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THE BOYS.

How oft I say, "What shall I do To keep these children quiet ?" If I could flud a good receipt, I certainly should try it.

But what to do with these wild boys, And all their din and clatter, Is really quite a grave affair-No laughing, trifling matter.

"Boys will be boys"—but not for long; Ah could we bear about us This thought—how very soon our boys Will learn to do without us!

How soon but tall and deep-voiced men Will gravely call us "Mother;"--Or we be stretching empty hands From this world to the other.

More gently we should chide the noise, And when night quells the racket, Stitch in but loving thoughts and prayer, While mending pants and jacket !

THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

CONCLUDED.

SPLENDID pair of bays, harnessed A into the daintiest seashell of a sleigh, drove up to the seminary door, and Mr. Caroll, after carefully tucking the fur robes about Madeline, sprang into the seat at her side, and soon they were speeding away at the merry jingling of the bells. Mr. Caroll had been somewhat tardy, so that his sleigh was considerably behind the others, but the horses which had not been used very much of late, were glad to have the rein given them, and they almost flew over the snowy road, so that the school party were soon in sight.

"Perhaps we are riding too fast for your enjoyment, Miss Humphrey."

"O no, this is really delightful, and a semewhat novel experience to me, for, although I have had a great many sleighrides

their own child. I can just remember living at one time in a great building, with people of all sorts of ages, and I suppose it was an almshouse. I was treated so cruelly there that I ran away and wandered to Irvington, where my adopted parents took me to their home and hearts, in place of the little ones they had lost. I have an unutterable longing sometimes to know who and what I am, and where my parents are, if I have any. It is not pleasant to be taunted as I have been sometimes with having been the inmate of an almshouse,"

"It would no doubt be a great satisfaction to you to know certainly of your parentage and the circumstances of your birth: but as far as concerns your present station in life, or your future prospects, it can make no difference. In our republican country, whether one is well-born, in the worldly acceptation of the term, or 'not, is a matter of very little moment. The ancestors of some families who feel the most arristocratic were shoe-makers, carpenters or masons, men who got an honest living by the labor of their own hands. My own grandfather was a blacksmith, and as sturdy a son of Vulcan, I suppose, as ever hammered at the anvil. He was a man of stern integrity withal, and I honor him as my ancesor quite as much as though he had strutted about in a velvet coat, satin vest, silver knee-buckles, and the other fine things that the gentlemen of his day so much effected. So never let yourself get morbid in brooding over this matter, Miss Humphrey you may have been born in the greatest poverty, or heiress to a coronet, it matters not; you have only to be true to yourself, and the world must and will respect you."

"Thank you," faltered Madeline, as she

hastily wiped the tears away from her eyes, "I cannot tell you, Mr. Caroll, how much your words have helped me. I suppose I have brooded on this subject too much for heart in me than I've had for months. my own good, for when I am among strangers where they treat me kindly I wonder if they would regard me in the same light if they knew what I know of myself. It was this feeling that led me to tell you what I have, and I am glad now that I did, for your words have comforted me so much. I shall never let this matter trouble me again as it has done, and shall strive to learn as St. Paul advised, "In whatsoever situation I am therewith to be content,""

"I am glad if I have said anything to comfort or encourage you, for I wish you to be as happy as you can, for your own sake -and mine, too, " he added, in a lower tone, Madeline's keen ears detected it, how-

Madeline had her own private opinion about the kindness of the act, but she kept her thoughts to herself.

"Well, father," she exclaimed cheerily, "I think you can dispose of the wood elsewhere before long ; and I want to tell you now that all the hay you make this summer will find a ready market. Mr. Caroll, one of the trustees of the seminary, wished me to engage for him all you have to spare."

"I declare that is a streak of luck, sure enough," said Mr. Humphrey, brightening "I mean to set about draining that up. old meadow right away. I see by that agricultural paper you brought home that such a piece of land may be made very valuable with very little trouble."

"Yes, father, and there are so many good practical ideas about farming found in such papers that I have subscribed for the one you spoke of. So cheer up, father; I somehow have faith that the old farm will renew its youth yet, and as for the mortgage, don't let us fret about it; there are some months yet before October. I am going to help all I can."

"I should think you did help along, child. Haven't you clothed up your mother and me so fine that we are almost afraid to wear our clothes, for fear that folks will think we are getting extravagant in our old age ?"

