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#### THE THREE BLACK BAGS.

A HUMOROUS STORY.

THERE were three of them, all of shining black leather, one on the top of the pile of trunks, one on the ground, and one in the owner's hand-all going to Philadelphia, all waiting to be checked.

The last bell rang. The baggage man bustled, fuming from one pile of baggage to another, dispensing chalk to trunks, checks to the passengers, and curses to porters, in approved railway style.

"Mine-Philadelphia!" cried a stout military-looking man with enormous whiskers and a red face, crowding forward, as the baggage-man laid his hand on the travelling bag.

"Won't you please to give me a check for this, now?" entreated a pale, slender, carefully-dressed young man, for the ninth time, holding out baggage No. 2; "I have a lady to look after."

"Say! be you agoin' to give me a check for this 'ere or not?" growled the proprietor of bag No. 3, a short pock-marked fellow in a shabby overcoat.

"All right, gentlemen. Here you are," says the functionary, rapidly distributing the checks. "Philadelphia, this?" "Yes, sir-1092-1740-1020. All right."

"All aboard !" shouted the conductor. "Whoo-whew !" responded the locomotive, and the train moved slowly out of

The baggage man meditatively watched it as it sped away in the distance, and then, as if a thought suddenly struck him, slap-

ped his thigh and exclaimed-"Blest, if I don't believe-" "What?" inquired the switchman.

"That I've gone and gave them three last fellers the wrong checks. The cussed little black things were all alike, and they

bothered me." "Telegraph," said the switchman. "Never you mind," replied the bag-

gage man. "They was all going to Philadelphy. They will find out when they get there."

They did.

the station-house.

The scene shifts to Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. Front parlor up stairs. Occ upants, the young gentleman alluded to as No. 2, and young lady. In accordance with the fast usages of the times, the twain had been made one in matrimony at 7,20 a. M., duly kissed and congratulated till 8.15, put aboard the express at 8.45, and deposited. bag and baggage, at the Continental, at 11.58.

They were seated on the sofa, the black broadcloth coatsleeves encircling the slender waist of the gray travelling dress, and the jetty moustache in equally affectionate proximity to the glossy curls.

"Are you tired, dearest?" "No, love, not much. But you are,

aren't you?"

"No, darling."

Kins and a pause. "Don't it seem funny ?" said the lady,

"What, love?"

"That we should be married."

"Yes, darling." "Won't they be glad to see us at

George's? "Of course they will." "I'm sure I shall enjoy it so much.— Shall we get there to-night?"

"Yes, love, if-"

Rap, rap, rap, at the door.

A hasty separation took place between man and wife to opposite ends of the sofa; and then:

"Come in."

waiting to see yez."

"To see me-a policeman?"

"Yes, sir." "There must be some mistake."

"No, sur, it's yourself, and he's waiting in the hall beyant."

"Well, I'll go to-no, tell him to come here."

"Sorry to disturb you, sir," said the M. P., with a large brass star on his breast, appearing with great alacrity at the waiter's elbow. "I believe this is your black valise ?"

"Yes, that is ours, certainly. It is Julia's; the lady's things are in it."

"Suspicious circumstances about that valise, sir. Telegraph came this morning that a burglar started on the 8.45 Philadelphia train with a lot of silver spoons in a black valise. Spoons marked T. B .-Watched at the ferry. Followed it up here. Took a peep inside. Sure enough there were the spoons; marked T. B., too. Said it was yours. Shall have to take you in charge.'

"Take me in charge?" echoed the bridegroom. "But I assure you, dear sir, there is some mistake-it's all a mistake."

"S'pose you'll be able to account for the spoons being in your valise, then?"

"Why-I-it isn't mine; it must be somebody else's; somebody has put them in there; it is some villainous conspiracy."

"Hope you'll be able to tell a straighter story before the magistrate, young man; 'cause if you don't, you stand a smart chance of being sent up for six months."

"O, Charles! this is horrid. Do send him away. O, dear ! I wish I was home," sobbed the little bride.

"I tell you, sir," said the bridegroom, bristling up with indignation, "this is a vile plot. What would I be doing with your paltry spoons? I was married this morning, in Fifth Avenue, and I am on my wedding tour. I have high relations in New York. You'll repent it if you dare arrest me."

