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 16, 1872.

No. 3.

The Bloomfield Cimes.

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.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Transient—8 Cents per line for one insertion.

12 " 'two insertions
15 " "three insertions. Business Notices in Local Column 10 Cents

Por line.

Notices of Marriages or Deaths inserted free.
Tributes of Respect, &c., Ten cents per line.
VEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS.
Ten Lines Nonparell one year \$10.00
Twenty lines "" \$18.00
\$18.00
\$18.00
\$18.00
\$18.00
\$18.00
\$18.00
\$18.00
\$18.00
\$18.00

Lady Clara's Mistake.

WHEN I stood on board the Ocean Queen, a steamer outward bound, I bade farewell to the only friend I had in the world. When John Fairlie bade me God speed, wrung my hand in his own, and turned from me, I had looked my last upon the only face I cared for.

I shall never forget his last words.

"Remember, Paul," he said, "that whether you win or fail, you have a true friend and brother in me. While I have a shilling, half of it is yours. While I have a home, you shall share it. If India fails come back to me, and we will be brothers in everything; and, remember, return when you may, your first visit must be to my house. You must come straight there."

For five years I had struggled with fortune, which seemed all against me during that time. I wrote constantly to John, and he never missed a mail.

He married the same year I left England, and was evidently very proud of the factactually married a young widow, with two daughters, Lady Clar Rose-one of the handsomest women in England.

After that, I fancied, John's letters were colder in tone. When I spoke of ill-fortune, his sympathy was not so warm or so ready as formerly.

So when I began to grow rich, I did not tell him, although my love for him never altered-never changed, or cooled. Our correspondence almost ceased.

After a time money seemed to grow under my hands by magic; everything I touched turned to gold. Far and near Paul Hylton was known as one of the wealthiest and most fortunate of men. was a millionaire, yet there was no one in the wide world to love me. I had neither kith or kin. I would have parted with all my gold for only one of the blessings that fall to the lot of other men.

After fifteen years, I grew tired of Indian life, and resolved to go home to England, and there enjoy the fortifue that labor had

I reached London on the 23d of December. There was no one to greet me, no face to smile upon me, no voice to bid me welcome. Neither mother, sister, brother, or friend; my heart was cold and sad. Every one else seemed happy and animated-I was alone.

Early on the 24th, I started for Lynedale Hall, knowing John would welcome me. No words of mine can tell what that ride through the winter day was like. The snow and frost were old friends; the cold air, after the burning Indian blasts, so invigorating; the gray, wintry sky, the bare hedges, and leafless trees-I enjoyed them

It was five o'clock when I reached Lynedale Hall. The windows were all aglow with light and warmth. It was evident that my old friend's house was full of him. Christmas guests.

In answer to my inquiries, the footman said Mr. Fairlie was at home. He ushered me into the library, and went off in search of his master.

Five minutes more John stood before me, but there was no gleam of recognition in his eyes. I looked earnestly at him. The same, honest, kindly face, but full of anxions lines; the same true, clear eyes, with a shadow in them.

"John," I cried, "do you know me?" His ruddy, honest face turned quite

"It cannot be Paul-Paul Hylton?" the

"It is indeed !" I replied; "come to spend Christmas with you."

vice, and I knew that he was unchanged.

"My dear old friend," he said, with quivering lips, "I am so pleased to see

I thought he would never finish shaking my hands, or bidding my welcome home. God bless him! I might have known he would be true.

We talked for half an hour without stopping-of our parting, of old times and old friends; then John's kindly eyes resting on my traveling suit, he said, "So the world has not prospered with you, Paul."

I smiled but did not undeceive him, feeling, for the first time, proud and happy that I was a millionaire, resolving to keep my secret for a day or two, then surprise him with it.

At that very moment the library opened, and a tall stately lady entered the room.

"Oh, I beg pardon," she said, coldly; "I did not know you were engaged. Perhaps with a house full of visitors, you can spare time for more than one !"

"To be sure, my dear," he said, meekly -"to be sure! I am very remiss, Lady Clara. Let me introduce my old friend Paul Hylton to you."

The lady favored me with a very haughty

bow. "He—he has just returned from India," said John, with trembling hesitation, "and has come to spend Christmas with us."

Then she looked at me slowly and steadily, from head to foot. I felt conscious that I might have visited a London tailor. My clothes felt shabby, my boots dirty, under the calm search of those proud eyes.

"What room will suit Mr. Hylton best?" asked John. "He will want good fires; England is very cold after India."

"I understood that our list of friends was quite complete," said Lady Clara, haughtily. "You had better send for the housekeeper; there are no rooms to spare." So saying, with a decided frown, she

swept from the room. I saw it all; John was fearfully henpecked. He stood feebly trying to smile, rubbing his hands, and looking ruefully at

"Lady Clara is-is tired to-night," he said; "we have so many visitors."

