

# 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, March 5, 1872.

No. 10.

## 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.  
12 " " " 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 Nonparel one year \$10.00  
Twenty lines " " " " \$18.00  
For longer yearly ad's terms will be given upon application.

### Humors of the Street.

A ludicrous accident occurred on a San Francisco horse-railroad recently. An elderly and very portly lady passenger signaled for the car to stop at a certain street, but of course the rear platform went a little beyond the dry crossing, and as a consequence the step was just over the mud, which was very deep. The old lady growled a great deal, and the conductor stepped off the car and offered his hand to guide her to the crossing, when forgetting her exceeding weight, she sank bodily into his outstretched arms, and, as a consequence the conductor sat quietly down in the mud and the passenger fell over his head. He swore and she stormed, and the other passengers laughed, but being behind time the conductor was obliged to go on his way, leaving the old lady trying to wipe the mud off her clothes with a seven-inch square handkerchief, indignantly vowing revenge against the railroad company and all conductors.

### Promissory Notes.

A man drew a note promising to pay one hundred dollars. He used a printed form, but did not close up the blank devoted to dollars, and after it had passed from his hands and becoming negotiable paper, somebody inserted 'and fifty' after the one hundred and before the printed word dollars, making the note read one hundred and fifty dollars. The note thus altered got into the hands of an innocent party, who presented it to the drawer, but payment was refused. Suit was brought, and the Supreme Court decided that the maker of the note was liable for its face, because through negligence he had not drawn a line between the written word "hundred" and the printed word "dollars." Any testimony the drawer might offer to establish the fact that he gave a note for only one hundred dollars, must go for nothing as "there was nothing on the face of the note showing that it had been altered." Evidence of an alteration on the face of the note would have changed the case. Let the decision be a lesson to all drawers of promissory notes.—No one can be too careful in such matters.

The Frankfort (Kentucky) Yeoman says a little urchin of not more than six or seven got on the track near Capitol square, just in front of a moving locomotive, and commenced running a race with it, looking back the while and laughing gaily at the frowning engineer. He had not run more than twenty-five or thirty yards when he tripped and fell near the rail. The locomotive was on him in a moment, but as good luck or instinct would have it, the little fellow raised one leg in the act to turn over, when the cowcatcher, striking his uplifted leg, rolled him violently off the track and over into the mud two or three times, without seriously hurting him.

A short time since a fine Newfoundland dog walked into the school house on Poplar street, Boston, entered one of the dressing-rooms of the pupils, took down the cap and coat of his young master, and then gave an inquiring look at the children, among whom he failed to see the owner of the cap and coat. Walking into another school room on the same floor he found the object of his search and went up and affectionately kissed him. Affidavits can be produced.

A New Yorker wrote to General Spinner, asking for his autograph and a 'sentiment,' whereupon the veteran Treasurer wrote in reply: "You ask for my autograph with a sentiment. My sentiment is this: When a gentleman writes another on his own business he should enclose a postage stamp."

## POETICAL SELECTIONS.

### NIGHT.

Night is the time for rest;  
How sweet, when labors close,  
To gather round an aching breast,  
The curtain of repose,  
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head  
Down on our own delightful bed.

Night is the time for dreams;  
The gay romance of life,  
When truth that is, and truth that seems,  
Mix in fantastic strife;  
'Till all is ours that sages taught  
That poets sung, and heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;  
To wet with unscen tears,  
Those graves of Memory, where sleep  
The joys of other years;  
Hopes that were Angels at their birth,  
But died when young like things of earth.

### Throwing Away a Chance.

#### AN INTERESTING STORY.

IT WAS right on the Atlantic, and the stewardess of the steamship City of— was preparing herself for bed, all the lady passengers having retired to their berths, when her attention was called by a low tap at the cabin-door. It seemed to be given by a cautious finger, unwilling to be heard farther than was necessary; and, supposing it to be a warning from the steward that it was time to put out the lights, she glanced at her watch in surprise, and then going to the door she exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Green, it is not eleven yet, and I am not quite ready. Wait a bit."

"It is not Mr. Green," replied a voice outside. "I want to speak to you, Mrs. Ford. May I come in?"

"Oh, certainly, madam," was the immediate reply, as Mrs. Ford opened the door to one of the lady passengers. The young woman entered, and after closing the door, she addressed the stewardess in a low cautious tone, while holding and turning over a long, thin parcel, which she drew out from the towel loosely wrapped around it.

