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#### On the Approach of Spring.

BY A LAW STUDENT.

Whereas on certain boughs and sprays, Now divers birds are heard to sing, And Sundry flowers their heads upraise To hall the coming of the spring.

The birds aforesaid-happy pairs Love mid the aforesaid boughs, enshines, In freehold nests themselves, their heirs Administrators and assigns.

Oh happy time in Cupid's Court Where tender plaintiffs action bring-Season of frolic and of sport Hall as aforesaid coming spring.

#### CAUGHT IN HER OWN TRAP.

DON'T say that Brother Ben's widow wasn't good-looking, for her age. Then, too, she had a pretty penny left her. And she might have married very well if she wanted to change her condition; but, you see, Margaret Ann was a fool-she a widow of forty to set her cap at young Sam Spencer, who was only twenty-two! If I was her brother-in-law, and if Ben had said to me as he did, "Richard, always be kind to Margaret Ann," I couldn't help seeing that. The fact of the matter is, that, as a general thing, widows do make fools of themselves oftener than girls.

Sam was clerk in the store. I was poor Ben's partner. I tried to buy the widow out. I'd said, over and over again, "Margaret Ann, you have plenty and to sparewhy not retire?" But she wouldn't. Ben bad left his share of the business to her, and she wouldn't drop it. After a while I found out the reason. It was Sam Spencer.

That was why she liked to sail about the store. You see, I couldn't help it. If I'd said, "Margaret Ann, go home," she would have said, "I've a right here." That was it. She never did anything but bother and pry. She had no children to occupy her. Solonesome, she said she was, and that was why she had us come to tea so much, of course.

Well, this went on for nearly a year. Big eyes at Sam, sweet smiles, soft speeches! I used to wonder whether old Ben knew how soon he had been forgotten. To be sure he was sixty when he died, and a bald-headed stoop-shouldered man, with solemn ways about him; but she'd been his wife for twenty-three years, and though I'm a bachelor, I know what feelings ought to be. And Ben was my brother too. I hope it wasn't wicked of me to make up my mind to put an end to her capers, as Sam, went out, one night, and to tell him that we wanted a young lady as cashier, and what not, and that if Lilly Rathbone could leave Grigg & Grater, I'd give her the place. Sam was in love with Lilly; I knew that; but Margaret Ann had never seen her.

"Margaret Ann," says I one day, "we'll have a new cashier to-day. We need one, and I've engaged one."

"Well," says Margaret Ann, "perhaps we do. I hope he's a nice young man and good looking. Good looks attract custom."

"I'm glad you coincide with me," says I. And I laughed to myself, for I know Margaret Ann was thinking of some one

else to flirt with. But I said nothing. It was fun to see her face change when she saw Lilly behind the counter next day. And she gave it to me in the private office, I can tell you. She hated females about a store, and she didn't like Lilly's looks. I could laugh at her however, there. I had good references with Lilly, and I had signed a written agreement with her for six months. She was to be cashier, you see, as I told you. Margaret Ann couldn't

help herself, and I suppose she knew it, into the back parlor, I found Margaret saw the door open and my sister-in-law for she said nothing after that, and Sam and Lilly were as happy as young birds. I believe he proposed to her behind my counter; I knew he did it some where, and I knew he was accepted.

"Lord bless you," says I to myself, and help you build your nest. I'm not crusty,

If I am a bachelor." A few days after, I found Margaret Ann walking the office in a towering rage with her face flaming.

"Richard," says she, "a woman is always right about another woman.-Men admire a pretty face so, that they are blinded by it. It was always so with Mr. Wood. Many a time he's thought a woman everything that was splendid until I've proved that she wasn't, by telling him things. Now I've found out your Lilly Rathbone. She's exactly what I thought-exactly !" "Well, what is it?"

"No better than what she should be, says Margaret Ann. "I saw her kiss Sam Spencer behind the counter this blessed

"And he didn't want her to, I suppose, and hollered for help ?" says I.

"You know what men are," says she; "of course he kissed her back."

"Didn't he kiss her first?" says L

"Well, she let him any how," says she. "Well," says I, "I suppose you used to kiss Ben, after you were engaged if not before."

"What has that to do with it?" says she. "Why, they-at least-did he propose

her coming here, Richard?" "No," said I, "but they are engaged, Margaret Ann."

