

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, September 9, 1873.

No. 36.

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
12 " " " two insertions
15 " " " three insertions
Business Notices in Local Column 10 Cents
per line.
For longer yearly adv'ts terms will be given
upon application.

Kissing the Servant Girl.

I CONFESS I was very angry. Well, I may as well begin at the beginning and tell you the whole story. When I married Tom Wilkins, all my friends said I had made a fool of myself—really thrown myself away—with my advantages, too.—I should have done so much better, and much more to the same purpose. Well, to be sure, Tom is a big, stupid fellow, neither rich nor handsome, but I loved him, and what other excuse does a woman need for an act of folly? But Tom had one fault that troubled me greatly—he was a most inveterate kisser. Before he was married he used to kiss all the girls who visited his sisters, and afterwards he kissed all my old school friends who came to the house, and even kissed mother, and you must concede that a man is a great kisser who would kiss his mother-in-law. Well, all this I bore in silence, if not with patience, till one morning coming out of my room, what should I see but Tom at the head of the stairs actually kissing Sara Ann, the hired girl. That was a little more than human nature, or at least, woman nature could bear. I sat down till I had recovered myself a little, and allowed Tom time to reach the dining room. When at last I went down, he advanced with his usual smile to kiss me, but I drew back angrily.

"Why, Jessie, what's the matter?" he said, looking surprised, "am I not to have a kiss this morning?"
"As you have already had the pleasure of kissing Sara Ann, I think that will do for one morning. I should not fancy the flavor of your kisses after that."
Tom actually blushed. "Oh, you saw that, did you, Jessie? Well, where's the great harm in that? It's my motto to imbibe sweetness wherever I find it."
"Well, I fancy you did not imbibe a great deal from that source, and the harm is that it lowers your dignity as head of the family, besides giving the servants exaggerated opinions of their own importance."

"What nonsense. I don't suppose Sara Ann will ever think of it again, any more than I should if you had not taken me to task about it."
"You seem to forget, Tom, that persons in her position are not so intelligent as those in ours. They judge almost wholly by actions, and I am quite sure Sara Ann thinks you are in love with her."
"Don't make a mountain out of a mole hill, my dear."
"Well, Tom, how would you like to see me kissing old Eben?"
"Well, really, if you should ever have the least desire to kiss old Eben, I don't think I could find it in my heart to object," laughed Tom, as he closed the door and went away.

Old Eben had come from my own neighborhood, and was our man of all work, and was the ugliest mortal that I ever set eyes on. So I could not but acknowledge there might be a difference between kissing him and Sara Ann, who was really good looking.

Well, I felt so bad that I could not help sitting down and having a good cry. In the midst of it I saw some one coming up the walk, who was smiling and beckoning to me, as though well assured of a welcome. It proved to be my brother John, who had been from home five years. We were expecting him, but not so soon. After the greetings were over, and we were a little quieted, he questioned me about my tears, and at length drew from me the whole story.

"So they were not far wrong in saying you made a fool of yourself by marrying him, eh, Jessie? Well, why don't you make him put himself in your place?"

"Oh, John, you don't mean for me to—"

"Kiss old Eben? hardly," said John,

dryly, "but you can put me in Eben's place for a few days."

"Oh, John, that's just the thing. He was to have gone home last week for a few days, but his nephew, who was coming to take his place was taken ill, and he was obliged to give up going."

"Well, tell him you have got some one to take his place, and get him off this forenoon, and now, before any one sees me, I'll go back to the hotel where I left my baggage and disguise myself a little."

Well, I sent Eben off and soon John came back changed beyond recognition with a blue shirt and overalls and his hair combed back behind his ears and plastered smoothly to his head. He looked very funny, but he went about his work in such a stoical, indifferent way that one would have thought it the life he had always led.

When Tom came home I casually remarked that Eben's nephew, Teddy O'Brien, had come to take his place, and he had at last gone to pay his visit, and I was so pleasant and chatty that Tom thought I had quite forgotten the occurrence of the morning, and he was very amiable and sweet in consequence.

In the morning I was up betimes. Tom likes his morning nap, and while apparently solicitous that he should not be disturbed, I at the same time took care to make noise enough to keep him wide awake, though he lay with his eyes shut pretending to sleep.

At last I heard a step in the hall, and opening the door cautiously, called Sara Ann, but it was Teddy who answered.

"The top o' the mornin' to you, Missus; it's as fresh and as swate as a rose you're lookin' in; an' what can I do for you, Mum?"

"Ah, Teddy, is it you? I'd like some hot water, if you'll tell Sara Ann to bring it."

"I'll bring it myself in a jiffy," said Teddy, disappearing down the stairway. In an incredibly short time he reappeared with it.

"Why, Teddy, how quick you are?"

"Shure, Mum, and who wouldn't bestir himself for so swate a leddy as you?"

"Ah, Teddy like all your countrymen you have kissed the biarney stone?"

"Niver a stone Mum, but I mind well when we were children together. Many's the time I've kissed your swate lips; ah, and I would I were a boy again."

"What for, Teddy?"

"Shure, and wouldn't I be doing that same again. Ah, Mum, this is for the sake of old times," and thereupon he kissed me with a "noise little less than a clap of thunder."

"Why, Teddy, have you taken leave of your senses? Do you forget I'm a married woman?"

"More's the pity, Mum; but where's the harm? you'll never miss the swateness I stole."

"Suppose my husband had heard you?"

"He—never fear, he's sleepin' like an elephant."

"Oh, you naughty Teddy, begone."

