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No. 19.

No, nothing would do but I must accomand the rest of the company began to won-

owned the grove, and assist her to arrange her clothing.

So I went.

What if it should be necessary to remove the greater part of her raiment? What if she should tell me to do some sewing? What if in the midst of all the embarrassment of being closeted with a beautiful girl of seventeen, in a state of comparative freedom from drapery, my real sex should be discovered ?

I felt as if an apoplectic fit would be a fortunate occurrence for me just then.

However I nerved myself for the task, and accompanied Jennie to the house designated. An old lady showed us into her chamber, and Jennie, heaving a sigh of relief, let go her dress. As she did so, a--pardon my blushes-a petticoat fell to the floor. She was about to proceed, but I alarmed her by a sudden and vehement gesture.

"Stop !" I cried frantically, and forgetting my falsetto, "don't undress for God's sake."

"And why not?"

"Because I am-I am-can you keep a ceret ?"

"Why, yes-how frightened you look !" "Why, what is the matter-Maggie !you, why, oh ! oh !"

And she gave three screams.

"Hush, no noise, or I am lost !" I exclaimed, putting my hand over her mouth. "I swear I mean no harm; if I had, 1 would not have stopped you. Don't you

She was all of a tremble, poor little thing, but she saw the force of my argument.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I see you are a man; but what does it all mean ? Why did you dress so?"

I told her the story as briefly as possible, after exacting from her a promise of the most sacred secrecy.

I then went outside the door, and waited until she had arranged her dress, when she called me again. She had heard of me from Maggie and others and she wanted to hear all the particulars; so I sat down by her and we had a long talk, which ended in mutual feelings of friendliness and old acquaintanceship, quite wonderful for people meeting the first time. Just as we started to go back to the pavilion, I said I must relieve my mind of just one more burden. "And what is that ?" she asked.

"Those kisses. You thought I was Maggie Lee, or you would not have given them. They were very sweet but I suppose I must give them all back."

And I did.

pany her to the house of a gentleman who der where we were. This wonder begat questions, the questions fears and fears search, hended by the

valiant Bimby. They called, and looked and listened, but our position down in the sheltered nook among the rocks prevented them from hearing us, or us them.

At length they hit upon our path, and all came along in single file, until they got to the open space above.

Then they saw a sight.

I was spread out in a free and easy position, my bonnet off, and my hair somewhat towzled up, and there I sat puffing away in a very unlady-like manner.

Jennie was sitting close beside me with her head almost on my shoulder and her small waist encircled by my arm. Just as the party came along above, I laughed out in a loud muscular voice-

"Just think of poor what's his name there, Bimby ! Suppose he knew that he had been making love to a man?"

"Hush !' cried Jennie. 'Look, there he is-and oh, my gracious! there is the whole company.

"Yes, we are fairly caught." It was of no use for me to clap on my bonnet and assume my falsetto again-they had all seen too much for that. Besides, by this time Bob Styles and Maggie Lee were doubtless one flesh," and my disguise was of no further importance, so I owned up and told the story. Lawyer Bimby was in a rage. He vowed to kill me, and even squared off, but the rest of the party laughed at him so unmercifully, and suggested that we should waltz it out together, that he finally cooled. and slunk away to take some private conveyance to D-

Bob Styles and 1 are living in a double house together. He often says he owes his wife to my masquerading, but he dosen't feel under any obligations to me, for I owe my wife to the same thing.

N. B .- My wife's name is Jennie. TRUE PRIDE.

YOUNG man named Parks, from Worcester, entered the store of the Lawrences, in Boston, and found Amos in the office. He represented himself as having just commenced business, and desired to purchase a lot of goods. He had recommendation as to character from several influential citizens of Worcester, but none touching his business standing or capacity. The merchant listened to his story, and at its close shook his head,

"I have no doubt," he said kindly, that you have full faith in your ability to promptly meet the obligations you would now assume; but I have no knowledge of your tact or capacity, and as you are just launching out on the sea of business, I should be doing you a great injustice to allow you to contract a debt which I did not feel assured you could pay at the proper time. But Mr. Lawrence liked the appearance of the young man and finally told him that he would let him have what goods he could pay for at the cost of the manufactureabout ten per cent. less than the regular wholesale price. The bill was made out and paid, and the clerk asked where the goods should be sent.

