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A Woman's Sacrifice.

CONCLUDED.

BUT, unknown to Georgie, Miss Hatherton was beginning to be extremely annoyed about the growing intimacy with Cecil, and one evening it showed itself plainly to Georgie's quick eyes. Every Saturday evening was a reception night at the school, and on one of these occasions an uncle of Georgie's was present. He was an officer, whose name was just then in every one's mouth for gallant service on sea, and Georgie invited him to call upon Miss Hatherton, knowing how much pleasure it would afford her, not only in the present call, but the future opportunity for mentioning, incidentally, "My friend Admiral Cleveland." Now the admiral was a widower, and very gallant, withal, and in her mischievous enjoyment at Miss Hatherton's delight with his flattery, Georgie for a while forgot to notice that Cecil was not in the parlor. When she discovered her absence she flew up to the schoolroom, and there sat Cecil, surrounded by the usual flock.

"I couldn't imagine where you were," said Georgie; "pray come down and let me present my uncle to you."

Cecil's lip trembled a little as she answered:
"You are very, very kind, but indeed it is best that I should stay here. Miss Hatherton does not like to have her under-teachers brought into notice."

"Abominable!" said Georgie.

"No, only her 'duty to society,'" said Cecil, archly.

Georgie stood reflecting, and then said, warmly:
"As to-morrow is Saturday, will you make one of our party to the opera? My uncle has taken a box for me."

Cecil accepted, feeling keenly the delicate salvo to her wounded pride, but from that day both girls were conscious of having roused the bitterest spite against themselves that Miss Hatherton was capable of feeling. She made it felt in many petty ways, but her tyranny was exerted chiefly for Cecil's benefit, as she stood in wholesome awe of Georgie's cool tongue, and Georgie's "position in society." To get into that select and aristocratic circle—to be received by the Evelyns—what would not Miss Hatherton have bartered in exchange for that privilege?

One evening, as Georgie sat singing at the piano in her own room, Cecil knocked at the door.

"O, do come in! I'm so glad to see you!" said Georgie. "Is study hour over?"

"Yes, and I came to hear you sing. What was that last song?"

"A little Italian romanza; but sit down and let me sing you ballads, my dear, sweet ballads."

That was a charming hour to Cecil, for Georgie's voice was wonderfully pathetic, and she sang exquisitely. Old memories, old associations crept over Cecil, until at last she burst into tears. Georgie sprang up in dismay and essayed to comfort her.

"Miss Dare—Cecil dear, sweet Cecil, what is the matter?"

A report at the door made them both start.

"What is it?" asked Georgie, opening the door, and carefully interposing her person between the servant and Cecil.

"A gentleman for madamoselle," said Fanchon. Georgie glanced at the card, and turned to Cecil with heightened color.

"I must go down, dear, and I am so sorry, for I want to comfort you. Will you stay here, sit by my fire and amuse yourself with my books and music until I return? I won't be long."

Cecil looked up and kissed the sweet face; words were beyond her just then,

and Georgie flew about and made a hasty toilet. Left alone, Cecil sat weeping for some moments, and then the passion spent itself, but left an aching pain behind. She tried to busy herself with a book, but her thoughts wandered so much that at last, with an impatient gesture, she laid it aside. As she did so, the book struck something that fell to the ground with a rattling noise. With an exclamation of dismay Cecil stooped to pick up the locket, set in diamonds, which Georgie generally wore, and, as she took it in her hand, looking to see if it were injured, she saw that it had flown open; and involuntarily, without thinking what she did, she glanced at the picture. Fatal curiosity! for, smiling up at her, with the frank loving eyes of old, was the face of Percie Lennox! Cecil did not faint or scream, but she closed the spring, laid down the locket, and walked out of the room as if she had been half stunned.

After this incident a strange change came over Cecil. Georgie and she were much together; she could not but love the friend whose keen wit and ready tongue often stood between her and much unpleasantness. But Cecil grew paler as the days went on, and began to have a hacking cough that troubled Georgie, and made her glad that the school holidays were approaching.

Coming along the hall one evening, Georgie encountered Cecil, and stopped her by throwing her arm around her waist.

"Where do you think I've been to-day?" said she, in a whisper, for the girls were constantly passing, and she did not want them to hear. "At the Maxwells, and there I met your mother. Cecil, don't dare begin with 'no,' but I have a lovely plan, to which your mother consents; to take you back with me to Boston for the holidays."