"Mrs. Ford, will you put this in your trunk for me? You say we shall be in the harbor to-morrow, and we don't want to have this little parcel overhauled at the Custom House. Do put it in your trunk till we can take it quietly ashore."

Mrs. Ford hesitated. Of course, it was not her business to disoblige passengers; but, then, smuggling was dangerous; this looked something uncommonly like it.

Still the lady who made the request was well known to the stewardess, and seemed particularly friendly to her. It was not the first time she and her husband had crossed the Atlantic in the same ship; so they were already such old acquaintances as to seem quite like friends. Moreover, this time Mr. and Mrs. Seaton had an additional charm for Mrs. Ford, being accompanied by their infant son, a fine, lively little fellow, about two years old. Mrs. Seaton had kept her berth, on plea of sickness, for most of the voyage, and the stewardess had profited by the occasion to become nurse to the child, a charge she gladly accepted, and fulfilled with care.

Observing that she hesitated, Mrs. Seaton continued, in a half-careless, half-flattering tone:

"I told my husband you were so good-natured, I was sure you would oblige us in a trifle of this kind, but, of course, if you would rather not, here is an end of the matter. We hope, if we are not disappointed, to make quite a fortune for little Freddy. But if this is injured, by carelessness," and here she again glanced at the parcel in her hands, "my husband will be awful mad."

"I would be very glad to oblige you, madam; but it would be awkward, if I got mixed up with any smuggling matters. The Company would dismiss me, and one must think of oneself."

"Smuggling!" said Mrs. Seaton, smiling blandly; "goodness! this is no smuggling. It's just the most innocent little machine in the world. I am sure kind as you have been to us, I would be the last person to be so mean as to injure you."

I guess it will do you no harm, any way. It would be too unkind to get you into trouble, when you have been so good to Freddy, all along."

"I am sure you were welcome to anything I could do for the little darling, madam; but it is quite another thing—"

"Yes, yes; I know that. But, bless you, it will not hurt you. It is a machine for

making spools, and my husband wants to patent it in the States; but then, it is in just such a condition now, that, if it be meddled with, it will be ruined, that's all. If they do, by any chance, get hold of it, we must put up with its being spoiled; but I guess they will never interfere with you."

Mrs. Ford remembered now that, during the last voyage, Mr. Seaton had particularly admired a new kind of spool which he had seen in her work-box, and had asked several questions concerning it; so she concluded that it was in the manufacture of similar articles he was at present engaged, and, without further hesitation, she took the parcel. The great weight of the article, compared with its bulk, surprised her as she received it; it being, as she supposed, a thin bar of iron, about six inches broad and two feet long, but not, apparently, much thicker than a piece of card board. She thought of this as she laid it in the top of her trunk, having a misgiving whether it might not in some way injure the apparel beneath; yet she felt unwilling to secrete it further, under the circumstances. Her visitor, with many thanks, retired, and Mrs. Ford soon forgot the matter in sleep.

Late in the afternoon of the following day, as they drew near the end of their voyage, just before going ashore at the Custom House, Mrs. Seaton sought another tete-a-tete with Mrs. Ford. She held in her hand two letters, and offering them to the stewardess, asked if she would slip them in her pocket. "And besides," she continued, "I want you to come ashore with me, and carry Freddy, if you do not mind the trouble."

Mrs. Ford replied that she had no objection, but was afraid she might not have time.

"Now, there's a good soul," cried Mrs. Seaton, "do say you will, right away. I am in trouble, and I am sure, when you know it, you will leave the under-stewardess to fix all around, and just do as I ask. Now, listen; my husband has got himself in a tight place, just now, and I guess I shall have enough on my hands as soon as we get ashore. We know there's a policeman waiting for him."

"A policeman!" cried Mrs. Ford, in alarm.

"Oh, never frighten yourself," replied Mrs. Seaton, with her bland smile; "it is nothing of any consequence. You must know he holds a situation under the government, and he has got wrong in his accounts. It is not much, but he will be arrested as soon as he steps ashore, and all the business of getting my things through will fall on me. So you see I do want a friend, and I shall feel real bad if you do not help me."

