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# The Bloomfield Cimes.

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### BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold, Than rank and titles a thousand fold. Is a healthy body, a mind at case, And simple pleasures that always please; A heart that can feel for another's woe And share his joys with a genial glow, With sympathics large enough to enfold All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear, Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere. Doubly blest with content and health, Untried by the lust of cares or wealth; Lowly living and lofty thought Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot, For mind and morals in nature's plan Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is a thinking mind, That in the realm of books can find A treasure surpassing Australian ore, And like with the great and good of yore The sage's lord and the poet's lay, The glories of empire passed away, The world's great drama will thus enfold And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home, Where all the fireside charities come, The shrine of love the heaven of life, Hallowed by mother or sister or wife, However humble the home may be, Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree The blessings that never were bought or sold And centre there are better than gold.

# The Purse of Gold.

BY PRANK DELACY.

Rogers, a young wheelwright, of his friend thought of Mr. Belden just at the moment Gilbert Summers who had just set up as a of his appearance, to the magnetic influcarpenter and housewright in a small New England village.

"As well as a man can find himself with precious little money and no work," replied Summers, a handsome young fellow of two-and-twenty, who was seated listlessly on his work bench, engaged in the very profitable occupation of whittling a shingle with a jacknife. One would think his profession had given him a surfeit of whittling, but it must be remembered that he was a Yankee.

"Little money !" repeated Zeph, as he leisurely mounted a wooden horse and folded his arms. "Well, the old verse has it-'man wants but little here below ?' and as for work, that will come in time. You have skill, youth, strength, and a good Location !!

"Very true," replied Summers, with a half sigh. "But what, at best, is the prospect before me but toil-toil-toil from the beginning to the end?"

Merely the lot of humanity," replied Zeph. "All men are workers."

"No-not all. Look at our ministers, for instance, he doesn't work. Look at his delicate white hands "

"Yes," replied Zeph, "And look at his pale face and hollow cheek. He not work? He works harder than any of us. His brain is never idle. When I have had occasion to pass his house late in the evening, I have seen the twinkle of his lamp that showed him at his studies; and the neighbors toll me it often burns till morning. If he is not at his books, he is to be found at the bedside of the sick and dying, or dispensing charity and consolation in the houses of the poor; thank Heaven, there are few of there in our thriving town. You have chosen an unfortunate example Mr. Princeton is the very hardest working man among us. And head-work has this disadvantage-the greater its diligence the less the capacity for labor. The mind wears

dens and improves the physical condition." by the footsteps of several generations, and "Well, let the clergy pass then. I give it up on the minister," said Summers, reluctantly.

"You surely wont say Dr. Brickers is no worker," pursued Zeph. "His practice breaks him of his rest four nights out of seven, and keeps him as thin as that skeleton of his you made the box for. And as for lawyer Gibbs-"

"Well, well, I give them up for the sake of argument," said Summers, impatiently. "But you said all mankind were workers. This is untrue; you know there are plenty of rich people in the world who do nothing."

"They work harder than any of us," said Zeph, smiling.
"That sounds rather paradoxical," an-

swered Summers, shaking his head.

"They work harder than any of us, and for less pay,"? persisted Zeph. "Some of them keep horses and dogs, and undergo fatigue enough to kill a United States dragoon for the sake of a little animal not worth sixpence. I've seen a poor rich man wading up to his waist in mud and water in pursuit of a little fish six inches long, and he didn't get him after all. There may be a very few of these fortunate people who do no work; but ask Dr. Brickers what their mental and physical condition

" I don't envy them that ; but I do envy them their money," said Summers, en ergetically, and making a huge gash in his shingle by way of emphasis.

"All wrong," said his friend, shaking his head.

"I don't see why some sudden piece of good luck can't turn up for me as well as other folks," said Gilbert. "Why can't I turn up a pot of gold in my garden, or why can't some relative of mine in England that I never heard of die and leave me his estate? I want a big heap of money right off."

"What would you do with it?" asked

"Why, the first thing, I'd marry Hannah Martin-we've been engaged long enough; then I'd build me a fine new house -not a little shanty like the one I occupy ; I'd furnish it in tip-top style; and I'd buy me a nice horse and carryall. Well, that's reign. what I'd begin with."

