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When I'm a Man.

Whe I'm a man, I tell you, sir, What I'll be proud to do, I'll follow in my father's steps, But honest, just and true.

I will not chew the filthy weed, Or sport a mereschaum gay; No smoke shall issue from my mouth, To drive my brains away,

I will not swing a dandy caue, Or pinch my feet so tight That every onward step I take Will seem on shells to light,

I will not taste the ruby wine, And boast of " moderation ;" For well I know there's but a step 'Twixt that and "elevation."

I will not utter with my lips, Or harbor in my mind. A word or thought I could not tell Unto my mother kind.

I will not speak with disrespect Of any of God's poor; Or throw contempt on honest toll, By word or look, I'm sure.

I'll not defame an enemy, Or be false unto a friend, I'll trust the rich and to the poor I'll either give or lend.

Nor will I ever do a wrong, And then philosophise-Trying to make it seem all right. Unto my self-blind eyes.

I'll have no debts I cannot pay As soon as they fall due; And always in advance I'll send, Good Editor, to you.

It will not be so very strange Should I work out this plan ; I'll only follow father's steps Until I am a man.

Stage Driver's Romance! CONCLUDED PROM LAST WHEEL

MR. RICE I am sorry they have not buried the man they hung, so shookingly, the other day. They certainly will not leave him there?" she addod with a shudder.

"I don't know-I suppose," stammered Sam, "it is the way with those fellows." "But you will not allow it? You cannot

allow it !"-excitedly.

"I couldn't prevent them," said Sam quite humbly.

"Mr. Rice," her voice was at once command and an entreaty, "you can and must prevent it. You are not afraid? I I cannot sleep until it is done. I have not she insisted upon an out-side seat. slept for a week."

She looked so white and so wild, as she uttered this confession, that Sam would have been the wretch he was to refuse her. So he said:

"Don't fret. I'll bury him, if it troubles you so. But you needn't go along. You couldn't, its too far, and you're too-weak see how you tremble."

"I am not weak-only nervous. I prefer to go along. But we must be secret, I bright eyes that had made his happiness suppose? Oh"—with a start that was in- on former occasions. Puzzled as he was, deed "nervous."

"Yes we must be secret," said Sam; and he looked as if he did not half like the business, but would not refuse.

"You are a good man, Mr. Rice, and I thank you," and with that Mrs. Dolly Page caught up one of his hands, and kissing it, began to cry as she walked quickly away.

Don't cry, and don't go away until I have promised to do whatever you ask, if it will make you well again," said Sam, following her to the door.

"Then call for me to take a walk with you to-night. The moon is full but no one will observe us. They would not think of | coach.

our going there"-with another shudderand she slipped away from his detaining band.

That evening Mr. Samuel Rice and Mrs. Page, took a walk by moonlight. Laughing gossips commenced on it after their fashion: and disagreeable gossips after their fashion. But nobody, they believed, saw where they went, or what they did. Yet those two came from performing an act of christian charity each with a sense of guilt and unworthiness very irritating to endure, albeit from very different cause. One, because an unwelcome suspicion had thrust itself upon his mind, and the other-

The ground of Sam's suspicion was a photograph, which, in handling the gambler's body somewhat awkwardly, by reason of its weight for Mrs. Dolly Page at the last found that she could render no assistance, had slipped from some receptacle in its clothing. A hasty glance under the full light of the moon had shown him the features of the lady who sat twelve paces away, with her hands over her face. It is not always those that sin who suffer most from the consciousness of sin; and Sam, perhaps, with that hint of possible-nay, almost certain-wickedness in his breast pocket, was more burdened by the weight of it than many a criminal about to suffer all the terrors of the law, for the woman that he loved stood accessed if not convicted, before his conscience and her own and he could not condemn, because his heart refused to judge her.

When the two stood together under the light of the lamp in the deserted parlor of the Silver Brick Hotel the long silence which by her quick perceptions had been recognized as accusing her, upon what evidence she did not yet know, was at length broken by Sam's voice, husky with agitation, saying :

"Mrs. Page," assuming an unconscious dignity of mein and sternness of countenance, "I shall ask you some questions sometime, which you may not think quite polite. And you must answer me; you understand. I'm bound to know the truth about this man."

