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# The Bloomfield Cimes.

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Where Everybody Should go to Spend the Summer.

The Brewers should to Malta go, The Boobies all to Sicily ; The Quakers to the Friendly Isles, The Furriers to Chill.

Spinsters should to the Needles go, Wine-bibers to Burgundy; Gourmands should lunch at the Sandwich Isles,

Wage at the Bay of Funday.

Bachelors to the United States, Maids to the Isle of Man; The rest who ain't provided for Had better strike Japan.

## Mabel's Request.

MABEL CLIFTON sat before one of the windows of her father's magnificent mansion. A servant stood in wait-

She was making out a list of articles wanted for the next day. Coming footsteps arrested her attention. She raised her eyes from the paper and looked out. The crimson flush deepened on her bright young face, as "Oh!" in a tone of deep regret escaped her lips.

She turned around after an instant of thought and said:

"John, I am not just ready to finish this list, and shall not send for an hour yet. If you have anything to attend to

Mr. Clifton had been reading in a distant part of the room.

in the meantime you can do it."

Hearing the door close after John's departure he said:

"You have not forgotten to send for those wines I spoke of my dear?"

"Ah, well, do not make it late. They will be very busy to-night," her father

said, turning again to his paper.

" Papa." " Well?"

"A boon, papa. Promise to grant me, this last day of the year, my boon !"

"What is it my love?" "Promise to grant it first."

"Not in ignorance, my child." "Trust me father."

She had an eager, earnest noble look in her eyes that her father did trust in, and he promised her.

Well, you shall have your way.

"Father, let us abstain from using wines to-morrow."

"What! No, no; I cannot grant you that. No wines! Why child, have you gone crazy? For twenty-five years past have offered my friends wine on New Year's day, and never have felt that I was doing anything wrong. What has come over you?"

"Oh, father I have never felt just right when offering men wine, and just now when I was making out the order for John, I chanced to raise my eyes just as Edgar Livingston was passing.

"It needed but a glance to see he was very much under the influence of liquor. Father, his mother is a widow; he, her only child, all her earthly hopes are in him. Will they not be wrecked, think you, if he indulges in the wine cup? Tomorrow he will make many calls. Beautiful women will offer him wine. He will not have the courage, possibly, to wish to decline. To-morrow night most likely, then, he will return home to fill his mother's heart with sorrow. I don't wish to

contribute one drop to that bitter cup."
"My dear, whether we have wines or not, with him it will be all the same, as you say he will make many calls."

"Father, if you had a son you would

talk differently."

brightest future have failed, nay, worse, won truly disgrace and early graves from

the love of wine.

I feel as if Edgar Livingston stood on the brink of a fearful precipice. Father stretch forth your strong arm to draw him-if only step by step. If we do not save him, it will be a comfort to think that we urged him not forward on his fatal

Mabel, you are very much interested in the young man. Am I to conclude-"

"Nothing more than for his own and his mother's sake, I would endeavor to save him, or any other young man in his danger, father.

"Here will be one of his first calls .-Possibly I can detain him long enough to prevent him visiting many places where he would be exposed to great temptation. Oh, father, please grant me this?"

"Really, dear, I feel disposed to grant you this wish, but so many will be disappointed. Besides, I have not the courage to make this great change, and set five hundred tongues to work, speculating about the cause of it. Some will declare I am about to fail, others, that I have grown penurious. Ah! what is it

Just then a servant entered and handed him an envelope, saying:

"A telegram, sir.'

first time for so many years.

Mr. Clifton tore it quickly open, read it, and exclaimed: "Really, this is too bad, but I must go,

John. Here-" And hastily writing a few words for a return dispatch, he handed it to the ser-

vant, and turning to Mabel, said: "My old friend Hartwell is dying, and begs that I will hasten to him. I cannot deny him. So you will have to entertain my friends to-morrow and explain to them the reason of my failing to see them, the

"And-well, dear, you can do as you choose about the bill of fare. As I shall not be at home the folks will not hold me responsible for what happened in my

"Oh, thank you papa, for permission to do as I choose. I will willingly take all unkind remarks, if any one feels like making them. But I feel confident that all who have sons will give me their kindest wishes for withholding temptation from their boys. And to the young men that I shall try to make myself agreeable, and have our cook make the coffee so very fine that they will go away quite as well pleased, and with their brains a good deal clearer, than if I had entertained them with wine.

