

# The Bloomfield Times.

TERMS:—\$1.25 Per Year,  
IN ADVANCE.

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## The Bloomfield Times.

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**FRANK MORTIMER & CO.,**  
At New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.

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### THE CITY ON THE HILL.

I know a quiet city,  
A silent, peaceful city;  
A beautiful, strange city  
Upon a sunny hill;  
Where daisies fair are growing;  
Where Summer winds are blowing  
Along the earth's green bosom,  
Adown the streets so still.  
The streets are long and narrow;  
The brown thrush and the sparrow  
Their little nests have builded,  
Amid the flower-flecked grass;  
The robins carol in it;  
You hear the song of linnet;  
Whenever this strange city  
Your footsteps chance to pass.

The houses in this city—  
This still and peaceful city,  
Where never human pity  
The dwellers need nor ask—  
Each roof the grasses cover,  
The green blades each a lover  
Of haunts, where thrush and plover  
Within the sunlight bask.

There are no sounds of sorrow,  
No longing for to-morrow;  
Nor pain to bear and borrow,  
Within its silent streets;  
But all is peaceful over  
The green grass and the clover,  
As days go drifting onward,  
Above its calm retreats.

And there our dear ones weary  
Of treading pathways dreary,  
With souls bowed down with sorrow  
Have often turned for rest;  
And in that fair white city,  
That beautiful, strange city,  
No thought of pain nor pity  
Can touch the dweller's breast.

O! peace, so sweet and tender,  
So wrapped about with splendor  
Of rest, which you can render  
About each low laid head;  
We shall reach this city,  
Sometime, by thy sweet pity,  
And there will find a dwelling  
Among the silent dead.

### JOHN JONES IN TROUBLE; —OR— LAURA'S LOVER.

MINERVA COLLEGE (principal, Miss Augusta Starchley) was a highly genteel establishment, in a highly genteel suburban neighborhood, and guaranteed to its pupils (twenty-five in number) a highly genteel education, "on terms," as the advertisement said, "moderate and strictly inclusive."

The prettiest of the young ladies (and there were several pretty ones at Minerva College) was Miss Laura Roach, the daughter of an officer in the East India service.

Her age was "sweet seventeen," and as for her appearance, it requires a poet adequately to describe her; so, as my hero is a poet, I shall leave him to perform the task himself.

The rosy God of Love could find no entrance into Minerva College.

What with the high, spiked walls, the tall hedges, the locked garden gate, and the soldier-like regiments of tall lime trees, the premises were on all sides well fortified against him.

The house was in an awfully quiet street, and literally "far from the hum of men," no beings of that species ever visiting except the teachers, the butcher, and the baker.

But for all that Miss Starchley's pupils were not entirely without their day-dreams of affection and air-drawn castles of romance. Indeed, half of them were said to be cre-

cretly in love with the French professor, while it was generally agreed that Mr. Owen Wilford, Miss Starchley's nephew, and only resident master, had completely captivated the hearts of the rest, especially that of Miss Laura Roach.

But the young lady had another adorer, though she didn't know it.

He had seen her one Sunday when the school was out for its "constitutional," and his heart was gone instantly.

He was seventeen and susceptible, and though only a clerk at Messrs. Coddysill & Co.'s, City, and bearing the unromantic name of John Jones, he had an aspiring soul.

He hoped one day to fill the world with the thunder of his renown.

For Jones, as before intimated, was a poet.

From his earliest years he had poured forth his soul in lyric strains whenever he could find rhymes, which isn't always an easy matter.

He affected the Byronic style, wore a turn-down collar, curled his hair, habitually rolled his eyes in fine frenzy, and assumed an expression of perpetual gloom; moreover, he named himself after his favorite bard, and dropping the unpoetic word "John," dubbed himself Byron Jones, or, in full, Byron Tennyson Shakespeare Jones.

How to acquaint Laura with his affection?—that was the question.

To climb the walls of Minerva College was like storming a fortress, and to send a love-letter was equally difficult, for probably Miss Starchley made a point of overhauling all the young ladies' correspondence.

Meanwhile, Miss Laura attended to her lessons like a good girl as she was, blissfully unconscious of Jones' adoration.

Her private opinion was, that Mr. Owen Wilford was decidedly handsome and gentlemanly young man, and worthy to be a bachelor of hearts as well as arts.

