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Edith Grantly's Hero.

PRETTY little dappled-gray mare A stood impatiently pawing the ground in front of the Carlton railway station, arching her slender neck, and tossing her long silken mane with an undeniable air of coquetry.

"Pretty creature that, Irvin, said a tall sandy-complexioned man, coming round the corner of the depot, and pausing, with both hands thrust nearly to the elbows in his tronser's pockets, at the edge of the narrow platform. "Reckon the squire wouldn't sell her, nohow."

This was said in that indescribable halfquestioning way in which a Yankee "talks round."

"Better ask him if you want to buy, Mr. Sanders," John Irvin answered, shortly.

"O come now, John, you needn't be so touchy ! You know he's hard pushed ; it's no secret, if you and he do think 'tis. But about this little filly; mebbe I should like to buy her, now-hey?" And the long neck and stooping shoulders were thrust so far forward that he looked like some huge bird of prey, the deep-set, restless gray eyes and hooked nose helping out the fancy.

Well, you can't have her; she's sold already," John answered, sharply. And then as the shrill whistle of the engine gave warning of the approaching train, he sprang to the ground, laying his arm caressingly over the neck of the horse, talking to her all the time in a low assuring voice, which she answered in little sniffs, and short broken whinnies.

The Bird of Prey drew in his neck, winked in a very satisfied way, first at John-who didn't see him-and then at the platform, and lastly at the engine, which, curiously enough, seemed to wink back at him with its unearthly eye of fire. Then, plunging his hands still further in his pockets, he slouched away, but not so far but what he could see everything that occurred-trust Rick Sanders for that !

repeated. Then, with a faint start, she looked up, smiled her old bright smile, and, giving him her hand, was assisted into the pretty little phaeton. Bess's head was turned homeward, great-

ly to her delight; but as they whirled round the corner of the station, a tall figure, with broad lank shoulders, leaned forward and watched them-watched them till they were a mere speck in the far-away hazy distance.

"Well, John, what is it now? Must Bess go too?" Edith asked, adruptly; so abruptly, indeed, that poor John was, to speak figuratively, cast upon his beam ends.

" Bess, Miss Edith ?" said the poor fellow, floundering, and trying desperately to right himself before she suspected his pitiable mistake- "I didn't say-I mean, I-I didn't think-I-I"

"John Irvin !" she interrupted, sharply, a sudden fire leaping to her splendid eyes. "Well, yes, then, if you will know," he blurted out, desperately. "I don't know what he'll say, I'm sure. I didn't mean to let it out." And his face grew so ludicrously sorry, considering that it was a manifestly jolly face, and never intended by nature for melancholy or high tragedy looks, that Edith smiled despite herself.

"Don't feel so badly on my account, John," she said, kindly, "You know I am used to this sort of thing-" here a tinge of bitterness crept into her tone-"and ought not to be surprised at anything. Who is going to have her, John ?"

"Old Vancouver-I mean Mr. Vancouver."

"That sounds better," she said, gravely. "I suppose it is the old story," an unmistakable look of pain shadowing the proud brilliant face.

"If you please, miss," John said, hesitingly, "I don't think it is. Old-Mr. Vancouver and him has had a considerable business first and last, and since you've been gone he's been over to the farm two or three times. Last Monday Mr. Grantley told me that Bess had to go; that Vancouver would give three hundred dollars for her, and it was the only thing he could do. Them was his exact words, miss, and he was very sober, and his face was white

as the dead." "That will do, John," she said, quietly.

"How is mother? Better, isn't she ?" "Yes, she was when I came away," he answered, naively.

