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BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES.

A Good Temperance Story.

T WAS about three o'clock one scorching hot, Saturday afternoon in July, when John Lewis, the carpenter, laid down his hammer on the bench, put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a few coppers, "Just the price of a pint," as he said to himself; so he resolved to step across the road to the "Golden Eagle," and have some ale to slake his thirst. Just as be opened the "bar" door, what should he see on the polished counter, but a plate of beautiful ripe cherries, the sight of which made John's mouth water so freely, that, ere he knew exactly what he was doing, he had stretched out his hand to take a few, when the shrill voice of the landlady called out:

"You touch em if you dare, sir !"

"John was startled; but before he could reply, she added:

"The idea of taking such liberties ! I should like to know what you are thinking about?"

"Well, missus, I was only going to take one or two to whet my whistle."

"You had better not try it on," she replied with warmth.

"Why not; you won't mind my having a few, will you? I am so thirsty, and they look so tempting," said John, thinking she was joking.

"No sir, not one. 'I have just bought 'em as a treat for my children; they are a fine sort, and very dear."

"Well, just let me try one."

"No, not one !" she answered, with determination in every look; "if you want any, go and 'buy your own cherries !'"

All the rest of that afternoon these words haunted him. Do what he would the saw, the plane, and every other tool, gave the same advice. At times he appeared to grow desperate, and from his lips would rush the words, " Buy your own cherries."

"Ah ! yes," said he, as his wounded conscience galled him, "I've bought them too long for her and her children; I'll take care of number one for the future, I shall then not only be able to buy 'my own cherries,' but many other sweet things beside."

At length the bell rang for leaving off work. John went to the counting house and received his wages, which amounted generally to about thirty shillings per week. Now, although he was in the habit of paying frequent visits to the public-house. he was not by any means what people would call a drunkard. Indeed, he would have felt insulted if any one had dared to apply such a term to him, and, no doubt, would have been ready in his way to prove that he only took what he thought would do him good. It was true he did on a Saturday night sometimes get over the score, as the friendly glass went round more freely than usual, and also went home later now and then. But the cheerful song caused the time to fly so fast that he felt he must prove that he was a good fellow, who must do as others do. If at such times the wife complained that the money left was barely sufficient to purchase the needful things for the coming week, he was apt to tell her to "mind her own business," and a few sharp words between them would often follow. But, alas ! such scenes are too well known to need description, and Mary, like many others, had grown weary with complaining; so she had firmly resolved to do her best to make the house as comfortable as her limited means would allow, and, by kind words and looks, to strive to make the home as attractive as possible, feeling assured that by such means she might expect to draw him from the public-house; the opposite course

would most likely drive and keep him there. John, having received his wages, went

back to his bench, and for a few minutes stood with his money in his hand, evidently hesitating what to do. "Well, what shall I do?" at length he

said to himself. "I must go and pay my score, for I don't wish to be dishonest. If I knew how much it was I'd send it; but never mind, I'll go and pay her off and have done with her forever."

In a few minutes he was once more within the reach of the landlady of the "Golden Eagle."

The moment she caught sight of him she put on her best smiles, and without giving shop after receiving them. Looking at the him time to utter a w rd, said in th

"Yes," said Mary, and she would have added, "And I shall be glad to go soon:" but she had learned by past experience, that she must not say too much on Saturday night. Taking up the money, she went into the bed-room to put on her bonnet and shawl. On looking to see how much he had given her, she was surprised to see some three or four shillings more than usual.

"I wonder whether he knows how much he has given me," thought Mary but afraid if she returned to ask, he might want it back, she quickly passed down stairs into the street, fearing every moment that he would be after her for the extra shillings. She had not gone far before she heard some one running fast behind her, and thinking to be sure it was he, she looked round, but found, to her great joy, that it was only a boy. So on she went, and being a thrifty body, who knew how to lay out money in the best way, she quickly visited the different shops, and bought the needful things that her family would want during the coming week; adding to her store a few comforts which the extra shillings enabled her to buy. When she came back with her basket well filled from market, she found from what the children told her, that John started almost directly after her, and had not returned, so she feared lest, after all, he had gone in search of her. When he did come in nothing was said on either side. Thus the night ended with that curious coldness which drink often causes between man and wife.

