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# The Bloomfield Cimes.

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#### Days that are no More.

When many years have rolled away--When we no more are young; When many voices may repeat The songs that we have sung; When all thy youthful beauty pales, Which time will not restore, Some tender thoughts may come again Of days that are no more.

The soul but slumbers to awake Alike to Joy and pain; And every holy thought and dream Are sure to come again; The youthful heart, unmarred by care, But dreams of days before; The old heart lives on memories Of days that are no more.

There is a phantom world to come, Whose gateway is the tomb, Where voices will be heard again Beyond the hidden gloom. Where shapes and shadows of the past Within the soul will stay When buman hearts and human plans Have crumbled to decay.

And then when years have rolled away, And we no more are young; When other voices may repeat The songs that we have sung; When heavenly sunshine on the soul

The beauty may restore, Some tender thoughts, perchance, will come Of days that are no more.

## Two Broken Promises.

THE first remembrance I have of my mother must have been when I was about three years old, of romping and chasing butterflies through the beautiful grounds surrounding our home, with a young girl, my constant companion and playmate.

I can perfectly remember the old nurse, who seemed to have as much care of her as myself, trying to make me call my pretty playmate "Mamma," instead of "Rosie," as I always did.

Of my father nothing is clear.

Indeed, I do not remember ever having one, until I was led into the great drawingroom one day, and lifted up to gaze on "my

Very well, even now, long years as it has been, can I remember the feeling of awe and fright which possessed me when, as they bade me, I pressed my lips on that pale, cold brow.

"Dead," they said he was.

I was very lonesome for some time after that, for my pretty mamma no longer played with me.

She was quiet and her voice was hushed. To this day I have a horror of black.

My first thoughts of care or sorrow were commenced then, and seemed to me entirely attributable to the black garb.

But gradually the gloom wore away, and again Rosie and I were happy.

I did not and would not call her mamma, or mother, until I grew to be a big boy; and then only before the other boys or strangers. The idea of that beautiful young girl being my mother, I could not understand.

My grandmother was with us. She was the mother I claimed. I loved her dearly and was proud of her.

Her matronly beauty and gentle dignity fully satisfied my ideas of what a boy's mother should be.

When I became old enough to understand, I learned much from my old nurse. She told me my mother was a child when her parents gave her to my father, who was

many, many years older than her. But he was immeasely rich and leved the pretty child, and so they were well pleased

when General Newville wooed their daugh-

And she, the child wife, was happy in the old man's love, and afterward with her babe.

She never had cause to regret her marriage, and sincerely mourned my father's

She was only a little more than twenty

when he died, and I about five years old. I was never separated from her for one day until I was eighteen.

I attended a preparatory school near home up to that time, and then came the separation. I was sent to college.

It was a severe trial for me to leave her -mother, friend, companion, all to me. Often I had heard friends laugh, and say something about another love coming to both, and separating us; that mother was young, and would surely marry sgain.

I did not feel very uneasy; for knowing she had been a widow thirteen years, I thought if, during that time, she had never known love for any other than her boy, I might rest easy about the future. However, I concluded to give her a word of warning when parting, and received her promise.

No, no, my boy; do not fear. Never will my heart wander from you. And you, Marcy, will be constant to your mother. We will live for each other, and spend our days here, in the old homestead, after your college life is over."

And so pledged to each other, I went away satisfied.

At my vacation I returned home, and found my mother more beautiful than ever, and had no cause to feel at all uneasy about any one winning her love from me.

No gentleman visited the house but the family physician and the old lawyer, neither of whom could I regard with any suspicion, as they were both married men.

Returning home at the close of the second year, I found things a little different. Indeed no lady in the neighborhood entertained so much company as my mother. She said to me:

"My dear Marcy, now that you are about entering society, it is necessary that I should secure the best friends for you, and surround you by such as your dear father's wealth and his former position entitled you to. A year more, and you will leave your college and take your proper place among your fellow-men."

