

# 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, February 13, 1872.

No. 7.

## 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.

### ADVERTISING RATES:

Transient—8 Cents per line for one insertion.  
13 " " " two insertions.  
15 " " " three insertions.  
Business Notices in Local Column 10 Cents per line.  
Notices of Marriages or Deaths inserted free.  
Tributes of Respect, &c., Ten cents per line.  
YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS.  
Ten Lines Nonpareil one year \$10.00  
Twenty lines " " " " \$18.00  
For longer yearly adv'ts terms will be given upon application.

## Miss Warner's Adventure.

**S**PRINKLE! rain! shower! right down on Millie Warner's tasteful little hat and graceful shoulders, unprotected save by a thin shawl, notwithstanding the beseeching glance of the prettiest pair of hazel eyes, that ever looked up to a cloud in that way. The inexorable, stony-hearted thing just poured out its deluging treasures without minding them the least bit in the world.

Now, Millie wasn't afraid of a shower unless there was thunder and lightning; but she had quite a regard for her pretty hat, which was not two weeks old, and did hate dreadfully to have it spoiled.

Nevertheless, when Millie came to a large white farm-house, she very gladly, and rather hastily—for just then there was a loud peal of thunder—opened the gate and went up the flower-bordered path to the house, and knocked for admittance. Nobody answered, and, as another peal of thunder was heard, accompanied by a vivid dash of lightning, Millie entered without ceremony. She took in at a glance the contents of the first room she came to—a large square room, plainly but neatly furnished—the cane-seated chairs, the pretty chintz-covered lounge, book-case filled with books and sheet-music; the violin in its case in the corner, the vases of faded flowers, and the few ornaments on the mantel—There was no one there, but she heard childish voices in the room, and again knocked. A dark-eyed girl of ten or eleven years, opened the door.

Millie explained why she was there.—With the ease and good manners of one much older, the child bade her welcome, placed a chair near the stove, and took Millie's dripping hat and shawl.

"I was just beginning to get dinner, that was the reason I didn't hear you knock. It will be a long time before the shower is over, and you must stay with us to dinner. It will be ready by the time Ben comes; but that will not be for about a half or three quarters of an hour."

"Es, dinnie'll be weddy when Ben tums," lisped and laughed a little girl of three years.

The elder child, whose name was Hettie, resumed:

"I can't get a very good dinner, I ain't quite old enough, but Ben says I do nicely. He puts it on for me, and I see to it. But he does not allow me to take off kettles, for fear I will burn or scald myself; but I think I am large enough to do that. I like to have everything ready for him to eat when he comes in tired and hungry. I can't make biscuit—I wish I could, for Ben likes them ever so much; but Martha, who comes in to make bread for us, says she will teach me."

"Where is your mother?" asked Millie of the little Eva, when Hettie was out of the room.

"We is got no mudder but Ben," the little one lisped.

When Hettie came back, Minnie said: "Now I have got nicely warmed, and my dress will dry just as well at work as sitting still; so I will help you get dinner. If you like, I will make some biscuit, and we will have dinner ready in a very short time."

Hetty was delighted, Ben would be glad. Might she look on and learn how?

Millie was young and frank, and gay, and she and the children soon became very well acquainted over the biscuit.—She said, presently, trying a potatoe with a fork:

"The potatoe is done. I will pour the water of so, and then put them on again to get dry. That will make them meally. In

a few moments we will peel them, and then dinner will be all ready except taking it up."

The dinner seemed very meagre to little Hetty as she ran over the items in her mind—potatoes, peas, pork, biscuit, butter, cucumbers, milk and water. She had wanted to make tea for her visitor, but she declined decidedly. The poor child said, apologetically:

"When father and mother were alive we used to have a good many things for dinner, and Martha, our hired girl, used to get them all, but when they died, and Squire John said he bought a mortgage on our farm, and that we had got to pay every cent the day it was due, or lose everything, we had to do without a good many things, and are very poor now, and Ben is afraid we can't have enough to pay it, and they all say we may look for no mercy from Squire Johns, for he is a very hard man to the poor, and he has always wanted our farm, because it joins some of his own land where he wants to build. I heard all about it when one of the neighbors was talking with Ben, though he didn't want me to know about it."

