

The Bloomfield Times.

TERMS:—\$1.25 Per Year,
IN ADVANCE.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

{ 75 Cents for 6 Months;
{ 40 Cts. for 3 months.

Vol. VI.

New Bloomfield, Pa., Tuesday, January 2, 1872.

No. 1.

The Bloomfield Times.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING, BY

FRANK MORTIMER & CO.,

At New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.

Being provided with Steam Power, and large
Cylinder and Job-Presses, we are prepared
to do all kinds of Job-Printing in
good style and at Low Prices.

Lost and Found!

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

IT was late afternoon of a chill November day. Miss Laura Winterglade had just got home from a shopping excursion, cold, weary and cross. Even the tropical warmth and perfume of her own elegant boudoir where her ever-devoted French maid sat waiting her coming, the dinner dress of shining silk displayed upon the bed, and the cut-glass goblet of mulled wine on the table, failed to coax the volcanic temper of this petted child of fashion into anything like the winsome softness she knew so exquisitely well how to assume whenever occasion required.

But occasion did not require just then. Her father was dozing over his library fire, perfectly at ease, in dressing-gown and slippers, waiting for dinner, and Maxwell Fay, the only man living whom she cared to win, had been and gone in her absence. So, she was quite free to give vent to her unavailing wrath without the slightest danger of being overheard, and she threw about her pearl combs, spilled cologne, and scolded Lisette to her full satisfaction.

"A pretty confidant you are, indeed! A nice person for one to trust! Did I not charge you over and over again to send that girl up stairs with her sewing, in case Mr. Fay should call during my absence? I would rather have given a thousand dollars than to have had him sitting there in the parlor alone with her half the afternoon. You could have prevented it easily enough. You can do anything you choose in the manoeuvring line, and I never yet saw a French woman who could not. Don't tell me it was not your fault. I dare say you had your magpie head, all the while, either in the wine-cellar or in my bureau drawers. I'll make you suffer for it though."

Poor Lisette would no doubt have found herself utterly wretched and inconsolable under the weight of her mistress's displeasure, if a shining gold piece, given her that afternoon by Maxwell Fay, had not lain, all the while, like a gem in her pocket. True, there was a half-worn rose-colored silk, long coveted and long promised, hanging in Miss Winterglade's closet, and she felt her chances of possessing it growing beautifully less, but consoled herself with thinking that money was the best friend, after all, and new dresses a deal nicer than old ones.

While cunning Lisette was seeking vainly to chatter her mistress into something akin to good humor, a young girl sat close to the window of a luxurious little room, off the spacious parlor, straining her Grecian-blue eyes over a snowy cashmere robe she was embroidering in a trailing pattern of convolvuli. Thoroughly interested in her work, and eagerly happy in thinking of a tempting glass of jelly and cluster of grapes she would be enabled to purchase for an invalid mother, Amber Gray heeded not that it was past her usual hour for leaving work, until a rustle of silken garments came along the dim silent parlor, and Laura Winterglade stood just within the room, her cold gray eyes glittering like steel, and anger glowing in her cheeks.

Innocent Amber, just finishing the last delicate bud, could think of nothing but her completed work, that was to bring her the means of furnishing sorely needed comforts to the dear ones at home. Shame upon the cruel revengeful woman who could so relentlessly disappoint her!

"So you have finished my dress, at last," said Miss Winterglade, without one atom of approbation in her icy voice.

The young girl looked up with a vague surprise.

"Surely, Miss Winterglade, you must be aware that this working in silk and chenille is extremely difficult, and that it is impossible to hurry without spoiling it. Just see how lovely it is. Such an exquisite blending of leaves and blossoms! One must be very happy in wearing such beautiful things."

Still her employer stood staring at her as

though she would fain have turned her to stone.

"Do you think, Amber Gray, that I am going to approve either you or your work?" she said, raspingly; "let me tell you that I shall never wear that dress. I would rather die than wear any garment your hands have touched, and I would not give you another days work to save your life."

The white robe, fair and stainless enough for an angel to wear, dropped slowly from the limp cold hands of the grieved, insulted girl. In her utter purity of heart and integrity of purpose, no suspicion of the true cause of this sudden outbreak dawned upon her.

"Miss Winterglade," she said, with gentle dignity, "your words and manner surprise and distress me. If you are really in earnest, and in your sober senses, tell me, I entreat you, what I have done to cause you to denounce me with such intense, vehement bitterness."

Laura Winterglade would, no doubt, have struck her in the face, had she dared, but fortunately she did not dare. She heard a door open and shut, and the belief that some one of the servants was near restrained her from anything more blasting than words.