She made no allusion to our mutual pledge, and seemed to have forgotten it. Still I had no real cause then, even, to be

But among her guests was one I fancied my mother was a little more attentive toa very handsome lawyer.

And I felt perfectly sure he admired her very much. Back again, for the last term, I went to

my college.

The months rolled swiftly by. Again was vacation near, when I received a letter from my mother (which not only surprised me dreadfully, but completely put to flight any ideas of objecting, remonstrating or pleading against what had been a dread during the last year, for it was then a reality.

Thus she wrote-

"DEAR MARCY.—Believing the time will come when you will think, with me, that a bad promise had better be broken than kept, I take some comfort in the re-gret I feel in giving you sorrow even for a little while.

"This morning I was married to one you have met. I have thought it better to give you so great a surprise, than the chance of objecting and remonstrating, which would not only be very unpleasant, but all in vain.

"Now, my dear son, do not worry. Be perfectly sure, when your mother gave her heart to the one whose wife she is, her love for her boy was not invaded. Nothing can change that, which is the purest, most lastemotion of a woman's heart-her

"We are going for a little trip—probably shall be absent two months. My husband's sister, your maiden aunt, will help your grandma to make your time pass happily welcome me without any regrets, feeling sure your mother has secured happiness. I wish you would try and do likewise.

"Lovingly yours,"

Yes, it was the man I feared. In a storm of rage and disappointment I strode up and down the floor.

I took my mother's picture from my bosom, and vowed never again to look on the face of her who, I thought, had treated me so cruelly.

I resolved to write immediately to my lawyer, and have him demand a settlement of my father's estate; and when in possession of my portion, to leave the country. I would never again visit the "old home stead," then no longer home to me.

Not only had my mother cruelly injured

me, I thought, but added really insult, by speaking of my being entertained by her husband's sister, an old maid, my perfect abomination!

I, that had all those years kept myself aloof from society, refused the numberless invitations to become acquainted with beautiful girls, to be left in the care of a spinster! Bell. Ugh ! I could see her in my "mind's eye" then, with her sharp, little black eyes, long hooked nose, and corkscrew curls!

Every day of forty years, I was sure. Go where she was ! Not I-to be entired into sewing-circle meetings, charity fairs, donation parties, and all such gatherings, where maiden ladies generally flourished!

After a few days I grew calmer, and decided to return to my home, wait there my mother's coming, settle up my business, and then commence my travels.

I did not write to apprise my grandmother of my coming, and so my arrival was unexpected. No one but the servants were home. was disappointed at not being welcomed by my grandmother, but very much pleased to know I should be spared, at least for a few hours, the infliction I dreaded so much -my maiden aunt's efforts to entertain

After making myself comfortable and presentable, I entered the drawing-room, drew a lounging chair to the window, and seated myself in a position to command the road and see my grandmother when she would be coming home, which would be soon, the servants said.

I had watched possibly a halfhour, when I beheld, some considerable distance off, and coming at an almost flying rate, a female on horseback.

Not my grandmother I felt sure, or my aunt. Neither of them could, or would ride like that. As she came nearer, I beheld the most beautiful girl I had ever seen.

Very young she seemed, with an abundance of long golden curls, blown back from her fair face. On she came, up to the gate, and over,

without seeming aware that such an obstacle had been in her way.

I was so completely lost in admiration of the beautiful girl and her fine riding, that I did not hasten out and assist her to alight.

When I remembered my duty she was in the hall.

I drew back into the recess of the window as she entered the drawing room.

Tossing off her hat, she sank on the sofa

" Dear me ! it is awfully dull out here ! wonder when that young man is coming ! I've been here a week now, and not a beau has crossed the threshold! But it is not likely that young gentlemen would find their way where they only expect to meet a grandma and a spinster of uncertain age."

Already in those few moments, I had found some little excuse for my mother loving some one besides her son.

In fact, I was beginning to be reconciled to that.

Indeed, I might say I was rather glad than otherwise, for it gave me the right to go and do likewise, which I would have no objection to, if I could win that vision of loveliness.

