

The Bloomfield Times.

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The Bloomfield Times.

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FRANK MORTIMER & CO.,
At New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.

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Outwitting an Uncle.

MR. FREDERICK GRANDINSON,
on leaving college with high honors,
took up his abode with his Uncle Philip,
and for five years led the most quiet and
studious life imaginable.

Uncle Philip, who was a wealthy old
bachelor, proposed making Frederick his
heir. Relying on the bounty of his excel-
lent relation, the young man neglected to
make himself master of any profession—
preferring to devote his time and talents to
the gratification of his literary tastes, which
induced him to explore the dusky realms
of the classics, as well as the brighter regions
of modern poetry and philosophy. Yet
Frederick was not so much a book-worm,
as to be altogether dead to the pleasures
of society. As an ardent lover of beauty
he sought it, and admired it when found,
whether in books, in nature, or in the human
mind.

Frederick required that others should
sympathize in the enthusiasm of his soul.
This necessity it was, rather than his love
of natural beauty, which first interested
him in the character of little Rose Addison,
the only child of a poor widow, who occu-
pied, rent free, one of his uncle's cottages.

Rose, at that time, was only fourteen;
simple in her manners, pure-minded as an
infant, full of vitality; mirthful, sympa-
thetic, a perfect charm of feminine beauty.

Frederick observed her scrupulous neat-
ness; her cheerful morning songs, which
soared to heaven like the lark's thrilled his
soul; her taste in the cultivation of flow-
ers delighted him; and surprising her one
day, as she wept and laughed over the
pages of a favorite poet of his own, he was
drawn towards her irresistibly. Of course,
her bewitching beauty had nothing to do
with the interest with which he was in-
spired!

Rose's beautifully simple nature was
spread out before our hero, like a pure and
spotless page, inviting his hand to write.
Frederick saw his power. He trembled,
even whilst he rejoiced at it. Well was it
for Rose that the handsome, engaging man,
whom she so much admired, had a soul of
noblest aspirations, a heart of truest honor!

Frederick resolved to devote himself to
the development of all that was pure and
bright and good in her nature. He became
too deeply engaged in his task to care for
other society than hers. As her teacher,
her guide, her friend, he obtained the most
perfect influence over her; he moulded her
character at his will; he saw her grow up,
a beautiful, noble-minded woman; of all
his studies, it was in her that he took most
interest and delight. He selected her
books; he taught her music, French and
Italian; and more than all, he instructed
her in the actualities and the highest duties
of life.

Uncle Philip was by no means displeas-
ed to see his nephew thus engaged. He still
looked upon Rose as a "pretty little girl,"
even when she had arrived at the maturity
of eighteen. He thought it very kind in
Frederick to lend her books, and be her
teacher. Uncle Philip was a benevolent
man himself, and he was glad to see his
nephew benevolent also.

But Uncle Philip had not the most dis-
tant suspicion that Frederick could design
to make his protegee his wife. Even when
the old gentleman was contemplating the
array of female beauties and charms with
which the village and vicinity abounded,
and wondering within himself, who would
make Frederick the best companion, poor
Rose never once entered his calculations.

Now Uncle Philip was a man of strange
notions; and as wilful an old fellow, withal;

as you may meet in a twelve-month. Some-
how he took it into his head that the noble
old mansion of his fathers needed a
star of female beauty, to make it the sunny
abode of perfect happiness. The old
bachelor should have felt this necessity
forty years before! He might have had a
complete constellation of fair daughters
around him, in his old age!

But Uncle Philip could look out for
others much better than for himself. He
was determined to do the "right thing"
for Frederick. Accordingly, one fine morn-
ing, he said to his promising nephew:

"What a life this is, Fred!"

Fred was thinking about Rose.

"Peaceful, and happy, dear uncle—"

"Peaceful! happy?" echoed Uncle Phil-
ip, making a very bad face. "I say, Fred,
look at me!"

"You are looking finely this morning,
uncle. Your countenance is smooth and
fresh as at sixteen! I believe, uncle," said
Frederick, "it is your habitual good hum-
or, and continual flow of benevolent
feelings—"

"Bah! I say, look at me! Haven't you
eyes?" demanded the old gentleman.—
Don't you see how withered I am, before
my time?"

"Withered, uncle?" repeated Freder-
ick, surveying the old bachelor's goodly
proportions, with a merry twinkle in his
eye. "I'll wager you weigh more to-day
than you ever did before in your life! Two
hundred, if you weigh a pound."

"Bloated, boy, bloated! that's it! I am
a miserable old fellow."

"Miserable! you—"

"All the consequence, you see, of living
an old bachelor," said Uncle Philip, trying
to look unusually grave. "You see how
bitterly I am repenting, don't you? Of
course you do; and I advise you to take
warning from my wretched fate."