"O, come now," said the incredulous official, "I've heard stories like that before. This aint the first time swindlers have travelled in couples. Do you s'pose I don't know nothing? 'Taint no use; you've just got to come to the station-house. Might as well go peaceably, 'cause you have

"Charles, this is perfectly dreadful! Our wedding night in the station-house! Do send for somebody. Send for the landlord to explain it."

The landlord was sent for and came; the lonngers came without being sent for, and filled the room and adjoining hall—some to laugh, and some to say they wouldn't have believed it, but nearly all to exult that the pair had been "found out." . No explanation could be given, and the upshot was, in spite of tears, threats, rage and expostulations, the unfortunate newly-married pair were taken in charge by the relentless police and marched down stairs en-route to the police office.

And here let the curtain drop on the melancholy scene, while we follow the fortunes of the black valise No. 2.

When the train stopped at Camden, four gentlemen got off and walked arm-in arm, rapidly and silently, up one of the bystreets, and struck off into a footpath leading into a secluded grove outside the town. Of the first two one was our military friend in a blue coat, apparently the leader of the party. Of the second two, one was carrying a black value. Their respective companions walked with hasty, irregular strides, were abstracted, and apparently ill at ease.

The party stopped.

"This is the place," said Captain

"Yes," said Doctor Smith.

The captain and the doctor conferred together. The other two studiously kept apart.

"Very well. I'll measure the ground and do you place your man."

It was done "Now for the pistols," whispered the captain to his fellow-second.

"They are all ready in the value," replied the doctor.

The principals were placed ten paces apart, and wore the decidedly uncomfortable air a man has who is in the momentary expectation of being shot dead.

You will fire, gentlemen, simultaneous ly when I give the word," said the captain. Then in an undertone to the doctor-

"Quick, the pistols."

The doctor, stooping over and fumbling at the valie, appeared to discover some-

"An ye please, sur, it's an M. P. is thing which seemed to surprise him. "Why, what the devil-"

"What's the matter?" asked the captain, striding up. "Can't you find the caps ?\*\*

"Deuce a pistol or cap but this." He held up-a lady's night-cap.

"Look here-and here-and here !" holding up, successively, a hair brush, a long white nightgown, a cologne bottle and a

They were greeted by a long whistle by the captain, and a blank stare by the principals.

"Confound the luck," ejaculated the captain; "if we haven't made a mistake, and brought the wrong valise."

The principals looked at the seconds .-The seconds looked at the principals. No-

body volunteered a suggestion. At last the doctor inquired: "Well,

what is to be done?" "Very unlucky! again ejaculated the captain ; "the duel can't go on."

"Evidently not," responded the doctor, unless they brain each other with the hair brush, or take a pop at each other with the cologne bottle."

"You are quite sure there are no pistols in the valise?" said one of the principals, with suppressed eagerness, and drawing a long breath of evident relief.

"We must go over to the city and get the pistols,,' proposed the captain.

"And by that time it will be dark," said the doctor.

"Very unlucky !"

"We shall be the laughing stock of the town," consolingly remarked the doctor, "if this gets wind."

"One word with you, doctor," here interposed the principal.

They conferred. At the end of the conference with his principal, the doctor advanced to the captain and conferred with him. Then the captain conferred with his principal. Then

the seconds conferred with each other. Finally, it was formally agreed by the contending parties that a statement would be drawn up in writing, whereby principal No. 1 tendered the assurance that the offensive words "You are a liar" were not used by him in any personal sense, but solely as an abstract proposition, in a general way, in regard to the matter of fact under dispute. To which principal No. 2 appended his statement of his high gratification at this candid and honorable explanation, and unqualifiedly withdrew the offensive words-"You are a scoundrel"they having been used by him under miswaiters and chambermaids and bar-room apprehension of the intent and purpose of the remark with which he had preceded

them. There being no longer a cause for quarrel, the duel was of course ended. The principals shook hands, first with each other, next with the seconds, and were evidently very glad to get out of it.

"And now this is so happily settled," said the doctor, chuckling and rubbing his hands, "it proves to be a lucky mistake, after all, that we brought the wrong valise. Wonder what the lady who owns it will say when she opens ours and finds the pistols?

