

The Bloomfield Times.

FRANK MORTIMER,
Editor and Proprietor.

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LINES TO KATE.

There's something in the name of Kate
Which many will condemn;
But listen now while I relate
The traits of some of them.

There's advo-Kate, a charming miss,
Could you her hand obtain,
She'll lead you in the path of bliss,
Nor plead your cause in vain.

There's dell-Kate, a modest dame,
And worthy of your love;
She's nice and beautiful in frame,
As gentle as a dove.

Communi-Kate's intelligent,
As we may well suppose;
Her fruitful mind is ever bent
On telling what she knows.

There's intri-Kate, she's so obscure,
'Tis hard to find her out
For she is often very sure
To put your wits to rout.

Prevaricate's a stubborn maid,
She's sure to have her way;
The caviling, contrary jade
Objects to all you say.

There's alter-Kate, a perfect pest,
Much given to dispute;
Her praying tongue can never rest,
You cannot her refute.

There's dislo-Kate, quite in a fret,
Who fails to gain her point;
Her case is quite unfortunate,
And sorely out of joint.

Equivo-Kate no one will woe,
The thing would be absurd;
She is too faithless and untrue,
You cannot take her word.

There's vindi-Kate—she's good and true,
And strives with all her might
Her duty faithfully to do,
And battles for the right.

There's rusti-Kate, a country lass,
Quite fond of rural scenes;
She likes to ramble through the grass,
And through the evergreens.

Of all the maidens you can find,
There's none like edu-Kate;
Because she elevates the mind,
And aims for something great.

HIS SEARCH FOR A WIFE, AND HOW HE FOUND HER!

IT was past midnight. The lanterns on Blackfriar's bridge shone dimly on the few pedestrians who are still out of doors at this unseasonable time. A young man was coming hurriedly from the city, while from the opposite side an old man was stealing slowly along. They had not yet met, when the latter turned, and was walking to the parapet of the bridge, making unmistakable preparation to precipitate himself into the Thames. The young man who had followed him drew him back.

"I think, sir, you wish to drown yourself!"

"You think right, sir, but what business is that of yours?"

"None in the least, sir; but I only wished of you the favor to postpone your purpose a few moments, and allow me to join you. Let us embrace each other, and make the airy leap together. The idea of undertaking this expedition in the company of a perfect stranger, who has come here with the same purpose as myself, appeared so piquant to me that I could not help asking you to allow me to join you. Really, sir, nothing has seemed so delightful to me for a long time; and I should never have believed that anything so agreeable could have happened to me in my dying hour. Do accept, sir. I have not asked a favor for years of anybody. So please do not refuse my last and only request. I also do not recollect of ever having made such a long speech as this one."

With these words he offered his hand to the old man, who did not hesitate to clasp it, and the young man continued with enthusiasm:

"Let us clasp each other closely, arm in arm, and then forward. It does me good to rest a few moments on the bosom of a

human being—I do not ask whether you are a villain or not. Come!"

The other, who had been at first in such haste to make the acquaintance of the cold water of the Thames, hesitated now, and restrained the impetuosity of his young companion by holding his hand and drawing him back.

"Hold, sir," said he while he tried to distinguish the features of the young man opposite him by the dim, midnight light. "You are still very young, and already wish to renounce life. I am afraid you are too rash. For a man of your age, life must still have joys and pleasures."

"Nothing but deceit and falsehood, selfishness and conceit, vice and crime. Come let us end this."

"Young as you are, you seem to have already had sad experiences and appear to regard all creatures bearing the form of man as vipers."

"Vipers are noble beings compared with men, for they only follow their natural instincts; they are no hypocrites with virtue on their tongues and vice in their hearts."

"I pity you, for, believe me, there are many honorable exceptions to the rule which you have established."

"Ha! ha! Exceptions!" laughed the young man, sneeringly and bitterly, "I have found none."

"Then I can give you at least the poor consolation that in this solemn hour you have found one. Much as men are given to lying, there are very few who will do so in their dying hour, when they are about to enter the mysterious Eternity. I have never lied during my life, and would under no circumstances, enter the Valley of Death with a lie upon my lips. You will believe me, then, when I tell you that I am no villain, as you appear to think, but a good and honest man."