The Ploomfield Cimes. had told her father that the party was to assemble at another hotel, and thither he had taken her. Having business in D-18 PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNINO, BY he left her there, merely saying that he would send the carriage after her at seven FRANK MORTIMER & CO., o'clock. She like a dutiful daughter, kissed At New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa. him and bade him good-bye, and before he had gone a hundred rods got in Bob Style's light wagon, which had driven up to the 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. back door as Mr. Lee drove from the front, and the old story of head-strong love and ADVERTISING RATES: Transient-8 Cents per line for one insertion. 13 " " two insertions 15 " " three insertions.

I had suspected, a young and rising lawyer, mighty in Blackstone in his own opinion. up a street stand. Four or five times I was on the point of swearing at his impudent play.

No; the young ladies were the difficult ones to deceive. For instance there was one among them, a beautiful girl of seventeen, just returned from boarding school, who had not seen Maggie Lee for three years. Of course she was delighted to see me, when she found that I was Maggie Lee, which by the way did not occur until we had started. She threw herself into my arms, pulled my veil aside, and kissed me half a dozen times, in a manner that made my finger ends tingle for an hour. It was all very nice, but if I had been in a propria persona, I would have liked it better. As it was I felt as though I was obtaining goods under false pretenses, and lawyer Bimby might issue a warrant for my arrest on the ground at any moment.

me, on the upper deck of "the boat, to the utter disgust of Mr. Bimby and all the ference on that point. Then I had light other gentlemen. I kept very quiet only speaking in monosyllables, in a falsesto voice.

> But the others-Lord bless you ! how they gabbled. Under a strict promise of secrecy, the boarding school maiden who had kissed me so affectionately, revealed all her love affairs and also became unpleasantly confidential about other matters-innocent enough in themselves but not customarily talked of between ladies and gentlemen.

not do to give up then. As soon as my trick should become known, Bob Styles trick would come out, and news of that kind travels fast in the country, he and his lady-love would be telegraphed, and followed before they could reach Philadelphia, where Styles lived and where the knot was to be tied.

prejudiced age was enacted over again. As for us of the picnic excursion, we had a delightful sail down to the grove, but somehow, I could not enjoy it as I ought to have done. When I walked on board the boat, I felt awkward, as if everybody was looking at me. I found Mr. Bimby, as He insisted on paying my fare (the boat was a regular excursion packet) and purchasing enough oranges pears and caudies, to set

officiousness, but bit my tongue just in time to prevent my exposure. But it was not with him I found my role the hardest to

A whole lot of crinoline then surrounded

I was terribly embarrassed, but it would

Maggie Lee artful creature as she was, man," I said in the most feminine tone I could command.

He cast a laughing glance at me through the black lace veil and I fairly began to fear for his feelings. We soon arrived at the grove, and found our band, engaged beforehand awaiting us. Of course dancing was the first amusement, and lawyer Bimby led me out for a shottische. It was hard at first to take a lady's part in the dance, but I soon got accustomed to it. A waltz was proposed, and I resolved to have a little amusement at the expense of the unfortunate Mr. Bimby.

I had first made him parposely jealous by dancing with two others, one of whom 1 knew in my own character, but who never suspected me as Maggie Lee. The young man was a great woman killer; a sort of an easy devil may-care rascal, who made the ladies run after him, by his rash and coolness of protestation. I selected him to play off against my legal admirer. I allowed him to hold on to me very closely, and occasionally looked at him with a half fascinating expression. When we stopped darring, he led me to my seat, keeping his arm about my waist, and I permitted it. Having thus stirred Bimby up to wrath-

ful feats of valor, I asked one of the gentlemen to direct the musician to play a waltz. Bimby came immediately.

"Ahem-a Miss Lee, shall I have the honor of-a-trying a waltz with you ?" I smiled a gracious acquiescence, and we commenced.

Now I am-an old stager at waltzing. 1 can keep up longer than any unprofessional dancer, male or female, whom I ever met. As long as the Cachnea or Schounbrunnum rings in my ears, I can go on if it is a year. Not so, Bimby. He plead want of practice, and said that he soon got dizzy.

"Aha, old boy," thought I, "I'll give you a turn then !"

But I only smiled, and said that I should probably get tired first.

"Oh, yes !" he exclaimed. "Of course, I can waltz as long as any lady, but no more."

