

# The Bloomfield Times.

FRANK MORTIMER,  
Editor and Proprietor.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Terms: IN ADVANCE  
One Dollar per Year.

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## The Bloomfield Times.

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BY

FRANK MORTIMER.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR!  
60 Cents for 6 Months; 40 Cents  
for 3 Months,  
IN ADVANCE.

### TRUE HEROISM.

Let others write of battles fought  
On bloody, ghastly fields,  
Where honor greets the man who wins.  
And death the man who yields,  
But I will write of him who fights  
And vanquishes his sins,  
Who struggles on through weary years  
Against himself—and wins.

He is a hero staunch and brave  
Who fights an unseen foe,  
And puts at last beneath his feet  
His passions base and low;  
Who stands erect in manhood's might,  
Undaunted, undismayed—  
The bravest man who drew a sword  
In foray or in raid.

It calls for something more than brawn  
Or muscle to overcome  
An enemy who marcheth not  
With banner, plume and drum—  
A foe forever lurking nigh,  
With silent, stealthy tread,  
Forever near your board by day,  
At night beside your bed.

All honor then, to that brave heart,  
Though poor or rich he be,  
Who struggles with his baser part—  
Who conquers and is free.  
He may not wear a hero's crown,  
Or fill a hero's grave,  
But truth will place his name among  
The bravest of the brave.

## THE LOST SON.

CONCLUDED.

THE idea seemed to Walter so absurd,  
that he actually laughed.

"I have no office," said he, "Nor so much  
as a last year's almanac in the way of a li-  
brary." "Never mind that," said Tom; "I  
have thought of it, and have arranged a  
plan which cannot fail to bring you out all  
right if you will only promise to be guided  
by me."

"I am helpless of myself. I promise."

"Listen. I hold myself in a great meas-  
ure responsible for your fall; I will set you  
on your feet again. I had promised my-  
self the satisfaction of reforming your in-  
temperate habits, but you've cheated me of  
that. You can take no further advantage  
of me—I have your promise. There are  
five hundred dollars in that purse. Go  
and clothe yourself in the best suit you can  
find, leave a little change with the barber,  
and return here as soon as you can."

"Tom Redburn—God bless you!" The  
poor fellow broke down with emotion, and  
could not utter another word, but stood  
wringing Tom's hand and sobbing like a  
child.

"There, there," said Tom, shaking him  
off; "don't be a baby. There is no time  
to lose now. We will talk of gratitude  
hereafter."

So Walter dried his tears and went. The  
sensation of possessing so much money  
gave him courage, and such an air of dig-  
nity that the clothiers and other trades-  
men he patronized waited upon him with  
alacrity. In a short time he was so com-  
pletely transformed that his worst enemy  
would hardly have known him. When he  
returned to Tom Redburn, that fastidious  
person declared him faultless except in one  
particular.

"Here," said he, "is a watch and chain  
I picked up at the Bay. Wear them until  
I call for them. And now, go immediately  
and see Judge Mollthrop. He has offered  
his office and library for sale, with the in-  
tention of returning to the States. Don't  
leave him until you make a bargain with  
him, and come to me for the funds."

"But, Tom, how am I to repay you?"  
"Nonsense! I am in your debt more  
than you have any idea of; and besides,  
I have a great deal of business for you, as  
soon as you are ready for it."

On the following day bills were posted  
announcing that the Magnolia building—  
Redburn's establishment—with all its fix-  
tures and furniture, was for sale, and re-  
ferring parties wishing to purchase to Wal-  
ter Leighton, Esq., attorney, in the office  
lately occupied by Judge Mollthrop. The  
announcement caused many prominent citi-  
zens to drop into the saloon, from curiosity  
and other motives. In the mines at that  
time no disgrace was attached to Redburn's  
profession, and no one was ashamed to en-  
ter a gambling or drinking saloon.

