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### Thompson's Visit to the City.

MY mother had a brother named Abi-jah Lines. He was a seafaring man, and had for years commanded a ship out of the port of Boston, where he was very popular in the commercial community. He was unmarried, and I was named after him. Several times in my life I remember to have seen him when he paid my mother a short visit, and brought pretty presents from abroad. He appeared to take an interest in me and always left me a small sum of money at his departure, and hinted that he would do better by me in case I turned out a good boy and smart.

I was sixteen years old, but I was often taken to be much older, as I was large for my age, when my mother received a letter from Uncle Bigh as we called him telling her that he would arrive in Boston on or about a certain date and expressing a wish that she would send me to meet him, promising to return with me and make her a visit. He gave explicit directions where I would find the hotel at which I was to stop, and said he had, written to the proprietor, who was a friend of his, requesting him to make me comfortable and have an eye to me until his arrival.

I havn't been in Boston since I was a lad, said my father ; faith I wish Captain Bigh had invited me too. It's a great city, he continued, addressing me, and there's lots to be seen there, and you, my son are of an age when the mind is generally inquisitive, be careful that you don't fall into any mischief.

I'm not afraid of that, interposed my mother. Bigh has been too carefully will be awaiting his uncle's arrival. Besides, you see my brother has written to the gentleman who keeps the hotel where he is to stop to have a care over him. No doubt this worthy will never let him out of his sight, but will take him about and show him all that is worth seeing. Oh! Bigh, you'll have plenty to tell me when you return.

What are you counting your fingers for? inquired my father looking up from the book he was reading.

I was reckoning, replied my mother, how long my brother has been following the sea. It's thirty-five years. In this time he

must have saved a good deal of money .-Shouldn't wonder if he was rich. Our son is his namesake, and she smiled significantly.

My father nodded his head and his eyes twinkled merrily as my mother and himself exchanged glances.

I wasn't such a fool that I didn't understand the thoughts that were passing through their minds. I was to be the heir of Captain Abijah Lines, was to inherit his money and be a gentleman. It wasn't a had reflection.

The day of my departure came and found me ready to start away on my trip. My him. mother had stored my mind with good advice and as a talisman had placed in my trunk a book entitled "The Puritan's Breastplate; or the Way to Get Along."-It was a work of four hundred pages, small type, and I can't imagine when and how

she expected me to read it. Everything went well, and I arrived in Boston safely. At once proceeding to the Sculpin house I registered my name Abijah shown to my room. The clerk informed or her husband returned. me that the proprietor was absent from the city, but that he had opened my uncle's letter and would try and render me contented until Captain Lines' arrival.

After I had washed off some of the dust from my face, I dressed myself in my best suit and came down stairs.

The first thing that struck my eyes were several long sofas arranged against the wall of the hall, on which a dozen or more nicely dressed gentlemen were sitting. One of them had a small broom in his hand which he kept whisking about in an artistic way. As I passed along he winked at me. Thinking he was inclined to be sociable—and I felt lonely—I walked up and took a seat by his side and began telling him my history. Pretty soon I heard a bel! ring, when up jumps one of the gentlemen and runs to the office.

"What's that for?" I asked.

Why, ye see, said one of them with a strong foreign accent, we're all waitin to see distinguished gists who have arrived. Now if ye'll watch, every little while ye'll obsarve on of us gintleman admitted to the ground parlor up stairs, where our friends are waitin us.

Are there many distinguished persons at present in the hotel? I innocently inquired.

Ah! replied my informant, laughing don't you know there is? Let me see, he said, reflecting there's the Dook of Derry, and Dr. O'Kane, that's related to Daniel O'Connell; there's siveral mimbers of Parliament, besides a number of our own Sinators and such like.

"Indeed," I replied, "I had no idea of the fact."

"Is your name Mr. Thompson?" said a

I replied in the affirmative. "The clerk would like to see you at the

I walked to the place indicated, where I was handed a note which, on opening, I found to read thus:

No. 45 MALLORY TERRACE. Mr. Bristow's compliments to Mr. Thomson, and would be glad to have him call around this evening without any ceremony, and take a sociable cup of tea.

A slight mistake had occurred in writing my name, but I didn't suppose the omission of a single letter made any difference. Behold me, then, at five P. M. the same evening, on the steps of a stately mansion

awaiting admission. A small bald-headed gentleman soon came down into the parlor and warmly shook me by the hand.

