

The Bloomfield Times.

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The Carrier's Address

TO THE PATRONS OF

The Bloomfield Times.

All hail the dawn of the glad New Year!
May health, success and plenty cheer
The contented minds, and larders fill,
And blessings be heaped on blessings still!
Is the wish which the Carrier puts into
rhymes.
For all the Patrons of the Bloomfield
Times.
In the year that has passed, each import-
ant event
Was detailed as it happened, in the papers
that went
To our thousands of readers: And the
record will show
We omitted no news it was useful to know:
And now at its close, let us pause and re-
view
And sum-up the bold deeds of the dead
Seventy-two.
The filthiest blot that its record must bear,
Are the infamous frauds, that occurred
here and there,
From New York City to Little York town:
From Washington magnates, all the way
down
To the lead-legged Gov' nor who wondrous-
ly chose
To dismiss an official for the Evans Expose.
Thieves have their millions; the murderer's
hand
Is at work through the length and breadth
of the land:
Still Tweed is at large; and Stokes is un-
hung:
Mrs. Fair an acquittal has finally wrung
From the grasp of the law. Oh! shall it
so be,
That crime shall be master in Seventy-
three?
But Death, alas! with his sickle keen
A busy reaper through the year has been:
And many a sheaf—bound with fame—
full of love—
He has gathered and garnered in heaven
above.
From Generals and Statesmen, from Pas-
tors and Rook
He has plucked the ripe heads to bind up
in his shock.
Mr. Seward, the great Secretary has gone!
The tragedian, Forrest—his last Act is
done.
And brave General Meade, of Gettysburg
fame,
Now only lives in much honored name.
And the Morse Brothers too leave safely
behind
The memory of blessings conferred on
mankind.
'Mid the ranks of the Press, too, the har-
vest of death
Has cut down the mighty: and with hated
breath
We gazed at a Bennett, whose "Herald"
has brought
All the wealth and renown his ambition
had sought.
And the great Horace Greeley, a Pow-
er in the land,
Respected and honored on every hand,
Both taken; like heads of the largest and
best
Which the husbandman marks and culls
out from the rest.
Elections and Fires; the great Arbitration:
Have each in their turn filled the mind
of the nation.
But my space is all done. I must stop my
rhymes here.
And end with the wish of—a happy New
Year!

THE CARRIER.

Singular.

Mr. James Reedus, while out hunting on a piece of land known as the Black Hammock, in Chicot County, Arkansas, fired a charge of turkey shot at a rabbit a very short distance off, and, firing up hill, the whole load entered the ground, from which there immediately rose a bright blue flame, with hazy clouds of smoke. Mr. Reedus was, as a matter of course, very much alarmed, but, being a man of nerve, advanced close enough to the place, which was emitting a sulphurous smell, to observe that the ground around had assumed the color of brimstone, and was fast crumbling away, dropping into the miniature crater in the appearance of crisped hair and burned horn, which, in turn, dissolved into smoke and stench. The whole neighborhood was much excited, and hundreds had visited the scene, now sank into the bowels of the earth, but still emitting occasional whiffs of smoke, strongly impregnated with the smell of brimstone. When our informant left, the excitement was, if anything on the increase, while many families were removing from that portion of the State.

MISS MOSLEY'S BOARDER.

IT was a narrow court in a retired part of the city, and though not fashionable, all the surroundings were neat. The time when our story commences was at 5 o'clock on a dull evening in November, as it was just at that hour, that a queer looking little man ran up the steps of one of the houses, and taking out a letter looked at it carefully and then at the number on the door before him. As he did this he said to himself, "yes this must be the place, No. 287 B Court," and having come to this conclusion he knocked, in a quick impatient manner that characterized all his movements.

Although it was getting dark the gas light which shone upon him, revealed a curious little figure that would at once have set you to wondering who he was and what his errand could be. His head was so many sizes too large for his body, that it made him look top heavy, and this effect was certainly not diminished by the fact that he wore his hair long, thick and curling, and a beard that fell almost to his waist. His clothes were coarse and ill-made but warm, and in good repair. His slight figure, small hands and feet, and quick movements made the great head and wide-brimmed hat almost grotesque in their disproportionate size. Getting impatient he gave a second knock at the door of the small house, and this time so long and loud that the door flew open before he had taken his hand from the knocker. A little girl stood in the entry, eyeing him with an expression that seemed to argue a debate in her mind whether to remain and let the visitor come in, or to shut the door and run away.

