

# The Bloomfield Times.

TERMS:—\$1.25 Per Year,  
IN ADVANCE.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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

Vol. VII.

New Bloomfield, Pa., Tuesday, February 4, 1873.

No. 5.

## 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  
15 " " " three insertions

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 " " \$18.00  
For longer yearly adv'ts terms will be given  
upon application.

### Truthful of Snow.

BY GEORGE B. HENBERT.

Beautiful Snow! No, thank you! oh, no!  
I'm not very sweet on Beautiful Snow;  
For while the earth's wrapt in its spotless folds,  
As a rule, I am rather a martyr to colds!

Beautiful Snow! with a cough on your lungs,  
And a chill that each nostril carefully bungs?  
Beautiful Snow! well that's rather a jest,  
With a big mustard poultice stinging your breast!

Beautiful Snow! when a delicate thaw  
Makes the air chilly, and damp, and raw!  
Beautiful Snow! they may sing, whom it suits,  
I object to the stuff because it soaks through  
my boots.

Beautiful Snow! with its floating flakes,  
My mind will mix with rheumatic aches;  
Beautiful Snow! in the hillscocks and clumps  
I do not admire, while choked with the  
mumps!

Beautiful Snow!—in fact, is all both—  
Crisp, it's a nuisance—thawed, it is slosh—  
Beautiful Snow is like Beautiful Star.  
Admired by me only when seen from far!

### Tried and Proved.

MRS. CHARLTON'S accounts were  
not coming out right; there was a  
deficit of five dollars in the treasury and  
nothing to show for it; the very five dol-  
lars she was depending on to make all  
square with the market man, whose little  
bill was sure to come in next morning.

"And, of course, to-morrow's dinner  
will be charged in it, because I ordered it  
to-day," said Mrs. Charlton, knitting her  
pretty brows; "if it wasn't for that I should  
have enough. O dear! Georgie, do you  
suppose I could have spent five dollars and  
not remember anything about it? When  
I am so particular, too! If I could only  
find that memorandum I made in John's  
office—an old yellow envelope it was, an  
old yellow envelope that he handed me, and  
I wrote everything upon it. I declare,  
Georgie, I don't believe you hear one word  
I say."

A young lady was sitting in the bay  
window her head outlined against the dark  
pane like a head in a cameo.

"What a becoming dress that is, Geo-  
gie," said Mrs. Charlton, dropping her  
pencil, "such a real old-fashioned apple-  
green shade, cut pompadour and trimmed  
with mechin. But, there, you make me  
forget my trouble. Why, Georgie, what a  
far away look there is in your eyes. O,  
what a selfish sister I am, to sit here worry-  
ing over my miserable accounts, and not  
asking a word about yourself. Mr. Hart  
was here this afternoon, I know, Georgie;  
tell me quick, has anything happened?"

"Only that he has asked me to marry  
him," said Georgie, quietly meeting the  
wondering blue eyes that rose to hers.

"What did you tell him? O, Geo-  
gie!"

"Told him I would take a day to con-  
sider it, and he may come for his answer  
to-morrow evening."

"A day to consider? Then it must end  
in your refusing him, Georgie, for if you  
loved him you would have answered him at  
once. Imagine me making John wait for  
his answer when he first told me he loved  
me!"

"You and I are different, dear, you  
know," answered Georgie, briefly, and  
drawing out her little gold watch, she ad-  
ded, "In twenty-four hours more it will be  
decided one way or the other."

"But you used to be so different," re-  
marked Mrs. Charlton. "Only last Sum-  
mer you felt just as I do, and what nice  
little talks we used to have! You liked  
to go out marketing with me, so you would  
know how to manage if you married a poor  
man, you said."

"That seems a long time ago," replied

her sister, detaching as she spoke a tiny  
charm from her guard, and, as it turns  
out, I am not going to marry a poor man.  
That is, if I decide to take Mr. Hart."

"Don't for worlds accept him unless  
you love him!" urged Mrs. Charlton,  
whose own happy marriage had been a  
decided love match, and a happy one.

