

For The Bloomfield Times.

Minnie Baxter.

A Temperance Story.

BY S. B. THOSTLE.

IN the little village of S—, not many miles from London, in old England, lived, at the commencement of this story, a widow and her daughter, the heroine of this sketch.

William Baxter was a man of good standing, and a man of many noble qualities, when he married Miss Eva Johnson. He was esteemed by his companions for his honesty, uprightness and his gentlemanly bearing.

For a few years after their union every thing went as merry as a "marriage bell." But, ah! the time is coming when that demon "intemperance," is stealing into that happy home, bringing poverty, remorse and shame.

William was a black-smith by trade, and his walk to and from the shop, led past a hotel, where many of his companions were wont to assemble. They had tried various means to induce Baxter to join them, but, for a long time without success. But one evening as he was on his way home from his shop while passing the hotel he was met by one of his companions, who thus accosted him:

"Say, Baxter, won't you come along in and have something to drink? it is too hard, working all day as you do without having something to freshen you up in the evening. Come now and oblige."

"No, thank you," replied Baxter, "I don't drink, besides I feel better without it."

"But just come this once," said his friend, "and if it hurts you I will pay the doctor."

"Certainly," replied Minnie, "but you may find me a pretty dull partner." But he did not find her to be a dull companion, but altogether agreeable.

Fred was, by this time "over head and ears in love," but the words of Frank Leister still rang in his ears, and he determined to see more of her, and learn if she was the heartless coquette she was represented to be. If so he would try and smother his love.

While conversing with her after the dance, Fred overheard some one whisper— one who had got the "cut" himself: "That Fred Warner, the London chap, will fix him as she fixed me and all the rest of the fellows; she will draw him into the snare which she has prepared for him, and then when he asks her for her hand, she will indignantly refuse him."

All this Fred heard, but he did not despair. He accompanied her to her home and had a long talk with her at the gate. He bid her good night and then returned to his own lodgings, went to bed, but not to close his eyes, so busy was he thinking of Minnie, and what he had heard of her in the ball room.

When Fred parted from Minnie in the evening, she invited him to call again, which invitation he readily accepted.

Accordingly, on the following afternoon he made his promised good-by calling on her, while she welcomed him with a smile.

Fred could not help remembering his friend, Frank Leister's words concerning her, "You may be encouraged by her winning smiles until you propose to her, and then she will cast you off to brood over your misfortune at leisure," but he banished these thoughts, and then walked into the parlor.

She seemed more lovely in her beautiful snow white dress and purple ribbon, tied tastefully in a bow, than she did the preceding evening.

After having a stroll through the garden, looking at the beautiful flowers with which it was adorned, they returned to the house and re-entered the parlor, where they passed the time, and passed it pleasantly too, until a servant announced that tea was ready.

"Indeed, is it so late?" asked Fred, "you see how swiftly time passes when we have so good company. Well, I must return or aunt will think something has happened me." "Oh, no; you will have to stay and take tea with us. Now won't you? I know you will to please me."

"Oh! I would do much more than that to please you," replied Fred, and as he said this he raised his eyes to hers. She readily understood that glance, and instantly lowered her eyes, while a blush mantled her cheek.

Fred conducted Minnie to the dining room where an ample repast awaited them. While partaking of the meal a servant passed wine around. This was done by the servant at Minnie's request.

When she offered a glass to Fred he modestly declined. "No, thank you," said he, "I never drink anything stronger than water. Wine looks to be very harmless, but when we indulge in it we are tempted to taste something stronger and soon become accustomed to it, and so go on from bad to worse, until we become

habitual drinkers and go down to a drunkard's grave. No; I will not touch a drop of intoxicating drink as long as I have life. Has not the Scriptures said," continued Fred, "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright, &c.?"

Minnie smiled pleasantly for she had gained her point—what that point is we shall see hereafter.

After tea they again returned to the parlor. Fred was determined to know his fate. So after seating himself beside her and managing to get hold of her hands, he "held forth":

"Oh, Minnie, you doubtless know that I love you. Yes, Minnie, I love you better than my own life. Will you be my wife? Oh, say yes, for my future life depends upon it, whether it is to be happiness or whether it is to be darkness and despair."

You see he had forgotten his promise to Frank Leister, "I will mind that part," but he had so fallen in love with her that he was excusable.

She raised her eyes to his and whispered "yes."

He pressed her to his heart and showered kisses upon her—we will not say how many it would be useless.

That evening, while strolling through the garden with Minnie, Fred told her what he had heard concerning her. "But I could not exactly believe it," said Fred. "I could not believe that my Minnie, my future wife, could be so heartless."