Frederick held his sides with laughter.
Uncle Philip scowled.

"It is no laughing matter, and I desire
you will be serious," said the old bachelor.
"Look you, boy, I have taken it into my
head, to marry you off."

"Ho!"

"You needn't open your eyes so! It's
time you bettered your condition—"

"Dear uncle," said Fred, "I do not
know how I can. Living in the sunshine of
your bounty, I am perfectly contented—"

"Are you? I am not though! Look
you here—what comfort are you to me?
What do I get for indulging you in laziness?"

Frederick winced; Uncle Philip had
touched a tender point.

"You are no comfort to me at all! But
I mean you shall be, if I keep you. You
shall get married. You shall bring here a
lady, young and handsome, that I can look
at sometimes, to take the edge off my teeth,
after enduring the sight of our cross
housekeeper! We want some one to make
music for us—some one to cheer this old
house with the melody of a sweet, silvery
voice—some one to make it light and bright
with the radiance of her smiles—"

Fred laughed again. He had never
known his relative so eloquent and poetic
before.

"Now what?" growled the old bachelor.

"You—ha! ha!—you are so romantic,
dear uncle!"

"Romantic! I don't know that I was
ever so sensible in my life! I am in good
earnest, anyhow. I say you shall get mar-
ried!"

Fred smiled; he thought of Rose. He
gave his uncle his hand, with a just-as-
satisfying sort of a look, which changed,
with remarkable suddenness, when the
bachelor added:

"And I've picked you out a wife—"

"No!"

"Yes, I have."

"Now, uncle," I think by good
rights—"

"I ought to choose for you!" said Un-
cle Philip. "You care no more for one
woman than another. Then let my expe-
rience and taste dictate for you. You
will admire my choice. In the first place,
I have looked for beauty. Of course, you
desire your wife to be beautiful?"

"Yes," faltered Frederick, "but—"

"And spirited?"

"Certainly; provided—"

"And intelligent?"

"Undoubtedly; yet—"

"And accomplished?"

"Of course; but, sir—"

"And rich?"

"O, as to that," cried Frederick, whose
mind was on Rose, "I think wealth of no
consequence, whatever."

"Then leave my house this instant!"
exclaimed the bachelor. "If wealth is of

no consequence to you, I will make some-
body else my heir, who can appreciate
benefits."

"But in a wife—" begun Fred.

"Riches never come amiss. You must
get a rich wife, if you can; if you cannot,
that alters the case. Now I have picked
out for you a lady who possesses all the
excellent qualities I have named. Beauti-
ful, spirited, intelligent, accomplished,
rich—what more could you wish?"

"To love her, at least—"

"If you cannot love Miss Pendleton,
you are not capable of loving any fine
woman!"

"Miss Pendleton!" echoed Frederick,
aghast.

"She is the woman to make you a good
wife!" pursued Uncle Philip, rubbing his
hands. "Go and offer yourself to her as
soon as you please. She will have you.
Despatch!"

And the old gentleman turned on his
heel, leaving Frederick overwhelmed with
amazement and dismay. Frederick knew
his uncle too well, to hope for an easy es-
cape from the consequences of his decision.

"Marriage! Miss Pendleton!" he said
to himself. "Fearful to contemplate!—
no! no! I'll elope with Rose! That would
do, though! Uncle never would forgive
me. If I had the least bit of property to
call my own, it would be different; but to
disobey the old gentleman in so outrageous
a manner, would be to turn myself out of
doors penniless—Miss Pendleton! ugh!"

Now the bride Mr. Grandison had chosen
for his nephew was actually a very beauti-
ful and accomplished lady. Frederick
ought to have been able to love her, no
doubt; but he did not, he could not, he
would not! However, had not Uncle
Philip ordained that he should lay siege
to her heart, and offer her his hand?

Frederick thought about it two days.
Uncle Philip supposed he was waiting for
a new suit from the tailor. Rose saw him
plunged in trouble, and was very unhappy.
Fred had never concealed from her any-
thing before. It was impossible for him
now to keep her long in ignorance of the
cause of his perplexity.

Two sleepless nights the young man
passed, revolving in his mind what course
to pursue to satisfy his uncle, without sac-
rificing his own feelings. The third night,
the young man—who, as we shall see, had
some knowledge of human nature—con-
ceived a luminous idea. Long before
morning all his plans were laid, and he was
sleeping soundly, dreaming of Rose.

On the following day, Frederick made
an early visit at the cottage of the Widow
Addison.

"My dear Rose," said he, "I am going
away; I shall not see you again—until to-
morrow."

Rose looked sad; then she smiled.