But Georgiana, who had now taken a  
lowly seat before the fire, and was gazing  
into the coals, had a very different ex-  
perience. She, too, had loved with all her  
soul, and the man she loved, after paying  
her every attention all Summer, had sud-  
denly departed without a word, jilted her,  
she bitterly told herself, and now love  
seemed like the cruellest of mockeries.—  
The sting was not gone yet, and in her  
reckless, defiant mood, she had almost de-  
termined to marry Mr. Hart, and be world-  
ly. These were the thoughts in her heart  
as she sat before the fire in rather a dreamy  
attitude, her little hands lying listlessly on  
her lap, and the unshed tears gathering in  
her beautiful eyes.

There was the turning of a key in the  
front door. Mr. Charlton had come  
home.

"O, there's John," said the little wife  
hurriedly; "pray, Georgie, don't say any-  
thing about that missing five dollars."

Mrs. Charlton shut down the desk-lid  
and flew about for John's dressing gown  
and slippers, and thus for that evening  
effectually diverted his mind from the  
dangerous subject of accounts. Georgie,  
too, came brilliantly to the rescue, and  
commenced her usual sparring and joking  
with her good-natured brother-in-law.

"O, by-the-bye, Georgie," he said,  
suddenly, "whom shall I invite to sit op-  
posite you at the table to-morrow? We  
ought to have some one here to eat New  
Year's dinner with us, and not leave a  
whole side of the table empty. Shall I ask  
Mr. Hart?"

"No, I thank you," said Georgie, mak-  
ing a stately bow; "I shall invite Baby  
to be my *vis-a-vis*, and fasten her up in her  
little high chair to eat plum pudding."

"How different it was last year," said  
Said Laura, thoughtfully, "mamma was  
here then, and John's Uncle Gray with  
his two little boys and Cousin Phil."

The shutters were closed, the curtain  
drawn, and as the New Year's eve passed  
softly away the Charltons did not know  
how the snow clouds were filling all the  
sky, and how fast and thick the flakes were  
falling on the whitened roofs and streets.

Happy New Year! Happy New Year!  
The salutation went round next morning,  
and even baby ecstatically shouted, "happy  
noo eer!"

"But, oh, John, see how it snows!"  
exclaimed Mrs. Charlton, as she lifted up  
the curtain; "it is almost up to the horses'  
knees and ever so much deeper where it  
has drifted. Come here, baby, and see the  
pretty white snow!"

When they descended to the breakfast  
room, there was Georgiana with a scarlet  
shawl hugged tightly around her shoulders,  
her face close to the window pane, looking  
out disconsolately at the falling, whirling,  
dancing flakes.

"Now, do you suppose that postman is  
such a coward as to let a storm like this  
keep him from his rounds this morning?"  
was her first question as her sister en-  
tered.

"Why, what's the matter now, Geo-  
gie?" exclaimed Mrs. Charlton, laughing.  
"One would think your whole fate de-  
pended upon getting a letter this morn-  
ing."

"Perhaps it does," said Georgiana,  
turning away from the window "it is a  
curious study in life how often the great  
things are determined by the little ones."

The breakfast hours passed away event-  
less—Mr. Charlton mourned over the late-  
ness of his morning paper, and Mrs. Char-  
lton silently wondered whether the snow  
would keep the market-man from sending  
in his bill that day. If it could be post-  
poned till John gave her next quarter's  
allowance, then her mistake might be so  
easily managed. Or if she could only find  
the lost memorandum. Meanwhile her  
sister, feeling low-spirited, and utterly at  
odds with life, tried, nevertheless, to sip  
her coffee with an air of pleasantry and  
wear a brave holiday smile.

Suddenly there was the grand excitement  
of the postman's well-known ring.

"Two hours late," said Mr. Charlton,  
looking at his watch and then hastening  
to the door for a little news from the out-  
side world. Two letters, and the news-  
paper, too, for a wonder. The postman  
said he had found the newsboy up to his  
elbows in a drift at the top of the hill, so he  
offered to help him by taking all the pa-

pers for this street. The man looked like  
a polar bear, with his shaggy coat, and hat,  
and beard all white with the thick, cold  
snow. There would be no more letters for  
that day, he said, for the trains were all  
detained, and there was no knowing when  
any of them would get in. The horse cars  
had not run since midnight, and there  
were only two or three omnibuses, on run-  
ners.