"You play injured innocence excellently well," she said, tauntingly; "You haven't the shadow of an idea, of course, what you have done to make me despise you. Perhaps indeed, you have such an overwhelming estimate of your attraction as to imagine that I hired you out of the street to entertain my lovers in my absence."

Quick angry tears gathered on the fringing lashes of Amber Gray's beautiful eyes, and scarlet blushes dyed her fair oval face.

"You are cruel and wicked! Jealousy is making you utterly unjust and unreasonable! I should be deceiving, indeed, if I pretended not to understand you. Your fears are groundless. It is true that Mr. Fay called while you were away, and came through the parlor to ask me what time you would probably return. He seated himself uninvited on the sofa opposite, and chatted pleasantly half an hour or more. I am ashamed to remember how cool and almost uncivil I was to him."

"Do not seek to impose any of your false-hoods upon me!" said Miss Winterglade, sternly. "This afternoon was not the first time you have entertained him in my absence. I understand it all. You depend upon your beauty to win you a rich husband. Let me enlighten you a little. Aside from the income earned by his profession, Maxwell Fay has nothing. He is an orphan, and has been for years. His mother had no fortune, and supported her son by teaching music until she married the rich banker, Morris Vanstone, of this city, and unless his stepson, whom he loves very dearly, should offend him by some *mesalliance*, it is quite certain he will come into possession of an immense property. Now let me warn you. A greater tyrant—a more relentless, cruel and unforgiving man—than old Morris Vanstone does not live. People say he grows more and more unbearable every day. He had once a daughter, the only child ever born to him; her mother, whom he idolized, died in giving her life. My mother knew her well, and often speaks of the exquisite beauty of the girl, as she grew to womanhood. At seventeen she married secretly, and her father came near murdering her when circumstances revealed the truth to him. It was a New Year's eve, bitter cold, with a northeast storm ahead. I have heard the old housekeeper, who sometimes comes here, tell the story, and she never tells it without crying. Nobody ever knew who Helen Vanstone married, for the old man asked her no questions, and allowed her to make no explanations. He just thrust her down his doorsteps with a bitter curse, and from that day till this he never saw or heard from her. Tell me, now, do you think that Maxwell Fay, knowing the temper of his adopted father, will ever be so insane as to offer honorable marriage to such a woman?"

Miss Winterglade had remained standing during her long recital, and at the last sentence her scornful voice echoed mockingly among the shadows.

"You seem strongly impressed with the idea that Mr. Fay is in love with me," answered Amber Gray, hardly less scornful; "he has, it is true, been very kind to me on several occasions when I needed a friend; and I will tell you now, what you have never guessed, that I knew him long before I came here to sew for you. He is the soul of honor, the truest of gentlemen, and the kindest of friends. But, believe me, Miss Winterglade, I shall never stand

either in his light or yours. Let us discuss him no more. It is growing dark, and my mother is ill and nervous. Please pay me and let me leave your house forever."

But there were lengths and depths of sordid meanness in Laura Winterglade's nature, of which Amber Gray had no conception. It would require a very white robe, indeed, to make an angel of her.

She opened her pocket-book and drew out a bill.

"Here are five dollars," she said, coldly; "had you proved what you pretended to be an honest and innocent girl, I should pay you what I promised. No earthly power can ever convince me that you are a respectable person. Take your money and go; it is all you will ever get from me. If you fall short, I advise you to apply to your long-tried and valued friend Maxwell Fay."

And before Amber Gray's dumb cold lips could frame an answer, Laura Winterglade had swept from the room. She could have sworn that she heard the street door shut softly as she stepped across the mossy carpet into the hall, and she went up stairs, wondering if it was possible she had been overheard. Fear lurks in the shadow of guilt.

Amber Gray wrapped herself in her shawl, and made her way out of the great house with a chilly numbness in her limbs and a dull despair at her heart. Never in all her years of toil and privation, had she felt such a crushing sense of her lonely and desolate position.

"Only five dollars for twelve days of patient and unremitting toil! Weeks may elapse before I find another situation, for that dreadful woman will doubtless do all she can to injure me. The weather, too, is growing bitterly cold, and we are needing fuel, provisions and winter clothing. Alas, too, for my holiday surprises! I meant to buy so many things. Delicate food for mother, and a bright plaid dress for dear little Myrtle. But all that is hopeless now; Christmas and the New Year, that should be crowned with peace and plenty, can bring nothing but misery to our dwelling. And to think I must suffer all this wrong and injustice just because I happen to be pretty. I wish there was some invention of the toilet warranted to produce red hair and freckles. But let me be patient. I cannot think that God has quite forgotten us. Mother says he never makes mistakes, and perhaps after all, he is leading us in ways we know not of."

