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Aunt Polly's Adventure With a Burglar.

OH, my, didn't the wind blow? When I went around the house that night, locking the doors and windows before going to bed, there was just a breath of breeze skipping about-nothing more; but by the time I had fairly plumped upon the pillow, the gale was going it like mad. When I first came to this Western country I used to be surprised at the quick, unceremonious way storms had of coming upon people-half the time, it seemed to me, out of a clear, innocent-looking sky.

In my old home I prided myself upon reading the signs of the sky; but here, goodness me, when I thought it would snow, it was sure to rain, and when I could have taken a solemn oath that the clouds were going to pour, why, whisk they'd go, and the sun would shine out as though it was in high glee at having foeled me. So I gave up being a weather prophet, and took it just as it came.

That night everything out of doors seemed to be in commotion. The loose shingles on the house clattered up and down, the windows shook, the blinds rattled, and half the time it seemed to me that the bed on which I lay would be blown through the side of the house. I know I'm a foolish old woman, but at the thought I couldn't help setting my ruffled night-cap straight, and smoothing back my hair, because if I should go, why, there was Deacon Albee's house opposite, and-but Lord bless me, what am I saying !

Well, naturally, I was lonesome enough, without child or chick to speak to, but I did very well until somehow I got it into my head that burglars always choose just such nights to do their mischief in. After that I started at every sound, and, as there were thumps and clatters on all sides, and in every direction, it isn't to be supposed that I got much rest.

I didn't stop to reason that there was very little in my poor little house to tempt evil doers. I knew I had forty dollars and eighty cents laid away in my poor departed Jason's old wooden chest, and I felt that to lose that would be a terrible thing to me.

The house was a cottage, with a hall running the length of its two rooms-an "L" being built beyond. My room was at the back, opening into the hall and the front room adjoining. So my eyes went first from one door to the other, lingering, I must say, with more dread upon the one leading into the hall.

"If I should be robbed of that forty dollars and eight cents-" said I to myself. Just then a blind went whack, and springing up in bed, I began to say the prayer my mother taught me-" Now I lay me down to sleep," though I'm sure it looked a great deal more as though I was sitting up to sleep than lying down.

"What an old fool you are, Polly Quimby !" I began to say aloud, trying to get up my courage by the sound of my own voice.

At that moment I was sure I heard a step in the little hall, and before I had time to move from my place, the doorlatch lifted, the door swung back, and there he stood, the very object that I had been dreading, Mr. Burglar himself.

"Good evening, ma'am," he said, in such a polite way, that I found myself in the motion of bowing back, and saying good evening too.

He was a middle-aged man, with mustache and whiskers, and he had the brightest eyes that I ever saw in a person's head. The hair on his temples was quite gray. All in all he looked like a respectable Christian gentleman, and not a midnight

"Quite a windy evening, ma'am," he went on, as he stepped into the room .-"You must be lonely here by yourself."

Somehow this touched my temple. I forgot who was speaking, and answered back as tart as could be.

"I prefer to choose my company sir!" "You do indeed! So do I. In this case I have my preference-not you."

Then he sat down leisurely in my rocking chair, and stretched out his feet, as though he intended to stop a while. "Will you be so kind, sir, as to go about

your business? What do you think of yourself, sir, to be intruding upon the privacy of my room at this hour of the night, sir 2"

He leaned his head back upon my wors ted tidy, and he laughed fit to kill himself. "No harm is intended you, my charming woman," he said. "I swear it-no

harm is intended for you!" And saying this, he laughed louder and louder than ever.

"Do you come into my house to make game of me before my very eyes?" I asked, my temper being pretty much stirred up. "If you were a gentleman, sir ... " This was too much for him.

"A gentleman? Oh, aw-that's too good! If I professed to be a gentleman, you'd stand a good chance of getting your throat cut without so much as "by your leave, ma'am," to begin with! A gentleman? With all my faults, thank heaven, that is not among them !"

"You need'nt have gone on that way to prove it," I said tartly.

"Well, you are a sharp old damsel, aren't you?" turning his big eyes upon me, and twisting up his mouth in a comical way, which I shall never forget. "I swear you'd be pretty good looking, if you didn't wear such a wide ruffle on your nightcap. Jolly, isn't it a lunker-big enough for a graveyard fence."

