

# The Bloomfield Times.

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## The Bloomfield Times.

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## Mrs. Haughton's Girl.

"DEAR me!" said Mrs. Haughton, as she bent over a great kettle of simmering quinces. "I don't know what we are to do. I can't get such a girl as I want for any wages, and there is everything to be done."

"Just like papa!" said Fannie, working away at a mass of paste that was to appear later in the shape of pies. "I don't suppose he even remembered we had no girl when he invited Mr. Austin and his cousin."

"If it were only gentlemen, I shouldn't care, but there is Mrs. Austin."

"Mamma!"

"Fact, my dear. Of course your papa forgot to mention that till just as he was starting for the city this morning, and they will all come with him this evening. I have sent Daisy to put the spare room in order; but you know how it will look."

"She'll make up the bed on the floor, and put the toilet service on the chair," laughed Fannie. "I'll try to get a peep. Mamma, here comes Bessie Turner."

"She will have to come in here." The visitor, advancing up the garden walk, did not wait for an invitation to the kitchen, but came directly to the half-open door. She was a small pretty girl of about twenty-two, with a marked air of refinement in her sweet face and the graceful carriage of her slight figure.

Two years before she had driven to call upon Mrs. Haughton in her own carriage, but her father's sudden death revealed the fact that he was deeply in debt, and had left no fortune for his only child. Since that time Bessie had been teaching in the Seminary at B—; but on the day that Fannie Haughton saw her from the kitchen window it was school hours. Her knock was answered by a cheerful "Come in, Bessie," and she obeyed the summons.

"Mrs. Haughton," she said, after greetings had been exchanged, "I heard you wanted a girl."

"I do, indeed. Do you know of a good one?"

"Will you take me?"

"Bessie" cried both ladies.

"I must do something for a living, and Dr. Will says I must neither sew nor teach next winter, if I want to live. He assures me my only chance of recovering from the trouble in my lungs that I have had so long is to give up teaching, and he positively forbids me to touch a needle."

"But Bessie, you—a lady—" gasped Fannie.

"Are you any less a lady for making pies this morning, Fannie—Miss Haughton, I mean? I suppose you will hardly care to have your servant girl call you Fannie."

"Don't be absurd, Bessie. The idea of your father's daughter being a servant girl!" said Mrs. Haughton.

But Bessie was in earnest, and her tones were very positive as she answered:

"I must earn my living, Mrs. Haughton, and cannot teach for a time. You must be aware that my salary has not been sufficient for me to save enough to live on all winter. If you will not have me I must go among strangers."

"I should be glad enough to have you if you really mean it."

"I really mean it. You can pay me just what you paid Sarah. I'm sorry," she said sadly, "I have no recommendation from my last place."

"But we are expecting company," said Fannie.

"I'll allow you to have company sometimes was the gracious reply. "Now, Miss Haughton, I'll finish the pies," and Bessie took a large apron from her pocket, tied it over her black dress, removed her cuffs, rolled up her sleeves and took possession of the pie-board.

"See what Daisy is doing, Fannie," said her mother; and Fannie went off.

As soon as she was gone, Mrs. Haughton, taking Bessie's face in her motherly hands, kissed it softly.

"Darling," she said, "this must not be. I love you, Bessie, as one of my own girls, and you must come and let us nurse you well again. You shall be my guest this winter."

"You are very kind," the young girl replied, "but you must let me have my own way. I do not need nursing, only rest from the constant talking to pupils, and active exercise. I told Dr. Will what I meant to do, and he said it was the best medicine in the world for me."

Quite a long talk followed, but Mrs. Haughton was obliged to yield her point. Bessie was resolved to be independent, and saw no disgrace in honestly getting her living in her friend's kitchen.

But when the girl was really alone, she certainly acted very strangely, considering her late resolutions. Just as Mrs. Haughton had left her, she had said:

"We expect Mr. and Mrs. Austin and their cousin, a Mr. Alexander Wight, lately returned from California."

Then she left the kitchen, and Bessie dashed into the buttry and sat down behind the door.

"Oh, why didn't I wait!" she said in a half whisper. "Alick Wight at home! What will he think to see me a servant girl? It was bad enough to be teaching for a living; but cooking for a living! Oh, why didn't I wait? Wait for what? I am only earning my bread. Alick Wight is nothing to me," she said again in stern self-reproach; "probably he has forgotten my existence."

