

# The Bloomfield Times.

FRANK MORTIMER,  
Editor and Proprietor.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Terms: IN ADVANCE  
One Dollar per Year.

Vol. V.

New Bloomfield, Pa., January 24, 1871.

No. 4.

## The Bloomfield Times.

Is Published Weekly,  
At New Bloomfield, Penn'a.  
BY  
FRANK MORTIMER.  
SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.  
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR!  
60 Cents for 6 Months; 40 Cents  
for 3 Months.  
IN ADVANCE.

### SURNAMES.

Men once were surnamed from their shape or  
color.  
(You all may from history worm it.)  
There was Lewis the Baldy, and Henry the  
Great,  
John Lackland, and Peter the Hermit.  
And now, when the doorplates of misters and  
dames  
Are read, each so constantly varies  
From the owner's trade, figure, and calling,  
Surnames  
Seem given by the rule of contraries.

Mr. Box, though provok'd, never doubles his  
bit.  
Mr. Burns in his grout has no fuel.  
Mr. Playfair won't catch me at hazard or whilst  
Mr. Coward was wing'd in a duel.  
And huge Mr. Little broke down in his gig,  
While driving fat Mr. Gollygity.

Mrs. Drinkwater's apt to indulge in a dram,  
Mrs. Angel's an abolitionary;  
And meek Mr. Lion met fierce Mr. Lamb,  
Tweak'd his nose in the lobby of Drury.

Miss Joy, wretched maid, when she chose Mr.  
Love,  
Found nothing but sorrow a-wail her;  
She now holds in wedlock, as true as a dove,  
That fondest of mates, Mr. Hayter.  
Mr. Oldheart dwells in a modern-but t hat,  
Miss Sage is of makeups the architect;  
Of all the queer hatches a Cupid's her ent,  
Old Mr. Younghusband's the starchiest.

Mr. Child in a passion knocks down Mr. Rock,  
Mr. Stone like an aspen leaf shivers.  
Miss Poole us'd to dance, but she stands like a  
stock  
Ever since she became Mrs. Rivers.  
Mr. Salt hobbles onward, no mortal knows  
how  
He moves as though cords had entwined him;  
Mr. Metalle ran off upon meeting a cow,  
With pale Mr. Turnbull behind him.

Mr. Barker's as mute as a fish in the sea,  
Mr. Miles never moves on a journey.  
Mr. Gotobed sits up till half-after three.  
Mr. Makepeace was bred an attorney.  
Mr. Gardner can't tell a blow from a root,  
Mr. Wild with timidity draws back,  
Mr. Ryder performs all his journeys on foot,  
Mr. Foot all his journeys on horseback.

Mr. Penny whose father was rolling in wealth,  
Kick'd down all the fortune his dad won;  
Large Mr. DeFever's the picture of health,  
Mr. Goodenough is but a bad one.

Mr. Crankshank slept into three thousand a  
year  
By showing his leg to an helress.  
Now I hope you'll acknowledge I've made it  
quite clear,  
Surnames ever go by contraries.

## The Wrong Satchel

A TRAIN bound for St. Louis had just  
left the depot of Belfortaine, when  
a gentleman entered the smoking car,  
and laid his hand upon the shoulder of his  
traveling companion—a tall, handsome man of  
thirty, who sat musically blowing rings of  
smoke into the air.

"Mersey," said the new comer, "if you  
want to see at once the sweetest and saddest  
sight you ever beheld, go into the last car  
but one on the train. There's an emigrant  
German woman, with four little children,  
and during the afternoon the youngest,  
a baby, has died. The mother and the other  
children are inconsolable."

"I can understand," interrupted the smok-  
er, "the sadness of such a scene, but  
where is the sweetness you spoke of?"

"I am coming to that. The whole party  
have been taken in charge by a young lady.  
Such a beauty! She's dried the mother's  
tears, and wiped the children's noses. She's  
a divinity! She only needs a few feathers  
on her shoulder-blades to make a full-fledged  
angel of her. If I was not a married man,  
I'd never leave her till I'd made Mrs. An-  
gelica Townsend out of her."