"Well," said a portly well-dressed man,  
from whose waist dangled a massive seal  
cut from auriferous quartz, "wonders will  
never cease! Now, if I thought that Wal-  
ter Leighton would keep straight, I'd give  
him the suit our ditch company's going to  
commence against the Great American  
Water Company. I used to think he was  
a match for the oldest of them. But this is  
a mighty big thing, and I don't like to risk  
him on so short a probation."

"I'll guarantee him," said Tom Red-  
burn.

"Well," said the other, "if you say so  
I'll do it. I never knew you to be mistaken  
in a man."

Again that day Tom Redburn's guarantee  
sent Walter a client with a liberal fee.  
Business flowed in upon him. Some of  
Judge Mollthrop's clients declined to trust  
him, but many of them, by the judge's ad-  
vice, left their business in his hands. He  
seemed at a single bound to have regained  
the respect and most of the confidence of  
his fellow-citizens. His extraordinary  
"turn of luck," as it was called, did not  
fail to excite envy and jealousy. One day  
a pettifogger, who spent most of his income  
at the Magnolia, yet managed to preserve  
his physical and mental balance, accosted  
Tom Redburn in a crowd, with some  
warmth:

"Tom, why do you take so much pains  
to send business to Walter Leighton? I've  
been a better customer to you than he has  
been, and I don't get drunk. You'll get  
in trouble by recommending such a man as  
he is, that can't take care of himself."

"My friend," replied Tom, curtly, "if  
you had half his brains you wouldn't have  
any occasion to be jealous of him."

The crowd laughed immoderately, and  
the pettifogger retreated.

Tom was on good terms with the editors  
of the two local papers. As soon as he had  
got Walter fairly under way, he called upon  
them, bearing presents of various appetizing  
cordials refreshing beverages, and induced  
them to publish divers paragraphs, announc-  
ing Walter's succession to Judge  
Mollthrop's office and business, and the  
commencement of important suits in which  
he had been retained as counsel. These  
paragraphs were couched in complimentary  
terms, and produced an excellent effect.

On the tenth day after Tom Redburn's  
interview with Mr. Goldbrook and his  
daughter, the latter were sitting in the par-  
lor of Wilson's Exchange, silent and anx-  
ious. The time had passed very tediously  
to them; the novelties of the Golden City  
had grown wearisome, and they had more  
than once regretted having committed  
themselves to Redburn's direction. What  
if he should fail them? His interest in them  
was probably only a sudden fancy, which  
would fleet as quickly as it came. And  
then, what meant those strange phrases  
and mysterious allusions (they were igno-  
rant of the dialect of the green cloth) which  
they had once or twice heard in connection  
with Redburn's name? However the ap-  
pointed time had nearly expired, and if he  
did not redeem his promise they would be  
free to act as they thought best.

"Do you think we will hear from Mr.  
Redburn to-day, father?" asked Alice.

"I hope so, my dear," said Mr. Goldbrook  
"but yet I can't help doubting."

"Is Mr. Redburn a relative of yours?"  
inquired a young man who had been a fel-  
low passenger with them on the steamer,  
and who appeared to be deeply sensible of  
Alice's attractions and his own worthiness.

"Not that we know of," she replied.

"Did you ever know him before?" he  
asked.

"Never."

"Do you know what business he fol-  
lows?"

"I do not—I never inquired."

"Then I will tell you; he is one of the  
most notorious gamblers in California. He  
has a large gambling-house at Morrison  
Flat, and is worth a great deal of money  
won by cards. Is it not so sir?" said he to  
a gentleman who sat opposite.

"It is true," replied the person appealed  
to; "but he has the reputation of being

perfectly fair in his profession, and his word  
is as good as any man's bond.

He is known as "gentleman Tom."  
Alice and her father looked at each other  
in dismay. The stranger's testimony in  
regard to Tom's probity had little weight  
with them. They could not conceive of an  
honorable gambler.