"John," I said, "be quite frank with me. I am an uninvited guest; if I have come at an inopportune moment, I will go away again."

He flushed crimson.

"Nothing of the kind," he said; "how can you speak so, Paul. You are my friend-my guest-welcome always, as are flowers in May. Lady Clara is rather peculiar; she has always been amongst grand people, you know. I think it would, perhaps, be as well not to say that you have been unfortunate before her; she would not understand you, see.

He looked so miserably conscious, rueful, so tond of me, and so frightened at his wife, I could not forbear smiling.

The housekeeper came and a room found for me-more thanks to old Mrs. Green's rememberance of me as "young Hylton of Hylton," than from any interest on the part of Lady Clara.

The first dinner bell rang, and I went down to the drawing-room where all the guests were assembled. There I was introduced to Miss Ada Rose-Lady Clara's daughter (the youngest sister was married that same year), and to John's two children, a charming boy and girl.

Miss Ada Rose measured me accurately with her eyes. They expressed nothing but contemptuous indifference until they lighted suddenly upon a valuable diamond ring I wore upon one finger-a ring that had once been chief of a rajah's treasure. Then she gave me a puzzeled look, asking, plainly as eyes could do, what a poor unin-

vited guest did with such a jewel as that? She was a brilliant rather than a beautiful girl, with dark, flashing eyes, a fine face, and a tall figure, something like her mother, John's two children resembled

Just as we were going to dinner, a young girl stole noiselessly into the room-a girl who riveted my attention at once. She had a sweet sunny face, fresh and fair with clear, true eyes, and the most beautiful mouth I ever beheld. No one appeared to take any notice of her; no one spoke to her. She was plainly dressed, without any jewels or ornaments; but in my eyes she was

peerless as a graceful young queen. I had just time to ask John who she

"The dearest and best girl in the world," he said hurriedly; "my poor sister Nellie's child. She is dead, you know, and Kate is living with me, I will introduce

her to you Paul."
He did so; and I asked Miss Kate Challis if I might take her down to dinner. Poor Then he grasped my hands as in an iron child! I read such a story in her sweet, downcast face.

She trembled and flushed when Lady Clara spoke to her, or came near her, and seemed overpowered at the bare idea of Miss Ada Ross. I read a story of feminine oppression and cruelty; I understood the girl's miserable position; the taunts she received from Lady Clara, the envy and jealously of Miss Ross.

After dinner, I had Miss Kate all to myself. No one seemed to think I was worthy of much notice, and no one seemed to care for her, although she was the prettiest, and sweetest girl in the room. People took their cue from Lady Clara, who ignored us

I must tell how it was that so quick and true a sympathy sprang up between Kate and myself. Perhaps, because we both lovwe were both considered poer and obscure. I know that night I dreamed of Kate Challis; for the first time in my life a woman's face and voice haunted me.

Christmas day was cold and snowy. 1 went to church with Kate Challis and John. Neither my lady or her guests dared venture out in "such unseasonable weath -

That day, during dinner, I heard that my old house, Hylton Grange, was for sale. I resolved to purchase it, for vague sweet dreams of wife and home began to steal over me. I placed the matter in the hands of my solicitor, telling him to keep my secret, and not let the purchaser's name become public.

Lynedale Hall was in a grand commotion. Her ladyship decided that the Christmas ball should be given on the thirtieth, and the whole place was in a ferment of prepar-

Kate and I spent many happy hours in helping with the decorations, and twining the scarlet-berried holly and shining laurel with dark green fir. We grew very friendly over it, and I began to think that such a face as hers smiling in my home would make it like heaven for me.

"I am so fond of dancing," said Kate to me, one merning, "I shall enjoy this ball very much."

"So shall I, if you will dance with me, Kate," I said; "not without."

She half promised. Judge of my surprise, when, two hours afterwards, I met dressed like a dutchess." her in the grounds, her sweet face stained with tears.

"What is the matter, Kate," I cried. "You have been crying! Tell me what it

"I drew her arm in mine, and led her through the shrubbery, where the snow lay white upon the trees.

"What is it?" I asked again. "Tell me Kate." "I ought to be ashamed of myself for

crying," she said; "but Lady Clara has decided that I am not to go to the ball." "Why not?" I asked. "I have no dress," said Kate; "and with

so many visitors at the Hall, Lady Clara thinks there is no time to see about one." "Where does Lady Clara's come from?"

I asked, quietly. "From London," replied Kate. "Dresses for my aunt and cousin were ordered

three days since." "Buy a dress Kate," I suggested.

"I have no money," she said, simply, with a smile. "My uncle buys everything for me. He will not know I want this until it is too late."

"What a thing it is to want money," said. And Kate looked at me with a sympathetic gleam in her eyes.