"I got a letter from your uncle," he said, "and I shall be very glad to show you all the attention in my power, but you have arrived just as I am leaving the city on business, so I pray you will excuse me. My wife and daughter will entertain you in my absence."

Mrs. Bristow and daughter soon entered, and I was introduced. The mother looked as young as the daughter. This ocbrought up to go astray in the few days he casioned me some surprise, but I found out afterwards that she was Mr. Bristow third wife.

As the Bristow family seemed sociable, I quickly got on easy terms with them, particularly the daughter, who was a sprightly young lady and full of fun.

Sallie Bristow was what uncle Bigh, would, I suppose, call a smart girl. She played the piano, wrote verses and taught school. As the family appeared wealthy, I couldn't understand why she should be a school teacher, but she confidently told me one day that most girls in Boston like to be independent, whether their parents were rich or not, so they preferred making some money themselves. Mr. Bristow was gone from home a week, and during this time I called every day upon his wife and daughter. Uncle Bigh had not arrived, but was expected momentarily. I was having a good time in Boston. I wrote home every night before going to bed, giving an account of my doings. The Bristow family came in for a large share of my remarks.

At length Mr. Bristow returned; in the meantime I had become highly pleased with his family. It was the the first evening of his return and up to this moment I had scarcely exchanged a dozen words with

We were sitting in the parlor, and Mr. Bristow had just entered and shook hands with me when there came a pull at the door-bell. A card was handed in: I saw Mr. Bristow change color and glance at me with some confusion, and the next moment a tall gentlemanly young man entered the room and extended his hand. Mr. Bristow whispered a few words to his wife, who beckoned me into the library and requested Lines Thompson, Nettletown, and was me to wait there a few moments until she

Full of amazement and wondering what it all could mean, I awaited the solution, In a little while Mr. Bristow outered with his face half grave and half smiling.

"I fear, my dear sir," he said, "there has been some mistake. Mr. Thompson who has just arrived, is the gentleman I expec- Christmas, will marry her.

ted and not yourself. The mistake is one of easy explanation. My friend Mr. Livingston wrote me that his nephew would arrive at the Sculpin House about the time you got there. An accident caused him some delay, so you see my note was handed to you by mistake. As I had never seen Mr. Thompson or yourself, and moreover, was then leaving home and had no opportunity to converse with you, the mistake was not apparent. The arrival of Mr. Thompson explains the whole proceeding. I wish you good evening, Mr. Thompson,"

Abashed and mortified, I left Mallory Terrace in no very pleasant state of mind. Neither Mrs Bristow or Sallie vouchsafed me a good bye.

Why should they? They didn't know me. I might have been the son of a scavinger; what evidence had they of my respectability, and if they did have, what difference would it make?

I was glad when Uncle Bigh arrived. I told him the story, but he only laughed and said that it was a thing that might any time occur.

A couple of weeks later and I was ready to return home with Uncle Bigh and I was not sorry to have a prospect of seeing my quiet birth-place again, for I was becoming sick of city experiences.

The morning we were to start my Uncle took me down town, intending to go to bank and draw some money. We had about an hour only to take the stage before its starting. Just as we were near the bank we met the merchant in whose employ Uncle sailed.

"Capt. Lines," he said, "one moment, if you please," and took my Uncle by the

"Here Bigh," said the latter, "you run into the bank there and get the money while I speak to Mr. Coxton."

I took the check and went into the bank without noticing an individual who was by

The check was cashed and I was on the point of emerging into the street when the man who had entered the bank with me came running after.

"The teller," he said, "would be glad if you counted your money, he thinks he has given you too little."

I took the roll of notes from my pocket and was about to count them when the stranger said, "Let me assist you," and before I could interpose he snatched the money from my hands and commenced counting it on his knee.

"It's all correct," he said, "but you shouldn't carry money that way," and he forthwith slid it dexterously into an envelope which he sealed and handed to me.

"I was only going to take it across the street to my Uncle," I replied.

"Oh, is that all?" he responded, "well, there's no harm in having it safe even for that short distance."

When I reached Uncle Bigh's side he was still talking to Mr. Coxton. I handed him the envelope, which he opened and then looked at me with an inquiring air.

"What does this mean?" he said, holding between his fingers a roll of waste

"Indeed I don't know, sir," I replied, and at once explained how the teller had sent a messenger requesting me to count the money, and how he had assisted me and sealed up the amount to prevent my losing it.

