

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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

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The Bloomfield Times. their wearers. In the course of the evening an elderly

lady entered the room, accompanied by a maiden apparently in the last of her teens, whose appearance created quite a stir among the group just noticed. She was very fair. Her dress was simplicity itself compared with the elaborate toilets of most of the young ladies. She wore scarcely any ornaments; and yet so becoming was her attire, so peculiar her style of beauty, that the simplicity of the one enhanced the brilliancy of the other.

As the couple passed the group, the young lady seemed on the point of saluting one of their number, but catching the cold haughty look that was bent upon her, she checked herself, and proceeded on her way, something like a derisive smile playing over her features as she made a low remark to her companion.

"Who is she ?" was the question simultaneously asked by several of the little knot of maidens.

"Very presuming, I must say !" said the one whom the young stranger was on the point of recognizing.

"But who is she, Miss Trafton ?" asked one of the group of the lady who had just spoken. "She seemed to recognize you."

"I really cannot inform you, Miss Canby, who or what she is," rather crisply replied the one named as Miss Trafton.

"Where, then, have you met her?" persisted Miss Canby. "She certainly would have spoken to you, had you not have frozen her with one of your looks." Miss Trafton gave a light laugh as if the

remark pleased her. "I have seen her two or three times at

the house of Mrs. Doten my dressmaker. She is a niece of hers, I believe, who has recently visited her. "A dressmaker's niece, indeed !" was

Miss Canby's horrified exclamation. "Yes. Mrs. Doton took the liberty of

introducing her to me, and I had some conversation with her. But I did not dream that she would presume on an acquaintance thus formed !"

"I don't think that she will again, Lizzie," laughed Miss Canby, "although she received your reproof with a very impudent smile."

" Low-bred effrontery ! I wonder the Perdans should have invited her."

"Perhaps she may be a relative," suggested one of the group. "Do you remember her name?"

Excelsior !" "Dobbins, or some such common one, I think, although I did not pay much heed to it," was the scornful reply of Miss Trafton. "Ah, good-evening, Miss Trafton, Miss Canby, Miss Gates, ladies all !" said a young man, stepping out from the hangings of a bay-window, where he had been an unwitting spectator of the scene just described. "Good-evening, Mr. Arlington," was the general response, for Frank Arligton was an especial pet of 'the set.' All the ladies greeted him with their most bewitching smiles, between whom-so a little bird whispered to me-a covert rivalry existed as to whom should stand best in his good graces.

styles and dresses, and commenting on Variety is the spice of life, you know, Miss ance, ostensibly to make room for some Trafton.'

> "That depends on the component parts, Mr. Arlington, whether they are to our taste or not."

"O, as to that, a little acid or a little bitterness, like discords in music, tends to heighten the general effect. Simple saccharines are apt to be insipid."

The half-quizzical tone in which this was uttered, and the smile that accompanied the remark, rather puzzled the ladies.

"Speaking of music, Miss Trafton," he continued, "will you not favor us with some? That delicious thing of Schubert's has been haunting me ever since I heard you last sing it."

The lady was a trifle vain of her musical powers, which were, perhaps, a little above mediocrity, and she did not require much solicitation. As the party moved towards the music-room, Mr. Arlington asked :

"Who was the lady that entered the room a short time ago, with Mrs. Reynolds ?"

"I really cannot inform you, as I have not the bonor of her acquaintance," said Miss Trafton, with a touch of hauteur.

"She is not a resident here, I presume? Her face appears new."

"I think she is not."

"You do not know her name ?"

"Dobbins, I think some one said," replied Miss Trafton, emphasizing the name with the slightest possible sneer.

"Dobbins-not very poetical !" said Arlington, with a smile. "I cannot say that I admire the name, however I may be disposed to its owner."

"I dare say," remarked Miss Canby, sarcastically, "you may see it exhibited in the 'Square' one of these days-'Doten and Dobbins, Dreasmakers." Whereupon a titter ran round the circle, and the speaker plumed herself on saying something quite smart.

"Indeed, a dressmaker !" said Arlington, in mock astonishment. "If the young lady exhibits as much taste in the dresses of her customers as she does in her own, she must be highly prized by you.