"Very well for you to laugh about it," growled the captain, "but it's no joke for me to lose my pistols. Hair triggers-best English make, and gold mounted. There aint a pair of finer shooters in America."

"O, we will find them. We will go on a pilgrimage from house to house, asking if any lady there has lost her night-cap and found a pair of duelling pistols."

In very good spirit the party crossed the river and inquired at the baggage-room in reference to each and all black leather travelling bags that arrived that day-took notes of where they were sent, and set out to follow them up. In due time they reached the "hotel", and as luck would have it, met the unhappy bridal pair just coming down stairs in charge of the policeman.

"What's the meaning of all this?" inquired the captain.

"O, a couple of burglars, caught with a valise of stolen property." " A valise !--what kind of valise?"

"A black leather value. That is it there." "Here! Stop! Halloo! Policeman! Landlord! It's all right! You are all wrong! This is my valise. It is all a mistake.

They got changed at the depot. The lady

and gentleman are innocent. Here is her valise with her night-cap in it." Great was the laughter, multifarious the comments, and deep the interest of the crowd in all this dialogue, which they appeared to regard as delightful entertain-

ment got up expressly for their amusement.

the policeman, relaxing his hold upon the bridegroom, and confronting the captain. "Yes, it is mine."

"And how did you come by these spoons ?"

"Spoons, you jackanapes !" said the captain, "duelling pistols." "Do you call these pistols?" said the

policeman, holding up to view one of the silver spoons, marked T. B. The captain, astonished, gasped, "It is the wrong valise again, after all.'

"Stop not so fast!" said the police functionary, now invested with great dignity by the importance of the affair he found himself engaged in. "If so be how you've got the lady's valise, she is all right, and can go. But in that case this is yours, and it comes on you to account for them stolen spoons. Have to take you in charge,

all four of you." "Why, you impudent scoundrel !" roared the captain; "I wish I had my pistols here; I'd teach you to insult a gentleman!" shaking his fist.

The dispute waxed fast and furious, The outsiders began to take part in it, and there is no telling how it would have ended had not an explosion, followed by a heavy fall and a scream from pain, been heard in an adjoining room.

The crowd rushed to the scene of the new attraction.

The door was fast. It was soon burst open and the mystery explained. The thief who had carried off the captain's valise by mistake for his own, had taken it up to his room and opened it to gloat over the booty he supposed it to contain, thrusting his hands in after the spoons. In doing so the pistol had gone off, the bullet making a round hole through the side of the valise, and a corresponding hole through

the calf of his leg. The wounded rascal was taken in charge first by the policeman, and then by the doctor; and the duellists and the weddingparty struck up a friendship on the score of their mutual mishap, which culminated in a supper, where the fun was abundant, and where it would be hard to say which was in the best spirits, the captain for recovering his pistols, the bride for getting her night-cap, the bridegroom for escaping the station-house, or the duellists for escaping each other. All resolved to "mark that day with a white stone." and henceforth to mark their names on their black travelling bags in white letters.

### Humorous Anecdotes of Horace Greeley.

TR. GREELEY was on the eve of his warm." I first voyage to Europe before his life-long partner, Thomas McElrath, heard a whisper of it. The trip struck McElrath as the very pinnacle of absurdity. Hastening to his partner's room he aroused him from a deep reverie over his exchanges with, "Horace, I learn that you are going to Europe." "Yes," quietly said the absorbed editor, not lifting his eyes from his newspaper. "Are you going alone, Horace?" continued his partner. "Yes," as before, and still reading. "Well, Horace," persisted Mr. McElrath, "don't you know that you're unfit to travel in Europe alone? Why, you'd never get half way through the city of Paris. Now, Horace, I have a young friend who wants to see Europe but hasn't the means. He is young, active, and intelligent, and you must take him along to take care of you. You'd lose half your baggage before you were half-seas-over." "I never get half-seas-over," said Horace, still musing over his newspaper. The boy accompanied the philosopher, and he executed his trust so well that the Tribune afterward sent him to Europe on an important special mission.