After he reached his abode and his room he sat down to think. He determined to get an introduction to her, but how, that was the question that puzzled his mind, but he was to have his hopes realized before he expected.

There was a ball to be given by one of the elite of the village, and all leabeanmonde were invited, Minnie and Fred Warner among the rest.

Early in the evening the ball room was beginning to be crowded with guests, while sweet music rose and fell on the still night air, and while couples could be seen, strolling back and forth, out on the veranda and through the gardens enjoying themselves before the dancing commenced.

Fred Warner determined to obtain an introduction to the "belle of the occasion," Miss Minnie Baxter.

So walking up to Frank Leister, he desired him to introduce him, which request was readily granted.

"But," said he, "be careful that you do not lose your heart; if you do your case will be pitiable."

"Why so?" asked Fred. "She is a coquette and can play her role to perfection. After alluring you on to the 'popping point,' she will reject you as she has others, myself not excepted," replied Frank sadly. "You may be encouraged by her winning smiles," continued he "until you propose to her, and then she will cast you off to brood over your misfortune at leisure. Again, I tell you, beware!"

"I will mind that part," said Fred smiling.

After an introduction, Fred led her to a seat and commenced conversing with her in a lively manner. As another set formed for the dance, Fred said: "will you not grant me a favor, by becoming my partner in the dance?"

"Certainly," replied Minnie, "but you may find me a pretty dull partner."

But he did not find her to be a dull companion, but altogether agreeable.

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"Part of it is true," rejoined Minnie.

Fred looked at her in wonderment.

She then told him of her father's drunkenness, of his downward course, and, lastly of his wretched death.

Concerning the many suitors that I cast off, it is true, but wait until I tell you the reason. I resolved by the help of Heaven, never to promise to marry a man who indulged in strong drinks of any kind. That resolution I have kept. All of my suitors heretofore have never refused to drink when it was offered them, and when asked to marry any of them, the resolution I had taken compelled me to refuse. That is the reason that I have been the subject of scandal. And now Fred, I hope you will stick to your promise."

Fred promised never to break it as long as life would last.

By this time it was getting late, so, after a kiss and a good night he departed. But before he left, the marriage day was set which was to take place in a month, so that Fred could return to his duties taking his wife with him.

"Did you hear the news?" asked Jennie Lee of Frank Leister, about two weeks after the above had happened. "What news?" asked Frank.

What! did you not hear that Minnie Baxter is going to marry Fred Warner? Who would have thought it! One would hardly believe that she intended to marry at all, but only lived to break men's hearts.

"Yes, I have heard it," said Frank, sadly, for his heart was still sore over his own refusal. But time which cures all heart wounds brought him relief and in the love of another woman he was able to forget his regard for Minnie.

A few years later the reader by entering a pretty house in London could have seen a happy family. The members of that family were Fred Warner, his wife Minnie and a little boy which the parents were determined to bring up to regard strict temperance principles, as the only rule of action through life. Let other women take the same resolve that guided Minnie in the choice of a husband, and it will not be many years before "local option laws will not be needed, and drunken husbands will be unknown in our land."

The Quaker's Daughter.

In 1838, there lived in Burlington county N. J., a Quaker preacher by the name of Abraham—, a very mild, pleasant-spoken person, who had a beautiful and accomplished daughter of the name of Patience. There were several young men in the neighborhood who were very anxious to win the lovely Patience. Among them was one by the name of David C., who was thought to be the favorite of both father and daughter, and yet nothing had passed that could be considered as an engagement.

One morning, as David was about to leave, having passed the night at uncle Abraham's as he was familiarly called, his horse was brought to the door, most of the family being there to see him start. The animal became very restless, and it was some time before he could get upon his back; he got out of patience, and struck the horse several cuts with his whip.— Uncle Abraham looked at David very seriously, and said, "David, thee should have patience." "Uncle Abraham, I will, if I can get her," was the immediate reply. Patience consented, and Uncle Abraham blessed them on the spot, and he often laughed at the way David caught him.

While Zachary Kehoe was appealing his appetite at a St. Louis restaurant, a day or two ago, the tall stool upon which he was perched suddenly gave way, and in the fall he broke his arm. He asserts that the thing was fixed up to break, as a practical joke, and demands \$1,500 damages for his injuries, and his interrupted collation.

SUNDAY READING.

A CURIOUS LITERARY PRODUCTION.