Edith felt half angry and half amused at this apt commentary on her mother's health. Mrs. Grantley was subject to vapors-in other words, inclined to hypochondria. Not that she was habitually melancholy, only in that peculiarly variable condition in which a feather's weight turned the balance. When everything went right, when nothing crossed her wishes or her temper, she was overflowing with health and spirits. She was gay light, airy ; never, perhaps, brilliant, but very charming and companionable. But there was no surety of this pleasant state of things from one moment to another. The slightest jar of the social or domestic machinery, the faintest breath of an "east wind," the alightest crossing of her will or wishes, and lo ! the fair heavens were hung in darkness, and a rain of tears descended. Some few were so uncharitable as to attribute these frequent illnesses to temper; but how could that be when Mrs. Grantley never got angry? One may certainly curb their passions, but who can help it if he is taken suddenly and overwhelmingly ill? Plainly, then, Mrs. Grantley was not to blame if she was frequently overtaken by sudden and unaccountable paroxysms of illness, at a time, too, when she particularly needed strength and spirits. What if she did almost invariably "triumph through weaknees," and carry her point through tears? Is it any disparagement to a woman to do these things ?--- a woman who should, to be the ideal woman, be always sweet, and soft, and weak, and dependent : who may, if she wants anything, ask very sweetly for it, and cry for it if she does not get it without. Possibly it may look childish and contemptible, presented theoretically, but practically it is very popularvery, with male writers. The slight shadow that had rested on Edith Grantley's face lifted as they came in sight of Meadow Farm. The May sunshine lay in slantwise lines across the broad velvety lawn, where the drooping branches of the elms bent down careasingly to the scented sward. The great square substantial house, its ends of brick painted pale green, looked the very picture of quiet substantial comfort. Back from the house swept acro upon acre of level meadow-land, horse's neck, till John's respectful "now, a broad bright sea of emerald breaking trouble me with his embarrassment, any-if you please, Miss Edith," had been twice against the sombre line of forest beyond. way." And she closed the window with by a fine of one shilling.

Over this the afternoon sunshine hung in golden halos, and in the long line of orcharding the robins flew in and out among the blossoms, trying to rival their sweetness with songs.

As they drove up the door opened, and two lovely children bounded out with a shout of joyous welcome. These were Edith's twin sisters, two of the prettiest little creatures imaginable, with their blue eyes, and chestnut curls, and soft creamy complexions.

A handsome elegant looking man came out leisurely after the children, and leaned carelessly against a tree, while the twins almost smothered their sister with kisses and caresses.

"There, Effic, there, Alice, that will do" he interrupted, almost abruptly. "Edith, my child !" he said, with a sudden tenderness breaking through his easy indolent manner, and holding out his hand.

"Dear father !"

The two stood a full minute with firmlyclasped hands looking each into the other's face. Neither of them spoke; there was no ; caress given or taken, yet it required little skill to read the deep passionate love which warmed and lighted their faces .-You felt instinctively that something more than an ordinary love bound them together -something more than the common bond between parent and child.

With a long fluttering breath he drew her hand through his arm, and turned toward the house. How wonderfully alike they were in face, figure and bearing ! The two fair-faced children running on in advance, the sunshine bronzing their flossy curls, looked back and smiled; but they did not see, and only one ear heard the low "Edith, my darling !" twice repeated in fond proud tones, from lips that were strangely white and tremulous.

"Why, Edie," cried a light voice, in a tone of careless surprise, "I didn't notice you had come ! I suppose," laughing lightly, "I was so absorbed in my toilet. Miss Forbush finished my dress only half an hour ago. Do you think it's becoming, Edith? I never have worn ruby, you know." And with a half anxious look, the girlish-looking woman turned slowly before the long mirror, which reflected a slight graceful figure, from which fell away in soft white folds, a delicate, pale ruby gauze, looking more like beautiful waves of fleecy sunset clouds than anything made for mortal wear.

" It's very charming," Edith said ; "and you, mother, are you as well as you look ?"

"O yes ! I am going to drive after tea with the Mordaunts. I don't suppose it would do to wear this," looking again at herself in the glass.

a crash, that rang out on the quiet dewladen air, and roused Charles Grantley from the half reverie into which he had fallen.

"We must go to the house, Edith," he said, starting up. "I have been so selfish that I have utterly forgotten your weariness. I always do that, I believe."

"No,father I am never weary with you," she said gravely. "I am glad you have told me about this-this business; perhaps we can retrieve ourselves, and save it yet. We must; it would be like death to leave Meadow Farm."

She drew her breath hard and quick, as her eye ran involuntarily down the long stretch of meadow to the still forest, the sunlight tipping its thousand spires with pale gold.

"Edith, don't you feel like cursing me sometimes?" he asked, in a fierce abrupt tone.

She laid her hand on his arm and looked up in his face, the tender lovelight in her eyes half veiled by the sudden mist of tears that came into them.

"Forgive me, he cried, in quick penitence. "I know just how true and brave you are, but one couldn't blame you if you did. I curse myself daily, and then-then, Edith, do the same things over again !"

Edith Grantley did not speak, but the encouraging smile, and the light caress of her tirm cool fingers on his wrist, were more eloquent than words.

" You'll not say anything about this to her, Edith ?" he asked, pausing on the steps before the went into the house. " Most certainly not."

"And, Edith, you'll be careful that the

children don't hear anything ?" he added, anxiously.