Just then the clerk entered and handed  
Mr. Goldbrook a letter and a package of  
newspapers. The letter was from Tom,  
and very brief. It referred to the papers  
for tidings of Walter, and promised definite  
news of Thomas Goldbrook in a short time.  
The papers were the Morrison Flat Enquir-  
er and Argus, in which were marked para-  
graphs conveying more encouraging tidings  
of Walter Leighton than they had dared to  
hope for.

"If he is a gambler," said Alice, "he  
has kept his word so far. But if Walter  
had fallen so low as he represented to father,  
how has he become so suddenly prosperous  
and why do the papers speak so highly of  
him? There is some mystery about this.  
Father, we had better go to Morrison Flat  
immediately."

The next mail brought two letters from  
Walter. They were penitent, but manly  
and hopeful. They alluded, however, only  
in general terms to his late wretched con-  
dition and present flattering prospects, but  
furnished no elucidation of the mystery  
which perplexed Alice. The letter to Mr.  
Goldbrook had this postscript:

"P. S. Mr. Redburn wishes me to request  
you, and I join him in so doing, to defer  
your intended visit to this place until you  
have definite information from him in re-  
gard to your son, which he promises will be  
very soon. I am not in his councils in re-  
gard to this matter, but I have great faith  
in his discretion."

Alice pondered long over the postscript.  
At length an idea struck her, but she kept  
it to herself, although it grew almost to a  
conviction. "We will still trust him  
father," she said, and Mr. Goldbrook as-  
sented.

A purchaser was soon found for  
Tom Redburn's establishment, and he pro-  
ceeded at once to close his business. He  
had been very fortunate, and had invested  
large sums of money in San Francisco  
property and in hydraulic mines. The  
cash in his various "banks" at closing  
amounted to near a hundred thousand dol-  
lars. According to all precedents, he  
ought to have devoted his building to the  
uses of a mission, or an asylum for decay-  
ed gamblers and drunkards, but his moral  
and religious training had been so long  
neglected that he never thought of what  
he should have done.

Walter Leighton had regained his old  
firmness of port and freshness of appear-  
ance, and had become so accustomed to his  
new circumstances as to be perfectly at  
his ease in every society. His business in-  
creased so rapidly that his energies were  
taxed to keep pace with it. His "luck"  
was a staple subject of conversation, and  
the more it was talked about the greater it  
grew. It was then that Mr. Goldbrook re-  
ceived a brief note from Tom Redburn,  
inviting him and his daughter to meet Wal-  
ter Leighton and Thomas Goldbrook at the  
American Hotel in Morrison Flat, "as  
soon," said the note, "as you can come."

Two days, thereafter, they were whirled  
by stage to the door of the hotel where  
they were received with great politeness by  
Tom Redburn in person, and escorted to  
the apartment he had caused to be espe-  
cially prepared for their reception. "And  
now," said he, "while you brush off the  
dust I will fetch the truant and the prodig-  
al."

Presently he returned ushering in Wal-  
ter Leighton. The meeting was a very  
affecting and affectionate one. Tom Red-  
burn (doubtless he had no right to look on)  
envied Walter Leighton when Alice en-  
circled his neck with her arms and pressed her  
lips to his. In spite of the stern stoicism  
in which he had schooled himself for many  
years, some tears were wrung from him by  
the scene, though he afterward humorously  
described it as a "triangular passage-at-  
arms."

"But you promised, Mr. Redburn," said  
Mr. Goldbrook interrupting the billing and  
cooing of the remated turtle-doves, "to  
bring my son—Thomas, where is he?"  
"Father," said Tom Redburn, dropping  
on one knee and bending his head rever-  
ently, "if you can receive me such as I am  
and forgive me for the years of sorrow I  
have caused you, I am your son, Thomas  
Goldbrook."

"Come to my heart, my dear boy!"  
cried the old gentleman. "For whatever  
you may have been, I forgive you as freely

as I feel that you have forgiven me." And  
they clasped each other in a close embrace.