Sunday was spent in John's usual manner. In the morning he went out for a walk, and after dinner stayed at home to read the newspaper. When the shades of evening gathered around, he strolled out and did not return until after 10 o'clock. This being a regular thing with him, no notice was taken of it. Yet Mary thought John quiet, and dull, and once ventured to ask him kindly whether he was well. As he said he was all right, she did not venture to question him any more about it, thinking it best to wait and see what was up. All the next week passed off at home without any change. But, John, not liking to return home sooner than usual, went on Monday to a temperance meeting. He was so much interested with what he heard, that when another meeting was announced to be held not far from there the next evening, he decided to go; and from what the speakers said of the good it had done for them and their families, he signed the pledge.

On the next Saturday, when the bell rang, and John went to the office for his wages, he felt a thrill of joy run through him, as he retired to a quiet corner of the worksovereign and a half which lay in his hand, he said, "It is many a long day since I could say you both belonged to me; and now I have got you I'll take good care I don't part with you unless I get plenty out of you." Clasping the money in his hand, and putting it and its contents into his pocket, you might have heard him say, "I'll buy my own cherries, that I will." He at once started off home, which he reached of course even sooner than the week before. Mary was doubly pleased to see him, and soon placed the tea before him, and bustled about the room, doing her best to keep the children quiet. She felt once or twice almost on the point of saying how pleased she was, but checked herself lest he might, when giving her the money, stop some for what she thought the last week's mistake.

Mary did not need telling a second time to get ready, but she kept all the while wondering how it was to be accounted for. However, while she was tying her strings, she resolved that she would quietly wait until John thought proper to give her an explanation. Bidding Sally and Tommy take care of the other children and put them to bed, and to be sure and mind the house, they went out together to market.

On the road, John briefly told her all, and the decision he had come to, and asked her to forgive him for the past, and help him to do better in the time to come. To all of which of course, Mary listened with trembling, yet joyful interest. Their conversation was soon stopped by their coming to the first place that they should call at, which was the butcher's, who when he saw them together, ceased crying, "What will you buy?" "For," thought he, "they won't want much. A small joint that everybody else leaves, or some pieces in yonder corner at 4d. a pound." So he turned round to look at his stock of meat with his back towards John and Mary.

He was soon aroused by hearing John's voice, "I say, guv'nor, what's this leg of mutton a pound ?" On looking round he saw John in the act of handling the joint of meat.

"The idea of your asking such a question !" thought the butcher. But quick as thought he said, "Eight pence a pound to you !"

" Take it down and see what it weighs' said John.

"Yes," thought the butcher to himself, "I'll weigh it, and that will settle you I, know."

" It weighs just eight pounds, and comes to five shillings and four pence."

"Now you are done," thought the butch-

"I'll have it," said John.

"Yes," thought the butcher, "when you've paid for it."

"Here, Mary," said John, "give him the money," seeing the butcher looking rather doubtful at them both.

Mary pushed her finger inside her old glove and brought out the sovereign, and laid it on the butcher's block as carefully as if she was afraid of rubbing all the gold off.

The butcher watched every movement, and thought that all this care was only part of a plan to deceive him, and that the money of course was bad. So, taking it up quickly, he bounced it hard upon the block to test its quality. But when its ring assured him that it was all right, his face changed its expression and his voice its tone, as he asked, with great politeness-

"Can I send it home for you, sir? Is there any other article-beef, pork, etc?

"Oh, I'm sure you're wrong," said Sally, we never have such things come to our house.

"But I tell you it's all right," said the boy, "for it's paid."

"Well if it's paid for, I'll take it in; but I'm sure you'll have to come and fetch it back again," replied Sally.

"Oh, it'll be all right," said the boy, as he went away.

"My word !" said Tommy, "isn't it a whopper?" And the little fellow fairly danced around the room for joy. While he was cutting his capers in this manner, another knock was heard at the door.

"Here he comes," said Tommy. "Shall bring the leg of mutton ?"

But on opening the door a baker's boy presented himself with three large loaves. "Does Mr. Lewis live here?" asked the boy.