"Don't you know I can keep a secret, papa ?" she asked, lightly, yet with a serious face.

"I wish all my secrets were in safe keeping !" he exclaimed, involuntarily, shuddering.

Then, with a suddenness that surprised even Edith, used as she was to his moods, he threw off all look and hint of care or trouble, and met his wife and children in the drawing-room with even more than his usual gaiety, ease and lightness of manner.

Edith excused herself, and went up to her chamber. A look of determination struggled with the pained expression in her face. Holding back the pretty embroidered muslin drapery from the west window, she looked out over the long reach of billowy upland, cleft by the silver sheen of a narrow, indolent, white-bedded river, circling in and out in countless eddying curves and narrows, till it vanished out of

sight behind a clump of golden green wil-

A Romantic Story.

THERE is a little romance going the I rounds about Richard Farquahar Dingle and his wife Phoshe, and Robert. Moore and his wife Mary. The account of the strange fortune that happened these couple is so circumstantial that it must be in the main true. All the parties were English and were newly married as above in England, before they came to the new world to court the goddess fortune. Dick Dingle and his wife were both blondes, and Bob Moore and his wife browns, and both women were beauties of their respective type and all were young and adventurous. The two couple didn't come over in the same ship, but they came about the same time, and they did not know each other. Dick Dingle and his pretty wife went to Petroleum Centre, Pennsylvania, with a capital of \$10,000, which was soon sunk in oil wells-all but \$400. Dick divided this sum with Phoebe, and which she duly received. This reconciled her to her husband's absence for the time, but she heard of him no more for some years, and she began to regard him as dead. The fact is he was living a wild sort of life in South America, and had almost forgotten his blonde wife, though he carried her picture.

Bob Moore and his brunette wife had also a comfortable capital when they arrived in this country, and lost some of it in unfortunate speculations. Bob left Mary in Rochester, N. Y., and went to South America full of golden visions. He promised to write to his wife soon, but never did, and was not lucky in the Argentine country. Finally Dick Dingle and Bob Moore met, and both were vagabonds, in a strange country and without money or friends. They joined their fortunes and told each other the story of their lives. There was a remarkable similarity between them. They both had pictures of their wives, and, strange to say, each went into raptures over the other's picture, and cared very little for his own. In a mad freak vagabond Dick and vagabond Bob exchanged the pictures of their wives, and some luck appeared to come to them afterwards. They were fast friends, and accumulated some money, and began to behave themselves better. It was seven years since Dick Dingle had written to his wife, and one day in a fit of repentance he wrote a letter inclosing \$1,000, and asking her to join him in South America as soon as possible. In the meantime she had removed from Petroleum Centre to Philadelphia, but the letter and money found her after a long delay.

As Dick had waited the proper time, and heard nothing from his wife he began to one day res to the United States to hunt her up. He started from Panama on the English steamer George Watts for the United States on Friday, the 7th day of June last, while his wife sailed from New York for the Argentine republic the next day, Saturday, June 8. Dick went to Petroleum Centre, thence to Philadelphia, but could not find his wife or hear anything of her. He then went to New York, resolved to take the next packet for South America to join Bob Moore. But something occurred to prevent the voyage. He got on a little bit of a spree in New York and happened to stumble into a store on Broadway to buy some trifling article. There behind the counter he saw a handsome brunette whose face looked charmingly familiar. He was not mistaken ; it was she, and the picture he carried proved it. The acquaintance ripened. Mary had sought and obtained a divorce from Bob Moore for desertion, and was free and lovely and still young. Dick Dingle told the story of his wife's disappearance, and the couple resolved that she must be dead, so those two got married and are now living happily in Brooklyn. Phobe Dingle plowed the deep to join her recreant but repentant husband, in the Argentiue republic. She was doomed to disappointment, but she found Bob Moore, and Bob showed her the picture which he had received from Dick Dingle himself, but he did not tell her the whole story. In fact it is uncertain what Bob did say to the beautiful woman who had come so far to find a husband and failed, but it is quite certain that those two got married in a very short time, and now live married in a very short time, and now live in good style in Cordova city, Argentine republic. A real blonde is quite a variety down there, and she makes a sensation when she rides out every evening on a beautiful pairey. It is, perhaps, just as well as it has failer out. These two sin-gular couples are too far apart ever to in-torfere with each other's happiness, and are much better satisfied as they are than they were.—St. Lowis Republican.