An hour after, Mr. Clifton was on his way to the side of his dying friend, Mabel sat down and wrote:

DECEMBER Sist.

DEAR FLORY:—Come help me receive our friends to-morrow. Papa has been called away, and I must have you with me, as I am particularly anxious to have my reception a success.

Lovingly, MAREL.

"Edgar likes Flory, I can plainly see, and I think she is not wholly indifferent to him."

"Together I think we can manage to hold him here to-morrow, and thus save his mother a great sorrow, most likely," said Mabel.

Mabel Clifton was one of the lovellest girl in P-

Friends wondered that her heart had not yielded to some of her many suitors. They did not know she had no heart to yield to any of those who had sought

The first season she appeared in the select circle her father's wealth and position placed her, she met Ernest Addison.

He was a noble looking man, talented, with mind and heart alike filled with true resolve. To Mabel he had been very attentive and she grew to love him, feeling sure the time was not far distant when he would come to tell her of his love.

But months rolled by and he spoke not. Gradually his visits grew less frequent, until they ceased.

What it was that had come between his love and hers, she could never think ; but she felt perfectly sure he did love her. and so, hoping that time would solve the mystery and bring a balm to her wounded spirit, she watched and waited for the

New Year's day came, beautiful and bright, Mabel and her friend Flory never looked loveller. Mabel had explained her wishes and fully infused her own spirit into her friend.

It was impossible for an indifferent

person not to feel their powers of fascina-

To Edgar Livingston, who was one of their first guests, they were quite irresistible. He lingered on, notwithstanding the many efforts of a young friend, who accompanied him to draw him away.

"Do stay and help us," said Mabel, and when Flory's beautiful eyes repeated the wish Edgar yielded.

Few, if any, went from Clifton house dissatisfied. Everything that heart could desire or mind suggest, in the way of delicacies and luxuries of the season, Mabel offered her guests. But as her father had said, many tongues were busy speculating about it, and in a few hours it was widely known that Miss Clifton was giving a temperance reception.

Eagerly Mabel's eyes sought the door on every new arrival of guests. She had hoped for the coming of one. But the hours passed, and when it grew late in the day, the hope faded, and almost died out.

She had seated herself wearily in an arm-chair when the same greeting that had fallen on her ears, so many times that day, "Happy New Year, Miss Clifton," caused the bright light to return to her eyes, the beautiful flush to her face, as she rose to receive Ernest Addison.

There was an expression in his fine eyes, when he received from her the fragrant cup of coffee, that relieved the suspense of years. Her heart was bounding with new hope.

Edgar Livingston had drawn Flory to the window. They were looking out on the passers by.

Reeling along the sidewalk, shouting and singing a drunken song, came Edgar's companion of the morning. Flory turned from the sickening sight. Edgar followed saying:

"But for you and Miss Clifton I might have been one of that party." And going to Mabel, he said:

"Miss Clifton, your slumber to night should be peaceful. You have not helped to cloud either brain or heart of any of your friends to day. Accept my warmest thanks for having saved me from feeling

Edgar saw an expression in Ernest's eyes that made him think it would be quite as agreeable to all parties if he would take Flory back to the recess of the window, to the piano, or anywhere out of hearing, just then.

A few moments after his fine voice was blending with hers in a well chosen duet. Then Ernest told Mabel of the love which had been hers since he knew her.

"I came one night to lay my heart before you. You had many guests and offered them wine. You noticed not that I placed my glass untouched on the table. I left early. I dared not woo the heart of one who held such a fearful temptation before me ; why, you will know, when I tell you the terrible truth. My only brother went down to a drunkard's grave, the woman he loved urging him on.

