

The Bloomfield Times.

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For the Bloomfield Times.
LOST FOR YEARS.

BY JOS. M. HARMAN.

LOST for years, lost for years,
Mourned in sighs and mourned in tears;
Never could thy faithful lover—
Of thy fate one trace discover—
Is thy joy and beauty o'er,
Shining on this earth no more;
Art thou like the blossoms shed,
Mingled with the silent dead;
Lost for years, lost for years,
Mourned in sighs and mourned in tears.

Or has fate to thee been kind,
Round thy path each blessing twined;
Mingled sunshine and the showers,
As sweet nature tends the flowers;
No! the blast has reached my heart—
Keen misfortunes keenest dart,
Pleasure could not light my breast,
Torn from all that I love best;
Lost for years, lost for years,
Mourned in sighs and mourned in tears.

Or hast thou another found,
If by other ties thou art bound;
Wife and home and joy be thine,
But alone or death be mine;
If 'tis so still may I roam,
Search on and never find thy home;
Or meet thee once but eye to eye,
And blessed beyond expression die:
Lost for years, lost for years,
Mourned in sighs and mourned in tears.

MISS MOSLEY'S BOARDER.

CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.

"**M**ISS HENRIETTA, I am think-
ing of getting married, and I
want you to tell me how to furnish my
house. Come in and see it."

They had left the small streets long be-
fore he spoke, and stood before a large
handsome house in a fashionable neighbor-
hood.

"I mean to make this home as perfect
as possible for my bride," he said, opening
door after door; "this must be Jennie's
room, this for Eddy."

"Then it is Cora?" said Henrietta, and
as she spoke her head sank, for she feared
her kind friend was courting disappointment.

"Cora!" he cried; ah, yes, Cora will
live here, of course. "Now will you help
me? I must have carpets and curtains,
crockery, and a thousand things of whose
very names I am ignorant. I am anxious
to move in here for a Thanksgiving dinner
to commemorate the day when I first saw
—Cora."

No one can describe the feelings which at
this moment entered the heart of the kind-
ly landlady. Everything seemed dark to
her, the world which heretofore had been
a happy one for her, made so by the good-
ness of her own heart, seemed to lose its
brightness, but why such a feeling should
come over her, she could hardly say. All
this passed through her mind much quick-
er than you can read these lines, as she
said:

"Of course she would help him." They
went from store to store consulting, ar-
ranging and ordering goods, the little lady
feeling all the time as if she was in a dream,
and must pinch herself before she could
wake up. The odd, lost feeling lasted all
day, and when she came home weary and
pale, she shut herself up in her own room,
and tried to face calmly this terrible possi-
bility.

To lose Cora! to lose the children! and
above all, to lose her eccentric boarder!
How could she bear this loneliness that
seemed threatening her. She had no

claim, no right to complain. If Cora mar-
ried a man, whose generous love extended
to the children, surely there could be no
greater happiness for all. Mr. Jameson
was noble and thoroughly good, that could
not be doubted; but Henrietta felt half
saddly, that if Cora married him, it would
be for a home for the sake of the children,
perhaps from respect and gratitude, but
not from the loving impulse of her untor-
mented young heart.

The little old maid had no heart history
of her own to guide her misgivings; she
had lived a lonely life of slavery to a ty-
rannical, invalid father, and since his death
the uneventful life of keeping a boarding-
house for the poorer class, always having
women for inmates. Yet this woman's
heart in her little frame, knew by its own
pure true instincts that this was a marriage
that would bring misery and disappoint-
ment, not happiness. Cora was just twenty,
Mr. Jameson certainly double the age.

She was a dreamy girl, a musical en-
thusiast; he was practical, bustling and
energetic. Kind as he was to Cora, he
could never fill her heart—of that Henrietta
was convinced. Her forebodings were
more than confirmed a few hours later,
when Cora came to her room to say good-
night. The young girl was very pale.

"Auntie," she said, using the familiar
name to which she had only the claim of
love, "do you think, please do not laugh
at me, do you think Mr. Jameson is—
wanting to marry me. You think I am
unmaidenly," she said, in an agony of
shame, "but he has been talking very
strangely to me. He has bought a house,
and he has been asking me how I would
like to furnish a room, what I thought of
different household arrangements, and putting
odd questions, that seem as if they could
have but one meaning—that he meant to
ask me to share his home."

"I think he does, Cora. Indeed, he told
me the same thing."

"Be his wife!" Cora Hill's face was
very pale as she said this.

"I think he will ask you, dear. He will
be a kind, good husband, Cora."

