

The Bloomfield Times.

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The Future.

When falling health, or cross event,
Or dull monotony of days,
Has brought me into discontent,
That darkens round me like a haze,
I find it wholesome to recall
Those chillest goods my life has known,
Those whistled days, that brightened all
The checkered seasons that are flown.
No year has passed but gave me some;
O unborn years, nor one of you—
So from the past I learn—shall come
Without much precious tribute due.
I can be patient, since amid
The days that seem so overcast,
Such future golden hours are hid
And those I see amid the past.

Adventure with a Robber!

IN the summer of 18—, I was engaged with a young man named Lyman Knapp, in locating land lots along the Wabash, in Indiana. I had gone out partly for my health, and partly to accommodate one who had ever been a noble friend to me, and who had purchased a great deal of Government land. At Davenport he was taken sick and after watching with him for a week, in hopes that he would soon recover, I found that he had a settled fever, and, as the physicians said that he would not probably be able to move under a month, I determined to push on alone. So I obtained a good nurse, and having seen that my friend would have everything necessary to his comfort that money could procure, I left him.

As good fortune would have it, I found a party of six men bound on the very route I was going, and I waited one day for the sake of their company. At length we set out, and three pack horses to carry our luggage, and soon I found I had lost nothing by waiting, for my companions were agreeable and entertaining. They were going on to St. Josephs, where they already had land located, and where they had mills upon the river, intending to get out lumber during the remainder of the season.

On the third day from Logansport we reached Walton's settlement on the Little River; having left the Wabash on the morning of that day. It was well on into the evening when we reached the little log-built inn of the settlement, and we were glad enough of the shelter, for, ere we were fairly under cover, the rain began to fall in big drops, and thickly too. And more still had I to be thankful for. My horse began to show a lameness in one of his hind legs, and when I leaped from my saddle I found that his foot pained him much, as I could tell by the manner in which he lifted it from the ground. I ordered the hostler to bathe it in cold water, and then went into the house, where we found a good substantial supper, and comfortable quarters for the night—that is, comfortable quarters for that section at that time.

About ten o'clock, just after I had retired, and just as I was falling into a grateful drowse, I was startled by the shouts of men and the barking of dogs directly under my window. As the noise continued, I arose and threw on my clothes and went down.

"What is it?" I asked of the landlord, who stood in the doorway.

"Ah! I don't you know, strangers?" said the host, turning. "You've heard of Gustus Karl, perhaps?"

Who in the West at that time had not heard of him—the most reckless and murderous robber that ever cursed a country? I told the host I had heard of him often.

"Well," he resumed, "the villain was

here this afternoon, and murdered a man just up the river. We've been out after him, but he gave us the slip. We tracked him as far as the upper creek; there he came out on the bank, and fired at us and killed one of our horses, and then drove into the woods. We set the dogs on, but they lost him."

"And you had to come back horseless?" I said.

"Yes," the landlord growled. "But," he added with a knowing shake of the head, "he can't run clear much longer. The country is up in arms, and he will either leave these huntings or be dropped."

"What sort of a man is he?" I asked.

"The very last man in the world you would take for Gus Karl. He is small not a bit over five feet, with light, curly hair, a smooth white face, and not very stout. But, love ye, he is as quick as lightning, and his eyes have got fire in them. He dresses in all shades, but generally like a common hunter. Oh, he is the very devil, I do believe!"

After the tubful of whiskey and water which the landlord had prepared was all drunk, the crowd began to disperse, and shortly after I went up again to bed, and this time slept uninterruptedly till morning.

I had just eaten my breakfast, and had gone to the front door, when a horseman came dashing up to the place. Himself and animal covered with mud. It had been raining all night. The first thing the newcomer did was to inquire for me. I answered to the name. He then informed me that Lyman Knapp could not live, and he wished to see me as soon as possible.

"The doctor said he must die," said the messenger, "and the poor fellow now only seeks for life long enough to see you."

"Poor Lyman," I murmured to myself. "So young, so hopeful, with so many friends and relatives in his far-off home and taken down to die in a strange land."

I told the man I would set out on my return as soon as possible. He ate his breakfast and then resumed his journey, being bound as far as the Pottawatomie border.