"That's a speech which I shall faithfully  
report to Mrs. Angas Townsend," said the

gentleman addressed as Mersey, rising. "I  
shall go back and feast my eyes on this  
beautiful Sister of Charity; and," he ad-  
ded, taking his traveling satchel and shawl  
from the rack, "as we stop at the next  
station, which is due in ten minutes, I may  
as well take my traps through with me and  
join you on the platform."

Thus saying, Richard Mersey threw his  
shawl over his shoulder, and sauntered lei-  
surely through the long train—rushing  
blindly and calmly to his fate. For, as he  
entered the last car but one he became a  
witness and an actor in a scene that influ-  
enced his whole future life.

The poor, grief-stricken German, of  
whom his companion, Doctor Townsend,  
had spoken, with the dead infant in her  
arms, sat silently weeping over the little  
dead face.

The three sturdy children, grouped in  
childish sorrow about their little dead  
brother, was indeed a touching specta-  
cle. But, standing beside them, was the  
divinity of Doctor Townsend's admiration,  
and she who was most certainly to "share  
the ends" of the unhappy Richard.

She was a tall, slender girl of eighteen,  
with magnificent hair and eyes. As he en-  
tered the car, she was speaking, her lovely  
face was flushed, and the small, rosy mouth,  
disclosing a beautiful set of teeth, turned  
bewitchingly towards the tall stranger at  
the door.

"Ladies and gentlemen," spoke the  
sweet voice, "this poor woman, friendless  
and penniless, speaking no English, with  
four little children, was expecting to find  
work in St. Louis to support them. If  
everything had gone well with her it would  
have been hard for her; but with her little  
dead baby and her sorrowful heart she is  
certainly a deserving object of charity; and  
I propose that such as feel willing, con-  
tribute their mite toward a little purse for  
her immediate wants and the burial of her  
poor baby. And," she added, with a bewitch-  
ing smile, "and if any gentleman  
will lend me a bit, I will go round and take  
up a collection."

In an instant the gallant Richard pulled  
his traveling cap from his blonde curls,  
offered it to the Angel of Mersey, who ac-  
cepted it with a bewitching smile, this  
time all his own, and commenced gathering  
the readily forthcoming dollars her gener-  
ous, graceful appeal brought from the  
purses of all in the car.

Richard watched the slender figure in  
gray gathering the money; and, looking at  
the plaid cap in the white, jeweled fingers  
he bethought him of his own donation and  
cupping the neat the beauty had just oc-  
cupied he laid his satchel and shawl upon  
a family of its kind, belonging to the angel  
in gray, and took from his pocket a ten dol-  
lar bill, which he placed in the little hand  
that returned him his cap. Further dam-  
age the poor fellow received, when a second  
smile and warmly-voiced thanks for his lib-  
eral contribution were dealt him from the  
beautiful mouth.

Dick was in the midst of an elaborate  
reply, when the cars stopped. He lingered  
yet another moment, seized his satchel and  
shawl, with his eyes still on the face of his  
charmer, and then, even as the cars were  
again in motion, he bethought himself of the  
doctor, and hurriedly left the car and joined  
his friend on the platform.

"Well," ejaculated that worthy, "I began  
to believe you'd concluded to go and bury  
the dead baby, and make the protecting  
beauty Mrs. Angelica Marcy. Isn't she a  
stunner?"

"Townsend," returned his friend, "don't  
use slang in speaking of the noble creature."  
He looked after the train just disappearing  
at the distance. "I wish to Heaven," he  
continued, "I'd remained aboard. How  
stupid I was to leave it. I might have  
learned her name and residence. And  
now—"

"Now, in all probability," broke in the  
doctor, "you'll never meet her in this vale  
of tears. But you'll know her in Heaven, if  
you behave yourself well enough to get there  
by her wings; she'll have the biggest of any  
of them, seeing they've commenced to  
sprout on earth."  
And thus rallying his thoroughly captivated  
friend, the two made their way to the house  
of an acquaintance, with whom they were  
to remain that night, and go on the next  
day to their destination—St. Louis.

After the first salutation, our hero went  
to his room, to remove some of the evi-  
dences of his long ride from New York. He  
had removed his coat vest and collar; he  
had splashed and soaped and washed, till  
his damp curls clung close to his shapely  
head, when he made a startling discovery.