"I do not care very much," she said, but I had promised to dance with you." I clasped the little hand that lay on my

arm, and Kate's sentence was never finished. That very moment I went to my room, and wrote a letter to Madame Cerise, the Court milliner for excellence, and inclosing a check for what I know now to be a ridiculously extravagant amount, I ordered from her a magnificent ball dress, with every detail complete. I described Kate-her size, appearance-and left the rest to the wellnown taste of Madame Cerise.

Kate's sunny temper never showed itself so clearly as now. Although she believed there was no hope for her, she took just as much interest in the ball, and never complained to her uncle.

The all-important day came round, Lady Clara gave me very distinctly to understand that the room in which I slept was wanted; but John privately begged of me to take no notice. "Lady Clara was over-tired and anxious," he said.

It was soon after-noon when a parcel was sent me by Miss Challis. I opened it, and found a most beautiful bandkerchief, embroidered with hair, and the sender implored her uncle's old friend to accept the little

thanked her when we met.

That evening, about two hours before the ball began, I was with John in his favorite retreat, the library, when Lady Clara entered. Barely recognizing my presence, she began at once.

"Is it possible, John, that you have ordered this box for Kate from London?" can hardly believe even you capable of such folly !"

"I have ordered nothing," cried John, "I did not know Kate required anything. What do you mean?"

"There is a box just come from London," eried Lady Clara, "addressed to Miss Kate Challis, containing the most magnificent dress I ever saw-far better than I or my ed John Fairlie so well; perhaps, because daughter can afford. Shoes, gloves, fan, opera-cloak, wreath, boquet, and all complete. If you did not order it, who did?"

"Most certainly, I did not?" said John, emphaticly. "Is there no bill or memorandum, or anything by which you can tell from whence it came?"

" Not a word !" she replied-"not a fold of paper !" How I blessed Madame Cerise for her at-

tention to my wishes! 'What does Kate say berself?' asked John.

"Kate !" cried Lady Clara, contemptuously. "She pretends to be surprised; but it seems strange to me. I do not like anything underhand----"

John rang the bell impetuously.

"Send Miss Challis to me at once!" he said; and in two minutes she came in, smiles and tears struggling for mastery, looking so pretty, and so shy, so happy, and so puzzled, I longed to clasp her in my arms, and kiss her tears away.

Kate," said John, "can you guess who has made you this very handsome and valuable present?"

"No, uncle," she replied; "no one has ever given me anything but you."

"That will do, my dear," he said. "Wear your dress, and look as nice as you can in it." Kate made her escape. Lady Clara looked both baffled and spiteful.

"Your niece must have a fairy godmother!" she said contemptuously. "I do not like mysteries, nor do I approve of a poor, penniless girl like Kate being

She went away. All this time I sat pre-tending to read. When Lady Clara closed the door, poor John sighed heavily.

"Who can have sent Kate that dress?" he said. "I shall never hear the last of it! Yet I am glad some one cares for the child." "She should marry a neighbor," I said; then you could take refuge with her sometimes."

John had ceased all pretence with me. He knew that I knew he was henpecked and tyranized over in no light degree.

John was, like myself, very anxious to see Kate in her brave attire. We contrived to send for her to the library when she was dressed; and I know not who was the most startled, John or I.

She looked magnificently lovely. The slender girlish figure, robed in a flowing dress of white, shining silk, shrouded in costly lace—the graceful head, with its fair hair wreathed with lilies and clusters of scarlet verbena-every detail was perfect; the white satin shoes, the dainty white gloves, the costly fan, the bouquet of lilies and verbenas-the bright, sweet face shone out from the silk and lace so fair and sonsie.

"Well done, Kate !" cried John. "You will be the belle to-night." "Well done, \$"somebody !" said Kate. Whoever sent me this dress, did well, uncle.

Then she looked wistfully at me. "I saw she was wishing that I, too, had been presented with a box. "I hope you will enjoy yourself, Kate,"

said John, wistfully. "Who shall you

dance with ?" "Mr. Hylton," replied Kate, frankly; and I dare say Mr. Horfrey will ask me.' John looked at her. His old Indian

friend, and the young doctor asked out of civility-not a brilliant selection of partners, certainly.

"You are a good girl, Kate," he said.
"Give me a kiss, and then run away."
She raised her sweet face, and kissed him. No, I could not stand that!
"Kiss me, too!" I cried. "I am not your uncle, but I am his oldest fries..., and here is a piece of mislater... are "." him.

s a piece of misletoe—see "Yes; give him a kiss, Kate," said John.
"Poor Paul has no one in the wide world." But, seeing how the fair face flushed and the lips quivered, I was content to kiss her

hand, reverently, as though she had been a young queen. was a very brilliant ball, and Kate en joyed it to her heart's content. More than once I saw John's eyes following her, proud-ly yet sadly. He knew she would have to bear bitter peuance for this temporary

A few days afterward there was a great excitement at Lynedale, for

My pretty, simple Kate! I took it, and brought the news that Hylton Grange had been purchased by a stranger, and was to be altered, enlarged, and fitted up in magnifi-cent style. The palace was already full of workmen, superintended by a clever London architect.