I settled my bill and then sent for my horse; but a bitter disappointment awaited me. I found the foot swollen very badly, and it pained him so that he could scarcely step on it. Had the road been good, I should have been tempted to try him; but I knew that in some places the mud would be deep. I went to the host, and asked him if he could lend me or sell me a horse. He could do neither. His only spare horse had been shot the night before by the Wabash robber. There was not a horse in the place to be obtained for any amount of money. I returned to the stable and led my horse out, but he could not even walk with any degree of ease. I could not use him. I was in despair.

"Look here," said mine host, as I began to despair, "can't you manage a canoe?"

"Yes, very well," I told him.

"Then that is your best way. The current is very strong this morning, and without the stroke of a paddle it would take you along as fast as a horse could wade through this mud. You shall have one of my canoes for just what it is worth, and you can sell it at Logansport for as much."

I caught at the proposition instantly, for I saw that it was good one.

"If you don't shoot the rapids," added the landlord, "you can easily shoulder the canoe, and pack it round. 'Tisn't far."

I found the boat to be a well-fashioned "dug out," large enough to bear four men with ease, and I at once paid the man his price—ten dollars—and then had my luggage brought down. I gave directions about the care of my horse, and then put off. The current was quite rapid, say four or five miles an hour, but not turbulent, and I soon made up my mind that it was far better than riding on horseback. The banks of the river were thickly covered with large trees, and I saw plenty of game, and more than once was tempted to fire the contents of my pistols at some of the boldest "varmints," but I had no time to waste, and so I kept on. But one thing seemed wanting, and that was a companion; but I was destined to find one soon enough.

It was shortly after noon, and I had just eaten my dinner of bread and cold meat, when I came to a place where the river made an abrupt bend to the right, and a little further on I came to an abrupt basin where the current formed a perfect whirlpool. I did not notice it until my canoe got into it, and I found myself going around instead of ahead. I plied my wood paddle with all my power, and soon succeeded in shooting out from the current; in doing so I ran upon a low sandy shore.

The effort had fatigued me not a little, and I found myself thus suddenly moored I resolved to rest a few minutes.

I had been in this position some ten minutes when I was startled by hearing a foot-step close behind me, and on looking up I saw a man at the side of the boat. He was a young looking person, not over two-and-thirty, and seemed to be a hunter. He wore a wolf-skin, leggings of red leather, and a cap of bear-skin.

"Which way are you bound, stranger?" he asked in a pleasing tone.

"Down the river to Logansport," I replied.

"That's fortunate; I wish to go there myself," the stranger resumed. "What say you to my taking the other paddle, and keeping you company?"

"I should like it," I told him frankly. "I've been wanting company."

"So have I," added the hunter. "And I've been wanting some better mode of conveyance than these worn-out logs through the deep forest."

"Come on," said I, and as I spoke he leaped into the canoe, and having deposited his rifle in the bow, he took one of the paddles and told me he was ready when I was. So we pushed off, and were soon clear of the whirlpool.

For an hour we conversed freely. The stranger told me his name was Adams, and his father lived in Columbus. He was now out on a hunting prospecting expedition with some companions, who had gone to Logansport by horse, and he had got separated from them that night, and lost his horse into the bargain. He said he had a sum of money about his person, and that was one reason why he disliked to travel in the forest.

Thus he opened his affairs to me, and I was fool enough to be equally frank. I admitted that I had some money, and I told my business; and by a quiet and most unassuming course of remarks he drew from me the fact that I had money enough to purchase forty full lots.

Finally the conversation lagged, and I began to give my companion a closer scrutiny. I sat in the stern of the canoe and he was about midships, and facing me. He was not a large man, nor was he tall. His hair was of a light flaxen hue, and hung in long curls about his neck; his features were regular and handsome, and his complexion very light. But the color of his face was not what one could call fair. It was a cold, bloodless color, like pale marble. And for the first time, too I looked particularly at his eyes. They were gray in color, and had the brilliancy of glaring ice. Their light was intense, but cold and glittering like a snake's. When I thought of his age I set him down as not much over thirty.