But even as she spoke there arose in her memory a picture she would never forget. In a conservatory where tinkling fountains cooled the air for choice exotics, a lady stood beside a tall, fine looking young man, who held her little gloved hand fast in his own. Both were in rich evening dress, and the house was full of gay guests. Mr. Turner having accepted an invitation to a friend's party in one of Fifth Avenue's palaces. It was the second winter he had spent in New York with Bessie, the last winter of his life. But the couple in the conservatory were not thinking of death or change, when the gentleman spoke in a low, earnest tone:

"I will not bind you by any promise, Bessie, for you will be an heiress, while I have still my way to make. I sail for San Francisco very soon, and expect to go into business with my uncle there; but in a few years I shall return. I shall hope that you will not forget me."

Two weeks later he was gone, and Bessie, an orphan. Years of struggle to her had been years of success to him, for his uncle was dead, and had left him a large property and a prosperous business. The pride inborn in Bessie's nature had kept her from telling her sad story to one who was not formally engaged to her, and she had learned to think of Alick as merely a good friend. But to meet him as she must meet him in a few hours, was a sore strain upon her pride and love.

"But this won't get my dinner," she said suddenly, as the little clock on the kitchen mantel warned her that time was flying. "If I must be a servant, at least I will be a good one."

The afternoon train brought the expected guests, and Bessie, peeping from her kitchen curtain, saw the pretty little lady who had been her hostess one evening already mentioned, and her gray-haired husband, and a tall broad-shouldered, heavily bearded young man, who was introduced to his hostess and her pretty daughter as "My cousin, Mr. Wight."

It was not the easiest work in the world, after this, to wait at the table, and Mrs. Haughton stared at the demure little waitress, whose perfectly cooked viands she was dispensing. But nobody noticed her, and dinner passed off very quietly, the new arrival being full of city gossip for their country friends.

As the "girl" stood over the dish-pan, in which two scalding tears had fallen, she thought:

"He did not even recognize me."

In the drawing room there was music and laughter, in the kitchen tears and sighs, when Mrs. Haughton came out to Bessie.

"Bessie, dear," she said, "leave the dishes and come into the parlor. Do."

"I am too tired and hot," pleaded Bessie.

"It will rest you."

"But it is better not. I can't be servant and lady, too, Mrs. Haughton. Don't

think I am ungrateful, but it is better for me to keep in my place."

"I think so, too," said the lady; "but I don't think we quite agree as to which is your place. However, you shall have your own way to-night. Your dinner was splendid."

And the lady returned to her guests, while Bessie washed and wiped plates, cups, and dishes, and put all in order. When the last dish was in its place, the last crumb swept up, the young girl threw off her apron, and went into the garden to try to throw off the feverish heat burning in her veins.

"I wonder if I am strong enough to go through with it?" she thought as she seated herself in the summer-house, and it was not altogether of physical strength she was so doubtful.

"He never looked at me to-night," she said to herself; "but he must see my face some time if he is to stay a week."

Just at that moment the odor of a cigar came floating in at the door of the summer-house, and before Bessie could escape a masculine cigar-holder followed the "Havana." She had started to her feet, and the moonlight shone full upon her face as Alick Wight sprang forward, crying:

"Bessie Turner, where have you come from?"

But the girl drew back from the rapturous greeting, saying in a cold, low voice: "I am Mrs. Haughton's servant girl, Mr. Wight."

"Her—her—her—" stammered the young man.

"Her servant girl, working in her kitchen. My father is dead, and my own health prevents my teaching, so I am earning my living in Mrs. Haughton's kitchen."

She was so hard and cold that he looked at her in amazement; but after a moment he saw her face quivering in the moonlight, and he forgot everything save that the woman he loved above all other women was poor, in sorrow, and in trouble.

"Bessie," he said, and his voice was full of deep feeling, "was it kind to keep all this from me, knowing I loved you? Is it kind to thrust me away now, when I have come all the way from California to find you? Have you ceased to love me, Bessie? Will you send me back alone, or," and he opened his arms, "will you be my own true little wife, as you gave me reason to hope long ago?"

"But, Alick," she said, "I am poor, sick—"

"Hush, darling! You are mine, and I am not poor. You shall grow well again my darling, when you have love and rest. Do not drive me away, Bessie."

