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Ode to Lawyers.

The devil came to the earth one day, And unto a court-room wended his way. Just as an attorney with very grave face Was proceeding to argue the points in a case.

Now a lawyer his Majesty never had seen, For to his dominions none ever had been ; And he felt very curious the reason to know Why none had been sent to the regions below. 'Twas the fault of his agents, his Majesty

thought Why none of these lawyers had ever been caught:

And for his own pleasure he had a desire To come to the earth and the reason inquire.

Well, the lawyer who rose with visage so grave, Made out his opponent a consummate knave; And the old devil was muchly amused To hear the attorney so greatly abused.

As soon as the speaker had come to a close, The counsel opposing then fiercely arose, And heaped such abuse on the head of the first As made him a villain of all men the worst. Thus they quarreled, contended, and argued so

long, 'Twas hard to determine the one that was

wrong;
And concluding he'd heard quite enough of the " fuss,"

Old Nick turned away and sollloquised thus : If all they have said of each other be true, "The devil has surely been robbed of his due; I'm satisfied now, i'ts all very well, These lawyers would ruin the morals of hell.

"They have puzzled the court with villainous

cavil. And I'm free to confess, they have puzzled the

devil: My agents are right to let lawyers go ball,

If I had them they'd swindle me out of my

A Stage Driver's Romance.

THE coach of Wells, Fargo, & Co. stood before the door of Pineywoods station, and Sam Rice the driver, was drawing on his lemon-colored gloves with an air, for Sam was the pink of stage drivers, from his high hat to his faultless French boots. Sad will it be when his profession shall have been entirely superseded; and the coach-and-six, with its gracious and graceful whip, shall have been supplanted, on all the principal lines of travel, by the iron horse with its grimy driver and train of thundering carriages.

The passengers had taken their seatsthe only lady on the box-and Sam Rice stood, chronometer held duly between thumb and finger, waiting for the second hand to come around the quarter of a minute, while the grooms slipped the last strap of the harness into its buckle. At the expiration of a quarter of a minute, as Sam stuck an unlighted cigar between his lips and took hold of the box to pull himself up to his seat, the good natured landlady of Pineywoods station called out to him with some officiousness.

"Mr. Rice, don't you want a match?" "That's just what I've been looking for these ten years," responded Sam; and at that instant his eyes were on a level with the lady's on the box, so that he could not help seeing the roguish glint of them, which so far disconcerted the usually self possessed professor of the whip that he heard not the landlady's laugh, but, gathered up the reins in such a heedless and careless manner as to cause Demon, the nigh leader, to go off with such a bound that nearly threw the owner of the eyes out of her place. The little flurry gave opportunity for Mrs. Dolly Page—that was the lady's name— to drop her veil over her face, and for Sam Rice to show his general handling of the ribbons, and conquer the unaccountable disturbance of his pulse.

Sam had looked at the way-bill, not ten minutes before, to ascertain the name of the pretty black eyed woman seated at his left hand; and the consciousness of so great a curiosity gratified may have augmented his accustomed embarrassment. Certain it is Sam Rice had driven six horses on a ticklish mountain for four years, without missing a trip; and had more than once encountered the "road agents," without ever

yet delivering them an express box; he had old and young ladies, plain and beautiful ones, to sit beside him hundreds of times; yet this was the first time he had consulted the way-bill on his own account to find the lady's name. This one time too, had a Mrs. before it, which prefix gave him a pang which he was very unwilling to own. On the other hand Mrs. Dolly Page was dressed in extreme deep black. Could she be in mourning for Mr. Page? If Demon had an unusual number of starting fits that afternoon, his driver was not altogether guiltless in the matter; for what horse so sensitive as he, would not have felt the

But as the mocking eyes kept behind the veil and the rich, musical voice uttered not a word through a whole half hour which seemed an age to Sam, he finally recovered himself so far as to say he believed he could not smoke, after all, and thereupon returned his cigar, still unlighted to his

magnetism of something behind him?

"I hope you do not deprive yourself of a luxury on my account," murmured the soft voice.

"I guess this dust and sunshine is enough for a lady to stand, without smoking in her, face," returned Sam politely, and glancing at the veil.