"You take a good while to come to the door, ma'am," he said, and at once decided the question in the mind of the little girl. A voice and a smile like that could never belong to a cruel ogre who ate up little girls without salt or pepper, however big his head.

"Do you want to see aunt Henrietta?"
"Who is aunt Henrietta?"
"Miss Mosely, the lady who keeps the house, and lets us board here."
"Oh! yes, I want to see her."
"If you walk into the parlor she'll be in presently; she's gone to market," and a musical little gleeful laugh followed this announcement.

"Gone to market?"
"Yes, and Cora's gone too;" here the delight could no longer be suppressed. "They have gone to buy a turkey for to-morrow, and I'm taking care of the house and Eddy till they come back."

"Gone to buy a turkey for to-morrow?"
"Yes, it's Thanksgiving, you know. We are going to have a treat. Aunt Henrietta promised a week ago, and she never forgets, never."

"She must be a famous aunt."
"Well," and here the little girl came close to her odd visitor and took a seat beside him on the sofa, "she ain't our own aunt really, you know; not our very own. But she's just as good to Cora and Eddy and me."

"Who is Cora?"
"Cora is my grown-up sister; she's ever and ever so old, almost nineteen, I'm ten, and Eddy is two and a half. Cora gives music lessons, and she is out almost all day, and Aunt Henrietta makes flowers, and I help her. Eddy plays."
"But where are your papa and mamma?"

"Papa died when Eddy was a wee baby, and we came here then to board with Miss Mosely. Mamma sewed all day, and Cora practiced. Then Mamma died too, but Aunt Henrietta said we must stay, and manage the board somehow, for she would not let Cora go away to take care of us all alone. You see this ain't a very good house for boarders, and the front room has been empty a long time."

"Then Miss Mosely takes boarders, does she?"

"Yes, indeed. We have the third story front, and Miss Manners, she goes out nursing and ain't here much, she has the third story back; Aunt Henrietta sleeps down here in the back parlor, so there is nobody in all the second story, that was the reason Aunt Henrietta sent away the servants and makes flowers for the milliners' stores. It takes so much money to feed us all, and buy our dresses and boots."

"But, my dear child, have you no uncles or aunts, nobody to keep sister Cora?"

"No! Uncle James Reed is in California and of course he can't come. Cora wrote to him, but I guess he didn't get the letter. Anyhow he didn't answer it."

"Did you ever see him?"

"No indeed: He went away when Cora was a baby and never came back, but he often sent money in a letter to mamma."

A knock at the door interrupted her.
"There they come! I'll tell Aunt Henrietta you are here," and away she ran, and was in another moment heard making inquiries as to the size and tenderness of the turkey.

A lady's voice answered her.
"There's a gentleman want's to see you auntie," said the child, "I'll help Cora take the basket to the kitchen."

Miss Mosely at once went to the parlor and her odd looking visitor rose to meet her. If he had expected to see an angular, hard featured maiden lady, soured by disappointment and hardened by the hard life of a landlady in a small boarding house, he must have been agreeably surprised. The little lady who so courteously greeted him, was slight and delicate in figure with the sweetest of faces, soft brown eyes, and waving brown hair. Her neat dress suited her face and age, some thirty-five years, and her low toned and clear voice was like pleasant music.

"Good-evening!" said the queer little man, "I understand you have some vacant rooms for boarders. I want a whole floor, if you can accommodate me, a bed-room and sitting room. I want my dinner in the middle of the day, and I'm so used to my own way that I must have it no matter what it costs; but I'm willing to pay for it. I shall keep your servant running up and down all the time I'm in the house, so please have one that has plenty of life and activity. Can I have the rooms, ma'am?"
The landlady was so taken by surprise by the appearance and rapid speech of her visitor, that she scarcely knew how to reply; but like the little girl, she was pre-possessed in favor of the sweet voice and smile, so she said:

"Will you look at the rooms, sir?"
"Look at them! My trunks will be here presently, and I intend to sleep here to-night."

"But," stammered the lady, "if they should not suit you?"
"They must! If they don't suit me, I'll pitch all the furniture out of the window and get what does suit me. I'm not very rich, ma'am, but you can have your money every month in advance, and that's all the reference I can give you, for I'm a stranger here. Will twenty-five dollars a week pay for both rooms?"

Had a gold mine opened at her feet the little lady could not have looked more astonished. Her two rooms had never brought such a price as that.