"For a time mother and I won him from his fatal passion. He was doing well. We believed he would fulfill the bright promise of his early youth. He grew to love a beautiful girl. She was wild and thoughtless, and one night, at a party in her father's house she urged him to drink.

'One glass. Every one but you takes wine, she said.

He resisted. She taunted him about having to abstain entirely because he had not the self-control to use wine in modera-

"He yielded, accepted the fatal glass from her hand, and drank, first moderately, then on and on, in the old fearful way until the end came-a rulned life, and a mother's broken heart.

Do you wonder that I fled from you? Every hour since yearning to return, yet

daring not. "To-day I heard what you were doing. Earnestly thanking God that light had dawned upon you, I hastened here to lay my heart before the only woman I had ever loved. Will you be my wife, Ma-

Her heart was too full of joy-she could not tell him in words how happy she was : but her little hands lay still in his.

She raised her eyes a moment, and he saw the love of years beaming there. - He needed no answer.

Judging from the low tones into which the voices in the other room bad fallen, I think some other hearts must have found their mates. But the pairs were separated or rather joined again, by the return of Mr. Clifton, who entered, calling out :

"Mabel, dear, to me these rooms look

rather dark. Let's have the gas turued on, if you please."

"Certainly, papa."

And when there was light enough for Mr. Clifton to look into his daughter's eyes, he saw a bright light shining there. Another moment when Flory came to greet him, he said with a smile :

"Ah! I see why you young folks know nothing of the surrounding darkness—guided by the light within. Well, have you had a pleasant day ?"

"A happy day, father, there are no regrets to steal in and mar it," Mabel said, with a bright smile."

"I am glad of it-glad of your resolve Mabel." How glad you will know, when I tell you that this morning I closed the eyes of a father whose only son was away in some drinking saloon. How my heart ached for that father! And what a balm it was to think at that time my daughter was

bling. Before another New Year's day Mabel and Flory each presided over an establishment of their own.

not holding the fatal glass to any young

man," said, Mr. Clifton, his voice trem-

The happy remembrance of their reception is never clouded by the thought that they have added one drop to the cup of bitterness which so many wives, brothers, mothers and sisters have to drink—the cup of sorrow which is so often prepared for them by sister women.

#### A Telling Hit.

The recent death of John C. Tucker calls to mind a speech which he made in the House of Representatives some years ago-a speech that was full of tingling wit, and delivered in the happiest manner.

General Banks had been elected Governor by a combination between the Free-Soilers and Know-Nothings, and it was naturally supposed that in his inaugural address there would be some reference to the issues of the campaign. But the adroit Governor omitted all mention of the antislavery questions as well as of the Native American policy. A member arose and moved to print 10,000 copies of the address, when instantly Mr. Tucker got the floor and spoke as follows:

"I rise, Mister Spaker, to second the motion of the honorable gintleman to print thousand of his excellency's speech. You may wonder, Mister Spaker, why I, who am nayther a personal or political friend of his excellency, should do this. It is well known that his excellency has risen to power by a coaletion between the Anti-Slavery and Native American parties, or as they are sometimes called, Free-Soilers, and Know-Nothings. And this puts me in mind of a little story.

"There was a bishop in Dublin who engaged a painter to make a large picture for the cathedral. The subject chosen was the crossing of the Red Sea by the Israelites. After a suitable time the picture was completed and hung in the cathedral, covered with a broad and heavy curtain.

"A great crowd of people assembled to see the picture unveiled. The priests entered in procession, the organ sounded, and the singers sung. All faces were turned in anxious expectations to the great curtain. When it was drawn aside nothing could be seen but a vast expanse of water.

"The bishop, in great rage, turned to the painter and said: "I thought I asked you to paint a pic-

ture of the Israelites crossing the Red "True for you; that's just it," said the

painter. "But where are the Israelites?" asked

the bishop. "They are gone over," said the paint-

"Well, but where are the pursuing Egyptians ?" "They are gone under," said the paint-

"With similar disappointment the friends of his excellency stand now. If they ask, What has become of the naygur? answer is, 'He's gone over, Mister Spaker.'