"Still, I beg you will smoke if you are accustomed," persisted the cooing voice behind it. But Sam, to his praise be it spoken, refused to add anything to the discomforts of a summer day's ride across the mountain. His chivalry had its reward; for the lady thus favored, feeling constrained to make some return for such consideration, began to talk, in a vein that delighted her auditor, about horses-their points and their traits-and lastly about their drivers.

"I have always fancied," said Mrs. Dolly Page, "that if I were a man I should take to stage driving for a profession. It seems to me a free and manly calling, one that develops some of the best qualities of a man. Of course it has its drawbacks. One cannot always choose one's society on a stage, and there are temptations to bad habits. Besides there are storms, and upsets, and all that sort of thing. I've often thought." continued Mrs. Dolly, "that we don't consider enough the hardships of drivers, nor what we owe them."

"I shall like my profession better after what you have said of it," answered Sam, giving the whip a curl to make it touch the off leader's right ear. "I've done my duty mostly, and not complained of the hardships, though once or twice I've been too beat out to get off my box at the end of the drive; but that was in a long spell of bad weather, when the roads were just awful, and the rain as cold as sno w."

"Would you let me hold the lines awhile?" asked the cooing voice, at last. I've driven a six in hand before.

Though decidedly startled, and averse to trusting his team to such a pair of hands, Sam was compelled, by the physic force of the little woman, to yield up the reins. It was with fear and tembling that he watched her handling of them for the first mile; but, as if she seemed to knew what she was about, his confidence increased and he watchde her with admiration. Her veil was now up, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks glowing. She did not speak often, but when she did, it was always something piquant and graceful that she uttered. At last, just as the station was in sight, she yielded up the lines with a deep drawn sigh of satisfaction, apologizing for it by saying, that her hands not being used to it, were tired. "I'm not sure," she added, but I shall take to the box at last as a steady thing."

"If you do," responded Sam, gallantly,

"I hope you will run on my line."
"Thanks. I shall ask you for a refer-

ence, when I apply for a situation." There was a halt, a supply of fresh horses, and a prompt, lively start. But the afternoon was intensely hot, and the team soon sobered down. Mrs. Page did not offer again to take the lines. She was overwarm and weary, Mr. Rice was quiet, too, and thoughtful. The passengers inside were asleep. The coach rattled along

At intervals a freight train was passed the mingled admiration and amusement of drawn to one side, at a "turnout," or a Mrs. Shaughnessy. rabbit skipped across the road, or a solitary horseman suggested alternately a "road agent," or one of James' heroes. Grand views presented themselves of wooded cliffs and wild ravines. Tall pine trees threw lengthening shadows across the open space on the mountain sides. And so the afternoon wore away; and, when the sun was sitting the passengers alighted for their supper at Lucky Dog-a mining camp pretty well up the Sierras.

"We both stop here," said Sam as he helped the lady down from her high position; letting her know by this remark that her destination was known to him.

"I'm rather glad of that," she answered frankly, with a smile, and considering all that had transpired on the long drive, Sam was certainly pardonable if he felt almost sure that her reasons for being glad was the same as his own.

Lucky Dog was one of those shambling, new camps, where one street serves for a string on which two or three dozen ill assorted tenements are strung, every fifth one intended for the relief of the universal American thirst, though the liquids dispensed at these beneficent institutions were absorbed rather to provoke than to abate the dryness of their patrons. Eatinghouses were even more frequent than those which dispensed moisture to parched throats; so that, taking a cusrory view of the windows fronting on the street the impression was inevitably conveyed of an expected rush of famished armies, whose wants this charitable community were only too willing to supply, for a sufficient consideration. The houses that were not eating or drinking houses were hotels, if we except occasional grocery and general merchandise establishments. Into what outof-the-way corners the inhabitants were stowed it was impossible to conjecture, until it was discovered that the men lived at the place already inventoried, and the women abode not at all in Lucky Dog-or if there were any, not more than half a dozen of them and they lived in unaccus-

tomed places. The advent of Mrs. Page at the Silver Brick Hotel naturally made a sensation. An assemblage of not less than fifty gentlemen of leisure crowded about the entrance, each more intent than the other on getting a look at the arrivals, and especially at this one arrival-whose age, looks, name, business, and intentions in coming to Lucky-Dog were discussed with great freedom. Sam Rice was closely questioned but proved reticent and non-committal. The landlord was beseiged with inquiries -the landlady, too-and all without any body being made much the wiser. There was the waybill, and there was the lady herself; put that and that together, and

make what you can of it. Mrs. Dolly Page did not seem discomposed in the least by the evident interest she inspired. With her black curls smoothly brushed, her black robes immaculately neat, with a pretty color in her round cheeks, and a quietly absorbed expression in her whole bearing, she endured the concentrated gaze of fifty pairs of eyes during the whole dinner, without so much as one awkward movement, or the dropping of a fork or teaspoon. So it was plain that the curious would be compelled to await Mrs.