"O nonsense, father! wear your new clothes and take the good of them. You never need be afraid that any of the Irvingtons will think you extravagant. And as to what I have given it is a mere nothing, not a tithe of what I would like to do, so say no more about that."

"She's a blessed comforter," thought John Humphrey, as Madeline disappeared through the back door into the house. "Somehow this little talk with her has cheered me up wonderfully, and put more Perhaps may luck my turn yet, who knows?'

The weeks of her vacation flew swiftly by, and though Madeline fain would have lingered a while longer mid home scenes, she know it could not be, and so one bright spring morning the old yellow coach came for her again, and she started on her second journey to Lakeside. A number of her class who had already arrived, met her at the station, and escorted her triumphantly to the seminary; and then in the evening Mr. Caroll called, as he said to suggest some new rules in the seminary; but although he staid and chatted pleasantly until nearly ten o'clock, he went eve, and it was the one drop that made her away without having opened his lips about bury ?"

with a puzzled look, which excited her curiosity not a little. The old lady saw that Madeline noticed it, and so she said one there. day:

"I s'pose you think its queer that I stare at you so sometimes, but I can't help it for the life of me. I declare, if you aint the born image of that pretty woman that came along here with her little girl'once. I've thought of her more'n a thousand times since, and I never shall forget her as long as I live, never."

"Do tell me about her," said Madeline, her dark eyes kindling with interest.

"Well, it's nearly eighteen years ago now that about sunset one hot day a woman came to the door leading a little girl that looked to be about two years old. She seemed all tired out, and the little girl nearly ready to drop. She asked me if there was a family in this town by the name of Morris. I told her I never heard of any such people, and I had lived here all my life.

"At this she burst out crying, and sat right down on the doorstep. I made her come into the house and have some supper, and then she told me her story. She said her husband always wanted to come to this country, but she wasn't willing to leave England as long as her mother lived .--After she died, she told her husband she was ready to go with him, and on the day the steamer sailed he saw her and her child safely aboard, and went on shore to get something they had left behind. He didn't come back as soon as she expected him, but she didn't feel uneasy till she felt the motion of the steamer and knew they had started. She searched all over the vessel, but he was nowhere to be found. It seems she wrote to her husband as soon as she arrived here, but she had never heard a word from him."

"What did the poor woman do ?"

"She told me she staid a while in the city where she landed, hoping her husband would find her, but it was so expensive living there she thought she would try to find a cousin of hers, who she said married a man by the name of Allen Morris, and they lived in a town named Lakeside. 1 made her stay with me two or three days, till she got rested a little, and then, hearing somebody say there was a town in New York by the name of Lakeside, she determined to try and find it. My son Seth carried her to the depot in our old wagon, and I've never heard from her since. She had such a heartbroken look about her. poor thing, that I've never forgotten her." "Did you know her name, Mrs. Til-

glad of the opportunity to return to the seminary with him, and resume her duties

Very busy days followed in the school, as the annual examination approached, and Madeline shared the anxiety of the other teachers, that the pupils who had been under her care during the school year should do themselves credit. Notwithstanding the nervous fears of failure, that are common to both teachers and pupils on such occasions, everything passed off at the public examination in the most satisfactory manner, and the trustees of the seminary declared themselves more than pleased with the progress which the pupils had made.

On a bright midsummer day, Madeline, having spoken the last good-by, turned her face with a glad heart towards Irvington, giving the dear ones there an agreeable surprise by arriving two or three days before she was expected.

After an early tea they all sat down in the old kitchen doorway, to have a cosy chat together. Madeline had a great deal to tell aboat her experience at Lakeside, especially of her stay at the Tilbury farm, and there finding a trace, as she believed, of her mother.

"I shouldn't wonder if you had a father living somewhere, now," said Mr. Humphrey. "Perhaps if things happen as I am afraid they will, you may yet find a home with him."

"Why, father, you don't want to get rid of me, do you ?"

"Get rid of you, child ! Why, it would be like drawing my heart's blood to have you leave me. I was only thinking I might have no home to offer you soon. I've got together about a hundred dollars towards the mortgage, and that's all I've been able to raise; in a little more than two months it will be due, and then I suppose young Seaton will take possession."