"Don't believe it," said she. "It's gospel truth," said I.

And then-well, I didn't mind it; it didn't hurt me a bit-but then that woman turned around and slapped me in the face, she was so hopping mad.

Such actions in a respectable store! "You deprayed brute!" she said: and marched out, and didn't come back for a week, for which I was truly thankful.

When she did come, it was all smile and amiability: and she talked to Lilly, and she smiled at Sam, and she really did come out beautifully, considering.

Lilly took a great notion to her. "What a nice pleasant lady Mrs. Wood is," she said, as we were folding things up that night; "and so pretty too, for her age. I think she's splendid."

"Glad you like her," said I. "Dear me !" said she, with her head un-

der the counter. "Sister-in-law, you know," said I; "one of the family; it won't do to praise her too much."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of what you said, Mr. Wood," said she. "I'm so surprised about my key I'm sure I hung it here. A little brass door key, with a nick in the handle, and a piece of Pink ribbon tied to it. I can't think where it is gone."

Well, we both looked everywhere. We unpacked packages and peeped into boxes, and poked down cracks in the floor. #Lilly kept worrying about getting a locksmith to fit another before she could get in, and said that Rose was always so tired.

Rose was her sister. The two were or phans, and kept house together in one little room of a very respectable tenement house.

"I've always had tea ready before Rosa got in," said Lilly! "but to-night she'll have to wait."

It's odd how we remember little things ometimes. Perhaps the girl's pretty puzzled face, and her graceful motions as she ran about looking for the key, impressed this on my mind. At all events we did not find the notched key tied with pink ribbon, and Lilly went home without it. I told Margaret Ann about it when I saw her next, and she inquired very politely of Lilly as to the end of the affair, when she next saw her. The key was never found, but Lilly said she had two made, so that such a thing could never happen again. She would keep one, and Rose the other.

"And as I presume it was lost here, you must have the value of it from us," said Margaret Ann. "It's not much, but it's but just." And I thought it very kind of Widow Wood, considering.

Well, time passed on, and one day was about like another. People began to go to the country, and trade was dull. And Sam told me that Lilly and he were going to be married soon, God willing.

I had just left Sam, when Margaret Ann's colored girl stepped across the street, and told me that her mistress wanted to see me.

Of course I went over. And when I got

Ann wrapped up in a shawl, her eyes red with crying.

"Anything happened?" says I. "Yes," says she, "I'm afraid so. I'm so sorry."

"Dear me! Do mention the facts," says I. "Well," says she, "I can hardly bear to

do it; who has a chance at the safe beside you and me ?"

"Nobody but Lilly Rathbone," says I. "You are sure ?" says she.

"Why, of course," says I.

"Ah! well," says she, "perhaps there is another way out of it. May be you've had occasion to use that money of mine. I mean the thousand-dollar bank-note that I put in there, in a red pocket-book last tongue had its way still. week."

"No," said I. "Of course I'd have spoken of it. It was your private money." "It's gone, Richard," said she, "you saw me look into the safe to-day?"

" Yes." says I.

"Well," says she, "it was gone then. I couldn't bring myself to think of it .- You see a girl like that has so many temptations; going to marry and all,-Richard, promise me you won't have her arrested, or anything, if it is her."

"It is not her," I cried. "Besides it was your money. You would be the prosecutor of any thief."

"Dear me yes," says she, "and I'll let

her go; but I must get it back, and she must leave the store. "How can you think so ill of the poor girl?" said I. "Why don't you suspect

me? I'm ever so much more doubtful a character than she is." " You are my brother-in-law said Mar

garet Ann. "Now listen to reason. Come to the store with me, and we'll search. If we don't find it, I will charge Lilly with the theft to-morrow, and if she don't confess, get a search warant out for her rooms. I'll be very kind, but I can't lose a sum like that."

She cried again. I really did feel that she was in trouble. We went to the store again, and searched the safe but the money was gone. Margaret Ann had the number in her pocket-book. It was easy to identify it, and besides a poor girl like Lilly did not have thousands lying about loose. I confessed to myself that the poor thing was in a suspicious position, and I said that if she should prove guilty, my faith in human nature is gone.