"My brother! I knew it!" exclaimed  
Alice, laying violent hands upon Tom  
and hugging and kissing him with real  
feminine fervor.

"My more than brother! my generous  
preserver!" cried Walter rescuing the vic-  
tim from his sister's hand, and folding him  
in a hearty masculine embrace.

Walter Leighton is now a distinguished  
advocate of San Francisco, where his ac-  
complished wife is one of the leaders of so-  
ciety. Some promising olive-branches have  
gathered around his table. Old Mr. Gold-  
brook and Tom are permanent members of  
the household, the latter, who bids fair to  
remain an old bachelor, having become  
quite an exemplary member of society, and  
a director in many useful and benevolent  
enterprises. As a son, brother and uncle,  
those who know best declare that he is in-  
comparable.

### You Need not Believe it.

SOME of the Maine papers, having com-  
peted in the publication of improbable  
stories a correspondent of the Kennebec  
Journal capped the climax by writing the  
following "yarn":

"I was informed by one of our oldest  
inhabitants that in the early settlement of  
our country, two men were travelling on  
foot through the town of Skowhegan, and  
in close proximity to a piece of dense woods  
when to their surprise and horror, they saw  
a monstrous black bear coming directly  
toward them, evidently very hungry, from  
the manner in which he showed his long  
white teeth.

The men determined to show their  
courage towards the bear, hoping by so doing  
to induce him to turn from them, pressed  
firmly onward, expecting every step they  
took that they should see him retreat; but,  
to their surprise, old brain made no retreat  
but pressed forward, as determined to show  
a fair front as they, and both parties kept  
their onward movements until within about  
four feet of each other, when the bear sud-  
denly reared upon his hind feet and for a  
moment looked his victim steadily in the  
face, and then made a desperate spring  
toward one of the men, and with his paws  
tore the entire contents of the man out, and  
made his way with it to the woods.

As the man that was not injured by the  
bear stood looking, with wild confusion at  
the mangled body of his unfortunate com-  
panion, and trying to decide what to do,  
he was reminded of hearing the following  
recommended in such cases: If persons in  
this situation could have the insides of a  
sheep put into them when warm, that some-  
times they would recover. And as good  
luck would have it, in looking around he  
saw, in a little clearing near by him, a flock  
of sheep.

He immediately went to the flock and  
caught one and opened it and took the in-  
sides from it and carefully placed them in  
the body and by the assistance of a travel-  
ler, who fortunately happened to come up  
at that moment, they carried him to the  
nearest house, where the body was sewed  
up and every attention given that was pos-  
sible in the absence of a physician, and in  
a few days the man was able to sit up and  
continued to gain very rapidly, so much  
so that he was able to be taken to his fam-  
ily. It was reported that the man enjoyed  
good health for a number of years, but  
ever after had a great hankering after  
grass."

### A Cautious Man.

A fellow who was travelling in Western  
New York, entered a bar-room, and after  
calling for drinks for two looked about over  
the loungers apparently for a friend to drink  
with him. To every one's surprise, he in-  
vited a XVII, who eagerly accepted and  
swallowed his "pisen" with great avidity.  
Our traveller, however, leaving his untouched  
very coolly lighted a cigar, and settled  
himself by the fire. After some time, the  
landlord inquired, rather sharply, if he did  
not intend to drink that whisky. "Why  
certainly," said he, "if it don't kill that  
colored man within 10 or 15 minutes."

### A Singing School Incident.

An amusing circumstance occurred one  
evening in a singing school. A Mr. Pain  
was the teacher, and a Miss Patience one  
of the pupils. In the course of the even-  
ing the teacher gave out the tune, set to  
the words: "Come, gentle patience, smile  
on pain." The pupils were so excited by  
laughter, that it was impossible to sing the  
line. Soon the teacher gave out another,  
in which were these lines: "O, give me  
tears for others' woes, and patience for my  
own;" at which the risibilities of the school  
were so affected that all singing was de-  
ferred until another occasion.