Jones knew not as yet that he had so formidable a rival, or the tortures of his heart would have been much increased.

Our poet made a desperate resolve. He would bribe the postman to convey a letter to Miss Laura Roach (he soon found out her name) in rhyme, and expressing in the most fiery words the passion that consumed him.

So he sat down in his "study," *i. e.*, attic, wielding a formidable quill.

He pondered and worked about an hour and a half, and nibbled his pen down to the stump. At last this great poetic effusion burst upon the light of day:—

"TO LAURA THE DIVINE.  
"Thine eyes are like the lime-light's flash,  
Thy tresses shine like golden cash;  
Thy cheeks are like two Eastern roses,  
And how divinely formed thy nose is!  
The portals of thy beauteous mouth  
Like cherries from the sunny south;  
Thy teeth outgleam the richest pearls;  
In short, of all Miss Starchley's girls,  
Thou only hast enslaved the bard  
Who herewith doth enclose his card."  
"BYRON TENNYSON SHAKESPEARE JONES."

He addressed this "To Miss Laura Roach," which name, however, suggested a more poetical one.

"Laura Roach! That looks something like 'Lalla Rookh.' By Jove! a capital idea! I will always address her by the name of Tom Moore's heroine, whom she resembles."

He then added—

"P. S.—In writing Laura, I mistook;  
I'll call thee only Lalla Rookh!"

"If that don't melt her heart, nothing will," he said, as he folded it up.

On arriving at the school at dusk, he was lucky enough to find "Bob," the boy in buttons, just coming out on an errand.

"Bob" was a regular imp o'ef, mischief and he looked like it.

He eyed wonderingly the romantic youth who thus addressed him—

"Juvenile, convey this missive privately to my adored Lalla Ro— I mean, Miss Laura Roach, and thou shalt be recompensed."

"I dunno what you mean, sir," said Bob.

"Well, then, I want you to give this letter to Miss Roach, without the schoolmistress seeing it. If you do it all right, and get me an answer back, I'll give you a shilling."

"All serene, sir; but I must have the bob down on the nail," said Buttons, cunningly.

"That won't do Sixpence now, and the rest when you bring me the answer. But mind, keep close, and take care Miss Starchley knows nothing of it, or I'll never forgive you."

Bob agreed, and promised that Laura should have it that very evening, and Jones should know the result in the morning.

Byron Jones couldn't sleep a wink that night, for the hopes and fears that agitated him.

The next morning came, and he saw nothing of Bob. Jones was half distracted. He made so many mistakes at the office, that Messrs. Coddysill's head clerk more than once threatened him with condign punishment.

How was it Lalla Rookh had not replied?

We will follow the fate of the poetical letter.

Bob, while waiting at table that dinner-time, found an opportunity of dropping the note unobserved into Miss Roach's lap.

Laura was so surprised and curious, that she could not resist the temptation to open and read it at once.

Suddenly looking up, she perceived the powerful spectacles of Miss Starchley levelled straight at her.

"Ah, Miss Roach! what is that?" cried the schoolmistress. "What are you reading? I insist upon seeing it at once."

Laura was terribly confused.

She found herself the centre of observation to the whole school.

Fumbling in her agitation, she attempted to thrust the note in her pocket, but dropped it on the ground.

Miss Starchley pounced upon it instantly.

Her face, as she read it, was awful to contemplate.

"Ah-h-h!" she exclaimed. "Who sent this? Who brought it? Who is this Byron Tennyson Shakespeare Jones, and what do you know of him? Come, I must know."

Laura defended herself by telling the exact truth, viz., that she knew nothing of that correspondent, save that the note was brought by Roberto (for so "Buttons" was called in the house).

All the schoolmistress's wrath was now turned upon that luckless juvenile.

"You impudent young creature! How dare you bring such letters here? Doubtless you have been bribed by this furtive individual. Inform me all about it instantly."

Bob was so taken back, that he stammered, hesitated, and altogether so demeaned himself that Miss Starchley seized her terrible cane and administered several smart strokes, which set him howling.

"Drat the love-letters!" cried he when alone in the wash-house, as he rubbed his smarting back. "Catch me having anything to do with 'em again—no, not for half-a-crown a-piece."

As to Jones' unlucky effusion, Miss Starchley promptly threw it on the fire.

"If I ever find such rubbish brought here again," she cried, "I care not to whom it is addressed, I'll punish the whole school, without distinction of persons."