For the first five minutes my cavalier did well. He went smoothly and evenly but at the expiration of that time began to grow warm. Five minutes elapsed and Bimby's breath beat harder and harder. On he went, however, and I scorned to notice his slackening at every round, when we passed my seat. After some-ten or twelve minutes the wretched man gasped out between his steps:

"Ah, a-are you not-get-getting very tired ?"

"Oh, no !" I burst forth as coolly as if we were riding around the room; "Oh, no, I feel as though I could dance all night." The look of despair that he gay

bobs, and the what's its name." And my friend Bob Styles held up before

my hesitant gaze a full snit of feminine apparel.

lady love for one day, to prevent anybody from suspecting the truth-namely, that she had joined him in a runaway marriage party-until it should be too late for interference; that is, until the minister should have tied a knot between them that nothing but a special grant of the Legislature

The scheme was not actually so absurd as it appeared at first sight. Maggie Lee was a tall, queenly woman, with an almost masculine air, and, at that time I had a very slight form-almost effeminate, so that in fact, there was really but little difhair parted in the middle, and put a bonnet on my head and few persons will observe that I am not of the softer sex. These accessories also gave me quite a decided resemblance to Maggie Lee, especially as when in this case the disguise was her own.

Then the day chosen for the runaway match was an auspicious one. Maggie's pa was to drive her to Da small village near where she lived, and there she was to join a sailing party down Driver, to the grove three miles below; from was to return in the even-

on

But you must. My happiness depends upon it. Here put on the thingum-

His idea was that I should personate his

could untie.

A Modest Young Man's Experience.

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A Day in Woman's Clothes:

ing in carriages.

Our plan was, that I should be waiting in the village, and should go on the boat with the sailing party, while Maggie after leaving her father should slide off with Bob Styles across the country.

At last I got dressed, and presented myself before Maggie, blushing a great deal, I believe, feeling very much pinched about the waist and with an uncomfortable consciousness that my-shirt sleeves were to short; or wanting altogether.

Everything finished, in the way of tollet, Bob Styles took me in his light wagon and throve me over to D-, by a secluded route and left me-at the hotel, where the sailing party was to assemble. Several of the picnicers were there, and they greeted my cavaller with cordiality, (everybody knew Bob Styles,) asking if he was going with them. He told them he was not.

Pressing business engagements you know, and all that sort of thing. Dusced sorry I can't go, through. I just had time to bring Miss Lee over, and I'm off. Mr. Bimby, this is Miss Lee, and he rattled off a lot of brief introductions, which convinced me that there was but few of the company that were acquainted with the young lady whom I was personating-a very fortunate thing for the preservation of my disguise.

Mr. Bimby, a tall, legal looking man, with a hook nose, and eye glass and puffy hair seemed to be pleased with my personelle, and I overheard him whisper to Bob Styles as he went out:

"Nice looking girl that Miss Lee."

"Yes," answered Bob with a mischievous glance at him, " she is a nice girl, though a little go ahead sometimes. Keep a little lookout on her, will you"-then lowering his voice said-"not a bad match for you, old fellow she is rich."

" Is she ?" said Bimby, his interest deepening.

"On my honor," replied Bob. Fortythousand dollars in her own right. " Day, Day !" and he was gone.

The river breeze was very fresh where we sat, and I noticed that several of the ladies were glancing very uneasily at me. I couldn't divine the reason, until Jennie, my little friend from the boarding school, laid her face dangerously close to mine, and said: "My dear Maggie, your dress is blowing up terribly high-your ankles will be town talk with all the gentlemen ?"

Now I was conscious of having a small foot for a man, and had donned a pair of open worked stockings which came up nearly to my waist, with a pair of gaiters borrowed from a servant girl, in all which together my "running gear' looked quite feminine and respectable-but the idea of the girl telling me of the gentlemen talking about my ankles, who would have been frightened to death if I had told her the same thing yesterday, was too much for me, I burst into a sort of strangled laugh, which I could only check, by swallowing half of my filagree lace edged handkerchief. The young ladies all looked at me with apparent astonishment with such a voice, and wanted to laugh the more. Fortunately Mr. Bimby came to my rescue at the moment and edged himself in among the crinoline.

"May I sit here?" he asked, pointing to a low stool near me.

"Certainly," I simpered in my high falsetto.

"Ah, thank you," said Bimby, with a lackadaisical air, which nanseated me, as coming from one man to another; you are as kind as you are fascinating ?"