"I am serions," continued the young man, detecting a sneering smile on the countenances of his listeners. "I do not know when I have met a more becomingly dressed lady-that is, according to my taste."

"1 did not suppose that you were so observant, Mr. Arlington, of the attire of ladies. It is a pity the lady did not hear your compliment !" Miss Trafton tried to smother her spitcful tone with a light laugh.

ladies, Arlington found himself-was it by design-in close proximity to Mrs. Reynolds. As soon as the performance was ended, the old lady said, addressing her companion:

"Permit me, Miss Deblois, to present my friend, Mr. Arlington-Miss Deblois, Mr. Arlington."

"Deblois ! a vast improvement on Dobbins," thought the young man, as he made his obeisance.

"You are fond of music?" asked the young lady, after the usual commonplaces.

"Exceedingly, Miss Deblois,"-he rather liked that, after Dobbins !-"it would be deemed heterodox to deny a fondness for it. Indeed, I am more than fond of it-I love it !"

" My dear Julia, why will you not favor us with a song ?" asked Mrs. Reynolds. "It is an age since I have heard any good music. Mr. Arlington, do try and persuade her."

"If my wishes could have any weight with Miss Doblois, I would certainly proffer them," said Arlington. "I see that Miss Trafton has left the instrument; shall I not conduct you to it ?"

"I shall be happy to gratify your wishes," said the young lady, commencing to take off her gloves. "I do so the more readily because I dislike to be urged, and because -would you believe it ?-I have a little malice in my disposition, just the slightest grain !" A merry smile played over her features as she glanced arehly in the direction of the group of young ladies who had gathered about Miss Trafton.

Although Miss Deblois was not aware of it, Arlington fathomed at once her meaning, and chuckled to himself in anticipation of the triumph that awaited the stranger; for although he was totally ignorant of her powers, he felt confident that she would succeed.

"Have you any choice ?" she asked, as she took her seat, handing to Arlington her gloves and fan.

"Suppose that you try this." And Arlington placed before her, "I would that my love," arranged from Mendelssohn's part song.

Her first touch of the instrument was enough to satisfy one that she a full command over it. When her rich full voice swelled out, clear and liquid as a bird's, the annoying buzz, which in large assemblies usually accompanies ordinary performances, was hushed, as if by magic. Until the last note was uttered, the deep silence was unbroken, and then the plaudits that broke forth simultaneously on every hand

"Thank you, Mr Arlington, you have amply repaid me," said the young lady, a faint color flushing her check as she bowed her acknowledgments.

"Look here, naughty child!" said Mrs. Reynolds, clasping the young lady's hand in both of hers. "Do you see these tears? Tears in my old eyes! do they not reproach you? And she wiped away the glistening drops.

"May you never shed more bitter ones. my dear Mrs. Reynolds," was the affectionate response.

The closing words of Mendelssohn's song, the first performance of Miss Deblois-

"Still there, my love, it will haunt thee,

E'en in thy deepest dreams," were fully verified in Arlington's experi-

ence, for long, long was he haunted with the witching strains heard that night. Immediately that the spell thrown over the company by the triumphant debut of the fair vocalist was broken, the whispered inquiry passed around the room, "Who is she ?" But no one seemed capable of imparting the desired information. In the meantime many evinced a disposition to seek an introduction to the stranger, the young gentleman especially. Presently it was noised about in a mysterious mannerpossibly Miss Trafton or Miss Canby could have thrown some light as to how the report originated-that the young lady was a niece of the fashionable dress-maker Mrs. Doten, and would probably become a partner in her establishment.

This astounding rumor operated as a wet blanket on the elite, who were about seeking the acquaintance of the accomplished stranger. A dressmaker ! That would never do ! And so they wrapped themselves in their icy mantles of exclusiveness, and turned, away from the sweet singer as from one contaminated.

Several weeks went rapidly by, during which time Arlington sought Miss Deblois's society, framing the most ingenious excuses for calling upon her, and most singularly happening to join her in her walks.

Most of her evenings were spent with Mrs. Reynolds where Arlington would generally put in an appearance in time to accompany her home.

