

The Bloomfield Times.

FRANK MORTIMER, }
Editor and Proprietor.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

{ Terms: IN ADVANCE
{ \$1.25 Per Year.

Vol. V.

New Bloomfield, Pa., Tuesday, October 24, 1871.

No. 43.

The Bloomfield Times.

Is Published Weekly,
At New Bloomfield, Penn'a.
BY
FRANK MORTIMER.
SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.
\$1.25 PER YEAR:
75 Cents for 6 Months; 40 Cents
for 3 Months,
IN ADVANCE.

THE AUTUMN FOLIAGE.

BY W. R. WATERTON.

Though September's suns shine brightly,
And September's skies are blue,
Though Autumn breezes lightly
Stir the leaves of varied hue,
Still a not unpleasant sadness
Stealthly softly o'er our hearts,
While we mourn the vanished gladness
Of the Summer which departs.

Though the Autumn foliage glory
In its green and gold array,
Yet its splendor tells a story
Of incipient decay.
Let us listen to its teaching,
For analogies profound,
And throughout all nature reaching,
Are within us, and around.

Yes, the Autumn foliage gaining
Tints of beauty as it dies,
Like the setting sun, which waning,
Spreads new glory o'er the skies,
Tells the Christian that as nearer
To the grave his footsteps tend,
All his graces should shine clearer,
And beam brightest at his end.

AN ODD PAIR.

"WHAT a figure you are, Harry!"
Then, stopping midway in a
laugh, musical and unrestrained as a child's,
the speaker went on.

"I never should dream, never, that Har-
old Fletcher's figure was to be found under that
disguise."

"Don't triumph, Rose. I saw you in a
gardening suit this morning that worked
quite as complete a transformation, I im-
agine."

He was passing her, but he turned back
presently.

"It seems a pity, dressed as you are now
to spoil such exquisite effects, but, just to
please me, will you put on your gardening
array, and we'll institute a comparison."

"It's a deal of trouble, Harry."

"I know, Rose. Well, perhaps it isn't
worth while.

She stopped short, looking at him with a
gleam of mischief in her eyes.

"I'll do it, Harold! On one condition!"

"What may that be, cousin?"

"That when I am transformed, as you
call it, you go to walk with me, just as you
are."

"Agreed."

The young lady repaired to her room and
commenced her task. "I wonder what put
it in Harry's head to ask me? But I've a
plan. I suppose I must look as unlike my-
self as possible, so I'll try to make my hair
straight to begin with," and she worked
away at the bewitching crimps and other
rippling mysteries of feminine head-gear,
till she had produced quite a Quakerish
effect.

The face reflected in her glass was a very
pretty one—she could not help seeing that
even with the hair patted smoothly down,
covering two-thirds of the broad white fore-
head. She put on the morning's costume,
but it looked far too jaunty in her eyes.
The boots, though the oldest she had,
were yet perfect in fit, displaying to advan-
tage the high-arched, slender foot. She
glanced out the window at Harry, who was
standing up and down the lawn in front.
He did make a queer figure.

He was just home from a day's fishing;
had been arrayed for the trip by the boys
of the seaside farm, his own clothes, in
their judgment, being utterly unfit for the
undertaking—arrayed in odd odds and ends
of apparel, pulled out of certain chests in
the garret. The coat with its big, old-
fashioned collar, completely altered the ap-
pearance of his fine shoulders. An ancient
straw hat, with high crown and broad
brim, completed the metamorphosis. He
grew impatient.

"Come, Rose!" he called, looking up at
her window.

"Bridget," he said, coaxingly, as a fe-
male figure emerged from the side-door,
"won't you please ask Miss Rose to hur-
ry? It's getting late."

A burst of laughter from under the close
sunbonnet—he turned quickly.

"Well, Rose, I must say you've more
courage than most young women. You've
dared to throw away the advantage of pret-
ty feet. Where did you get those boots?"

