

# The Bloomfield Times.

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## The Bloomfield Times.

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### THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down  
To rise upon some fairer shore,  
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown  
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer showers  
To golden grain or mellowed fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,  
And feed the hungry moss they bear;  
The forest trees drink daily life  
From out the vireless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall  
And flowers may fade and pass away;  
They only wait through wintry hours  
The coming of May day.

There is no death! An angel form  
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;  
And bears our best loved things away,  
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,  
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers,  
Transplanted into bliss, they now  
Adorn immortal bowers.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread;  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life—there are no dead!

## Mrs. Parson's Victory.

BY F. DELACY.

"THERE'S no use trying any longer  
to suit Isaac Parson," muttered  
the forenamed individual's better half, as  
she sat in a corner of the farm kitchen,  
rapidly divesting a chicken of its feathers;  
"I've worked and chivied myself to death  
for his and his'n, and all the thanks I've  
had for the last fifteen years has been short  
words and general growlin', and fault find-  
ing, until now I'm just determined to stand  
out and have my own way, or let things  
take their own course, and he'll find, after  
all, Melissa Talcott has got some spirit in  
her, that can't be crushed out with all his  
abusin' and aggravation!"

"To think he should have the heart to  
refuse a new carpet after he has had such  
good luck with his wheat crop, and I just  
slaved myself through harvesting and got  
along with one girl!"

"The more that man gets, the stingier  
he grows, and there isn't a woman among  
all my acquaintances that would stand  
such treatment, and I won't. I'll put my  
foot down from this moment," setting  
down most emphatically that solid member  
of her comely person on the kitchen floor;  
"if Isaac Parson won't come to terms,  
I'll quit him—that's all!"

It was a still, serene morning in the early  
autumn. The kitchen windows were open,  
and through them came, like golden wings,  
the sunshine, to linger and laugh on the  
white kitchen floor, and flash along the  
ceiling, and brighten everything into pic-  
turesque beauty in that old farmhouse  
kitchen. The song of the birds in their  
nests among the old bell pear trees, came  
also through the windows in sweet eddies  
and jets of music, and so did all those ripe,  
fragrant, spicy scents which belong to au-  
tumn, and which have also always a whis-  
per of the tropics, with their still, stately  
splendor, their groves of balm, and forests  
odoriferous with gums, and beautiful with all  
strange and gorgeous blooms.

But better than all this, that autumn  
morning was one to brim the heart with  
gratitude to God, the giver of perfect beau-  
ty, to calm the soul into peace, and trust in  
the wisdom and love which had ordained  
that day a high-priest to man, and its robe  
was like the robe of Aaron's ephod, all of  
blue, and its bells were the merry winds  
ringing to and fro in the still air, and on

the forehead of the morning was written,  
so that all eyes might read—"All his works  
do praise him."

But Mrs. Melissa Parson heard and saw  
none of these things. Down among the  
fogs and darknesses of her own narrow, fret-  
ful cares and anxieties, she walked with  
warded vision and angry thoughts, which  
seethed and flashed into rebellion and hat-  
red. For her there was no beauty in that  
autumn day, no token of God's love and  
care for man in its sweet face—no voice  
calling her to prayer and to praise, in the  
whisper of the winds or the songs of the  
birds.

Mrs. Melissa Parson had been a remark-  
ably pretty girl in her youth—and thirty-  
seven years had made her a fair and comely  
woman.

Her husband was a somewhat phlegmatic  
man, stubborn and opinionated, and as his  
early life and social atmosphere had not  
enlarged nor softened his character; the  
hardest and most disagreeable part of it  
expanded with his years. He loved money,  
and as the æsthetic part of his nature had  
never been cultivated, he regarded it as  
wastefulness and extravagance to indulge  
in much grace or beauty of surroundings.

Still, there was another side to the man;  
his affections were deep and tender, and a  
judicious and loving woman could have  
reached and influenced him to almost any  
degree through these. But Mrs. Melissa  
Parson never understood her husband. She  
was an impulsive, high-spirited, and  
really warm hearted woman, with a great  
deal of petty, social ambition, and she and  
her husband were constantly jarring each  
other.

His obstinacy always inflamed her anger,  
while her imperious temper only hardened  
him into fresh stubbornness, and so the  
current of their lives ran most inharmon-  
iously, and was constantly interrupted by  
jars and bickerings, and altercations. That  
one fair lily of tenderness, whose grace and  
beauty filled her youth with fragrance, cast  
its leaves, and at last only the root was left  
and what dews or sunshine could nourish  
it in souls that were overgrown with thistles,  
and rank and noisome weeds?