"O, how kind! Dear Georgie, I should love to go, but—"

A sly catlike footfall checked the words on Cecil's lips as Miss Hatherton passed them.

"Whispering in the halls, as you cannot be in each other's rooms! Breaking my rules, Miss Evelyn!" The voice was even more insolent than the words.

"This is too much," said Georgie, angrily, "but it's my battle, Cecil, so don't trouble yourself about it." And having stayed long enough to get a faint assent to her invitation, Georgie walked straight down to that lady's room.

"Miss Hatherton," said she calmly, "I came down to ask you what you meant by your very extraordinary remark just now."

"My rules are that there shall be no talking in the halls, and my duty towards my houseful of children obliges me to assert that they shall be obeyed," snapped out the answer.

"What a martyr you are to duty, Miss Hatherton! It's really quite a study with you, is it not? But, allow me to remind you that I am in no way under your 'rules,' having nothing to do with your school, your scholars, or even your duty towards them! I regret to have any unpleasant words with you, but I really cannot permit you to call me to account in this way."

"And Miss Dare, your charming toady."

"Miss Dare is a lady," said Georgie, betrayed into a haughty emphasis of the word, "and I do not intend to bring her name into this matter. I beg your pardon for interrupting you, Miss Hatherton, but having always been accustomed to exercise my own judgment in my choice of friends, I decline any interference in this instance."

A moment's pause, during which Miss Hatherton eyed her with concentrated venom; then a smile broke over Georgie's face. "We will not quarrel," she said, calmly. "You perceive that you made a mistake, and of course I shall think no more about it. And if you come to Boston, as you say you think of doing before New Years, I am sure that you are too kind-hearted not to be glad to see Miss Dare enjoying herself with me in Beacon Street."

Artful little Georgie! Enraged or not, what was the poor baffled griffin to do except swallow the unwelcome intelligence with a semblance of amiability, if she hoped for any future attention from the house of Evelyn?

Two weeks after, when Georgie (as she gleefully expressed it) had "shaken the dust of the Hatherton mansion" off her little feet, Cecil and she arrived in Boston, late one afternoon.

"Mamma returned, Holmes?" asked she, of the grave butler at the door.

"No, Miss Georgie; Mrs. Evelyn and—"

"No matter," said she, hastily. "Cecil, we can amuse ourselves till my stepmother

comes home. Up one flight more; there, isn't this a pretty room?"

"How lovely!" said Cecil, sinking down in the easy chair, and feeling as if school-life and "the griffin" were very far distant. It was a pretty room, with its rose-colored drapery and tinted walls hung with pictures, one of which, a spirited likeness of Percie Lennox, attracted Cecil's gaze. A pain darted through her heart, and the question she began to ask Georgie died on her lips, as she thought, "Why cannot I be brave enough to ask one question and end all this mystery?"

Georgie left Cecil for a while, and upon her return announced that she had a shocking headache, and therefore would order tea in her room. It was a cozy meal, as they sat before the bright fire, and Georgie was delighted to find that her friend looked almost happy among her new surroundings.

"What a bore!" said Georgie, dismally, as Holmes came in with a card just as tea was over; "I forgot to say we were engaged. What shall I do?"

"I might go down as proxy," said Cecil, laughing, "except that I don't know your friend."

Georgie colored uneasily.

"Then he fibbed," said she, laughing to cover her slight embarrassment. "You did not see the card, Cecil; it's Clive Harold."

Cecil started.

"I do know Mr. Harold, but he is not a person whom I care to meet."

"Very well; Holmes, just say—" But a gesture from Cecil stopped her.

A sudden thought had struck the girl, an unaccountable desire to see the man who had so injured her, which afterwards seemed to her like an inspiration.

"I've changed my mind; if you do not feel well I will be the bearer of your excuses."

Georgie looked more relieved than the occasion seemed to warrant, though she begged Cecil not to go unless she really felt like it. But as soon as Cecil left her, Georgie gave a very triumphant chuckle.

"I wonder what my prisoner is doing? Poor Percie! I must run down and let him out of the house while she is away. Certainly, the most unlucky chances always befall me; who could have foreseen that the dear fellow would get back from Europe just at the very hour of our arrival? I never will undertake to manage a love-affair again!" From which it will be seen that Miss Georgie was only a sad naughty plotter in disguise!