"Borrowed, as is the most of my cos-
tume, Harry!" and dropping upon the
doorstep, she held out for his inspection a
pair of feet cased in coarse leather shoes
with broad soles and half heels, the square
toes a perfect contrast to her usual wear.

"Now, Rose, what is going to be done?"

"First, we are going to the village to
mail these letters; after that—Well, I've
not made up my mind."

Twilight was approaching when the
merry pair set forth.

"I believe it is impossible for her to look
other than fresh and neat in any thing,"
was Harry's mental comment, as he sur-
veyed the slender figure beside him.

It was quite dark when they entered Mil-
ton, having achieved a two-miles' walk in
half an hour. On her way, Rose had ren-
dered to Harry a reason for her freak of to-
night, thus—

"I've always had a fancy, Harry, that I
would like to know just how much of the
courtesy I receive in Milton is genuine—
paid me as attribute to my womanhood, pure
and simple—how much is due to the fact
that I am Miss Amesbury, a well-disposed,
well-born, and well-dressed young woman,
with property in my own right. You see,
Harry, like the queen of Sheba, who waxed
so confidential with Solomon, I've told you
'all that is in my heart.'"

"Doubted," and Harry smiled down into
the sunny face whose swift blushes the
poke bonnet did not entirely conceal just
now; she had pushed it back for air dur-
ing her rapid walk.

Miss Amesbury had two lovers—Charlie
Weir, a resident of Milton, and Leigh
Crawford, who was quite ready to become
so for her sweet sake. Weir was a druggist,
had built up a good business in Milton
by four years' steady effort. Crawford was
boarding at the hotel for the summer, at-
tracted to the neighborhood by Miss Ames-
bury's presence. He was reported to be
rich and a speculator, which name convey-
ed a vague idea of greatness to the more
simple country people, while another class
were less dazzled by his display of wealth
and his profession. Whatever his duties
were, they did not bear heavily upon him.
On the whole, he was rather popular than
otherwise. He scattered his money with a
liberal hand.

His blood horses had stood many a morn-
ing this season at Mr. Horton's door, when
Miss Amesbury chose to ride.

She was fastidious in her tastes; there
was a longing of hers gratified when she
rolled along luxuriously, leaning back upon
the rich cushions of Crawford's elegant
carriage.

But when Charlie Weir stole in at night-
fall, and she walked up and down under
the stars by his side, listening to his deep
voice, she felt the gratification of a higher
need in her nature than the desire for lux-
urious surroundings. She was barely twenty-
one, and younger than her years indicated.
Still she was liberally endowed with will
and energy—sensitive on one point, almost
morbidly so. That development she owed
to an aunt, a narrow, bitter woman, who
had received her into the only home her
childhood had known. She had learned
from her to distrust those who approached
her as seeking her for her fortune.

The two were nearing the post-office.
Looking up, Rose saw the usual crowd of
loungers occupying the piazza of the build-
ing. This piazza was only accessible by
means of a flight of wooden steps, few in
number, but ruinous from age, and steep
withal. There was always this through
about the office on summer evenings. She
knew well enough how Miss Amesbury
would have been received, if she had
come up the street in her own proper per-
son. There would have been a deferential
raising of hats, a drawing back, right and
left, to leave a broad space for her passage—
perhaps even an outstretched hand to as-
sist her over the worn boards in case of
need. She was known personally to many
of the village people—had a speaking ac-
quaintance with nearly all.

Presently she recognized, partly by his
voice, Leigh Crawford. He stood directly
in front of the doorway, the centre of the
throng. She took a sudden resolution.

"Don't stop, Harry. Go to the end of

the block, and wait for me by the drug-
store. On the whole, I'll go down with you
and walk back alone. I can mail the let-
ters well enough, but if there's any thing
in our box, we'll have to devise some plan
of getting it. Mr. Gaines would not en-
trust our mail to either of us unless we re-
vealed our personality. Now wait here,
please; I'll be back in five minutes."