Millie had listened to this with a curious mixture of feelings, for Squire Johns was a declared lover of hers, and though she had not accepted him, she had been both pleased and flattered with his attention but had certainly given him no encouragement. He was to receive his final answer in three days from that time, and she was not sure the answer reserved and laid away for that time was "no." True Millie was not in love with him, but she had waited so long in vain for that ecstatic state of feeling she had read and heard so much about, that she was quite decided that she was not capable of love, and that to like any one was as much as she could expect. But she certainly liked Squire Johns as well if not better than any one, and his love must certainly be disinterested, for he could not know that—But now Millie stopped. Could he not? Might he not have found out in some way? If this story were true, would such a man be likely to marry a poor girl? For Millie Warner was really an heiress in a small way. She was sole inheritor of a fine unencumbered farm from her father, and five thousand in bank stock. But the farm was two hundred miles south of this town, where she was visiting a cousin and nobody knew of it; and during her visit she had helped her cousin in her work as she had always helped her mother when she was at home—capable, industrious little girl that she was.

This story agreed with things that she had heard hinted at, and even that the next moment was smoothed over, for Squire Johns was a rich and influential man, and people could not afford, without some reason, to lose his favor. She remembered it all now. Could he in reality be such a scoundrel?

She could judge better about the truth of the story when she had seen Ben.—Who was Ben? Two or three inquiries had amounted to nothing. The children spoke as though everybody knew who Ben was.

Was he an uncle, cousin, hired man or what? Evidently somebody very old by the way Hetty spoke of him. Whoever it was, what would he think of her intrusion? But she couldn't help what she thought, and she shrugged her shoulders as she looked out at the still pouring rain.

"Ben has tums!" echoed the little one, clapping her hands, as he came in, bright and smiling.

As he came in he caught her up in his arms and gave her a kiss, while she laughed and shouted; but his eyes were seeking the stranger.

Hetty said, prettily: "My brother Ben." Then to him: "This lady got caught in the shower, Ben, and is staying until it clears up. She has been so kind as to help me to get dinner, and has made some splendid biscuit."

They both stood mute a moment, she with surprise at the real Ben, young, handsome, and well-bred; he with admiration, and a strange new feeling he could not define. He had hardly bade her welcome, with a return of his self-possession, when there was a loud rap at the street door. Hetty went to the door, came back pale, and whispered to Ben: "Squire Johns."

Millie drew quickly back from the half-open door. Ben went in to his visitor, closing the door after him, but every word was distinctly heard by Millie, for Squire Johns did not speak in the low, suave tone she was accustomed to hear him, but loud and peremptory.

"I am in haste, young man; I just stopped to say that the time for the payment

for the money due me, being day after tomorrow, if it is not ready I shall be obliged immediately to resort to severe measures."

"Impossible! exclaimed the young man in a surprised and excited tone, "you are very much mistaken. It is not due until the 28th, it is now but the 18th. At that time, if I sell the piece of land I partly expect to do, I hope, with some other money coming in, to be able to pay it."

"You are laboring under a singular mistake young man. Here is the mortgage, and you can see for yourself that it is the 18th."

"Let me see it." The figures danced upon the page.—He passed his hands over his eyes and calmed himself with a great effort. He grew ashy pale as he read.

"It reads so, certainly, but I can't understand it." He went to the desk.—"Here is a note my father made of the circumstance, and it is the 28th, and he was a very sure methodical man, and would not be likely to make a mistake that might be fraught with very important and evil consequences to him. I believe—" a sudden suspicion coming into his mind, as he detected a lurking triumph in Squire John's eye, I believe there is some villainy about this matter, and that you are at the bottom of it," he exclaimed excitedly, fixing his eyes firmly upon the lawyer, who changed color in spite of himself.

"Be careful what you say, young man, as you may get yourself into trouble," he said angrily.

"Yes, sir, I believe you are a base villain! I remember you are the lawyer who made out the mortgage at the time, and know that you have been aching for years to get hold of this property.—If there is justice in law you shall be exposed!"

"In the meantime you had better have the money ready," coolly and insultingly.

"That is impossible, as you know.—You know very well I could not raise so much money in two days, when you made your diabolical plans."

"Then you know the consequences."

"And what is to become of my young sisters?"

"I neither know nor care. That is your lookout."

The young man strove to repress his passion yet.

"Squire Johns, by the 28th I can pay that debt, I expect."

"That will do you no good. It must be ready by the 18th, or I take possession. I might have shown you mercy but for your insinuations. Now, none."