### "DON'T SMELL WELL."

A Judge who Didn't Like Musk Gets into a  
Scrape and Out of It.

JUDGE—(out West, of course), hated  
to put it mild, the smell of musk. One  
hot day, the mercury standing ninety de-  
grees in the shade, the judge sat in his  
office, lolling in his easy chair, placed just  
in the draft—what little there was—doing  
his best to open up the mystery of an old  
opaque "last will and testament" sub-  
mitted to his judicial determination. Just as  
the breeze grew sensibly strong and refresh-  
ing, the judges olfactory contract under  
the smell of musk. His honor looked up  
from the ancient document he was consid-  
ering, and beheld a lady standing in the  
open door. With a gentle wave of his hand  
as if motioning her to turn to one side,  
the judge greeted her with, "Beg your par-  
don madame, you don't smell well."

"Sir," replied the astonished dame, in a  
tone that would have frozen a less impur-  
table man in his seat, notwithstanding  
the excessive heat, and threw herself out  
of the office.

The judge dropped to the contemplation  
of his paper. Directly a stern voice greet-  
ed him with, "Are you the chap that in-  
sulted my wife?"

Again the judge looked up from his work  
and seeing a strong built man standing in  
his doorway frowning upon him, answered  
him promptly, "No, sir; please be seat-  
ed."

"Didn't you just tell my wife she stunk  
thundered the man.

"No, sir," said the man firmly; "I am  
incapable of saying that to any body."

The man turned square on his heel and  
directly returned with his wife, saying:—  
"Wife, is that the fellow?" pointing to  
the judge.

"Yes, said she, decisively.

"Well," said her husband, "he says he  
didn't say you stunk."

"No," replied she, "he said I didn't  
smell well."

"Oh," broke, in the judge, in his bland-  
est tone, "a misapprehension. It must  
be true, Madam, that you didn't smell well  
or else you would have smelled me. You  
have a catarrh, have you not?"

The husband relaxed his fist, looked at  
his wife, smiled, then turning to the judge  
said: "Squire, you're a cute one; you'll  
do for us." And the judge got a fat  
case and a good client.

### Fatalism Illustrated.

A HARDSHELL Baptist minister, liv-  
ing somewhere on the frontier of  
Missouri, was in the habit of saying to his  
family and to his church: "Friends you  
need not take any unusual care of your  
lives; the moment of your death was writ-  
ten before the foundation of the world, and  
you cannot alter it." His wife observed  
when he left on Saturday, to meet one of  
his frontier missionary engagements, that  
he dressed the flint of his rifle with un-  
usual care, put in dry powder, fresh tow,  
and took every pains to make sure that the  
gun would go off in case he came upon an  
Indian. It struck her one day as she saw  
him in the saddle, with his rifle on his  
shoulder, that his conduct contradicted his  
teachings, and said to him:

"My dear, why do you take this rifle  
with you? If it was 'writ' before the  
foundation of the world that you were to  
be killed during this trip by an Indian, that  
rifle won't prevent it; and if you are not to  
be killed, of course the rifle is unnecessary;  
so why take it with you at all?" "Yes," he  
replied, "of course, my dear, you are all  
very right, and that is a very proper view;  
but, see here, my dear—now—really—but  
then, you see, my dear, suppose I should  
meet an Indian while I am gone, and his  
time had come, and I hadn't my rifle with  
me, what would he do? Yes, my dear, we  
must contribute our part toward the fulfill-  
ment of the decrees of Providence."

He who thinks no man above him  
but for his virtue, none below him but for  
his vice can never be obsequious or assum-  
ing in the wrong place, but will frequent-  
ly emulate men in stations below him, and  
pity those nominally over his head.

An obedient daughter always makes  
a faithful wife. Let no man who values  
his own happiness marry a woman of an  
unfilial nature.

A Western engineer has invented a  
hot-water pump to squirt deaf men off the  
track.