

TERMS: _\$1.25 Per Year,) IN ADVANCE.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

(75 Cents for 6 Months; 40 Cts. for 3 months.

Vol. VII.

New Bloomfield, Pa., Tuesday, August 12, 1873.

No. 32.

The Bloomfield Cimes.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING, BY FRANK MORTIMER & CO.,

At New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.

Being provided with Steam Power, and large Cylinder and Job-Presses, we are prepared to do all kinds of Job-Printing in good style and at Low Prices.

ADVERTISING RATES!

Transient—8 Cents per line for one insertion 12 " 'two insertions 15 " "three insertions Business Notices in Local Column 10 Cents

en_For longer yearly adv'ts terms will be given upon application.

A Murderer's Den.

WELL, my boy, to amuse you, I'll tell how I paid a hotel bill. I was travelling through Arizona, when my guide Jim sickened and left me.

My new guide was a prairie Indian, a little, dirty, sneaking-looking beggar, whose sole object in life seemed to be to get drunk as often and as thoroughly as possible. However, I wasn't likely to want him more than four or five days, and I thought I could do with him that long; so I gave him to understand that, if he behaved himself, I'd give him as much rum as he could drink, when we got in, and if he didn't I'd send a bullet through him at once; upon which understanding we started. That day, all went smoothly enough; but the next morning my evil star made me catch sight of a rare plant on the top of a precipitous bank, thirty feet high; and I must needs go up after it, while Master Redskin trudged slowly on with the horses. It was a stiff climb' but I got up at last, and had just collared the vegetable, when lo! the edge of the bank broke away and down I went! It was a marvel that I didn't break my neck; but the briars and fallen earth saved me a bit.

However, when I came to, I found myself all bruised and covered with blood, and my watch (which by some miracle wasn't broken) showed me that I'd been lying there a good hour at least. But what was worse there wasn't a sign of my worthy esquire or the horses! At first I thought he might have got tired of waiting, and struck on ahead; but when I got to the crown of the pass, and couldn't see him anywhere, I guessed at once that he had he had seen me fall, and making sure that I was either dead or too much damaged to look after him, he'd just constituted himself heir to all my property, rifle and saddlebags included, and made tracks with them. So there I was, left high and dry in the worst part of the Sierra, with four dollars in my pocket, and only my knife if I got into trouble-for the lock of my revolver had got broken by the fall.

Well, there was nothing to be gained by standing still, and when a thing has got to be done, you must just do it; so I hobbled along anyhow, and got on pretty well after a bit. Just about sundown I came to a hut, whose only tenants seemed to be a very tall, gaunt, vicious-looking Yankee and just about the ugliest looking nigger I ever saw in my life.

"Good evening, mate," said I, "can you put a fellow up for to-night? I don't feel like going much further, somhow."

"Kin you pay for it?-that's the idee, you know," said my host with a grin, - 'Yew don't look as yew hed made a pile, now that's a fact !'

It was my weakness in those days to be always riled by that kind of thing. I whipped out my pouch and slapped it down on the table; and with all the small change in it, it made a very tolerable jingle. I saw the fellow's eyes light up, and I know directly I'd done wrong.

"Good as pork, mister," said he, nodding at the pouch. "Guess you'll be for a bite afore goin' to roast. Just hold on a minnit, and we'll fix for supper right

"All right," answered I, "I'll just look round outside to see if there are any plants worth picking up, while you get it ready."

This was a bit of diplomacy on my part, for I knew if they meant mischief they d lay their heads together the moment my back was turned, and I wanted to make sure. As soon as they'd gone into the hut again, I sneaked round to the back, and cronched behind the wood-pile, where I could hear every word they said. And, sure enough, in a minute or two they began :

Pomp ? "Dat so, sure 'nuff. He big fool, show money to all man he meet !"

"He's bin an' showed it just once too often-so he has. Guess he's one of them diggers, who makes a big pile and then scarecrows and lookin' down onto their luck. But he can't throw dust in my eyes, that's what he can't! Pomp, jist take yure axe and get ahint the door, and when the stranger comes back, fotch him down from behind, while I give him the bowie in

"Eh, boss, what for such big hurry ?-Wait a little bit, better do. Gib him a plenty drink-he go sleep sound-den we

"Right yew are, Pomp-guess thet's how we'll fix it. Jist fotch out the whiskey, now, while I go and see if the stranger's anywhar' roun'."

But I didn't wait for him to come out but went round, and came along towards the door of the shanty, whistling as jolly as could be, that he might not smell a rat. I knew all I wanted to know; and, as I was too tired to have any chance of running, I concluded that my best way would be just to kill them both !