"That is false! and you know it. You never showed mercy in your life. You have won your ill gotten wealth by robbing the widow and the fatherless. If you take this property, may it bring you a curse with it, now and evermore! But while it is in my hands I'll kick you from it, you dastardly scoundrel!"

The Squire was a small man as well as a coward, and while he was being ignominiously ejected from the house by the angry and excited young man, Hetty was crouched down close to Millie, pale and frightened. Eva was sobbing in her lap, and Millie—it would be difficult to describe her feelings.

Ben did not come into the room for some time afterward, when he did, he looked haggard and aged, and was passing through hastily, as if to escape notice, when Millie, business-like and straightforward little girl that she was, began:

"Mr. Hazwell, I want to talk with you a few minutes. There would be no use in pretending that I haven't heard what you and Squire Johns have been saying, for I have heard every word. I think I know of some one who can help you; but first may I ask you a few questions?"

Ben, at first, looked displeased and haughty; but her kind, straightforward manner disarmed him. He bowed assent.

"What is the amount of this mortgage?"

"Two thousand dollars and interest," was the brief reply.

"What is the total value of the farm?"

"My father valued it ten thousand dollars."

"Are there other mortgages?"

"None."

"Very well; I am quite positive I know some one who can loan you the money. I am Millie Warner. Call on me to-morrow, at my cousin's, Mrs. Sanford's."

Ben's dreams were strangely mixed up that night with mortgages and hazel eyes. The next day was a long time of suspense and anxiety, and early in the evening found him at the Sandford's, where he was received by Millie herself.

The next morning, accompanied by a neighbor, he called on Squire Johns.

"He was at breakfast," the servant said. An angry light shone in Squire Johns' cold, gray eye, when he heard who was his visitor.

"How dare he come here! I warrant, though, the chap isn't quite so high and mighty as he was the last time I saw him. Humble enough this morning.—I would hold out hopes of mercy until he grovels and begs my pardon—grovels low as he laid me, and then I'll be revenged. Tomorrow, this splendid farm, added to my other property, and the possession of Millie Warner's hand and fortune, will make me a rich and happy man, indeed. I will tantalize him to his heart's content."

He went leisurely into the other room.

"You are early this morning, young man. I conclude you have come to pay the money," he said ironically.

"That's my errand," replied Ben coolly. Squire Johns started back aghast and thunderstruck.

"Do you mean to say you have raised the money?"

"I do, and I have brought Mr. Foster to prove that it is all right. There is two thousand dollars. We have each counted it. There is the interest. Now I will take up the mortgage Squire Johns."

Livid, and trembling with passion, Squire Johns was compelled to yield the mortgage and execute the usual release.

"Now, Squire," said Ben, "I have one word more to say: Don't you ever dare set foot on my land again, or I'll kick you off. Mind that. Nor ever dare to speak to me again. I don't know such a rascal as you!"

"I'll have satisfaction of you!" and the Squire literally foamed with passion.

"Have it, and welcome," replied Ben, coolly, "as long as you haven't got the farm. Come, Foster."

There was no trace of the violent passion to which the Squire gave free license, when the next evening, he drove up to Sanford's. He looked happy and smiling. There was a queer little smile on Millie Warner's face as she saw him through the closed blinds. It was a little ominous that he was compelled to wait in the parlor alone five, ten, fifteen minutes. Still more ominous that she came in at last, distant and unsmiling.—Still, he could hardly believe he heard aright when, to his suit, she gave a prompt, uncompromising "no!" He urged; she was firm. He threatened; she flashed out, brave and indignant, something of what she knew and felt, and spurned him and his suit with scorn and loathing.

"Such a threat to a girl is worthy of you! of a piece with your conduct to the Hazwells!" she ended.

"To the Hazwells! What do you know about them? Perhaps you are the one who loaned the money to them?"

"Yes, it was I. I went there for shelter from the storm. I heard it all; every word."

The Squire muttered curses low and deep, but Millie did not stay to hear them. She only saw him ride away, with that same queer little smile on her face.

Squire Johns rode a long distance out of his way, six months after, to avoid a wedding party just returning from church—Ben Hazwell and Millie, his wife which he came very near blundering upon.

