

The Bloomfield Times.

FRANK MORTIMER,
Editor and Proprietor.

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BY

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IN ADVANCE.

I SAW ESAU KISSING KATE.

TUNE YANKEE DOODLE.

'Twas just about a year ago,
When I was down at Gloster,
I found a lass, but now alas!
I find that I have lost her;
I'm sure I never can forget,
The happy days that we saw
Before the day on which we met
Her country cousin Esau.

CHORUS.—I saw Esau kissing Kate,
And the fact is we all three saw
For I saw Esau, he saw me,
And she saw I saw Esau.

I'd rather go without my tea,
Or even get my head hurt,
Than ever go again to see
A Crystal Palace Concert,
For I took Kitty there, and then,
Unfortunately she saw
That horridest of country men,
Her Country Cousin, Esau.

CHO. I saw Esau, &c.

She introduced this man to me,
And soon behind a statue,
I saw what made me audibly
Sing out, "I'm looking at you."
'Tis sad indeed to have to state
What poor unlucky me saw,
For there was Esau kissing Kate,
And Kate was kissing Esau.

CHO. I saw Esau, &c.

I went away in quite a pet,
And toddled home to tea, so!
For I could see that their Duet
Had put me up a tree Oh!
But still my sorrow wasn't great,
When in the papers we saw
That Mr. Esau'd married Kate,
And Kate had married Esau.

CHO. I saw Esau &c.

Three Weddings.

A TRUE STORY.

"HARRY, who do you think is to be married next week?" said Mrs. LeGrange, a beautiful woman about twenty-three years of age, as she sat with her husband in a cozy dining-room, partaking of the delicious repast before them, chatting affectionately at the same time. "Their cards arrived this morning, inviting us to be present at both ceremony and breakfast. I am sure you will be surprised to know the name of the bride! Can you guess it?"

"Not unless it prove to be Carrie Stanton," replied the husband, smilingly.

"You are very far from being correct. Why, it is no other than your old friend, Louise Pennell. Just think after all her seeming attachment to her husband, she has only waited two years, and is now to marry William Wilmarth. Is it not disgraceful?"

"Why, no, Ida, I see nothing disgraceful in it. Two years I think quite sufficient to live alone. To me, a second marriage proves love and happiness to have existed in the first," returned LeGrange.

"Oh, Harry, how can you say so? The bare idea of a second marriage is revolting. Do you think, with all my love for you, our five years' happy married life, our perfect congeniality of disposition, that were you to die, I could so far forget as to allow another man to call me wife?"

"My dear, I know full well your true affection for your husband; yet since you really ask my opinion, be not offended if I speak candidly. I feel, then, assured that my Ida's loving little heart would pine and grieve for a while; yet, for the very reason that you possess an uncommonly affectionate disposition, that your heart would turn to some sympathizing person and you in time would love him."

"Never! Never! Even the lapse of ten years would bring no consolation. But I should not care to live that length of time, without Harry."

So saying, Harry rose from the table, and passing to his wife, he pressed a loving kiss

upon her lips, then turned to hasten to his office.

"Stay yet a little while, Harry. You have made me so uncomfortably blue with your probabilities, that I dread your leaving me."

"Only for an hour, Ida, to meet a gentleman by appointment. I will return as soon as possible, and to make amends for the 'improbabilities' will take you to the opera this evening. So be ready."

As he left her, Ida turned to the window, where, as she watched his commanding figure far down the street, she murmured, "Dear husband, how much I love him! He only said I would marry again to tease me. I never would."

"Ida," said LeGrange, one morning, about three months later, as he returned from the office at an unusual hour, and had passed hurriedly to the setting-room, "I have some good and bad news to tell you."

"What is it, dear? You surprise me," returned she, trembling, as she received his accustomed kiss. "If both good and bad is to be related, give the good first."

"Well, then, I have just received a letter giving me the agreeable information that I am the heir to ten thousand pounds, left me by a bachelor uncle, brother of my father, for whom I was named. As the old gentleman died suddenly last week, I am to receive the legacy immediately."

"This is, in deed, pleasant intelligence, and I rejoice at your good fortune. Now for the other communication; I hope it is nothing dreadful."

"Not so very," said the young man, passing his arm around her, and drawing her to a seat beside him on a sofa. "But I am sorry to be obliged to leave for a few weeks. Mr. Martin, the writer of the letter, wishes me to start immediately for Leeds, as my presence is absolutely necessary in settling the business. Mr. Tremaine, my partner, also urges me to go, as I can then at the same time attend the collection of some money due to the firm, and thus save sending another messenger."