Mr. Coxton and my uncle exchanged glances, while the latter merely ejaculated, country ass, and then darted off to the police office.

Somebody had five hundred dollars that didn't belong to him.

As for myself, Uncle Abijah Lines, the the following day, saw me seated in the stage for my home.

He had changed his mind and wouldn't make the visit.

He placed in my hand an envelope containing some ragged newspaper, Give that to your mother, my nephew, and tell her it represents five hundred dollars.

I'll pass over my reception at home when the true state of things came to be explained. My mother thought if I had read the "Puritan's Breastplate" I might have been preserved from mishap.

I never went to Boston again on an invitation from Uncle Bigh,

A youthful stranger at Omaha fell in love at first night, with a photograph exhibited in an outside show-case, went up stairs and inquired the name of the fair original, procured an introduction, called upon and courted her, and now, coming Springs."

### How I was Sold.

"Excuse me sir."

I drew aside with an apologetic bow. I think she was one of the prettiest women I had ever seen. And dressed in such admirable taste, with such eyes and such complexion, and the tip of the bronzed boots was tiny and delicate enough for Cupid himself if he should ever be converted to decent apparel.

I was on the Sacramento boat, an unprotected bachelor and often given to the indulgence of soft dreams about the future partner in a house and lot of my own and a moderate salary.

The lady who brushed against me with that silvery "Excuse me, sir," took a seat in the end of the long cabin, and somehow or other I found myself after the boat started unconsciously drifting in the same direction. She was immersed in the pages of a Godey's Lady's Book, and I glanced at a delicious white hand from which the lavendar glove had been half withdrawn. Presently a man-monster approached and seated himself by the side of the object of my observations, with a familiarity which foolishly enough displeased me.

"We will stay only one night in Sacramento," he remarked, consulting a small time table which he took from his pocket. "And then"-

"Proceed immediately to our final destination."

This was not very satisfactory to me and I became more interested than ever in the young people. The man's complexion was dark and slightly pock marked, the lady's was fair. He could hardly be her brother perhaps a husband or lover, or something of that sort.

"I'll trouble you for a match, sir."

Here was a chance to open a conversation, and as I handed the dark man a match I remarked that, "I thought I would walk outside and take a smoke myself."

"Strange weather for July," said the dark man, puffing his eigar whilst gazing meditatively at Alcatraz Island, which we were just passing.

"Remarkable," I rejoined, and then we glided into various topies, and in the course of our conversation, exchanged invitations, and became quite intimate before we came abreast of Red Rock.

"My sister (ah ! she was a sister only) and myself," said the dark man, "are about to spend a month at White Sulpher Springs before our return east. Are you bound in that direction."

"Yes, I go to Sacramento."

After we leave the Springs we will spend one day in the city. Let me give you an introduction to my sister. Mary, this is Mr. Peagreen, of San Franc

I bowed low and chuckled inwardly at the success of my stratagem. I found the lady to be extremely agreeable, and we chatted cosily together for an hour or so, while the dark man paced up and down on the deck outside. She told me that her father was a New York merchant, and that her brother and herself were finishing a tour of the Pacific States. The bell rung for dinner, and the dark man entered the saloon, and together we proceeded to the dining room. My fair companion had an excellent appetite. Her onslaugh on the egetables was actually fearful.

Having concluded our meal, we passed the colored steward. The dark man asked the waiter for change for a twenty dollar greenback. To avoid the delay of making up the discount, I put a couple of dollars in his hand. My companion thanked me and said he would refund the money as soon as he got the change.

"Can you oblige me," he said when we sat again in the saloon, "by giving me gold for some of these greenbacks, say forty dollars-to meet the day's wants of our journey?"

"Certainly," I answered, and handed him the amount, while he calculated the difference on the back of a card.

Stuffing the groenbacks, which were crisp and new, into my vest-pocket, I again engaged in a conversation with the fair Mary.

When we arrived at Vallajo we lost sight of the dark man for a few moments, while I stood by his sister gallantly holding her satchel. Suddenly he rushed up to us, saying in a hurried manner:

"Mary, I must return to San Francisco by this hoat. What's to be done? have had a dispatch which is imperative." "But our uncle will expect us this eve-

ning.31 Still you cannot go alone to the

"If you will allow me to be the lady's

escort," said I, "I will gladly give her in charge to her relative, as I am in no hur-ry a day at the Springs would be pleasant." The lady looked grateful, and blushingly accepted my offer.

