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AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

40 Cts. for 3 months,

New Bloomfield, Pa., Tuesday, October 29, 1872.

The Bloomfield Cimes.

Vol. VI.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING, BY FRANK MORTIMER & CO.,

At New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.

Being provided with Steam Power, and large Cylinder and Job-Presses, we are prepared to do all kinds of Job-Printing in good style and at Low Prices.

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Transient-8 Cents per line for one insertion. 12 " ' two insertions 15 " " three insertions. **Business Notices in Local Column 10 Cents** per line.

Notices of Marriages or Deaths inserted free. Tributes of Respect, &c., Ten cents per line.

YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS.		
One inch one year Two inches		10,00
. For longer yearly adv'ts terms will upon application.	be	given

A Joke and the Consequences.

A T the White Sulphur at last !" Such was the joyful exclamation 66

of Eva Bernard as she lightly sprung from the cars.

No wonder she felt like a bird released from a cage, for she had been traveling several days and nights to reach this goalshe and her party having come all the way from New Orleans; the party consisting of her father and mother, her aunt, Mrs. Armstrong, and her cousin, Willie Armstrong. Besides Eva was just eighteen, and this was to be her first appearance in society.

As Judge Bernard, with his party, entered the hotel, the delicious strains of a brass band floated out on the air, and eager eyes peered over the stair-case, every one being anxious to discover if any of their friends or acquaintances were among the arrivals. The new comers were then ushered into a reception-room, where they had to stand the ordeal of hundreds of curious eyes. After a lengthy colloquy with the clerk, Judge Bernard succeeded in having a cottage assigned to him in "Paradise Row." and withdrew with his family, to seek the repose which the fatigues of travel rendered so necessary.

"I am so glad you have been here before father," said Eva, the next morning; "for you can act as a kind of Murray's guidebook to me, and answer all my questions;" and she continued to catechise him until they proceeded to breakfast.

Here the array of beautful morning robes was remarkable. One could readily tell, ver, from what portion of the Unior a lady came, by her toilet. The Northern belles wore a richer, heavier dress than the Southern. Nearly all the latter appeared in light, airy, fluffy muslins and organdies. Each section thus adapted, unconsciously, their costumes to the requirements of their native climate. "As we have finished our breakfast," said Mr. Bernard, "let us go into the reception-room. Every one walks there after breakfast, and I am sure we shall meet friends and acquaintances."

of familiar friends.

When the sun began to sink in the west, the whole place, which during the heat of the afternoon, had undergone a temporary lull, became astir again. Many elegant, private equipages were brought forth, and the lawn was gay with promenaders, whose costumes Worth could scarcely have critzed; while a Mahommedan might have thought himself transported to Paradise, and surrounded by Houries, so radiant was the display of beauty. Not the least conspicuous in this galaxy of fair women, was Eva Bernard. Her partrician air, clearcut features, and beautiful, dark eyes, made up a face of uncommon attraction.

Whilst walking on the lawn, Judge Bernard's party again encountered the distinguished-looking "Roman Senator," as Eva inwardly designated Mr. Singleton. "Miss Bernard, have you been to the

Sulphur Spring yet ?" he asked. "No. I have not," she replied. "In fact, I have not thought of it, since I have been here, I did not come for the sake of

the water-I came to enjoy myself. But I will go, if you wish it, at once.' "Now," said Mr. Singleton, filling up a goblet, when they had reached the portico, let us drink each other's healths,"

"As my health is perfect," said Eva, "there is no need for me to drink to it, nor to that of any one else, indeed. So my toast is health to the sick."

"I am afraid you do not drink that with hearty good-will, Miss Bernard, as you have not taken more than a teaspoonfull."

"To tell the truth, I don't like it. It tastes as if it had been used to wash out a dirty gun barrel," she said, saucily. "So I will pour out a libation to the goddess of the pavilion." She emptied the goblet as she spoke, "And now let us go back, and listen to that beautiful waltz, which the band is playing."

After Eva had retired to her room that night, she reflected on the occurrences of the day, and recalled all the acquaintances she had made. No one rose so distinctly before here as Mr. Singleton. She had seen others, gayer, brighter, and, strictly speaking, handsomer; but he had attracted her strangely. His face was the last image that floated before her ere she went asleep.

"You must come and sit at the table with us, my dear Singleton," said Judge Bernard, meeting him at the door of the dining-room, the next morning.

"With pleasure," rejoined Mr. Singleton. "Your agreeable companionship is more than half the pleasure of a meal !"