"No, father, he never will; and now let me set your your heart at rest forever about the mortgage. Three hundred dollars that I have saved from my year's salary are deposited in the Lakeside Bank, on purpose to meet this payment when it is due. So please smooth out the wrinkles from your forehead, and cease to worry, both of you; the old farm need never pass from your hands."

Both John Humphrey and his wife were unable to speak for a moment from sheer astonishment. When at length he found his tongue, Mr. Humphrey exclaimed;

"Why, Madeline, child, what do you mean? Three hundred dollars from your salary ! I don't understand it." "Nor I," said Mrs. Humphrey "we've

in my life, they have mostly been after our old farmhorse, whose motto, if he has one, is, 'Slow and sure.' "

"These horses are quite remarkable for their speed, and if I had any taste in that direction, I suppose they might become famous on the race-course. I shall slacken the speed soon, however, for I shouldn't care to have them travel at this rate all the distance we are going."

"No, that would be too much of a good thing," replied Madeline, laughing; "and besides, when we are going so fast we cannot enjoy the scenery as we pass along. A wintery landscape, although for the most part so desolate, has, I confess, a sort of weird attraction for me, and I have often seen wintery views so charming that I have longed for the power of sketching them.

"I have such a scene in my mind's eye now; and, by the way, I believe it was in Irvington I saw it. I was riding through there one crisp winter morning, and I came upon such a scene from fairy-land that I stopped my horse to gaze upon it. I wont attempt to describe it, for I know I should miserably fail in the attempt."

"There are many very romantic places in Irvington, and none more so than a certain glen in my father's woods. It is my favorite place of resort, and I am really homesick for a sight of it now, for it has its attractions even in winter."

"You are right, Miss Humphrey, with regard to the beautiful scenery of your birth place, and I do not wonder that you often pine for a sight of it. I wish it were not so far, otherwise we might take our sleighride there."

Madeline felt that the time had come to make her confession, and so, bracing herself for the task, she replied:

"I am greatly attached to dear old Irvington, but not because it is my birthplace. That spot, wherever it is upon the wide earth, is unknown to me."

"Indeed. You have spoken frequently of your father and mother surely they could tell you where you were born."

"I am only their adopted daughter, but I believe they love me as truly as if I were

cup of pleasure for that day overflow.

"I declare," exclaimed Mr. Caroll, whipping up the horses, "Hosmer's Hotel is in full view, and I believe we shall be the last of the party to arrive ! My horses must look to their laurels, for they have certainly been outdone in speed to-day.'

The elegant supper at Hosmer's, and the feast of reason that followed, Madeline enjoyed with the keenest relish. And then the delightful ride home by moonlight, in which Mr. Caroll and herself found so much to talk about wherein they fully sympathized with each other, would never be forgotten.

The months sped on at Lakeside, bringing at length the spring vacation, and Madeline joyfully embraced the opportunity of visiting the old home. Mrs. Humphrey was busy with her spring cleaning, and her husband was mending up his farm tools, and making timely preparations for planting.

Madeline had noticed that her father had worn the old dejected look upon his face almost ever since she had come home, and so she thought she would visit him out in the barn-shed and do what she dould to cheer him up.

"Well, father," said Madeline, as she perched herself upon an old pile of boards, 'how have you got along on the farm since I have been away ?"

"O, after the same old sort. I don't see as my luck has turned yet. I sold considerable many pumpkins, and about twentyfive dollars worth of apples last fall, and then when we killed our pig I sold consideaable pork, so that, deducting our living, I have saved about fifty dollars."

"Why, that's better than nothing, but

it's a small sum towards raising the money to pay the mortgage. I cut a number of cords of wood last winter, expecting that old Mr. Seaton would buy it; he just as much as engaged it in the fall, but some one else offered him the wood a little cheaper, and he bought it of them. That Seaton family I learn are a terrible mean set, with the exception of Ernest, and he really did do a kind act when he lent me the money."

seminary matters.

About the middle of the summer term both teachers and pupils had become wearied with school duties, and to give them a little recreation, a picnic was proposed over in a splendid pine grove in the western part of the town. It was a beautful day, and everything passed off in the most pleasant manner, although towards the close of the afternoon an unlucky accident happened Madeline. In leaping over a brook she turned her ankle and sprained it. She thought at first the pain would soon pass away, but instead it grew worse every moment, and soon her ankle was so badly swollen that she was unable to walk a step. She was carried to an old farmhouse just across the road from the grove, and who should receive her at the threshold but the fat old lady Madeline had met in the cars? She recognized her guest in a moment, for she exclaimed:

"Well, I declare, miss, if it isn't you ! I told you if you were ever in this part of the town to make me a call, but I didn't think when you came you'd have to be brought. There, make yourself as easy as you can in that rocking-chair, and I'll soon have the swelling down out of the ankle."