"Well," replied Sally, thinking it strange, "my father's called Jack Lewis, if that's him ?"

"All right ! here's the loaves for him." "Are they paid for ?" asked Sally.

"Yes," said the boy. "Come make haste."

"Well, I'll take 'em in, seeing as how they are paid for, but we never have such big loaves as them come to our house, and you'll have to fetch 'em back againthere's some mistake, I'm sure."

"There, that's all fudge !" said the boy and off he went.

"My word ! ain't them busters?" said Tommy; "see, sister, they're quite new. Only fancy if these were ours, wouldn't we make a hole in 'em !"

Again he started off with a dance and a shout, in the midst of which another rap at the door was heard.

"Here they are," Tommy said, 1'll bring 'em to the door.

But upon opening the door, there was a lad with parcels of tea, sugar, coffee etc. Again the question was asked. But Sally by this time had decided to take in all that was paid for, telling each one "they musn't be surprised if they had to fetch 'em back again."

The green grocer sent potatoes and cabbages; the butter-man, eggs, bacon, and butter; and a few articles from other shops arrived, until the table was full.

In a short time John found he could buy clothes for his children, and for himself and his wife. Then it began to be whispered that he was getting proud, for he had moved into a better house, where he had only to pay a little more rent. Soon after he begun to put his savings in the Building Society, and this enabled him to build a house for himself. The manager finding him more than ever attentive to his work appointed him as foreman, at an advanced rate of wages. John began to say that "he found it vastly more pleasant to receive £2 10s a week for looking after men to do the work than 30s for doing it." Step by step he rose, until he became a master himself; and instead of working he could afford to pay others to look after it and do it for him. He sent his son Tommy to a first class school; and in due time he was apprenticed to a doctor, and is now practicing as a physician with a good connection. The rest of the children have been well educated. He himself has built a nice row of houses, from which he receives sufficient to keep him without work the remainder of his days. Now, in a handsome "Villa," which he has lately had built, and fitted up with everything to make it comfortable, he may often be seen seated in an easy chair, viewing with evident satisfaction and pleasure, through the drawing-room window, a cherry tree, which he planted with his own hands, and on which he for some time past has been able to grow his own cherries." It was a pleasant sight when, added to all this, he and his wife became hearty supporters of the "Grand Alliance" and the Temperance cause; and, by the blessing of God, consistant members of the Christian church. Workingmen | the moral is soon told: It is nt how much money a week you earn, but but what you do with it when you get it! How many home comforts, in the shape of carpets, sofas, clothes, books, boots and shoes, etc., are lost by your spending the money in the wrong way and in the wrong shop.

"Well, I was going to have a pint of your best," replied John; "but I think I'll take pleasant way she could: your advice, and go and buy some cherries instead," and turning round, he walked out of the shop.

The landlady saw in a moment she had made a mistake, and called loudly for John to come back. This only made him quicken his steps to get away as fast as he could.

"Well, I've done it now," she said as taking up the plate of cherries, she passed into the bar-parlor; "what a stupid I was, not to let him have just one or two. He is too good a customer to lose without an effort, so I must look out for him when he comes to pay his score, and coax him; he must be won over again if possible." She thus tried to calm down her Teelings while these thoughts passed through her mind.

As she was thus planning his ruin, he was far down the street, looking out for a shop where fruit was sold. As soon as he caught sight of some cherries, he called out:

"Here, master, left me have three pen'orth of those cherries, will you ?"

"Yes, sir said the man, and soon placed in his hand the cherries in a paper bag, with which John at once returned to the workshop. All this had taken place in a few minutes, and the events had come se quickly one upon the other that he had had hardly time to feel the full force of the treatment he had received. But when he had opened the bag of cherries on the bench, and put one in his mouth, its sweetness seemed to bring back the sour words of the landlady with such additional force that they seemed to "stick in his throat." As he swallowed the juicy fruit, each seemed to repeat the landlady's words, "Buy your own oberries."

"Yes, that I will," said John to himself. " if this is the way you serve a follow, after spending many a pound with you; and now to begrudge me even a paltry cherry !" And striking his hammer on the nail, as he muttered the words, its sound seemed to answer back to him, "" Buy your own chor-

"I am so glad to see you, John. We've just tapped a barrel of our best." Drawing a glass and holding it to him, she added, "I wish your opinion of it."