At supper, all the time, I was quite jolly with them, and chaffed and told stories till they were fit to crack their sides with laughing; but I took care to get very sleepy before long, and the two, who were watch- growed." ing me out of the corners of their eyes, exchanged looks as they noticed it.

"Guess yew feel like heving a big sleep, stranger," said my considerate host, "so I'll just show yew yure clearin', and then yew kin take out all the sleep yew hev lost at one pull."

He took me up a ladder into a small loft, showed me some straw and a big horse-rug, and marched off.

Here, then, was the situation. The ladder was fast to the door, so I couldn't cut off their communications; and if I showed fight openly they would most likely get the best of it, especially if they had firearms. The only way was to trap thembut how? Just at that moment (never tell me again that novel-reading is of no use,) I recollected that bit in the Cloister and the hearth, where Gerard and Denys hold their room in that Burgundian inn against the robbers, hiding behind the door, and sticking them one by one as they come in. I resolved to try the same dodge, and I set to work to dress up a dummy with the straw and the horse-rug-fitting my cap and boots on it to make it more life-like-so as to look as if I were lying asleep at the farther corner. When they used to think me a dab at rigging up layfigures for the college theatricals, I little dreamed to what a use I should one day put it. Then, when all was ready I slipped behind the door with my bowie knife, and waited.

The wretches in the room below were as still as death, listening for any sound from above; and in the dead silence, the ticking of the old clock pricked my ears like a pin. At last, just as I was thinking of rushing down upon them, and having it all over, anyhow, I heard the ladder creak -creak again, louder-creak again, louder still-and then the long, lean wolfish looking face of the Yankee rose above the door-sill, and peered about, with a light. Seeing me, as he thought, fast asleep on the floor, he crawled up, and stepped forward to strike-offering his back fair towards me. Like a flash, my knife was down on the back of his neck, with such a lick that the blade came clear out under his chin, and he died without a sound. I had barely time to drop him on the straw when the nigger came tumbling up. I struck him hurriedly, like a fool, as I was and, of course, hurt instead of killing him. The next moment he had me fast. Down dropped the knife, and over we went upon the floor, fighting like wild cats. And then began as fine a tussel as ever was fought out in a lonely place at midnight, with life for the stake, a corpse for umpire, and the moon for looker on. Over and over we rolled, he guashing his teeth and snarling like a wild beast, while the cold moonlight came streaming through the little window upon the black's sayage face, and the trampled straw, and the dead man's distorted features and grinning teeth, gaping wide with the gasp of his last agony. If Blacky hadn't been weakened by the flowing of blood from his wound he'd have finished me in no time; as it was, he was a tough customer. I be

gan to think I was in for it at last, when

"Trapped our b'ar this time-eh, old and then seized it. The next moment plug! it went clear up to the very handle. He gave one choking growl, and lay dead.

Having thus accounted for the population, I began to debate whether I was justified in making prize of their belongings, in virtue of their recent nefarious attempt and my own forlorn condition. In this difficulty, my studies in light literature came to my aid once more. I recollect how Gaffer Hexam shut up Rogue Riderhood by telling him that you can't rob a dead man; fortified by which great authority, I went down stairs, and proceeded to help myself to my late hosts' effects. I took what little money I could find, a gun, and some ammunition, filled my haversack with pork and "hard tack," and then lay down before the fire and fell asleep."

Well, next morning at sunrise, under these improved conditions, I started again. After a bit, I fell in with a digger going West, and we kept together as far as Sacramento. I didn't say anything about my adventure, however, and a few days later, I was rather tickled at hearing a man astonishing one of the drinking-bars with a story of how he had found a white man and a nigger rubbed out in one of the shanties on the Digger Trail, and he guessed the Injuns as done it hed bin stampeed in the middle o' their work, for they hadn't scalped nary one on 'em, though the nigger had as fine crop o' wool as ever

So know, my boy, that's how I paid my hotel bill—as light a one as I ever came across. Two strokes receipted it-only of a knife instead of a pen.

Old-Fashioned Remedy. An

MRS. WHITAKER was much troub, led about Susan. All summer she had been in a pale, languid, half-alive condition with no strength, no appetite, no interest in anything.

Mrs. Whitaker, having a never sufficiently gratified passion for doctoring, had at first rather enjoyed this opportunity to trying the virtues of the various roots and herbs that hung in dry, dusty bundles from the garret rafters. Susan's life had been made a burden to her by doses of thoroughwort, pennyroyal, tansey, dandeloin and

And still Susan lay around the house in au exceedingly limp state, reading novels with a languid interest, and cutting out such scraps of poetry from the newspapers as dwelt on the hollowness of the world, unappreciated loveliness, and early death.