And nestling down in his strong arms, Bessie gave him the promise he craved.

The sound of gay voices coming from the house aroused them.

The whole party were near the summer-house, when a couple came out into the moonlight, and Mrs. Austin recognized her former guest.

"Why, Miss Turner!" she cried amazed, "I wrote you a month ago to come and pay me a visit, and you never replied."

"Bless me," whispered Mr. Austin, "I forgot to post the letter."

"Alick will forgive me now for disappointing him," continued his cousin. "I promised you should be at my house to welcome him, but it is all right now, I suppose, Alick?"

"All right," was the emphatic reply.

And so Mrs. Haughton lost her girl the same day she engaged her.

Johnson once made a bet with Boswell that he could go into the fish market and put a woman in a passion without saying a word that she could understand. The doctor commenced by silently indicating with his nose that the fish had passed the state in which a man's olfactory could endure their odor. The Billingsgate lady made a verbal attack common in parlance. The doctor answered:

"You are an article, madam."

"No more an article than yourself, you misgotten villain."

"You are a noun, woman."

"You—you," stammered the woman, choking with rage at a list of titles she could not understand.

"You are a pronoun."

The beldam shook her fist in speechless rage.

"You are a verb, an adverb, an adjective, a conjunction, a preposition," suddenly continued the doctor, applying the harmless epithets at proper intervals.

The nine parts of speech completely conquered the old woman, and she flung herself down in the mud, crying with rage at being "blackguarded" in a set of unknown terms, which, not understanding, she could not answer.

For the Bloomfield Times.

## A YEAR AGO.

A year ago! and gaily down  
The tide of time, life's shallop flew;  
My hopes had never felt a frown,  
And bright had been my days and few;  
Sorrow, nor pain my proud heart knew,  
And life was all a gala day.  
Or if a shadow dimmed its blue,  
Like summer's cloud it passed away  
Leaving yet brighter still the light,  
Which fell upon my ravished sight.

A year ago! hope's angel star  
Shed its pure light upon my heart,  
Health, love and friendship, all that are  
Blessings with which we grieve to part,  
Were mine—to sorrow's pang, to envy's art,  
To all that rend, while they destroy,  
I was unknown—for ne'er a smart  
Had stung the wild, gay-hearted boy,  
In form and eye, in tongue and mind,  
As reckless and restless as the wind.

Ten years ago! and I could boast  
A father who in death now sleeps,  
One who in death is envied most,  
Whose grave's cold turf the warm tear  
steeps,  
At thought of whom my sad heart leaps,  
And with regret is crushed in gloom,  
That he whose virtues now it weeps,  
Should e'er have gone down to the tomb,  
While there remained a soul like mine,  
A devotee at folly's shrine.

A year ago! 'tis vain to cast  
A retrospective glance behind;  
I will not gather from the past,  
Flowers to wreath a blighted mind.  
Hope, kindred, friends, yea, all that bind  
The young heart unto earth, are fled,  
And I am left my way to wind  
Down to the mansions of the dead,  
A wanderer on life's mourning shores—  
An exile from contentment's bowers.  
D.

## A Remarkable Building.

ON an eminence overlooking the lake in Central Park, and a couple of hundred yards from the Seventy-second street entrance, the Commissioners have recently erected a wooden structure, known from its shape as the Octagon. It would stand in a square of about fourteen feet. Numerous funnels jut out from the sides, straight or L shaped, with the orifice downward. These are for ventilation. There are two doors but no windows. The Octagon stands on a platform, and is approached by steps. As you enter the door you see before you a round white table, about the size of an ordinary card table. In the centre overhead is a cylinder that resembles a piece of stove pipe. A metal rod like an elongated car hook hangs from this within reach of a man's hand. This Octagon is the home of the camera obscura the only one of its kind in this country. It has been in operation for some time, although the fact is known to comparatively few.

A reporter recently visited the Octagon. The courteous gentleman in charge invited him to enter. He did so, and the door was shut. All upon it was depicted a most beautiful landscape, with men and women walking about, children and dogs frisking, and horses trotting along, at a brisk gait. The scenes were at once recognized.