"Too kind, too good to have me for a
wife! I could never find him. I do now! I
can give him gratitude beyond measure,
and I could be dutiful and affectionate,
but—Oh, help me, auntie, help me!"

"My darling, no one can help you."

"He is so good to Jennie, to Eddy.—
Such a brother for them should reconcile
me to anything. For their sake I could
marry him, and be a good, true wife, I
know that. But he deserves more than
that!"

Sadly her listener echoed the words. He
certainly deserved love for love when he
married.

The friends talked together far into the
night, but it was like a circle of conversa-
tion, returning over the same theme. When
they separated, it was with a vague idea of
waiting till the words were spoken that
would force a decision, before the decision
should be made.

The work of preparing the new home,
went forward rapidly. The loveliest of
flowers were selected for a conservatory;
Jennie was in ecstasies at being allowed to
choose all the things for her own room; a
guest chamber was prepared according to
Cora's taste; a nursery arranged for Eddy,
and before Thanksgiving all was ready,
and the master of the house issued his
invitations for a family dinner party, re-
questing as a favor that his lady guests
would put aside the mourning for that day.
Still the momentous words were not spoken.

Henrietta was in her own room, ar-
ranging her soft brown hair, and contem-
plating the glories of a new black silk
dress, with rich blue satin trimmings, soft
lace and pretty ribbons, when Cora tapped
at the door.

"Let me come in; I am all ready, and
the children have already started. The
carriage will come back for you and I—
Jennie looked very pretty in her crimson
dress, and Eddy is a picture in his new
suit of velveteen, and crazy over his first
pair of pants." Said Cora.

"Your dress is becoming, too." Said
Henrietta.

It was a silk of the most beautiful violet
color, with a great deal of soft white lace
about it. In the golden curls the young
girl had twisted violet ribbons, and the
color suited her fair beauty admirably.
But the ladies were very pale, and had no
holiday smiles; they spoke but little, yet
in each heart was a deep unexpressed fear
and sympathy.

They found their host waiting for them
in a handsome drawing-room, and the

children wandering about, admiring every-
thing, especially their own reflections in
the long mirrors.

But they could scarcely believe their own
eyes when they looked at Mr. Jameson.
Dressed with care and taste, his hair cut
to the usual gentlemanly length, his beard
gone, he looked like another man. The
disproportionate size of his head seemed
diminished one-half by the loss of the
enormous mass of hair, and his kindly
smile had lost nothing of its charm, as he
advanced to meet the ladies.

"It is time my masquerading ceased,"
he said, in gentle, courteous tones.—
"Cora my dear, will you read this letter?"

"This?" cried the astonished girl,
"this is the letter I wrote to Uncle James
Reed when mamma died."

"Exactly! That is the letter that brought
me from San Francisco, and that you
thought so unkindly left unanswered."

"And you are uncle James?"

"I am your uncle, my dear, and now
plead for me that the lady who has so long
given you an aunt's love and care, will in
truth become your aunt. Can you, Hen-
rietta, love this queer little man?"

Could she love him? He must have
read the perfect happiness in her eyes, for
he bent over her hand, and raised it to his
lips.

"My whole life shall thank you," he
said, and Cora took the children to the
other end of the long room to tell them the
wonderful news.

At this moment the bell rung and there
was soon ushered in a gentleman who was
cordially received by Mr. Jameson, and
introduced to Henrietta, as the Rev.
Mr.—

"And now" said Uncle James to her,
"if you are willing, we will at once have
matters so arranged that you shall be Aunt
to these orphan girls, by a still stronger
title." Cora came to her uncles assistance
and it is probably that their united argu-
ments were too strong for the little woman
to resist, as a few moments later the clergy-
man was heard making a few remarks
which he ended by saying, "What God
has joined together let no man put assun-
der."

There were no pale cheeks or sad eyes
in the group gathered around the table
loaded with Thanksgiving luxuries. Cora
was full of gleeful mischief—a new element
in her conversation—and Aunt Henrietta
full of blushing confusion at the new em-
phasis the children gave the familiar name.
Jennie, now a young lady, declares to this
day that from the very first she suspected
there was some secret reasons for the ex-
traordinary kindness of "The Queer Little
Man."

A Remarkable Murder Trial in Ten- nessee.