Suddenly a sharp cold shudder ran through my frame, and my heart leaped with a wild thrill. As sure as fate—I knew it—there could be no doubt—I had taken into my confidence Gustus Karl, the Wabash Robber! I feared my emotions would betray me. I looked carefully over his person again, and I knew I was not mistaken. I could look back now and see how cunningly he had led me on to a confession of my circumstances—how he had made me tell my affairs, reveal the state of my finances. What a fool I had been! But it was too late to think of the past. I had enough to look out for what was evidently to come.

I at length managed to overcome all my outward emotions, and then I began to watch my companion more sharply and closely. My pistols were both handy, and I knew they were in order, for I had examined them in the afternoon when I thought of firing at some game.

They were in the breast pocket of my coat, which pocket had been made on purpose for them, and I could reach them at any instant. Another hour had passed away, and by that time I had become assured that the robber would make no attempt upon me until after nightfall. He said that it would be convenient that we were together, for we could run all night, as the one could steer while the other slept.

"Aye," I added with a smile; "that is good for me, for every hour is valuable. I would not miss meeting my friend for the world."

"O! you'll meet him, never fear," said my companion.

Ah—he spoke that with too much meaning. I understood it well. I knew what the sly tone and that strange gleaming of the eye meant. He meant he would put me on the road to meet poor Knapp in the other world. I only wonder now that I had not detected the robber when I first saw him, for the expression of his face was

so heartless, so icy—and his eyes had such a wicked look—that the most unpracticed physiognomist could not have failed to detect the villain at once.

During the rest of the afternoon we conversed some, but not so freely as before. I could see that the villain's eyes were not so frankly bent on me as he spoke, and that he seemed inclined to avoid my direct glances. The movements on his part were not studied, or even intentional, but they were instinctive, as though his very nature led thus. At length night came on. We ate our supper and then smoked our pipes, and finally my companion proposed that I should sleep before he did. At first I thought of objecting; but a few moments' reflection told me that I had better behave as though he were an honest man; so I agreed to his proposition. He took my seat at the stern, and I moved further forward, and having removed the thwart upon which my companion had been sitting, I spread my cloak in the bottom of the canoe and then having placed my valise for a pillow, I laid down. As soon as possible I drew out one of my pistols and beneath the cover of a cough I cocked it. Then I moved my body so that my arm could be at liberty, and grasping my weapon firmly, with my finger on the guard, I drew up my mantle, slouching my hat, and then settled down for my watch.

Fortunately for me the moon was up, and though the forest threw a shadow upon me, yet the beams fell upon Karl, and I could see his every movement. We were well in the Wabash, having entered it about three o'clock.

"You will call me at midnight," said I, drowsily.

"Yes," he returned.

"Good night!"

"Good night—and pleasant dreams. I'll have you further on your way than you think ere you wake up again."

"Perhaps so," I thought to myself, as I lowered my head, and pretended to compose myself to sleep.

For half an hour my companion steered the canoe very well, and seemed to take no notice of me; but at the end of that time I could see he became more uneasy. I commenced to snore with a long and regular-drawn breath, and on the instant the villain started as starts the hunter when he hears the tread of game in the woods.

But hark! Aha—there was before one lingering fear in my mind that I might shoot the wrong man, but it was gone now. As the fellow stopped the motion of the paddle, I distinctly heard him mutter:

"O ho! my dear sheep, you little dreamed that Gus Karl was your companion. But he'll do you a good turn. If your friend is dead you shall follow him, and I'll take your traps to pay for your passage to heaven."

I think these were the very words. At any rate they were their drift. As he thus spoke he noiselessly drew in the paddle and then rose to his feet. I saw him reach over his left shoulder, and when he brought back his hand he had a large bowie knife in it. I could see the blade gleam in the pale moonlight, and I saw Karl run his thumb along the edge, and then feel the point. My heart beat fearfully and my breathing was hard. It was with the utmost exertion that I could continue snoring, but I managed to do it without interruption. Slowly and noiselessly the foul wretch approached me. O! his step would not have awakened a hound—and his long, gleaming knife was half raised—I could hear his breathing plainly, and I could hear the grating of his teeth, as he nerved himself for the stroke.