"You think so," said Zeph.

"I know so," said Summers, "if I could command cash as readily as Squire Belden."

"Good evening, Squire Belden," said Zeph, as that gentleman entered the shop, Summers, whose back was to the door, not OW do you find yourself this eve- noticing him so soon. The animal magning my boy?" asked Zeph netizers would have attributed Summer's ence preceding the worthy squire; but the young carpenter was no believer in the doctrine, and he merely thought of an old adage respecting his satanic majesty, not at all complimentary to his worthy visitor.

"Mr. Summers," said the squire, "have you got the stuff out to repair that floor you took the measure of the other day?" "Yes, sir, it's all ready."

"Very well; if you can do the job to morrow I should like it; my wife has got a

new carpet ready for that room." "I'll be there at seven o'clock to morrow

"Very good; I shall look for you," said Mr. Belden, and bowing politely he took his leave.

"A two-penny job?" said Summers disdainfully. "I was in hopes he would want me to build a block of houses for him.

"Don't despise small things, Gilbert," said Zeph, as he rose to go. "Remember 'many a little makes a mickle.'

"Despise thou not the smallest thing Created by divinity,

For grains of sand the mountains make, And atomies infinity !"

Good evening. Keep up a good heart. The wheel is always turning. I can vouch for that professionally."

The young wheelwright closed the door

"Yes," muttered Summers, "the wheel is always turning ; but I'm like the axle. Well, well, I'll try it on a little longer ; and if patient striving doesn't prosper, then hey

The old Belden mansion, whither Gilbert Summers repaired at an early hour on the following day, was a stately edifice of old colonial period, facing a fine lawn, and accessible through a sweeping avenue of immemorial buttonwoods.

Summers, after a brief interview with the squire, was left alone in the scene of his labors—a large chamber in the upper

stood sadly in need of repair. The smallpaned windows were set in deep embrasures showing the ponderous thickness of the walls; huge oaken beams traversed the low ceiling, and the room was wainscotted with pannelled oak. It was hung with very old portraits of members of the Belden family, including two or three from the hand of Copley. There was a grim old bearded puritan in iron casque and cuirass, leaning on a ponderous sword, the counterfeit presentment of one of Cromwell's godly followers who had helped to smite the troopers of the "man Charles," at Marston Moor. There was an immediate ancestor of the present head of the family in the squirearchal costume of his day-a powdered bag-wig, ruffles and rapier with sword knot with a silk brocade waistcoat, and a claret colored velvet coat with gold buttons, and brilliant knee-buckles, represented in the act of taking a pinch of rappee from an historical snuff-box-a sublime and touching achievement. There were several awfully fancy shepherdesses in powder and brocade, settled on very uncomfortable redoubts of turf, guarded by belligerent spaniels of the warlike breed of King Charles; and all these gentlemen and ladies stared very intently at the carpenter, as if they wanted to know how in the dence a plebeian in a green baize jacket dared intrude upon the privacy of the state chamber of the old ancestral mansion, and why he was taking liberties with the floor that had been trodden by the armed heels of puritan warriors, and the dainty slippers of colonial belles. But our friend, who was not the sort of man to be daunted by the eyes of the living, cared nothing for the impertinent glances of these shadows of the dead.

It was hard work to extract the ponderous nails profusely employed in fastening the old oaken planks, and the drops of perspiration stood on the brow of the mechan-

ic. When he raised the flooring, he disturbed the venerable dust of years. As he lifted with difficulty a particular plank, he perceived a dull metallic glimmer in some object shrouded in dust and cobwebs, which attracted his attention. He raised it. It was a large purse of silk net filled with guineas of the coinage of George the 2d's

His first impulse was to summon Mr. Belden, and communicate the discovery. His second, to conceal it in the breast pocket of his jacket. As he stood a moment, irresolute, glancing quietly around the apartment, his fancy imparted a strange life and expression to the portraits on the wall. The eyes of the old puritan seemed to flash vengeance from beneath the shadow of his iron head-piece. The fine gentleman with the snuff-box seemed to regard him with infinite contempt and loathing .-And for a moment he thought that the little King Charles's spaniels were about to bark at the robber. But this fancy passed. He smiled at the absurdity of his notions and resumed his work. Before dinner-time he had completed his task, and he gathered up his tools and left the house.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have waited on Mr. Belden before leaving; but now, with a stolen treasure concealed in his breast, be felt as if he could not face the mild eye of the squire. He was crossing the lawn, however, when he heard the squire calling him.

