

# The Bloomfield Times.

TERMS:—\$1.25 Per Year,  
IN ADVANCE.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

{ 75 Cents for 6 Months;  
40 Cts. for 3 months.

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## The Bloomfield Times.

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.

**ADVERTISING RATES:**  
Transient—8 Cents per line for one insertion.  
12 " " " " two insertions.  
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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 \$10.00  
Two inches " " \$15.00  
For longer yearly ad's terms will be given  
upon application.

### PEOPLE WILL TALK.

You may get through the world, but 'twill be  
very slow,  
If you listen to all that is said as you go:  
You'll be worried and fretted, and kept in a  
stew,  
For meddlesome tongues will have something  
to do,  
For people will talk.  
  
If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed  
That your humble position is only assumed,  
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else  
you're a fool;  
But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool,  
For people will talk.  
  
If generous and noble, they'll vent out their  
spleen;  
You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish  
and mean;  
If upright, honest, and fair as the day,  
They'll call you a rogue in a sly sneaking way,  
For people will talk.  
  
And then if you show the least boldness of  
heart,  
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,  
They will call you an upstart, conceited and  
vain;  
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain,  
For people will talk.  
  
If threadbare your dress, or old-fashioned your  
hat,  
Some one will surely take notice of that,  
And hint rather strongly you can't pay your  
own way;  
But don't get excited, whatever they say,  
For people will talk.  
  
If you dress in the fashion, don't think to  
escape,  
For they criticize then in a different shape—  
You're ahead of your means, or your-tailor's  
unpaid;  
But mind your own business there's naught to  
be made,  
For people will talk.  
  
Now the best way to do is to do as you please;  
For your mind, if you have one, will then be  
at ease,  
Of course you'll meet with all sorts of abuse;  
But don't think to stop them—'twill be of no  
use—  
For people will talk.

### The Watchmaker's Story.

I SUPPOSE every man has some whims  
I know I have. And I suppose one's  
education has something to do with one's  
whims. Mine had. It is now five years  
since I hung out my sign—a big wooden  
watch—over the sidewalk on Main street in  
Cattaqua, Illinois. I had served an  
apprenticeship with my father, who was a  
jeweler in Chicago before the fire, and the  
old gentleman had "set me up," as the  
saying is, in a store of my own in Cattaqua.  
There was nothing I enjoyed so much as  
that sign. Every time I came to the store  
I cast my eyes up and read:  
  
W. H. IRVING,  
Watchmaker & Jeweler.  
  
But about my whims. You don't care  
about the sign. I have often thought that  
if I was a literary man and was master of a  
literary style, if I had had half so much  
practice at writing for the papers as I have  
had putting in main-springs, I could make  
the history of my whim quite interesting.  
But here I am talking about my sign and  
all the rest. However, I am not a story-  
writer nor a story-teller, I hope, and so  
you'll have to let me get at that story of  
my whim in my own way. It is as good a  
love story as I ever read. In fact I think  
it is better. So does my wife. But then  
everybody thinks his own the best, I sup-  
pose. I know mine is.  
I had a fancy for carrying a watch that  
would keep time. I do not mean a Swiss

watch that loses five minutes a week or a  
month. Nor do I mean an English watch  
that, like Captain Cuttle's, needs setting  
ahead "fifteen minutes afore dinner and  
fifteen minutes arter dinner;" nor an Irish  
watch like the one that kept "the best time  
and the most of it any watch in town."  
I got me a real machine-made watch—I  
don't think I had best tell what make, it  
would be advertising my watches in a love  
story; and besides I am a dealer, and if I  
tell which watch I chose, I should offend  
the other manufacturers, I suppose, which  
might not be the best thing in the way of  
business.

But I regulated my watch carefully. I  
do think it has a good effect on a man to  
carry a watch that keeps good time. An  
inaccurate watch always seemed to me a  
liar, and I do not think any lover of the  
truth would carry one. I regulated my  
watch until I brought the thing to a nice  
point. It isn't best to tell you how little  
it varied in a year. It would sound like  
an exaggeration to you, and it would make  
my story have a flavor of the shop, and I  
hate a man to be always "talking shop."

My watch went beautifully, and I did  
boast a little about it. I told the minister  
about it once, how perfectly that watch  
kept time, and he looked up at me with a  
kindly smile and then said pleasantly: "I  
hope you take pains to regulate your life  
as carefully as you do the watch." That  
word did me more good than all the ser-  
mons he had preached since I came to Cat-  
taqua. I could never look my dear friend,  
the watch, in the face after that, without  
seeming to hear the question: "Do you  
regulate your life so carefully?" Well, I  
hope my life does not vary from the true  
standard so much as it did; but it isn't a  
tract or a Sunday School book I am writ-  
ing, but a love story, if I ever got to it.

