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## **A** Treacherous Friend

-OR-

An Incident in the Mines.

SOCIETY at Monte Hill was based upon the broad principle that so long as a man made his living honestly, paid his debts when he could, and minded his own business, it was nobody's affair but his own whence he came, what was his name, or whither he proposed betaking himself when tired of the brilliant society, beautiful scenery and bracing atmosphere of the Hill.

The hero of this story chanced somehow or other, when he first come to the Hill, to speak of Copenhagen, alluding, probably to the Danish capital. From that time forward he was always referred to as "Copenhagen," until he came to know and answer to the name as well as if his mother had called him by it in his childhood. Indeed, I fancied that for some private reason he preferred to be known by this soubriquet rather than by the name he had received from his parents, for I chanced to be standing by when he answered a question touching his personal identity by sayding, "Dey call me Copenhagen;" and the township assessor told me he was entered so on his book; which I thought extremely odd, too, for those continental Europeans, as a general thing like to see their name spread pretty extensively on paper. I have thought that some of them get married, and others die, for no other purpose under heaven than to get their name in print.

I have intimated that Copenhagen was a continental European. I learned that from his accent; I might have discerned it from He v appe straight and muscular, with regular features, fair complexion, blue eyes and flaxen hair-altogether rather of the Apollonic than the Herculean type. But the manly beauty of his features was almost constantly overshadowed with an expression of sadness, obscuring the natural joyousness which should have rested there; as when a laughing brook is covered with a season's lice, or the sun is for four weeks at a time veiled behind wintery clouds. Yet as the ice is thawed and the clouds rifted, so / the shade was somewhat lifted from Copenhagen's countenance, and he seemed to overflow-with exuberant enjoyment. At such times he was quite companionable, abounding in felicitous small talk and humerous anecdotes, which derived additional charm from his foreign idiom and accent, singing melodious Scandinavian roundelays with much spirit, and drinking his glass of wine (he never took anything stronger) with great relish. But each of these "lucid intervals," as some of the "boys" facetiously termed them, was sure to be fellowed by a period of depression, during which he secluded himself as much as possible from human society, treating all who ventured to intrude upon his privacy with coldness and taciturnity that they did not care to press their attempts at sociality. Of me alone he made an exception. I was but a boy then, just turned of eighteen, but alone in the world, and try ing as well as I could to till the place and discharge the responsibilities of a man. Copenhagen and I seemed to be drawn together by the sympathetic bond of lonaliness; and I used to spend many an hour in his company when others were repelled by him with coldness almost amounting to rudeness. We never conversed much together, however, but sat silantly communing with our own thoughts, finding a strange pleasure in the companionship.

mile away, on a bench of a hill overlooking the little ravine in which he toiled alone, his nearest neighbors being out of sight and hearing. His cabin, built of logs, was sufficiently rude externally, but was arranged inside with some approach to taste and comfort. Everything within it was clean and neatly ordered; the walls were lined with muslin, and, in addition to the usual furniture of such an abode, the occupant had improvised a stationary writing-stand and some shelves for books, of which he had quite a number in a tongue to me unknown. He also received several newspapers through the newsdealer at the Hill, one of which was from Norway; whence I concluded that Copenhagen was a Norwegian, although he avoided all association with the Norwegians in the camp, of whom there were several.

Hill afforded. He had placed it nearly a

He worked very industriously, but no one except himself knew with what success. He always paid his way, and gave liberally to such objects as appealed to public or private charity. But whether his claim was paying five dollars per day or fifty-whether he had amassed twenty ounces or twenty thousand dollars-no one but himself had any idea. He never complained of his luck or boasted of having "struck it rich;" he never made a remittance; and if Adams & Co., had have failed at the time of which I write, they would not have owed Copenhagen a cent.

Notwithstanding our friendship, he never confided to me the cause of his melancholy, or even remotely alluded to it, during the first three years of our acquaintance. Yet he seemed to be as certain of my sympathy as if I had known everything. But one Sunday afternoon, when I was sitting with him in his cabin, he opened his trunk, and placed in my hand a miniature on ivory of young girl of exquisite beauty of the blonde type.

"Ah !" said he, as I gazed upon it with unfeigned admiration, "is not she beautiful?"