"Is there a letter for me?" asked Geo-  
gie, looking at his hand.

"No, Miss! But two for Laura, per-  
haps she will divide."

If Georgie had hoped to find any straw  
to cling to in the postman's coming, it has  
been in vain. Had she hoped for anything?  
She hardly knew herself; any way, it was  
all over now, and she started rather aim-  
lessly to leave the room. Laura called af-  
ter her.

"Georgie, dear, would you mind stay-  
ing with baby a little while for me?—  
Nurse is half sick, and I want to go into  
the kitchen to see about dinner. She  
won't be much trouble, will she? If you  
only keep an eye on her, and see that she  
is happy with her playthings. Nurse will  
be in the next room, and you can take your  
work or your reading."

"Just what I should like," said Geo-  
gie, brightening. "I'll take care of her  
the whole morning, Laura, and you need  
not be disturbed about her at all." So  
away she ran up stairs to find her little  
blue-eyed niece, who always shouted with  
delight at any attention from her pretty  
aunt Georgie.

"Deordie, Geordie!" cried the little one  
gleefully, springing into her arms as she  
entered the room, and then nurse was sent  
off to try to get rid of her headache, and  
baby and her grave young aunt began a  
series of glorious romps which ended only  
when both were thoroughly tired out.

"Tired, Tot, are you?" So am I. Let's  
have a rest!" and drawing a great rock-  
ing chair up in front of the fire, she seat-  
ed herself with baby in her lap; the big  
blue eyes looking dreamy and quite ready  
for sleep. Georgie looked steadfastly  
down at the innocent baby face, while the  
round dimpled fingers held hers in a tight,  
warm clasp. She had been told that the  
child resembled her.

"Are you like me, little Tot?" she said,  
softly, "and are you going to be like me  
always? I was a happy little girl once,  
with ever so many to love me, and I had  
beautiful times."

"Don't you be like me after you're  
twenty, baby, because you'll be a woman  
then, and some one, splendid and noble  
will come and make you love him. But  
if you are like me he will go away, and  
never care for you, and that will break  
your heart, little Tot so you can never love  
anybody again, and then maybe you will  
grow reckless and wicked, and marry some  
one you don't care for, if you are like your  
aunt Georgie."

And there she fairly broke down and  
began to weep passionately. Her poor  
aching, erring heart was trying to fight its  
way out to peace, and she did not know  
how near the victory was. It was baby  
who helped her to conquer at last; and  
and when, for by-and-by she grew calmer,  
and looked down on the child, now peace-  
fully asleep, and went on in her old train  
of thought, mingling all sorts of fancies  
with it, about what she thought Tot would  
do if she should be like her aunt Georgie.

Suppose it were really so, that her own  
life would decide what Tot's life should be.  
Of course there was no truth in the fancy,  
but suppose it were true, and her own hand  
had the power to decide Tot's future, then  
would she be willing to let her darling  
niece grow up to blight her womanhood  
by a loveless marriage? She gazed at the  
sweet little innocent face, and shuddered  
at the thought. No! a thousand times no!  
It would be better for baby to live alone  
all the days of her life, without any love,  
and keep her soul white and pure. And if  
better for baby, why not better for aunt  
Georgie herself?

"Never mind, dear, you may be like  
aunt Georgie all you want to, for she  
means to save us both of us. Life is going  
pretty hard, little Tot, but you must be  
brave and true, and not let any false  
thought stain your soul. And then, if you  
are very lonely, you may come and live with  
aunt Georgie, and whatever else we miss  
of, we will at least be honorable women.  
I will not accept Mr. Hart—I will not ac-  
cept him, and may Heaven help me always  
to be a true woman!"

So she made her resolution and won her  
victory; and sitting there in her quiet  
room, with baby asleep in her arms, many  
calm and peaceful thoughts came over her

and refreshed her soul. She had indeed  
begun a new life with new year.