Crushing back the tears that were blinding her, she walked on rapidly, and, turning a corner, she slipped and would have fallen on the icy pavement but for the strong arm stretched suddenly out to uphold her.

"Poor tired child; escaped like a dove, wounded and bleeding, from the very talons of a vulture. Ah, my child take courage. All women are not Laura Winterglades."

She knew the kind voice instantly. Just then, too, the light from a gas-lit window streamed across his face—Maxwell Fay's face—that always beamed upon her like a benediction.

"O Mr. Fay. I did not think any one could have been so bitterly cruel, so meanly dishonest. But how came you to know? Did you hear all she said?"

"Every word; and to think I should have allowed my preference for your society to betray me into causing you so much pain! But I did it ignorantly. I never dreamed of her being such a tigress of jealousy and revenge. A sweet wife she would make, would she not?"

"I am tempted to wish some Bluebeard were living, to woo and win her," said Amber. "But how came you to hear her?"

"Fate ordained it, I think. On reaching my office, after my call this afternoon, I missed a business letter from my coat pocket, and fancied I might have dropped it on the parlor floor. Arriving, I found the street door ajar, the hall shadowy; I heard voices, too, yours and hers. Well—you know how almost impossible it is to refrain from listening when we hear our names. But, Miss Gray, forget that which Miss Winterglade has said. She will prove but a feeble enemy, and shall never injure or insult you again. No doubt you are wondering how I ever came to be a constant visitor there, and, indeed, I never was very constant, until the certainty of seeing you drew me daily. The truth is, I made Miss Winterglade's acquaintance solely to please Mr. Vanstone, my step-father. He saw her somewhere and admired her extremely. He is getting old and childish, and wishes to see me settled in life."

He had one of Amber's little chilled hands clasped in his own, now, as he walked close beside her, and his voice and presence seemed to warm and comfort her like wine.

"So you are really Mr. Vanstone's protegee, the probable heir to his millions? Ah, my friend, I had rather have gone on believing you simply Lawyer Fay, an ordinary mortal struggling up life's steep alone and unaided like myself. But now there is a great gulf between us."

"Not unless your too sensitive pride fixes it there, my friend. Mr. Vanstone has, it is true, been the kindest of fathers to me, but I have little taste for dead men's shoes and wish for no fortune other than the one I am carving out with my own hands. But I have not the shadow of a claim upon Morris Vanstone's money. Singular as it may seem, I never knew, until I overheard Laura Winterglade's tirade this afternoon, that Mr. Vanstone had once a daughter. It is very strange that the story should not sooner have come to my ears. Though her father does not, it seems even know her name or place of abode, I cannot believe her image is quite dead in his heart. There is, there must be, a great wrong to be set right. With all his riches, a lonelier, more desolate man than Mr. Vanstone does not live; and I have come at last upon the secret of his misery. That long banished daughter, deeply mourned, too, I believe, may yet be living, and she is surely the sole rightful heir to her father's estates."

The two had come now into a dark and narrow street, into whose gloom no friendly gauntlet penetrated. Amber stopped suddenly, and said, with a little vexation in her voice:

"There, Mr. Fay, how forgetful I have been. I was so interested in listening to you that quite neglected to get mother her grapes. How very long this day must have seemed to her. I must go back."

But her companion drew her on towards her own door.

"Please don't be angry," he said, deprecatingly, "or if you are, do not bind me under any promises not to repeat my offence. The fact is, I took the liberty to send a few trifles to your house this morning. You know I promised Myrtle an orange as large as her head, to pay for pulling her curls the last time I was there. Seriously, Amber, I wish you were not so proud. What, indeed, is the use of living, if we may not have the privilege of making happy those we love best?"

Grateful tears fell on Maxwell Fay's hand, as the young girl took it in a good-night clasp at her own door. Watching his tall graceful form till it disappeared in the darkness, she sent up a thankful prayer to Heaven for so true a friend.

It was no unpleasant scene that greeted the girl's eyes, as she opened the door of her mother's little sitting-room.

Mrs. Gray sat in her rocking-chair by the fire, and looked up, as her daughter entered, with a glad smile of welcome. She was a slight, fragile woman, very youthful still in appearance, and though just recovering from a long illness, there were in her face traces of what must once have been unusual beauty. Her dress, a wrapper of dark gray with a little trimming of scarlet, was neat and lady-like; altogether, the simple yet tasteful appointments of the rooms and the snowy cloth and bright dishes on the nicely laid supper-table, showed plainly enough that nothing could ever sink Mrs. Gray and her daughters into vulgarity or degradation.

