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A PARODY.

The girls are all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given,
Their smiles of joy, their tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
There is not one true in seven.

And false the flash of beauties eyes,
As fading lines of even—
And love, and laughter all a lie,
And hopes awakened but a die.
There's not one true in seven.

Poor mushrooms of a sunny day,
Yet bloom and be forgiven,
For life's at best a dream—away
Dull, drowsy, thought—I'll join the gay,
And romp with all the seven.

The Sealed Will.

"DO you suppose, mamma, in case
the money goes from me, that it
will be given to you?"

"Dear child, how can I ever guess?
Your aunt, remember, is your father's sis-
ter, not mine; so it is scarcely likely she
has thought of me. I am afraid the heir
in the sealed will is John Garland."

"Mamma!"
"It is only guess-work, dear."
"But he is so unfit to have the responsi-
bility of money; a man known to be a gam-
bler and a drinking man, if not an actual
drunkard."

"Very true. Yet he is the nearest rela-
tive your aunt Jessie had, excepting only
yourself."

"I can scarcely think Aunt Jessie would
leave him fifty thousand dollars."

"My dear, she has left it to you, her
niece and namesake."

"But upon the condition that I shall
never marry. If I do, the sealed will in
the hands of her lawyer is to be opened,
and the money pass from me to the heir or
heirs named therein. You must know me
well enough to be sure that the money
would never tempt me to break my engage-
ment; yet for your sake I wish—Oh, why
did Aunt Jessie leave it to me at all?"

"Do not think of me. I can live as we
have done since father died. But, Jessie,"
and Mrs. Markham's face looked grave
and sad, "there is one view of the matter
you do not take."

"I dare say there are fifty. Remember
we have now had only an hour or two to
think, since the letter came from the law-
yer. But what is the view you mean?"

"Charlie."

"Charlie?"
"Jessie's large brown eyes were opened
to their widest extent as she repeated the
name, adding:

"Why, I haven't thought of anything
but Charlie!"

"But—I mean—dear me!" said the
mother, shrinking from uttering her own
thoughts. "You know, dear, you have
always been considered your aunt's heir-
ess; and Charlie is young, and only com-
mencing the practice of his profession. It
may be that he will—"

"Be false to me for the sake of money?"
interrupted Jessie, with the roughest of
cheeks and brightest of eyes. "We will
soon test that," and she drew a writing
tablet to her side. "I will send him a copy
of the lawyer's letter, and"—here her
voice and eyes softened—"the assurance
that Aunt Jessie's will, will make no dif-
ference to me."

Mrs. Markham made no objection to
this step, but after the letter was signed,
sealed and dispatched to the village by
Polly, the only servant of Mrs. Markham's
household, she called Jessie again to her
side.

Over the fair sweet face of the young
girl, there had crept a shade of gravity and
perplexity since the arrival of the lawyer's

letter, that clouded the brown eyes and
gave the sensitive, mobile mouth a firmer
pressure than was quite natural. Life had
not been all sunshine for Jessie Markham,
but hers was one of those buoyant natures
that find the silver lining for every cloud,
and coax some sweetness from every bit-
ter dose. Her father had been dead six
years, and his business affairs having been
complicated in some way not comprehensi-
ble to their intellects, his widow and
child found themselves reduced to an in-
come that barely covered the necessities of
life. They left the city, and took a small
cottage in the small village of Merton,
where Mrs. Markham soon procured a class
of music scholars, and herself gave Jessie
lessons in the higher branches of English
studies, German, French and music, till,
at eighteen, her daughter also procured a
few pupils in languages. They were very
happy in their mutual affection, in the love
of their pupils, and the cares of their little
household.

It had been understood from the time
Jessie was a tiny baby that she would in-
herit the fortune of her maiden aunt, for
whom she was named, and who came from
the city every summer to spend a month or
two in the little cottage, always bringing
pretty presents to brighten the home of her
brother's widow, and lavishing tenderest
affection upon her niece.

Yet though Jessie herself had known of
her aunt's supposed intentions, neither she
nor her mother had ever made calculations
upon a fortune dependent upon the death
of the one for whom they felt the warmest
affection, and the idea that others could be
influenced by it was a new thought to the
young girl.

She had given to her betrothed, Charlie
Seaton, the first love of her young heart,
believing his love was all her own. In the
six years she had lived at Merton, child
and maiden, Charlie Seaton had been her
devoted admirer from the first, and had
recently finished his course of law study
and been admitted to the bar. His fortune
inherited from his father, was very small,
barely covering his expenditure for board
and clothing, but he was energetic, indus-
trious, and without brilliant talent, a clear-
headed, intelligent student, promising to
make a capable lawyer, if not a shining
light at the bar.