The following is one of the most remarkable compositions ever written. It evinces an ingenuity peculiarly its own. The initial letters spell "My Boast is in the Glorious Cross of Christ." The words in italic, when read on the left hand side from top to bottom, and on the right hand side from bottom to top, form the Lord's Prayer complete:

Make known the gospel truth, our Father king; Yield up thy grace, dear Father, from above; Bless us with hearts which feelingly can sing; "Our life thou art for ever, God of love."

Assuage our grief in love for Christ, we pray Since the Prince of Heaven and Glory died, Took all sins, and hallowed the display. Infinite being, first man, and then was crucified. Stupendous God! thy grace and power make known;

In Jesus' name let all the world rejoice, Now labor in thy heavenly kingdom own— That blessed kingdom, for thy saints the choice. How vile to come to thee, is all our cry; Enemies to thy self, and all that's thine. Graceless our will, we live for vanity; Loathing the very being, evil in design— O, God, thy will be done from earth to heaven; Reclining on the gospel let us live, In earth, from sin delivered and forgiven. Oh as thyself, but teach us to forgive; Unless its power temptation doth destroy, Sure to our fall into the depths of woe. Carnal in mind, we have not a glimpse of joy Raised against Heaven; in us no hopes we know.

O, give us grace, and lead us on the way; Shine on us with thy love, and give us peace. Self, and this sin that rise against us, slay. Oh, grant each day our trespasses may cease; Forgive our evil deeds, that oft we do. Convince us daily of them to our shame; Help us with heavenly bread, forgive us, too, Recurrent lusts; and we'll adorn thy name. In thy forgiveness we as sinners can die. Since for us, and our trespasses so high Thy Son, our Savior, died on Calvary.

Room in Heaven.

BY REV. W. H. POOLE.

Rev. 21, 16, "And the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth; and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal."

JOHN was in the Spirit on the mountain of holy contemplation, and he had a delightful conversation with one of the royal surveyors of the heavenly country. He says, ver. 15, "And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the walls thereof." The idea he gives us, is, that there was solidity, firmness, durability, and strength, all combined with indescribable beauty, surpassing grandeur and infinite glory.

The city, as he saw it, was in the form of a magnificent cube, of vast dimensions. The surveyor had the golden reed, and he measured the city in the presence of his visitor. It was 12,000 furlongs (stadute) long, and 12,000 furlongs broad, and 12,000 furlongs high. The length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal.

Here is absolute uniformity, a thing long talked of and prayed for, but something not to be realized on this side the heavenly home.

In this cubic form the new Jerusalem recalled somewhat the form of the far famed old Jerusalem, on its escarpment above the valley of the Kedron.

In this view of the great city we are quite in harmony with the sabbatical books. I need not occupy room with quotations. We take the passage as it reads, "12,000 furlongs," which, when reduced to feet and cubed, is 848,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. The half of which we reserve for the throne of glory and the heavenly court. Half of the remainder I reserve for the angel's thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers. Half of the remainder I reserve for celestial gardens of heavenly fruits and flowers. Half of the remainder for shady bowers and lovely parks. Half of the remainder for the golden streets and walks, and the remainder, or one thirty-second of the whole, I divide into rooms of (20) twenty feet square, and ten feet high, of rooms we have 7,413,378, 125,000,000,000,000.

Then I suppose that this world was populated as at present with say 800,000,000 of human beings, and that these generations passed away every hundred years, that is allowing 33½ years for each generation, and that at the close of the seventh thousandth year, the trumpeter of heaven would proclaim that "time would be no longer," and that earth's population would all be brought home to the city of God.

I also suppose that in the universe of our Father there are (800,000) eight hundred thousand worlds like ours existing under the same circumstances, and for the same term of years as ours; each having the same number of inhabitants as our own, and each inhabitant obedient to the universal "come."

Take all these multitudes of human or created beings, and the heavenly home the angel measured for John and for us, dear reader, would afford (48) forty-nine such rooms as are measured above for each inhabitant of all the 800,000 worlds, and leave more than four millions of cubic feet yet ununrayed. "And yet there is room." Oh, how true it is that in "my father's house there are many mansions."

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THIS school is designed to be a classical and normal institute of the first grade. Students are prepared thoroughly for any college in the land. Those desiring to be teachers receive a thorough normal drill on all studies taught in the public schools. All others are carried forward in the higher academic studies and on completion of course receive certificate of graduation.

Excellent boarding is provided in the building of the institution and the school is pleasantly located. The working force is as follows:

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Miss E. LIFE, Teacher of Music, Fencing and Drawing. Miss E. M. MORROW, Teacher of Preparatory Department. Prof. J. B. FLEMING, Teacher of Penmanship.

For further information, address Principal, or else WM. GRIBER, Proprietor, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.

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