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THE FADED ROSE.

I overturned my writing desk and found—Oh, pity me!
The pale ghost of a buried love I never thought to see.
I grasped it as the miser grasps his hoarded golden ore,
And scorned myself for touching it, and only held it more.
A lover's gift, a faded rose pinned to a tiny sheet,
On which he wrote, "I'm coming soon, your waiting lips to greet.
Don't watch your eyes out, darling, for the lighted evening train,
You'll see me when the Sabbath bells ring out their sweet refrain."
And so he came! How memory paints that long bright summer day,
And all the loving words he spoke in the hours we dreamed away.
Weak, foolish words; I thought they were forgotten long ago,
When first I learned their treachery, and reeled beneath the blow.
Oh, glistening wealth! Oh, golden lure, you tempted his vain pride,
I thought he counted love worth more than all the world beside.
But I would not that his pretty wife should guess what bonds he broke,
Or know the cruel wrong he wrought for less than her sweet sake.
Then stay, old rose—I'll keep you now, lest some day who knows, who
May speak such fond sweet words as those and I believe them true.

Widow and Steward.

MONSIEUR RENAUD DECHAMPS was a bachelor in every sense of the word. He was thirty-five, vain, conceited and selfish. He had not the least excuse for vanity, as he could not claim the most distant relationship to Apollo.
Now, with all his faults, in character and personal appearance, M. Renaud Dechamps was possessed of something which every member of his club envied him—which the few ladies he had ever known, had striven to be mistress of; namely the most magnificent chateau in the entire empire. It was indescribably faultless, externally, internally, and in its surroundings.
Twice a week, M. Dechamps visited Paris, and thus did he pass his life year in and year out; absorbed in himself, and never imagining there would come a day when he would wish he had done otherwise. The flowers had just displayed their colors, and the trees were looking down upon them with their green-eyed jealousy in the gardens of the chateau, when M. Dechamps commenced his morning walk, which he always took at that season of the year. He had walked until he was tired, one morning, in the middle of May, and he seated himself by the side of a tiny artificial lake, so clear that it reflected everything around it. After gazing into it for some time, M. Dechamps started as he saw another figure reflected in the water beside his own. He turned quickly, and close behind him saw, not a gardener, nor one of the stray tame animals about his park, but a young girl, scarcely less fresh-looking than the surrounding flowers, whose very petite but exquisite form was attired in a habit of green, so bright that it made the trees look faded. She was seated on a pony, which held its head up erect, disdainful to avail itself of the freedom the loose rein entitled it to; for the rider had dropped the rein, taken her foot from the stirrup, turned herself completely round in her saddle, and was occupied in sketching.
M. Dechamps first gazed in amazement, then coughed, and finally rose, at which

