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CAUGHT IN HER OWN NET.

A Leap Year Story.

66 GIRLS, I am just dying for some fun!" cried Grace Thatcher, as she entered the boudoir of her friend Lily Atherton, and found several of her acquaintances already there. "I've been to balls, and theatres, and sleighrides, without number, and I am tired to death of them all. Do somebody help me to find something else to do !"

"Certainly," responded Lily, "here is this seam for you to sew up;" handing her, as she spoke, a garment of course unbleached cotton. "We are all busy working for the-Mission, and I am very glad you came just in time to help us."

"Help! I help! What, to sew that coarse thing? Lily, are you crazy? I never touched such a thing in my life!" and the petted beauty drew back, as if really afraid of the harmless cloth.

"Then it is high time you did," persisted Lily. "Here are needles and thread, and a thimble, in this basket; so be a good girl, and go to work."

"Well, if I must, I must," sighed Grace, who, on glancing about, perceived that all the others had similar work. "But do you really think it charity to give such awful stuff to anybody?" she inquired, very seriously, after a few moments silence, during which she had selected and threaded her needle. "It seems to me it would be perfect torture to wear such garments. Something like the hair shirts that monks wear as a penance."

"Ah, Gracie," said Lily, "you have not seen the poor creatures to whom these articles are given, or you would realize that warm serviceable clothes are what they need. Wont you go with me some day to visit them ?"

"No indeed!" cried her friend, with a shudder. "I'll give you some money for them, if you like, but I always dislike so much to see poor people."

"I shall be very glad of your donation, Grace, but I really wish you would go with me. You would be interested, I am sure; and you have such abundant means to do good."

"Well, I'll see about it, if it will really oblige you," answered Grace, carelessly; and there was a short pause, during which the needles flew briskly. It was broken by Grace, the irrepressible, who hastily sprang up, overturning work and basket, exclaiming. "I've found it, girls !"

What? your needle?" asked one. "I should think you might have lost twenty

with such a spring as that." "No, not the needle, but the plan for

some fun." "What is it? Tell us!" cried several voices; and the work was suddenly abandoned by all but Lily, as they crowded

round Grace. "In the first place," she began, solemnly, but with dancing eyes, "you know it is

Leap Year." "Yes, yes," in a chorus from the rest. "And that in Loap Year we damsels have certain rights and privileges denied us at other times. Now, I propose that we

each select some gentleman of our acquaintance, and write him a note, making a formal offer of our heart and hand, but we will not sign it."

"Then how shall we get an answer?"

inquired one.

"We will appoint some place of meeting, if they feel inclined to accept, and

then we will watch to see what they do." "Burely, Grace," said Lilly, gravely,

you would not do such an unmaidenly thing ?"

"Why would I not do it? and why is it unmaidenly?" demanded Grace. "Of course I would not sign my name to such a document; but merely to write it, and have the fun of seeing the gentleman go poking off to keep their appointments, and no one there to meet them, is no harm. Do you think it is, girls?" she added, turning to the group.

They, however, though not quite so decided in their opinions as Lily, preferred not to join in the sport; "they were afraid, it might be found out," etc., etc., all but Belle Morton, a gay fun-loving girl, who had been with Grace in all her schoolgirl

"I'm ready, Grace," she said. "'I never will desert Mr. Micawber;" in other words, I'll help you as usual, in that or anything else, for the sake of a frolic."

"Come home with me then," cried our plot alone, so as not to shock this puritanical company. Good-by, girls," she continued, gayly. "Good-by, Lily of the valley. I'll come and sew again when I want another inspiration." "And she departed with Belle, unmindful of Laly's entreaties not to carry out her project.

Seated in Grace's library, the friends wrote and re-wrote epistles to various gentleman of their acquaintance, but still were unsatisfied with the result.

At length Grace flung aside her pen, exclaiming, "Listen to this, Belle! It is much better than the other plan." And she read as follows:

"To Henry Archer, Esq.

DEAR FRIEND, -I have long been aware of your real feelings toward me, and trust-ed that time would enable you to overcome your diffidence, and allow you to tell me of your love, and thus make us both happy; but as I see no prospect of this, I venture to take advantage of the privilege of Leap Year, and tell you that I most sincerely love and esteem you. Please do not write an answer to this, but if inclined to forgive my forwardness, and accept my proposal, meet me to-morrow night at eleven o'clock in Mrs. Gray's conservatory.