Flushed and breathless he burst into the  
next room, upon his friend.

"Townsend," cried he, "what upon  
earth do you suppose? I've got the wrong  
bag. I've changed luggage with the Angel  
of Mersey. Look at that slipper. See that  
thumb. Contemplate that glove."

"It's evident you've got the lady's satchel.  
And what was there in yours?"

"Don't raze up that dreadful idea,"  
said Dick. "Cigars and a hair brush, a  
pack of cards and a comb, pocket-flask and  
a tooth brush—everything respectable. If  
I am judged by that bag, I am a lost man."

"And this I took for a clean shirt," and  
Dick held up a filled and fluted sock, such  
as do duty for more extensive night-dresses  
with ladies when traveling. "I'd like to see  
Angelica when she opens my satchel."

And Dick fell to mowing, with the slipper  
perched on two fingers, and the filled  
white sack spread out tenderly upon his  
knees.

In an upper apartment of a handsome  
mansion in St. Louis, on the evening of the  
day our heroine first made the reader's  
acquaintance, beautiful Belle Alden, the  
petted and only daughter of the house,  
set contemplating the various articles her  
confidential maid was disposing upon the  
table—articles taken from no less a receptacle  
than Dick Marcy's traveling bag.

The cards and cigar case lay side by side  
and a highly scented party they were.

"What's in the little silver flask, Rosa?"  
said the fair Mistress.

"Brandy, ma'am," replied the maid.

"He can't be very dissipated to travel  
with such a little bottle. That's in case of  
sickness, I suppose," returned Belle.

"It is my belief," said Rosa, who was a  
shrewd girl, "that the gentleman was a  
mighty nice one, else you'd not so readily  
excuse the cards and the bottle."

"For shame, Rosa. All gentlemen play  
entire traveling, and even clergymen take  
a little brandy in case of sickness," an-  
swered Belle. "And this man was a gentle-  
man, and a liberal one, too, for he gave the  
poor emigrant woman \$10. What's that,  
Rosa?"

For, at that moment, Rosa held between  
her fingers a letter.

Whether it was wrong to read a stranger's  
letter vexed Belle for a moment, as her eyes  
glanced at the superscription and I had I writ-  
ing.

"Why, of all things!" exclaimed the de-  
lighted girl, seizing the letter. "Why,  
Rosa this is Jenny Marcy's writing, and  
addressed to Richard Marcy—her only  
darling brother—who was in Europe when  
we two graduated at Madam Rutter's in  
Brooklyn."

Belle read rapidly till she had reached the  
middle of the letter, when she burst into a  
merry laugh.

"Hear this, Rosa," she said, and she  
read from the letter:

"Above all things, Dick, dear, don't fail  
while in St. Louis, to see my best friend  
and school mate, Belle Alden. I know you  
will fall in love with her, for, besides being  
the best girl in the world, she's a beauty  
and an heiress, and father's choice above  
all others, for his son's wife. He used to  
talk it over at home, and hope Belle would  
not marry before you came home from  
Europe. She is full as anxious to know you  
and wears your hair and mine in a locket  
father gave her last year. Give her lots of  
love and beg of her to overlook your many  
imperfections, for the sake of her old school-  
fellow, Jenny."

"Then this gentleman is, of course, Miss  
Jenny's brother," said Rosa, "and what  
will she say when she hears of your having  
met in this romantic way?"

"I don't intend to tell her of it till I go  
to New York this fall," said Belle, "Per-  
haps her brother will call."

But in this supposition Belle was wrong.  
The month passed, and she saw no more  
of the golden-headed Richard.

And she carefully separated the yellow  
lock in the little keepsake from the dark  
tress of Jenny's and put it back into its  
place alone, while another locket held the  
bit of Jenny's. And, somehow, Belle look-  
ed very, very often at the wee golden curl  
and she never did so but the rest of the  
handsome head sprang up beside the lock;  
and she would sit and contemplate the pic-  
ture her fancy wrought for her, little dream-  
ing the interest she was allowing to grow  
in her bosom for Jenny's brother.

In the fall, Belle and her father went to  
New York, and the first day after her ar-  
rival found her sitting with her old friend  
who, after the first effusive meeting was  
past, sat down to empty her soul.