"About this man?" Then he suspected her of connection with the wretched criminal whose body had only just now been hidden from mocking eyes? How much did he know? Her pale face and unxious eyes seemed to ask these questions of him but not a sound escaped her lips. The imploring look, so strange upon her usually bright face, touched all that was tender in Sam's romantic nature. In another moment he would have recalled his demand and trusted her infinitely; but in that critical moment she fainted quite away, to his mingled sorrow and alarm; and Mrs Shaugwordy reprimand for having no more sense than to keep a sick woman up half the night-smarting under which undeserved censure he retired to think over the event of the evening.

The hour of departure from Lucky Dog, for Sam's coach, was four o'clock in the morning, and its driver was not a little surprised, when about to mount the box, to discover Mrs. Page waiting to take a seat beside him. After the adventure of the previous night it was with some restraint that he addressed her; and there was wanting, also, something of his cheerful alacrity of manner when he requested the stranger who had taken the box seat to yield it to a lady. The stranger's mood seemed congenial, for he declined to abdicate intimating that there was room for will help you. Don't say you will not; for the lady between himself and the driver, if

But Mrs, Page did not insist. She whis pered to Sam to open the coach door, and quickly took a seat inside; and Sam, with a sense of irritation very unusual with him climbed reluctantly to his place, giving the "cayuses" the lash in a way that set them off on a keen run. By the time he had gotten his team cooled down the unusual mood had passed, and the longing returned to hear the sweet voice and watch the and pained by evidence he possessed of her connection, in some way, with the victim of lynch law, that seemed like a dream in the clear sunny air of morning, while the more blissful past asserted its claim to be considered reality. Not a lark warbling its flute-like notes by the wayside, not a pretty bit of the familiar landscape, nor a glimpse of brook that leaped sparkling down the mountain, but recalled some charming utterance of Mrs. Dolly Page, as he first knew her as he could not now recognize her in the pale nervous, and evidently suffering woman, sitting closely veiled, inside the

a disagreeable shock when the outside passenger in a voice that contrasted roughly with that other voice which was murmuring in his ear-began a remark about the mining prospects of Lucky Dog.

"Some rich discoveries made in the neighborhood, eh? Did you ever try your

luck at mining ?" "Waal, no, I own a little stock, though," answered Sam, carelessly.

"In what mine?" "In the Nip-and-Tuck."

"Good mine from all I hear about it. Never did any prospecting?" asked the stranger, in that tone which denotes only a desire to make talk with a view to kill time.

"No," in the same tone.

"That's odd" stuffing a handful of cut tobacco in his mouth. "I'd have sworn 'twas you I saw swinging a pick in the cannon east of camp last night."

"I'm not much on picks," Sam returned, with a slowness that well counterfeited indifference. "I was visiting a lady last evening, which is a kind of prospecting more in my line."

"Yes, I understand: that lady inside the coach. She is a game one."

"It strikes me you're devlish free in your remarks," said Sam, becoming irritated again.

"No offense meant, I'm sure. Take a cigar? We may as well talk matters over calmly, Mr. Rice. You know it's ten to one that you are implicated in this business being very attentive to Mrs. Page. Made several trips together. Let her handle your horses, so she could take them out of the stable for them thieves. Buried her thieving gambling husband for her. You see case looks bad, anyway; though I'm inclined to think you've just been made a tool of. I know she's a smart one. Tain't often you find one smarter."

Sam's eyes scintillated. He was strongly minded to pitch the outside passenger off the coach. The struggle in his breast between conviction and resistance to conviction amounted to agony. He could not at that supreme moment, discriminate between the anger he felt at being falsely accused and the grief and rage at being so horribly disillusioned. The combined anguish paled his cheek, and set his teeth on edge; of all of which the outside passenger was coolly cognizant. As they were at that moment in sight of the first station he resumed:

"Let her get up here if she wants to; I can ride inside. I don't want to be hard on her but mind if you breathe a word about my being an officer, I'll arrest you on suspicion. Let every tub stand on its own bottom. If she's guilty, you can't help her, and don't want to, neither: if she's innocent, she'll come out all right, never fear. Are you on the square now?

"Have you got a warrant?" asked Sam in a low tone, as he wound the lines around the break, previous to getting down.