"Well, of course, we had rather it should not happen," was the reply; "but what's the use of thinking of that? The real thing is to get out of it as quickly as possible. Mr. Seaton has friends who will come forward right away, just as soon as they know it, and that is why I want you to carry the letters ashore for me. Put them in your pocket, there's a good soul, and keep them till I ask for them, and Mr. Seaton will not be in this difficulty more than a few days. What it would be if I could not mail those letters at once, I really could not say."

Mrs. Ford slipped the letters into the pocket of her loose cloth jacket, and arranging with the under-stewardess that she would be back as soon as possible, prepared to accompany Mrs. Seaton at once.

They reached the shore, and, after landing at the Custom House wharf, as Mrs. Seaton had anticipated, a policeman quickly arrested her husband, who quietly walked off with him after exchanging a significant glance with his wife. "I told you so," whispered she to Mrs. Ford, who had been a few steps behind, with the child in her arms, but who now drew near expecting to find the bereaved wife in great distress. This, however, was not the case. Mrs. Seaton was far more composed than her companion, who felt too much frightened and puzzled to pay attention to anything around her, or she would have observed the scrupulous care with which the baggage of the passengers was examined. Mrs. Seaton was actively engaged in opening her boxes. She paraded rather ostentatiously certain new articles of apparel, and drew the officer's attention to her silks and gloves.

"Oh, yes," she said quite carelessly, she knew she would have duty to pay for those things, and was quite ready to do so. She had no wish to smuggle, not she, indeed. The officer eyed her keenly through his half-closed eyes, and continued his examination with minute care, quite different from the usual process. Nothing, however, of importance seemed to be the result; the matter of duty was not very complicated,

and when the necessary steps had been taken, Mrs. Seaton drew Mrs. Ford toward the great gateway and prepared to quit the wharf in mental triumph.

"This way if you please ladies," said another officer, who now stepped forward to meet them. "We must trouble you to walk this way for a minute. Allow me—" and bowing and backing as if he had been groom of the Chambers, escorting a princess, he ushered them into a small room and closed the door.

Here stood two women whom the stewardess immediately recognized as female searchers, and somewhat startled at what occurred, she said at once there must be some mistake she was stewardess of the City of—, and was anxious to return on board at once, having come on shore only to carry Mrs. Seaton's baby.

"You shall go as soon as we have done with you," replied the searcher, with something of a sneer; "but whether on board or not depends on other matters. Come, it's no use resisting," as Mrs. Ford tried to evade the hands which began at once to remove her outer clothing.

"It is no use, indeed," said Mrs. Seaton, who seemed to treat the whole thing with most serene philosophy, although any one who had watched her carefully would have seen an anxious glance at Mrs. Ford's cloth jacket. The searcher took it off, threw it on the bench, and Mrs. Seaton, with affected carelessness, immediately laid over it a large railway rug which she had on her arm. "My good Mrs. Ford, you and I know it would be useless to search either of us," said she. "We have not the first bit of smuggled goods about us; at least I can answer for myself; and as for you, I know you had no notion of coming ashore, except to carry Freddy, why, of course, you have not either. Freddy is not contraband, I suppose," she added; laughing; "so I guess these good ladies will have their trouble for their pains. Take it easy, do now; there's a good woman."

But it was no use saying "Take it easy" to Mrs. Ford. It must be an exceedingly unpleasant operation, I should imagine, being searched by a strange woman, who strips her victim in a cool, business-like way, regardless alike of shyness and delicacy. The stewardess knew that it was uncalculated for, and felt it an insult. Even to passengers the thing is rarely done, unless under very suspicious circumstance; and she, having been so often in that port without ever passing through the searchers' hands, could not understand why she should now be subjected to this degradation. She would not submit quietly. She pushed off the coarse hands which intruded on her womanly feelings of delicacy. She shrank from the examination, she sobbed, she grew hysterical; and, her nervous excitement being mistaken for guilt, she was in consequence subjected to a more rigorous examination. Every part of her clothing was felt; even her hair and her boots were examined, while each moment she became more painfully agitated, and her sobs and outcries grew louder.

The process was nearly completed, and she was about half dressed again, when the uproar in the little room attracted attention without. For, added to Mrs. Ford's hysterical screams, were the remonstrances of the searchers, delivered in the highest key of a Yankee voice, the attempt of soothing on Mrs. Seaton's part, and the loud cries of Master Freddy, who would not be pacified after the strange hands of this woman had meddled with his own little person. The noise arrested the attention of two persons passing by, who opened the door and looked in.