"Mine too," said Margaret Ann. I've come to like her so. And then poor Sam?", I went home to tea with with my sister-

in-law, but we had not much appetite. She promised not to come to the store until closing hour, and to be very merciful, and to give the girl every chance.

And so we parted. I rose to say good night, and came around the work table to shake hands with Margaret Ann, when, like a clumsy old bachelor, not used to woman's fixings, my coat caught in a little wicker work sewing basket on long spider legs, and overset it. Out tumbled cotton. buttons and tape, and I stooped down to pick them up, when among them I saw a little key, with a nick in it, and a long piece of pink ribbon tied to the handle. It was a very little thing but it made my blood run cold.

If that was the key Lilly lost what was it doing there? I didn't dare to look at my sister-in-law. And I walked the floor all night, but by morning my mind was

made up. At nine o'clock I met that boy and girl at the store and told them I should be out all day. In ten minutes more I stole Lilly's key from under the counter, and went out. I went to her house-to her little room on the third floor, and entered it like a thief. It was very poor and very bare, but very neat and clean; and there was a closet in it, with a few dresses hanging up on pegs, and a bonnet box on a shelf.

Into the closet I went, and there I sat down on an old trunk and waited. I heard a queer old clock ticking in the room. I heard it count the hours, ten, eleven twelve. And I kept saying to myself:

"If you are a wicked, suspicious old fool Richard Wood, Lord forgive you !"

But I waited still, and just as the long black hands pointed at half-past one I heard a knock at the door-such a rap as ladies sometime give with a parasol handle; such a knock as my sister-in-law gave at the office door.

I drew my closet door tight shut, and put my eye to the crevice in it.

There was another knock-a pause; and then I heard the key turn in the lock, and but Hubbell stuck fast.

came in. She looked about her, shut the door, re-locked it, and stole across the room. Then-God forgive the woman, I suppose she was mad with jealousy-she lifted up the mattress of the neat little bed in the corner, and taking a red pocket-book from her bosom, thrust it under, drawing the quilt well about the bed afterward.

"I hardly think you'll marry Sam Spencer after all, Miss Lilly," she said aloud, with a wicked toss of her head. I've outwitted you."

"Not quite,", said I. "Margaret Ann there are two sides of the matter."

I walked out of my closet, and stood with my back against the outer door. She knew herself trapped, but her wicked

'So, you're in the habit of coming here, she said. "Nice young ladies certainly." "I never came here before," said I, and "and you know it; but I've been here all day, waiting for you. I saw Lilly's key in your basket last night, and I began to guess the truth. Bring me that pocket-

Margaret Ann did it. She was as pale as death, and almost as cold. I looked ather, and felt sorry for her, after all.

"You're my brother's widow," I said "and a poor, foolish, jealous creature. I havn't told any one of my suspicions yet, and I never will on two conditions."

"Name them," said she, "I can't help myself."

"You'll retire from the business," said I. "Glad to do it," said she.

"And you'll give that thousand dollar note to Lilly as a wedding present."

She looked at me and gave a great gulp. "Nasty little cat," said she, "no I von't !"

But she did, and I, only knew why the Widow Wood was so gracious to Lilly Rathbone on her wedding-day, or why she started for Europe on the very next steamer that started from New York, and still remains there.

## Notable Events.

Bowling was a famous old English game, and was very common as early as the 13th century. Charles I. played at it, and it was daily sport with Charles II. at Tunbridge.

The first bank was established in Italy in 808, by the Lombard Jews, of whom some settled in Lombard street, London, where many banks have ever since been located.

The first piece of artillery was invented by the Germans, soon after the invention of guspowder, and artillery was first used by the Moors at Algesiras, in Spain, over 500 years ago.

The oldest and largest chain bridge in the world is said to be that at Kingstung, in China, where it forms a safe and perfect road from the top of one lofty mountain to

Calico, the well known cotton-cloth is named from Calicot, a city in India, from whence it first came. Calico was not known in England at all until as late as the year 1631.

Among the Romans all men of full age were obliged to marry, and it is even a modern law of England which inflicts a fine upon all the bachelors in England of twenty five years and over.

Woman never appeard upon the stage among the ancients: their parts were represented by men, until as late as the year 1662, when Charles II first encouraged their public appearance.