"Oh, Harry, how can I part from you?" exclaimed the affectionate wife, as she leaned her head against his shoulder, to hide the tears that would fill her eyes, notwithstanding her struggles to repress them.

"I will hurry back, Ida, and will write almost every day. Then your mother and sister Lily can stay with you while I am gone. Be a brave little woman now, and help arrange my trunk, for I must leave by the evening train."

"So soon? Oh, Harry, this is dreadful!" Then seeing a look of a anxiety float over the face she loved so truly, she exerted a strong will, and in a few moments was ready for action.

All too soon the hour of separation came; and as the poor young wife clung to her husband in parting and received his last loving kiss, then heard the carriage drive from the door, she rushed to her own room, and throwing herself upon the bed, wept long unrestrainedly.

Weeks passed on, cheered by daily letters from the absent; and Ida began to count the days that must intervene before his return. His account of his travels had been glowing and interesting; his words of devoted love had pleased and cheered her; while his business had nearly all been satisfactorily arranged, only one single slight item being left for his attention; and then he wrote: "I shall turn my face homewards, and once more be happy by the side of my own dear wife."

This letter arrived one clear, cold Wednesday in March; and with a radiant face and beaming eye, Ida communicated the glad news to Mrs. Linden, her mother; then humming a lively tune, she proceeded to some little wifely preparations and surprises with which to welcome her wanderer. So the day passed—Mrs. Linden enjoying the rich sallies and happy laughter of her daughter, and even little Lily partaking of the general joy; when suddenly, as they sat at the tea table, they were startled by a quick ring at the door-bell, and in a moment a telegraphic dispatch was placed in the hands of Mrs. LeGrange. With trembling fingers she opened it and read: "Mr. LeGrange lies dangerously ill at the Union hotel. Wife and partner come immediately."

With a cry of agony, the frightened wife handed the paper to her mother, exclaiming, "Oh, mother, what shall I do? what shall I do?"

"Stop, my child; be not overcome. Tell Margaret to run to Mr. Tremaine's house, and ask him to us as quickly as possible."

A brief space only intervened before the partner of Mr. LeGrange entered, and was made acquainted with the sad intelligence. He immediately offered to accompany Ida

to the side of her suffering husband, and as he had some little preparations to make, it was decided to leave town next day. At eight o'clock, then, the following morning, Ida and Mr. Tremaine sat waiting for the carriage which was to convey them to the station; when just as it whirled round the corner, approaching the house, another telegraphic dispatch was placed in the hands of the poor young wife. Turning deadly pale, she glanced at its contents, then uttered one piercing cry, and sank senseless to the floor. Picking up the paper she had dropped, the mother read aloud the fatal words, while Mr. Tremaine raised the insensible form before him and laid it upon the sofa. The words were these: "The Union Hotel at Leeds was burned last night. Two gentlemen perished in the flames. Mr. LeGrange one of them."

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, "this is too horrible to be true. There may be some mistake. I will hasten on to see." Thus saying, the young man sprung into the carriage and drove rapidly out of sight while Mrs. Linden applied herself to the restoration of her child.

"Can I see Mrs. LeGrange?" asked Mr. Tremaine, a few days later, as with a sad countenance he rang the bell of that handsome residence, into whose love-girdled rooms he was now to bring woe of the darkest kind.

The first look at the distressed face of Mr. Tremaine extinguished the last ray of hope from poor Ida's heart; and burying her face upon the pillow of the lounge on which she reclined, she exclaimed, "My dear, dear Harry! Oh! can it be possible that he is no more?"

Very tenderly Mr. Tremaine, amid her bursting sobs, related all the particulars he could gather of the dreadful conflagration. It seems the fire broke out in the lower part of the hotel, about two in the morning, while the inmates were saved, and after all were supposed to be rescued, while the flames raged furiously, fearful screams were heard, and then, for the first time, two very sick men were remembered; but, notwithstanding, every effort was made for their rescue; it was of no avail, and they must have perished. Many rumors, however, were circulated, and among others, that a fireman was seen leaving the building with an inanimate form in his arms; but as nothing was again heard, to confirm the report, it proved, of course, to be untrue. Now the stern reality stared them in the face. Harry LeGrange was dead; and Ida was a desolate widow.