point the lady, not a bit disconcerted, or surprised, raised her head quickly and exclaimed:
"When you have done with me, I will retire, as I have other occupation for my time."
"You surely have a holiday to-day, or does your master set you all tasks before he leaves for Paris?" queried the young lady, putting her pencil to her lips, so red that one would fancy the pencil would be stained with blood.
M. Dechamps was thunderstruck. His vanity had received a fearful shock, which sent it bounding against his conceit, the effect being to completely ruffle him. He forgot his stately bearing, disregarded what was due to a lady, and springing to his feet, he said:
"By what right do you intrude here?"
"Good gracious, is that in imitation of your master? If so, I will play mistress and teach you that respect to a lady is expected from the lowest menial."
M. Dechamps was at a loss for words, but as the lady showed no signs of going, he had time to recover himself. He glanced at the pretty picture before him, and if he did not admire it, he certainly did not despise himself. He had never apologized in his life to any one, but he contrived now to give utterance to something intended for an apology.
"Don't mention it. I have made you aware of your rudeness. I don't want any apology. I detest too much humility in a man. There, I have almost finished for today. Now, tell me, who I must thank for the pleasure of this peep at the chateau?"
"I am the steward of M. Dechamps, and it will give me pleasure to let you see more of the chateau," replied Mr. Dechamps, prompted by he did not know what.
"I have, indeed, been unpardonably rude, but I did not know M. Dechamps was civilized enough to have a steward."
"You do not entertain a very high opinion of M. Dechamps?"
"No one does that I ever heard of."
"Indeed; and why not?"
"Because he is a selfish, morbid bachelor, who does not know how to appreciate the blessings fortune has heaped upon him."
"You have odd ideas for a young lady."
"I am not a young lady, I am a widow. Were I a young lady, do you suppose I would be here alone, and conversing with the steward of M. Dechamps? The idea is preposterous."
Monsieur Dechamps was pleased, he knew not why; but he was glad the lady before him was not a bold young demoiselle, but an independent little widow.
"I am the only person in the world from whom M. Dechamps takes advice, and if you tell me what you think he ought to do to make himself more popular, I will advise him and I think he will listen to me."
"I detest a popular man. But if you wish to advise M. Dechamps, tell him as his chateau is surrounded by many woods, to throw open his gardens to them once a week, provide a dinner, and make it a gala day; besides this, he could relieve the wants of many. It is for a charitable purpose that I am stealing a sketch of this chateau. I intend to make a painting of it, and sell it, expecting that the proceeds will make comfortable a family of six. Were I rich I would not do this, but alas, my means are not great; but I do more than your employer, with all his wealth, and I was determined he should in some way do something."
"He may object to this public sale of his private property."
"I expect him to object, and I hope his objections will be great."
"And why so?"
"Because I shall tell him that the only means by which he can prevent the public sale is to buy the picture himself, and believe me, I shall name a high price for it."
"A very clever idea; but I fear you will fail."
"And wherefore?"
"Because M. Dechamps will be forced into nothing."
"He will not refuse the request of a lady?"
"That is a different thing," replied M. Dechamps, blushing at the thought of his own gallantry.
"Then that is precisely the way in which I shall make my request, and I am confident of success. Now I must go, and trust you will not betray me, or if you do you shall share in the purchase."
"I give you my word, I shall say nothing, and as proof of my sincerity, I will

with her picture, was going to make her attack on the following Monday.
"The sooner the better, I assure you, madame."
"And wherefore?"
"It will decide the pecuniary affairs of the poor family for whom you work."
"True," replied Mme. Jerolet, somewhat disappointed, as she had expected a compliment. She only remained a short time longer, and then left without a word more in reference to the picture or the hour at which she would bring it. The consequence of which was that M. Dechamps sat in state in his library the entire of Monday morning, and was about to ring for his luncheon, when the servant announced: "Mme. Jerolet on business of importance."
Mme. Jerolet and her important business were instantly admitted by the servant who said:
"M. Dechamps, madame—"
"You, Monsieur Dechamps; you the selfish, cross old bachelor!" almost shrieked the little widow.
"I am M. Renaud Dechamps. But I trust you have found that I am not as black as painted."
Mme. Jerolet was dumbfounded, and could only extend her hand and her picture.
"I accept both, madame, and lay at your feet the original of the park and chateau, with the very humble owner."
At this juncture Mme. Jerolet sunk into a chair and looked speechless at M. Dechamps, who, timid and blushing as a maiden, awaited his answer.
"You are silent, madame," he at last said.
"What can I say?"
"Yes or no."
"Then—then, I say—yes," stammered the little widow.
'Tis five years since the obscure little widow became Mme. Dechamps. She is complete mistress of the chateau, as she is of her husband's heart. She has transformed him into a benevolent, esteemed gentleman, whose purse is ever open to the poor, as well as all his garden gates. His own children—two in number, and both girls—have more to say in the chateau than he has; but he bows in all love humility to the little tyrants, and is rewarded by the ever increasing love of his little wife, who is the happiest of little women.

Street Life in Europe.