Reconnoitering through the window, she
had seen that her lover was within. Harry
obediently seated himself upon a bench in
front of the store, and waited. Miss Rose
walked back with a stepless springing than
usual—the stiff boots were getting tire-
some.

At the foot of the stairs she paused
slightly. Two or three moved to give her
room to pass, gray-haired men these, the
fathers of the town, instinctively polite to
all women, as is the wont of gentlemen of
the old school. Leigh Crawford, standing
directly across her path, looked supercil-
iously down at the sunbonnet without stir-
ring, little dreaming whose dark eyes were
flashing beneath. She made a little im-
perious gesture with one hand, a character-
istic movement of Miss Amesbury; she was
forgetting her disguise. She revealed her
coarse thick glove by the motion.

"Move, Crawford! this person wants to
pass," whispered a young man at his side,
the words perfectly audible.

"Too much trouble," drawled Crawford,
lazily, tracing a design with his cane on
his polished French boot. "The person
may as well go round."

Miss Amesbury acted on his suggestion;
she walked "round" the obstacle and into
the office. With all her liking for Craw-
ford, and his fascinating ways, she had al-
ways distrusted his laugh; she heard it now
with a thrill of indignation, knowing it had
followed some witticism at her expense.

She dropped her letters into the box—
seventy-one was empty. She retraced her
steps to find Mr. Crawford still blocking
the way; she crept around him as before,
but the narrowness of her foothold made it
insecure. One of the clumsy boots caught
in a splinter, she never knew just how it
was; she made a tremendous muscular ef-
fort; a helping touch would have saved her,
but it was not forthcoming. She fell from
top to bottom, not far, but the fright and
mortification made her powerless for an
instant; so, though unhurt, she lay quite
still. There was a tardy effort to assist her
—of that she did not know. She only
heard Crawford's mocking laugh; his sug-
gestion to a poor half-crazed fellow who
stood by, that there was an opportunity
to show his gallantry. Another peal of
laughter, in which several joined. Rose
felt herself lifted to her feet, with sudden
disgust, by crazy Tom, she supposed—her
special aversion—but she knew the voice
presently. It was Charlie Weir's. Though
in his store when she looked in a few mi-
nutes before, he had betaken himself to the
office just in time to witness her fall. He
nearly carried her for a few yards, then
she was able to walk, still supported by
his arm.

"Do you think you are hurt? Go into my
store and I will give you a cordial."

She assured him, faintly enough, that
she was not hurt. She had no need to fear
recognition from her voice, it sounded
strange even to herself.

Harry rose as she approached him; with
a murmur of thanks to Mr. Weir, she took
his arm and walked away.

"What next, Rose?"

"Nothing, Harry. I'm through. Take
me home—I'm tired to death."

"An old-looking pair," was Charlie
Weir's comment as they disappeared round
the corner; "but those fellows might have
helped her up, remembering she was a
woman—some one said that Crawford's
boorishness was the cause of her fall. I
wish Rose Amesbury could have seen that
spectacle!"

Mr. Crawford's superb pair of bays paw-
ed the turf in front of Miss Amesbury's
parlor, next morning, while their owner
begged the honor of taking her to ride. He
drove away alone, and with furious speed,
an hour later, muttering as he went an un-
intelligible sound, but two this effect—

"I don't know what possessed the girl.
I can't carry out my plans without her
thirty thousand. I shall have to succumb
that's plain, just as I thought the game
was all in my own hands."

One June evening, just a year later,
Charlie Weir was driving from the station
—a bright face was laughing up into his.
Miss Amesbury had become Mrs. Weir the
autumn previous, and Charlie had trans-
ferred his business to the city. As usual,
she was spending the summer in Milton,

driving to the depot for her husband every
Saturday evening.

To-night they stopped in front of the
post-office, while a boy brought out the
mail.

Mrs. Weir leaned back in the carriage,
her face suddenly shadowed.

"I hate the odor of horse-chestnut
blossoms."