Very truly yours, "LILY ATHERTON."

"Why, Grace Thatcher! What do you mean? You will surely never send that to Harry Archer!" exclaimed Belle, utterly aghast at the bare idea.

"Indeed I will, Belle; and Lily ought to be much obliged to me for doing so. Anybody can see that Harry Archer worships the ground he treads on; but she is so quiet and reserved that he has no encouragement to propose. When they once get together in Mrs. Gray'a conservatory with that letter, they must come to an understanding. I know Lily is to be at Mrs. Gray's party, and of course Mr. Archer will, as he is Mr. Gray's nephew.

"But now there is one trouble," she continued. "Mr. Archer knows my writing, for one day he and I helped Mrs. Gray write some invitations. Can't you copy it for me, Belle ?"

"Yes," said Belle, rather thoughtfully for her; "but are you sure you had better send it? I shouldn't quite like such a trick played on me, would you?"

"I shouldn't care ! not one bit !" declared Grace, emphatically, shaking back her long ringlets. "If any one served me so, I could get out of it well enough. Because you see," she added, "I don't care anything about any one; so I should be perfectly cool and self-possessed."

" Even if it were Edward Fairfax ?" que ried Belle, archly.

"Of course! Why not he as well as another?" returned Grace. But Belle noted the sudden flush on her cheek.

"Well, I'll copy it," she said. "But how are you going to witness the tender meeting, Grace, for I suppose you mean

"Certainly," replied Grace. "I would not miss that for anything. I'll hide in the conservatory, and no one will be the wiser. But now copy this," she added, tossing the note to Belle, who obeyed.

"I must go now, Grace," she said, as she finished. "I promised to be home early. I shall see you to-merrow evening at Mrs. Gray's." And the friends parted.

As Belle hurried along the street she could scarcely maintain a becoming gravity; and when she entered her own room she burst into a merry laugh.

"I'll do it! I certainly will!" she exclaimed. "If Grace is so perfectly willing that any one should play her such a trick, I'll just make another copy of her note for Edward Fairfax. How neatly I smuggled her rough draft of it, and a sheet of the note-paper with her monogram, into my pocket! And she talks of their thanking

her! I am sure Edward Fairfax ought to forth Belle's note and extending it to her. thank me, for he is as proud as Lucifer, and as poor as a church mouse; and he would not offer himself to the beautiful heiress, Grace Thatcher, for any earthly consideration; and to see the way he stands and gazes at her in any party where they chance to meet, is enough to give one the blues! No, no! I'll settle your business, sir,." And snatching up a pen, a few moments sufficed to make another copy of Grace's note, the only alteration being that Grace's and Mr. Fairfax's names were substituted for those of Lily and Harry Archer. This missive being duly posted, she impatiently awaited the next evening.

Before accompanying her to Mrs. Gray's however, let us take one more look at Lily Atherton. Her friends had remained sewing until nearly dark, and on their departure she had joined her mother at the teatable. Soon after that meal was over Mr. Archer was announced, and from his recep-Grace, "and we'll work out the details of tion by both ladies, it was evident that he was a frequent and welcome guest. The truth was, that he had been for months Lily's accepted suitor; but owing to her having been in mourning for her father, the engagement had been kept strictly private. Now that Lily had begun once more to mingle in society, further concealment was not cared for, and the marriage was soon to take place.

Mr. Archer seemed rather more sedate than usual, and in the pauses of conversation, idly turned the leaves of Lily's autograph album. Suddenly his face lighted up, and drawing a note from his pocket, he eagerly compared the writing it contained with one of the autographs.

"What interests you so much, Harry?" asked Lily, coming to his side. "May I

"Yes, you may now, though had I not discovered the author, you should not," said Archer, handing her the note which my readers will readily divine was the one copied for Grace by Belle.

Lily's face flushed indignantly as she

"O, how could they do such a thing!" she exclaimed. "Surely, Harry, you did not believe I knew anything of it?" she asked, anxiously.

"No indeed, dearest. I know you too well for that; and besides, it is evidently written by one who knew nothing of our engagement. But I confess it annoyed me to think that any one should thus meddle with our private affairs; and I was vainly trying to think who it could be, when I saw Belle Morton's autograph here, and recognized the very peculiar writing."

