

The Bloomfield Times.

FRANK MORTIMER,
Editor and Proprietor.

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WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Dennis McFlynn has been thinking about woman's rights," and his excited imagination runs vent as follows:

Hurrah for the time that is comin',
Whin ladies shall vote like the min';
Och, won't the polls be a bloomin'!
Wid fithers and erimoline thin!
Election day thin, I am thinkin',
Will be the great day of the year.
Whin lasses and lads will be drinkin'
Together the candidates' beer.

What's the use to wrangle wid Biddy
About who the living shall make;
An' sure, if 'I will please her, I'm riddy
To give up the hod for her sake,
An' be stayin' all day at the shanty
To 'find the domestic affairs,
A boilin' the safe an' peralties,
An' mendin' the rips an' the tares.

Thin when election approaches,
An' the lasses are marchin' the strate,
Wid big bands of music an' torches,
An' Biddy is standing the strate,
I'll be on the sidewalk hurrahin',
For me own darlin' Biddy McFlynn,
Wid a child in my arms, and a drawin',
A cab wid another one in.

An' when she is makin' her spaches
Before the great min of the land,
Sure thin I will lend her my braches,
An' sit by her side on the stand;
An' after she's done wid her talkin',
Och, thin how the people will cheer,
An' off to the polls be a walkin',
An' votin' for Biddy my dear.

An' whin all the votin' is over,
An' Biddy's elected, sure thin
I'll live like a pig in the clover,
Wid Honorable Mrs. McFlynn;
The shanty I'll quickly be leavin'
An' livin' wid elegant taste,
Wid a horse and a shay for me drivin',
And a nigger to wait on the baste.

It's niver a lie I am spakin',
But three every word that I say,
It's myself 'twould niver be takin'
The rights of the ladies away;
If a lassie, thinking it proper,
Should shoulder the mortar and brick,
Bad luck to the thafe that would shup her
I'd blacken his two eyes pretty quick.

CAPTAIN AMYR'S WOOING.

"I DON'T understand you at all!" said Pierce Trevor to his friend Ralph Dewey.

"You talk as if I was a conundrum, or a problem in mathematics," laughed the young man.

"So you are! Now look here, Dewey, let's have a clear comprehension of the matter. Do you love Fanny White?"

"Well—yes—I rather think, on the whole, that I'm a little taken with the sparkling brunette."

"A little taken," mimicked his friend. "How very enthusiastic you are! And she, poor child, is more than a little taken with you."

"I flatter myself that you are right."

"Well then why don't you ask her to marry you?"

"There it is," groaned Dewey, peevishly; "you are all in such a hurry.—Can't a man admire a pretty girl without being brought to task for it the very next day? I tell you I won't be hurried. I'll take my time about the matter. When I get ready I'll ask Miss Fanny to marry me and not before. Now I hope you are satisfied."

"I am very far from being satisfied."

"Can't help that," said Mr. Dewey, shrugging his shoulders; but as Miss White is only your wife's cousin, I really don't recognize your right to catechise me."

"Does that mean that I am to mind my own business?"

Ralph laughed. "Construe it as you please—only pray don't bother me any more. Just see what a delicious place this is for a midsummer day's festa; grass short and close as velvet—long shadows from the natural hedge of hazel bushes—the song of cicadas filling all the air. And I'm so drowsy."

He threw himself lazily on the grass as he spoke, ringing his cigar into the very heart of a cluster of wild flowers, and making an impromptu pillow of his arms crossed underneath his head.

"Sleep, then, you indolent disciple of Morphews!" said Trevor, a little contemptuously. "I can't afford to lose the brightest hours of a golden day like this."

And, parting the overhanging bushes of the hazel copse with both hands, he vanished out of the green little dell and went his way, leaving Ralph Dewey to dream in sylvian solitude.

Our hero had not lain there many minutes, however, before the soft chime of girl voices sounded through the tiny bugles of summer insects and the monotonous murmur of the green boughs overhead.

"Girls—girls!" muttered Mr. Dewey, indistinctly; can't a fellow be clear of them anywhere? But they are on the other side of the copse, that's one blessing, and if I keep quiet they will never beat up my ambush."

They were on the other side of the copse three bright haired and bright faced girls in white, fluttering raiment, with much gleam of ribbons and sparkle of rings and feminine gewgaws.

"It's so delightfully cool here," said Hildergrade Aymer, a fair blonde, as Saxon as her name.

"And one can talk here," said Mary Bell. "At the hotel with promenaders on the piazza and the partition walls being as thin as paper, one is never certain of not being overheard."

