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The Deserted Wife.

NOW LUCY let me entreat you again, to abandon the idea of attending this ball to-night."

"Why Robert, you must be crazy. Not attend the ball! I would not miss it for the world."

The speakers were Robert Lyle and his young wife, and the above remark took place in the breakfast parlor of their handsome residence, in a fashionable quarter of Philadelphia.

Mr. Lyle was a partner in a flourishing commercial house, and devoted the most of his time to the interests of the firm. About eighteen months before the opening of our story he had married a lady much younger than himself, who professed in deed, and, perhaps did entertain for her husband an ardent affection. She did not, however. seem to comprehend the proper sphere of a wife's duties. Often when her husband would return from the toils and fatigue of the counting house, to find solace and comfort at home, she would be busied in preparation for some scene of festivity. He had fondly hoped that after the birth of their child, she would abandon the busy round of excitement for the purer joys of the home circle, and for a short time she did give promise of a thorough reform, but soon the evil habits returned, and even maternal fondness was swallowed up by the devouring passion for social excitement.

"You know, Lucy, our child is not well, and for her sake, if not for mine, don't go away to-night."

"Oh, Bertie will do well enough. The nurse is very good to her, and knows better what to do for a sick child than I do."

"But, Lucy," said Mr. Lyle, "how long is this state of things to continue? I am less frequently in your society now, than before our marriage. If you have no regard for my feelings, surely your sick child might claim your attention.'

"Why, Robert, you have grown wonderously solicitous about the child. Dr. Walton said yesterday she was better, and besides, you will be here to attend to her. But, Robert, that is only an excuse. You wish me to shut myself up here, and become, at my age, a staid matron, but you'll find yourself mistaken."

Mr. Lyle said no more, and soon after left the house and repaired to his place of business. During the day he had a long consultation with his partner and returned home at a late hour in the evening. He saw nothing of his wife till she appeared fully equipped for the ball.

"So Lucy you are determined to go, I see," said her husband, sadly. "How is little Bertie this evening?"

"Well, I declare," she answered, "I had quite forgotten the little darling, I have been so busy. I will see."

She entered the nursery, followed by her husband. The child was evidently quite sick. Its cheeks were flushed with fever, and its breathing was slow and difficult.

"Really, I am afraid the child is sick," aid the young mother. "If I had known folly?" t before I dressed I would not have gone. You must take care of her, dear, and I will come back as soon as I can tear myself way from the dance." She bent over the child and kissed it, then returned to the parlor.

A servant soon announced that the cariage was waiting, and, with a playful adieu o her husband, she was about to leave, when observing the look of sadness on his

"Why Robert, you look the very personfication of grief. I am not going to elope with any of my admirers, for I really think love you better than all of them. So you seed not be jealous any way. Au resoir,

With a heavy heart Mr. Lyle returned to the couch of his sick child. He took it tenderly in his arms and watched it till the fever left its cheeks, and then, committing her to the care of the faithful nurse, retired to his own room. He sat down and wrote a letter, scaled and directed it to his wife, and left it on her dressing-table. He then proceeded to pack a small portmanteau; and, taking it in his hand, quietly left the house.

Just as returning day was beginning to light up the eastern horizon, Mrs. Lyle returned home, and, taking up the lamp, that had been left burning for her in the parlor, she made her way, hastily and nervously to the side of her child. She found her sleeping quietly, and evidently much improved.

"Thank God," she murmured fervently. "How miserable I have been. I was on the point of turning back last night. But my darling child is better, and all is well. I will not leave you any more, my baby; and I will tell my good, kind husband so this very morning. How wrong, how wicked I have been! but, God forgive me, I will do better in the future !"

She entered her chamber, saw the letter addressed to herself, and, with a fearful foreboding of evil, and a strange sinking of the heart, recognized her husband's handwriting. With barely strength enough left to break the seal, she opened it and read:

My DEÁRLY BELOVED WIFE:-With anguish indescribable, I have long seen that my society was not indispensable to your happiness; and since I cannot render home attractive to you, have thought it best for us to part. I have made every necessary arrangement to secure your comfort and happiness, I hope. Be a mother to our child, and may God watch over you both. I am not decided where I shall go, or how long I shall be gone. "It may be for years and it may be forever."

Your wietched husband, ROBERT LYLE.