Yet all these years the barns and store-  
houses, the land and gold of Isaac Parson  
increased, and God sent children—two boys  
and a girl—to soften the hearts of the father  
and mother, and to be to them angels of  
a new covenant of household peace and  
tenderness. But, alas! alas! the sweet  
faces, and all the beautiful ministrations of  
childhood never accomplished their mission;  
and with hearts and tempers fretted and  
soured, and worn, Mr. and Mrs. Parson  
counted the years going over them, and  
both felt that their marriage had been a  
mistake and a misery, and with blind eyes  
that would not see, and hard hearts that  
would not understand. Each blamed the  
other, and mutual recrimination only pro-  
duced fresh bitterness.

At last a crisis came. Mrs. Parson had  
set her heart that autumn upon a new par-  
lor carpet, which was in no wise unreason-  
able, and in which her husband ought to  
have indulged her, but the manner of her  
request, which was in reality a command,  
at once aroused the inherent stubbornness  
of the man, and he flatly refused her. Then  
followed passionate words and angry re-  
torts, till the husband and wife separated  
with mutual bitterness and rage.

But as Mrs. Parson took up her denud-  
ed chicken and plunged it in a pan of hot  
water, her eyes glanced on the weekly pa-  
per, which lay on the table, and they set-  
tled upon this passage, which completed a  
short sketch—"Who when he was reviled,  
reviled not again, but committed his cause  
to Him that judgeth righteously."

Again these words stole, in a still serene,  
rebuking voice, through the soul of Mrs.  
Parson. She had read them innumerable  
times before, and they had for her no  
special message nor meaning, but now God  
had sent his angel to drop them in her  
heart; and in a moment something of the  
real sin and the wrong of her life rose up  
and confronted her.

She sat down in a low chair by her  
kitchen table, and rested her forehead on  
her hand. The harsh, fretful, angry look  
went out from her face, and was succeeded  
by a soft thoughtful expression, and the  
sunshine hovered in yearning, golden,  
shifting beauty about her.

And the years of Mrs. Parson rose up  
like pale, sorrowful faces from the dead,  
and looked reproachfully upon her, and  
suddenly in sharp, clear, strong features,  
stood revealed to her roused conscience the  
heavy part she had borne in all the sin and  
misery that had blasted her married life.

And then the woman's memory went  
back to her first acquaintance with Isaac

Parson—he had chosen her from among a  
score of others who envied her that good  
fortune, and how those early days of their  
courtship came over the softened heart of  
the woman, as the first winds of spring  
came up from the south, and go softly over  
the bare, despairing earth. Then she saw  
herself once more a shy, tremulous, joyous  
bride at the altar, leaning on the strong  
arm and tender heart, to whom she gave  
herself gladly and trustingly, as a woman  
should.

And she remembered that morning, a  
little later, when her proud and happy  
young husband brought her to the home  
which had been her father's and how for a  
little while the thought of her being mis-  
tress of the great old farm-house fairly  
frightened the wits out of her.

She went to make it a sweet and happy  
home for Isaac Parson. She remembered,  
as though it all happened yesterday, the  
little plans and contrivance she had made  
for his surprise, and their mutual com-  
fort.

But the quarrel came. How well she re-  
membered it, and how clearly she saw now  
the foolish and sinful part she had borne in  
that! If she had controlled her temper  
then—if she had only been gentle and  
patient, forbearing and forgiving, instead  
of being proud and passionate, fretful and  
stubborn! If she had only borne her  
woman's burdens and done her woman's  
duties! Here the wife and mother broke  
down; she buried her face in her apron and  
wept like a child.

Mrs. Parson was an energetic, deter-  
mined woman, and when she had once  
made up her mind on any one course of  
action, she would not shrink from it.—  
What went on in the softened woman's  
heart on that morning, as she sat with her  
apron at her eyes, and the sobs in her rock-  
ing to and fro in her low chair, and the  
sweet, restless sunshine all about her—what  
went on in the woman's softened heart,  
only God and the angels know.

"Are you tired, Isaac?"  
The farmer was wiping his face and  
hands on the brown crash towel which  
hung near the window. He was a tall,  
stalwart, muscular man, sun-browned and  
weather-beaten, yet he had keen, kindly  
eyes, and the hard features had an honest,  
intelligent expression. Mrs. Parson was  
cutting a loaf of rye bread at the kitchen  
table. Her husband turned and looked  
at her a moment, as though he was half  
doubtful whether he had heard aright. His  
wife's face was bent over the bread, and he  
could not see it; but the words came a  
second time.

"Are you tired, Isaac?"  
It was a long time since Mr. Parson  
had heard that soft, quiet voice. It stole  
over his heart like a wind from the land of  
his youth.

"Well, yes, I do feel kind of tuckered  
out. It's hard work to get in all that corn  
with only one hand besides Roger."

"I reckoned so; and I thought I'd broil  
the chicken for tea, and bake the sweet  
potatoes, as you'd relish them best so."