"She is certainly very lovely," I replied. "Yes-very lovely-very lovely !" said

he, softly, taking it from my hand and covering it with kisses and tears. Then, having subdued his emotion, he restored his treasure to its hiding-place, and neither of us alluded to it again. The scene, however, impressed me as a revelation. I was certain Copenhagen was the victim of unrequited affection; and I, as yet untouched by a shaft from Cupid's quiver, marveled much that a strong man like my friend should permit himself to become infatuated with an object which he could never hope

to attain. The days passed rapidly on; summer nellowed into autumn, and autumn congealed into winter-for Monte Hill is perched upon the western slope of the Sierra Nevada at an altitude which scorns the mild temperature and balmy airs which winter brings to the lower valleys of California. With us the season was very rigorous, with boisterous winds, nipping frosts, and snow covering the ground for months to the depth of from ten to fifteen feet. Yet, though the ruggedness of our roads and the depth of the snow put sleighing as a pastime quite out of the question, and no one was enterprising enough to institute a skating rink, we passed our winters as merrily as the inhabitants of regions apparently more highly favored. The Norwegian miners had introduced the pastime of snow-skating, so common in the mountainous parts of their native land; as the great bulk of our population was debarred from employment during the greater part of the season, old and young, great and small, adopted the exciting sport with such zest, and practised it so assiduously, that after two or three seasons many of the American-born skaters surpassed their instructors in the execution of feats involving hazard or requiring special dexterity. The snow-skates are made of ash, spruce or other tough and flexible wood. They are from six to twelve feet in length, according to the weight of the skater; about four inches broad, and half an inch thick. and turned up forward like ordinary steel skates. Leather straps hold the feet on the middle of the skates, the soles of which are anointed before use with "dope," compounded of resin, tallow, lamblack, etc., the object of which is to cause the akates to "take hold" in ascending a hill, and to retard their speed in descending. Armed with a long staff, similar to the Alpinestock used by the Swiss mountaineers, the expert snow-skater ascends a hill or traverses a level space about as rapidly as he could walk upon bare ground, but in descending his speed depends upon his own skill and

ing Childers or Eclipse, Norfolk or Kentucky, was slow compared with the records of some of the contestants in the annual races of the champion belt, in Sierra county, California. Of course a novice dare not attempt such feats. He would infallibly break his neck or split himself in two.

A convenient depth of snow had accumulated in the neighborhood of Monte Hill, and it had settled sufficiently, in the estimation of experts, to admit of excellent sport. For a fortnight the citizens had been preparing for the opening day. The last year's skates had been brought forth from their resting-places and put in order; new ones has been fashioned, and a large quantity of dope had been prepared after a vast number of receipts, each warranted superior to all others. About the middle of the forenoon, two-thirds of the inhabitants of the Hill, of all ages and of both sexes, might have been seen sliding along, with the assistance of their staves, towards the summit of "Of Baldy-" a favorite rendezvous, because it was almost destitute of trees or other vegetation, and, since the ravines and gulches were filled with the drifted snow, it presented a clear slope of over a mile in extent, with breadth enough to accommodate the entire multitude. There was not in all the mountains another such skating ground.

In the crowd on this occasion was a group of Norwegian miners, among whom was noticed a stranger apparently, from his peculiar fur-trimmed garb, newly arrived from Norseland. When, the top of the hill having been gained, the sport commenced, the stranger attracted much attention by his rare dexterity, the effect of his performances being much enhanced by his picturesque costume. Some of our skaters migrated to other parts, and there was no one in the camp who could match the newcomer, unless it was Copenhagen, who, however, rarely joined us in the pastime, and was by no means expected on this occasion.

"I wish, though, he would happen to strike a good-humored streak, and come out here and take the conceit out of that fancy duck," said a young man who had been regarding the stranger's proceedings with envious eyes.

"And here he comes," said another who had turned his glance in the direction of Copenhagen's cabin. "Now we'll have some fun."

The tall, strong figure forced its way briskly along the hillside, and soon Copenhagen, in one of his good-humored fits, stood among his friends. He had never seemed in better spirits, and when requesd to measure his skill with the st

rible force and was thrown backward apparently lifeless.

I was among the foremost of those who had followed the contestants in the fearful race ; but before any of us could reach the spot where the stranger lay, Copenhagen had turned, and had raised the poor fellow's head out of the snow into which it had been driven-the nerveless feet had fallen from the skates, which stood upright in the snow.