Every word entered her heart, and with a low moan, the deserted wife sank to the floor. Hours later they found her lying there, moaning piteously, the fatal letter still in her grasp. For days and for weeks her life was despaired of; but at last she was restored from "death unto life." Repentance had come too late, alas! but she did repent, and now devoted all her time and attention to little Bertie. For two years she continued at the old home, hoping, praying for - his return, | but no news came of the wanderer.

Mr. Lyle was still a partner in the commercial house. He had instructed his associate, Mr. Pearce, to conduct the business as it had been done all the time, and to see that his family were supplied with everything they required. For two years the business prospered; then there came a pressure in financial circles, and the firm of "Lyle & Pearce" went by the board.

Mr. Pearce surrendered every dellar of his property to his creditors; but strove to save something from the wreck for the wife and child of his friend. Mrs. Lyle, however, would accept of nothing as long as there was a debt unpaid. "My husband's name was never dishonored," she said, "and it shall not be now, if I can prevent it by any sacrifice. Even now there are many, I fear, who will say he absconded with his pocket

The last creditor was satisfied, and "all was lost save honor." Mrs. Lyle changed her abode, and "the places that once knew her, knew her no more forever." Those who, in palmy days, had been proud to call her friend, now forgot that their was such a being in existence. Still she did not despond; hoping yet and praying for the dear one's return. She went earnestly to work, and with her needle earned a subsistence for herself and child. Three more weary years of waiting and watching, and still no tidings of the wanderer. "It may be for years, and it may be forever." 'Oh God! will be never return," ' sighed the desolate woman. "Will he never return to lay his hand on my guilty head and forgive my

At length the dreadful conviction fastened itself on her mind that she was deserted for all time; that he would never come back to claim his discarded wife. She reasoned then that she had no right to bear his name, and, under an assumed one, she sought for and obtained a situation as teacher in a distant city.

Death, swift and terrible, rides on every breeze. The voice of mourning is heard in every house. The fearful pestilence, throned under a sable canopy, tolls incessantly its funeral bell. The yellow fever is marching with fearful strides through every street and alley of Norfolk. All who have had means at their command, or friends

take care of the dear baby," and she was at a distance, had left the city. The poor and friendless alone were forced to meet the fell destroyer face to face, at the doors of their humble mansions.

In a neat but scantily furnished dwelling, in a retired part of the stricken city, a mother and her daughter are seated, watching the death-earts as they go hurrying by to the burying-ground. On the face of the elder lady are traces of suffering, mingled with anxiety and alarm, alarm for the safety of her child. For herself she has no fear. Death striking down his victims all around has no terror. Long inured to grief, she would welcome death as the end of suffering.

The mother and child are Mrs. Lyle, now

known as Mrs. Latimer, and Bertie, now a lovely maiden of sixteen. Mrs. Lyle had been a resident of Norfolk for ten years. She had long given up all hope of ever again seeing her husband, and had devoted all her energies and all her resources to the cultivation of her daughter's mind and heart. And never was mother better rewarded for her pains. It would have been hard to find a girl of sixteen summers possessing more and higher attraction than

"Mother may I raise the window just a little? It is so close and sultry this morning."

"You had better not, my child, there is poison in every breath of air, we must keep as close as possible. Oh! if I could send you away to the mountains, till the plague be passed."

"Send me, mother?" Do you think I would go and leave you behind, desert you, as my cruel hard-hearted father did?"

"Hush! my darling child your father was right. I have never blamed him for a single moment. I was careless and indifferent as to his feelings, and he naturally thought I did not love him."

"But surely, mother, in all this long time he might have come back to see if you were alive or dead. You say that he loved me too, why has he never come to see his child ?"

"That has puzzled me no little, Bertie, and I am satisfied that your father has been to Philadelphia, andlearning nothing of us has gone again in search of us, or that he has died in some far off land."

"Perhaps, dear mother, he is looking for us now, and we may soon see him."

"I should greatly rejoice for your sake, darling. I feel that my course is well night run, and what will become of you then?" "Why, mother, you are looking as well

as usual. You are not sick, are you?" "No, not sick, but I am strangely depressed, and feel a weariness and lassitude

not habitual with me." In the course of the day Bertie became seriously alarmed about her mother, and, while she was asleep, the young girl left the house and hurried breathlessly along the street until she reached the office of physician. Entering the office, and the doctor being pointed out, she carnestly and tearfully implered him to lose not a moment in hastening to the side of her moth-

The young physician was one of those, who, prompted solely by feelings of humanity, had come from a distance to minister to the afflicted. Braving all the horrors of the malignant pestilence, he had labored day and night, and great success had attended his efforts. Large contributions, too, were daily reaching his hands for dis tribution, and many humane individuals were united with him in his work of be-

He was soon ready to obey Bertie's summons, and he followed rapidly as she almost flew back to her mother's house.