If they ask then, 'What has became of the Know-Nothings?" 'Why, they've gone under, Mister Spaker."

The roars of laughter from all sides of the house made the rest of the speech inaudible

13 Several thousand person in Lancas ter recently visited the drug store of Dr. Wolchans, to see a Night Blooming cereus. The plant bore two large flowers, and they are pronounced the largest and most beautiful ever seen in that city. The Doctor was obliged to keep the store open until after midnight, in order to accomodate the

#### It Didn't Tell.

Some papers have a bifalution way of telling the account of any accident, the beauties of which are well shown in the following article :

"I declare, wife, that was an awful accident over at the mills," said Sloeum.

"What was it about, Mr. Sloeum ?"

"I'll read the 'count, wife, and then you'll know all about it." Mr. S. began to read :

"HORRIBLE AND FATAL ACCIDENT."

"It becomes our painful duty to record the particulars of an accident that occurred at the lower mill in this village, yesterday afternoon, by which a human being in the prime of life was hurried to that bourne from which, as the immortal Shakspeare says no traveler returns."

"Du tell?" exclaimed Mrs. S.

"Mr David Jones, a workman who has few superiors this side of the city of large drums ( 'I wonder if it was a bass drum such as has Eblubust Unum printed on't," said Mrs. Slocum,) when he got entangled. His arm was drawn around the drum, and finally his whole body was drawn over the shaft at a fearful rate.

When his position was discovered he had revolved with immense velocity about fifteen minutes, his head and limbs striking a large beam a distinct blow at each revolution .- ("Poor creature how it must have hurt him") When the machinery had stopped, it was found that Mr. Jones' arms and legs were macerated to a jelly ; ('Well didn't it kill him?' asked Mrs. S. with increased interest;) portions of duramater, cerebrum and cerebellum, in confusedy masses, were scattered about the floor-in short, the gates of eternity had opened upon him.

Here Mr. Slocum paused to wipe his spectacles and the wife seized the opportu-

nity to press the question-" Was the man killed ?"

"I don't know-havent come to that yet -you'll know when I have finished the piece." And Mr. Solcum continued read-

"It was evident when the shapeless form was taken down, that it was no longer tenanted by the immortal spirit—that the vital part was extinct."

"Was the man killed? that's what I want to come at," said Mrs. Slocum.

"Do have a little patience, old woman," said Mr. Slocum, eyeing his better half over his spectacles ; "I presume we shall come upon it right away."

And he went on reading.

"This fatal casuality has cast a gloom over our village, and we trust that it will prove a warning to all persons who are called upon to regulate the powerful machinery of our mills." "Now," said Mrs. Slocum, perceiving

should like to know whether the man was killed or not." Mr. Slocum looked puzzled. He scratched his head, scrutinizing the article he had been perusing, and took a graceful survey

that the narative was ended, "now I

"I declare, wife," said he, "It's curious but really the paper don't say."

### A High Priced Dog.

There is a \$11,000 dog in Springfield. The now uncomfortably famous Mr. Stokes owned a setter reputed to be the best hunting dog in New York city. Mr. Harker the owner of the noted stables, whose chief glories are now at Hampden Park awaiting the fall meeting, wanted the setter and tried to purchase him. But Stokes had just refused \$600 for him, and didn't want to sell the dog. Finally however, he told Harker that as perhaps his hunting days were over, although he would not sell he would make him (Harker) a present of the dog. The generous Harker, however, would not accept the friendly offer without a reciprocal one, and as he had offered \$1,000 angaged him to give the profit within a specefied time of one thousand shares of certain railroad stock. A rapid turn in the market brought the aforesaid stock to an advance of \$11 a share and that he offered promptly to make over to Stokes for the setter. The speculative young man, however, said "Let it wait awhile ; perhaps I shall make more yet." Instead of more he made less; the stock fell as swiftly as it had risen, and dropped flat on the market. So for a little w the setter that Mr. Harker prizes so highly was worth \$11,000.

137 "Sambo, why am 'toxication like a washbowl?" "Guv it up." "'Case it am de-basin."