"Really? That is interesting. I must have, therefore met the only honest man whom I have ever seen, just in time to bid, in his company, adieu to the world."

"Let me go alone, and you remain. There exist many more just as good and honest men, who can beautify your life. If you will only seek, you are bound to find them."

"Well, at any rate I have found one. But if life presents itself to you in such a paradise like view, why do you wish to leave it, like me?"

"Because I am poor and old, and at the same time a sick and feeble man, who cannot earn anything, and who cannot bear any longer to see his own child, an angel in a daughter, toil almost to death day and night, to support a miserable and useless person—yes, even to procure me some little pleasure. "No, sir, I would be a brute a barbarian, were I to exact it any longer."

"What, sir," cried the others, as if frightened, "you have a daughter who sacrifices herself for you?"

"Oh, with what patience and gentleness, with what perseverance and love does she do it. I see her fade away under her work and deprivation, and yet no complaint ever escapes her lips. She works and starves, and has always a loving word, a cheering smile for me."

"And you want to drown yourself. Are you mad?"

"Can I allow that angel to kill herself by degrees? That is what lacerates my heart," wept and sobbed the old man.

"Sir, you must drink a bottle of wine with me at the restaurant there, and relate to me your story. If you like, I will return the compliment, and tell you mine. Before hand, however, I will say that you need not jump down there, for I am a rich, a very rich man; and if your story proves true, what you have confided to me, there will be no need of your daughter working any more, nor will either of you have to suffer hunger."

The weeping old man allowed himself to be led away. They entered the bar-room. Soon they were sitting comfortably at a table over a bottle of wine, and regarding each other curiously by the aid of the bright light.

"My story is soon told," commenced the elder of the two, in a firm tone. "I am a merchant, but fortune has not smiled upon me; I had no money of my own, and had loved and married a poor but lovely girl. For these reasons I never was able to establish myself on my own footing, but was obliged to serve other mercantile houses, as clerk or book-keeper, till they could not make any further use of me, or rather would not do so, and preferred the services of younger men to mine. But if my means were limited, the happiness of home was not. My wife was an angel of goodness, love and gentleness, pious and true, industrious and intelligent, and she

has educated her daughter to be like her. But sickness and age have reduced me to abject poverty, and my conscience will not permit that the best of children shall continue to sacrifice herself to me. It is impossible that my life would have lasted much longer, and God will surely pardon me when I deprive myself of a few dozen days or weeks of it to save thereby the health and life of my Lena."

"Old man, you are a happy being," cried the younger one; "I have never met a happier one. What you call misfortune is nothing but a mere bagatelle. That is now and forever done away with. I will make my will to-morrow, in which I shall constitute you my heir, and will postpone for a day my leap into the Thames. But, first, I wish to make the acquaintance of your Lena, that I may behold a person before my death who really deserves to be called a human being."

"But, sir, you are still, so young, and yet so unhappy—what is the cause of it?" cried the old man in a pitiful voice.

"I think the money of my father. I am the only son of one of the wealthiest bankers in London, and like you, am also a merchant. If I tell you my name, which you have no doubt often heard, it will convince you that I am telling the truth. My father died five years ago, and I inherited his colossal fortune. From that moment all men with whom I have come in contact have either lied, cheated, or deceived me. I was like an innocent child in my belief and confidence. I had not been spoiled, and had inherited from my good mother a heart which was in need and looked for sympathy and love. I found hypocritical scoundrels, designing villains, whose sole aim seemed to be to deprive me of my money, and so enjoy themselves, at my expense. Friends, or rather rascals whom I called friends, and loved with my whole heart, betrayed and ridiculed me as a good natured fool; but my eyes were opened at last and my heart became hardened with suspicion. I detected and learned to know all these parasites. I became engaged to a rich heiress, whose intellect and education were of the highest order. I perfectly idolized her in my childish enthusiasm. Her love was to recompense me for everything. Soon, however, I found out that she was a vain and proud fool, who desired to make all men her slaves. I broke off the engagement and chose a charming poor child, a darling innocent turtle-dove to be the angel of my life. Ha! ha! I surprised her one day folded in the embrace of a youth who was by her beloved! She had lied to me to become a rich woman. I commenced a life of dissipation and excess; took to traveling; everywhere I met the same moral wretchedness. At last I began to loathe life. We met each other as I wished to end the miserable farce."