On one of these occasions Miss Deblois remarked that her visit was drawing to a close, and soon she should leave for home. Arlington was taken completely by surprise, and the announcement hastened an event that he had for some time contemplated with no small degree of anxiety. He

was wholly ignorant of the antecedents of his companion. All that he knew for a certainty was that she was an orplian. H

" A voice cried through the startled air," "Where is my pretty pug-nose I where Excelsior ?"

IN ADVANCE.

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A youth," whose heart, within his breast,

"His brow was" glad ; "his eye, beneath,

Of household fires gleam warm and bright :

Flashed like a falchion from its sheath ;"

And, wild with joy, he inly said

"There's not a maid alive or dead,

" In happy homes he saw the light

Above the spectral Nimbus frowned ;

And from his lips escaped a sound

""Try not the street !' the old man said ;

' Dark lowers the tempest overhead ;' ''

'You'll run your nose against a post !'

" Beware the signpost hard and staunch !

"" "Oh ! stay," the malden said, 'and rest"

Thy battered nose upon my breast !---

"A tear stood in his bright blue eve :

But still he answered, with a sigh,

" At break of day," as far and near

Were heard the notes of chanticleer,

But still the zealous youth did boast

Beware !"-But like an avalanche

He rushes onward till his nose,

Colliding with the sigupost, goes

Proclaimed the maiden from " the West"

"The shades of night were falling fast,

As through" a pretty "village passed

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FOR THE TIMES.

" Excelsior !"

Excels her !!!

"Excelsior !"

" Excelsior !"

" Excelsior !"

Ten Lines Nonparell one year Twenty lines

Vol. VI.

Discovered by a Maltese cat, " Half-buried in" a poultice that A gentle lady had applied, Our hero found himself, and cried " Excelsior !"

"There, in the twilight cold and gray" Noveless, " but beautiful, he lay ;" And, from the signpost in the street, There came this taunt his cars to greet,-"Excelsior ?" ICEESBURG, March 25, 1872.

THE DRESS-MAKER'S NIECE. OR Who Is She?

OLD CAMPONT was in a slight flutter. Mr. Richard Perdan had recently completed a palatial mansion, and invitations had been sent out for what in olden times was called a "house-warning," but which the Perdans dignified with the title of "Reception." Of course no one out of 'our set' received the covetous pasteboard, for the Perdans were wealthy, and therfore moved in the "first circle." It is true, time was when Mr. P. revolved in a bumbler sphere; when he found it difficult to make both ends meet, and when he was of no more account than ordinary mortals. But as by economy and perseverance he slowly acquired property, he gradually emerged from his lowly state, cast off his slough, as it were, and in process of years became one of the anointed.

On the evening in question, the Perdan nansion was a blaze of light, and there was a constant flocking thitherward of the gay multitude. The Germanias welcomed with their inspiring strains the thronging guests. Occupying rather a conspicuous position in the salls d'audience, was a group of young ladies, who amused themselves in watching the new arrivals scanning the

He was a splendid looking fellow; not what you would call handsome, perhaps, but there was something about him that caught the fancies of the ladies, and the gentleman as well. He had an erect and well-proportioned form, a manly bearing, and every lineament was stamped with intelligence.

In the Campont Law School, of which Arlington was a member, he was a man of mark. His disposition was lively and genial, his manners' easy and wholly void of affectation, and he had that peculiar indefinable way with him, so "taking" with the fair sex, and with the rougher, too, as for that matter.

Notwithstanding that, as I have said, he was the pet of 'our set,' he was remarkably unassuming. Courted as he was-and he could but be aware of it-his pride was not flattered or his vanity excited. The truth was, he valued the preference shown him at its true worth.

He was not at all ambitious to shine as a lady's man-he was too sensible a fellow for that, He had a quite correct insight into the character of his lady associates, and their adulation was prized accordingly. As for the rest he, was known to be of a

very wealthy family, and moved in the "first circles" in his native place, "A very pleasant gathering we have this evening," he said, addressing Miss Trafton.

"Y-e-s-a little mixed," was that lady's somewhat ambiguous response.

"Mixtures are very agreeable sometimes.

The conversation was brought to a close, on the entrance of the party into the musicroom, by the general demand for a song from Miss Trafton. This compliment the young lady had been accustomed to receive at all the social gatherings she was in the habit of attending. Indeed, she would have been sorely disappointed had she failed to receive it, for she was the acknowledged musical belle of the place. Therefore, after the usual excuses, that she was out of practice, that she had a shocking cold, that she positively had not sung for an age-all stereotyped fibs-she was at last persuaded to take her seat at the instrument.