Page's own time for developments. But developments did not seem likely to come overwhelmingly. Mrs. Page made a fast friend of the landlady of the Silver Brick by means of little household arts peculiarly her own, and, before a fortnight was gone, had become as ivpaluable to all the boarders as she was to Mrs. Shaughnessy herself. If she had a history, she kept it carefully from curious ears. Mrs. Shaughnessy was evidently satisfied and quite challenged criticism of her favorite. Indeed there was nothing to criticise. It was generally understood that she was a widow, who had to get on in the world as best she could, and thus the public sympathy was secured, and an embargo laid upon gossip. To be sure, there were certain men in Lucky-Dog, of a class which has its representatives everywhere, who regarded all unappropriated women, especially pretty ones, very much as the hunter regards game and the more difficult the approach the more exciting the chase. But these moral Nimrods had not half the chance with self-possessed Mrs. Dolly Page that they would have had with a different style of women. The grosser sort got a sudden dismissal; with the more refined sportsman she coquetted just enough to show them that two could play at a game of

The only affair which seemed to have a kernel of seriousness in it was that of Mr. Samuel Rice. Regularly, when the stage was in, on Sam's night, he paid his respects to Mrs. Page. And Mrs. Page always received him with a graceful friendliness, asking after the horses; and even sometimes going so far as to accompany him to their stables. On these occasions she never failed to carry several lumps of sugar in her pocket which she fed to the handsome brutes off her own pink palm, until there was not one of them she could not handle at her will.

Thus passed many weeks, until summer was drawing to a close. Two or three times she had gone down to Pineywoods Station and back on Sam's coach and always sat on the box, and drove a part of the way, but never where her driving could excite remark. It is superfluous to state that on these occasions there was a happy heart beneath Sam's linen duster, or that the bantering remarks of his brother drivers were borne with smiling equanimity not to say pride, for Sam was well aware that Mrs. Dolly Page's brunette beauty and his blonde bearded style were personal charms. Besides, Sam's motto was "Let those laugh who win," and he seemed to himself to be on the road to heights of happiness beyond the ken of ordinary mortals —especially ordinary stage drivers.

"I don't kalkelate to drive stage more than a year or two longer," Sam said to Mrs. Page confidently, on the return from their last trip together to Pineywoods Station. "I've got a little place down in Amador and an interest in the Nip-andtuck gold mine, besides a few hundred in in the bank. I've a notion to settle down

some day, in a cottage with vines over the porch, with a little women to tend the

flowers in the front garden.

As if Sam's heightened color and shining eyes had not sufficiently pointed this confession to his desires, it chanced that at this moment the eyes of both were attracted to a wayside picture, a cottage, flowerbordered walk, a fair young woman standing at the gate with a crowing baby in her arms lifting its little white hands to the sun-browned face of a stalwart young farmer who was smiling proudly on the two. At this sudden apparition of his inmost thoughts Sam's heart gave a bound, and there was a simultaneous ringing in his ears. His first instinctive act was to crack his whip so fiercely as to set the leaders off prancing and when by this diversion he had partly recovered self possession to glance at the face of his companion, a new embarrassment seized him when he discovered wo little rivers of crimsoned cheeks. But a coach-box is not a convenient place for sentiment to display itself; and, though the temptation was great to inquire into the cause of the tears. with a view of offering consolation, Sam prudently looked the other way, and maintained silence. The reader, however, knows that those tears sank into the beholder's soul, and caused to germinate countless tender thoughts and emotions which were on some future occasion to be laid upon the alter of his devotion to Mrs. Dolly Page. And none the less that, in a few minutes, the eyes that shed them resumed their rougish brightness, and the lady was totally unconscious of having heard, seen or felt any embarrassment. Sentiment between them was put aside so far as utterance wa sconcerned, for that time. And so Sam found somewhat to his disappointment, it continued to fall out that, whenever he got on delicate ground, the lady was off like a humming bird, darting hither and yon, so that it was impossible to put a finger upon her, or to get so much as a look at her brilliant and restless wings. But nobody ever tired of trying to find a humming bird at rest : and so Sam never gave up looking for the opportune moment of speaking his mind. Meanwhile Lucky Dog Camp was having a fresh sensation. An organized band