"Poor young man," said the elderly man with a tear of sympathy in his eye, "how much I pity you. Yes, though a poor man I have been much happier than you. I had a wife and daughter who came pure and virtuous out of God's hand. One of them has returned to Him in the same way, and the other will do so eventually. I know my Lena. She will preserve her virtue and her honor. She cannot do otherwise."

"Listen, old gentleman; give me your address, and permit me to visit your daughter to-morrow; I want to judge for myself the truth of your assertion. But you must give me your word of honor not to betray to your child by word, sign, or look that I am a rich man."

The old man held out his hand.

"I promise. I wish myself to have you convinced that I spoke the truth. My name is John Wilkins, and my address is written on this piece of paper." With these words he drew a card from his pocket and handed it to the other.

"And my name is James Axe; and I am the son and heir of Henry Axe. Here is a £100 note with the condition that you remain in this house until I come for you to-morrow. A room with a good bed for this gentleman. Good-night. To-morrow you will see me a different character. But no matter what I do, you must not forget your word of honor."

The old man could not suppress an exclamation of astonishment when he heard the name of the young man, or that of a joyful surprise when he received the bank-note. But, before he could collect himself his new acquaintance had quitted the room and the waiter was showing him to his chamber, and he forgot soon, in the comfortable bed which he found there, the happy change of his fate.

In a poorly furnished, but neat and nice-looking attic room in one of the high, smoke blackened houses in a narrow and dark

back street of the great metropolis, sat a very handsome brunette of about twenty-two years of age, engaged in sewing some elegant linen. Though her whole attire was not worth more than a few shillings, it fitted as well, and looked as neat and clean as if it cost just as many pounds. Her dark, chestnut colored hair enframed a face of angelic beauty and innocence, while in her dark eyes the purity of her soul and mind could be read. Everywhere about and around her was seen the spirit of order, modesty, and charity. Her eyes were heavy with sleep and anxiety, and now and then a deep sigh escaped her pent-up heart. At last she heard steps ascending the stairs, and a charming smile illumined her countenance. She listened, and disappointment began to cast a shadow over her features. A knock at the door made her start.—Scarcely had she strength to utter the permission to enter. A young man attired in a well-worn and here-and-there patched suit of clothes, entered the room, and with an humble and awkward obeisance, said:—"I beg pardon, ma'am, does Mr. John Wilkins live here?"

"Yes, sir. What is your wish?"

"Are you his daughter, Miss Lena?"

"I am."

"Then you are the one I desire to see.—I come from your father."

"For heaven's sake where is he? What has happened? Has he met with an accident? for he has never remained from home a whole night."

"Certainly a little bad luck."

"O, my poor, poor father! what shall I have to hear?"

The young man was deeply moved by her distress and agitation, though he did not forget to cast a look around the room.

Don't be frightened, dear lady, the misfortune is not so great. An old acquaintance met him yesterday, and invited him to a bottle of wine in a neighboring saloon.—After having finished the same he treacherously left your father to pay the score, and he must remain in the tavern until it is paid or else go to prison. Otherwise he is well and hearty."

"My father, my dear father must not go to prison," cried the young girl anxiously. "Do you know the amount of the debt?"

"Twelve shillings."

"Alas, sir! I have only three shillings in my possession. I will quickly see Mrs. Riley, and beg her to advance me nine shillings on my work."

"Who is Mrs. Riley?"

"The milliner for whom I work."

"But if Mrs. Riley does not grant your request, what will you do then?"

The girl burst into tears. "Oh, heaven!" sobbed she, "I fear myself that she will not do it, for I owe her already six shillings, and she is a very hard woman."

"For what have you incurred that debt?"

She hesitated, blushing, to answer.

"You may trust me; I sympathize deeply with you, and take a great deal of interest in your fate, and only wish that I could aid you; but I am only a copyist. Why have you borrowed the six shilling?"

"My father is feeble, and needs strengthening. I have now and then bought half a chicken for his soup, or beefsteak."

"I am afraid that under these circumstances Mrs. Riley will not lend you any more money. I have six shillings which I will give you, but that is all I possess. Have you not some valuable article which we could pawn?"