"Sir !" I said, looking very savage.

"Ma'am !" he answered, imitating my voice and tone to perfection.

"Oh, if I were only out of this bed, sir !" I began.

"And pray, madame, what is there to hinder you from getting out, I'd like to

"Do you intend to insult me, you goodfor-nothing creature? Oh, if the wind

only would blow you away." "If one goes, the other is sure to go too," he said stolidly.

"If brother Joe would only waken," I

He cocked his eye knowingly.

"You want to make me believe that he is in the house somewhere, eh? My dear madam, you are as transparent as air. Had he been under this roof, you would have screamed blue murder long before this time."

"Oh, oh, you varmint !" I groaned in pure agony of spirit. "What do you want 2"

"Well ma'am, since that is a fair, honest question, I will attempt to answer it. To begin with, my financial affairs are in a complicated condition. Money, I have but little of-credit, none; so J am forced to levy a trifling tax upon my friends in this and other neighborhoods, to extricate me from my disastrous condition. As soon as I have collected a certain amount I intend leaving this country for France or Italy, never, perhaps, to return. Do not shed tears at this, dear Madame, for wherever my footsteps tend your imageruffled nightcap and all-will remain forever imprinted upon my heart."

"You old goose !" I said.

"Please do not interrupt me, madame; I have but a few moments longer to stay, and I must be to business at once. You have deposited in a trunk in an adjoining closet forty dollars and eighty cents. The forty dollars I would like to borrow of you for an indefinite length of time. The eighty cents I do not care anything about. You can retain that as a trifling evidence of my generosity in this great emergency of my life."

"You are a robber, thief, then!" I said

spitefully.

"Either, at your service, Madame," ris ing and making a bow for all the world like a French dancing master. "Now, the money, if you please."

He was nt joking now. There was a determined look in his eyes and about the

"He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord," he said, speaking just like a preacher.

"And he that steals from the poor, what

"My Bible does not dispose of his case especially, Madame."

"And you came here to rob me-me, a poor woman?

"I came to borrow of you, for an uncertain length of time."

I saw it was useless to waste words with him, besides, I didn't altogether like the look in his eyes. I closed my lips tightly together, resolving that I would not speak again.

"If you've no objection, ma'am I'll look around a bit," he said, taking up the lamp as he spoke. "If I hear any noise from you, my dear, or if I see in any way that you are becoming nervous. I shall be obliged to quiet you by the use of."-

He held up a small vial. "Chloroform !" I gasped.

"At your service, Madame."

"It would be the death of me," I mouned. "I should be sorry to bring such a loss to the world, but, believe me, all that rests in your own hands. This door leads into the closet where the trunk is, I believe,' he said, making straight for the closet where my forty dollars were put away for safe keeping.

I didn't say a word. To tell the truth, the chloroform had scared me nearly out of my wits. He turned the key in the door (I had always kept it locked,) and the trunk was at the further end of it. Let me say here that this closet or store room was in the "L" part of the house, fully a foot lower than my room. Mr. Burglar was not acquainted with this fact. Glancing toward me with his sharp eyes to see if I was quiet, he took a step forward and went sprawling on all fours. I don't know to this day how he managed to save the lamp as he did, but it was not broken in the fall, and burned as brightly as ever. My wits came to me here. I sprang as lightly as a cat out of bed, and before he could get upon his feet, I had the door of the closet shut and locked upon him. He grew lamblike in a moment,

"You've done it now, haven't you, my charming creature? I swear I'm in love with you from this hour to the end of my time. You've got me tight and fast .-What's the use of money now? I'll take the eighty cents and you may have the forty dollars if you will let me out."

"No, sir, I am going to call the neighbors," I said, resolutely.

"Going with that nightcap on? You'll give you a hundred dollars if you'll let me out."

"Yes, and leave you free to scare some other woman nearly to death-no, sir !"

"Well, then, I'll give you two hundred dollars." "No, sir."

"Name your price then, dear girl, I suppose every woman has her price-they say every man has."

" No ; it wouldn't be right," I said hesitatingly.

I heard him chuckle:

"First step toward it; she begins to talk of what is right."