He halted and turned back trembling and confused.

"When will you fluish that job Sum-

mers?" asked the squire.

"I have finished it, sir." "So soon? You have worked hard-too hard, my friend. You seem quite exhaust-Won't you stop and take dinner with ed.

"No, I thank you," replied Summers; "I have got another job that must be done directly."

This was a falsehood-his first falsehood; for up to this time Gilbert Summers bad been the soul of truth.

"Very well; if that is the case," said the squire, gravely, "I will not detain you. You have got to work your way in life, and you must attend strictly to your business. Diligence and honesty will carry you through,"

Summers thought the squire laid a strong emphasis on the word "honesty," as if implying suspicion, and he hated him for it. He paused a moment, and mechanically grappled the handle of his heavy hammer. He would have struck the old man, but he controlled himself and hastened home.

He ate no dinner that day, but shut himself up and examined the contents of the purse. It contained two hundred guineas. Two hundred guineas! It was a fortune. out the body, whereas our business har- story, the flooring of which had been worn Then he began to consider what he would

do with this sum. Two hundred guineas would give any man a start in the world .-He had a good common school education, and an agreeable address and figure; why should he toil like a serf all his life at a laborious employment? There must be plenty of openings in cities like Boston and New York for a young man with fair talents and education, a handsome person and good address and two hundred guineas .-In his native place, the only way he could employ his capital without suspicion, would be by gradually introducing it in his business, and that he was resolved to quit. No! he would go to Boston, or rather to New York, and seize some of the numerous chances for speculation offered to small capitalists. He remembered reading a whole column of advertisements in a New York paper, where fifty inducements were held out for the lucrative investment of five hundred, a thousand and fifteen hundred dollars. New York was the place

But he had promised to marry Hannah. Well, Hannah could wait. After he had made a fortune-fifty thousand dollarsno, that was not enough-two hundred thousand dollars-he would come back and marry her. But would Hannah suit a man with two hundred thousand dollars? He began to doubt. He had a cheap lithographic print called the New York belle, where a very tall young lady, with bird's claws and Chinese feet, was represented in a carmine satin gown with a blue velvet mantilla, and a gold watch hanging at her girdle; and he now perceived that Hannah was not at all that style of young woman.

"Her waist was not invisible, And her feet were made to use."

Hannah would hardly do, he was afraid. Decidedly she had quite an underbred air, whereas he now perceived on consulting his glass that he had a very distingue air -a sort of hybrid between Count d'Orsay and Lord Byron.

He consulted another print he had purchased of a pedler—the beau ideal of a New York gentleman. This remarkable individual was tall and slender, with a head of curling hair like that possessed by the illustrious Edward Pepper. A mustache and beard adorned his upper lip and chin. In the midst of a cloudy mass of silk neckerchief gleamed, what was supposed to be a diamond pin. An embroidered vest, very fully padded, descended below his hips. A faultless coat of blue broadcloth fitted him affectionately. Pantaloons with huge checks encased his nether limbs; and slender boots with very high heels supported the elegant superstructure. This attire Summers resolved to follow a the model of his future costume.

Perhaps the speediest means of centupling his fortune was to trust to lotteries and faro-banks. At all events, Summers resolved to cut a dash.

O fatal power of gold! The illegimate possession of two hundred guineas has given birth, in the heart of this young man to fear, hatred, revenge, falsehood, ingratitude, idleness, vanity, and luxury .-That night Summers laid his head upon his pillow without a prayer, and unholy visions visited his slumbers. He rose on the morrow feverish and unrefreshed, and then opened his window to bathe his throbbing temples in the cool morning breeze.

It was a glorious day. The mists had risen from the meandering river, and were stealing swiftly up the mountain sides, like gathering folds of silvery gauze, changing to gold and purple as they swept into the sunlight. The white houses of the village gleamed among the green trees, where foliage glittered with the diamond dew drops. Birds were soaring on free wing, filling the sunny air with melody. A calm settled on the young man's spirit as he retired from the window. His eyes fell upon a small Bible-the last gift of his dying mother, her only and yet priceless legacy.