Glass bottles were made in England, about 1558, but the art was practiced by the Romans in the year 79, A. D. as they have been found plentifully among the ruins of Pompeli.

The first book ever printed was the Book of Psalms; by Fost and Shæffer, A. D. 1457. It was printed on one side of the leaves, after which they were, in the binding, pasted back to back.

The bayonet derives its name from the place it was invented, Bayonne, in France, and it was first used in battle as a weapon by the French in the year 1603, and soon became universal.

The practice of insurance is of great antiquity, and was known in the time of Claudius Cresar, A. D. 43. It is certain that the assurance of ships at sea was practiced as early as the year 45 A. D.

Alonzo Hubbell, a strong man, pulled against a team of horses on a wager of \$100 dollars in the stable yard of H. C. Blahop, at Goshen, N. H., recently. The team made three pulls in attempting to draw him from the ladder on which he lay, and twice the chain attached to him broke,

#### A LAWYER SOLD.

GIRL, young and pretty, and, above A all gifted with an air of admirable candor, lately presented herself before a Parisian lawyer.

"Monsieur, I have come to consult you on a grand affair. I want you to oblige a man, I love, to marry me in spite of himself. How shall I proceed ""

The gentleman of the bar had, of course a sufficiently elastic conscience. He reflected a moment, and then, being sure that no one overheard him, replied hesitatingly:

"Mademoiselle, according to our law, you always possess the means of forcing a man to marry you. You must remain on three occasions alone with him; you can then go before a Judge and swear that he is your lover."

"And will that suffice, Monsieur?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle, with one further condition." " Well ?" "Then, you will produce witnesses who

will make oath to having seen you remain a good quarter of an hour with the individual said to have trifled with your affections."

"Very well, Monsieur, I will retain you as counsel in the management of this. Good day."

A few days afterwards the young lady returned. She was mysteriously received by the lawyer, who scarcely gave her time to seat herself, and questioned her with the most lively curiosity.

"Capital, capital !"

"Persevere in your design, Mademoiseile but the next time you come to consult me give me the name of the young man you are going to make so happy in spite of

A fortnight afterward the young lady knocked at the door of the counsel's room. No sooner was she in than she flung herself into a chair, saying that the walk had made her breathless. Her counsel tried to reassure her, made her inhale salts, and even proposed to unlose her garments.

"It is uscless, Monsieur," she said, "I am much better."

"Well, now, tell me the name of the fortunate mortal."

"Well, then, the fortunate mortal, be it known to you, is yourself," said the young beauty, bursting into a laugh. "I love you, I have been here three times tete-a-tete with you, and my four witnesses are below, ready and willing to accompany me to a magistrate," gravely continued the narra-

The lawyer thus caught had the good sense not to get angry. The most singular fact of all is, that he adores his young wife, who makes an excellent housekeeper.

### A Leap For Liberty.

A few days since while a prisoner named Murphy, in Philadelphia was going down stairs from the Photograph gallery where he had left his picture, he made a bold attempt to escape. He was accompanied at the time by two officers one of which proceeded, while the other closely followed

On the second-story landing of the stairs

is a window, opening on the rear of the building. When within a few steps of the landing and on about a level with the window, Murphy, with the agility and desperation of a cornered wildcat sprang through the window, carrying the sash with him. With singular presence of mind and bravery, Sergeant Buchanan instantly made the same leap into the unknown depth. The thief and the pursuer both landed on the roof of an out-building about ten feet below. On the west of this runs an alley about ten feet wide, and full twenty-five feet in depth from the line of the roof of the out-building. A gulf at which the boldest gymnast would stand aghast. But without pausing. Murphy made the jump, landing unhurt on the pavement below, and again followed by the Sergeant, who, in his fall, demolished a wooden railing surrounding a cellarway, scraping his leg and damaging his nose and lower lip. The gate at the end of the alley was open, and out of this Murphy shot like an arrow, still pursued by the Sergeant. At Eighth and Sansom, Sergeant Buchanan overhauled his chase, and, catching him by the throat, was about giving him a dressing when Murphy begged for mercy. The policeman who was on the stairs at the time of the sudden disappearance of his Sergeant and the thief, wisely took the safer course down the stairs to Chestnut street, and around the corner to Sansom where he insisted in conveying the slippery lawbreaker to the Cen-