I thought of my poor girl out to work by the week, and so anxious to get an education, and I'm sure it isn't to be wondered at if I did begin to think of setting a price. But I said not a word.

"Look here! I'll put five hundred dollars in good sound gold under the door, and you can count it as I push it through piece by piece, if you'll only let me out of this cursed hole. I'm smothering."

"Try some chloroform," I whispered through the keyhole.

"Curse the chloroform! Will you let me out ?"?

I had a light by this time, and had slipped into a wrapper and my slippers.

"If I got the money, how could I let him out of the closet?" I wondered. "I should not dare to meet him ; he'd rob me again, and perhaps murder me." But I said, "I'll take the gold," resolving that I would try to get out of it somehow, just for the sake of poor Rebecca, who so much wanted to go to school.

"Your heart is in the right place," he said and the next moment a big round gold piece came through the wide crack under

the door.

"It's right enough now, isn't it?" he sneered. "There's nothing like gilding over our sins a little. Bah ! all the world's alike! Here goes another, and another. Count fast, my pious damsel. I dare say there's no confessional in your church."

"Is there in yours?" "Well, if there was, gold gets into that sometimes, they say. Hold fast there you've got the last clinker; now set me

"Wait a minute."

"But I won't wait. I swear I won't." "Can you help yourself?"

"Well, no, not much; but I'm smotherng here. Can't you take pity on a poor

"Sit down flat on the floor," I said. I heard him plump down as obedient as

school boy. "What next?"

I turned to the kitchen door to see if the lock was all right. Then I turned the key with a sharp click, which sounded to me like the report of a pistol. "There !" I cried, and sprang into the

kitchen, locking the door behind me. He came out of his prison, swearing like

a trooper.

"Sharp old Satan, she's locked herself up somewhere," trying the kitchen door as he spoke. "Good night, Madame De'ilgood night! You've got the best of this. You have robbed me. Good night-get down and say your prayers."

Sagnelty of a Mare.

A Virginia paper says: A remarkable instance of the sagacity (is it not reason?) of a horse has come to our notice. Mr. John Fletcher, a Norwegian, owns an unbroken cayuse mare which runs in a pasture adjoining his house. The mare, which is very wild, has a young colt at her side. A few nights since, after Mr. Fletcher had retired, he was aroused by the mare coming to the window of his house, and by pawing, neighing in every way possible trying to get his attention. This continuing for some time he got up and went out and drove her away, and returned again to bed; but she immediately returned, and if possible increased her demonstrations, he again went out when the mare came up to him and rubbed her nose against him, though always before she had been very shy of allowing any one to come within reach of her, then ran on a few yards before him continuing her neighing; then, as he did not follow her she returned to him rubbing against him in the most demonstrative manner. He attempted to drive her off, struck her with a stick, and followed her a few yards to frighten her away. As soon, however, as he turned toward the house, she returned and tried in every way to prevent him doing so. He then remarked that her colt was not with her, a fact which he had not noticed before, as it was quite make you fortune. But don't hurry, that's dark. It occurred to him then to follow a dear. Let's have a little talk. Say I'll her, which he did. So soon as she saw he was doing so, she ran off before him, stopping every few yards, turning around to see that he was still following, then again running on keeping up her calling, until she reached a distant part of the field, where she stopped at an old "prospect hole." On coming up with her she again commenced rubbing against him, and drew his attention to the hole, where he soon discovered the colt. It appears it had slipped into it and was unable to get out, and the mare had taken this method to obtain assistance. Being unable to get it out alone. Mr. Fletcher went for some of his neighbors and with them returned. While they were taking the little fellow out, the mare manifested the most intense delight, and seemed almost beside herself with joy; and afterwards, when the men had got out of the hole," she came up to Mr. F., and placing her nose on his shoulder, gave every sign of gratitude that a human mother might under similar circumstances. Who will say that a horse does not reason?

Peter Cartright and Gen. Jackson.