"You bet ! but I'm in no hurry to serve it. Pineywood Station, 'll do just as well ! Telegraph office there."

Mr. Rice was not in any haste this morning being as he said, ahead of time. He invited Mrs. Page to take her usual place on the box, telling her the gentleman had concluded to go inside; and brought her a glass of water from the bar. While he was returning the glass, the passengers, including him on the outside, being busied assunging their thirst with something stronger than water, a rattle of wheels and a clatter of boofs was heard, and lo ! Mrs. Dolly Page was discovered practicing her favorite accomplishment of driving six-in

When the "outside" recovered from his momentary surprise he clapped his hand on the shoulder of Mr. Rice, and said in a voice savage with spite and disappointment: "I arrest you sir."

"Arrest and be d-d !" returned Sam "If you had done your duty, you'd have arrested her while you had a chance."

"That's so-your head is level; and if you'll assist me in getting on to Pineywoods Station in time to catch the runaway -for she can't very well drive beyond that station-I'll let you off."

"You'll wait till I'm on, I reckon. My horses can't go on that errand, and you darsn't take the up-driver's team. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, old smarty !"-and Sam's eyes emitted steel blue lightnings, though his face were a fixed expression of smiling.

Upon inquiry it was ascertained that horses might be procured a mile back from the station, and while the baffled officer and such of the passengers as could not wait until the next day went in pursuit of "Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's.

Occupied with these thoughts, Sam felt | them, Sam mounted one of the "cayuses" and made what haste he could after the coach and Wells, Fargo & Co's express box. Within a mile or less of Pineywood Station he met the keeper, the grooms and an old man or two, that chanced to have been about the place, all armed to the teeth, who, when they saw him halted in surprise.

"Why, we reckoned you were dead, said the head man, with an air of disappointment.

"Dead?" repeated Sam. "Have you seen my coach?"

"That's all right down to the station and the plucky gal that druv it told us all about the raid the "road agents" made on you. Whar's the passengers ?-any of 'em killed ?"

"Passengers are all right. Where is Mrs. Page ?"

"She cried, and tuk on awful about yer and borrered a hoss to ride right on down the road to meet the other stage, and let em know what's up."

"She did, did she?" said Sam very thoughtfully. "Wanl, that is odd. Why she ran away with my team-that's what she did; and it's all a hoax about the 'road agents.' The passengers are back at the other station.'

Sam had suddenly become " all things to all men" to a degree that surprised himself. He was wrong about the horse, too as was proven by its return to the owner four days after. By the same hand came the following letter to Mr. Samuel Rice.

"DEAR MR. RICE-It was so good of "DEAR MR. RICE—It was so good of you. I thank you more than I can say. I wish I could set myself right in your eyes, for I prize your friendship dearly—dearly; but I know that I cannot. It has been all my fault. I was married to a bad man when I was only fifteen. He has rained my life; but now he is dead, and I need not fear him, I will hereafter live as a good woman should live. The tears run down my cheeks as I write you this farewell—as they did that day when I saw that sweet woman and her babe at the farmhouse gate and knew what was in your thoughts. and knew what was in your thoughts.— Heaven send you such a wife. Good-bye, dear Mr. Rice, good-bye.

And this was the last that the worthy stage driver ever heard of Mrs. Page.

Trailing Dresses.

It may do very well for princesses and ladies in kings' palaces, whose satin slippers never touch the earth, but who walk on velvets, and have maids in waiting to bear their trains, to wear trailing garments. But when self-reliant, American women who walk God's earth in shoe leather, go dragging their garments through the filthy streets, without servant or maid to lift them over the gutters, the style is too absurd and untidy to be sanctioned by any sensible woman.

We have four objections to trailing dresses, any one of which we think ought to condemn them in the estimation of sensible people.

1. They are inconvenient. They interfere with locomotion, and trammel our movements, so that we cannot walk or work with ease.

2. They are a nuisance. They interfere with the rights and hinder the movements of other people, and are too often a stum-

bling block on the public thoroughfare. 3. They are untidy. They are regular fiith gatherers and gather all the dirt within their reach.

· 4. They are extravagant, and lead to a wilful waste of money that might be used for a better purpose.

One of Dean Swift's Jokes.