Mr. Dewey gave a silent inward chuckle just at this juncture. If "walls have ears," so have hazel hedges occasionally.

Fanny White leaning against the twisted stem of a veteran old wild-grape vine, devoted her whole attention to her parasol handle.

She was the prettiest of the three, a dark Andalusian looking gipsy, with deep liquid brown eyes and hair black as the blackest jet, while her skin, just touched with the creamy tint that characterizes the Creole, glowed carmine on either cheek and her lovely rose of a mouth, ripe and red and roguish, gave expression to the whole piquant face.

"Fanny, do let me try," said Hildergrade. "It will be such a splendid joke; and your English adorer is so long in making up his mind."

"But—what will Captain Amyr think?" "He'll be delighted; men always glory in a bit of splay mischief, and Kent is such a splendid actor."

"Do, Fanny!" argued Mary Bell.—"It will be just for all the world like the theatre. Hildergrade's brother is to pretend to be desperately in love with you, and you are to encourage his attentions, until that slow-moving Ralph Dewey is brought to the proposing point, fairly maddened with jealousy. How I shall enjoy the progress of the situation!" and she clapped her small plump hands gleefully.

"But your brother must fully understand the scheme," said Fanny hesitatingly.

"Of course! Shan't I explain it to him myself? There's not a bit of harm in it, Fanny, and Mr. Dewey certainly needs some stimulus of this kind. Now, Fanny do consent! Kent will be here this very evening."

"She don't forbid it, Hildergrade," eagerly cried Miss Bell, "and all the world knows that silence gives consent. Come; don't you see how long the shadows are getting? and I want to show you that delicious little nook down by the river shore. Besides, we can talk it all over so nicely there."

And the three graces fluttered down the hill-side, laughing and chattering as they went.

No sooner had the last echo of the sweet voices died out on the perfumed air than Mr. Dewey arose to his feet, and walked deliberately out of his place of concealment.

"My dear little girls," quoth he, by way of soliloquy, "it is a very clever little plan but it won't work. 'Forewarned is forearmed," says the old adage, and I've no doubt I shall enjoy it as much as Miss Mary Bell proposes to do."

And Mr. Ralph Dewey laughed aloud, to think how completely he should outgeneral his feminine adversaries, with their ally the army officer, thrown into the bargain.

"I'll keep Fan in suspense another month, just to pay her for that!" he furthermore added within himself. "I like the girl well enough too—a bewitching little elf, with the finest eyes I ever saw; but for all that I won't be hurried into matrimony. Fanny shall wait my royal will and pleasure!"

Knowing what he knew, therefore, Mr. Dewey was not at all surprised that evening, when he walked into the hotel drawing room, to see a tall, stylish young man in

the uniform of a captain in the regular army, sitting on the sofa, and being very devoted to Miss White. Captain Amyr had entered with all his heart and soul into the little bit of strategy, and flirted with his sister's friend, as Mary Bell said, "just as naturally as life."

"Let 'em work," said Mr. Dewey, and he sat down to play backgammon with a pretty little widow whom he knew. Fanny watched him from beneath her eyelashes.

"It doesn't produce any effect at all upon him—the brute," said Hildergrade who had expected to see the recreant lover brought to capitulating terms at once.

"That's because we don't put it on strong enough," said the Captain "Fanny—I may call you Fanny, mayn't I?"

"Oh, certainly," said the little brunette, "it's all in the play."

"Well, then, Fanny, I think we ought to promenade through the hall arm in arm a little while, and if we were to whisper instead of speaking out aloud—"

Fanny laughed and blushed and consented, and the whole evening long she and the doughty captain exchanged very commonplace remarks in very confidential whispers, while Mr. Dewey and the widow played backgammon serenely.

"I like this," said Captain Kent to his sister, when Miss White had gone to her room, and Mr. Dewey was smoking his last cigar on the lawn. "She's the prettiest girl I ever saw."

"Oh, but, Kent," cried the alarmed Hildergrade, "you mustn't fall in love with her! That wasn't in the bargain!"

"I shall not fall in love with her—there is no danger," said Kent Amyr; "but I say its such fun! I'm so much obliged to you for suggesting it, Hildergrade."

Fanny cried herself to sleep that night. Ralph Dewey didn't seem to care a pin whether she flirted with Captain Amyr or not.

The next day she went out horseback riding with the Captain. Kent sat on his horse like a centaur, and Fanny came back rosy as a whole bed of carnations.

"Are you going with us to the Cedar falls to-morrow, Fanny?" asked Mr. Dewey that evening. "We said something about going together a week or so ago, didn't we?"