In a recent lecture on this subject, Wendel Phillips speaks as follows: "In Europe men carry the signs of their vocations in their clothing. In Paris some years ago the lecturer was refused admission by a sentinel to a public building because he wore a cap, which, in France, was only worn by servants. He finally convinced the sentry that he had another cap at home, and was permitted to go in.
"Americans think it is an evidence of manhood to repress their emotions. Homer made his gods whine and howl, and did not imagine he was detracting from the dignity of the god, much less than of man. This is the sentiment in Europe. After one of the sessions of the French Assembly, Jules Favre and the orator Berlyer fell upon each other's necks and kissed and wept. Imagine Sunset Cox and Ben Butler kissing each other! (Laughter.)
"One thing that forcibly strikes an American in Europe is the lack of what we would call enterprise; that the application of brains to work, R. Waldo Emerson says: A Yankee has as much brains in his hands as a European in his skull. We harness steam, and send lightning on errands. A genuine Yankee baby looks over the side of his cradle, plans a new one, and gets out a patent for it before he is nine months old. [Laughter.] The difference between the Yankee and European is illustrated by the above, in connection with an anecdote of Horace Greeley.
Mr. Greeley, when in France, once said to a Frenchman, whom he saw mowing with a rusty old knife: "Why don't you get a good sharp modern scythe? It will do three times as much work."
"The Frenchman's reply was fuller of economy than the Tribune ever was: "Ah, Monsieur, I haven't three times the work to do."
"In Europe wood is sold by the pound, and bread by the yard. The Italian wood sawer places the saw between his knees, and rubs the wood on the saw. This, according to the lecturer, was the dead low tide of the application of brains to work. The high tide of the application of brains to labor is found in the operation of one of our grain elevators, which the lecturer characterized as an instance of the Yankee

skulking the final curse of getting his living by the sweat of his brow."
"The Europeans, he said, were much more polite than Americans. Ask a New Yorker the way to Wall street, and he will send you to a place hotter than the 4th of July. (Laughter.) Ask an Englishman and it is a chance if he don't send you to the same place. Ask a Frenchman the way to a saloon, and he will direct you with the greatest particularity. Ask a German the way to a place and he will go with you.
"In America everybody travels. In Europe the man who travels is a curiosity. This fact explains Montesquieu's remark that "Paris is France." Paris pulls down a king, and the matter is accomplished before Marselles hears of it.
"In Europe almost everything is governed by economy. The lecturer was once instructed in Italy by an officer in the English navy how to save a cent.
"The next place where we see Europeans is at the church the doors of which are always open. In the churches there is no hateful aristocracy of pews. He had seen the blood royal of Naples kneeling side by side with the ragged lazzaron, both equal before God.
"In the matter of alms giving the Europeans are far superior to us. In America we waste more than Italians eat, and yet in that country he had never seen a beggar turned away from a house or store without having something given him as a testimony that better off owed something to worse off.
"Women's work in Europe is somewhat multifarious. They do two-thirds of the work—draw wagons, propel boats, dig, plow, and in fact, performs all kinds of labor. A brother of the last Emperor of Austria, who married his wife in the Tyrol, married her because she harnessed horses so well.
"It is said that the word *home* is not to be found in the French language, and consequently we imagine they have not homes there. The lecturer had seen houses in France in which might be found five or six generations of the same family.
"The prejudice against color, so strong in America, has no place among Europeans. At St. Peter's in Rome, Mr. Phillips heard a sermon delivered in a most melodious voice, and when he moved toward the priest to note his personal appearance, he was astonished to discover that the speaker was a negro. This struck him so forcibly that he exclaimed: "I must be 5,000 miles from Boston." [Laughter and Applause.]

Doing a Peddling Female.

We had a visit from a book-peddling female last week. She wishes to dispose of a book. She was alone in this world and had no one to whom she could turn for sympathy or assistance, hence we should buy her book. She was unmarried and had no manly heart in which she could pour her sufferings, therefore we ought to invest in her book. She had received a liberal education and could talk French like a native; we could not in consequence pay her less than two dollars for her book. She wanted to take lessons in music from a learned German professor; consequently we must not decline buying a book. We had listened attentively and here broke in with "What do you say? We're deaf." She started in a loud voice and went through her rigmarole. When she had finished we went and got a roll of paper and made it into a speaking trumpet, placed one end in our ear, and told her to proceed. She commenced "I am alone in the world."
"It doesn't make the slightest difference to us. We are not alone; in fact, we are a husband and a father. Although this is leap year, bigamy is not allowed in this State. We are not eligible to proposals."
"Oh! what a fool this man is," she said in a low tone; then at the top of her voice, "I don't want to marry you, I want—to—sell—a—b—o—o—k!"—This last sentence was howled. "We don't want a cook," we blandly remarked; our wife does the cooking, and she wouldn't allow as good a looking woman as you to stay in the house five minutes. She is very jealous." She looked at us in despair.
Gathering her robes about her, giving us a glance of contempt, she exclaimed, "I do believe if a three hundred pounder was let off along side of that deaf old fool's head he'd think somebody was knocking at the door," slinging herself out and slamming the office door with a vehemence that awakened our office boy, who can sleep sound enough for a whole family. When she was gone we indulged in a demoniac laugh. She isn't likely to try to sell us a book any more.

