

# The Bloomfield Times.

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 19, 1873.

No. 33.

## The Bloomfield Times.

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

15 " " " " two insertions

13 " " " " three insertions

Business Notices in Local Column 10 Cents per line.

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

## The Mislaid Letter.

I AM Aunt Gunter. Job Gunter is my husband. We keep the Anchor Port Post Office and a store, and sell groceries and garden sassa, calico, shoes and medicines, like other folks in our line, when anybody asks for 'em.

When a ship comes in, and the sailors come home to their wives and mothers, trade grows brisk. The housekeepers do their best, and the raisins and dried currants and eggs and butter go off finely, and it's worth while to lay in ribbons for the girls, and smoking tobacco and long pipes for the men.

Jack and his wages make old Anchor Port brisk for a while, but at last he sails away, and all the women seem to ask for will be letters—letters, letters, when they have a right to expect them, and when they haven't all the same.

It's 'Please, Aunt Gunter, look over them, and see if there ain't one for me; and it's 'Please, Uncle Gunter; it might have got mixed up and overlooked somehow; and often—God help the poor souls!—after Jack lies at the bottom of the sea, and nothing will ever reach them but the news of his shipwreck. But plenty of letters came after all, and sometimes we had to read them for the folks, Job and I, and so we got to know something of their lives.

Milly Moore could read and write herself, but still I always knew when she had a letter from Will Masset. I knew it by the hand-writing, and I knew it by her blushes, and by that happy look in her face. When he came home, she bought ribbons and bits of lace by the apronful; and I knew where the packages of candy that he bought were to go. And I used to keep Job from fishing down in Pullman's creek of afternoons, because I knew that was where Milly and Will liked to walk. Courting time comes but once in a lifetime, and I always like to see it prosper.

At last he sailed away, second mate of the Golden Dove; and when he came back from that voyage, they were to be married.

It was a sad day when that ship sailed. Mrs. Captain Rawdon and her girls were crying on the shore. Twenty women from the Port and five from the Hill were there to see her set sail.

It was a grim, gray day, and the voyage to be a long one.

It was under our old sycamore that Will took Milly to his breast.

"Don't fret, darling!" he said. "I will come back safe and sound. I couldn't drown now; I've too much to live for."

Poor boy! in spite of that, the Golden Dove went down in mid-seas, and only three men reached Anchor Port to tell how Captain Rawdon and the rest were lost, at dead of night, in a most dreadful storm.

Captain Kincaid brought the news up to Mrs. Rawdon. He stopped at our store to tell about it. A nice old man. A bachelor still at fifty-eight, and as handsome, with his white hair and red cheeks, as a picture.

That was twelve months ago, the night I went into the store to sort some things out, as I always did Saturday nights.—Through the week Job used to get everything mixed up—letters in my tea-boxes, candles in the letter-box, eggs where they oughtn't to be, and all the place askew. It was a warm autumn night, and Captain Kincaid's vessel was in port and we had plenty of custom. Job served the people, while I tidied up. I found half the last mail in a sugar-box, and clothes-pins in the ground-coffee canister, and I just dumped them out.

"Gather up your letters, Job," said I. "What possesses you, old man?"

And he laughed, and piled them up. And I made a vow to myself that I'd keep

the sugar-box full after that, so that he shouldn't use it for the mail.

I had twenty-four pounds of sugar known as "coffee-crushed," because it is prepared especially to use in coffee. That was the finest sugar Anchor Hill folks often bought, though I had a little cut and powdered by me, in case Mrs. Rawdon, or Mrs. Dr. Speer, or the minister's lady should send in; and I took the paper up and tilted it over the japanned box, pouring it in a nice smooth stream, when who should come running into the shop but Milly Moore. She was not dressed carefully, and her eyes were red with crying.

She asked for some tea, and while Job was weighing it out she beckoned to me, and whispered:

"Oh! Aunt Gunter, have you looked to-day? Isn't there a letter from Will? He said he couldn't die. I don't feel as if he could. Mightn't he write after all? Do look!"

"My pet," says I, "It's a year ago that the Golden Dove went down. It is not likely, dear, but I'll look."

I took the letters in my hand one by one. Many of them would make hearts glad before the shutters were up that night; but none for Milly. It couldn't be expected, of course.

I told her so; but I took her in my little back parlor, and made her sit down.

I talked as good as I could to her, but what good does talking do?

"Oh, Aunt," says she, "I know it seems as if I was a fool; but I walked up hoping this morning. I don't believe he is gone. I can't, I can't."