You see when I wrote to father at the  
end of the first year, telling him how well  
I was getting on, he wrote back to me that  
I ought to get married. He said I would  
be a better man and a happier one with a  
good wife. And then he added this sen-  
tence: "But do not take any woman not  
full-jeweled." I knew what he meant.  
He wanted me to be as careful not to be  
imposed on by a sham in marrying as I was  
not to be humbugged in a watch. But  
how few women or men there are who have  
all the jewels!

My father's letter set me to thinking  
about marriage. Living a rather lonely  
life, I amused myself by thinking what  
sort of a woman my wife would be and  
what I should do to make her happy. I  
would give her a watch, the very mate to  
my own, a ladies' watch that would keep  
time. Ladies' watches are such shams  
generally; good for show, nothing else.  
So I picked out a watch of the same make  
as my own, and amused myself with regu-  
lating it. That was for my wife when I  
should find her. Playfully I told one or  
two friends what I meant to do with my  
ladies' watch, and the story got abroad.  
It was a matter of no little bantering among  
the girls who should have my "Lady El-  
gin." Some declared they did not want  
it, and a great many asked to see it. Its  
accuracy got to be talked about, and the  
story helped trade, for half a dozen mar-  
ried gentlemen in the village provided their  
wives with duplicates. But there! I am  
talking shop.

My Lady Elgin became more and more  
celebrated; some, imagining that it must  
be better than any other, endeavored to  
buy it, but this I refused steadfastly, even  
when I was offered a premium for it. I  
would not begin by wronging my wife  
while yet I did not even know who she  
would be. I soon found that I could not  
go into any company without meeting all  
sorts of allusions to my wife's watch.  
When asked who the lady would be, I  
always answered in the words of my father,  
"a lady full-jeweled." Some thought  
by this I meant a rich wife, but others  
understood it.

I am not one of those who think that I  
might have married any woman. Any  
man who believes that of himself is a fool  
and an egotist. But the very fact that this  
watch was talked about made some of the  
ladies particularly anxious to carry it off,  
as it had become a sort of a prize to be  
taken by competition. Sometimes a girl  
would stop to see it, and talk about it, and  
blush in a way meant to hint to me that  
she would like it. But I was determined  
that none but a full-jeweled woman should  
have it. And is not modesty a jewel ex-  
ceeding precious?

My business was even more prosperous  
the second year than the first, for Cattaqua  
was growing rapidly in consequence of the  
location of Bodger Female College in the

town, and the building of the Perkinstown  
Branch R. R., which made our town a rail-  
way junction.

I thought more than ever of marrying,  
and had well nigh settled on Miss Sophie  
Bennett, a member of the senior class in the  
Bodger Female College, and the daughter  
of Mr. Bennett, of the firm of Bennett &  
Brown, dry goods merchants. Sophie is  
handsome and a fine musician. She is well  
educated, and she taught a class of girls in  
the Sunday School of which I was Secretary  
at that time. I did admire her a great  
deal, for she was a brilliant talker and  
knew a great deal more than I did. And  
she had the art of winning. When I walk-  
ed home with her she managed to make the  
conversation pleasant, and though she  
knew so much more than I did about many  
things, she never let me feel it. She was  
in every regard amiable. That is what  
everybody called her.

She had a friend hardly so handsome as  
she was—at least I thought not, Louisa  
Jones was quite young yet, but she was  
teaching in the public schools in order to  
help her father, who was poor. I mention  
this Louisa Jones here because of a con-  
versation I overheard between her and her  
friend Sophie Bennett. I had paid some  
attention to the latter, until I found that  
people talked about it. Everybody's cu-  
riosity had been excited by the talk about  
my watch, and I could not walk home with  
a young woman without starting a talk  
about my Lady Elgin, so I was careful not  
to give too much attention to Sophie while  
I was still undecided.

But one evening I had about made up  
my mind. Fixing a watch for Mr. Bennett  
set me to thinking on Sophie Bennett and  
all her amiable ways and her fine scholar-  
ship. I thought I would go to the Church  
sociable that very evening and go home  
with Sophie, perhaps I should do more.  
That watch would look well on her. But  
I did not get Mr. Bennett's watch done as  
soon as I had expected, on account of being  
interrupted by customers buying presents  
for the holidays. I had promised that the  
watch should be ready in the morning, for  
Mr. Bennett was to start to Chicago on the  
half-past eight o'clock train to buy goods.  
At last I finished the job, looked all my  
valuables in the safe as quickly as possible  
put out the kerosene lamp—it was before  
the gas was introduced into the village—and  
hastened to the sociable, hoping to  
arrive in time to go home with Sophie Ben-  
nett. I must have pretty much made up  
my mind before starting, for I remember  
now—and I blush when I remember it—that  
I did not lock the Lady Elgin in the  
safe that evening. I thrust it, chain and  
all, into an inside pocket of my vest. I  
cannot tell why I did it. I certainly had  
no very distinct purpose of offering it to  
Sophie Bennett that evening, and yet I  
doubtless thought best to have it handy.  
It made my heart beat faster to feel it there  
as I walked briskly toward the house  
where the sociable was, for I had missed  
the car. The street cars had just been  
introduced at that time, and the only line  
running was the one from the depot to the  
Female College, and it would have carried  
me past the door, but that I had missed  
the car, and there was no other one at that  
time in the evening for half an hour, so I  
was obliged to walk through the rain. But  
I had brought a large umbrella. It is al-  
ways well to have a large umbrella when  
you mean to share it with a lady.