It is no use to go around the truth: I was

in love at first sight, I thought, then, it was not just the thing to be hidden there and hearing what she thought was only heard by herself; so I made a little noise, advanced into the room and moved a chair.

A half-suppressed scream fell on my ear, and then she seemed about to fly, when I explained to her who I was, and so on.

With a beautiful smile, she held out her hand and said:

"I feel as if I knew you very well, from your mother and grandmother I have heard so much of you. It is too bad you should have found no one here."

"I am very well reconciled now to that," I said, and meant it too. "You spoke of my mother. Then you are a friend of hers, and visiting here, I hope?" I continued.

A bright flush mantled her face, as she answered. "Yes, I am staying with your grandmother and-"

"My aunt," I said, finishing her reply. Are you acquainted with that worthy lady, my mother's maiden sister?" I asked. "Slightly. I met her here this week," she returned with an arch smile.

Just as I thought. By that smile I was convinced that Miss Jerusha, or Patience, whatever her name was, was not a very desirable acquisition to any family.

Waiting the return of my grandmother, we became very well acquainted, Annie she told me that was her name-and I.

Indeed, I soon felt if I had known her all my life, she was so confiding and kind. We laughed merrily about my maiden aunt and I plainly spoke my feelings with regard to that dreaded individual.

Soon my grandmother came, and formally presented me to my young friend, Miss

During the evening, grandmother informed me I should not be annoyed with society of Miss Morton-that was the maiden aunt's name-for several days, as she had gone to make a little visit in the neighborhood that day, not expecting my arrival, and it was probable she would not present herself to me perhaps for a week.

" How I rejoiced! I would make good use of the time during her absence.

Nearly two weeks had passed, when, one morning entering the breakfast room, I beheld the long dreaded person, I felt sure with her back to me, the very picture of imagination-the brown stuff dress, the very same cap—yes, my maiden aunt.

For a fortnight nearly, I had been living too happy to expect it could last-such was not for earth-riding, walking, singing and reading with sweet Annie Bell. Day and night was my heart filled with thoughts of her, and echoing the words my lips were continually whispering, "I love thee, I love thee, sweet Annie!"

That morning I had determined to whisto myself no longer, but to speak out to her the dearest hope of my heart.

No chance of another day's happiness

She would be always prying about, and coming in just when I wished her in the

Well, I might as well face the cannon's mouth at once-I had a great deal rather; so, forward I went. I was glad Annie was not near, for one glance of her merry eyes would have upset my decorous conduct.

My Grandmother arose to present me. I dared not raise my eyes.

The introduction through, Miss Moreton said-"1 was dreadful sorry I was not home to welcome you. It is against my principles to disappoint anybody."

There was something in the voice that caused me to look up.

I looked again, longer and nearer. What did I see?

There was a clear, ringing laugh followed by a low one from grandma, a chuckle from the servant, then by the removal of the cap, spectacles and false front bair, I was soon convinced that I had been the object of an excellent joke.

"Your maiden aunt, young man-Miss Moreton! Are you not glad to make her acquaintance? asked the laughing Amie.

There was no breakfast for me that morning; for as often as I was about to get a taste of anything, Annie's glance of mischief, or some of my remarks repeated in reference to the maiden aunt, would set me off is such a fit of laughter, that eating was impossible.

After teasing me to her heart's content, she fled to the garden.

I followed; told her my love, and wooed her to be mine. "What, would you marry your maiden

aunt?" she laughingly asked. All I answered I will not write here.

And she as it was "against her principles to disappoint any one," made me happy. Soon my mother returned.

I welcomed her without one regret.

During the evening of her return I noticed she watched Annie and me closely; and then she came, and putting her arms around me whispered: "You can forgive me now Marcy. And

now know, that although we both have learned to love one onother, we are still as dear to each other. It is not so my boy?" in my eyes she read the answer.

She told me afterwards that she had intended a pleasant little joke, and hoped for just such an ending.