A perfect picture of the Park to the south of the lake was spread out upon the table. A movement of the rod brought another section into view, and by and by New York city as far down as Dr. Bellows' church was distinctly flung in miniature upon the table. Still another movement, and Hoboken and the Palisades were presented. The Eighth Avenue cars rolled along on one side and the steam cars rattled past on the other. The spokes of every wheel and the face of every passenger was clearly marked. Every color and tint of the foliage was there, and slightest waving of a leaf was faithfully represented. Every portion of the Park not shut off by some physical obstruction was in turn reflected, and the attitude and motion of each person walking or seated was distinctly seen. The camera produced upon the table a series of pictures most beautiful and startling, the moving figures—approaching, receding, crossing—making it seem like a glimpse of fairy land.

As may be well supposed, the camera has yielded some surprising revelations to the gazers. A New York detective who has several times made use of the camera for professional purposes, accompanied the reporter in his visit to the Octagon. The detective related some interesting stories connected with the camera, a few of which are given below.

About the beginning of April two elegantly dressed ladies visited the Octagon,

and were admitted alone to see the wonderful sights it reveals. They were both young. One of them, who was very beautiful, was greatly excited and had to be restrained more than once by her companion. Scene after scene passed before them, until at length the lake came into view. An arbor on the opposite shore was more than usually distinct, for the sun was shining full upon it. Inside it was seated a lady and gentleman in tender attitude. The features and dress of both were as plain as though they stood before the gazers as large as life. The younger lady after gazing at the pair for a moment exclaimed, "There I told you it is my husband, just as I suspected."

She was intent on starting for the boat-house to cross the lake by stealth and confront the pair, but her friend restrained her.

Toward the close of March an elderly gentleman, a professor at a well-known college, visited the Octagon, accompanied by a detective. Scene after scene was brought into view, until at last a distant part of the park was shown. Walking down a pathway in the centre of the picture was a couple. The elderly gentleman at once recognized the lady as his daughter and the gentleman as the young artist with whom she had eloped two days previously:

Early this month Detective Lambert came on from Ohio in pursuit of a forger and defaulter named McMurray. He received information that he was hiding somewhere in Yorkville or Harlem. The detective on his way thither recognized McMurray on Third Avenue, near Seventy-first street. The detective sprang from the car, but his man had disappeared. For two days the officer paraded that neighborhood, but to no purpose. On the third day he extended his walk as far along Seventy-second street as Fifth Avenue. As he glanced toward the Park he thought he recognized McMurray near the Casino, some three hundred yards away. He went toward the spot and examined the neighborhood thoroughly, but saw nothing of the man. The New York detective before referred to happened to be at the Casino on business, and recognizing the Ohio officer asked him what he was after. On learning his errand, the New York officer said, "If you'll come with me to that octagon building yonder, they'll show you the whereabouts of the fellow you want, if he's in the park, in two minutes."

Detective Lambert went to the Octagon accordingly, and explained his wishes. The camera was put in motion, and in thirty seconds he discovered McMurray seated in an arbor not two hundred yards away, calmly smoking a cigar. In five minutes time the officer had his man. "I watched the whole proceedings," said the New York detective, "as it was cast upon the table. I saw Lambert approach, McMurray start and try to dodge him, and the detective grab him and bear him down to his knees. Then I saw Lambert put the handcuffs away, and McMurray quietly light a fresh cigar, hand another to Lambert, and both walk off together apparently the best of friends."

Last Wednesday a lady residing in Fifth Avenue visited the park with two friends, accompanied by her little boy of four years. While the lady and her friends were chatting together in an arbor the child strolled away, and when the alarmed mother became conscious of the fact he was nowhere to be seen. Search was made in every direction by the lady and her friends, but to no purpose. At length an officer who was consulted by the distressed woman, directed her to the Octagon. Thither she and her friends went. The camera like a good angel went to work to disclose the whereabouts of the lost boy, and in a few minutes a small white speck was discovered in the sheep pasture.

"That's most likely your child, madam," said the expert in charge of the camera.

The lady examined the speck carefully, and there sure enough was her darling, every feature and limb discernable, lying curled up on the grass fast asleep.

A city exquisite, having become agriculturally ambitious, went in search of a farm, and finding one for sale, began to bargain for it. The seller mentioned as one of its recommendations, that it had a cold spring on it. "Ah—aw?" said the fop, "I won't have it then, for I've heard that cold spring ruined the crops last year, and I don't want a place with such a draw back upon it."

Agassiz says that the evening hours are the best for sleep. They are, also the best for sitting up with a nice girl.