I soon found that I was too late for the  
sociable. The people were already going  
home. It was very dark and raining. I  
noticed two young ladies pass and stop  
within six feet of me, standing under an  
umbrella together. I could not tell who  
they were, it was so dark, and they evi-  
dently did not see me at all—I stood shet-  
tered by the box which protected those  
feeble maps, that we prairie people plant  
along our side-walks and call shade trees.  
I thought of their relative stature and  
figure that they must be Sophie Bennett  
and Louisa Jones. As the Lady Elgin in  
my pocket made my heart palpitate as I  
stood there waiting to recognize their  
voices and then make myself known to  
them. But by the time I had made sure  
who they were I was so much interested  
in what they were saying that I was guilty,  
for the first time in my life, of eaves-dro-  
ping. I shouldn't have listened if it had  
not been for the watch in my inside vest  
pocket. I was never a very impulsive man  
and I confess that in this affair of the heart  
I acted deliberately. I wanted a woman  
full-jeweled, and it behooved me not to be  
in a hurry, and not to be dazzled by any  
finery on the outside.

"It is a real shame, Louisa, that you  
should do so much for your family. I

wouldn't at your age. You ought to ex-  
pend every cent you earn in dressing." It  
was Sophie speaking in her good natured  
musical voice.

"But," answered the young school teach-  
er, "I am poor and my father is poor; if  
I wore good clothes it would be a sort of a  
lie."

"O dear!" said Sophie—she had a most  
charming way of saying "O dear," and  
now it smote my heart a little—"O dear,  
how honest you are! Why I come home  
every day and dress up, and take my school  
books and go calling. I like people to  
think that my nice clothes are my school  
clothes."

Here the car going down came along and  
they got in, but I walked back, not liking  
to ride with them. And I put my hand  
over the watch several times to be sure  
that it was there. And wasn't I glad that  
it was there?

I was called home during the Christmas  
holidays. My father sent down a clerk of  
his own, well acquainted with the business,  
to take charge of my store. I did not have  
to give him any directions except a warn-  
ing not to sell my Lady Elgin to anybody.

It so happened that in returning to Cat-  
taqua after New Year's, I traveled in the  
same car and sat in the same seat with  
Louisa Jones, the young school teacher,  
who had been spending the holidays with  
her parents at Aurora. Unsentimental as  
I am, I liked her more and more, and I  
heard several things about her in the next  
days which raised her greatly in my esti-  
mation, but which I cannot take time to  
tell.

A week after New Year's she brought  
in her watch to have it fixed. It was an  
old silver English lever of her father's.  
She asked how soon I could fix it, and I  
told her that it would take four days, on  
account of the work ahead of it. She look-  
ed disappointed. A time piece is indis-  
pensable to a teacher, you know, so I  
offered to lend her a watch. I took down  
one and put it back three times. Then I  
went to the show case, and with a tremu-  
lous hand took up my Lady Elgin, first  
removing the chain. She did not know  
the watch, and so let me fasten it to her  
watch guard without suspicion.

Before night the absence of the watch  
from the show case had been observed, and  
all the girls set themselves to find out  
who wore it. Sophie Bennett was accused  
of having it, and she managed to deny it  
in such a way as to leave the impression  
that she had it.

Early the next morning, in came Louisa  
Jones. "Mr. Irving," she said, "you have  
made a mistake. I find in the back of this  
watch an inscription which leads me to  
think that you have given me what you  
did not mean to."

Foreseeing that the conversation would  
be a delicate one, I gave Thomas, my ap-  
prentice, a letter to mail, and then took  
the watch and read the inscription in order  
to gain time. I had put on the inside of  
the case a sentence I had heard the minis-  
ter quote: "A perfect woman nobly plan-  
ned."

I handed it back to her and said: "Miss  
Jones, I made no mistake. I lent you that  
watch on purpose."

"But you must see," she said strongly,  
"that I cannot wear it on any account."  
"I do not see," I said smiling, and blush-  
ing, I fear.