After this, Eva had daily opportunities to study the face that had so strongly impressed her. Always high-bred and cour teous, there was yet a reserve about Mr. Singleton, which, at times, bordered on coldness. But when he unbent and smiled, the contrast was all the more delightful. It was like the sudden melting of snow, beneath which bloomed fragrant flowers. Nothing seemed further from his fancy than thoughts of love, though the innocent sweetness and freshness of Eva's ways sometimes drew from him a smile of almost fatherly tenderness. Some great storm had evidently passed over him, Eva thought; a deep and ill-fated love, perhaps; or it might be that ambition filled his heart to the exclusion of love. At any rate, while many admirers fluttered around Eva, the only man whose homage she would really have prized, held aloof, or, at best, yielded her only such attention as a father or a brother might bestow.

Armstrong chatted merrily with a coterie many persons staying in cottages, held impromptu receptions on their porticoes, where, until about midnight, the merry laugh and jest might be heard.

Eva threw herself into this whirl with all the avidity that might be expected from a fresh, young girl; but beneath the light form of her outer existence, there was an undercurrent of something deeper and more serious. The woman's heart that had hitherto slumbered, was now awakened, and, bitter thought ! by one who had only a quiet liking for her, and who would probably never descend from his pedestal to woo any woman. Need we say that it was Edmund Singleton who had made this impression on her? She loved him with a young girl's first, pure, and warm affect-ion; but a sense of maidenly pride and modesty made her guard her secret as though it had been a crime; for it seemed to her the most humiliating lot a woman could endure, to have an unrequited love known. She trusted, with the vague, sweet, implicit trust of youth, that time would fulfil her hopes, and bring her to the goal which now seemed so far off.

As autumn approached, Judge and Mrs. Bernard became anxious to try a change ; but so excessive was Eva's anxiety to remain at the White Sulphur, till after the last grand ball of the season, that they consented to leave her under Mrs. Armstrong's chaperonage, with the agreement, that, after the ball, Mrs. Armstrong, Willie, and Eva, should join them at another watering-place in the Virginia mountains. Willie Armstrong, though really a kindhearted boy, was yet the plague of Eva's existence, so inexhaustible were his modes of teasing her. He would hide her jewelcase, put salt in her coffee, slip sugar in her egg, and play off a variety of other boyish and disagreeable jokes.

One evening, as Eva sat listlessly at her window, a servant handed in a letter, addressed to herself. The handwriting was strange, and she looked at it with a vague flutter of expectation. She tore it open. It bore Edmund Singleton's signature, declared his attachment to her, and begged an immediate reply.

Trembling with joy and excitement, she sat, for some time, unable to realize her happiness. How bewilderingly delightful it was. Yet it was strange, she thought, that he should have locked up his affection so carefully in his heart, never before having given indication of it by word or look. But then he was so peculiar and reserved. No matter. He was all her own now. She seized pen and ink ; then paused, thinking it would be unmaidenly to reply so quickly but reading again the words, imploring er to answer at once, and not keep him in suspense, she wrote.

claiming, agitatedly, "Oh, Mr. Singleton, it was but a joke ! I hope you won't think hard of it !"

"Explain yourself !" said Mr. Singleton. " What do you mean ?"

"I had no idea it would go so far," gasped out Willie. "I thought she would have guessed directly taha it was a joke." "You must really explain yourself more

clearly," said Mr. Singleton, sternly. "Well, I thought I would play off a little joke on Eva; so I wrote a letter, and got one of my friends to copy it, and sent it to her, and-and-"

"Go on, sir," said Mr. Singleton, icily.

"I-I-" stammered Willie, thoroughly confused, for the first time in his life, "I put your name to it-just for a joke, you know," added he, timidly and deprecatingly. "I gave it to a waiter, who said he did not think he could deliver it before five o'clock this evening ; but he carried it sooner, or I would have reached there in time to have kept that imbecile girl from answering it. What does make woman such fools ?"

"Sir," said Mr. Singleton, "you have indeed acted most unjustifiably, both toward the lady and myself. Most men would deal severely with you. For the present I demand that you preserve silence about this matter. In the meantime I will see what can be done to undo the mischief you have occasioned."

But why was Mr. Singleton so forbearing? Why did he bind Willie to secrecy? It was not that he loved Eva, as lovers love: he had, as yet, thought of her only as a pretty and interesting girl. But he had such a chivalry and tenderness of nature, that he was inexpressibly touched by the innocent, guileless revelation of; her pure, young heart. He felt such a pity for the position in which she was placed. She had been entrapped into laying bare the dearest and most sacred secret of a woman's life. What shame, agony, and humiliation would she suffer, on discovering how she had been deceived and betrayed? He could not read her letter without a feeling of chivalrous tenderness. There was now no other image enshrined in his heart to bar out hers; for only the ashes of an extinguished and ill-fated love were there.