Unconscious of all this, and that tricky fate was preparing another trial for her, Cecil followed Holmes down stairs. Harold was bending over a fine engraving, and did not hear her light step until she stood almost at his side. Expecting to see Georgie, he looked up with a merry smile, to meet the eyes whose grave reproach had haunted him ever since that stormy interview on the sands of Wachahasset.

"Cecil!—and how changed!" burst from his lips as he started up.

"It is some months since we have met, Mr. Harold," she said, gravely, "and I have not been well this winter. I do not wonder that you find me altered; I can see it in the mirror myself."

"I never hoped to have the pleasure of seeing you here," he said, recovering himself. "I did not know that Miss Georgie and you were friends. How do you find Mrs. Evelyn?"

"I have not met her; she is absent from home."

"Not met her?" he said, surprisedly. "You used to be a great admirer of hers. What?" answering her puzzled face; "it is not possible that you are not aware that the present Mrs. Evelyn was formerly Mrs. Lennox?"

Her shocked start and change of countenance convinced him how ignorant she was of the fact. Like a flash many mysterious acts of Georgie's came back to her mind—the locket—Percie—her stepmother.

"What can you think of me she cried, passionately. "I did not know where I was coming; in my seclusion I never even heard of Mrs. Lennox's second marriage. And Percie is away—for Heaven's sake, do not think I mean to break my word!"

He looked at her remorsefully; looked at the sad pale face, until tears dimmed the eyes of that bold bad man.

"I would not have believed that so noble a woman breathed on earth as you are, Cecil Dare! How did you ever come to let me see you thus? Did you think even my heart proof against your lovely woe face?"

Too amazed to answer him, Cecil only fixed her large eyes on him in wonderment. His features worked conclusively; he seized

her hand and kissed it with remorseful tenderness.

"You have now your last and greatest victory; you have conquered me! Cecil, did a thought never cross your mind that the lying and forging might have had another author than Percie Lennox, or that disgrace might fall on other heads than his? I loved you better than my own soul, and I stooped to sin for your sake. But you nearly baffled me, Cecil; if you had been an ordinary girl you would have done so. Had you chosen, instead of bearing the weight of sacrifice yourself, to take the other course with which you threatened me that day—had you gone to Percie with the base tale I told you—he could have proved to you that I swore falsely, and forced the lie down my throat. They were forgeries, Cecil, but done by my hand, and planned by my traitor's head to plunge a dagger into the truest, bravest heart that ever throbbed in a woman's breast?"

"Then may God forgive you, Clive Harold; you traitor, who traded upon a woman's purest feelings!"

An iron grasp clutched Harold's throat, a tall grand form that they knew well towered above them, and Percie Lennox's beautiful face was darkened by rage as he flung himself between the speakers. A cry, so full of love and joy that it thrilled Georgie's listening ear, broke from Cecil: "Percie! Percie! O my darling, forgive me—and him!"

Clive was no coward. He freed himself by a sudden spring, and spoke:

"I'll meet you when you wish, Lennox. It will never be aught but mortal hate between us two."

"Percie," the low tender voice said, "he is not all bad; for my sake, let this miserable matter go no further. For my years of pain I freely forgive him, since he, of his own free will, confessed the bitter wrong he had done you. Mr. Harold, I can take your hand now with more respect than I have ever done; in the happiness you have given me to-night, the past is fully atoned."

A tear, hot and burning fell on her hand, and with that last spoken tribute of her womanhood, with bowed head and quivering lips, Clive Harold left her, let us hope, a better, humbler man.

Shall I go further, and try to paint the radiant happiness that the New Year brought for my lovely Cecil, the deep subdued joy of Percie over his recovered treasure, Flora's malicious glee, and Georgie's delight at having imprisoned her stepbrother where he had heard both his accusation and vindication? Percie had come home by Georgie's suggestion, to make one last effort to clear up the mystery; but she had implored him not to present himself before Cecil until she had sounded the ground for him. And she was about undertaking that hazardous operation when Mr. Harold's card interrupted them.

Percie and Cecil were married very quietly one February morning, at the Maxwells', and among the guests assembled to grace the occasion, Cecil insisted upon having the redoubtable "griffin," who, decked with smiles, and looking handsomer than ever, fair and false as usual, was endeavoring to atone for past mistakes. Cecil forgave her, but I doubt whether Georgie ever did, for as Mr. and Mrs. Lennox stood on the deck of the Cunard steamer the next day, just before she bade them a loving good-by, Georgie announced her intention of going back to keep Miss Hatherton in order for the next month!