"Ah, how you startled me!" she said.

"It sounds so solemn: 'I am going away;
I shall not see you again—until to-
morrow' makes another thing of it. You
will tell me where you are going, of
course?"

"Would you believe it?" replied Freder-
ick, "I am going to court Miss Laura
Pendleton. You have heard of her? She
comes to our church sometimes, and you
may have seen her."

Rose looked very seriously at Uncle
Philip's nephew.

"What jest is this?" she asked smiling
again.

"What jest? Do you think there is
anything out of the way in my courting
Miss Pendleton? I shall pay her my ad-
dresses, and offer her my hand. Ha! what
is the matter with my Rose! Tears?"

"O," said she, in a trembling voice,
hiding her face, "you have been very kind
—like a brother to me—and when you are
married, I shall have—no teacher any
longer!"

"Dear Rose," said Frederick, in the
tenderest tone, "is this all?"

No reply. Rose was a red Rose; her
face was burning.

"Say you love me, Rose, and that you
would die of jealousy, if I should marry
Miss Pendleton," exclaimed Frederick,
passionately.

He pressed her hand. She withdrew it,
and turned away to conceal her emotion.
Frederick's arm glided about her waist.

"Mr. Frederick," she said, bursting into
tears, "I never thought you could trifle
with anybody's feelings in this way!"

"Rose, dearest Rose!" said the young
man, in the most tender and earnest man-
ner, "forgive me. I had no intention to
trifle with your feelings—for I love you!
My whole heart is yours!"

The "shock of pleasure exquisite" this

confession produced, brought another flood
of tears to the bright blue eyes of Rose.

"Ah," said she, timidly, "what can I
believe? You contradict yourself! If you
love me, how can you offer yourself to Miss
Pendleton?"

"I love you to please myself," replied
Frederick. "I offer myself to Miss Pen-
dleton, to please my uncle."

Rose shrank from him, with a reproach-
ful look, and rejoined:

"I thought you were a man of principal
and honor!"

"You misunderstand me, Rose. I shall
offer myself to Miss Pendleton. I must
obey my uncle."

Rose cast down her eyes sadly.

"But I swear never to marry unless,"—
Frederick invaded her lap, and made a
conquest of her beautiful hand—"this is
the reward of my true love! You or no-
body, Rose, shall be my wife."

Rose raised her eyes hopefully.

"You speak in riddles," she murmured.

"To be plain, then, my uncle's will is a
mountain of adamant. He ordains that I
shall offer myself to Miss Pendleton. I
shall obey him; she will refuse me. Then
I am free, and by degrees, I can bring him
to think favorably of you."

Rose was very thoughtful. Frederick
kissed her eyes.

"But if Miss Pendleton should not re-
fuse you?" she said.

"Depend upon it, she will!"

"But—but—if you should forget that
you were courting her in fun, and fall in
love with her in earnest—"

"Ha! ha! jealous already, my Rose!
But fear nothing. I have known you too
long and too well; you are too much in my
heart for me to forget you."

Then Frederick told Rose all about Miss
Pendleton, to convince her how utterly im-
possible it was for him to fall in love with
her; and then consoling and assuring his
protege, he bade her an affectionate adieu,
and set out half an hour after to pay his
first visit to Miss Laura Pendleton. Mr.
Frederick did not for some reason make
his appearance in as good style as he might
have done, although he knew the fine lady
his uncle had selected for his bride was the
very pink of country aristocracy and fash-
ion. Indeed, Frederick had said to his
uncle's ostler:

"Harness me the black pony in the old
chaise. Don't stop to curry him, for I am
in a hurry. And mind you don't hint to
the old gentleman that I have gone off in
this style; and here is something for you
to buy tobacco with." Continued.

CALICO PRINTING.

WHERE are very few dye-stuffs cap-
able by themselves of imparting to
cotton colors of sufficient lustre and dura-
bility combined. They are rendered fast
as well as brilliant by the intervention of
certain substances, which, in consequence
of their attraction for the cloth and the col-
oring matters, form a bond of union between
the two, and are on that account sometimes
called bases, and at other times mordants,
from their taking firm hold of or biting the
dyes. These intermediate substances,
though colorless themselves, possess the
power of modifying the color of the dye,
or of producing from the same dye-stuff
different tints; so that a piece of white
cloth, after being imbued with various
mordants, will assume various colors in a
single dye vat. Thus, if white cotton be
impressed with the mordant of acetate of
alumina in one set of lines, with that of
acetate of iron in a second, and with a
mixture of these two mordants in a third,
on being exposed to the madder bath for a
proper time, it will become permanently
printed in red, black, and chocolate stripes."