"I'm so glad you are here this month,"  
Jenny said, "I'm to be married in October,  
and I have always wanted to have you for a

bridesmaid, and Dick is to be Harry's best  
man."

Belle blushed.

"But Dick has fallen hopelessly, madly  
in love?"

Belle turned pale.

"Yes, I was so dreadfully provoked when  
he passed through St. Louis and never went  
near you. But he went wild over some  
lady he met on that fatal trip."

"He will talk to me by hours of his An-  
gelica. And when I have spoken of you he  
has been positively rude, and asked me to  
have done bothering him about my freckled  
school-mate—you know your picture shows  
freckles; but bless me, you haven't any now!  
And your picture don't look any more like  
you than it does like me, not a bit."

"But tell me," said Belle, "is your  
brother engaged to this lady?"

"Engaged! Why, dear heart, he don't  
know her name. He just found some of  
her old clothes somewhere. He's got her  
old slippers under a glass case; he's got her  
gloves stuffed under another; he's got her  
night-gown done up in lavender; he's got her  
gold thimble hung on his watch-chain  
and I do believe he's got a hair brush and  
some hair pins next to his heart. Oh, it's  
folly to interfere! He's beyond all hope!  
I did think the excitement of my wedding  
would wear him from it; but not a bit. He  
looks at my new things as calmly as an  
oyster, and only said—it's not kind of me  
to repeat it though," broke off Jenny.

"What was it he said?" inquired Belle  
laughing, now heartily. "Don't fear for  
my feelings."  
"Why," he said, "I'll stand up with  
your friend, Belle, and see you safely  
married; and then I'm off, to winter in Paris.  
I'm done with love on my own account. It's  
positively awful."

And so Belle thought as she looked at  
her old slipper and glove lying beneath a  
globe on either side the faithful Richard's  
mantle.

"And," said Belle, since he desires only  
to meet me on the morning of the wedding,  
so it shall be. I will be introduced only as  
we are leaving the house, and he can do as  
he pleases about continuing the acquaint-  
ance afterward."

Belle was radiant with happiness when  
she returned to her father, and delighted  
his fond heart by the change, for Belle had  
been very quiet of late.

Jenny and Belle shopped and talked and  
visited together for the next few days, and  
when the eventful morning arrived, and  
amid a bevy of beautiful girls, Belle shone  
like a queen, the bride was eclipsed, and  
delightfully acknowledge it.

"O, Belle!" she said; "I long to have  
old stoical Dick see you—Hark! there's  
his step. Come into the next room now,  
and be introduced. Don't wait until the  
carriage comes—it's an hour yet."

And Belle, with a beating heart, swept  
through the door and stood even as Dick  
first saw her, only, in place of the gray  
traveling dress, a magnificent white satin fell  
in rich folds about her, and upon her lovely  
white throat lay the turquoise locket that  
held Dick's golden curl. Upon the beau-  
tiful head, crowned by its chestnut hair, a  
coronet of pearls added to the grace and  
beauty of an image that shined in Dick's  
heart, was already an angel.

Belle did not look up, but she felt the  
presence, as Richard Marcy came up and  
was introduced to little Jenny's old school-  
mate. Then, as he held out his hand she  
raised her eyes, and laid her tiny palm in  
his, and said:

"I think we had better rectify that mis-  
take about the traveling-bags, Mr. Marcy!"  
"Good Heaven, Jenny!" said Dick Mar-  
cy. "Why didn't you tell me that your  
friend Belle was my angel 'Angel of  
Mersey'?"

"Because I didn't know till last night  
and then Belle made me promise not to tell.  
And besides you didn't want to meet the  
freckled school-girl till it was positively  
necessary," returned Jenny, mischievously.  
It would be hard to say which of the four  
that made Jenny's bridal party was the  
happiest that day.

Dick did not go to Paris that winter. He  
found that St. Louis contained more at-  
tractions than any foreign city.

But next fall will see Dick and Belle on  
their wedding tour, and he vows he will  
have the two old romantic traveling bags  
brushed up for the occasion. Doctor Town-  
send, who is to go along, says he knew the  
minute he saw that girl she would one day  
be Angelica Marcy, "felt it in the air."