"I am sorry to have made you so much trouble on my first visit to you. I am afraid I shall have to claim your hospitality for the night."

"Of course you will. Massy sakes alive ! shan't let you stir out of this house till your foot's well, so make yourself at home. Sarah Maria, you just go out into the gardin and get some wormwood, and I'll have It steeping in rum in less than no time. That's a master remedy for taking the swelling out of a sprain, I can tell."

There was no help for it, and so Madeline was left by the rest of the picnic party to the tender mercies of Aunt Polly Tilbury, as all the neighbors called her.

Her excellent remedies and careful nursing were so efficacious that in three or four days Madeline could get about quite comfortably upon her lame foot.

She often caught Aunt Polly gazing

"Yes, she said it was Lindsay ; and after she was gone I found a handkerchief she had left with Madeline Lindsay on it. That was the name she called the little girl, and it seemed it was her name, too."

"O Mrs. Tilbury, I do believe that poor woman was my own dear mother ! Do show me the handkerchief, if you have it in the house !" cried Madeline, her face glowing with excitement.

"Massy sakes alive ! of course I've kept the handkerchief. But how could she have been your mother, when you're John Humphrey's daughter, I should like to know?"

"I'm not their own daughter. I ran away from an almshouse when I was a little child and wandered to their door. All I could tell them about myself was that my name was Madeline ; and now I cannot help feeling I have a trace of my own mother. I can just dimly remember some one cuddling me up in her arms and crying over me; but she must have died and left me to strangers, or else I wouldn't have wandered off alone."

"Well, miss, I just as much believe that woman was your mother as I believe you're sitting by that window, for there never could be two faces look so much alike if they were no relation. Here's the handkerchief, and you may keep it after this, for it belongs to you more than anybody else."

Madeline took it into her hands almost reverently, and gazed with moistened eyes upon the name.

"I do believe you are right, Mrs. Tilbury and I look upon the spraining of my ankle in the light of a blessing instead of a misfortune, since it brought me to your home. I shall never forget your kindness, nor the good news you have told me, and now if I could only know where my father is, if he is still living, I should be so happy."

"Well, miss, perhaps you may hear of him yet ; things do come round mighty queer sometimes."

In a few days Mr. Caroll drove over to the Tilbury farm to see how Madeline was, and as she was only slightly lame, she was

both wondered how you could have given us so many clothes as you have, and have had anything left for yourself."

"Why, my salary was five hundred dollars, I supposed, from some remarks you made, that you thought I only had a trifle more for teaching at Lakeside than I did when I taught our district school. I thought I wouldn't inform you to the contrary, so as to give you an agreeable surprise."

"Well, child, you've had your wish, and made us happier than we ever expected to be again in this world. You've been a blessing to us ever since you set foot in the old house, and now to think of your earning enough in one year to clear the farm from debt ; it is almost too wonderful to believe."

"Ah, John, I told you we could always trust the Lord. We 'cast our bread upon. the waters,' when we took this child into our home, and you see the Lord has returned it to us after many days. I can nover be thankful enough for his mercy."

Madeline then briefly told her parents of young Seaton's offer, and the penalty he had fixed for not complying with it.

"The cowardly rascal ?" exclaimed Mr. Humphrey, springing to his feet. "It was always a mystery to me why he should have offered to lend me money unasked, and now it is all explained. Ah, Madeline I see now why you were so anxious to go to Lakeside !"

"Well, father, it has all turned out just right ; but please don't give him any reason to believe the money is ready for him."

"Indeed I wont. The blessed secret shall remain safe with me, never fear."

The weeks sped on, and the elder Seaton, who had been failing all summer, sunk rapidly as the season advanced, and one day in the early autumn the tolling bell announced to the villagers that he had breathed his last. Ernest arrived at home in season for the funeral, which was made as imposing as possible, a clergyman of the Church of England having come from a long distance to read the burial service.

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