Answering her mother's call, Jessie
nestled down in her favorite seat at her
feet, saying, sadly:

"If Charlie was influenced by any hope
of Aunt Jessie's money, mamma, it is bet-
ter to know it now. I had supposed we
would have to wait for our wedding day
until he had some practice, and you know
I have a little sum of my own toward first
expenses. We could live here and—there,
I will not think of any more till the answer
comes to my letter."

"While you wait, my dear," said her
mother, "shall I tell you what I think is
the explanation of your aunt's singular
will? You, who know her only as the
gentle, sad woman of her later years, can
scarcely imagine. I presume that she was
once as bright, hopeful, and sunny-temper-
ed as yourself. I think it is to save you
from her own sorrow that she has taken
from you the power of giving wealth to a
mere fortune-hunter. She would have
you wooed and won for yourself alone, and
and as she has never positively said you
were to be her heiress, she has probably
never supposed Charlie biased by that
hope. Still, dear, it is possible."

"Yes, it is possible," said Jessie, slow-
ly, "but tell me about Aunt Jessie."

"Your grandfather Markham, Jessie,
was one of the leading merchants of New
York, when your aunt, his only daughter
was introduced into society. Your Uncle
Royt was in good practice as a physician,
your father doing then a fair business,
and already married and in his own home.

"It was, therefore, with the name of an
heiress that Jessie danced through her first
season, a careless, light-hearted girl, very
pretty, and accomplished enough to make
a pleasing impression wherever she went.
She was but a little over twenty when she
became engaged to Stanley Horton, the
most fascinating young man in our circle
of friends. Not only handsome and talent-
ed (and he was both), but possessing in a
remarkable degree the courtly polish and
winning grace of manners that go so far
toward gaining a woman's heart, the ab-
sorbing love that Jessie felt for him seemed
mutual, and congratulations were the or-
der of the day, when your grandfather
died. From a man of wealth, he became
actually poor, and losing energy and hope,
he came with Jessie to share our home.
Stanley Horton, the man we all supposed
to be a devoted lover, was fully aware of

the change in Jessie's prospects, yet he
continued his visits, making no abrupt, un-
gentlemanly desertion of his betrothed.
Yet we, who watched her with the jeal-
ousy of affection, soon discovered a change
in her. She became pale and sad, often
tearful, till finally she confided to me that
Stanley was evidently weary of her, and
had ceased to love her. Even then she at-
tributed the change to some defect in her-
self, not seeing the mercenary motive till
later, when time had taken the glamour
from her eyes and heart. She gave him
back his ring and promises, thus accepting
the position his unmanly conduct had
forced upon her, of herself breaking the
engagement between them. The first love
of her life was the last. She was your
grandfather's comfort until he died, and
then went to keep house for Hoyt, who
lost his wife and baby one year after his
wedding-day. When he died he left her
the house and money, and she lived there
till she died. Still I know she loved you,
and I am quite sure her will is not de-
signed so much to keep you single as it is
to win the disinterested love of your future
husband."

There was a long silence after Mrs.
Markham concluded her story, and Jessie
allowed her head to rest in her mother's
lap, under her caressing hand trying to
picture a future of easy competency shared
by the companion of her life. It had its
bright side; there was still love and hap-
piness for her yet. And then a bright face
crowded with curly brown hair would come
before her, and she knew that the hand-
some house nor the comfortable income
could ever fill her heart if Charlie left an
aching void there.

Suddenly, like a gust of wind, there
swept into the little sitting-room, a tall,
broad-shouldered young man, in a gray
tweed suit and slouch hat, which latter
article found a resting place upon the floor,
as the young giant braced himself before
Jessie in an attitude of grim defiance that
sent thrills of glad music into her heart.

"Will you have the kindness, Miss Mark-
ham," said the intruder, towering in his
six feet of manhood over Jessie's new seat,
"to tell me what you mean by that absurd
letter Polly handed me? Was it not fully
understood that you and I were to share
this cottage with your mamma until I at-
tained sufficient legal eminence to warrant
the purchase of a brown-stone front in New
York? I was deluded into the belief that
your presence in the culinary department
of our establishment was to reduce our ex-
penses to the limits of our present income?
Was it not represented to me that my
present hoard was sufficient to meet the re-
quirements of two in this domicile? In
short, Miss Markham, in what way was I
ever led to suppose that the fortune of
your spinster aunt was to influence in the
slightest degree your matrimonial rela-
tions in regard to myself? I pause for a
reply."

Jessie stood up, her hands meekly folded
together, and her happy eyes downcast
till the long lashes kissed her cheek.

"Please forgive me for this time, and
I'll never do it again," she said; and then
the laugh dimpled her cheek, danced in
her eyes, and rippled out clear and sweet
upon the air.