A sign in Red Bank, New Jersey,  
reads thus: "New maid and old maid cloth-  
ing always on hand."

### Woman's Love.

THE indomitable endurance of the cele-  
brated emotion of the heart named in the  
above caption has been most dramati-  
cally and convincingly illustrated in the  
passionate State of California; the particu-  
lar instance being that of a beautiful and  
highly-respected young lady of the town of  
Ukiah. The belle in question, after regard-  
ing with indifference the successive offers  
of several eligible American suitors, looked  
with favor upon the addresses of a stranger  
of Mexican extraction named Pachico, of  
whom there were rumors that he shone in  
the profession of what is familiarly known  
in California as a "gamblor." The lady's  
father, objecting to an alliance with a for-  
eigner of this green-cloth description, at  
first remonstrated with his daughter for  
her perverse toleration of such an unworthy  
cavalier, and then distinctly assured the  
latter that he would much sooner shoot him  
than have him for a son-in-law. The young  
lady said nothing, the Mexican said nothing,  
but having quietly procured a license, they  
started in a buggy to find a clergyman who  
should marry them. Informed of the elopement  
within the very hour of its undertaking,  
the father started in hot pursuit at once  
on horseback, and overtook the fugitives  
about three miles from the town. After his  
first hail there was a brief race, the lover  
endeavoring to out-trot the pursuer in  
the saddle; but the animal drawing the  
buggy could not hold out against the pace  
of the other horse and was finally reined in  
at the side of the road. Then ensued an ex-  
change of revolver shots between the old  
gentleman on horseback and the young one  
standing up in the wagon, resulting at last  
in the shooting of the father in the head  
and the wounding of the lover in the pistol-  
hand. All the parties then returned to  
Ukiah," says the Sonoma Democrat, where  
although her father is dying, she avowedly  
persists in a determination to marry Pachico  
upon the ground that her love would be  
unworthy the name, if losing its power  
toward her lover because he is in trouble!

### Wanted that Goose.

ABOUT a year ago a man living near  
Havona had a cow run over on a pub-  
lic crossing by a train belonging to Peoria  
& Jacksonville Railroad. He tried to make  
the company pay for his animal, but was in-  
formed that if his cow strayed on the track  
at a public crossing, it was her own lookout  
and the road was not liable. Day before  
yesterday the same man appeared at the  
office of the General Superintendent, in  
Peoria, in a high state of excitement.  
"Where's the Superintendent?" cried he  
in a voice like a mad bull. "I want to see  
the Superintendent." The attorney of the  
road happened to be the only official pres-  
ent, and he, after explaining that the Su-  
perintendent was out, said that if he (the  
attorney) could do anything for him it  
should be done. Whereupon the irate in-  
dividual delivered himself as follows:  
"About a year ago I lost a cow, got on a  
public crossing, up comes a train, runs into  
her, kills her, company wouldn't pay no  
damages, say they couldn't stop their train.  
Now on yesterday I crawled on my hands  
and knees mor'n three-quarters of a mile  
after a goose, shot it, an' it happened to  
fall on that same identical crossin' where  
you killed my cow. 'Long comes a train  
That train stops, picks up my goose, and  
goes ahead. Now," he said, growing more  
excited, "what I want to know is, if you  
could stop your train to steal my goose,  
why couldn't you a stopped to save my  
cow. I want that goose. It's my opinion  
that the Superintendent of the road (smil-  
ing the table in front with his right hand)  
is the fellow that's got that goose, an' I  
want him. Any man mean enough to kill  
a cow and steal a goose, 'll lie about it after  
wards. Ye needn't tell me. I want that  
there goose." The attorney hastily ex-  
plained that he had nothing to do with the  
matter and got rid of the affair by send-  
ing the man up to the Superintendent's  
house after his bird. The last seen of him,  
he was marching up the street muttering to  
himself, "I want that goose."

Xenia, Ohio, girls have a pleasing  
habit of kissing strangers in the street, and  
then wildly screaming, "Oh, my! I thought  
it was cousin Charlie!"

It is difficult for even the best singers  
always to be in voice, but any common  
clerk can keep a whole custom house in  
voice with a little care.

A debating society out West is dis-  
cussing the question, "Which is the but,  
end of a goat?"