Lily explained Grace's plan of the afternoon, and expressed her belief that she also had some share in this letter.

"They will watch us closely to-morrow evening Lily," said Harry. "Suppose we stroll into the conservatory about eleven o'clock and confront the conspirators."

To this Lilly agreed. Mrs. Gray's party was a most brilliant affair, and the crowd of guest so great that Grace and Belle did not meet until just before eleven o'clock.

"Are you bound for the conservatory, Grace?" whispered her friend, with a mis-

chievous look in her eyes. "Yes," replied Grace. "They are both

here, and it is almost time, so au revoir." And she moved hastily away. "That's all right soliloquised Belle, "for Edward Fairfax has been there for ten

minutes past. When I peeped in he was reading over the note, and, unless I'm much mistaken, pressing it to his lips. But I must get where I can see them." Grace, in the meantime, had passed

swiftly through the conservatory until she came to a beautiful fountain, near which was a seat so surrounded by tall orange trees and oleanders that she thought she would be effectually screened from observation. To her surprise, however, the seat was already occupied, and by Edward Fairfax !

Hastily springing to her side, he exclaim-

ed in low impassioned tones: "Dearest Grace, how can I ever thank you for your generous avowal of love? Had our positions been different-had I been rich and influential, instead of a poor artist, I should not have been pleased to have the offer come from you; but as it is, I can only strive by a life-long devotion to repay the sacrifice that this confession must have been to you." And as he concluded, he drew her fondly to him and stooped to imprint a kiss on her lips; but Grace was too quick for him, and starting back, cried: "I do not understand you, Mr. Fairfax!

Of what avowal do you speak?"
"Of this," replied her lover, drawing

Grace gave one glance at its contents, and realizing the whole exclaimed:

"O Belle! Belle! how could you?" And sinking on the seat, covered her face with her hands. Mr. Fairfax stood astonished and irreso-

lute. He could not fathom the mystery. At length some light broke on his mind, and he asked gently:

"Did you not write this note, Miss Grace ?"

"Never," sobbed Grace. "Then I must ask your pardon, and bid you farewell," said Fairfax, sadly.

Grace made no reply. " Will you, not shake hands as a token that you forgive my innocent share in this wretched trick?" he asked.

Grace slowly raised her head and extended her hand. As she did so she caught a glimpse of his sad face, and the love she had so long hidden, asserted itself, and shone in her eyes.

"It is I who should ask forgiveness," she said, timidly. "You do not understand how wicked I have been; but indeed I did not realize it till now."

Fairfax caught her rapturously in his

"Say that you did not realize till now that you loved me," he whispered, "and I care for nothing more."

"And say you forgive me, for I am ashamed of myself," burst in Belle, who suddenly appeared before them. "That is, I'm half ashamed and half glad," she added, as she glanced from one to the other.

"I'll both forgive and thank you," said Fairfax, at once comprehending that Belle had written the offending note.

"And so will I," added Grace, nestling her hand into that of her lover, "though I must tell my share of it, Belle. I hope my note has done no more mischief than

"None at all," said a pleasant voice behind them, and turning suddenly, the trio beheld Archer and Lilly standing near.

"Many thanks for your kind efforts in my behalf, ladies," said Archer, laughing. "Had Lily and I not been engaged six months ago, they would doubtless have been crowned with as complete success as I

see they have been in another direction." "Allow us to offer our most sincere congratulations, Grace dear," said Lily, kindly as she and Archer, accompanied by Bell, moved considerately away.

A SINGULAR CASE.

The Louisville "Ledger" years ago W. Hewett was sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the Tennessee penitentiary for robbing W. J. Weakley's store in Edgefield of a large amount of goods. His health was bad and he was put at light work in the shoe shop of the prison.