Dean Swift was walking on the Phosnix road, Dublin, when a thunder-shower came up and he took shelter under a tree where a party were sheltering also -two young women and two young men. One of the young girls looked very sad, till as the rain fell, her tears fell. The Dean inquired the cause, and learned that it was their wedding day. They were on their way to church, and now her white clothes were wet, and she could not go.

"Never mind, I'll marry you," said the Dean, and he took his prayer book, and then and there married them, their witnesses being present, and, to make the thing complete, he tore a leaf from his pocket book, and with his pencil wrote and signed a certificate, which he handed to the bride. It was as follows:

Under a tree, in stormy weather, I married this man and woman together; Let none but Him who rules the thunder Sever this man and woman asunder.

A Politician Badly Sold.

His name was Spooner, and, while actively canvassing in a local election in Maine, he made an engagement to speak at a mass meeting in Berwick upon a certain evening, at which time he expected to carry conviction to the souls of the audience. By a blunder-perhaps a malicious one-on the part of his carriage-driver, he was taken to Somersworth just over the border, in New Hampshire in which State there was to be no election. Spooner got out of the carriage and walked quickly to the only large building in the town repeating the thrilling portions of his speech to himself as he went along. When he arrived the room was full, and two or three men were upon the platform, Spooner walked up the sisle, and, introducing himself said:

"My name is Spooner. I have come to address the meeting."

He was very cordially welcomed, and he took his seat. The audience was an uncommonly respectable one, and Spooner thought it certainly was the cleanest and most genteel political gathering he had ever seen. He began to have misgivings. These grew to doubts when one of the gentlemen expressed a desire to know if "Brother Spooner would lead us in prayer?" Of course he wouldn't. He never heard of such a proceeding at a Democratic meeting. But he held his peace, and gave no expression to his astonishment while another person proceeded with the devotional exercise. When he concluded, old Spooner was called upon for a few remarks, and rising, he got rid of about onethird of one of the most exciting Demoeratic speeches ever spoken north of Texas before he perceived that the audience were strangely agitated. He was engaged in an elaborate disquisition upon the iniquities of the Republican party, when a man stepped up and said:

"Excuse, me, sir; but that is a little out of place here."

"Ex-cuse me !" said Spooner. "I guess I know what I am about. Wait till I get

through."

"But you can't go on, sir. We cannot be disturbed in this outrageous manner." "Disturbed!" said Spooner-"disturbed! Why, this is legitimate Democratic doctrine. Let me alone! I haven't come to the exciting part yet." And Spooner began again.

"Really, sir, you cannot proceed. A prayer-meeting is no place for such discussions."

" Prayer-meeting? Good gracious! And you don't mean to say this is a prayermeeting do you? Ain't this Berwick, and isn't this a Democratic mass meeting?"

No! sir. This is So am the pastor of this flock."

Mr Spooner went back to the hotel sadly with two-thirds of one of the best speech es you ever heard lying like lead upon his brain and that accounts for the news from Maine.

Wanted Her Money.

A correspondent says: "A short time ago a little girl six or seven years old came with her mother and several other ladies to spend the afternoon with me. Little Minnie being the only child present, was very quiet, though naturally a perfect little chatterbox, but when it came tea time she insisted on going with me to arrange the table. I had no sooner closed the parlor door than she began to chatter, and coming close to me she said: "O! Mrs. ---, did you know my brother in M. has got his life insured for me?" "No," said I, "I did not." "Well," said she, naively, "he has, and hasn't died yet." 'Why, Minnie,' I said, "you would not want your brother to die, would you?" She replied, "I don't know about that, but I want the money !!!

Im India Rubber Trees, it is stated, occupy a belt of land around the globe for five hundred miles South of the Equator. These trees yield on an average three tablespoonfuls of sap a day, and can be tapped for twenty successive season. They stand so close to each other that one man can gather the sap from eight trees. In a tract of country thirty miles long and eighty miles wide, there have been forty-three thousand India-rubber trees counted. In Europe and the United States there are one hundred and fifty manufactories of Indiarubber goods, employing five hundred operatives each, and consuming over ten million pounds of gum every year.

The lady who did not think it respeciable to bring up her children to work, has recently heard from her two sons-one is a barkeeper on a flat-boat, and the other is a second clerk to a lime-kiln.