"Why, Rose?" with a swift glance at
the sober face.

"They have, with me, an unpleasant as-
sociation. See, the trees are full of them,
and those bruised, trodden flowers on the
sidewalk—it reminds me of a year ago."

"I am reminded of a year ago, too, Rose,
and the memory is very sweet—just a year
to-morrow, darling?"

"Charlie, I'll going to tell you some-
thing I never have. I've been ashamed to
tell—yet that opened my eyes. You re-
member helping some one up who had
fallen on those steps?"

"Yes! What of it? I remember now an
oddly-dressed woman or girl, I could not
tell which."

"That was Rose Amesbury."

"You Rose?"

"No one else. I had a fancy to test the
courtesy of Milton people. It was ordain-
ed that I should test Leigh Crawford's at
the same time. That night he was 'weigh-
ed in the balance and found wanting.'"

"And he never knew?"

"No," she replied, "he never knew!"

A Splendid Building.

A short description of the Vanderbilt
Depot in New York, will undoubtedly be
interesting to our readers. The building
is used as a depot for the Hudson River,
the New York Central, the Harlem and
the New Haven railroads. In point of con-
venience it is ahead of anything of the
kind on this continent. It is 695 feet long
and 240 feet wide, and covers nearly four
acres of ground. More than two-thirds of
this space is devoted to the grand car house,
in which and from which nearly two hun-
dred trains arrive and depart daily. This
immense room presents an uninterrupted
superficial area of 650 feet in length by
200 in breadth, a grand parallelogram of a
trifle less than three acres, without a wall,
pillar, or post to disturb its entirety. This
colossal room is surmounted by an arched
roof, made wholly of glass and iron, sup-
ported by 31 iron truss girders, each form-
ing a complete semi-circle and resting at
their ends on the foundation walls of the
structure. The apex of this lofty dome is
at an elevation of 112 feet above the floor
of the room.

All trains arrive and depart through the
north end of the building, which is finished
with ten lofty arched openings, having iron
doors or blinds made to roll up like the
blinds of a store window. In the center of
this end, and nearly half way up to the peak
of the lofty dome is a little apartment like
an old-fashioned pulpit, enclosed with glass,
and giving observation over the entire in-
terior of the apartment and the yards and
track without. This perch is reached by a
light spiral staircase, and is devoted to the
use of the depot master. From it he not only
directs the movement of all trains, but an-
nounces their readiness to the several wait-
ing rooms. By a system of electric signals,
entirely under this official's control in his
isolated and lofty perch, he communicates
with switchman in the yard, with conductors
and engineers of trains, with doormen
through the building, and directs all the
servants under his control. Each track in
the building is numbered. When he de-
sires to send a train out on No. 3 he directs
the switchman to connect that track with
the main track. The accomplishment of
this order is announced on a signal tower
outside the building. Then he orders the
engineer of the train to go. The engineer
on receiving his order has but to glance at
the signal tower directly before him to
know whether his track is right or not.

When the depot shall be fully in use by
all the roads there will be eighty-two trains
arriving, and the same number leaving it
daily. In order to provide as far as possi-
ble from accidents from such multiplicity
of trains, and also to obviate danger at the
street crossings, electric signals have been
placed at all the street crossings up to the
Harlem River. These are the same signals
that have been in use at the drawbridges
and stations on the New Haven road, and
work anatomically. Thus, as at rain ap-
proaches a street crossing, when yet a
thousand feet away, it sets a bell ringing
at the crossing, which continues to ring
until the train is passed.

Each company using this depot, has its
own suits of waiting rooms, ticket offices,

baggage room, &c., with the usual ap-
pointments of telegraph offices, news stands
and retiring rooms, all fitted up with taste
and every convenience. These occupy the
ground floors. Above are the general
offices of the Companies.

The Magic Needle.

