

The Bloomfield Times.

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HOW TO MAKE SOUR KROUT.

AS SING BY JOHN THOMSON.

Now if you want to find out how to make good
sour kroust,
Youst listen by my story, und I told you all
about it;
Sour kroust ain't made from leather, like some
peoples supposes,
But from dot bully flower vot dey call der cab-
bage roses.

CHORUS.
Sour kroust is bully, I tink it's very fine;
Well! I guess I ought to know, 'cos I eat
him all der time.

We take him from der garden when he's small
vot he can pe,
Und schop him up in pieces, as fine as any tea;
We pult him in a tub und stamp him mit our
feet,

Und stamp, und stamp, und stamp, und stamp;
dot makes him nice and sweet.

CHORUS.
Und den we put in blendy salt, but don't put in
no snuff,
Nor any syk-cum pepper, or any of dot stuff,
We put him in der cellar den, till he pegins to
schmell!;

My gracious he was pully, und re Dutchmens
love him vell.
CHORUS.
Now when he schmells all he can schmell, und
don't kin schmell no schmeller,
Ve go down by der tub vot va put down in der
cellar!

Ve put some in a pot mit spec und let him биле,
Und every von can schmell him den for fifty
thousand miles.

Who Tom Married.

WE had just finished breakfast. Tom
laid down the egg-spoon he had
been playing with, and looked across at
mother.

"Aunt Anne, I think I'll take a wife,"
he said, exactly as he might have said
"I think I'll take another cup of coffee."
"Take a wife?" repeated mother, by
no means receiving the information as
tranquilly as it had been given. "What
for?"

"Well, I don't know," answered Tom,
thoughtfully. "It's a notion I've got in
my head somehow."

"All nonsense!" said mother, sharply.
"Do you think so?" said Tom, appar-
ently doubtful, but not in the least put
out.

"Think so? I know it. What in the
world can you want of a wife. After all
these years we have lived so comfortably
together to bring home somebody to turn
the house upside down! And then what's
to become of that poor child?"

The "poor child"—that was I—red-
dening at being brought into the argument in
this way, was about to speak for herself
when Tom interposed, warmly.
"I am sure May knows I would never
have any wife who would make it less a
home for her—don't you May?"

"Of course," said I.
"And I'm sure she knows nothing of
the sort," persisted mother, "nor you
either, Tom Dean. How can you answer
for what a wife may take it into her head
to do, once you get her fixed here? You
can't expect her to forget, as you do, that
May has no real claim on you."

"That I have no real claim on her, I
suppose you mean, ma'm," Tom put in for
the second time, just as I was getting
thoroughly uncomfortable. "But, for all
that, I intend to keep her—that is," added
Tom with one of his short-sighted blinks
sideways at me, "as long as she'll stay
with me, eh, May? And whoever has any-
thing to say against that arrangement will

have to go out of my house to say it—not
that I'm afraid of any such result in this
case—and, on the whole, Aunt Anne, I
should like to try the experiment."

Mother smiled grimly, but Tom was so
evidently bent on his "experiment," as he
called it, that she gave up the argument.
"You can dance if you're ready to pay
the piper," she said, shortly. "And
pray how soon do you mean to be mar-
ried?"

Tom's face fell a little at this question.
"Well," said he, "I can't say exactly.
I suppose we shall have to be engaged
first."

"What?" said mother, opening her
eyes; "why you never mean to say, Tom,
you haven't spoken to her yet?"

"Not yet," answered Tom, cheerfully.
"Time enough for that, you know, after
I had spoken to you."

Mother, as a minister's widow, was not
much given to the idle mirth that is as
the crackling of thorns under a pot, but now
she leaned back and laughed till the tears
stood in her eyes.

"Well," she said, "if it was anybody
else I should say he was cracked; but you
never were like other people, and you never
will be, Tom Dean. But, at least, you
have fixed on the lady?"

"Oh, yes," answered Tom, "but, if you
will excuse me, Aunt Anne, I would rather
not say anything about her just yet; for
if—anything should happen it wouldn't be
pleasant to either party, you know."