Mrs. Lyle had grown much worse, and the doctor readily discovered symptoms of the prevailing epidemic. Directing Bertie how to administer the medicine left in her hands, he returned to his office, promising to come again in the morning, and in the meantime to send a skillful nurse to spend the night with the patient.

"Well, Dector," said a getleman, employed in the good work, and whom he found at the office on his return, "any new cases this evening?"

"Yes," replied the doctor, "the fever has made its appearance in a new quarter. I have just returned from visiting a most interesting patient; a mother with an only child, a daughter just arrived at the age of womanhood, and one of the most bewitching creatures I ever beheld. If we can get them out of the city all may be well, as the lady has the fever in a modified form."

"Well," said the worthy man, "if you have no objection, I will go with you, and perhaps I can prevail on them to feave. At least the want of money shall be no reason for not doing so."

"Go by all means," said the doctor, "and I trust you may prevail on the lady to leave. The want of the necessary funds, I am quite sure, is the cause of her being here now, for she seems deeply anxious about her daughter."

The next morning the doctor, accompanied by the kind-hearted gentleman, visited Mrs. Lyle, and leaving his friend in the parlor, he proceeded to the sick chamber, and found that his patient had rested well during the night, and was much better than she had been the previous evening. He asked and obtained leave to introduce his friend, and, bringing him into the room, was about to explain the gentleman's object in calling, when the words "My wife!" "My husband !" arrested him.

In truth the long severed husband and wife were tegether again. Dr. Maxwell retired from the room, and Mr. Lyle falling on his knees by the side of his wife, implored her forgiveness for his desertion.

"Oh, Robert !" she answered, "I alone should ask forgiveness. Can you forgive me, darling, that I ever grieved you, or seemed indifferent to your happiness?"

"It has been long forgotten," replied her husband.

But we will not attempt to describe the fervent reconciliation that took place. Bertie was folded in her father's arms, and that was perhaps the only house in Norfolk where happiness drowned every thought of the awful scourge. Mr. Lyle explained everything to Dr. Maxwell and, at an early hour the next day, the happy reunited family were speeding away to the Virginia Springs.

Mr. Lyle had returned to Philadelphia, soon after his wife had left, and was shocked to find that no one could tell him of her whereabouts. The change of name had baffled all his efforts to discover her. He had visited every city, and had advertised in every paper in the Union in vain. With a maddening desire for mental abstraction he had once more engaged in trade, and wealth flowed into his coffers. A sufferer himself, he knew how to sympathise with the afflicted; and when the frightful ravages of the epidemic in Norfolk became known to him, he had not only contributed largely of his means, but visited the city in person, and, as we have described, met his long lost wife.

The bracing atmosphere of the mountains soon restored Mrs. Lyle to perfect health, and when Dr. Maxwell joined them after the fever was subdued, he found Ber- der invited him to do his worst, and a suit tie more bewitchingly beautiful than ever, and before they parted he made known his love, and, with the approval of her parents ere the year had passed they were husband

A COQUETTE'S TROUBLES.

WELVE years ago a pretty coquette of Calloway County, Ky., found her court reduced to two persevering suitors named, respectively, Eldrige Miller and William Schrader, who, having outstayed half a score of less pertinacious rivals, now competed vigorously with each other for the last flirtation. Wisely concluding that her opportunities for a settlement in life were not likely to be so frequent as they had been, and that it was time to choose between the two last admirers for her future lot, the lively lass, after due study of the subject, told Schrader, who was a widower, that she should always esteem him as a very dear friend, and placed her hand in that of Miller for life. As is quite common in such cases the gentleman selected for friendship accepted his fate with very bad grace, and refused unequivocally to forgive his rival's success. Thence ensued between his family and the families of Miller and his bride much hard feeling, which had for one of its final effects a determination of the young husband and wife to leave their native State and make a new home somewhere in the wilds of Arkansas. It was Miller's intention to turn prairie farmer in the Southwest, and found a homestead there for the two little ones multiplying his household cares in due succession; but the soil of Arkansas proved stubborn, the times hard, and, as the war of secession began about that time, he suddenly solved the problem of married life by joining the Southern army. Marching to battle, he left wife and babes in a most embarrassing condition of poverty, which, however they endured patiently until the news of a great battle involved in its list of fatalities the sad tidings that they were widowed and fatherless. Upon recovering from the first shock of her bereavement, Mrs. Miller took