"Dear child, I am so glad you have come! I was beginning to be anxious—Myrtle is a good little nurse, but when she is at school I can't help feeling very lonely. Indeed, Amber, I shall not be sorry when you are through at Miss Winterglade's. I am always happiest when you have work you can do at home."

"Then you can commence being happy immediately," her daughter said, smiling and kissing her tenderly. "I finished there to-night, and I am not sorry either, mother, for I much prefer sewing at home with you." And the generous, self-sacrificing girl flitted about and poured out the tea as cheerily as though she had not a sorrow in the world. Little Myrtle, whose tongue was quiet only because her sister's entrance had caught her in the middle of a dreadful sum in long division, looked up at last with her pretty blossom of a face alight with pleasure.

"O Amber! I do want you to begin, the very first thing to-morrow morning, and make my dress. I have got just the loveliest dress—a real Prince Charlie plaid—and such a pair of button boots! And mother will tell you what else—candy, and figs, and oranges, and—"

"Mercy, child! do take breath. Have we a fairy godmother among us?" asked Amber, glancing up to her mother.

"One would think so really," answered

Mrs. Gray. "A black man wrapped at the door this morning and handed in a basket 'For Mrs. Gray,' he said, and before I could find my voice he was down stairs like a flash. The basket was loaded with dainties. Such grapes! real Black Hamburgs; and three varieties of rich foreign jellies. But the wine was best of all. I never saw anything like it. It seems to go straight to that faintness that has troubled me so long. I believe I feel better already. And then Myrtle's present came in good time; the poor child needed a new dress. You should have seen her eyes shine when she caught sight of the package directed in her name. Of course, Amber, you can guess whom we are to thank for the good gift."

"Possibly, mother. But enjoy it, I pray, all you can. I am getting over some of my pride in regard to accepting favors, at least when they come from true hearts. Why should we refuse mercies we would ourselves so lavishly bestow, if it had pleased God to give us the means?"

"True, my daughter. I hope I am not ungrateful; I know I am proud, but O Amber, I was born to bestow, and not to beg."

"Ah, well, mother darling said the girl, brightly, "let us accept our adversity, and make it use sweet. At least we need not grow sour and bitter under the dispensation. Be sure that while I have health and strength to work, you shall never be a beggar."

Mrs. Gray, who had been sitting up all day, for the first time since her illness, grew weary soon after tea, and after seeing her comfortably in bed, Amber sat down to rest and look over an evening paper. An advertisement in the column of "Wants" attracted her. It ran thus:

"Wanted, a patient, even-tempered young lady to read to a cross old gentleman three afternoons every week. Apply in person, at 10 Montague Square."

Amber laughed aloud. "I should say the old gentleman is as honest as he is irritable," she said, half aloud.

"What are you saying, sis?" asked Myrtle, who was rolling over the rug with her kitten.

"Nothing to you, my dear; but be careful; you are getting that orange juice in kitty's eyes; just see her wink."

"I must see about this," she said, mentally; "something seems to draw me towards this cross old gentleman, who, perhaps, has no daughter to read to him. I rather admire old people, and I always enjoyed reading aloud. I could sew at home all the morning, and going there would be such exercise. It is just possible I might suit his lionship, and I will certainly apply to-morrow; but I won't mention it to mother, she has such a peculiar and nervous dread of my going among strangers." Concluded next week.

To arrive at perfection, a man must have very sincere friends or inveterate enemies; because he would be made sensible of his good or ill conduct, either by the censures of the one, or the admonition of the others.

If you are disquieted with anything, you should consider within yourself—is the thing that doth worry, that for it I should so disturb myself and lose my peace and tranquillity?

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

Enigma.

No mortal can my powers withstand,
I conquer all by sea and land,
The fair, are smitten by my charms,
And yielding fall into my arms;
The great and good of high degree,
Submit, and own my stern decree;
Proud Cato, I have oft ensnared,
No age or sex I ever spared;
Oft times in dungeons I am found
Healing the prisoners bleeding round;
Grim death itself can't frighten me,
I've conquered thousands more than he;
All o'er the Globe my name is known,
Yet none can rob me of my throne.
Answer next week.

We have been much amused by the letters we have received telling how much the boot maker lost in the case stated in last week's *Tricks*. One letter says that \$95 and the boots was lost, while another as firmly believes that \$50 and the boots, is the correct answer, and yet another putting the loss at \$35 and the boots.

The actual loss was just what the Californian carried off, which was \$45 received in change and the boots; or \$50 less the profit on the boots, was what the boot maker lost.