders into the fire, than fail to read the proof myself, such a botch as they are made of them!

I had just "dropped off," when the door opened again, and I sprang up with a start and confronted a stranger. The tone was not the gentlest in which I addressed him.

"Well, sir?"

He was a slender, well-built fellow with a profusion of auburn beard, and dark eyes. His hat was slouched down, and he did not come boldly to the light.

He handed me a paper, and inquired:

"Can you insert this in your morning edition?"

I read:

"SAD CASUALTY.—The little mountain village of Greyville was thrown into a state of excitement yesterday morning, by the disappearance of Edward Britton, one of our boarders at the Mountain House. His boat was found adrift on Shower Lake, containing his fishing tackle and clothing. It is quite certain that he fell from the boat and was drowned."

I was greatly interested in this communication, for it was quite a prize in the way of startling news.

I was not personally acquainted with Britton but I knew him to be the adopted son of my venerable predecessor, Judge Gordon, a young man well known and highly esteemed in law circles, having recently been admitted to the bar.

"This is sad," I remarked. "What more do you know of the affair?"

"That is all Britton had been boating two or three weeks at the Mountain House. I was stopping in the vicinity he went upon the lake early this morning and was undoubtedly drowned. That is all I learned before I left."

The indiffidence of tone with which he spoke puzzled me. I looked at him keenly. His face had a drooping, disappointed expression, and he watched me warily thought. His presence began to make me feel uneasy.

"Your name, if you please?"

The stranger hesitated.

"A mere form," I suggested; "but this is a matter of importance, friends will inquire—"

"Certainly, sir, my name is John Winton. I leave for New York in the morning, however."

He went out quickly, leaving an atmosphere of disturbed mystery about the place. I rewrote the communication in a more elaborate and sensational style, too eager to anticipate the other morning paper with the startling intelligence, to inquire very closely into its authenticity.

The inky cub returned in a still more comatose condition, with the proof, and I despatched him with the "Sad Casualty" locked up, hailed a coach went home and slept soundly till nine o'clock next morning.

I had scarcely seated myself to the task of opening the morning mail, when I heard a timid rap on the door. For once somebody had respect to the sign "no admittance," outside.

"Come in," I shouted, but was certainly somewhat chagrined when a fashionable attired young lady obeyed my summons.

Young and beautiful, I saw at a glance even through dark folds of a heavy mourning veil. I had time to notice this before she spoke. Indeed, it needs no lapse of time to teach a man the presence of a beautiful and womanly woman. And such she was, in spite of her marble paleness. The delicate contour of face, the small regular features, lighted by soft hazel eyes, shaded by luxuriant masses of dark brown hair, and long thick lashes, needed no additional charm of color to heighten the loveliness.

Indeed I think the drooping sadness of her face and figure, the shadow of mourning robes, and the weary look of suffering about her dark eyes, impressed more than the daintiest vision of bloom and happiness could have done.