"Oh, Charlie! Charlie! I knew you
never thought of Aunt Jessie's money."

"And you," said Charlie, holding her
off at arm's length, "you can have it all if
you give me up."

"As if I loved money better than you,"
said Jessie, nestling now in the strong
arms wrapped closely around her.

It seemed, however, as if Charlie was ac-
tually afraid of the money that was so
temptingly near Jessie's grasp, for he com-
menced a series of interviews that bore en-
tirely upon the subject of an immediate
marriage.

"What is there to wait for?" he would
ask, and then enter upon calculations of
his present expenses and those of the
future, proving most conclusively that
there was a decided saving for both in
uniting their incomes.

"You remind me," said Jessie, "of the
Dutchman who said he could almost sup-
port himself alone, and it was a pity if
two of them could not do it entirely."

But though she laughed at him, Jessip
was quite willing to admit the force of his
reasoning, and one bright June morning,
six months after Aunt Jessie's death, there
was a quiet wedding in the village church,
and a breakfast in the cottage for a few
chosen friends. Among these was Aunt
Jessie's lawyer, for the will stipulated that
the sealed codicil was to be opened at
Jessie's wedding if she preferred love to
money.

The bride was a little paler than usual
when, with a solemn face, the New York
lawyer broke the big red seal. Visions of
John Garland holding drunken revels in
her aunt's house flitted across her mind,
and then she looked into Charlie's face, and
over her own crept an expression of perfect
content.

The will was opened, and found to con-
tain only a letter directed to Jessie, and a
short, legally worded formula, making her-
self and her chosen husband joint inheri-
tors of her aunt's fortune. Truly, the bride
opened the letter from the dead.

With loving words Aunt Jessie blessed
her, and wished her happiness.

"I do not," she wrote "approve of the
money power in a family being entirely in
the hands of a woman, therefore, you will
find, dear Jessie, that half of my fortune
only is yours, the remaining half to go to
the husband who has proved that he loved
you for your own sweet self, and not for
your fortune."

During the wedding tour of the young
couple, Mrs. Markham, at their earnest so-
licitation, took an affectionate farewell
of her pupils, and removed her household
treasures to the New York mansion, to
which, in due time, came Charlie and Jes-
sie to brighten the long silent rooms with
their happiness, and establish that loving
circle that makes home of any house, how-
ever grand, or however humble.

A Boisterous Honey Moon.

SOME weeks since a sturdy young farm-
er from the neighborhood of H—
started for the State Capitol to be united
in the bonds of holy wedlock. The twain
were accompanied by a sympathizing sister,
who wore upon her immaculated bosom
the "sear and yellow leaf" of forty au-
tumn, but whose intense prudery had
compelled her to shun the paternal roof
and take up her abode as a domestic in a
neighboring village. The sturdy agricola
and his dulcinea were duly married and
with their sisterly attendant repaired to a
certain hotel to pass the night. The peo-
ple at the hostelry where this happy bridal
party stopped, wondered at the singular
manner in which they conducted them-
selves. The husband would take his newly
made sister-in-law into a retired corner
of the sitting-room, and with more than
histrionic earnestness of gesticulation ar-
gue with her for several minutes succes-
sively. Under this the autumnal maiden
would excitedly remonstrate, and using a
certain pedal movement, vulgarly yelet
"putting the foot down," exclaiming with
all the emphasis of a perturbed heroine,
"I shall." Then the husband would take
his blushing bride into another corner, but
no sooner had they "met and kissed"
than the halcyon moments would be inter-
rupted by the interposition of the excited
maiden of forty autumns.

About 10 o'clock the people of the hotel
began to ascertain what was the real
issue in the case. There was a "rumpus"
in the bridal chamber. Feminine shrieks
and masculine oaths intermingling without
number, startled the hotel people, and they
rushed to the apartment in which lay the
epithalamium.

The maiden of forty summers was press-
ing rearward against the door with all the
force of a battering-ram, while the bride-
groom, now in dishabille, was preventing
her entrance with all his might.

Occasionally she would so far effect an
entrance as to reveal within, the burly form
of her brother-in-law in his gentleman
"Greek Slave" apparel.

It appears the maiden of forty autumns
was determined to occupy the same bed as
the newly married pair; it also appeared
that her sister favored the arrangement,
and that her lord and master had acqui-
esced in it before the wedding, but now in-
dignantly repudiated the contract.

"Won't you leave, now, Mollie?" says
the bridegroom, sotto voce.

"No!" says the irate sister-in-law, "I'll
be darned if I will!"

"Don't come down a peg!" echoes the
angel within the bridal chamber.

"Hold up, now, Jennie," says the pe-
willed young rustic to his amiable young
spouse; "for God's sake don't go kicking
up in this way, now. I beg of you, now
don't."