"I say, Laura," said Netty Wade, her special friend, with a sly look, as they took their after-dinner walk in the grounds, "you can't persuade me you know nothing about the letter."

"I declare I did not," responded our heroine, "and I can't make out who this Byron What's-his-name can be, unless it is that lackadaisical-looking youth that stared at me so hard at church last Sunday."

"With frizzly hair and a turn-down collar?" said Netty. "I noticed him, and he seemed so woe-begone, I could hardly help laughing. That must be the individual to take to a certainty."

"What a game!" added young Polly Hopkins. "I think we ought to make some fun out of this."

"But how?" said Laura. "I've got into trouble enough already, and I certainly shall try and keep out of it in the future."

"If you don't answer him he'll die for love," remarked Netty.

Bob on being privately questioned by the young ladies, described Mr. Jones, and confirmed their suspicions, but, at the same time, declared that he was "blessed if he'd have anything to do with no more letters."

Meanwhile, how fared it with our hero? Sadly indeed. His despair at receiving no reply drove him almost frantic. He waited for hours outside Minerva College, but caught no glimpse of Laura or Bob, who, indeed took care to keep out of his way.

That night Jones "consumed the midnight oil," or rather tallow, while, in a fit of poetic inspiration, he again strove to move the heart of Laura!

"TO LALLA ROOKH, THE SCORNFUL."  
"Ah! cruel maid, who disregards the groans  
Wrung from the tortured breast of Byron Jones."

If thus you leave me in my dark despair,  
I'll do some desperate deed, I do declare:  
My wretched thread of life some day I'll cut,  
Beneath the billows of the water-but;  
Or else, perchance you'll find my lifeless  
corpse!"

"Now, what will rhyme with corpse?" asked Jones of himself, biting the end of his pen, in a perplexed manner.

In vain he went through two dictionaries, and spent over an hour in cudgelling his brains; he was at last forced to the conclusion that there was no word rhyming (to corpse) in the English language, and that he must make a slight alteration in the word. So this was the effective termination—

"Or else, perchance, you'll find my lifeless  
corpse  
Stabbed to the heart! Then won't you feel  
remorse?"

The next morning he sought an opportunity of sending this by means of Bob, whom he was fortunate enough to pounce upon just by the college.

Buttons looked uncomfortable, and being driven to extremities, declared that Miss Starchley was so sharp, that it was no use trying to send *billy-doos* that way, and that he (Bob) didn't want no more whackings.

Our hero, on learning the fate of his missive, was in great perplexity.

The only resource—and that a desperate one—was the high wall at the back of the school premises.

If he could climb the top of that he might spy Laura during her play-hours, and drop the note down where she could pick it up.

With this intention, he again went to the college as soon as he turned from Messrs Coddysill's. But the wall looked a hopeless case—twelve feet high at least, and it was impossible to scale it without a ladder.

He listened, and heard the merry laugh of the school-girls; they had just finished their lessons. Desperation seized Jones, and Jones seized a stone, and he wrapped his epistle around it, and threw it up perpendicularly, so that it dropped just on the other side of the wall.

A terrific, piercing scream was the result.

"Oh-h-h-h!" (the voice was that of Polly Hopkins), "my head, my head! it's all bleeding. Somebody outside is throwing stones, and a big one has hit me right on the forehead. Oh-h-h!"

There was an uproar immediately. All the school gathered around the luckless Polly.

Laura perceived the note, took it up and read it, and thus discovered the cause of this disaster.

"Byron Jones again I declare!" she cried.

At this moment Miss Starchley, hearing the screams of Polly, came rushing out.

Laura contrived to conceal the letter, but all agreed as to the fact of the stone.

"It must have been one of those vagabond boys out in the street!" exclaimed Miss Starchley. "Here, Robert, run for a policeman directly, and let him take them into custody."

Jones heard these words, and bolted in great trepidation.

How smoothly the course of his true love seemed destined to run!

For two days he did not venture near Minerva College; but, to his joy, he received a reply by post from Miss Laura, blaming him for his late rash adventure, but giving him hopes that his affection was reciprocated.

Who so happy as our poetic friend?

He kissed the note rapturously, and his eyes rolled in finer frenzy than ever.

For a time fortune, indeed, favored him. He contrived not only to see Laura, but to speak to her alone in the front garden one day when Miss Starchley was out.