"It is too much," she said gently; "perhaps if you are a stranger, you do not know that this is not an aristocratic neighborhood, and you see the house is very small. My father built it for his own use; he was a house carpenter, and he left it to me. It is comfortable, sir, and I will try to make it pleasant for you; but the rooms are small, sir, and are both bed-rooms now."

"Never mind that! We'll soon get the right furniture in. As for the price you'll soon find you'll have to earn it. I'm the most troublesome man you ever heard of. I want hot coffee in bed at six o'clock in the morning, and I eat—wait until you see me eat. I'll keep your girl busy, and, as I said before, I must have my own way. What is the name, ma'am, of the little girl who let me in?"

"Jennie Hill, sir."
"She's a bright little thing—an orphan, she tells me."

"Yes, sir. Her mother died here last summer. Will you see the rooms now, sir?"

"Certainly. We will go up now, if you please. Here is your first month's board," and he took from his pocket-book two crisp fifty dollar bills. My name is Jameson. By the way, to-morrow is Thanksgiving, and if I don't have roast turkey, oyster sauce, mince pies, and pumpkin tarts for my dinner, I shall eat up Miss Jennie here," and he turned to the little girl just entering the room and laughed merrily. Only for a moment though, for the little girl was followed by a young lady in deep mourning, whose appearance seemed to awaken an emotion deeper than merriment in the little man's mind. He bowed respectfully, and then said to Miss Mosely:

"I will go to my room now, if you please."

Cora Hill was beautiful enough to account for more than mere passing admiration. Her brilliant complexion, short golden curls, and large blue eyes were all very beautiful, when contrasting with her black dress; and the subdued air of sorrow and care on her face, was touching in one so lovely and so young. Mr. Jameson

thought of her a great deal as he paced up and down in the two little rooms shaking his shaggy hair, and chucking to himself.

The next day, Jennie and Eddy thought the reign of fairies had certainly come again. The great trunk they had seen carried up stairs to the queer little man's room contained marvelous story books, wonderful toys and what seemed inexhaustible stores of confectionery. The Thanksgiving dinner was "enlarged and improved," by jars of most delicious preserves, and Miss Mosely was almost as much frightened as astonished at the arrival in the middle of the day of a basket containing oranges, nuts, candied fruits, plump oysters, and various other additions to the dinner, and also a stout recent arrival from green Erin, who said: "A quare little gentleman had told her the lady wanted a girl," and who proved herself a treasure on the instant.

It sometimes seemed to Miss Mosely, herself the gentlest of human beings, as if her boarder must be insane, and again she could have worshipped him for his goodness to the children who had become so dear to her own kind heart. The Thanksgiving dinner was the merriest of feasts. Master Eddy, won at the first glance by Mr. Jameson's smile, made quaint speeches, in baby English, about the unusual profusion of good things, Jennie was radiantly happy, and seeing her brother and sister so pleased brought a flush of pleasure to Cora's pale face, and a glad look into the blue eyes that had not been there since her mother died.

It was very soon evident that the house had received an inmate who carried sunshine with him. His rooms were fitted up speedily with beautiful taste, and Jennie was delegated the happy guardian of their cleanliness. Professing himself an ardent lover of music he turned out of doors the tinkling old piano in the little parlor, and replaced it by a noble instrument, the first touch of which sent perfect thrills of delight through Cora's really artistic fingers. And on this he would play, till one could believe souls could be drawn from bodies by such music as followed his touch.

Henrietta Mosely, herself an orphan, with a very small income, had, from the day when Cora had lost her mother, resolved if possible to fill her place to the children, and had comforted the death-bed parting by this promise. Cora was so very beautiful, so young and childlike, that it was a sickening thought to imagine her alone in a great city poor and friendless. She had received a first rate musical education, and had a few pupils in the immediate neighborhood, who were glad to get cheap tuition. She was too thankful to have even the small sum thus paid to her, to murmur at the wearisome drudgery it certainly was, to spend hours in training clumsy fingers and dull minds over instruction books and jingling tunes, often having to submit to vulgar complaints, because pupils who had no more music in their souls than the miserable old instrument they played upon, could not play more tunes.

Jennie had left school to assist in the care of Eddy, and also to make artificial flowers, to help out the expenses. Miss Henrietta never let the children see that they were a heavy burden upon her slender purse, but the board Cora paid with nearly the whole of her earnings, did not really furnish food for three hearty young appetites.