if you wish it, let you see the interior of chateau. M. Dechamps will be to-morrow where he is to-day—you will see no one but me, and I shall feel proud to conduct so estimable a lady through the chateau."
"Delightful. If I find M. Dechamps half as polite when I see him as his steward, I shall become his companion, and begin to think that envy has painted him worse than he is. What time shall I come to-morrow?"
"Your own convenience must decide that."
"Then I would suggest the morning—everything is so bright and enjoyable in the morning. Will eleven be too early?"
"Not at all."
"Then I shall be here at that hour. It is but just that you should know who I am. My husband was M. Paul Jerolet, brother to the Marquis of C—; he was, as you have heard of course, killed in a duel, which originated in a fancied insult to me. It is just two years ago, and ever since I have lived in the only spot in the world I can call my own, the pretty little villa, scarcely a mile from here. You will, of course, tell M. Dechamps of my visit—you may also tell him who I am—as I do not care to cater to his vanity by having him suppose I was some poor creature who viewed his elegance as something new to me."
"All shall be as you wish, madame."
"You are most kind, monsieur, and I appreciate your civility. Bon jour."
M. Dechamps raised his hat, the little widow gave a bewitching bow and galloped out of sight, leaving the bachelor bewildered but fully sensible of her charms, and thoroughly ashamed of himself, not as she knew him, but as he was.
The following morning was, if anything brighter than the preceding one, and the little widow prettier and happier. She had paid great attention to her appearance, though she wore the same habit; it was turned over in front, and displayed a spotless chemisette, finished off at the neck by a jaunty green bow; her hair was in light, graceful ringlets, all of which had the effect of making her look still more childish, still more piquant.
Any difficulty Mme. Jerolet had anticipated in finding the steward was removed by seeing that individual standing actually at the gates. Yes, it was an actual fact, M. Dechamps had risen at nine, and without ringing his bell, so that the chateau still maintained its morning tranquility, and so well trained were the servants that had the bell not sounded for a week, no one would have ventured to intrude upon M. Dechamps, who, after rising, went through his chateau to ascertain if all looked as it should to receive a visitor. Precisely at eleven he was waiting at the gates, and precisely two minutes after that hour the little widow arrived.
"Are you here to receive me, or to tell me I must not enter?" was Mme. Jerolet's greeting.
"I am here to conduct you through both grounds and chateau by permission—nay, I may say request—of M. Dechamps, who expressed himself as honored by your giving his chateau a moment's consideration."
An hour's ride, side by side, brought them to the chateau, and there the admiration of Madame Jerolet knew no bounds, nor did the admiration of M. Dechamps for his fair bewitching visitor.
One, two and three hours had passed, and still both lingered to examine and re-examine the wondrous paintings, the rare books, the antique furniture, and, in fact, everything that fell within reach of their eyes.
By this time Mme. Jerolet signified her wish to depart. M. Dechamps assisted her to her horse, mounted his own and rode to the gate with her; little or no conversation passed between them. At parting, Mme. Jerolet, without knowing why, held her hand out. M. Dechamps took it, knowing full well why he did so.
He watched the widow out of sight, and then on the wings of delight and hunger he flew back to the chateau, rang his bell, set his household in motion, and late as it was, sat down to his breakfast. The valet wondered, the cook grumbled, the butler was indifferent, and the coachman impatient. M. Dechamps was intensely happy, and from that day he never lost the sensation.
One week passed, then two weeks, and no widow; but on the third week there was widow every day in the week, the steward pretending to guard her from M. Dechamps. Rides through the park, sketches of the chateau, and sprightly conversation made the hours fly, and finally Mme. Jerolet announced that she, armed