She got through her first piece very creditable, it being within easy range of her voice and not very difficult. It would have been better for her had she confined herself to music of like simple character; but casting her eyes around, she discovered among those drawn to listen to her performances, Mrs. Reynolds and the young stranger.

The latter, from some cause or other, had excited in her mind an unwaranted interest. and against her she felt a growing prejudice, or antagonism. As if for the purpose of astonishing Mrs. Doten's niece, in her next attempt Miss Trafton seemed to exert all her efforts. I, who knew her well, could see that at half a glance.

The buzz of applause that followed her first performance having subsided, she was requested to favor the company with another. Nothing loath, she dashed at once into an Italian bracura, which was far beyond her power to render, even with ordinary correctness. She managed to get through with it however, without absolutely breaking down; limping over difficult passages here, and slighting them there, winding up with a grand instruments crash, her vocal powers tested to their utmost. Of course she received a surfeit of compliments, no one sceming to be aware of her imperfections.

Is stepping back from the piano at the commencement of Miss Trafton's perform-

afforded unmistakable evidence of her per fect success.

She would have left the piano, but at the earnest solicitation of Arlington, backed by the suffrage of all around her, she consented to sing again. This time she selected "O Mio Fernando," from Donizetti's opera, "La Favorita."

From the very opening note she enchained the attention of the audience; but when she had fully launched upon the tide of song-had abandoned herself to the spiirt of the composition-she seemed to lose all consciousness of her surroundings, and poured forth her impassioned notes, not to the listening throng about her, but to some one present only in her thought, on whom alone she lavished her unbounded stores of melodious wealth.

Her auditors stood as if touched by an enchantress's wand-silent, motionless. Here and there a hasty catching of the breath, a deep hurried respiration, testified to the marvellous spell she had thrown over them.

Arlington cast a glance upon the singer. She appeared wholly enwrapped in the music; not as a performer, but as one borne unresistingly away on the flood of harmony of which she was the unconscious creator. A divine beauty illumined her countenance as if it had undergone transfiguration. In every expression ould be 80011

"The mind, the music breathing from the face."

The last note died away, and still the company moved not-still the profound silence remained unbroken. Noisy applause would have been almost a sacrilege. That pervading stillness was the highest compliment that could have been paid to the young lady, and she so accepted it.

"Mers verbal compliments on your per-formance, Miss Deblois," said Arlington, as he conducted the fair singer back to Mrs. Reynolds, "would be entirely out of place. The spell of silence you have cast upon all is more eloquent than words. I can only tender you my poor thanks for the great gratification you have afforded me."

had no doubt, from the grace and polished case of her manners, that she had been accustomed to the most refined society.

"Arlington's hypothesis was, that in her education and accomplishments she had received all the advantages that wealth could bestow; that on the death of her father she found herself, as, alas, many thus luxuriously reared find themselves on the disruption of the domestic circle by the death of its head, without material resources-found that the riches she had anticipated had long before taken to themselves wings that she was poor in a word, and dependent on her own exertions for a livelihood.

This was Arlington's theory, and he had determined, being independent in his means, to make her an offer of his hand, and if she accepted it, to restore her to her former position in life. The time and the occasion seconed propitious, and before they parted for the night the important overture was made.

It was neither accepted nor rejected. After expressing her sense of the honor he had done her, she stated that there were certain circumstances that forbade her giving a final answer at that time. She said she could not fully explain herself that evening, but that she would communicate what little she had to say to him in writing in the morning. Although the young man had not accomplished all that he desired, he parted from his lovely companion in any but a desponding spirit. Concluded next wook.

IT At a public sale of old bachelors and widowers at Southville, some week or two ago, the young ladies of that vicinity, taking advantage of leap year, put the bachelors and widowers of the company on the block and knocked them off at the following prices :

Lawyors (inferior grade) \$5 a head; farmers from \$4.25 to \$5.50; doctors (common stock) \$5; widowers \$1,000, bidding spirited; bachelors at 75 cents to \$1.05, and bidding slow.

No. 14.