She wanted that I should be as happy as

she was. "And now you think a bad promise had better be broken than kept, do you not

Marcy?" asked my mother?" "I think I do," I answered, and clasped mother and maiden aunt in one loving em-

A few months after our relative positions were changed; and every hour since, I have blessed the day that mother gave me in charge of my maiden aunt, and broke that foolish promise.

Mamma," cried a little girl, rushing into the room, "why am I like a tree?" Mamma could not guess, when the little one exclaimed, "Because I have limbs, mam-

### MEAN MEN.

I'VE known some very mean men in my time. There was Descon Overreach. now he was somean that he always carried a hen in his gig-box when he traveled, to pick up the oats his horse wasted in the manger, and lay an egg for his breakfast in the morning. And then there was Hugo Himmelman, who made his wife dig potatoes to pay for the marriage license. 1 must tell you that story of Hugo, for it's not a bad one; and good stories, like good potatoes, ain't as plenty as they used to be when I was a boy. Hugo is a neighbor of mine, though considerable older than I be. and a mean neighbor he is, too. Well, when he was going to get married to Gretchen Kolp, he goes down to Parson Rogers, at Digby, to get license.

"Parson," said he, "what's the price of a license ?"

"Six dollars," said he.

"Six dollars," said Hugo, "that's a dreadful sight of money. Couldn't you take no less?

"No," said be, "that's what they cost me to the Secretary's office at Halifax."

"Well, how much do you ax for publishing in church, then?"

"Nothing," says the parson.

"Well," says Hugo, "that's so cheap I can't expect you to give no change back. I think I'll be published .- How long does it take?" "Two Sundays."

"Two Sundays!" said Hugo, "well that's a long time, too. But two Sundays only make a fortnight after all; two for the covers, and one for the inside like; and six dollars is a great sum of money for a poor man to throw away. I must wait.

So off he went, a jegging towards home, feeling as mean as a new sheared sheep, when all at once a bright thought came into his head, and back he went as fast as his horse could earry him.

"Parson," says he, "I've changed my mind. Here's the six dollars; I'll tie the knot to-night with my tongue, that I can't

untie with my teeth." "Why, what in 'natur' is the meanin' of all this ?" says the parson.

"Why," says Hugo, "I've been cipherin" it out in my head, and it's cheaper than publishin' bans after all. You see, sir, it's potatoe diggin' time; if I wait to be called in church her father will have her work for nothing; and as hands are scarce and wages big, if I marry her to-night, she can begin to dig our own to-morrow, and that will pay for the license, and just seven shillings over; for there ain't a man in Clements that can dig and carry as many bushels in a day as Gretchen can .- And, besides, fresh wives, like fresh servants, work like smoke at first, but they get sarcy and lazy arter a

## The Carpenter's Dream.

A poor man was a carpenter; and he often said to himself and others: "If I was only rich. I would show people how to give." In his dream he saw a pyramid of silver dollars-all new bright and beautiful. Just then a voice reached him saying: " Now is your time. You are rich at last; let us see your generosity !" So he rose from his seat and went to the pile to take some money for charitable purposes. But the pyramidwas so perfect that he could not bear to break it. He walked all around it, but found no place where he could take a dollar without spoiling the heap. Se he decided that the pyramid should not be broken! . . and then awoke. He awoke to know himself, and to see that he would be generous only while comparatively poor.

"A place for everything and everything in its place," said an old man to his daughter. "Select not a wife, my son. who will ever step over a broomstick."

The son was obedient to the lesson.

"Now," said he, pleasantly, on a May day, to one of his companions, "I appoint this broomstick to choose me a wife. The young lady who will not step over it shall

have the offer of my hand." They passed from the splendid saloon to the grove. Some tumbled over the broomstick, others jumped over it. At length a young lady stooped and put it in its place. The promise was fulfillhd .- She became the wife of an educated and wealthy young man, and he the husband of a prudent and industrious loving wife. He brought a fortune to her, and she knew how to save one. It is not easy to decide which was under the greatest obligations, both were rich, and each enriched the other.