"What are you doing to my stewardess?" asked the Captain of the City of—, who had recognized her voice.

"Oh, Captain Stebbit, Captain Stebbit!" she cried as she saw him. "See what they are doing to me; they've been searching me. Oh, what have I done? Oh, I am so ashamed!" Her voice was broken by sobs, and she was half choked by her tears.

"Why, what's all the row about?" asked Captain Stebbit, who was the jolliest, most good-humored man in the world. "What has my stewardess been doing? She is no smuggler. Here," added he, turning to his companion, "your ship is close at hand; could you not step on board and bring us your stewardess. They are frightening Mrs. Ford into fits, and she needs a friend to look after her. You know Mrs. Lock very well, she will come to you."

The summons for Mrs. Lock was answered by herself immediately, and in consequence of her presence, Mrs. Seaton who had her own private anxiety about the letters in Mrs. Ford's pocket had no chance

to ask for them, for Mrs. Lock hurried her friend away aboard her own boat, and Mrs. Seaton was left to her own devices.

It was some time before Mrs. Ford recovered her equanimity. The disgrace which she felt had been put on her made her absolutely ashamed to be seen, and even when good-humored Captain Stebbit paid a visit, and joked with her about smugglers and searchers she was too much overcome to reply.

Unconsciously the same evening she put her hands in her jacket-pocket, and as she snatched them out, she exclaimed: "Good gracious! if I haven't got those letters still here that Mrs. Seaton gave me. What shall I do with them?"

"She will come for them, I expect," replied Mrs. Lock, when she had heard the story. "I would keep them until she does."

The next day she had another unpleasant surprise. The saloon steward of her own ship paid her a visit, having gossip about passengers to impart: "Do you know what happened to that friend of yours, that fellow, Seaton?"

"Yes; I know he was arrested. That is how I got into trouble;" and Mrs. Ford proceeded to repeat to Mr. Park the particulars which Mrs. Seaton had confided to her.

"A very pretty story," laughed Mr. Park, "only it happens that none of it is true, but the arrest. He was caught and detained on a charge of forgery."

The two stewardesses, dumb with the unexpected news, stared inquiringly at Mr. Park.

"Yes," continued he, "on a charge of belonging to a gang of forgers who had been passing counterfeit green backs. I suppose you know nothing about that, Mrs. Ford—not an accomplice, hey?"

Mrs. Ford hesitated a moment, and then drawing from her pocket the letters intrusted to her, showed them to the others, and asked what she had better do.

The steward examined their exterior for a moment; then, without any remark, opened and read them in anxious silence, the two ladies looking on it in a state of suspense. He had no sooner read them than he tore them carefully into the minutest fragments and scattered them out of the cabin window, where the tiny morsels fluttered away, and were soon lost beyond all possibility of detection in the waters of the dock.

"What were they?" gasped Mrs. Ford, in great alarm.

"Evidence of his guilt, which, found on you, would have been considered proof you were an accomplice, and given you a share of his probable twenty years in the State prison."

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Lock; "you don't say so! Why, my dear, what an escape you have had."

"Yes, indeed; what an escape. They were in my pocket when I was searched," said Mrs. Ford, faintly.

"Quite a providential occurrence," observed Mr. Park, as people are apt to say when they meet an occurrence for which they have especial cause to be thankful. "I strongly advise you to say nothing about them to any one at present."

It is not quite clear in my own mind whether Mr. Park was justified in the course he pursued, or whether he ought to have retained the letters, and handed them over to justice as evidence against the prisoner. He feared to compromise Mrs. Ford; but I have been assured that, in this case, if she had come forward with the evidence she possessed, and with a character so well known among the line to which she belonged, she would have come to no harm. However, they acted as they believed to be the safest and best, and least likely to involve innocent parties and according to the rule, that it is better the guilty should escape rather than that the innocent should suffer, it seemed the most prudent course to take.

"But now, look here," said Mrs. Ford, when the last morsel of paper had disappeared, "there's another thing of theirs I have," and she told the story of the parcel which was still in her trunk.

"You must get rid of it, certainly," cried Mr. Park, in great alarm. "There is no telling what it may be. Get rid of it at once."

"But how? My box is locked, and I have the keys. Shall I go on board at once, and throw it out of the window?"

"No, no. It might lead to suspicion, if you went off in a hurry. If they think you are a confederate, you will be watched, and it would not do for me, either, to go and meddle with your trunk."