"No, thank you, I don't want any," said John; "I've come to pay you what I owe. How much is it ?"

"I don't like," said the landlady, as she took up the money, "really to change this without your tasting something. What will you take ?"

"Nothing, I say again; I don't believe in your throwing a sprat to catch a mackerel," said John, speaking impatiently. Taking up his change, he walked out, and was soon on his way home.

"Well, I have made a nice mess of it this time !" thought the landlady. "If ever I get caught again losing my temper, I'll be bound it shall not be over such a good customer as he has been. If it had been one of those noisy fellows I shouldn't have cared a bit; but a nice quiet fellow like John, who takes his glasses so regularly, and pays up so well every week. But I'll look out and lay my traps to catch him before long, and the first chance I get to set him going again I will.

He is not going to slip off in this way, I can assure him; he is too good to lose without an effort; and he may depend upon it that when I have him right again, I'll keep him, I warrant."

While she was thus planning in her own mind John's future capture, he had hurried home, and reached it, much to the surprise of his wife, long before his usual time. She soon put the kettle on for his tes, and while setting the tea things, the water boil-

John took his tea almost in silence, which was so unusual that Mary was on the point of asking him what was the matter, or how it was that he was home so soon. Just as she was going to speak he put his hand in his pocket, and taking out some money, threw it in her lap, saying, "I suppose you'll be going to market directly, Mary?"

When he had nearly finished his meal he said, "Well, Mary, you'll be wanting to go a marketing directly I suppose; there's your money," throwing it in her lap.

She felt as if her heart was ready to sink as she took the money in her hand. "Ah !" she thought, "he has now stopped the overplus of last week," but thinking by the light of the fire it looked rather yellow, she went to the window (for it was a narrow street in which they lived, where the daylight never fairly entered the room, except by accident, or when a streak of sunlight shot its rays down among them). " Can it be possible ?" she thought; a sovereign and a half !" as with an utterance of surprise she asked, "Is all this for me, John ?" "Yes," said John, "and I hope you'll try and spend it well."

"I hope you haven't done any thing wrong to get it, John," said Mary, the tears standing in her eyes.

"No, my lass," said John, while his heart trembled with emotion; "I have done wrong long enough, and I am going to try and do right for the future."

" But-" said Mary.

"Never mind any more questions now," said John; "get your bonnet and shawl, and let us both go to market."

while the change rested between his fingers as if he did not wish to part with it.

"No, said John," feeling rather vexed, "nothing else to-night."

"Thank you, sir. Let me see, you live at No. 20 Broad street, don't you?"

"Yes," said John, as Mary took up the change. They then passed out of the shop. It is not necessary to follow them around to the other shops. It is only right to say that each shopkeeper was surprised and pleased to receive larger orders and more money, and of course showed an extra amount of civility.

While they were going from shop to shop to make purchases, the children at home were having their talk about the matter.

"How funny," said Tommy, "to see father and mother go out to market together."

"Yes," said Sally, "isn't it ?"

"I wonder." said Tommy, "whether anybody has died, and left father some money."

While they were thus ongaged in talking a sharp rap at the door aroused them. Sally opened the door. There stood the butcher's boy with a basket and a leg of mutton in it.

"Does Mr. Lowis live hero?" asked the boy.

"No," said Sally, "there's no one of that name lives here."

"It's strange !" said the boy, "I was told this was the house. Isn't this No. 20 211

"Yes, this is No. 20; but no one of that name lives here."

"Who does live here, then ?" asked the boy.

"My father and mother, and me," replied Sally.

"And what's your father's name?" asked the boy.

"They call him Jack Lewis."

" Well that's the same man; Mistor and Jack's the same ;" said the boy. "Come here's a leg of mutton for him."

If you learn nothing else by this tale of real life, you may learn this, that if you wish to have a "Home, sweet home," you must "BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES?"

13 The man who never told an editor how he could better his news paper, has gone out West to marry the woman who never looked into a looking glass.

No. 34.