"When baby died—the only one we ever had—I thought I should never believe it," said I. "But I had Job; and you have your mother and sister."

At that she burst into tears, and put her head down on my knees.

"I must tell you," said she. "They want me to marry Captain Kincaid. He is courting me. He fell in love with me the night he brought the news to Mrs. Captain Rawdon; I was there sewing, and heard it all. Oh, how cruel to fall in love with a poor girl at such a time! And he asks me to be his wife. And mother and Fanny shall always have a home, he says. And you know how poor we are. And they're angry at me for saying No. And how can I, how can I, when my heart is in the sea with Will?"

"Not just yet," said I, after a while. Perhaps when you feel better. He's old, I know but he's a splendid man."

"You, too!" said she. "You, too! Nobody understands. It isn't as if I had made up my mind, like all the rest. Will will always be a living man in my mind. I don't think any one ever loved but me. Nobody understands—nobody."

I kissed her, and coaxed her, and said no word about her changing her mind; but for all that I kept thinking of it in a kind of maze.

"Captain Kincaid! such a gentleman as that! Old as he was, could she fail to see the honor?"

But when I told Job, says he: "Jerusalem! a young, pretty girl like Milly! Why don't he go after some widdler or an oldish gal? Milly is too young for him. Poor Will! what a pity! They jest suited each other."

I couldn't help it, though. Mrs. Captain Kincaid would have things that Miss Milly Moore could never dream of; silk dresses velvet cloaks and jewelry, stuffed chairs in her best rooms, a silver ice-cream, if she chose, like Mrs. Captain Rawdon. She might have a carriage, too, and a pair of ponies. And I liked Milly, and wouldn't have envied her luck one bit; and I didn't wonder at Mrs. Moore and Fanny.

Once having given me her confidence, Milly didn't stop; and Mrs. Moore came over to talk about it, too, until at last I fairly up and sided with the old lady.

"Milly," says I, "Will is gone, and you ain't his widow, to wear weeds all your life—not that many do, if they can help it, seems to me—and Captain Kincaid is as good as man can be, and you'll be happy with him. You can't help loving him as much as there's any need to love."

After that she stopped talking much to me. She used to give me, strange looks, though. I knew that her heart was in the sea; but Will was gone, and why should she refuse what Providence offered?

The Captain staid at the Port three months, and at last we worried her into promising to be his wife—old Mrs. Moore, Fanny and I. She gave up at last.

"It don't matter much, after all," she said. "I must be going out of my mind," for I can never stop watching and hoping. I shall die soon, I suppose, whether I marry or not."

After that she never spoke of Will, and Mrs. Moore told me she was engaged; and she wore a diamond ring upon her finger. And the day before the ship sailed she was to marry Captain Kincaid, so that she might go to Europe with him.

A year and three months since the Golden Dove went down. Well, no one can tell what changes a little while will bring. I used to hope that I hadn't had much hand in it after all, when I thought it over, and remembered poor Will, and how he stood holding her in his arms under the sycamore.

But then, you see, Mrs. Moore's sight had failed, so that she could not do fine sewing, and Fanny wasn't of much account except to look at. It was a hard life that lay before Milly. It was good for her to marry Captain Kincaid, and have rest and comfort, wasn't it?

"To-morrow is the wedding," said I to Job, "It's going to be in the church. Miss Salisbury is finishing my silver-gray poplin. It sets splendid. We'll have Ben Barnes in to keep store, and go, won't we? You'll like to see Milly off won't you?"

"I wish it was Will Masset," said Job.

"Poor Will!" says I, and I went on tidying, though it was on Friday. I should be so busy next day. I got out my big paper of sugar, and got down my japanned sugar box, never empty yet since that day I filled it up. And Job, sorting the letters, looked up at me.

"Never begrudged you anything so much as I do that box," says he. "Best thing I ever put the mail into. This mere wooden thing with a slide is a pesky bother."

"Law me," says I, "if I'd knowed you wanted it, you should have had it. I didn't think you had any plan in it. Jest stick them anywhere, I thought you would. I'll empty the box; I've got one that'll do.—And I am glad you spoke before I filled it up."

So with that I spread out a big paper on the counter, and emptied out the sugar.

It had packed a little, and came out in a sort of a cake. There it laid, white and shining, and on top of it, whiter and shinier, laid a letter—a letter with a ship mark upon it, and this superscription:

"Miss Milly Moore, Anchor Port, Maine, United States of America."