"I have nothing but the prayer-book of my dead mother. She asked me on her death bed not to part with it, and nothing is more sacred to me than her memory and my given promise; but for my father I would cheerfully part with it." Trembling she brought the book. "Oh, sir, on the unprinted leaves in the back part of this book I have often written my secret thoughts. No one must know that I am the writer. Will you promise me that?"

"Certainly, my dear miss. Have no fears, no misuse shall be made of your relic. But get ready, we must go."

While she was busy in the adjoining room, preparing herself for the walk, he opened the book and read the pious and pure effusion of the maiden heart. His eyes filled with tears, of rapture and emotion. She entered, donned in a threadbare shawl; but as she walked alongside of him in unconscious dignity, he contemplated her with reverence and admiration.

Mrs. Riley did not loan the required sum, but assured the companion of the young girl that Miss Lena was an angel. He preferred this to her money. He pawned, therefore, on his way, the book, and thus obtained the required amount. Lena was very happy.

"But how will you manage to live to-day and to-morrow, if you dispose of all your money?"

"I do not know, but God will help us," she replied, trustingly; "I shall work during the nights."

"Yes, God will surely aid you," he cried and almost betrayed himself by his enthusiasm.

Axe entered the tavern alone to instruct old Wilkins in his role in a few words. Then he called Lena. What a heavenly sight it was to behold the sweet child throw her arms around her father's neck, to kiss him and press him to her heart.

"Ah, my darling father, what a horrible night I have passed, filled with anxiety and care about you. But thank God, you are again with me in good health." And now she laughed and rejoiced.

Then she redeemed the dear man, and led him home in triumph.

Axe accompanied her and informed her that he had raised a few more shillings; she should provide him dinner with them. In the joyous activity, the charming industry, the unassuming behavior of the sweet child, Axe felt like falling down before her and kissing her feet.

The young man did not leave till quite late, and never thought once of his proposed leap from Blackfriar's bridge. He came every evening "to eat up the small earnings of the day."

After the lapse of two weeks he said, one evening, as he was taking leave:

"Miss Lena, will you become my wife? I am, it is true, only a poor copyist, but I have an honest heart."

She blushing dropped her eyes.

"Can you love me, child?" he asked in fearful emotion.

She nodded silently, and gave him her hand.

"I love you inexpressibly; you have saved my life."

A few days after this, early in the morning, the pair proceeded, plainly but respectably dressed, in company with Mr. Wilkins, to the neighboring church, where they were quietly married. Trembling with joy, Axe folded his wife in his arms and kissed her on the forehead. Before the church stood an elegant carriage. A footman in livery respectfully held the door open.—"Jump in," cried the happy husband to his astonished wife, and before she knew what she was about, all three had entered, and were being driven away at a rapid pace. In front of a high splendid mansion, in Westminster, the carriage halted. Richly-dressed servants lifted her out and led her into magnificently furnished parlors.

"Here is your new mistress," said Axe to them, "show her respect, and obey her commands."

"My darling child, I am James Axe, one of the richest men of this rich city. This house belongs to you, everything you see is your own. I hold a pledge in my hand that riches will not spoil your pure maiden heart. Here it is—the prayer-book of your mother. Look what you have written in it: "And if thou gavest me all the treasures of the universe, my God, I would still remain Thy humble servant. For what is gold before Thee, as Thou only regardest hearts? To Thee belongs my heart, and shall always remain so."

"To God and to thee, my James," whispered Lena, and laid her head blushing upon her husband's breast.

"Hurrah for the leap from Blackfriar's bridge," cried Axe exultingly, and embraced his father-in-law.

Rather Awkward.

A Sacramento lady found herself guilty of larceny the other day under rather peculiar circumstances. She was riding in a crowded railway car, and occupied a seat with another lady passenger. Like a great many other women of the present day she wore curls—her own hair, of course, but it wasn't fastened on strictly according to nature's programme. By and by, as the train was jolted along, she felt something falling about her face and neck, and in a second it flashed across her mind that her curls had become detached. The predicament was a shocking one, but she endeavored to save herself by quietly passing the capillary ornaments into her pocket, thanking her stars that she was almost at her destination. At the station she hastened to the dressing-room to repair damages to her toilette, when behold! the mirror reflected back the fact that her curls were in their proper position, and an examination of those in her pocket showed that they were not hers, but of a different color, belonging to the lady who sat by her side in the car.