After serving two years and four months,

he and another convict named Smith succeeded in scaling the walls at night and making their escape. They both came to Louisville, where Smith was recaptured. Hewett subsequently committed a theft in this city, and was sent to the Kentucky penitentiary. He was discharged a short time ago. Helpless from a complication of disease, without friends or money, and convinced that he would be hunted and taken back to Tennesee to serve out his time there, he chose the desperate alternative of surrendering himself. His mother, who resided in Edgefield, was startled last Monday night by his entering the house and announcing that he was ready to go back to prison if the authorities so decided. He presented a most distressing spectacle, and his mother determined upon an effort to secure his pardon. She sent a friend to Governor Brown on Tuesday, with an earnest appeal in behalf of her son, but the case was one into which consideration of executive elemency could not possibly extend. As Hewett was an escaped convict, pardon was of course out of the question, and so Governor Brown intimated, kindly, but firmly. The mother had a high sense of her duty in the matter, and requested that no officer of the law be sent after her son, pledging that the state should be put to no expense on his account, and that he should be delivered at the prison on Wednesday. She had kept her word. Wednesday morning she called at the Capitol in a carriage, the son sitting by her side. After a last appeal to the Governor-which could be answered only as before-she drove, broken hearted, to the Nashville penitontiary and delivered the prisoner to Warden Chumbley.

The episode is one of the most singular in our criminal annals. Never before, we half as well as did the passengers.

believe, did a mother make such a sacrifice or make it more nobly. But who, in the uncharitable world, will give her credit for the grand moral heroism that moved her thus to deliver her son to the tender mercies of a penitentiary, in order that he might expiate a crime he had committed against his country?

A Lawyer Prize Fighter. On signs in City Hall Place and in Center

street in this city may be read the name of "Edmund E. Price, Counsellor at Law." This is none other than the renowned Ned Price, formerly known as one of the pluckiest and most scientific prize fighters that ever entered the ring. Price's history is somewhat curious. He is an Englishman, but came to this country when quite a boy. He has a great natural facility for acquiring languages, and speaks French, Spanish, German, and other modern languages with ease, elegance, and correctness. He was at one time employed in one of the Boston Courts as an interpretor. He is also a fine amateur musician, singing with much taste and playing his own accompaniments on the piano or guitar. He inherits a fancy for the prize ring, his father and his father's father both having made occasional demonstrations in that direction. Ned learned boxing instinctively, and his fine mind led him to analyze and study the science of it. This science, joined to a good knowledge of anatomy, and the indomitable pluck and stamina of a thoroughbred John Bull, made him most formidable in the twenty-four foot area. In time he was matched against Joe Coburn, the present champion of the middle weights, and the most scientific boxer in America, save Jim Mace. Coburn and Price met, and so equally were the men matched in science, strength and endurance, that, after a terrible battle, which lasted three hours and forty minutes, neither had strength to strike another blow, neither could administer the coup de grace, and the tight was declared a draw. Price afterward fought James Kelly, better known as "Australian Kelly," who came here with the reputation of having fought the longest battle on record (six hours and a half in Australia), and won the fight in exactly thirty minutes, without receiving any scratch himself, while Kelly was cut to pieces and several ribs broken. Price then resigned his ring honors and went to war, where he served faithfully, carning the grade of Captain. At the end of the war he went to Washington, where he studied law, was admitted to practice, and soon He has formed a partnership here, and is rapidly rising in favor as an honest, hard working counsellor, and has a lucrative practice, which doubtless will soon place him in easy circumstances .- New York Telegram.

A Conductor Sold.

A few days since the passengers on a Washington street car were much amused at the following scene.

As the car was passing down the avenue, a young man at the time standing on the platform taking it easy, with one foot on a trunk, was approached by the conductor and his fare demanded. He quietly passed over his five cents.

Conductor-I demand twenty-five cents for that trunk.

Young Man, hesitating - Twenty-five cents? Well, I think I will not pay it.

C .- Then I shall put the trunk off. Y. M .- You had better not, or you may be sorry for it.

Conductor pulls strap, stops car, dumps trunk on the Avenue, starts car, and after going some two squares, approaches the young man, who was still as calm as a summer morning, and in angry mood says: "Now I have put your trunk off, what are you going to do about it?"

Young Man, [cooly.]-Well, I don't propose to do anything about it; it's no concern of mine; it wasn't my trunk.

Conductor [fiercely.]-Then, why didn't you tell me so? Y. M.-Because you did not ask me, and

I told you you'd be sorry for it. At this moment a portly German emerges from the car, and angrily says, "You feller,

where is mine drunk ?" Young Man .- My friend, I think that is

your trunk on the avenue there. German .- Who puts him off? I hafe de

monish to pay him. I will see about dot. The car was stopped, and shortly afterwards the conductor was seen to come sweating up, with the trunk on his back-a part of the performance he did not enjoy