Fanny was ready with her lesson.

"Did we? I had forgotten; besides, I promised to go with Captain Amyr."

"Oh, well, all right. I had just as soon take Julia Symington."

Fanny's scarlet lip quivered, but Hildergrade shook her head vehemently at her, and she did not call back the young Englishman, as had been her first impulse.

Captain Amyr proved a most devoted cavalier, and Fanny half reproached herself that she enjoyed the day so much without Ralph's society.

"It's very wrong of me," sighed Fanny to Hildergrade Amyr, her faithful confidant.

"No, it isn't; it's just exactly right," responded Hildergrade.

"I—I begin to be afraid he don't care for me," hazarded Fanny.

"He's a brute!" confidently asserted her friend; "and it would serve him right if you never looked at him again."

So the glowing midsummer days crept by, and Mr. Dewey held aloof, hugging himself to see how he was outwitting the girl conspirators, though an occasional twinge of jealousy now and then passed through his mind; and Captain Kent and Fanny played very industriously at making love.

Presently there was a sore outcry among the allied forces. An order had come from the inexorable War Department, and the Captain must go somewhere on the flowery frontiers of Florida straightway.

Ralph Dewey was delighted.

"The matter was beginning to get a little serious," he thought, "and just as soon as that confounded puppy in the gold shoulder-straps gets away, I'll make Fan a happy woman. May be, though, it would be well to punish her for a few days longer. I'll see how matters look."

"Oh, Fanny! Fanny, aren't you sorry?" sobbed affectionate Hildergrade clinging round her tall brother, whose face was unwontedly grave.

"Yes, Hildergrade," said Fanny, "I'm very sorry."

Captain Kent Amyr looked penetratingly into her face. There were real tears quivering and sparkling on her jetty eye-lashes, and the roses had all faded away from her cheeks.

"Fanny!" he said, impetuously, "is it from your heart that you regret my departure?"

Fanny—silly little creature that she was

—began to cry, and Hildergrade rushed forward.

"Oh, Kent! Kent! you promised that you wouldn't fall in love her."

"A man isn't responsible for his fate, and I have fallen in love with her," exclaimed the young officer. "Speak, Fanny! am I to love in vain?"

Fanny tried to laugh hysterically.

"Of—of course, all this is only part of the programme," she faltered.

"By Jove, but it's not!" cried Kent Amyr, "what was jest at first, has become earnest now. I love you, Fanny—I love you better than my own life; I cannot leave you here to become the bride of a self-conceited puppy. Fanny, tell me that I may hope."

Hildergrade seized both her friends' hands.

"She loves you, Kent—she loves you! I can see it in her eyes!" she cried, exultingly.

"Stand aside, Hildergrade," said Amyr, in a firm, though very gentle tone. "I have the first right here. She is mine now."

And he took her tenderly to his broad true breast.

Yes—it was true that the little morsel of acting had become strong, life-long reality. Kent and Fanny had played at "lovers" until love, the sly rogue, crept into their hearts, with almost unperceived footsteps.

"Are you happy, Fanny?" demanded the exigent army officer when all was settled, and Hildergrade had gone to tell Mary Bell, as a "great secret," how the little stratagem had ended.

"Oh, Kent," whispered Fanny, "I never knew what true happiness was before."

And Captain Kent Amyr must have been unreasonable indeed, not to be satisfied with that answer.

So he departed for the everglades of Florida, carrying in his tender keeping the loving little heart of Fanny White.

Ralph Dewey, contemplated the departure of Hildergrade's brother with no small degree of satisfaction.

"Now's my chance," he thought. "I guess, on the whole, I'll not keep her in suspense any longer, poor child; nor myself," he added. "I only wanted to let them see that I wasn't to be coerced."

Mr. Dewey proposed accordingly, in due form and ceremony, that very day.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Dewey," said Fanny, looking provokingly lovely in her confusion; "but I'm engaged."

"Engaged!" roared the Englishman.

"Yes—to Captain Amyr."

"Now, Fanny," said Ralph, argumentatively, "where's the use of carrying out this pretense any longer? Of course I know it's all a stratagem."

"But it isn't a stratagem," replied Fanny, indignantly; "I love him, and he loves me, and there's my ring."

The held up her pretty forefinger, as she spoke, whereon glittered a solitaire diamond.

"And you'll please not call me 'Fanny' any more," added the merciless beauty.

So Mr. Ralph Dewey found himself outmaneuvered by Fanny and her officer after all, and accordingly retreated in as good order as possible. While Pierce Trevor, Miss Bell, Hildergrade, and all the rest returned a unanimous verdict of "Just exactly what he deserved."