Ned Whitaker, Susan's younger brother, was decidedly skeptical on the subject of her illness. "It's enough to make any one sick to do as Sue does," said he energetically. "If she'd get up earlier in the morning and do a little housework she'd get well twice as quick as she will now, dosing and coddling."

September came, and yet Susan remained in a state of discouraging about-thesameness. Mrs. Whitaker thought she would drive over and consult Aunt Debbie Donbar.

Aunt Debbie was a woman of vast experience in sickness. She had brought a large family of her own successfully through all the mumps, measles, and other ills infant flesh is heir to, besides acting as adviser general for the whole neighborhood. What Aunt Debbie didn't know about doctoring was generally considered not worth knowing at all.

"Well, how d'ye all dew at home?" asked Aunt Debbie.

"Protty well; thank you, except Susan. came over partly to see you about her. She don't seem to get along as I should like to have her."

"Miss Haskell was tellin' me last Sunday how ailin' Susan's been this summer. From what Miss Haskell said I should think she's a great deal as my Melissa was five years ago. I cured Melissa with

"Susan's been taking that, more or less all summer."

"Does she cough any?" " No."

"Because, if she did, colt-foot ten is a grand thing. Ain't she bilious?"

"I shouldn't wonder if she was." "Well, now, if she was my girl, should give her a good dose of blue pill to begin with, and follow it out with a smart course of caster-ile or salts. I should keep right on with the boneset three times a day-'tis very strengthen'-and I'd suddenly I felt the knife on the floor behave her take a new raw egg in half a glass side me. I gave him one tremendous of cider every mornin' before breakfast. squeeze, just to numb him for a moment, That's one of the best things I know of

sleepin' ?"

"Yes she is, rather."

"There is nothin' so good for narvousness as hop ten. Give her some every night, the last thing before she goes to bed, and make her a hop pillow. I guess if you follow her up thoroughly, you'll bring her out all right. There's nothin' like being thorough," said Aunt Debbie, with the emphatic air of long experience.

After much further advice Mrs. Whitaker set out for home, burning with zeal to "follow up" Susan with all Aunt Debbie's prescriptions. What the consequences would have been to poor Susan one shudders to think. Fortunately, fate kindly interposed in her behalf.

A big rut at the foot of the hill-over goes the wagon on top of Mrs. Whitaker -and Deacon Foskett and his hired man ran down the hill to find Mrs. Whitaker with one leg broken, a sprained shoulder, and any amount of bruises and wrench-

What was to become of the Whitakers, now that the main spoke of the domestic wheel was useless? They hire a girl, of course, suggests the intelligent reader. But hiring a girl in Tully was no such trifling matter.

Mr. Whitaker devoted a week to driving over the hills in different directions in pursuit of various myths of possible girls that vanished into thin air on closer inspection.

"I declare," said Mr. Whitaker to Susan as he returned, girlless and dispirited, "I believe if I wanted a wife I could get six easier than I can one girl."

"Don't try any more, father," said Susan. "We can get along somehow. Ned

and I can do the work." "That's so," said Ned. "We'll make a bully team."

But now a feeble wail was heard from the bed-room where poor Mrs. Whitaker lay, fevered and helpless on her restless couch.

"You must get a girl, father," she remonstrated, "Susan can't do the work. It will kill her. She isn't strong enough and, besides she don't know how. Oh, dear, if I could only get up and take hold myself! I can't be reconciled to lying here when there's so much to do !"

To soothe his wife, Mr. Whitaker promised to try once more, and finally one night drove into the yard in triumph, seated on a small, hair trunk, the owner of the trunk, an actual "girl" in propria persona, band-box in hand, sitting in state on the seat behind him.

The new girl's name was Luna. She was tall and bony, wore her hair cut short in the neck, and rejoiced in a bass voice that was a perpetual surprise in the family. Luna soon developed ways that if not "dark," were decidedly uncomfortable. Under her administration, the appetites of the Whitakers dwindled alarmingly. Susan who saw the most of Luna's cookery, lived entirely on crackers.

When Mrs. Whitaker heard that Luna prepared the potatoes for dinner in the wash-hand basin, and put the best teaknives soaking in the bottom of the pan while she did the other dishes, tea-knives whose glossy handles were Mrs. Whitaker's pride, her indignation knew no bounds.

"I won't have her in the house another minute ! I can't sleep till she is out of it! Do get her out of the house before she spoils everything in it, and poisons us all!"