to her great astonishment, she was presently greeted by her old lover, Schrader. The latter explained that through continued regard for her, having finally resolved to seek a reconciliation with her husband, he had reached Arkansas only in time to hear of poor Miller's death in battle and her own departure. As an old friend he felt impelled to follow her, in the hope that he might be able to render some friendly office to her possible needs; and hoped that for the sake of old times, she would call upon him as on a brother. All this was naturally grateful to the feelings of the penniless widow, away from all the associations of her early home and a dependent upon comparative strangers, and she showed her gratitude so plainly that its object took courage to say more. Kentuckian days were recalled, old sympathies revived, the patriot-dead mourned in concert, and a new union proposed. The end of it all was that Mrs. Miller became Mrs. Schrader, and went with her second husband to a new home at Crossland, in the state of her birth. There, after a lapse of nearly nine years, the Murray "Gazette" describes the household as wildly agitated by the unannounced arrival of a wonderfully ragged, bearded, and gruff intruder, who introduced himself as the late Eldrige Miller, otherwise known to the poets as a species of Enoch Arden, and informed the aghast Schraders that he would trouble them for a couple of children belonging to him. Mrs. Schrader having fainted and been removed, Mr. Schrader solicited some explanation of his guest's perplexing escape from the tomb; upon which that comic ghost related that he had been captured instead of killed by the Yankees; was taken a prisoner to Chicago, and there liberated upon condition of going to the frontier and fighting the Indians; had been captured by the Indians, and by them held in captivity until the very recent date of his escape. In his old Arkansas home he was told of his wife's journey to Tennessee with the child, and remarriage there; and had at last traced her to Crossland, to claim only his offsprsng if she chose to remain with her second husband. The latter personage listened to this romance with reprehensible signs of incredulity, observing in reply, that the story of the captivities was too attenuated, and that Mrs. Schrader would surrender neither herself nor her children. "Then," remarked Enoch Arden, gruffly, "I'll see what the law can do for an old soldier," Mr. Schrawas actually begun; but on the evening preay appointed for the ious to the d private interview between the wife and her first love ended in their elopement together, children and all; and they are probably back in Arkansas by this time, not troubling themselves about the lamentably deserted "Philip Ray."

A Romantic Story.

CASE somewhat resembling the fa-A mous Tichborne trial, and, in one respect at least, reminding one of Charles Reade's "A Terrible temptation," is soon to be tried at Constantinople. The story is romantic enough for a novel or play, and runs thus: There is now in London aged about 25 years, calling himself Mustapho Djehad Bey, and claiming to be the lawful son of the late Kibrisli Mehemet Pacha, Ex-Grand Vizier, and whilem the Sulenvoy to the Court of St. James. In such is the claimant's story-Kibrisli's tan's envoy to the Court of St. James. wife, the widow of the European physician, bore to him a son, the present Mustapha bore to him a son, the present Mustapha Djehad Bey. On the following year the Pacha went to reside at the British Court, and during his absence the child became so seriously ill that its mether, fearing that if it should die her husband would take anot! er wife, feigned to give birth to another child, which, in the knowledge of a cunuch and a woman of the harem named Fatmah, was merely a suppositious child, bought or borrowed. But the first-born recovered, Pacha having already been told that heaven had blessed him with another The mother was caught in the toils she herself had woven, for Fatmah and the eunuch used their knowledge of her deceit to override and rule her. The mother, Melek Khanum, became, weary of this state of affairs, and confided her troubles to Reshid Effendi, the Pacha's man of business. Fatuah was soon dismissed, and the cunuch was smothered in his bath. Madamo Kibrisli was tried for the murder, but the charge was not substantiated. The Pacha came to Constantinople during the progress of the trial, and finding things in such a condition divorced his wife. The question of the legitimacy of the first-born then rese and Melek Khanum, actuated then rose and Melek Khanum, actuated as she now says, by a feeling of revenge for the divorce and the Pacha's subsequent marriage, averred that Mustapha Bjehad Bey had been borrowed also. Then the boy Djehad became a wanderer, served as a menial in Egypt, joined the Papal Zonaves, became a lay inmate at the Convent of St. Lazarre, and when his father died last September 1997. refuge with her helpless charges in the hos-pitality proffered by certain sympathizing cha's property.