John Irvin's attention was about equally divided between his fiery little charge and the passengers alighting from the newlyarrived train. Suddenly his face lighted up, and at the same instant Bess gave a low whinny of delight, and arched her pretty neck, and, despite John's strong hand, started for the platform.

A tall stylish figure, in some sort of pale lustrous gray, came quickly down the steps and put her daintily-gloved hand on the horse's neck.

"Glad to see you back, Miss Edith," said John, his face glowing with honest delight.

"Thank you, John," she replied, with a bright smile. " And Bess-don't you think she knew me?" patting the face pressed against her arm, and looking into the great brown eyes, almost human in their, eloquence of love.

"Know you, miss ! Lor', it's my opinion she knew you was a comin' just as well as any of us. She is just the knowingest hoss! It's a shame that she has got to-" John broke off abruptly, colored to the roots of his hair, and then made a sudden dive for a trunk at the lower end of the platform, which he immediately confiscated, together with a small valise, on which was strapped a lady's waterproof and parasel.

"These all, Miss Edith ?" he asked, with a ludicrous show of absorption in this one trunk and valise.

Very evidently the world held at this moment no other object of thought or interest. Ah, John, you are a sorry dissembler; you overdo the matter altogether.

A faint smile, followed by an expression of pain, flitted across Miss Edith Grantley's face, but she did not speak or stir, but stood with her hand still resting on the

"I think it would be rather thin mamma. I have been cool in my poplin."

"How well you look in those cool grays, Edith ! I believe you've grown positively handsome, dear." And the ruby sleeves fell back from the soft white arms, that were impulsively thrown about Edith's neck in a half childish way.

"Aren't you so glad Edie has come, mamma ?" cried Effie, enthusiastically.

"Certainly child. There don't step on my dress ! Miss Forbush thought I had better have a train ; do you like it Edith ? She said I was so petite. Have you had a nice time ? And who have you seen-anybody new ?"

"Yes, Jessie's baby," Edith answered, laughing, and, unreasonably enough, blushing at the same time.

" Nonsense ! You know what I mean, anybody that is anything."

"I don't believe it would do for you to insinuate in Jessie's presence that her baby does not belong to that class," was the laughing answer. "If, however, you mean did I make any new friends at Jessie's, no. It is very quiet there, quieter far than Carleton."

"O, that reminds me, Dudley Sinclair has got back and gone to Mrs. Swift's to board. Laura has dismissed young Kirke, which says plainly enough that she is going to strike higher. I wish, Edith-" "O, yes, I know !" Edith interrupted, hastily ; "but you forgot I am still in my travelling dress." And turning hurriedly she went out.

Mrs. Grautley, chancing to glance from her other of \$2,000. The Vice-Chancellor has eling dress, she observed.

" If Meadow Farm is lost, I shall always

regret my visit to Consin Jessie's-shall always associate it with that," she said, half under her breath. "And yet I-" pausing and coloring faintly-"should have missed seeing my 'hero.' Ah, well ! I shall never see him again, and, upon the whole, I don't think I care. Romance is like soap bubbles, very pretty to float in air, but will not bear too familiar handling. Upon the whole, I believe I'll not mention the accident to any one, and then no one can have an opportunity to annoy me with questions about it." Continued.

A Singular Case.

Recent proceedings in one of the English courts have brought to light a singular story, while exhibiting in an exceedingly unpleasant view the practical effects of certain English laws. In the year 1825 a lawyer's clerk, a young man of good family and education, was tried on the charge of stealing two watches from his employer's office. The accused had become addicted to drink, and from the evidence it seemed doubtful whether he actually intended to steal the watches, or merely pocketed them in a drunken freak. Under these circum-

stances he was fined one shilling only for the unlawful possession of the property, after which he went to Australia. In the year 1851 he disappeared, and after a long time his next of kin took out letters of administration under the supposition that he was dead, whereupon the Crown at once claimed forfeiture on the ground that he had been convicted of felony. There were It was more than an hour afterward that two sums in dispute, one of \$60,000, the chamber window, saw Edith and her father declared the claim of the Crown to the walking slowly down the grassy orchard larger sum only made out, so that the reppath, her hand on his arm, and her face resentatives of the family are permitted to uplifted to his. She was still in her trav- retain the \$2,000, while the Crown appropriates the sum of \$60,000 because nearly "Confidence ! she said, in a faintly ir- half a century ago the late owner of the ritated tone. "I'm sure I'm glad he don't property was convicted of an offense which trouble me with his embarrassment, any- was then considered sufficiently punished