Meanwhile, down stairs the others had  
been busy in their own way. The turkey  
was baking finely in the oven, the veget-  
ables were all on the jellies set, and the  
pudding just beginning to boil, when there  
was another ring at the doorbell, and Jane  
had to run up in the hall to answer it.

In a moment more Jane came back and  
reported that it was a gentleman all cover-  
ed with snow and muffled up, so she could  
not see his face, and he wished to see her  
master on business; so she had spoken to  
Mr. Charlton and then came directly away.

"I wish you had waited to hear his  
name," said Mrs. Charlton; "if dinner was  
ready I would go right up there."

When Mr. Charlton was called out into  
the hall he would not have known his  
cousin Phil from the Great Mogul if it had  
not been for the honest gray eyes, and, a  
moment after the familiar voice.

"Got snowed up on the railroad," said  
Phil. "I have got business to transact  
two hundred miles beyond here, but the  
train cannot go an inch further to-day, they  
say, so I thought I'd come up and make  
you a New Year's call, old boy."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Mr. Charlton.—  
"We were talking about you only last  
night, and wishing you were here."

The new-comer was a stalwart young fel-  
low, with a fine, noble face, not without its  
few lines of care, perhaps pain. He glanc-  
ed hurriedly around the library as he en-  
tered, then seated himself comfortably before  
the glowing grate, and began to answer  
John's questions about the weather and  
his business prospects.

"And why haven't you let us hear from  
you?" asked John: "I have been anx-  
ious to hear how you were getting, along I  
can tell you!"

"I supposed you had had enough of  
me," said the other, with an odd little  
laugh; "but I am the inevitable had penny  
you see!"

An hour passed by, and it was almost  
dinner time. Mrs. Charlton looked proud-  
ly at her successful achievement, and then  
glanced at her kitchen clock.

She hastened up stairs, cast a curious  
glance at the heavy overcoat in the hall,  
and then sped up to her own room. There  
was Georgie, to all appearance perfectly  
happy and contented, playing bo-peep with  
Tot, who had just waked up.

"Oh, you two darlings!" exclaimed Mrs.  
Charlton. "Now let me call the nurse to  
take baby, and you hurry off and get  
dressed, dear, for dinner is almost ready,  
and we are going to have company, after  
all!"

"Who?" asked Georgie, in surprise.  
"I don't know. Some one who has come  
to see John, and he has been here an hour;  
so of course he will stay to dinner now.  
Now put on your green silk, Georgie, and  
look beautiful, for maybe it is some one  
splendid—a hero for you."

In her present frame of mind, Georgie  
would have worn the dress she then had  
on, which was simple as possible, but  
Laura would not let that, she thought,  
and one must not begin by being selfish, so  
she compromised matters by arraying her-  
self in a black silk, with her plainest or-  
naments. Then, meeting Laura on the  
stairway, they went down together, when  
suddenly John Charlton threw the library  
door open, and there stood Cousin Phil!

Mrs. Charlton, with a little shout of de-  
light, rushed forward to welcome him, and  
when he had replied to eager greeting he  
looked past her at Georgie. It was as if  
eye met eye, and thought leaped up to  
answer thought, but they only bowed gravely  
at each other, and uttered the few words  
that politeness demanded, and then, half  
bewildered by the surprise, and the sudden  
tumult in her heart, Georgie silently pre-  
ceded him into the dining room.

"Now, Phil, what have you been do-  
ing?" said Laura, as soon as her husband  
was fairly launched in the carving of the  
turkey. "Has business been going wrong,  
or what is it that makes you look ten years  
older than you did last summer? And  
why haven't you written? I think it was  
very unkind not to let us hear from you,  
even once."

"Even once may be once too often,"  
said Phil, sarcastically, and then, as if to  
atone for his disagreeable remark, he  
plunged into a glowing account of the busi-  
ness trip he had made, talked of politics,  
the times, anything, everything except last  
Summer and the reason he had not written.  
Georgie, sitting opposite to him, tried to  
eat her dinner in stately indifference, but  
succeeded only in looking very dreamy  
and demure, as she trifled with the mors-  
els on her plate.