Mr. Parson did not say a word; he sat  
down and took the weekly paper out of  
his pocket, but his thoughts were too busy  
to let him read a word. He knew very  
well his wife's aversion to broiled chickens,  
and as the kitchen was her undisputed ter-  
ritory, he was obliged to submit, and have  
his chickens stewed, and his potatoes served  
up in sauce, notwithstanding she was per-  
fectly aware that he preferred the former  
broiled and the latter baked; and this un-  
usual deference to his taste fairly struck  
the farmer dumb with astonishment, and  
he sat still and watched his wife as she  
hurried from the pantry to the table, in her  
preparations for tea; and then came across  
him the memory of some of the harsh,  
angry words he had spoken that morning,  
and the words smote the man's heart.

And while Mrs. Parson was in the  
midst of taking up the broiled chicken, two  
boys and a girl burst into the kitchen.

"Hush, hush, children," wound in  
among the obstreperous mirth files a silver  
chime, the soft voice of the mother.  
"Father's busy reading the paper, and  
you'll disturb him."

The children were silenced at once, not  
in fear of the reproof, but in wonder at it,  
for the wife as seldom consulted her hus-  
band's taste and convenience in these small  
everyday matters which make the happi-  
ness or irritation of our lives, as he did  
hers.

In a few minutes the hungry family  
gathered around the table. There was  
little spoken at the meal, but a softer,  
kindlier atmosphere seemed to pervade the  
room. The children felt, though they did  
not speak of it.

"Are you going out this evening, Isaac?"  
"Well, yes, I thought I'd step round to  
the town meeting. Want anything at the  
store?" continued Mr. Parson, as he tried  
to button his collar before the small, old-  
fashioned looking-glass, whose mahogany  
frame was mounted with boughs of ever-  
green, around which bright berries hung  
their ruby charms.

But the man's large fingers were clumsy,  
and after several ineffectual attempts to ac-  
complish his purpose, Mr. Parson dropped  
his hand with an angry grunt, that "the  
thing would not work."

"Let me try, father."

Mrs. Parson stepped quickly to her hus-  
band's side, and in a moment had managed  
the refractory button.

Then she smoothed down a lock or two  
of black hair, which had strayed over the  
sunburnt forehead, and the touch of those  
soft fingers felt very pleasant about the  
farmer's brow, and woke up in his heart,  
old sweet memories of times when he used  
to feel them fluttering like a dream through  
his hair.

He looked on his wife with a kindness in  
his face, and a softness in his keen eye,  
which he little suspected. And the soft-  
ness and the smile stirred a fountain warm  
and tender in Mrs. Parson's heart, which  
not for years yielded one drop of its sweet  
waters. She reached up her lips impul-  
sively, and kissed his cheek. Any one who  
had witnessed that little domestic scene  
would scarcely have suspected that the  
married life of Isaac Parson and his wife  
counted three-quarters of a score of years.

The woman's comely face was as full of  
shy blushes as a girl of sixteen, and Isaac  
Parson seized his hat and plunged out of  
the house without saying a word, but with  
a mixture of amazement and something  
deeper in his face not easily described.

But at last he cleared his throat, and  
muttered to himself, "Melissy shan't re-  
pent that act—I say she shan't!" and when  
Isaac Parson said a thing, everybody knew  
he meant it.

The sunset of another autumn day was  
rolling its vestures of purple and gold  
about the mountains, when the wagon of  
Isaac Parson rolled into the farm-yard.  
He had been absent all day in the city, and  
the supper had been awaiting him nearly  
an hour, and the children had grown hun-  
gry and impatient.

"O, father, what have you got there?"  
they all clamored, as he came into the  
house, tugging along an immense bundle,  
tied with cords.

"It is something for mother, children,"  
was the rather unsatisfactory answer.

At this moment Mrs. Parson entered  
the kitchen. Her husband snapped the  
cords, and a breadth of ingrain carpeting  
rolled on the floor, through whose dark  
green groundwork trailed a russet vine and  
golden leaves—a most tasteful pattern.

Isaac Parson turned to his amazed wife  
—"There, Melissy, there's the parlor car-  
pet you asked me for yesterday morning.  
I reckon there ain't many that will beat it  
in West Farms."

A quick change went over Mrs. Parson's  
face, half of joy, half of something deeper.  
"Oh, Isaac!" She put her arms around  
the strong man's neck, and burst into tears.

The trio of children stood still, and looked  
on in stolid amazement. I think the sight  
of their faces was the first thing which re-  
called Isaac Parson to himself.

"Come, come, mother," he said, but his  
voice was not just steady, "don't give  
away now like this. I'm hungry as a  
panther, and want my supper before I do  
anything but put up my horse,"—and he  
strode off to that impatient quadruped in  
the back-yard.

So the new carpet proved an olive branch  
of peace to the household of Isaac Parson.  
While others admired its pattern or praised  
its quality, it spoke to Mrs. Parson's heart  
a story of all that which love and patience  
may accomplish.