Luna went. Susan cleaned up the house, and prayed, whatever calamity might be in store for them, they might at least be spared another girl. Susan was much better now. Her mother's illness had taken her out of herself, and obliged her to make some exertion. She went into housework with a will, equally pleased and surprised to find herself really good for something. Ned helped her all he could, and novel were some of the experiments of what Ned called the "new

One day Ned astonished Sue with a bona fide compliment.

"You're growing handsome, Sue," said be.

She thought Ned was making fun of her, thereby, for once, doing him an injustice. For there is no surer cosmetic and beautifier than housework, when not carried to excess. No amount of dumbbells, flesh-brushes, "constitution" walks and drives gives the energy, the brisk circulation, the cheerful tone to body and mind that comes from the vigorous, varied exercise of housework. She flew briskly around the house now singing, as

for weakly folks. Is she nervous about she made beds up-stairs with the freah morning air sweeping breezily through the open windows, now sweeping the sittingroom, new kneading dough, new out in the garden for vegetables, all this varied work brings every muscle into play the more healthy, because not done deliberately and with "malice afore-thought."

"How do you feel to-day, Susan?" inquired Mrs. Whitaker, anxiously.

"I really don't know, mother," replied Susan laughingly. "I haven't had time to think."

And so Sue had grown plump and rosy, had a buoyant step, a light and sparkle in her eyes, the radiance in looks and spirit that comes from a sound mind in a sound body.

One Monday, Sue was in the clothesyard trying to hang out the clothes. She was short and the line high up, the wind blowing a gale: It certainly was a provoking wind. It blew Sue's sun bonnet off, and her curly brown hair into all sorts of wild tangles and tousels and, the table-cloth she was trying to hang up kept flapping back all over her. She stood on tiptoe, straining her arms up, and struggling in vain with the refractory table-cloth.

"Let me help you, Susan," said a pleasant manly voice:

She extricated herself from the mazes of the table cloth to find Charlie Goodman beside her. Charlie was working in his south lot, which joined the Whitakers' garden, and seeing his neighbor's distress had come to the rescue, like the kindhearted fellow he was.

"Oh, thank you, Charlie," said Sue, with perhaps more color in her cheeks than the wind was solely responsible for. It was so vexatious to be caught looking so. And Sue hastened to roll down ber sleeves and conceal her blushes under her sunbonnet, while Charlie hung up the table-cloth and let the line down within her reach.

It was as pleasant for a woman to be helped as for a man to help. She felt quite a glow of gratitude to Charlie.

"How nice it is to be tall !" she said .-"I'm ever so much obliged to you."

"Not at all. I'm glad to do it. A little body like you ought always to have at tall man around somewhere handy to helpher," said Charlie, looking admiringly down at the flushed face and tangled brown curls under the sunbonnet.

"Nonsense, Charlie!" laughed Suc, slyly stooping to pick up a clothespin.

Charlie went back to his work, wondering he had never noticed before what a pretty girl Sue Whitaker was.

Somehow, Charlie found a great deal to do in the south lot that fall.

The interest Charlie took in Mrs. Whitaker's health was truly touching. Fie called so often to inquire for her, and listened so politely to all her symptoms that Mrs. Whitaker took a great fancy to him. and was always telling every one what a remarkably nice young man Charlie Goodman was: on which occasions Sue generally discovered she had an errand in the kitchen, or anywhere out of the room .-In short, Charlie, not only loved his neighbor as himself, but a great deal better.

As for Sue, she came to feel such an interest in Charlie's prosperity, that, rather than have him waste so much time, she consented, in the spring, to move permanently over to the Goodman house. She made as brisk and blooming a matron as one often sees, and "they lived happy forever afterward;" as happy, at all events, as is possible in a world which sometimes has sharp trials for even the most loving and

If any one still asks what cured Susan shall reply by quoting Miss Alcott :--Love and labor, two beautiful old fashions that began long ago with the first pair in Eden.'

Sandal-Wood.

You have doubtless seen the sweetsmelling sandal-wood fans or fine boxes made of this wood. This fragrant wood comes from the sandal-wood tree, which grows in many parts of the Indies. It is shipped in logs, and is exported in large quantities to China, where it is employed to burn in the temples. Its use, however, is not sacred to the gods, for wealthy Chinamen burn sandal-wood on their hearths. for the sake of its delightful odor. Don's you think it is a pity to burn it up in this way? The beautiful yellow wood retains its fragrance for years, and the best use to which sandal-wood is put is carving it into pretty and useful things which long delight their owners. One of the most beautiful things I ever saw made of sandal-wood was a writing-desk which came from Bombay.