The villain was by my side and he measured the distance from his hand to my heart with his eye. In his left hand he held a thick handkerchief all wadded up. That was to stop my mouth with. Every nerve in my body was now strung, and my heart stood as still as death. Of course my snoring ceased; and at that instant the huge knife was raised above my bosom. Quick as thought I brought my pistol up—the muzzle was within a foot of the robber's heart—he uttered a quick cry—I saw the bright blade glitter in the moon light, but it came not upon me. I pulled the trigger, and the last fear was passed. I had thought that the weapon missed, but it did not. There was a sharp report, and as I sprang up and backed I heard a fierce yell, and at the same moment the robber fell forward; his head struck my knee as it came down.

Weak and faint I sank back, but a sudden tip of the canoe brought me to my senses, and I went aft and took the paddle. As soon as the boat's head was once right, I turned my eyes upon the form in the bot-

tom of the canoe, and I saw it quiver—only a slight spasmodic movement—and all was still.

All that night I sat there at my watch, and steered my canoe. I had my second pistol ready, for I knew not surely that the wretch was dead. He might be waiting to catch me off my guard, and then shoot me. But the night passed slowly and drearily away, and when the morning broke the form moved not. Then I stepped forward and found that Gustus Karl was dead. He had fallen with his knife true to his aim, for it struck very near to where my heart must have been and the point was driven so far into the solid wood that I had to work hard to pull it out, and harder still to unclasp the marble fingers that were closed with dying madness about the handle.

Swiftly flowed the tide, and ere the sun sank again to rest I had reached Logansport. The authorities knew the face of Gustus Karl at once, and when I told them my story they poured a thousand thanks upon my head. A purse was raised, and the offered reward put with it, and tendered to me. I took the simple reward from the generous citizens, while the remainder I directed should be distributed among those who had suffered most from the Wabash robber's depredations.

I found Knapp sick and miserable. He was burning with fever, and the doctors had shut him up in a room where a well man must soon have suffocated.

"Water—water! give me water!" he gasped.

"Haven't you had any?" I asked.

He told me no. I threw open the windows—sent for a pail of ice water. And was on the point of administering it when the old doctor came in. He held up his hands in horror, and told me it would kill the sick man. But I forced him back, and Knapp drank the faithful beverage. He drank deeply and slept. The perspiration poured from him like rain, and when he woke again his skin was moist, and his fever was turned. In three days he sat in his saddle by my side, and together we started for Little River. At Walton's settlement I found my horse fully recovered and when I offered to pay for his keeping the host would take nothing. The story of my adventure on the river had reached there ahead of me, and this was the landlord's gratitude.

Canine Sagacity.

We know of no more singular case of canine sagacity, says the Hartford Times, than one that was related to us a few days since. The gentleman who owned the dog lived at the time the occurrence happened, in Southington. It was a good while ago. His dog, a fox hound, was bit in the nose by a red adder. This is a snake whose venomous quality is only inferior to that of the rattlesnake. It will always kill a man.

The dog, though bitten, continued to assail the snake, and succeeded in killing him. To the surprise of his owner, who witnessed the combat, the dog then turned and fled with his best speed towards home, the house being two miles distant. The people at the house saw him come rushing up the road and plunge into the open cellar-way.

There they found him energetically pawing up the moist earth of the cellar bottom, into the hole thus made he stuck his nose, and then, and holding it there, he pawed more dirt around his head so as to bury his nose and face out of sight.

They could not call or coax him away; and there he staid—so far as the family were observers of him—for two days, with his nose and face buried in the moist ground in the cellar. Then he came forth all well.

How did that dog know that that singular treatment would save him?

Bud Dodington was one day walking down Bend street, London, when a borrowing acquaintance rushed from the opposite side of way, and expressed great delight at meeting him, "for," said he "I am wonderfully in want of a guinea."

Dodington winced, and taking out his purse showed that he had no more than half a guinea.

"A thousand thanks!" exclaimed the persecutor half forcing the coin from beneath the owner's fingers, "that will do very well for the present." When they had parted the impudent borrower turned back to Dodington, saying:

"By-the-by, when will you pay me that half guinea?"

"Pay you! what do you mean?"

"Why, I intended to borrow a guinea of you, and have only got half; but I'm not in any hurry for the other. Name your own time only pray keep it."