"I can bring myself down to a proper Christian degree of forgiveness toward Mr. Harold," said she, with a gay little laugh, "but as for the 'griffin,' I cherish a grudge against her still for Cecil's sake. Never mind; I'll be even with her yet!"

"I haven't a doubt of it," said Percie, saucily.

"You needn't laugh; I'll write a novel and introduce her in it, or you'll find a sketch of her, some day, wandering around in some of the magazines. Fine material there, and plenty of room for incidental touches!"

And she has kept her word!—*Ballou's Magazine.*

A Mountain of Coal.

A coal mine has been discovered in Washington Territory, on Cedar river, about eighteen miles from Elliott Bay, and a charter for a narrow-gauge road has been obtained from the mine to the bay. The stratum of coal passes through a high mountain, and by actual measurement is thirteen feet thick; it is estimated that 2,800,000 tons of coal can be taken from the mine without sinking or pumping.

How a Quakeress Stopped Borrowing.

An old Quaker lady, another neighbor, who had endured borrowing for a long time patiently, hit upon a very philosophical mode of eventually putting a stop to the nuisance. Keeping her own counsel, the next time her good man went to town he had a separate and express order to purchase a pound of the best tea and also a new canister to put it in. As he knew she already had plenty of tea, and also a canister, he was puzzled to determine what the old lady wanted of more tea and a new canister, but his questioning and reasonings elicited nothing more than a repetition of the order.

"Jim, did I not tell thee to get me a pound of the best tea and a new canister? Now go along and do as I bid thee."

And go along he did, and when he came home at night the tea and new canister were his companions. The old lady took them from him with an amused expression on her usual placid features, and depositing the tea in the canister set it in on a shelf for a special use. It had not long to wait, for the borrowing neighbor had frequent use for the aromatic herb. The good old lady loaned generously, emptying back in the canister any remittance of borrowed tea which the neighbor's conscience inclined her to make. Time went on, and after something less than the hundredth time of borrowing, the neighbor again appeared for "just another drawing of tea," when the oft-visited tea canister was brought out and found to be empty and the old lady and obliging neighbor was just one pound of tea poorer than when she bought the new canister, which now only remained to tell the story. Then she made a little characteristic speech, perhaps the first in her life; she said: "Thou seest that empty canister, I filled it for thee with a pound of my best tea, and have lent it all to thee in dribbets, and put in to it all that thou hast sent me in return, and none but thyself hath taken therefrom or added unto it and now thou seest it empty; therefore I will say to thee, thou hast borrowed thyself out, and I can lend thee no more!"

Horses in Battle.

Army horses, generally speaking, were a knowing set, although many of them were perverse and vicious, and in their general conduct were specimens of animated ugliness on four legs. The boys had a theory that all the kicking, biting and baulky horses were sent to the army. But a majority of these soon yielded to discipline and the trooper and his horse soon froze to each other. The horse followed his master, came at his call, obeyed signs as well as words, and at times warned his rider of danger. Horses learned the bugle calls readily as well as their places, and to start the horses it was only necessary to sound feed or water call. In action many horses would about face, turn right or left, halt, move forward, etc., at the bugle call without word or sign from the riders. Coming off Chancellorsville battle field the Captain of a battery dismounted to look after a disabled gun, the remainder of the battery passing on. His horse broke loose, joined the column, took his place at the head and would allow no one to approach him, until two or three miles had been traveled. The concussion of the artillery discharges effected the hearing of horses as it did that of men. Often the ears would lop down instead of standing erect, making so much change in the appearance of a horse, that his rider would hardly recognize him. Tired men moved much better under the influence of music, and horses worked better under the bugle. On one occasion the guns of Captain Paddy H.'s battery were stuck in the mud of the bad roads. Everything had been done to make the horses pull through, but they could not do it. At last Captain Paddy turned in desperation and shouted, "Sergeant, Sergeant, have the bugle sound for the forward call, they'll fetch 'em then." And so they did.

Dean Richmond's Little Joke.

Apropos of fairs, and their frequently very questionable devices for raising money, we copy the following story from an exchange: "A minister of a Western town was once accosted at a fair of his church, where some of these expedients were in full blast, by no less a person than the well-known Dean Richmond, in this fashion: 'Domine, I don't exactly understand all your games here, but I would like to help the cause along. If you've no objection, I'd like to go into one of these side rooms and try a game of poker with you—the winnings to go to the church anyway.' The parson squirmed a little, but the church game of blanks and prizes disappeared from that branch of Zion forthwith."