The following incident happened in Nashville, Tenn., during an Annual Conference, and is thus narrated in the famous Peter Cartright's Autobiography:

"Monday evening came; the church was filled to overflowing. Every seat was crowded, and many had to stand. After singing and prayer. Brother Mac (the preacher in charge) took his seat in the pulpit. I then read my text, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" After reading my text I paused. At that moment I saw General Jackson walking up the aisle. He came to the middle post, and very gracefully leaned against it and stood, as there were no vacaut seats. Just then I felt some one pull my coat tail in the stand, and, turning my head, my fastidious preacher (Brother Mac), whispering a little loud, said, Gen. Jackson has come in ; Gen. Jackson has come ! I felt a flash of indignation run all over me like an electric shock, and, facing about to my congregation, and purposely speaking out audibly, I said, "Who is Gen. Jackson? If he don't get his soul converted, God will damn him as quick as He would a Guinea negro!"

"The preacher ducked his head down and ly, and without mental reservation

squatted low, and would no doubt have been thankful for a leave of absence. The congregation, Gen. Jackson and all, smiled or laughed right out, all at the preacher's expense. When the congregation was dismissed, my city-stationed preacher stepped up to me, and very sternly said to me, You are the strangest man I ever saw, and Gen. Jackson will chastise you for your insolence before you leave the city.' "Very clear of it," said I; 'for Gen. Jackson I have no doubt will applaud my course; and if he should undertake to chastise me, there are two that can play at that game."

"Gen. Jackson was staying at one of the Nashville hotels. Next morning, very early, Brother Mac went down to the hotel to make an apology to Gen. Jackson for my conduct in the pulpit the night before. Shortly after, I passed by the hotel and met Gen. Jackson on the pavement, and before I approached him by several steps, he smiled, and reached out his hand and said :

"Mr. Cartright, you are a man after my own heart. I am very much surprised at Mr. Mac, to think that he supposed that I would be offended at you. No sir ; I told him that I highly approved of your independence : that a minister of Jesus Christ ought to love everybody and fear no man. I told Mr. Mac that if I had a few thousand such independent, fearless men as you are, I could take all England."

How Chromos are Made.

Probably very few, even of those persons who are generally well informed, have the slightest conception of the various processes by which those wonders of modern imitative art popularly known as Chromos, are gradually developed, step by step, to a perfection which almost defles discrimination in comparing with the original. The lithographic, or stone process, is that generally used in this country; but having been found too slow, and inherently defective for rendering some of the most delicate tints, great effort has been made to find a substitute, by which a higher degree of perfection could be attained, and the superior productive capacity of relief substituted for the uncertainties and delays of surface printing.

Many years ago, Mr. Charles Stahl, a lithographic engraver of high repute, directed his attention to this subject, and after years of patient and enthusiastic devotion, he has overcome all difficulties, and has so perfected his process as to insure a complete revolution in the art of color printing.

Messrs. James Suttou & Co., of 58 Maiden Lane, New York, publishers of The Aldine, adopted his process for the production of their Premium Chr. three years ago; and, with the increased facilities thus placed at his disposal, Mr. Stahl has been enabled to achieve the most admirable results, and the firm are now printing Chromos, equal in every respect to the very best foreign specimens.

The picture to be copied is covered with a transparent sheet of oiled paper, on which a tracing of every outline is made. This outline is then transferred to a lithographic stone known as the "Key." A number of plates, equal to the number of tints desired, is next prepared, and an impression from the Key is printed on each. With the original before him, the artist fills in with a crayon such portions of the outline on each plate as he wishes to have reproduce the particular shade assigned to it.

The untouched portions of the plate are then covered with a peculiar preparation, and a galvanic bath nicely governed, does the work of an engraver, but does it as no engraver could possibly do it-true to a hair, and finer, if necessary, than the naked eye can discover. Each plate is printed in its turn on the paper, and every impression must be so adjusted to its predecessors, that there shall not be the slightest variation.

When'it is considered that as many as twenty or thirty plates are often requiredthat some portions of a tint are preserved pure to the end, while others are coveredand affected by one or all succeeding impressions—the marvelous skill and knowldge of various combinations of color required of an artist who essays to lay out and complete the plates for a Chromo, may be faintly imagined by those who see and admire the splendid results of his labors.

A story comes from Pine Creek, Elkhart county, Ind., to the effect that a young lady named Parks died, to all appearances, and was dressed for the grave, but in answer to the passionate manifestations of her relatives she sat up and conversed with them for an hour, when she died, positive-