In Marshall county, Tennessee, there
will soon be a trial for murder which will
possess some singular features. Three
years ago a young man in Marshall county
was engaged to be married to a young lady,
whose family strongly objected to the
union. The lover ran off with his intended
twice, but was so closely watched and hotly
pursued by the lady's friends that it was
impossible for the wedding to take
place. He made a third attempt, when he
met the girl at an appointed place, and took
her on a horse behind him. Thus they
were going to find a minister to make them
one, when two men sprang up at the road-
side and called upon them to stop. The
young man increased the speed of his
horse, and several shots were sent after
him. He rode on a little way and fell from
the horse dragging the girl with him. The
assassins came up and commenced beating
the wounded man unmercifully, he begging
them to desist, as the shot he had received
would soon finish him. The murderers
proved to be the girl's brothers, and they
tried to force her to get on her lover's horse
and go home with them. This she refused
to do, even by the persuasion of a severe
beating which they gave her. They then
left the two helpless in the road, went home
and told their mother they had "fixed"
that fellow, and left the parts to avoid ar-
rest. The girl and her lover got to the
house of one of her friends where they were
married, and in a few hours the husband
breathed his last. The assassins were short-
ly after arrested, and before the day of their
trial they managed to break jail and escaped
to Texas. They were lately re-arrested and
brought back to Marshall county. They
will be tried in a short time. The wife of
the murdered man, their own sister, ex-
presses a determination to do all in her
power to secure their conviction. She lives
with her husband's sister, and has not gone
near her own family since the tragedy.

A Romance of Rascality.

The Boston *Advertiser* says: The history
of Bowles Brothers & Co., tells so like a
romance, that, if the facts had not happen-
ed under the eyes of every one, nobody
would believe it possible that such things
could have taken place. Some six or seven
years ago, Mr. Charles Bowles set out, like
Captain Kidd, with the world before him
and his fortune to make, and established
his famous banking house at Paris. How
he managed to struggle through the first
few years is a mystery, considering how
little trust money could at that early day
have been placed in his hands, since, as far
as appears, neither he nor any one else
put anything into the concern; perhaps,
for the reason among others, that no one
had anything to put in; indeed, he must
have fallen long ago had it not been for a
surprising piece of good luck. He induc-
ed Mr. Appleton, of Boston, to be-
come a partner; at first, with a limited
liability; but there now seems little room
to doubt that subsequently he persuaded
him to take such part in the business as to
render himself generally responsible for the
debts of the firm. It is but just to say that
nothing among all the black frauds that
have recently come to light has as yet cast
a breath upon the reputation of this unfor-
tunate gentleman; he has only been the
greatest victim of a gigantic swindle.

Thenceforward the lines of Mr. Bowles
were cast in pleasant places. He estab-
lished nucleuses—as he called his branch
banks—in such of the great capitals as
pleased his fancy, of which nucleuses none,
there is reason to suppose, paid its expens-
es, except, perhaps, the one at London.
He also built an "eyrie" at London.—Mr.
Charles Bowles, it is supposed, being the
eagle which inhabited this very agreeable
nest, invested largely in real estate in Ge-
neva, and entertained the world in general
in the prettiest little villa imaginable by
the side of the lake. No dirty question
of money ever stood in the way of this
worthy man, either in his business or his
pleasure—and considering how he came by
it, this is no way surprising. He was of
large mind, and, perfectly cosmopolitan, he
taxed all the world and fleeced with amaz-
ing impartiality the American and the
Japanese. A business conducted on this
basis was, no doubt, very pleasant, but it
could not last forever, where every one
drew what he liked and Mr. Appleton alone
deposited. The crash was inevitable, and
at last it came.

It is long since anything so disgraceful
has taken place. It is sad enough that a
man should be a rascal; but sadder still to
find the world so imbecile as to make such
rascality possible. Here was Mr. Bowles
without money or credit, and known by
all to be an adventurer, who succeeded in
some half-dozen years by sheer impudence
and advertising in extracting some million
of dollars from the public. If it were not
so deplorable it would be ridiculous. It is
the old story of Dick Turpin and the gen-
tlemen of his class, who thought it easier
to take other people's money than to make
their own. Highwaymen, it would seem,
are not altogether passed away, although
their operations are carried on on a larger
scale, and travelers are waylaid in rather
a different fashion; and Mr. Charles Bowles,
instead of being punished for felony like
his illustrious predecessors, has probably
only rendered himself liable to seven years'
imprisonment for a misdemeanor.

Put Through the Catechism.

In the *Christian Intelligencer* are some
reminiscences of the late Dr. Alexander
McClelland, once of Carlisle, Pa., and
in later years of New Brunswick, N. J.,
from which we make the following ex-
tract.