Fourteen months have rolled onward; it is now June, yet Mrs. LeGrange still mourned. Nothing that her mother could think of had been spared to divert her mind from her loss, but it all seemed vain, and daily her sinking frame and languid eye told of an early death, if not aroused from her deep-seated lethargy. The family physician finally had advised Mrs. Linden to travel with her daughter, as nothing but an entire change of scene could save her from a settled decline. Mrs. Linden could scarcely see how this could be accomplished, as she felt it impossible for herself to leave home; she therefore resolved to consult Mr. Tremaine, who, throughout their affliction, had proved their adviser, and friend. Mr. Tremaine called that evening, and as Mrs. Linden saw him alone, Ida being too unwell to appear, she communicated the physician's opinion and asked his advice in regard to further proceedings.

"My dear madam," was his sympathizing reply, "I think I am just the person to assist you. I have long contemplated a tour to the East with my only sister, whom Mrs. LeGrange has often met. If she will join us, it will be a benefit to Mary, and a great pleasure to myself. We can make preparations to leave by the Peninsular and Oriental steamer, which sails in a fortnight."

Mrs. Linden gladly accepted the proposal, and after much persuasion, Ida was induced to give a reluctant consent. Hasty preparations were then made, and by the middle of June the farewells had been spoken, and Mr. Tremaine, with his sister and friend, were speeding away from Southampton toward the distant land they sought. Their voyage was prosperous and pleasant, and the sea atmosphere quite refreshed the languid frame of our invalid. Mr. Tremaine proved kind and tender as a brother, while Mary soon won for herself a firm place in the affections of the young widow by her unceasing sympathy and care. At length the shores of Egypt appeared in sight, and soon their willing feet touched the soil made welcome after their voyage upon the ocean.

We will not linger to describe their travels through the East, nor tell of the pleas-

ure with which they explored the justly-celebrated scenes of Palestine, but will only add that the balmy air of the Levant fully restored the rosy glow of health to the widow's cheek, while her dreamy hazel eyes once more sparkled with animation and hope.

When again, however, they found themselves upon a steamer, gliding rapidly over the waters toward their native shores, Mr. Tremaine and Mary felt that they were amply repaid for their care by the new-found peace of mind of their friend.

It was a clear moonlight evening in September when, upon a lonely portion of the deck, two young people might have been seen engaged in earnest conversation.

"Nay, do not draw away your hand, and look so pale at my words of love. Surely you can trust my affection; then give some little hope of a return. Speak, Ida, to relieve my suspense, and promise to be mine."

A long pause followed those pleading words, then faltering she answered, "My dear friend, I cannot tell what all these strange emotions mean that are swelling my heart. I did not dream that I could ever think of another, but—"

"Nay, do not pause now—or rather, let me proceed for you. Your lonely, affectionate heart needs rest and love; and where could it find a more fitting shrine than with one who loved and prized your husband? Could Harry look upon us now from Heaven, would he not, then, love and bless me forever?"

"Oh, Tremaine, how can I say No when my whole heart murmurs Yes?" was the low reply.

Three months more we will allow to pass before we again resume our story, and this time we will recommence it by paying a visit to Harry's widowed mother. We find her dressed in the deepest mourning, about entering the parlor to see a gentleman who had sent up a card bearing the name of Henry Noel. She did not recognize the name as among her acquaintances; so without delay she descended to meet him.

"Excuse me, madam, for intruding upon your time," said the stranger, advancing to meet her as she entered; but having been acquainted with your son many years since, and hearing of the sad accident that befell him, I could not pass through London without calling to ask the particulars of his death."

"I am most happy to meet one deeply interested in the story;" so much so that his earnest blue eyes scarcely left her face. "Only a wife! She, poor thing, seemed to sink entirely beneath the blow. For fifteen months we thought she was going into a decline; but she recovered, and was married four weeks ago to Mr. Tremaine, poor Harry's partner. But, sir, you are ill!" exclaimed the good woman, seeing Mr. Noel stagger to a seat; for he had risen during her story, and was standing close by her side.

Once more, a whole year passes before we enter Mrs. Tremaine's parlor; but we start back in surprise at seeing her again dressed in black. Yes, poor Tremaine is no more. Only a few months after his marriage, a slight cold, which he neglected, brought on a serious illness, which proved fatal, notwithstanding all the assiduous nursing and delicate attentions of his truly devoted wife.

Poor Ida was again left desolate and sad, the second time mourning the loss of a tender and loving husband. Hers had indeed been a strange and eventful life!