"I'll kick as much as I want to," the
darling acridly replied.

"Well," shouted the now despairing and
desperate man, putting on his wedding
resplend and bodily advancing into the
crowd, "jest you two wretches put on your
whole garments make a bee line for home,
and bring back here the old man and wo-
man, your aunts and their nieces, and I'll

be d——d if I don't marry the whole
capoodle of 'em, and we'll sleep together."

It is needless to say that the whole dif-
ficulty was settled soon after, and the au-
tumnal virgin was content to retire to a sepa-
rate room, where, no doubt, she dreamt
dreams of conjugal infelicity.

How a Bill of Fare Puzzled an Indian.

While at dinner, Whitewash-in-his-Eye
called to him a waiter, who said "ugh!"
as a delicate compliment, and handed him
a bill of fare. The chieftain pointed to the
first item, and said "ugh!" The waiter
said "ugh!" and returned a cup of coffee.
Now, even though a cup of coffee is a good
thing, it is hardly a meal for a man. An-
other interchange of "ughs!" resulted in
a cup of black tea, and again a cup of
mixed tea. In despair, the brave uttered
an angry "ugh?" that made the waiter
turn pale, and pointed to the last item of
the bill, evidently anxious to get as far
away from the teas as possible. The
waiter faltered "ugh!" and hurried back
with a tumbler of iced tea. The others,
warned by the example and fate of their
comrade, attacked the bill of fare "in-
mediat rest." One struck "pay eat," un-
der the head "broiled," and had an abundant,
if not varied, meal of mutton chops, veal
cutlets, broiled chicken, pork chops, sur-
loin steak, porter-house steak, Boston
steak, &c. Combining their information,
the remaining members of the party wan-
dered over the bill of fare, taking every di-
vision by starts, and none of them long.
The result was eminently satisfactory to
the aboriginal stomach, which is capacious,
and has no prejudices as to the succession
and relative proportions of soup, fish, game
entrees, boiled, roast, game and dessert.
One erratic brave owned his muttinal
distension to a judicious compound of: 1,
coffee; 2, cantelope; 3, ice-cream; 4, Irish
stew; 5, steak; 6, worcester sauce; 7,
mustard; 8, mutton; 9, fried potatoes; 10,
mackerel; 11, Graham bread; 12, iced tea;
13, fried eggs; 14, sliced tomatoes; and
15, buttered toast; and his bosom was rent
with emotion when he found that the
waiter shook his head when the line "Guests
having friends to dinner will please give
notice at the office" was indicated.

A Painter in Trouble.

Old Mr. Watson, on Nelson street, has
got a nice little bill to pay. He sent a man
down town for a pot of paint and a ladder.
Then he tied the paint pot to the end of
the ladder and put the ladder on his
shoulder, and the man admired it very
much. He started for home this way, and
didn't find any trouble in getting along the
first block, because the people had an im-
pression that a long ladder with a pot of
yellow paint dangling on the end of it
wasn't exactly the thing to trifle with so
they balanced along on the curb-stone, or
rubbed against the buildings. Pretty soon
the man saw somebody in a store he knew,
and turned around to speak to him, and
drove one end of the ladder into a millinery
case and knocked the crown out of an eigh-
teen dollar bonnet. Then he backed off in
affright and knocked down two sewing
machine agents with the other end. Then
he started to turn around, and an old gen-
tleman who was desperately endeavoring
to get his wife out of danger, saw the peril,
and shouted "Hi there!" But it was too
late. The pot struck against an awning
post, tipped to one side and the entire
contents went over the aged couple. This
so startled the man that he wheeled comple-
tely around, smashing in an entire store front,
frightening a milk man's team, and knock-
ing over some thirteen persons who were
actively dodging about to get out of the
way. Then he dropped the ladder and fled
into the country, shouting "murder" and
"fire" at every jump.

New Zealand Birds.

It appears that the mou—a name given
by New Zealanders to the large wingless
birds whose homes are now and then
found in the swamps, forest, and other
places—is not an extinct species, as has
generally been supposed. A very large
bird—far larger than the emu—has been
long reputed to exist in the back portions
of a run in the Waiu district. Its exis-
tence has now been verified. On a recent
occasion a shepard started the creature
from a maunka scrub with a sheep dog.
It ran until it was fairly on the brow of a
terrace above the dog, and some thirty or
forty yards off, when it turned at bay. The
bird is described as bending its long neck
up and down, exactly like the black swan
when disturbed, as considerably taller
than any emu ever seen in Australia, and
as standing very much more erect on its
legs. The color of its feathers is a silvery
grey, with greenish streaks through it. If
this story is true, it destroys the notion
which has hitherto prevailed, that no large
mons have been seen alive since about
1650.