"My Gott !" exclaimed Copenhagen, as we came up ; "I do not want to kill himno ! What for he run away so fast ! Here, some people bring him to my cabin, and some oder ones go for de doctor-quick ! He don't die yet-I shall not let him die !"

The insensible form was speedily conveyed to Copenhagen's cabin, which was close at hand, and a surgeon soon arrived, who, after a careful examination, expressed the opinion that the man's injuries were not necessarily fatal, although his right leg and arm were broken and he had received a severe contusion on the side of the head, which might produce brain fever.

"He is a strong man," said the doctor, "and with great care and good nursing may come safely through, although just now the chances look very much against him."

"He will live, will live, doctor-he will live," reiterated Copenhagen. "He come so far to me, he cannot die till he speaks to me."

The broken limbs were set and bandaged the contusion dressed, and the necessary medicines left for the still insensible sufferer. Copenhagen selected me to assist him in watching the patient, and would permit no other to stay, on the ground that the cabin was not large enough for more ; although the Norwegians who accompanied the stranger to the skating ground seemed determined that one of their number should remain with him, evidently distrusting Copenhagen because of what had occurred.

Having procured a supply of bedding and other necessary articles from town, Copenhagen and I devoted ourselves to the care of the sufferer, who only awoke to semiseusibility to fall into delirium, from which he did not recover for many days. He raved almost incessantly in his own tongue, and Copenhagen was often much moved by his utterance, which I did not understand. One day, when our patient was calmer than usual, Copenhagen took me by the hand, as we sat by the stranger's bedside, and said:

"My young frent, I dells you now all apout dis affair. We were young men togedder in Norway, dis man Jarl Jorgenson and I. We loved the same beautiful girl-Ilda Torson-but she love us not both ; my dear Ilda love but me alone. I have show

Copenhagen approached, and the stranger closed his eyes with a shudder.

"Fear not me, Jarl," said Copenhagen, in a soothing tone, and, laying his hand caressingly on the sick man's brow ; "I forgive all if you do me right and speak me true. But speak not now, my child ; you are not strong. To-morrrw, or another day, you shall tell me all."

Copenhagen waited patiently, however, until the third day after this, before he questioned the sufferer.

"Why did you fly from me so fast ?" he asked.

"You looked so threatening," said the stranger, "and I knew that I deserved your anger."

"Did I look so? my Gott ! maybe I did ; but I would not hurt you, Jarl. I only would make you tell me all the truth. You will tell me now ?"

Jarl made a reply in his native tongue but Copenhagen said.

"Speak in English-you speak it well. Dis young man is my dearest friend in dis country. What I know already he knows. What I know not I wish him to know also. Tell me, is Ilda well."

"She is well, except that she grieves for you."

"And my parents, and my sisters-are they well?"

" They are well."

"And now tell me dis and tell me true -do dey make me guilty, or insocent?"

"Your innocence is established. The real murderer was found, confessed his crime, and was executed."

"Thank Gott ! Now Jarl Jorgenson, I forgive you everything. I have no bad thought for you any more. I am too happy !"

"You do not know," continued Jarl, with an imploring glance towards me, as if he craved my charitable consideration, "how guilty I have been Eric. It was I who found the murdered man's corpse, and placed beside it the pistol I had borrowed from you so long previously that you had forgotten the circumstance. It was I who conveyed the articles taken from the dead man's body to your house-who purloined your glove and placed it near the corpse. It was a desperate game, and might have ruined myself instead of you ; but no one suspected me except Ilda, for whose sake I had contrived and executed the damnable plot. You, who so well know and appreciate her worth, and loveliness, can estimate the strength of my temptation. It was never my intention to cause your conviction and execution for the murder ; I was determined from the first that you should escape ; but I wished to get you out of the way, vainly hoping that when you were disgraced and banished she would loathe you and smile upon me. But I found that I had too lightly estimated her character. She charged me directly with my treachery, spurned my addresses with contempt, and finally demanded of me, as the price of a humble place in her regard, that I should seek you out and restore you to her. I had managed, so long as you wrote to your family and friends, to intercept your letters. I had preserved the name of the town where you had first sojourned after your arrival in New York, and I wrote to you there, but received no answer. I then went there in search of you and found that you had gone to California. I followed, and have been seeking you here for some months without success, until your sudden appearance at the skating-ground so frightened me. I have long ago repented of the evil I did you ; and now, if you can forgive me I am ready to die in peace." "Forgive you, Jarl ? my Gott, yes a tousand times ! We are all weak peoples, and I tink many wrong tings myself, dough I do dem not. But you shall not die Jarl. You shall altogedder recover, and accompany me home to Norway, where we will have de grand time, such we have not in dis country. My Gott, yes ! you shall get well right away.' The next day Copenhagen despatched two voluminous letters to Norway. Great as must have been his impatience to return he restrained it, that he might nurse Jarl until his recovery. Never was a mother more attentive to the wants of a sick child than was Copenhagen to those of his formerenamy. I have seen him, when he thought he was not observed, shedding tears as he gazed upon Jarl's wasted features.