Three months ago—poor stupid! I had emptied my coffee-crushed in upon it, and there it was.

Three months ago she had come down to me and asked for a letter, and I thought her half crazy; and I'd have given more money than there was in the till to have dared to tear that letter open on the spot and read it, though I knew the hand was Will Masset's.

"This can't wait," say I.

"No," says Job, "it can't, with the wedding comin' off to-morrow."

Then I stopped and thought, let it lie until it's called for, and she'll be Mrs. Captain Kincaid, with her silks and her velvets, and her fine house and her carriages, all the same. This comes from a shipwrecked sailor, poorer now than when he went away.

"Perhaps I'd better wait until the wedding is over, Job," says I.

And my old man came across the room and put his arm about my waist.

"Nancy," says he, "you and I was young folks once. I used to think something was better than money and fine doings, then. And though we old folks may get a little hard—though to be up in the world seems so much, and all that old sweetness so silly, why, it will come back some times. You remember how he kissed her under the sycamore; and—Nancy, we couldn't wait until after the wedding, either of us."

I put my arms about Job's neck, and I kissed him; and then I got my sunbounnet and ran over to Mrs. Moore's.

Captain Kincaid was there. I stood at the door with the letter behind my back.

"Won't you walk in?" said Mrs. Moore.

"I—haven't time," said I. "It's only an errand. It's a singular, Milly, there's a—"

"My letter! my letter!" cried Milly.—"It has come at last!"

How she knew it, Heaven knows. She hadn't had a glimpse of it.

It was the old sailor's story; a shipwreck, a deserted island, wretched months spent in hope of succor, and a sail at last. He would be home in three months.

"Three months!" said Milly, "Oh, how can I wait?"

And then says I:

"Milly, forgive a poor old stupid goose. That letter has been lying under the best coffee-crushed three months and a day.—And there's a vessel in the offing this very moment."

So it was Will at last; and Job and I went to the wedding with happy hearts. And no need to pity Captain Kincaid, either, for he married Fanny Moore before the year was over.

## Notes of a Journey on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe R. R.

ATCHINSON, a city of ten thousand inhabitants on the Missouri River, is the Eastern terminus. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad is an enterprise projected long ago, held in abeyance for several years from various causes, but rapidly finished at last from the absolute necessity of its construction to meet the demand of South-western commerce and development. After the tourist takes his seat in the train which is to bear him four hundred miles into the wilderness, his attention is taken up by the surpassing beauty of the country. The landscape presents a succession of long swells, with here and there a conical elevation which constitutes a prominent land-mark, while timber fringed creeks lie on either hand among the swells, like the veins of a leaf. The whole is dotted with farm-houses, herds of cattle and grain-fields. In summer it is probably the brightest pastoral landscape west of the Mississippi. There is in it besides a suggestion of more than it shows,—a future of wealth not to be excelled in any region.

Twenty-five miles out from Atchison is Grasshopper Falls, the junction with the only "narrow-gauge" railway in Kansas. It is a pretty country town, mainly important as being the seat of a fine water-power. Twenty-five miles more, and you are at Topeka, the capital of the State. Here is the crossing of the Kansas Pacific, the machine-shops and head-quarters of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. It is a city of ten thousand people, famous for its magnificent situation, its wide streets, and especially as being the political and social centre of the State.

The next town of importance is Burlingame, about twenty-five miles further on. It is an important county town, and you see here most prominently that which is a very prominent figure in all Kansas towns; a magnificent school building in a commanding situation. But between Topeka and Burlingame lie two or three of the most interesting industrial features of this line. The village of Osage City and Cardonvale presents the unexpected spectacle of two towns which have sprung up there within a year or two, solely by reason of the wealth they stand upon. Here are what are known as the Osage coal-fields, which produce coal very fair in quality. The shafts, in many instances, are immediately beside the railroad-track, and are constantly and extensively worked. They are a solution of a most vital problem, for from them the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad can cheaply supply every town on its line for all time to come. If there should be no coal discovered west,—and there is no reason why there should not be,—there is enough here to set the South-western fuel-problem at rest. In this immediate vicinity, also, are extensive ochre-fields, from which is now being manufactured pottery-ware, tiles, furnaces, and very heavy, hard, bright-red brick. Here are also extensive quarries of what is called by way of distinction the Osage Flagg-stone. It was originally created for laying side-walks of. It can be taken out of any required dimensions,—say eight feet square,—is of a blue color, requires no dressing except squaring, and is of a uniform thickness of about four inches.