"All aboard," shouted the conductor, and we took a seat in the cars, after an affectionate, kiss had been exchanged by the parties with whem I had became so curiously associated.

curiously associated.

"Will you change some greenbacks for me," said my fair charmer before we had been long together, "but I must trust to you for the calculation of the difference."

"I will take them at par from you," I answered, with a look of devotion.

"Oh you are so kind."

I never was so proud of my engaging manners before. My heart was going from me in small particles. At Napa junction she looked from the window near her, ex-

claiming:
"Why there is my uncle on the platform. Excuse me for a moment; I will see
him and bring him in," and she left the car.
The bell rung and I became uneasy. I

ran out on the platform to warn her and her uncle, but could discover no trace of them. The cars moved off, and I sat down biting my nails for the next half hour. finally concluding that they would follow in the next train, I resolved to stop off at

St. Helens.

"Excuse me, sir, but where is the lady you were riding with?"

I turned sharply round, and saw a quiet, gentlemanly man standing at my elbow.

"She got out at Napa junction; but may I inquire what is that to you?"

"Fooled, by George?" exclaimed my interrogator. "Slippery Nell is off again.

"What do you mean," I exclaimed.

"Mean? why the best counterfeiter in

America has escaped me, and her pal too. Did she ask you to change any greenbacks, young man?"

Stunned and mystified, I exhibited the greenbacks I had received from Mary and her brother to the detective, for such I guessed him to be.

"Well," he ejaculated, "you have been taken in to the tone of \$60, but if it is any consolation to you, you have been swindled by the sharpest brace of thieves in Ameri-

My confidence in human nature is shattered to the base. Of woman I entertain no epinion. The priest or parson who is to hear my marriage vow, is not yet born.

A Flogging by Proxy.

Many years ago, there lived in a beautiful little country town in North Alabama, a genial, warm-hearted old gentleman, Judge H-, well-known throughout the State as well for his distinguished ability as his marked generosity and congeniality. Among his chattel possessions was a negro named Jake, or as he was more familiarly called Uncle Jake, and there never lived a more provoking old darkey; for uncle Jake, although a favorite, had many weaknesses, and among others he was particularly regardless of truth, to such an extent in fact that occasionally the good old Judge found it necessary to punish him. It was the custom in those days for the town constable to administer a flogging for a consideration whenever the master was disinclined to officiate, and the constable of this particular town bad a severe reputation for proficiency among the darkies who had now and then been so unfortunate as to come under his hands.

Jake, although he had never been there, was well posted, and had a great repugnance to Massa G——, who was the incumbent at that time. On one occasion, during the Christmas days, while the old during the Christmas days, while the old judge was quite severely indisposed, Uncle Jake had been guilty of a misdemeanor, and punishment was deemed necessary, so the judge wrote a note to the constable about as follows:

"Mr. G--: Please give the bearer thirty-nine lashes and charge to me.

JUDGE H."

Calling on Uncle Jake, the judge ordered

him to carry the note to G——, who would give him a grubbing hoe.

Jake started off up town, but his suspicions were aroused. He couldn't understand what the judge wanted with a grub-bing hoe at Christmas time, and his conscience was not as clear as it should have been. The result of his suspicion was that the truth suddenly flashed upon him—he was to be whipped. Seeing a school-boy approaching, he took out the note and said: "Massa Bob, what in dis note? Got so

many dis morning I got 'em mixed."

The boy read the note and explained its contents to Jake, who whistled and laughed to himself as a bright idea struck him. Calling to a negro boy, who was near, Jake

"Boy, does you want to make a quarter?"

"Of course I does."
"Well, take dis note down dar, to Massa G-an' git a grubben hoe, and I wait here 'till you comes back, an' den I gives

here 'till you comes back, an' den I gives you a quarter.'

The boy hurried off to accomplish his errand, and in due course of time delivered the note to G—, who took him into the yard, locked the gate, and proceeded, despite the boy's protestations of innocence, to administer the desired flogging, while Jake hurried off home, chuckling over the happy result of what might have been serious business for him.

That evening, the judge called him up.

That evening, the judge called him up

and inquired:

"Jake, did you get the grabbing?"

"No, massa. I give a boy a quarter fotch dat note to Massa G——, and spec he got dat hoe."