At first, the magic needle was used
with amusing clumsiness, as we learn
from a manuscript, dated 1203, in the Roy-
al Library in Paris. An ugly, black stone,
called *mariniere*, we are told, which sailors
valued highly, was taken out when nights
were dark, and a needle rubbed with it
lightly; the latter was then cunningly
placed upon a straw, and set afloat in a
basin, when the point would indicate the
north.

Another peculiarity of the magic needle
was a cause of much anxiety and peril to
the discoverer of our continent.

When the great navigator had ventured
about two hundred leagues into the Atlan-
tic Ocean, on the 14th of September, 1492,
he noticed, for the first time, that the nee-
dle, at evening dusk, no longer pointed due
north, but deviated several degrees in a
northwesterly direction, the next morning
the deviation had increased. Full of anxie-
ty and wonder, he watched it carefully
and, to his consternation, the farther west
he sailed, the more the needle appeared to
deviate. At first he kept his discovery to
himself, fearful lest he should alarm his
crew and defeat his purpose; but soon the
man at the helm noticed the change, and was
filled with grievous apprehensions. They
fancied that they had penetrated into a
new world, ruled by other laws than those
to which they had been accustomed. If
the magic needle lost its power, what was
to become of them on the boundless ocean?

Never, perhaps, was Columbus greater
than when, sternly suppressing his own
fears, he told them that the magnetic nee-
dle pointed, not toward the north pole on
earth, but toward an invisible part of the
heavens, which changed its place, together
with all the heavenly bodies. They believ-
ed the man whose vast knowledge and mar-
velous energy they had learned to appreci-
ate; their minds were calmed, the voyage
continued, and a New World discovered.
Henceforth the magic needle achieved tri-
umph after triumph. With such aid, Diaz,
Cabral and Gama could cross vast oceans,
and Magellan and Sebastian Cabot sail
around the whole earth—thus ending for-
ever the objections made by superstition
and bigotry, and teaching man the true
form and nature of the globe which he in-
habits. While, heretofore, the majority
of vessels, in the Mediterranean even, had
been wrecked, or at least had reached their
desired haven only with a small part of
their cargo, now insurance companies were
formed in all the large seaport towns, and
the premium, even for India voyages, be-
came soon so small as to make insurance
the rule.

AXES.

The ax is one of the first edge-tools
known to have been used. It is found
among the remains, and named in the early
tales, of nearly all nations. The Aztec
peoples of Central and South America, not
knowing how to extract iron from its ores,
made axes of copper and other metals,
which they hardened almost to the consist-
ency of iron. Under the wicked rule of
their Spanish conquerors, the knowledge of
this hardening process was lost. Its re-dis-
covery would confer a lasting benefit on
mankind. The Spaniards still make axes
by hammering out a bar of iron and turn-
ing it so as to form a loop around the
handle. In ancient times the use of steel,
and its combination with iron, were almost
unknown. The cutting edge of most axes
is now made of steel.

American axes are made by heating to
redness hammered bar-iron, cutting this to
the proper length and punching the eye for
a handle, re-heating and pressing between
concave dies. Being again heated and
grooved on the thin end, it receives into
this groove the piece of steel that forms
the edge. Borax is used as a flux, and at
white heat the tool is welded and drawn to
its proper shape by trip-hammers. It is
then hammered out by hand, ground and
shaved. It is next ground on stones of fine
grain. The temperer hangs it on a revolv-
ing wheel in a furnace, over a coal fire.
At the right redness, judged by his skillful
eye, he plunges it into brine, and completes
the cooling in fresh water. The tempering
is finished in another furnace, where the
heat is carefully regulated with the aid of
thermometers. Then it is finely polished,
so that it can resist rust and easily enter
wood. Finally it is stamped (the head
blacked with turpentine and asphalt to
keep it from the air), weighed, labeled and
packed.

There are many small ax factories in
Europe, which supply nearly the whole
of the old world. According to the Custom
House returns, American manufacturers
seem to hold possession of the home mar-
ket and to confine themselves to it.