of gamblers, robbers and "road agents" had made a swoop upon its property of various kinds, and had succeeded in making off with it. The very night after the ride above mentioned the best horses in Sam Rice's team were stolen, making it necessary Ito substitute what Sam called "a pair of ornery cayuses." To put the climax to his misfortunes, the "road agents" attacked him next morning when the "ornery cayuses," becoming unmanagable, Sam was forced to surrender his treasure box and the passengers their bullion. The excitement in Lucky-Dog was intense. A vigiat a steady pace, with the dust so deep "make believe," and then sent them off lance committee, secretly organized, lay in party of showman under the wheels as to still the rumbling. with a lofty scorn edifying to behold—to waiting for the offendesr, and after a week explained things.

or two made a capture of a well-known sporting man, whose presence in camp had for some time been regarded with suspicion. Short shrift was afforded him. That same afternoon this gentlemanly person swung dangling from a gnarled pine tree limb and his frightened soul had fled into outer dark-

When this event became known to Mrs. Page she turned ghostly white, and then fainted dead away. Mrs. Shaughnessy was very much concerned for her friend, berating in round terms the brutishness of people who could talk of such things before a tender hearted lady like that. To Mr. Rice especially, she expatiated upon the coarseness of some people, and the refined sensitiveness of others, and Sam was much inclined to agree with her, so far as her remarks applied to her friend, who had not yet recovered sufficiently to be visible. At length she made her appearance considerably paler and thiner than was her wont, but doubly interesting and lovely to so partial an observer as Sam, who would willingly have sheltered her weakness in his strong arms. Sam, naturally enough, would never have hinted at the event which had so distressed her; but she relieved him from all embarrassment on the subject, by saying to him almost at once : [Concluded next week.]

The Stray Mule.

At a meeting in a frontier wesstern settlement several present were stoutly opposed to the organization of a Sunday school. Not being able to agree, the meeting was breaking up, when the chairman said he had a very important notice to read to them. Quiet was soon restored to hear the rather novel "religious notice."

"Strayed-A large black mule. He had on a halter when he left, and is branded on the left hip with the letter S. Any one returning said mule will be liberally rewarded."

The keen Sunday-School Union missionary quickly announced that he had a very important notice to give out.

Strayed-A number of boys from their homes, near this place, this Sunday morning. They had guns and fishing poles on their shoulders when they left. They are branded by a holy God, as Sabbath breakers. Any one returning said boys, and placing them in a Sunday school, will be liberally rewarded at the day of judgement."

The tact of that missionary carried the vote in favor of a Sunday school, and those boys were duly "returned" to it.

Artificial Eyes.

A French paper gives a detailed account of the manufacture of false eyes in Paris, from which the curious fact appears that the average sale per week of eyes, intended for the human head, amounts to 400. One of the leading dealers in this article carries on the business in a saloon of great magnificence; his servant has but one eye, and the effect of any of the eyes wanted by customers is conveniently tried in this servant's head, so that the customers can judge very readily as to the appearance it will produce in his own head. The charge is about \$10 per eye. For the poor there are second hand visual organs which have been worn for a time, and exchanged for new ones; they are sold at reduced prices, and quantities are sent off to India and the Sandwich Islands.

Not Enough Girls to go Round.

It is reported that the complete census returns of the United States for 1870 gives us these startling statistics of our popula-

Burplus of men and boys...... 428,859

A surplus of 428,859 men and boys is something really startling when it is considered that Adam and Eve, one man and one woman is the law of the creation. But as in the chapter of accidents there are more fatalities among boys than girls, and more widows than widowers, and more old maids than old bachelors, our surplus of men and boys is in the infantile, and not in the adult population.

A Vermont farmer was startled while hoeing corn, recently, by seeing a rhinoceros coming toward him, plowing a furrow like a steam plow with his horn. The farmer, who relies on the Tribune for his agricultural knowledge took it for a potato bug of the new style, but the arrival of a party of showman in search of the insect