" You flatter me !" "I? No, indeed; praises of you cannot be flattery Miss Lee.

"Oh. sir, really, you are a very naughty body else go?

terrible to see.

I was bound too see him through, and we kept at it. Bimby staggered and nrade wild steps in all directions. His shirt collar wilted, eyes protruded, his jaw hung down; and altogether, I saw he could not hold out much longer.

"This is delightful," said 1, "and you, Mr. Bimby, waltz so easily.'

"Puff-ah-puff-ah-puff-yes-ohpuff-very-puff-delightful," he gasped. "Don't you think it ought to go a little faster ?"

"He rolled his eyes heavenward in agony. "Ah - puff-I don't-ah- puff-don't know."

"So when we neared the musicians, I said:

"Faster, if you please-faster," and they played a la whirlwind.

Poor Bimby threw his feet about like fast pacer, and revolved after the manner of o tectotum which was nearly run down. At tast he staggered a step backwards, and spinning eccentrically away from me, pitched headlong in the midst of a bevy of young ladies in a corner. I turned coolly, walked to my seat, and sent the young womankiller after a glass of ice water.

I got some idea from this of the fun young ladies have in tormenting us poor devils of the other sex.

At this juncture, and before Mr. Bimby had time to apologize for his accident, little Jennie came running into the pavilion which served for a ball room. As she came near, I perceived her hands were clutched tightly in her dress, and I positively shuddered as she whispered to me

"Oh, Maggie, come and help me to fix my skirts, for they are coming down."

What should I do? I was in agony .- A cold perspiration broke out over my foreaway, anathematized Bob Styles' masquerading project-inwardly, with maledictions. I said I was tired out-could not some-

She blushed a good deal, but she didn't resist, only when I got through she glanced up and said:

" I think you are real naughty anyhow." When I returned, I found lawyer Bimby quite recovered from his dizziness, and all hands ready for supper, which was served in the bar room. I sat between Bimby and Jennie, and made love to both in turn ; to one as Maggie Lee and to the other as myself. After supper, at which I astonished a great many by eating rather more heartily than young ladies generally do, we had more dancing, and I hinted pretty strongly to Mr. Bimby that I should like to try another waltz.

He didn't take the hint.

Finding it rather dry amusement to dance with my own kind, I soon abandoned the pleasure and persuaded Jennie to take a stroll off into the moonlight with me. We found the grove a charming place, full of picturesque little corners and rustic seats. and great gray rocks leaning out over the river. On one side of these latter a little bench was placed in a nook sheltered from the sight.

Here we sat, in the full flood of the moonlight and having just had supper, I felt wonderfully in need of a eigar. Accordingly I went back to a little stand near the ball-room and purchased several, of the wondering women who sold refreshments. Then returning to the seats by the rocks, I gave up all cause of fears for my incognito and revelled in the pleasure of solitudethe fragrance of my eigar-the moonlight -and little Jennie's presence.

How long we sat there heaven knows. We talked and laughed and sang, and looked into each other's eyes, and told fortunes and performed all the nonsensical operations common amongst young people just head. I wished myself a thousand miles falling in love with each other, and might have remained till the month of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty seven, aught I know, had not the carriages been sent to convey us home,

"I will take them myself," said the purchaser.

" You will find them rather heavy," suggested the clerk smiling.

"Never mind; I am strong, and the stage office is not far away, and besides, I have nothing else to occupy my time."

"But," said the clerk, expostulating, "it is hardly in keeping with your position to be shouldering such ponderous bundles through the city.

"There you mistake," replied the young man, with simple candor. "My position just now is one in which I must help myself if I would be helped at all. I am not ashamed to carry anything which I honestly possess, nor am I ashamed of the strength which enables me to carry this heavy burden.

Thus speaking he shouldered a large bundle, and had turned toward the outer door, when Mr. Lawrence, who, from his office, had overheard the conversation, called him back.

"Mr. Parks, I have concluded to let you have what goods you want on time. Select ta your pleasure." The young man was surprised.

"You have true pride for a successful merchant, sir," pursued Mr. Lawrence .. 'and I shall be disappointed if you do not succeed."

Amos Lawrence was not disappointed. Within fifteen years from that time, Samuel Parks was himself established on Milk street-one of the most enterprising and successful merchants in Boston.-Ezchange.