A Change of Weather.

While the last century was flourishing there dwelt in what is now a famous city, not a mile from Boston, an opulent widow lady, who once afforded a queer illustration of that compound of incompatibles, "human nature." It was New Year's Eve, during one of those old-fashioned winters which were so bitter cold. The old lady put on an extra shawl, and as she hugged her shivering frame she said to her faithful negro servant:

"It's a terrible cold night, Scrip. I am afraid my poor neighbor, Widow Green, must be suffering. Take the wheelbarrow, Scrip, fill it full of wood—pile on a good load—and tell the poor woman to keep herself warm and comfortable. But before you go, Scrip, put some more wood on the fire, and make me a nice mug of flip."

These last orders were duly obeyed, and the old lady was thoroughly warmed, inside and out. And now the trusty Scrip was about to depart on his errand of mercy, when his considerate mistress interposed again:

"Stop! Scrip! You need not go now.—The weather has moderated."

Humorous Biographical Sketches.

BY PAT CONTRIBUTOR.

Plutarch—I only know of this gentleman by reputation. He is spoken of in the plural number. "Plutarch's Lives" is a common expression, but how many there was of him I am not prepared to say.

General Duke of Wellington—An officer of the British army. Mr. Longfellow makes honorable mention of him as the "Warden of the Cinque Ports." Cinque means five, and he was the proprietor of five principle points, usually denominated Five Points. He lived to a ripe old age and died.

Julius Caesar—Son of old man Caesar. He was born in Rome in his infancy, and upon arriving at the state of manhood became a Roman. He was a fighter and a warrior of some note. His friend Brutus one morning asked him how many eggs he had eaten for breakfast, and he replied, *Et tu Brute!* His friend became enraged at being called a brute, and stabbed Caesar quite dead.

Mahomet—Author of the Koran, an exciting romance, which he wrote in the Mammoth Cave at Mecca. He was the author of a religious creed, to which he stuffed Turkey, and tried to get up a broil in Greece, but failed. Many of his early followers suffered great persecutions. Some of them were burnt at the stake. He had three temples—one at Mecca, and one on each side of his head.

Guy Fawkes—A warm-hearted, impulsive Englishman, who believed the Parliament too good for this earth, and devised an expeditious method of elevating the members to a better sphere. He was interrupted in his disinterested benevolence, and was subsequently burnt in a place called effigy.

A Story about General Cass.

John Guy bore a striking resemblance to General Lewis Cass, and while he was proprietor of the National Hotel, in Washington, the Michigan Senator was among his favored guests. Guy dressed like Cass, and although not as portly, his face, including the wart, was strangely similar. One day a Western friend of the house came in after a long ride, dusty and tired, and walking up to the office encountered General Cass, who was quietly standing there. Mistaking him for Guy, he slapped him on the shoulder and exclaimed: "Well, old fellow, here I am; the last time I hung my hat up in your shanty, one of your clerks sent me to the fourth story; but now that I have got hold of you, I insist upon a lower room."

The General, a most dignified personage, taken aback by this salute, coldly replied: "You have committed a mistake, sir. I am not Mr. Guy; I am General Cass, of Michigan," and angrily turned away. The Western man was shocked at the unconscious outrage he had committed; but before he had recovered from his mortification, General Cass, who had passed around the office, confronted him again, when a second time mistaking him for Guy, he faced him and said: "Here you are at last. I have just made a devil of a mistake; I met old Cass and took him for you, and I am afraid the Michiganander has gone off mad." What General Cass would have said may well be imagined, if the real Guy had not approached and rescued the innocent offender from the twice-assailed, and twice-angered statesman.

Buttons.

The first manufacturer of buttons in the United States was Samuel Williston.—While he was dragging along as a country storekeeper—his eyes having failed him while studying for the ministry—his wife bethought her that she could cover by hand the wooden buttons of the time, and thus earn an honest penny. From this the couple advanced in their ambition until they had perfected machinery for covering buttons, the first employed for the purpose in the United States. From this sprang an immense factory, and then others. His factories are still running at Easthamton, coining wealth for the proprietors, and known to every dealer in buttons the world over. He is now between 70 and 80 years of age, is worth five or six million dollars, and has given \$40,000 to Easthamton for a seminary and for churches, \$200,000 to South Healdy Female Seminary, and \$200,000 to Amherst College, besides lesser gifts.

A baby who kisses his mother and fights his father, may be said to be partial to his ma and martial to his pa.