Long he sat there, weighing the matter. His whole life was suddenly, violently revolutionized by a thoughtless, impertinent freak of boyish mischief. The gloom of twilight gathered around. Time passed. Some action must be taken.

At length his decision was made. He proceeded to the ball-room, where Eva was with her aunt. As she saw Mr. Singleton

agined, was because he was so much older. graver, and more reserved than herself; and though his words were somewhat strangely chosen, somewhat formal and precise, these jarred but little on her, for she believed his heart, in her blissful ignorance, to be all her own.

Before they parted for the night, Mr. Singleton obtained from Eva the letter written in his name, and destroyed it. He knew that it could not bear the test of a cool, careful scrutiny, and he feared that it might, later, awaken suspicion in Eva's mind ; especially when she had an opportunity of comparing it with his real hand writing.

Six months later, this unprecedented courtship was concluded by marriage, and, in later years, so greatly did Eva's sweetness and goodness win upon Mr. Singleton, he loved her as fondly as she loved him, and was wont to consider Willie's practical joke as the most fortunate occurrence of his life.

This is the only point on which he preserves secrecy toward his wife-the confidence between them being perfect and entire in all other respects.

A MURDERER ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE.

The Sheriff Shoots Him Twice.

For several days past, in momentary anticipation of the reception of his death warrant, Michael Moore has suffered a suspense which gradually grew into uncontrollable frenzy. About a week ago, he commenced to work his escape by undermining the walls and opening a way through the masses of stone, thus to secure his liberty. The warrant for his execution was received on Saturday, and from the hour of its reception until Monday, he was closely watched by the Sheriff, and his plan of escape discovered. Upon this discovery, the Sheriff determined to remove him to another more secure cell, and there, to place him in irons," before he read the death war rant. Knowing the desperate condition of Moore, Mr. Bonacker secured the assistance of ex-Sheriff Meyers and Mr. Quartz, a conductor on the Edensburg branch of the Pennsylvania railroad, and proceeded at once to remove him. Immediately upon their advance to the door of the cell, Moore was discovered inside, armed with a pipe, which he had by some means wrenched from the line which served as a waste pipe from the cess-pool of his cell. Moore, immediately upon seeing the approaching party, called aloud that he would kill the first man who attempted to enter. Sheriff Bonacker replied by commanding him to enter, her heart seemed to stand still, such submit. Moore then reiterated his former threat, when the Sheriff told him he would be compelled to fire upon him. Moore bared his breast and told the Sheriff to fire ; this the officer did, shooting him through the wrist. This appeared to only excite the prisoner to greater frenzy, when Sheriff' Bonacker again fired upon him, this time shooting Moore through the leg. The prisoner still showing fight, the Sheriff with-drew, and with his party of assistants sought legal counsel.

The proposition was hailed with pleasure. The party took their seats, and watched the great tide of promenaders, who walk up and down for an hour two after breakfast. In the throng Judge Bernard recognized acquaintances from various quarters, and, amongst them, one whom he greeted with peculiar cordiality, and presented to his family as Mr. Singleton.

The latter had scarcely exchanged greetings with them, when a fresh tide of acquaintance claimed their notice, so, leaving them to gayer companions, he entered into conversation with Judge Bernard. Eva stole an occasional glance at him, however, for there was something in his face that made it differ from all others she had over seen. It was high-bred, calm, and noblelooking. The features were Roman. To Eva's fancy he seemed the very embodiment of a Roman Senator, in the days when Rome was in her prime. He had passed the first flush of youth, and there was an under-current of thoughtfulness and sadness about him, which set her to wondering what grief or disappointment he could have known.

Suddonly her meditations were interrupt ed by one of the Strauss waltzes. The band had commenced playing for the German, which was danced every morning from eleven to one o'clock. A handsome Creole claimed Eva for his partner, and soon they were floating gracefully around the room. Meantime Judge Bernard reveled in a sea of politics, while Mrs. Bernard and Mrs.

As the summer went on, the whirl became increasingly great, and about the middle of August the gayety reached its zenith.

"I thought it was gay when we first came here," said Eva; "but it was quiet and humdrum compared with what it is now. I long for to-night to come. It will be my first fancy ball."

"You will see our friends, Mary Stuart, Maria Antoinetto, and a host of others, resurrected, and made to walk forth, intersporsed with a motley collection of nuns, gipsies, flowergiris, etc.," said Mr. Singleton, drily.

"Oh ! it may all seem very flat, stale, and unprofitable to you," said Eva; "but it will be like fairy-land to me, because it is all new and fresh."