Summers opened it and read, as was his wont, a portion of the Scriptures. The influence of those sacred words affected and subdued him. He knelt and prayed long and fervently, and as he rose from his devotions, it seemed as if the morning air, that lifted his dark curls from his forehead was impregnated with blessings.

Dressing himself, and still clasping the treasure of yesterday close to his breast, he took his hat and stick, and went forth in the direction of the Belden manor house. His pace, though as rapid, was very different from that which bore him from the mansion on the preceding day. His step was firm and elastic, and the glance of his eye, though anxious, was yet fearless.

At the hall door he inquired for Mr. Belden, and was shown into his library, like the Broadway belle.

where the old gentleman sat at his deak in his dressing gown, poring over some volume. He rose and welcomed his visitor, begging him to be seated.

"Mr. Summers," said he, "you finished that floor at such short notice that I was fearful you had slighted your work; but I find you did it in the most workmanlike manner. I suppose you would like the money for it. 'Short accounts make long friendships,""

"I did not come for the money, sir," answered Summers, with some hesitation.

No; well, I am very glad to see you-in fact, you have saved me the trouble of cailing on you. But your business before mine."

"I came to pay you money instead of to receive it sir.

"To pay me money! On whose ac-

count? You owe me nothing."
"Rather, sir," said Summers, mustering resolution, "to restore you a sum I stole from you yesterday."

"You are mad, Gilbert. I had no money by me ; I have missed none."

"And you never would have missed it. You were richer than you thought sir."

"Explain yourself, young man."
"There, then sir," said Summers, and and while tears rushed to his eyse, he threw the purse of gold upon the table. "Take it, sir, it is yours-two hundred guineas-I have not touched one of them."

"I am yet in the dark," said the squire, gazing on the purse.

"Yesterday, in removing the flooring, sir, I found that purse, which was probably placed there by some of your ancestors many years ago."

"And you have restored it the first thing in the morning. Well, I am a little richer than I thought. But half of this certainly belongs to you as a reward for your honesty."

"Do not say so, Mr. Belden ; you overwhelm me," cried Summers. "No, sir, not a farthing of that sum belongs to me. I took it with the intention of keeping it."

"That was wrong, but you meant to invest it in your business—you meant to re-pay me at your leisure," said the squire.

"Such were not my intentions, sir. I meant to employ it in speculation or gambling. I meant to leave my native place, to abandon my friends, the girl I had sworn to protect and cherish-in short sir I meant to be a villain."

He could say no more ; his tongue refused its office; he became deadly pale, and cold drops of perspiration stood upon his brow. The squire rose and placed his hand kindly

"God forbid !" said he, solemnly, " that I should condemn you. 'Judge not lest ye be judged,' said One, who spake as no mortal ever spoke. No man knows of what he is capable till be has undergone temptation and happy are those whose evil designs perish in the conception and bear no fruit. You must permit me to present you with half of this sum ; I do not fear you will misuse it now."

"I cannot take it," said the young man, shuddering. "There is a spell upon that gold. Let my peace of conscience reward me for the restoration ; may Heaven pardon my evil purposes."

Mr. Belden respected the young man's scruples, and forbore to press him. He did better. He soon gave him an important contract for building, and had the satisfaction of establishing him in business. The first payment of money the housewright had laboriously earned, was made in gold, of American coinage however, but contained in the identical silk purse found in the old oaken chamber.

Summers employed it in purchasing material for a small cottage he was building on his own account. When it was finished and furnished, he waited on the good squire in company with the fair Hannah, and after a certain ceremony performed by the magistrate, they took possession of the new house as man and wife, to the great joy of the town's people, and particularly of Zeph Rogers, the honest wheelwright.

Sometime during the honeymoon, while Mrs. Summers was setting their kitchen "to rights," she came across the portraits of the New York dandy and the New York

"What shall I do with these?" she asked. Summers colored deeply; and snatching the prints thrust them in the cooking stove, where the fine lady and gentleman soon suffered martyrdom. Summers never wore checked pantaloons and a breastpin for a reason best known to himself, and be saw that Hannah looked as little as possible