In calico-printing it is necessary that the
mordant should be applied only to certain
parts of the cloth, the remaining part either
being left white, or occupied by some other
mordant or color. If, however, a drop of
mordant in its fluid state be applied to a
piece of cloth, it spreads in a circular form
far beyond the size of the drop, but not
in an equal manner. This inclination of
liquids to spread beyond the limits of their
first application, is overcome by thicken-
ing them with various substances, such as
gum, flour, sugar, molasses, glue, starch
of potatoes, of rice, and of sage. These
thickeners constitute a great item of ex-
pense in calico-printing; as the large quan-
tities of these substances, which are derived
for the most part from articles of human
food, after having accomplished their pur-
pose, are a complete loss. The thickening
of mordants and colors is one of the im-
portant operations in calico-printing; on

this so much depends in the way of obtain-
ing good results that it may be considered
the most important part of color-mixing;
and that a color-mixer will be good, bad,
or indifferent, as he instinctively perceives
the importance of this branch of his art,
and is successful in carrying it out. While
most of the other substances employed in
this work leave some traces of themselves
on the finished product, the gum, starch,
flour, etc., used as thickeners, are only
temporary in their application, and have to
be all removed before the colors are fin-
ished.

The introduction of cylinder printing
has been the greatest improvement in this
art. It is a machine which, with one man,
can do the work of a hundred men and
as many assistants by any other mode of cal-
ico-printing. The copper cylinders now
generally used are hollow, or bored through
the axis, about three feet long and from
three to six inches in diameter. The sur-
face of these cylinders is engraved, not by
the ordinary methods of hand-engraving,
but by the mechanical pressure of a steel
roller, which transfers the figures engraved
on it to the relatively softer copper. Some-
times the cylinders are covered with vari-
ous figures by the process of etching. These
cylinders, corresponding with the differ-
ent colors to be used, are mounted on a
strong iron frame, so as to pass against a
larger central cylinder covered with felt,
between which and the copper-engraved
cylinder the cloth is printed as it passes.
The engraved cylinder revolves in contact
with an attendant roller, which dips into
an oblong trough containing the mordants
and the coloring matter properly thickened.
It is cleared of superfluous coloring matter
by the edge of a flat ruler made of bronze,
called vulgarly the "doctor" (doctor),
which is applied to it obliquely, leaving the
depressions of the engraved cylinder filled
with coloring, while the excess falls back
into the trough. The cylinder thus charg-
ed with impressible color acts on the cloth,
and rolls it on with its own revolution, im-
parting its figured design with great pre-
cision. At one of the print works in Man-
chester, England, is a machine of this kind,
capable of printing twenty colors. So rap-
idly do these machines operate that they
print a piece of twenty-eight yards in a
minute, or the length of nearly one mile
of well-colored designs of exquisite beauty
is printed in an hour. Such is the com-
bined result of skill in machinery and art,
and of chemical science, carried to a high
state of perfection.

All goods after being printed must be
placed in a hot-air chamber before having
their colors brought up in the dye-house.
But as more of the thickened mordants
have been applied to the cloth than can be
absorbed and retained, it must be sub-
jected to a process of cleaning. This cleaning
cannot be accomplished by a mere washing
with water, as the excess of mordant lib-
erated from one part of the cloth would be
absorbed by another, where the design re-
quired a white or colorless part, or in the
case of different mordants being on the
same piece of cloth, they would intermix,
and spoil one another. It became necessary,
therefore, to find some fluid in which the
cloth could be washed from the excess of
mordant and the useless thickening matter,
which at the same time should prevent the
loose mordant from fixing itself on any
part of the fabric. Such a fluid was found
in a mixture of hot water and cow-dung.
The dunging of printed goods has been re-
garded as one of the very important, though
mysterious, processes of calico-printing.
The heat of the cleansing liquor and its
strength must vary with the styles of work,
and be skilfully adapted to them. Too
high a temperature and too much dung are
injurious to delicate colors, such as the
pinks and the yellows; colors thickened
with starch require a higher temperature
than those thickened with gum. The cloth
should never be allowed to stop for a mo-
ment in its progress through the dung-
bath, for the part in contact with the sur-
face of the water would run, and cause a
line mark across the cloth.

The goods must then be washed in the
dash-wheel, or passed through a rinsing
trough; then winched through a fresh
dung cistern at a lower degree of temper-
ature; then washed again. They are then
ready for the dye-bath.

There are several different styles of work
in the process of calico-printing, each of
which requires a different method of ma-
nipulation.

The madder style, to which the best
chintzes belong, in which the mordants are
applied to the white cloth, the colors being
afterwards brought up in the dye-bath.

[CONCLUDED ON THE EIGHTH PAGE.]