After many struggles and much prayer,  
the triumph over pride and passion, and evil  
habits, was at last achieved; and this was  
not accomplished in a day, but the "small  
leaven that leaveneth the whole lump,"  
worked silently and surely, completed at  
last its pure and perfect work, and in the  
farm-house of Isaac Parson reigned the  
spirit of forbearance and relinquishment  
of gentleness and love, which was given  
unto those "who fear God and keep his  
holy commandments."

Doctrines are of use only as they are  
practiced. Men may go to perdition with  
their heads full of truth. To hold the  
truth and fight for it is one thing; to be  
sanctified through it is another.

### The Story of Some Hot Water.

About two hundred years ago, a man,  
bearing the title of the Marquis of Wor-  
cester, was sitting on a cold night, in a  
small mean room, before a blazing fire.—  
This was in Ireland, and the man was a  
prisoner. A kettle of boiling water was on  
the fire, and he sat watching the steam,  
as it lifted the lid of the kettle and rushed  
out of the nose.

He thought of the power of the steam,  
and wondered what would be the effect if  
he were to fasten down the lid and stop up  
the nose. He concluded that the effect  
would be to burst the kettle. "How much  
power, then," thought he, "there must be  
in steam!"

As soon as he was let out of prison he  
tried an experiment. "I have taken," he  
writes, "a cannon, and filled it three quar-  
ters full of water, stopping up firmly both  
the touch hole and the mouth, and, having  
made a good fire under it, within twenty-  
four hours it burst and made a great  
crack." After this, the marquis contrived  
a rude machine, which, by the power of  
steam, drove up water to the height of forty  
feet.

About one hundred years after this, a  
little boy, whose name was James Watt,  
and who lived in Scotland, sat one day look-  
ing at a kettle of boiling water, and hold-  
ing a spoon before the steam that rushed  
out of the nose.

His aunt thought he was idle, and said,  
"Is it not a shame for you to waste your  
time so?" But James was not idle: he  
was thinking of the power of the steam in  
moving the spoon.

James grew to be a good and great man,  
and contrived those wonderful improve-  
ments in the steam-engine which have  
made it so useful in our day.

What will not the steam-engine do! It  
propels, it elevates, it lowers, it pumps, it  
drains, it pulls, it drives, it blasts, it digs,  
it cuts, it saws, it planes, it bores, it blows,  
it forges, it hammers, it files, it polishes, it  
rivets, it cards, it spins, it winds, it weaves,  
it coins, it prints; and it does more things  
than I can think of.

If it could speak it might say,  
"I blow the bellows, I forge the steel;  
I manage the mill and the mill;  
I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel.  
And the news that you read I print."

In the year 1807, Robert Fulton, an  
American, put the first steamboat on the  
Hudson River, and in 1829 a locomotive  
steam-carriage went over a railroad in En-  
gland.

And this is the story of some hot water.  
From so small a beginning as the steam of  
a tea kettle resulted the steam-engine, the  
steam-boat, and the locomotive engine, by  
which the trains of cars are moved with  
such speed on our railroads.

Learn what the power of thought will do.  
How many men had looked at kettles of  
boiling water, but how few thought of the  
force of the steam, and the good uses to  
which it might be turned!

### A Disgusted Landlord.

Once on a time they dwelt in the city of  
Alton a worthy but rather irritable gentle-  
man, who was the host of a famous hotel  
there known as the Franklin House.—  
Numerous citizens daily drew their rations  
from his liberally furnished table, and not  
a few visitors from the rural districts pre-  
ferred the substantial fare of the Franklin  
House to the more pretentious board of the  
Alton House. One day, in addition to all  
the good things with which the dinner table  
was loaded, there was at the lower end a  
nice roast pig, that would have tickled the  
palate of the gentle "Eli," who discours-  
es so eloquently on that savory viand.

At the conclusion of the meal this roast  
pig remained intact, when along came a  
belated drover, who sat down beside it, and  
having a good wholesome appetite, soon  
devoured the whole of it. The landlord  
looked on amazed, and was puzzled to see  
where his profit was to come in after de-  
ducting a dollar-and-a-half pig from a fifty-  
cent dinner ticket. Giving vent to his dis-  
gust, he said very sarcastically to the dro-  
ver, "Isn't there something else you would  
like to be helped to?" "Wal—yas," drawled  
out the drover; "I don't care if I  
take another of them little hogs." This  
was too much for the equanimity of the  
landlord, and to keep himself from "spontane-  
ously combusting" like Dorothea, he was  
compelled to rush out in the open air  
where he could vent a few unorthodox  
expressions without being overheard by the  
elect, of which he was one.

"Truth is mighty, and will prevail."  
So goes the ancient saw. But it is mighty  
slow sometimes prevailing.