"Mrs. Tremaine, allow me to introduce you to a friend of mine—Mr. Henry Noel."

These words were uttered by Charles Wood, a cousin of Ida's, as he entered the cheerfully lighted parlor one evening about nine months after her husband's death, followed by the same gentleman, who, nearly twenty months before had called upon Mrs. LeGrange. This person had become acquainted with Wood through some business transaction, and from him had requested an introduction to Harry's widow.

Notwithstanding all afflictions, she was still very beautiful. The deep black she wore only set off to greater perfection her clear and delicate complexion; the pensiveness lingering in her full hazel eyes heightened her beauty; while her luxuriant brown hair, from which several natural ringlets always fell, and her sweet smile, were still as captivating as ever. She appeared to perfect advantage this evening, as she strove to entertain one who had known and had loved her never-forgotten Harry; and she could not repress a deep interest in him, as he had evidently met with misfortune. Then the stranger was very entertaining, while the delicate attentions of a true gentleman to the gentler sex he knew well how

to render. The evening seemed very short; and when he rose to depart she gave him a cordial invitation to visit her again.

This invitation he remembered, and in a few days presented himself at the house of the fascinating young widow. After this he was often with Ida, who seemed from the first to be strangely drawn towards her new friend. She could not account for the interest she felt daily growing upon her, unless it were caused by a slight resemblance she saw in his clear blue eyes to her lost Harry. There the resemblance ceased he being a stouter man than her husband, sporting a splendid long and thick beard, while Harry's cheeks and lips were always free and well-shaved.

Weeks sped onward, Mr. Noel almost daily finding his way to Ida's house, where he cheered the loneliness of all—even Mrs. Linden and Lily becoming deeply attached to the pleasing, intelligent, and highly-cultivated man.

Why linger thus in disclosing a fact which had become so evident to all? Mr. Noel was certainly very particular in his attentions to Ida, and she was certainly fast transforming her affections to his keeping. Mrs. Linden was not, then, very much surprised when Ida announced to her that she had accepted his offered hand, and would soon for a third time become a happy wife.

Mr. Noel proved to be a very impatient lover. Passionately fond of the beautiful woman whose affection he had surely won, he would listen to no delay; and just one year after the death of Tremaine, a select company was gathered to witness her third bridal. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Shepherd, the same pastor who twice before had united her in the holy bonds of matrimony, and now revealed to her the name of her new husband.

"Harry, Harry!" interrupted the trembling bride, as she clung pale and excitedly to the form that supported her; while the cry, "Harry, my son! my son!" was echoed on the other side by an older woman, who darted forward and clasped her arms around the speaker's neck.

"Yes, dear ones, yes! I am Harry LeGrange," exclaimed the young man, pressing them both fondly to his bosom. "Oh, mother, it has been a cruel separation, but my whole future life shall make amends for the past."

Then came Harry's story. He had been rescued from the flames by a fireman, but not until he had nearly perished; and it was almost two years before he came sufficiently restored to his own mind to remember who and what he was. He had then called on his mother, under the assumed name of Noel, and the events above related had transpired.

"My dear wife," said this happy husband, after the dispersion of their guests, "do you remember a conversation we had on the occasion of Louise Wilmarth's wedding; how you solemnly affirmed that were I to be taken from you, you would never marry again—no, never?"

"Forgive me, Harry; I little understood then the dreary horror of having no one to love."

"Yet you then thought you could not live without me, even though a man with a killing pair of whiskers presented himself. How is this? The third man you selected had even these abominable appendages!"

"But I saw in him a resemblance to my Harry; that must be my excuse."

"My own wife, may you never again be so cruelly tried!" murmured LeGrange, as he pressed her still close to his heart. "Thank Heaven, you are restored to me, never, except by death, to be parted."

Animals Love Man.

It is perfectly natural that man should have unfriendly feelings toward wild beasts and that the instinct of self-preservation should lead him to destroy them. But it is shocking that useful and domestic animals should tremble and fly at his approach or that they should suffer and perish through his cruelty. We believe with the Bishop of Chalons, that it "is a crime and a sign of a wicked heart to take pleasure in tormenting animals and making them suffer. It is, indeed, unchristian." Almost all domestic animals are naturally affectionate; they love man, become attached to him, and show their feelings in ways that are often intelligent and instructive. If, instead of training animals by cruelty and abuse, man would treat them kindly and affectionately, he would be like the monarchs of the golden age, the king of nature adored by his subjects.