Twenty-two years ago Mr. F. Gale, since foreman of the Times, was employed in the composing room of the Tribune, and Mr. Greeley had a high respect for his ability. A proof was sent to Mr. Greeley in which the word wagon was spelled with two g's; the great philosopher crossed one of them out, but when the Tribuns appeared the next day the correction had not been made. Mr. Greeley immediately summoned Mr. Gale and remonstrated with him mildly (because he did not wish to lose the services of so competent a man) for not correcting his proof. Mr. Gale replied that the word wagon had been spelled from time immemorial with two g's, and he knew his business as well as any man .-Mr. Greeley in a half persuasive, half apologetic tone, responded, "Well, you know, Gale, they used to build wagons bigger than they do now."

In 1840 Mr. Greeley was invited to tea. "Then you say this thing is yours," said He was delayed by some means and did her.

not appear until the guests had all eaten. He became at once engaged in the discussion of the currency question. The landlady tried to persuade him to take some tea. He waved her off and continued to talk on his then pet subject. "Take a cruller, any way," she said, presenting a cakebasket filled with these articles. He put forth his hand, took not the cruller but the basket, depositing it in his lap. He kept on talking. After a time his hand, with which he was gesticulating, touched a cruller. He took one and began eating, talking all the while of currency. He finished the cruller and began another, and so on until all had been eaten, and the guests meanwhile laboriously restraining themselves from laughing outright. His hostess was in a fever c. excitement. She knew that crullers absorbed in large quantities were next to indigestible. She had heard that cheese liberally eaten would counteract their effect. The question was how to get Horace to eat the cheese without reminding him of his extraordinary feat with the crullers. A lucky thought came to her relief. She took the empty basket and put in its place a plate of cheese. Horace was meanwhile xpounding his views on the currency question. He saw nothing in the change. Slowly the cheese disappeared as the crullers had done, and the great economist was saved the horror of an attack of dyspepsia. Horace never knew of this little episode, but the guests enjoyed it hugely.

Twenty years ago the Tribune office was heated by an old fashioned hot-air furnace sending its blasts through wooden tubes about one foot square into the various rooms, the quantity being regulated by wooden grates sliding across the tubes. On Sunday there was no heat until 'Pat' fired up in the evening. On a bitter day in February, Sunday morning, Mr. Greeley hurried into the editorial room, his hands and pockets full of papers, pulled a chair to the place in the wall whence the heat should have come, kicked the slide away, and stuck as much of his feet as he could into the wooden tube. Of course it was cold and not hot air that came out, but the philosopher was absorbed in the Herald (not then over-civil neighbor,) and did not realize his mistake. Soon Mr. William M. Newman, then ship news editor of the Tribune, entered, and seeing "the situation," said, "Why, Horace, what are you doing with your boots in that hole; there's no heat on yet?" Mr. Greeley took down his feet, and, in a half offended tone, piped out in his peculiar whine. "Now, what did you tell me that for? I was gettin' nicely

The philosopher carried with no little pride a fine \$350 chronometer gold watch. presented to him by the Tribune printers. It would have kept accurate time if the owner had wound it, but that he seldom did; and when he tried it was an even chance that he would set the key on the hands, and after whirling them around a dozen times think the job was done. An hour afterward, in looking for the time, he wondered "why the thing wouldn't go." One night as he was going home, he asked Mr. David P. Rhoades, the night clerk, for \$5. David handed it out, and Horace jammed it into his waistcoat pocket as far as his fingers would go. On the car his watch was stolen.

The next day when he reached the office he told the story of the robbery, winding up with: "They stole my watch, but they didn't get my \$5." The theft was made known to Col. Chas. S. Spencer, the noted criminal lawyer. He sent word to one of the chief "knucks" that if Mr. Greeley's. watch was not in his hands within twentyfour hours, the first of the gang that should be "nipped" would get the full benefit of the law. In less than twenty-four hours Col. Spencer handed the watch to the astonished philosopher.

The Creek Indian translation of the Sunday School hymn, "Shall we Gather at the River," is very pretty. Balow we give the first verse and the chorus. Any of our readers wanting to learn it, so as to sing it from memory, can do so:

Uerakkon techeceyvr hake Cesys em estolke fullan Cesys liket a fibuet os Hoyay vket finnet os.

CHORUS—Momes man techcaysras Ucrakko horusen esharusen Mekusapyiken etohky liket Fulleye munky torars.

There are two eventful periods in the life of a woman - one, when she wonders whom she will have; and the other, when she wonders who will have