Who was the purchaser? No one knew. A stranger and a wealthy man, who in-tended residing there himself. I listened to all the remarks, the conjectures and felt

delighted that I had kept my secret.

As it was, my supposed poverty had given me an insight into the real character —it had taught me how to appreciate Kate's virtues and John's noble character.

There came a day when my old friend called me into his library, his face white, and his hands trembling—when he asked me what my plans were for the future. I knew, as well as though he had told me, that Lady Clara had been complaining

of the length of my stay.

"Remember," said John, "my purse is your's Paul—use it as you will. If there should be any way in which you would like to start, do not hesitate for want of capital. We are brothers, you know. If I were a bachelor"—and poor John sighed deeply—"if I were a bachelor you should should be any way should should be a stay. "If I were a bachelor, you should share my home; but a married man cannot do as

would."
"I understand Lady Clara thinks I have been here long enough, John. But there is one thing I must beg from you, John before I leave. Give it to me and I shall be the happiest man in the world," I said.

"Anything I have." he replied, his hon-

est face brightening.
"Give me your niece, Kate, to be my
wife!" I said. 'My niece-Kate!' he cried.

"Your niece—the sweetest, truest, best, and fairest girl in the world!" I replied. "Willingly," he said; "most willingly. But, Paul, my dear boy, what will you keep her on? Kate cannot live on air, you

"I will find the ways and means, if you will use your influence for me," was my

reply.
"I am so glad!" he cried. "There is no one I care for so much as you, Paul.

no one I care for so much as you, Paul. I would rather give Katie to you than to a prince! Go and ask her yourself; see what she says, and bring her to me."

I went, knowing pretty well about that time Kate would be out for her morning walk. I overtook her as she entered the long avenue of limes.

"May I walk with you?" I asked; "I am leaving Lynedale to-morrow, and want you to do some thing for me before I go."

"Leaving Lynedale," she cried, her fair face growing white and wistful "I am sorry

face growing white and wistful "I am sorry Mr. Hylton." "Really!" I cried. "Oh, Kate, do you really care for my going?"

She tried to run away from me then, but I held her fast, and well you know the rest. It was the old story, and I told it in words that moved Kate. At last, I succed-ed; there came a time when the little hand

ceased to tremble in mine, and the fair, pure face was hidden in my heart.

Shall I ever forget how she laid her hand upon my arm, and, looking at me with smile, said, "I shall not mind being poor, a there are so many things I could do to help you, if you would let me, Paul."

I promised she should help me; then recollecting John, took her back to the

library, where he had waited patiently an hour and a half. She is willing, John!" I cried. And I do not know which of the three was most

We must tell Lady Clara," he exclaimod, suddenly. And then we exchanged a look of comic dismay.

"You had better take the news yourself, Paul," said my old friend. And I agreed

with him. Lady Clara was alone in her own boudoir, Lady Clara was alone in her own bouldor.

Never shall I forget her look of rigid contempt. "Of course," she said, "If Mr.

Fairlie has given his consent, I have nothto do with the matter. Miss Challis is not under my control. I may, perhaps, be permitted to say, I think it a singular are personnel. The persons entirely without

nt—two persons entirely without I hope it may end well." angement-two I left the next day and went back to London. There I spent my time in choosing furniture, hangings, and pictures, and statues for my new home; sparing neither time, trouble, nor expense, so as to make the casket worthy of the gem it was to contain.

When the Grange was ready for its mis-tress, I went to John, and told him I was in a position to marry, if he would give me Lady Clara was very cold and contempt-

ous, saying she should wish the wedding to be quiet as possible. I sent down a pretty, simple wedding-dress for my darling, and the day came

when she was to be my own. No guests had been invited, save the rector and the curate. Lady Clara, Miss Ross, ruy dar-ling, and her pretty bridesmaid, Alice Howe, Sir John, the two strangers, and myself, were the only convives seated at that wedding breakfast. When John had made his little speech,

I stood up in my turn, I told my secret and what it had done for me; how it had proved my old friend's truth and sincerity, and had given me the sweetest and noble wife man was ever blessed with.

No words can describe Lady Clara's face—the rage, and the wonder, and the mortification. No word can describe the baffled annoyance of Miss Ross. The great

ed annoyance of Miss Ross. The great match of the neighborhood actually caught up the by poor, obscure Kate Challis.

I took my fair young wife home, and that home is heaven to us. John comes for three and four days at a time, Her ladyship never recovered from the shock of having mistaken Hylton of Hylton for a pauper. She became more submissive and meck; and John could quell her haughties; moods by simply referring to me.