Phil asked for Tot, finally, and when the  
desert came she was brought down in all  
the glory of a new white dress and crimson  
sash. She was shy of him at first, but soon  
recognized him as an old friend, and gam-  
boled about him like a playful kitten.

"What a darling she is," said he, ad-  
miringly, and began to search in his pocket  
for something to please her, finding  
nothing but an old carte de visite of his  
own; but that was joy for Tot, who doted  
on pictures. She seized it with a gurgle of  
baby delight, and made as if she would  
eat it up at once.

"Oh, don't tear it, Tot, don't tear it!"  
exclaimed Mrs. Charlton, "bring it to  
mamma, and let her keep it for you."

But that was not Tot's idea, and she  
raced up and down the room with her  
treasure, stopping at last on the floor in  
the corner by an ottoman, it was a home-  
made one Mrs. Charlton had contrived her-  
self, by nailing bright bits of carpets on  
an old box. Tot tipped it over, and began  
tugging at the carpet with great energy.

"How comical children are," said Mr.  
Charlton, looking after her. "Now that  
old ottoman is as good to her as a new  
country to explore would be to Dr. Living-  
stone. What is she doing, Laura? Hiding  
that picture away, upon my word!" And  
he hastened to stop her.

"Why, there are more things in here!"  
he exclaimed; "it's a regular treasure  
house."

"Here is an old yellow envelop, to be-  
gin with." And with thumb and finger,  
he drew it out from between the ottoman  
cover and the wood.

"O, my memorandum?" cried Mrs.  
Charlton, running across the room to get it.  
"It's a list of all I bought last Tuesday,  
and O, I declare, if here isn't the five dollar  
bill I thought I had lost tucked into the en-  
velope. How careless in me!"

"Here's half a cookie," said Mr. Char-  
lton, making further explorations, "and a  
leaf out of the primer; and what's this?  
A letter for you, George you must have  
dropped it someplace, and Tot has hidden  
it away here."

"A letter for me!" she exclaimed, com-  
ing forward.

"Yes, and on my word the seal isn't  
broken. Well, Miss Tot, this is very fine.  
The letter may have layed there six  
months, ever since the child first learned  
to walk. I only hope it wasn't an invita-  
tion to a party."

Georgie was reading it with dilating eyes  
and a wondering blush on her cheeks.  
Philip approached and glanced curiously  
at the envelope, postmarked several months  
before.

"So you never got it?" he whispered;  
"what would your answer have been if you  
had?"

For an answer she turned and clasp his  
hand. True love never runs smooth, and  
that was doubtless the reason why uncon-  
scious little Tot, following some hidden  
guidance of nature, had seized the waiting  
letter of appeal and put it safely away, till  
months of delay and doubt had tried poor  
Georgie's heart, and proved it pure gold at  
last.

"Well," said Mr. Charlton, after a  
brief comprehending look at the radiant  
pair, "this is what you call a happy New  
Year, I suppose?" And wasn't it?

### Railroad Restaurants.

A correspondent of the New York Ob-  
server says: Not long since, in travelling  
from Basle to Paris we became hungry.  
As if divining our condition, the guard put  
his head in at the window of the train and  
politely asked, "Shall I order dinner for  
you at the next station?" "But we do not  
stop long enough for it," was our reply.  
"True; it will be served in the train for  
three francs, and the dishes removed at  
the next stopping place." "By all means  
order it." The telegraph carried the or-  
der ten miles ahead in a moment, and  
when the train drew up at the next sta-  
tion, the door was opened, and a circular  
basket, 3 feet high and 1 foot in diameter,  
was put in our compartment. Upon the  
top were a knife and fork, spoon and nap-  
kin; a bottle of water and a flask of wine,  
and a glass; a little salt and pepper and a  
large roll. Opening a door in the side of  
the basket, we saw four shelves, on each  
side a dish. The first was a hot soup, the  
second a slice of a la mode beef, the third  
vegetables, and the fourth half a chicken  
and salad. A bunch of delicious grapes  
was also found on one of the shelves.

We ate our dinner quietly and comfort-  
ably, while the train rushed along at thirty  
miles an hour, and then restored the dishes  
to their places. When the next stoppage  
was made, a porter removed the basket and  
received the pay.