Copenhagen had not built his cabin in the villa ge, as most of the miners had done for he readily assented.

"If he beat me, well ; if I beat him so," said he.

Then gliding down to where the stranger was exercising on the hillside, he wheeled so as to meet him face to face. Each of them suddenly recoiled as if he had been struck, and those who chanced to be close to them observed that the stranger grew ghastly pale, while Copenhagen assumed an aspect of terrible sternness.

"Eric !" shrieked the stranger.

"Jarl !" thundered Copenhagen.

The stranger was under pretty fair headway, and was carried swiftly past the place of his unexpected encounter before he could gather his scattered senses. When he had partially recovered from the shock, on looking back over his shoulder he observed Copenhagen bearing down upon him in hot pursuit, and mechanically he quickened his pace. Still nearer and nearer drew his pursuer, and still he urged his flight, until both of them seemed to be gifted with wings. Their course was diagonally across the face of the hill, downward along the course by which Copenhagen had come up from his cabin. Most of the crowd followed them as well as they could, but were left far in the rear by the two Norsemen, who sped along with the celerity of lightning. Still faster and faster they flew, until the lookers-on grew giddy with the sight. Only madness could have prompted them to such a reckless pace, which the boldest of us could not contemplate without shuddering. Now Copenhagen seemed almost to touch the stranger, and then the latter by a mighty effort would shoot away leaving a gap between him and his pursuer, to be quickly closed again. The race could not last long however. They were nearing the bottom of the hill, where was a wooded place at which they must check their speed or be almost certainly annihilated. The catastrophe which many feared actually happened. The stranger in avoidthe sake of such social advantages as Monte courage. The best time ever made by Fly- ing one tree ran against another with ter-

you her picture, which you call very , lovely'-I remember that "very lovely !" We did engage to marry. Den dis man. Jarl, was very much angry, and look around to do me harm. De opportunity was come. A man is found dead near my house. He is shot with a pistol. I have lose a pistol some time before, and dey find it by de dead man. I am arrest. Dey search me. Dere are many people in my house, and Jarl is dere. Dey find noting on my person, but dey find somting of de dead man in my house. Dey find too much my Gott! Dey make me in jail. Den dis Jarl come to me. He say to me, 'Dere is too much proof ; you will die. You must escape and leave Norway forever.' To live seem good. I do not suspect Jarl a villain. He assist me to escape. I reach Denmark; I come to America: I come here. I write many letters. I get none. I think a long time, and den I remember some tings. I know that Jarl bring suspicion on me, to get, me away that he may take Ilda to himself. It break my heart, yet I dare not go home. Now he is here. Gott have put him in my hand. He shall live and he shall make me innocent, that I may return in peace to my home and Ilda."

"But," said I, "suppose Ilda is married? Perhaps he accomplished his design and gained her in your absence."

" Never !" said he, with earnestness. "My Ilda love me too well-she will marry none but me. Besides, do I no hear what he say? My Gott, my Ilda have suffer much for me !"

"But persisted I, instigated by the spirit of perversity. "are you sure she is yet alive ?"

"I am sure," he replied, "of everthing but dis one ting, I am not sure if dey make me innocent or make me guilty."

At length the patient's disease took a favorable turn. The fever was broken; the delirium left him. I sat by his bedaide when he awoke from a peaceful slumber and looked at me inquiringly. Just then

"Poor fellow !" he would say ; he was not a bad man, after all."

Jarl at length so far recovered as to sit up for a few hours at a time. He seemed to be very thoughtful and at last informed CONCLUDED ON BIGHTH PAGE.