"Dr. McClelland's favorite places of
preaching were in the country at some of
the numerous 'springs,' and especially in
Perry county, Pa., where he could see
original characters, and encounter wit, and
acuteness, and shrewd controversy, even if
they were blended with the fumes of to-
bacco and old rye whiskey. On one of
these occasions, after a tramp with his gun
over the mountains, he reported himself
late on a Saturday night, wet and muddy
to the last degree, at the door of a ruling
elder. The elder, who had been hearing
the children and servants say their
questions before the holy Sabbath, eyed
the new comer with considerable suspicion.
'Au what for noo d'ye gang such a gait
as this, the night? Are ye fro the valley?'
Yes, he had come from the valley. 'And
do ye know your catechism? What is the
chief end of man?' That answer was re-
turned, and then question followed ques-

tion until the stranger went clear through
the book from one blue cover to the other
—the reward for which was a good supper
and a night's lodging, 'and welcome.'—
The next morning the minister they ex-
pected from Carlisle, the Rev. Alexander
McClelland, not having arrived, the old
elder was in considerable tribulation.—
Imagine his surprise when, on arriving
at the meeting house, the muddy stranger
whom he had catechized so faithfully the
night before mounted the pulpit, and turned
out to be the very man they were ex-
pecting!"

Four Men to be Hanged on Circumstantial Evidence.

Four men, all of them whites, are now
laying in the county jail of Burnet county,
Texas, under sentence of death—all to be
executed at the same place on January
15th. The names are Benjamin Shelby,
Arthur Shelby, Ball Woods and William
Smith. They were all sentenced for the
murder of Benjamin M'Keever. Their
case taken in all its details, is one of the
most interesting in the annals of criminals.
The evidence against them, though conclu-
sive, was entirely circumstantial. M'Keever
was shot from his horse at night near the
residence of the Shelys, his throat then
cut, and his body carried on horseback
three miles, and thrown into a cave. A
large rock was placed on the bloody spot
where his throat was cut, but this precau-
tion, instead of concealing the crime, led
to the arrest of the criminals. The keen
eyes of a frontiersman saw that the rock
had been recently placed there; so it was
removed, and indications of blood found.
A closer search resulted in the further find-
ing of a paper wadding that had been fired
from a shot gun. On examining a gun of
Benjamin Shelby's, paper wadding was
likewise found in it, and yet another wad-
ding that had been evidently fired from a
shot gun like the first, was found under
Shelby's door-step. In his house was found
a copy of the *Chimney Corner*, and by com-
parison it was ascertained the three pieces
of gun wadding had been obtained from
that paper.

There were several other circumstances
pointing strongly to the accused men as
the murderers; therefore the jury who
tried them did not hesitate to find them
guilty of murder in the first degree. The
verdict is generally approved by the citi-
zens of Burnet county, and the latest ad-
vices from there indicate that there will
probably be no interference by superior
courts or the governor to prevent the de-
creed quadruple execution.

Singular Phenomenon in Ohio—Is it a Volcano?

Three miles from Bainbridge, Ross coun-
ty, is located a hill of considerable altitude,
known as "Copperas Mountain." Out of
the top of the mountain issues a constant
stream of smoke, while on its summit and
general surface the vegetation has withered
and died, until the whole presents a barren,
sterile and desolate aspect, blasted as if
by a whirlwind of fire. The ground on the
top of the hill is so uncomfortably hot that
it is almost impossible for a barefooted
person to walk there. It is believed by
persons who have visited and inspected
this *lucus naturae*, that the entire interior
of the hill is a mass of ignited combustible
matter, and that the fire is and has been
spreading with considerable rapidity. The
theory presented to account for this strange
phenomenon is that on or about the first
of last October the party to whom the land
belonged, was burning brush on the hill-side,
and that the flames communicated to in-
flammable matter, probably crude oil, coal
or other combustible substances, contained
in the geological formation of the hill, and
that the hill being full of such matter, the
fire gradually gained headway, until the
interior has become a mass of molten met-
al. The quenching of the fire is, of course,
impossible from its situation, and how long
it will burn, and when, if ever, the fire will
reach a point where it can be controlled,
can only be conjectured. At present there
is no danger to be apprehended to property
in the vicinity, but there is no telling what
shape the thing may eventually take, and
there are not wanting those whose imagina-
tive disposition lead them to predict that
this is but the beginning of what may turn
out to be a young volcano.—*Cleveland Her-
ald.*

A pumpkin pie, ten feet in diameter
and four feet deep, was the chief feature
of a California dinner, recently. The en-
joyment of the guests was marred some-
what by a child falling into the pie and
drowning before their eyes.