With which veiled allusion to his possi-
ble rejection Tom took his hat and left the
room.
Our household was rather queerly put
together. There was no particular reason
why I should have been of it at all; for I
was not really related to Tom, nor even to
"mother," as I called her, though I am
sure we were as dear to one another as any
mother and daughter could be. She was
the second wife of my father, who, like
ministers, had been richer in grace than in
goods, and had left us at his death with
very little to live on. Then it was that
Tom Dean had come forward and insisted
on giving a home to his aunt and to me,
whom he had scarcely seen a dozen times
in his life before. That was exactly like
Tom—"queer Tom Dean," as his friends
were fond of saying, "who never did any-
thing like anybody else." I suppose, in
spite of his clear head for business, there
is no denying that he was whimsical, but I
am sure, when I think of his unfeeling
generosity and delicacy, I can't help wish-
ing there were a few more such whimsical
people in the world. Naturally, at the
time I am speaking of, my opinion had not
been asked; all I had to do was to go where
mother went, and while she gave her en-
ergies to the housekeeping, give mine to
growing up, which by this time I had pret-
ty well accomplished. But perhaps for
that very reason—for one sees with differ-
ent eyes at twelve and eighteen—my posi-
tion in the house had already begun to
seem unsatisfactory to me; and the morn-
ing's words put it in a clearer light, since it
had been used as an argument against
Tom's marrying. I knew that mother had
spoken honestly, believing that such a step
would not be for his happiness; but was
not he the best judge of that? I knew him,
if reflection should bring him round to her
opinion, to be perfectly capable of quietly
sacrificing his own wishes for my sake, who
had not the shadow of a claim on him; so
it must be my part to prevent his own
kindness being turned against him now.
Still, it was not so easy to see how I was
to provide for myself in case it should become
advisable. What could I do? Draw and
sing and play tolerably, but not in a man-
ner to compete with the hosts that would
be in the field against me. Literature? I
had read so many stories whose heroines,
with a turn of the pen, dashed into wealth
and fame. That would be very nice, only—
I was not in the least little bit literary;
I had never even kept a journal, which is
saying a great deal for a girl in her teens.
The "fine arts," then, being out of the
question for me, what remained? There
was some clerkship, or a place in some
family, and—there was Will Broomley!

That may seem like going away from
the point, but it was not. I was matter of
fact, but I could see well enough what was
going on right under my eyes, and I had a
pretty clear idea of what was bringing Will
to the house so often as he had taken to
coming lately. There was a "situation,"
then, that would give me the home life I
liked best and felt myself best suited for;
but would it answer in other respects? I
overcast the long seam I was sewing twice
over, I was so busy trying to make up my

mind whether I liked Will Broomley well
enough to pass my whole life with him;
and even then I had not come to any decision,
when I was called down stairs to Letty
Walters.

Letty was the prettiest, I think, of all my
friends, and certainly the liveliest. Tom
called her "the tonic," and used to laugh
heartily at her bright speeches. I suppose
it was this made mother fix on Letty as
his choice. When I came into the sitting-
room I found a kind of cross-examination
going on. It was amusing to anybody in
the secret, as I was, to watch mother's art-
ful way of continually bringing the con-
versation round, as if by chance, to bear on
what she wanted to know. But it all
amounted to nothing, either because Letty
was too good a fencer or because or she
really had nothing to betray. But when
Tom came home mother took care to men-
tion that Letty had called.

"What, the tonic?" said Tom. "Too
bad I missed her."

"But for your choice being already
made," said mother, with a covert scrutiny
of his face, "I dare say you might have
as much of the tonic as you liked."

"But I go on the homeopathic principle,
you know," answered Tom, with a twinkle
in his eye.

After that, mother's belief in Letty's
guiltiness wavered. Her suspicions were
transferred from one to another of our ac-
quaintance, but always with the same un-
satisfactory result.

"It passes my comprehension," she said
to me, despairingly, one day. "I am posi-
tive I could tell the right one by Tom's
face in a minute, and yet I have mentioned
everybody who know."

"Perhaps it is somebody we don't
know," I suggested; "some friend of his
we have never seen."

"What! a perfect stranger?" said moth-
er, sharply. "Never talk to me, child;
Tom's not capable of that!"

I was silent, for I did not want to wor-
ry her; but that was my opinion all the
same.

The same evening—it was rather more
than a week since Tom had hurled that
thunderbolt of his at us—mother began
about it openly.

"When are you going to introduce your
wife to us, Tom? I suppose you have come
to an understanding by this time?"

"Oh, there's no hurry," Tom said, as he
had said before; but this time he did not
speak quite so cheerfully. "The fact is,"
he continued, with a little hesitation,
"there—there's a rival in the case."