"It would create a false impression."  
"If you say that the impression it would  
create would be false, I must take it back."

"How could it be otherwise than false?"  
she asked a little puzzled.

"I know of but one way," I said slowly.  
"You know what the impression made  
would be. On my part I wish that it might  
be a true one. If you are agreed, it shall  
be and you shall accept the watch and wear  
it forever."

She was silent, holding the watch and  
turning it over absent, and growing ex-  
ceedingly red.

"Take time," I said. "Do not show  
the inscription to any one. I will come  
and see you about it whenever you say.  
Shall it be this evening?"

She nodded her head and left.  
She has often told me that she did the  
poorest teaching of her life that day. It  
does not matter. She has long since quit  
teaching. But it took the gossip a long  
time to find out who had the watch. She  
wears it yet—only her name is not Jones  
now.

A Jersey editor gets off the following  
definition of a widow: "One who knows  
what's what, and is desirous of further in-  
formation the same subject."

### History of Noah.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

Noah's front name was Noah; Noah's  
last name was Flood.

Noah's wife's name was Mrs. Noah. She  
was called by her nephews and nieces  
Aunt Flood, which being interpreted,  
means before the Flood.

Noah had three sons—Ham, Shem, and  
Japhet.

Their playmates used to call them  
Ham, Sham, and Jackass.

Ham, as the name indicates, was a pork  
butcher.

Shem, I am a Shem'd to say, kept a faro  
bank.

Japhet was—let me see, what was Japh-  
et? oh, yes! Japhet was in search of his  
father.

Noah, in conjunction with Barnum, used  
to keep a menagerie on the European plan.  
"No reserved seats."

One day it rained—it rained the next  
day, too—in fact, it rained for a month.

Things were getting damp around No-  
ah's house, so Noah told his boys—who  
were dutiful children; and, besides the  
fact of their being dutiful children, their  
father always carried a cane, to get out  
the canal boat which laid in the barn, and  
forthwith they mounted the house, on the  
boat, and after getting the animals all  
housed or boated they set sail.

The collection consisted of every kind  
of animals. Ancient history says:

"The animals went in two by two,  
The monkey and the kangaroo."

With many a sigh they left their former  
home; but of what use, as Mrs. Noah re-  
marked, was *ace high* when there were so  
many *pairs* around, which *straight* way  
*raised a flush* on Noah's face as he glanced  
at the *poker*. Even the nephews and nieces  
"went for" their *aunt* with *full hands*.

The boat was fitted up gorgeously, each  
family having separate apartments.

They never quarreled, yet being *opposite*  
neighbors they all had *adverse areas*.

Ancient history tells us that there was  
every known kind of animal in the boat  
when they started out on their expedition;  
but in another chapter it distinctly con-  
tradicts itself, for it says that not until the  
storm had abated did they hit on *Ary-a-rat*.

When the boat became a *wreck* on the  
mountain, Noah became a *wreck* on the  
shore, and, *reckoned* he would sell out all  
his right, title, interest, etc., to Barnum,  
who brought the animals to New York.

*Shylock* was one of the animals which  
Barnum saved from the wreck. Some peo-  
ple called it the *timid hare*.

The lion and the lamb laid down to-  
gether.

It was, in reality, a happy family.—  
Everything was arranged so that all the  
animals should return from the voyage just  
as they had entered the boat.

For should the hateful wolf destroy the tender  
lamb,  
The ewe would not be worth one continental.

### Comic Advertisements.

The following have been from time to  
time clipped from Irish papers: "One  
pound reward. Lost, a cameo brooch  
representing Venus and Adonis on the  
Dru mcandra Road, about 10 o'clock on  
Tuesday evening."

"The advertiser, having made an ad-  
vantageous purchase, offers for sale, on  
very low terms, about sixty dozen of prime  
port wine, lately the property of a gentle-  
man forty years of age, full in the body,  
and with a high bouquet."

"To be sold cheap, a mail phaeton, the  
property of a gentleman with a movable  
head, as good as new."

"To be sold, a splendid gray horse, cal-  
culated for a charr or, or would carry a lady  
with a switch tail."

"Ten shillings reward. Lost by a gen-  
tleman, a white terrier dog, except the  
head, which is black. To be brought  
to," etc.

To these Irish advertisements may be  
added one English one, which was the sub-  
ject of a humorous article in the *Saturday*  
*Review*, some four or five years since: "To  
be sold, an Erard grand piano, the property  
of a lady, about to travel in a walnut wood  
case with carved legs."

"Visitor—'How long has your master  
been away?'"

Irish footman—"Well, soor, if he'd come  
home yestherday, he'd been gone a wake to-  
morrow; but if he doesn't return the day  
after, shurd he'll been away a fortnight  
next Thursday."

"If you court a young woman, and  
you are won and she is won, you will both  
be one."