"Happy, enviable mortal," said he. "The dew has not been shaken from the rose, nor the delicate blue brushed from the grape for you."

Evon when dress-balls were not held, the ball-room nightly resounded to the tap of a hundred feet, till eleven o'clock when the prudent managers closed it, out of regard to the laws of health. After this hour,

She told him she could not give a positive answer before consulting with her parents ; but, knowing the estimation in which they held him, she thought no opposition from them need be feared; and then, though the veil of shyness still hung over her words she said enough to show him that her heart was wholly his. Calling a servant, she bade him carry the letter to Mr. Singleton.

As the servant approached Mr. Singleton's cottage, he met Willie Armstrong, who, catching a glimpse of the handwriting, exclaimed,

"Did not Miss Bernard give you that letter ?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man.

"Then give it to me," said Willie, impetuously.

" It is not for you. It is for Mr. Edmund Singleton," said the servant.

"Give it to me anyhow," said Willie. "I am Miss Bernard's cousin, and she won't mind. Here, I will pay you to give it to me."

"But I can't do it," said the servant. "Miss Bernard told me to give it to no one but Mr. Singleton."

They were now almost at Mr. Singleton's threshold, and Willie's anxiety to get possession of the letter became excessive. The contest was out short, by Mr. Singleton, who opened the door, and asked what was the matter?

Willie was in such an agony of embarrassment, that he seemed unable to make any explanation ; so Mr. Singleton took the letter, and left Willie murmuring, incoherently, "it was but a joke."

As Mr. Singleton read the letter, a look of bewilderment came over his face. Expressions of amazement escaped his lins. At length he dropped the letter from his hands, and sat in a deep reverie.

He was interrupted by Willie, who se ed to have suddenly made up his mind to was its weight of joy. Her face glowed, radiant with a new beauty-the beauty of happy love. She lifted her eyes to Mr. Singleton's face, with a shy, sweet, tremulous smile.

"Let us walk on the lawn," said he, offering her his arm.

It was not until they had left the throng behind, and stood alone beneath the stars, that either spoke. Then Mr. Singleton, skillfully avoiding all allusion to the letter, whose authorship he could neither deny nor confess, touched, as if casually, on her answer.

"You have, indeed, conferred an hono on me," he said, "in avowing your preferance-an honor which I can never sufficiently acknowledge,"

"Oh, Mr. Singleton !" she murmured. "I never was so amazed. I had never dreamed that you cared for a simple girl like me, with all your talents and your dignity too."

"Men often keep their thoughts secret," was Mr. Singleton's oracular reply. "They admire women who are unconscious of it. But, indeed, you rate yourself too humbly."

"I have never wished for the regard of but one man," said she, artlessly, looking down; "and now it seems so strange, that in a world where they tell me there is so much grief and disappointment, such happiness should be mine."

He was deeply touched.

"My dear child," he said, "I pray that your happiness may be as great as you hope. From this hour, my life shall be dedicated to it."

His decision was made at last!

They walked up and down the lawn, betrothed lovers. Never was betrothal so sudden and so strange. It was impossible for Mr. Singleton to feign altogether the language of impassioned love; but there was a gentleness and tenderness in his air and manner that went almost as far.

Eva thought that the reason he was so some desperate deed, and who burst in, ex- unlike the lovers she had read of and im-

The party again returned to the cell, when Moore announced that he would submit to be confined by ex-Sheriff Meyers, but not by Sheriff Bonacker. Mr. Meyers at once entered the cell and placed the prisoner in irons, when he was conveyed to the cell assigned to those under sentence of death, and the warrant for his execution read to him.

Under this warrant, he will be hung in the jail yard, at Ebensburg, between the hours of ten and two o'clock, Wednesday, the 27th day of November .- Voice.

Is It Wicked to Kill Bears on Sunday 1 The San Francisco Call says: James Smith, of Washington, Oregon, Sunday, two weeks ago, heard a great rumpus among his hogs near the house. Seizing his gun, he ran to the spot, and found a bear helping himself to one of his hogs. The bear started for tall timber, closely followed by the gentleman and his dogs, who finally succeeded in killing the bear.

Mrs. Smith, protested against the transaction as an infringement of the Sabbath, The more she thought the matter over, the more ahe was displeased, till, finally, she declared "she would not thus remain unevenly yoked to the ungodly," and hied away to her father's house, and further declares that she will pray Judge Upton, at the fall term, to grant a divorce. She probably was sorry that her husband was not killed instead of the bear.

a An Ohio girl, driven to frenzy by a boil on her nose, lately committed suicide.

No. 44.