"A rival!" replied mother, with unfeel-
ing briskness.
"Yes, a young fellow—yonger by a
good deal than I am," and Tom's face as-
sumed an absurdly doleful look. "He's
always there now. I confess I don't see
my way clear; I'm waiting for her to make
up her mind."

"And she's waiting, most likely, for you
to make up yours," said mother, forgetting,
in her propensity to right matters, that she
was playing the enemy's game.

"There's something in that; that never
occurred to me," said Tom, his face
brightening. Mother saw her mistake
and made a counter move at once.

"But the ways of my time are old-fash-
ioned now; young ladies nowadays take
matters into their own hands. If she cared
for you, you may be pretty sure she
wouldn't have waited till this time to let
you know it—that is, I judge by the girls
I am in the habit of seeing; but if this one
is a stranger to me—" (here mother riv-
eted her eyes on Tom's face—oh, dear, my
unfortunate words!) "if she is an entire
stranger I cannot pretend to form any op-
inion of her course."

"Of course," repeated Tom, absently.
"Not that I have any such idea," re-
sumed mother, growing warmer; "I have
said, and I say again, that to bring a per-
fect stranger under this roof is not my
opinion of you, Tom."

I felt mother's words like so many pins
and needles; for Tom was looking medita-
tively across at me, and, though that was
just a way of his, it seemed now as if he
were reading in my face that the opinion
was mine and that I had been meddling in
what did not concern me, I felt myself, for
very vexation, getting redder every mo-
ment, till it grew intolerable.

"It is so warm here," I said, for an ex-
cuse, turning toward the French window.
"I am going to get a breath of air."
I went out into our little strip of garden
ground; Tom followed.

I thought I should never have a better
opportunity to say what I had in my mind
to say, so I waited for him by the bench
under the old pear tree.

"Sit down here, Tom," I said, "I've
something to say to you."

"Have you?" said Tom; "that's odd,
for I—well, never mind that just yet.
What is it, May?"

"Tom," I said, still surer now he had
mispjudged me, and more resolved to set
him right, "I want a place."

"A place?" repeated Tom, puzzled, as
well he might be, by this sudden and
indefinite announcement; "what kind of a
place?"

"I don't know," I said, for, indeed, my
ideas were the most vague. "I thought
you might, being in the way of those
things. Now, pray, Tom," I went on,
quickly, "don't fancy I am discontented,
or—anything of that sort; the truth is,
ever since I left off school I have wanted
something to do, and had it in my mind to
speak to you about it."

With this I looked at Tom, fearing he
might be vexed; but he did not look vexed,
only preoccupied.

"I do know of a place as it happens," he
said, after a while, "only I'm not sure how
it would suit you."

"That's soon seen," said I. "What is
it like?"

"Well, it's a sort of—of general useful-
ness—"

"Why, it must be to run errands," said
I, laughing. "And where is it, Tom?"

"Well," said Tom, hesitating again,
"it's with me."

"How very nice!" I exclaimed. "How
soon can I have it?"

"The sooner the better, so far as I am
concerned," said Tom, and with that he
turned around and looked at me, and di-
rectly I met his eyes I knew somehow, all
in a moment, what it was he meant; and
I knew, too, that I could not have passed
all my life with Will Broomley, and why
I could not.

I am sure Letty Walters, who interrupt-
ed us just then, must have thought my
wits were wandering that evening, and, in-
deed, they were, for I was completely daz-
ed with this sudden turn things had taken.
But Tom, who had the advantage of me
there, took it quite coolly, and laughed
and talked with Letty just the same as
ever till she went away.

It was pretty late when we went in.
Mother sat where we had left her, knitting
in the twilight.

"Wasn't that Letty Walters with you a
while ago?" she said, as we came up.

"Yes," said I, with a confused feeling
of an explanation of something being neces-
sary; "she just came to bring the new
crochet pattern she promised me."

"H'm!" said mother, as much as to
say she had her own ideas as to what Letty
came for.

Tom had been wandering about the room
in an absent sort of manner, taking up and
putting down in the wrong places all the
small objects that fell in his way. He
came up and took a seat by mother. I
became of a sudden very busy with the
plants in the window, for I knew he was
going to tell her.

"Wish me joy, Aunt Anne," said he,
"it's all settled."