The arrival of Mr. Jameson was a magic-working change. His board was a magnificent income in itself, in that quiet household. Jennie was sent to school, Eddy became Henrietta's special charge, now that Matilda, the Hibernian before mentioned, presided over the kitchen department, and Cora was carried at once to fairy land by being introduced to a world of music. Mr. Jameson took Henrietta, Jennie and Cora to every musical entertainment, and his useful hints and guidance were improving Cora in the selection of her own music and the management of her glorious young voice. He did not rest until another change had been made. One day he came home with a roll of music, to be copied for a friend, and Cora was instructed in this accomplishment, and furnished with sufficient employment, at fair prices, to allow her to give up one pupil after another, till all were provided with teachers who paid more attention to tunes and less to solid instruction.

When the spring opened, and fine days shone, Mr. Jameson had a delightful habit of coming suddenly to the door with a large easy hack, bundling the whole family—Eddy included—inside, and driving far out into the lovely country, where he would produce mysterious luncheons, and picnics

in shady spots, always full of fun, jest and kindness.

It would make my tale too long were I to attempt to describe half the eccentric kindness and generosity of the queer little man; his love for the children, his respectful attentions to Henrietta, his tender care for Cora.

He had been Miss Mosely's boarder for nearly a year, when he one day invited her to take a walk with him, saying he wished to consult her about a matter which he considered of great importance, and to tell her some things which she ought to know.

Of course Miss Mosely readily consented as she not only had her share of woman's curiosity, but really had such a regard for her boarder that she was glad to be able to oblige him.

After they had left the house he thus accosted her: Concluded next week.

Fearful Scene at a Grave.

The Chicago Times says: A few days ago Mr. Mubbesch was taken suddenly ill at his late residence. His disease was of a very acute nature, and in spite of all the efforts of his physicians, he died after a brief illness, and his sorrowing friends made ready for the funeral. An undertaker was summoned and the body was promptly laid out, and the funeral services took place from his late residence. The last prayer had been offered and the solemn service repeated, when, just as the sexton seized his spade and was about to drop the first shovel of earth upon the coffin, a sound something like a stifled groan, followed by a scratching noise, as if the dead man was trying to release himself from the confines of his narrow house, was heard proceeding from the still open grave. For an instant every heart stood still, and the blood of every listener seemed to curdle in his veins. The women screamed and hastened toward the carriage, while the men were not slow in following them. In an instant the sexton was the only man left at the grave, and he, too, trembled at hearing what he had never heard before. Finally he recovered presence of mind enough to descend into the grave and break open the rough box in which the coffin was encased. The noise was repeated, and he knew that the occupant of that grave, who in a few moments more would have been consigned to a horrible death, and whom his friends already mourned as dead, was still alive and anxious to be set free. A screw-driver was soon procured from the undertaker present, and the coffin lid removed, when its occupant, instead of being cold and dead, as he had appeared when last seen, was found to be once more alive. His friends, who had by this time recovered courage enough to return to the grave, were almost overjoyed at this strange and unexpected turn of affairs, and hastened to rescue the late deceased from his unpleasant quarters and removed him to one of the carriages in waiting, where he was rolled up in a plentiful supply of blankets and robes, and the friends who had lately followed him sorrowfully to the grave now hastened joyfully toward their homes. The rescued man was so overcome on being rescued from his perilous position that he was for a long time unable to speak, and what his feelings were while undergoing burial, or whether he was conscious at all or not until the last moment when he managed to signify that he was still alive, is not known.

Shoe and Leather Losses by the Boston Fire.

The loss of rubber boots and shoes will foot up from \$900,000 to \$1,000,000; in addition to which the *Shoe and Leather Reporter* says: "We find the number of cases of boots and shoes, not including the rubbers, burned at the Boston fire, to be 75,100. These will average about \$30 to the case, and at that figure will amount in round numbers to \$2,253,000. There were 25,000 cases rubber boots and shoes burned, valued at \$950,000. A resume of losses in our lines are as follows: Leather \$5,630,215; boots and shoes, of leather, \$3,755,000; boots and shoes, of rubber, \$950,000; findings, etc., \$800,000; total loss, \$10,035,215. The boot, shoe, leather and oil trades lost in value of buildings owned by them in the burned district about \$1,250,000, exclusive of the cost of the land."—*Boston Globe*.

A bull-calf took a two-mile ride on the "catcher" of an express train at Greenwich, recently. The engineer found him entangled by the horns, and on being released the animal skipped away apparently unhurt.