Fervently did he express his devotion which Laura seemed to appreciate, if not return.

More than this, he had several sweet stolen conversations with her over the high play-ground wall.

She managed it by ascending the gardener's short ladder, which just allowed her charming countenance to be visible to the admiring Jones.

Better still, he sent her several more poetic epistles, besides sundry little presents; and one night he serenaded her with his guitar (which he had bought for 7s. 6d., second-hand) until imperiously summoned to move on by the police.

The course of his true love seemed prospering beyond all his expectations.

Alas! I fear that Laura was not quite so sincere in her encouragement as he fondly

supposed; this, however, the sequel will decide.

At all events, those stolen interviews over the play-ground wall were very pleasant, and, at length, during one of them, he ventured thus to "come to the point!"

"My dearest Lalla the time has come to prove thy affection. Fly with me to other and happier lands?"

"Oh! Mr. Jones, you quite agitate me! When—how—where could we fly?"

"Anywhere. To Italy, or Spain, or the Isles of Greece," responded the poetic youth. "But I should prefer above all other places, the beautiful Vale Cashmere, where in the rosy bowers of Bendemere, or the diamond turrets of Amberbad, we could live in Oriental splendor and luxury!"

"But where's the money to come from?" asked the more practical Laura.

"Well, I have—ahem!—a certain sum saved up. You could doubtless get some from your relations. Besides, a friend of mine commands one of the channel steamers, and would take us passage free. Oh! say thou wilt consent?"

"I scarcely see my way clearly," objected Laura.

"Clear as the day," he replied. "Say that to-morrow night we agree to meet in the front garden. I will station myself beneath your window punctually at the witching hour of twelve with a rope ladder, or, as I don't know where to buy one of those, suppose I provide you a coil of strong rope, by means of which you can let yourself down out of your window into my arms."

"What next?" exclaimed Laura.

"Next? Why, we can then catch the mail train to Dover, whence, having been solemnly united by special license, we will embark on board the channel steamer. The world will then, as the poet beautifully observes, 'be all before us where to choose!'"

Laura seemed much struck by this brilliant scheme, and pondered over it a long while, but at length said:

"I am thine, and consent freely."  
"Then I am indeed blessed!" he exclaimed, rapturously. "When is it to be?"

"Say Tuesday night, provided it isn't bright moonlight, for in that case somebody would see us, and I should faint, and that would prevent our escape."

"All will go well I feel confident of it," said the sanguine Byron Jones. "Tuesday night, then, at twelve; but first meet me here at the same time as this to-morrow, and I will bring the rope; you can conceal it in your room, and?"

"I hear Miss Starchley coming!" interrupted Laura.

"Adieu, then, dearest!" he said, and she disappeared from the wall just as he turned the street corner.

No sooner was he invisible than Miss Laura burst out laughing, which action induces us to believe that she was cruelly playing with the enslaved heart of Jones.

"Oh, Netty, it's such fun!" she said to her confidential; "he proposed to elope, and he is going to bring a rope, and I've agreed to it all, and I've thought of such a splendid idea!"—the rest was spoken in a much lower tone.

They conversed together for some time, like persons hatching a plot, which, in truth, was exactly what they were doing.

The next day Jones again met Laura, and brought the rope. She promised to follow all his directions, and everything being thus arranged, our poet looked upon his bliss as certain.

The all-important hour at length arrived. A quarter of twelve on Tuesday night, the weather being very propitious, and the sky was conveniently cloudy, saw Byron Jones stationed beneath his beloved one's lattice.

All was still. Minerva House seemed wrapped in profound repose. Even the nightingale was silent (one reason being that there was no such bird anywhere near.)

The adjacent church clock struck twelve, and Jones' heart beat like a hammer.

"She comes, my beautiful, my own!" he murmured, as, from out the window whereon his eye was fixed, there emerged a female form, dimly visible in the darkness.

"How gracefully she descends! gliding like a seraph about to alight upon the earth. Keep the rope steady, dearest," he cried, in a loud whisper, and she got down to the level of the first story window.

More slowly and with a somewhat swaying motion, she reached the earth. Jones could now perceive that she was attired in the striped dress he had often so much admired, and that over her head was thrown a black shawl, arranged after the manner of a Spanish mantilla.

CONCLUDED ON SECOND PAGE.