"Settled, is it," said mother, in any-
thing but a joyful tone. "So it's as I sus-
pected all along. Well, you have my best wishes,
Tom; perhaps you may be happy together
after all. I'm sure I hope so."

This wasn't a very encouraging sort of
congratulation, and Tom seemed rather
taken aback by it.

"I'm sorry you're not pleased," he said,
after a pause; "I had an idea somehow
you would be."

"I don't know from what you judge.
But there, it's no use crying over spilled
milk. You'll be married directly, I presume;
I must be looking out for a house," and
mother stroked her nose reflectively with
a knitting needle.

"What for?" said Tom. "I thought of
keeping on here all the same."

do. I wish all good to you and your wife,
and shall be glad to help her if I can, but
to live in the same house with her is what
would turn out pleasantly for neither of us,
and, once for all, I can't do it."

"Aunt Anne," said Tom, pushing back
his chair, and staring in mother's excited
face, "either you or I must be out of our
wits."

"It's not me, then, at any rate," retort-
ed mother, getting nettled.

Amused and a certain embarrassment
had kept me a silent listener so far, but
there was no standing this; I tried to speak,
but could not for laughing.

"I think you are all out of your wits to-
gether," said mother, turning to me sharp-
ly. "What ails the child? It is no laugh-
ing matter."

"You don't understand each other," I
gaspied. "Oh, dear!—it's not Letty—oh,
dear!" and relapsed again.

"Not Letty?" repeated mother, turning
to Tom. "Then why did you tell me so?"

"I never told you so," said Tom.
"Why, yes you did," persisted mother.
"You came in and told me you were going
to be married."

"Yes, so I am," said Tom, still at cross-
purposes.

"Now, Tom Dean," said mother, rising
and confronting him, "what do you mean?
who is going to be your wife?"

"Why, May, of course," answered Tom.

"May?" and then, after a pause of inex-
pressible astonishment, it was mother's
turn to laugh. "Do you mean to say, Tom,
it was that child you were thinking of
all the time?"

"Why, who else could it be?" asked
Tom, simply.

"Well," said mother, "I ought to have
remembered you never did do anything
like anybody else. But still, why in the
world did you go to work in such a round-
about way?"

"I wanted to see how you took my idea,"
said Tom.

"And how did you suppose we were to
guess your idea meant May?" mother
asked.

"Who else could it be?" repeated Tom,
falling back on what he evidently found an
unanswerable argument. It was no use
talking to him. Mother gave it up with
a shake of the head.

"And you won't want another house
then, Aunt Anne?" said Tom, suddenly.
That set mother off again; Tom joined
with her, and altogether I don't think we
ever passed a merrier evening than the one
in which I found out who Tom was to
marry.

A Funny Case.

Akron, Ohio, has a funny temperance
case. A rum-seller whom I will call El
Church, because he was "high" most of
the time, had been sued several times for
damage done by his rum on citizens of the
town. One man came out drunk and
smashed a big glass window. He was too
poor to pay for it, and the owner came
against Church. A boy about sixteen got
drunk and let a horse run away with him,
breaking his arm. His father made Church
pay the damage. A mechanic got drunk
and was killed on the railroad track, and
his wife sued Church for \$2,000 and got it.
A farmer got drunk and was burned in his
barn on the hay. His son sued Church
and recovered. Church got sick of paying
out so much money for personal and prop-
erty damages. It ate up all the rum-seller's
profits. Still he acknowledged the law to be
a statute, and that it made him responsi-
ble for all the damages done by his rum.
He used to argue, also, that sometimes his
rum did people good, and then he'd said
he ought to receive something back.

One day lawyer Thompson got to drink-
ing. Thompson was mean, like many other
lawyers, and when he died of the delirium
tremens there wasn't much mourning in
Akron. There wasn't anybody who cared
enough for Thompson to sue Church for
damage done. So, one day, Church went
before the court himself.

"What does Mr. Church want?" ask
the Justice.

"I tell you what, Judge," commenced
the rum-seller, "when my rum killed that
mechanic Johnson and farmer Mason, I
came down like a man. I paid the damage
and squared up like a Christian—now
didn't I Jedge?"

"Yes, you paid the damage, Mr. Church;
but what then?"

"Wall, Jedge, my rum did a good deal
to'rds killin' lawyer Thompson now, and
it 'pears ter me when I kill a lawyer I kinder
oughter get a rebait!"