You pass Newton, bordered in its brief day as a "hard" border-town. It is 54 miles west from Cottonwood Falls, and 184 from Atchison on the Missouri; and here begins the Arkansas Valley. You can see the tall cottonwoods which mark the stream on the horizon. The reader must understand that we have not yet quite reached the great river of the plains, born in the western mountains and flowing south-eastward to the Mississippi. This is the Little Arkansas,—nicknamed here "the little river,"—which forms a confluence with the "big river" at Wichita, 28 miles south-west of the spot to which, a moment since we directed the reader's attention.

Here it will be noticed, the valley begins to widen into immense scope, like an Illinois prairie. It is dark, rich and somewhat sandy, though not so much so as to be perceptible to the casual observer. Leaving Wichita, a town of 2,500 people, and now the terminus of the overland Texas cattle-trade, 28 miles to the south, on a branch of the main road, we pass almost directly westward, across the valley of the Little Arkansas. After passing the stream we cross a stretch of country which lies between the two rivers north of their junction. It is mainly level, and begins to have some characteristics very different from anything yet seen. In short, it is the beginning of the great western plains, unless two years ago, now discovered to be rich, and in demand. It is the eastern verge of what, for these twenty-five years, have been known as "the plains"—very much in the world now, as this railroad closes up the immense gap, and brings the western mountains into view.

Passing over the space between the Little and Great Arkansas, in an hour or more you reach Hutchinson, where the railroad strikes the great valley, situated at the south-eastern beginning of the much-talked of "great-bend of the Arkansas. This is the Arkansas and "plains," without any doubt. Yet here is a town two years old, containing about 800 inhabitants, peaceable, thrifty, and in the midst of a country marvelous in its growth, and already famous for beauty and richness. Here, as some slight evidence of enterprise, the Arkansas is spanned by a bridge 1,600 feet long. But the prominent features are a fine school-house and county-buildings. Leaving Hutchinson, you successively arrive at the villages of Peace, Great Bend, Larned, Dodge City and lastly at Sargent. There are other beginnings interspersed between, and these all lie on the northern bank of the Arkansas. Finally, the railway is turned slightly southward to the new town of Grenada, on the south side of the Arkansas, and this Grenada is the shipping and receiving point of all the immense trade which goes and comes by way of the thickly-clustered settlements of the Rio Grande Valley, in New Mexico.

We thus end with the towns only to say finally what this great Arkansas region really is. Imagine a valley 290 miles long and from four to twelve miles wide. This is really "bottom" land. The soil is deep and black. There is a peculiar underflow of the stream, caused by a percolation of its waters through a substrata of gravel and coarse sand. The Arkansas is mountain-born and snow-fed, and nearly always full. A hole made almost anywhere in the first bottom will become full of water. In midsummer it is far enough south to be considered pretty hot, but in winter, stock live easily through with a small quantity of hay, and thus far have gone through fat upon the range alone. For corn, all the cereals, tobacco and hemp, this valley is admirably adapted. In extent in valuable land it has not its peer among newly-opened regions. There are 3,000,000 acres here, owned by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway, and these are only the alternate sections. The government owns the rest, open only to homestead and pre-emption.

This is what *was* the plains,—the great desert,—now traversed in a railway car. It is a standing wonder. The iron track has supplanted all that was characteristic of the region, and changed all that pertained to wildness. Far out toward Larned, 300 miles from the Missouri, the evidences of this change are on every hand. The new roofs of small houses can be counted in the sunshine. There are black fields crossed by rows of standing corn. In this first year of its settlement, the Arkansas region is more than self-supporting.

This is the new Kansas, and as you return from the heart of the wilderness, you wonder at the fact that wildness, solitude and silence have vanished in a season like the swallow, and reflect that in a single decade the great region of the plains will hold a population of wealth which will almost equal and counter balance the great Mississippi Valley.

A doctor recently died who was the oldest medical man in one of the largest Midland towns of England. The babies he had helped in early practice through the perils of childhood had come to be gray haired men; and one day, as the story goes, he had an engagement with one of these, a well known merchant. The hour of engagement was long past, and the doctor was pacing the floor of his study when the gentleman came in with an apology on his lips. "No matter, no matter!" said the doctor, with an impatient wave of the hand; "you are always behind. I remember," said he, "thirty years ago, sitting for ten mortal hours in the little back parlor of your father's house waiting for you to be born. You are always behind time."