**A Balloon Elopes with a Lady.**

A Des Moines paper says: Mr. Strong, who is now playing with the Irwin troupe in this city, was last season the acrobat of De Haven's circus and made several hundred ascensions, some of which were fraught with narrow escapes. In the ascension that Mr. Strong made from Shellbar, Mo., he met with a peculiar accident.

All was ready for the aerial trip, and just as he was about to step into the basket, some of the men at the ropes let go, tripping him up and he hung by his legs, tangled in the cords. For a moment the balloon swayed to and fro, and Mr. Strong caught at the first object he could grasp, and that was a lady, catching her around the waist just as the balloon leaped into the air.

Up they went in this strange position, with the crowd looking on in breathless horror. The lady thus unwillingly taken aloft, fainted and hung a dead weight in his arms, but Mr. Strong kept his presence of mind, and being an accomplished acrobat, at last made the descent, landing the lady safely amid the cheers of the assembled throng.

**More Rail Road Accidents.**

A passenger train on the R. I. and St. Louis R. R. collided with a freight train on the morning of the 7th inst., making a terrible wreck. Ten persons were killed outright and forty wounded. The cars caught fire and five persons were burned to death.

## Telegraphic Trick.

A San Francisco paper says: Two young men, telegraphic operators, boarding at one of our leading third class hotels, and being of somewhat hilarious disposition found great amusement in carrying on conversation with each other at table by ticking on their plates with a knife, fork or spoon. For the information of those not familiar with the telegraphy it may be well to state that a combination of sounds or ticks constitute the telegraphic alphabet, and persons familiar with these sounds can converse thereby as intelligibly as with spoken words. The young lightning strikers as already stated, were in the habit of indulging in the table talk, by this means whenever they desired to say anything private to each other. For instance, No. 1 would pick up his knife and tick off some such remark as this to No. 2:

"Why is this butter like the offense of Hamlet's uncle?"

No. 2—"I give it up."

No. 1—"Because it's rank, and smells to heaven."

Of course the joke is not appreciated by the landlord (who sits close by), because he doesn't understand telegraphic tricks, and probably he wouldn't appreciate it much if he did; but the jokers enjoy it immensely and laugh immoderately, while the other guests wonder what can be the occasion for this merriment and naturally conclude that the operators must be idiots.

A few days ago, while the fun-loving youths were seated at breakfast, a stout-built young man entered the dining room with a handsome girl on his arm, whose timid, blushing countenance showed her to be a bride. The couple had, in fact, been married but a day or two previous, and had come to San Francisco from their home in Oakland or Mud Springs, or some other rural village, for the purpose of passing their honeymoon. The telegraph tickers commenced as soon as the husband and wife had seated themselves at the table.

No. 1 opened the discourse as follows:

"What a lovely little pigeon this is alongside of me—isn't she?"

No. 2—"Perfectly charming; looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. Just married. Don't you think so?"

No. 1—"Yes, I should judge she was. What luscious lips she's got! If that country bumpkin beside her was out of the road, I'd give her a kiss and a hug just for luck."

No. 2—"Suppose you try it anyhow. Give her a little nudge under the table with your knee."

There is no telling to what extent the impudent rascals might have gone but for an amusing and entirely unforeseen event.

The bridegroom's face had flushed and a dark scowl was on his brow during the progress of the ticking conversation; but the operators were too much occupied by each other to pay any attention to him. The reader may form some idea of the young men's consternation when the partner of the lady picked up his knife and ticked up the following terse but vigorous message:

"This lady is my wife, and as soon as she gets through with her breakfast I propose to wring your necks—you insolent whelps!"

Their countenances fell very suddenly when the message commenced. By the time it had ended they had lost all appetite and appreciation for jokes, and slipped out of the dining room in a very rapid and unceremonious manner. The bridegroom, it seems, was a telegraph operator, and "knew how it was himself."

## A Crowing Dog.

A natural curiosity exists in Decatur, in the shape of a dog that never barked in his life, but instead of indulging in the vocal exercise common to the canine family, each morning imitates the crowing of a rooster. His owner accounts for this strange peculiarity by stating that the dog was born and bred in the country, and from his earliest puphood was separated from all other curs, enjoying only the companionship of barnyard fowls. Hearing no other sounds so frequently as the crowing of the cocks, and doubtless never knowing that his species enjoyed the sole ownership of another and different sort of music, he began to imitate the matutinal exercises of his feathered companions, in which he has at last acquired a proficiency which surprises and charms every one who has had the felicity of listening to his performances.