"Going, Mum;" and repeating the smack he disappeared down the stairway, just as Tom called to know who was there.

"It is I, Tom dear," I answered sweetly.

"And who else?"

"Oh, only Teddy brought up the hot water. Will you get up now before it gets cold?"

Tom said no more, but I saw he was furtively watching me all the time he was dressing. At length he said:

"What sort of a fellow is this Teddy?"

"Oh, Tom," I exclaimed; "the nicest fellow. I'm sure when you see him you'll agree with me that it will be better to dismiss Eben and keep him in stead; you know we were children together."

"My dear Jessie, ain't you a little—I thought I heard—"

"Ah, yes," I interrupted; "that door does squeak dreadfully. I'm sorry it awoke you; but it would make any difference for its time to get up, anyway.—There, I'm all dressed before you have begun, so I'll go down and get some flowers."

When Tom came down I was in the dining room arranging my flowers. Teddy was standing by me, and as Tom came in he, he pretending not to see him, remarked:

"Well to my thinking, there's not a flower among them half so swate as you,"—then, perceiving Tom, he pulled his forelock and scraped his foot in regular servant style.

"Mornin', sir; it's the master I s'pose you are; fine weather, sir, for the time of year."

Tom looked just furious.

fine yourself to your own quarters and speak when you are spoken to."

"Shure, I meant no offence, sir."

"Will you go, and without replying?" Tom stormed.

"Why, my dear Tom," I replied smiling sweetly, "what a strange dislike you seem to have taken too poor Teddy. I was in hopes you would like him as I do, and take him in Eben's place."

"If he don't mind what he's about, I'll kick him out of doors."

The breakfast passed in absolute silence. As we were passing the pantry on our way to the parlor, we heard Teddy's voice, and I made Tom stop to listen.

"It's a foine lookin' girl you are, Sara Ann, and I'd give you a kiss, I would in-dade, if your brith didn't smell so of ingions."

"Ingions in-dade, and who axed you for a kiss? No you'd s'pose I'd be wantin one from the like of you when I can get them from your betters?"

"My betters!—and who do you call my betters?"

"Shure and isn't the master himself that kisses me every blessed mornin' of his life, and does he spake of ingions—not much?"

"The master! Now it's jokin' you are, Sara Ann; do you s'pose I'm fool enough to believe that?"

"Believe it or not, it's the blessed truth I'm tellin' you. Shure, if anything should happen to the missus, it's not long I'd be the servant here."

"And it's kisses you, you say he does; well, it's quare crayturs you wimmen are anyway. Now men think it disgraceful to kiss and tell, and here you boast of it."

We wanted to hear no more, but Tom's face was in a blaze, and he took his hat and left without a word or look.

The next morning Teddy and I managed to be in the same place on the stairs where I had seen Tom kiss Sara Ann, and as he opened the door, Teddy kissed me loud enough to be heard all over the house, and then hurried away while I went on to the dining-room. Tom came in presenting with an awful frown, which I pretended not to see, and held up my face to be kissed, and he pushed me rudely from him.

"Why, Tom! ain't you going to kiss me?"

"Do you think I'm blind, Mrs. Wilkins? I saw that Teddy kiss you just now, and it's not the first time either. Do you think I'll stand such doing? No! I'll break every bone in the rascal's body, if I hang for it, and you shall go home to your mother till you learn to behave yourself."

"Now my dear Tom, where is the harm in that? I believe in imbibing sweetness wherever I find it; so don't make a mountain of a molehill."

You should have seen his face when he heard me repeat his own words.

"Look here, Jessie," he said at length, "you've got the best of me, though it was a hard way of giving me my lesson."

"Not more severe than the case required Tom. I only made you put yourself in my place."

Well, Jessie, if it filled you with such intense disgust to see me kiss Sara Ann as it did me to see you kiss that confounded Teddy I don't wonder you were angry."

"Well, we talked the matter over at length, and agreed to dismiss both Teddy, and Sara Ann, giving them a month's wages instead of a warning."

I heard Sara Ann mutter to Teddy, "shure and I believe the missus suspects the master is swate on me."

"Niver you fool yourself that way," said Teddy; "it's himself is a sendin' us away."

Well, at length they were off, and the next day Eben came back and I had a new girl; but in all this time Tom had not kissed me, and treated me almost with aversion as though my sins were too great for forgiveness.

While we were at dinner brother John arrived. I was a little curious to see if Tom would recognize him. He looked at him with a puzzled expression, but said nothing; but presently he became immediately gay, and indeed almost brilliant.

Later, when we were all alone, he took me in his arms and kissed me, and whispered:

"Well, Jessie, I see you have got Teddy back after all. Oh, if you knew the relief it gave me to see you had not degraded yourself."

"O, you foolish Tom! do you think I could ever have dared to have descended to that, even to give you a much needed lesson? But see how inconsistent you men are; you have no forgiveness for the least false step a woman makes, even when she is only following your example to the letter."

THE MYSTERIOUS FRIEND.

IN the town of Catekill, on the Hudson River, there dwelt, some years ago, an attorney of the name of Mason. He was in considerable practice, and had two clerks in his office, whose names were Mansell and Van Buren. In ability these young men were nearly on a par, but they differed widely in disposition. Van Buren was cold, close, and somewhat sullen in temper; but in business, shrewd, active and persevering. Mansell, although assiduous in his duties, was of a gayer temperament, open as the day, generous, confiding and true.

Mason, without being absolutely dishonest, was what is called a keen lawyer, his practice being somewhat of the sharpest; and as the disposition of his clerk, Van Buren, assimilated in many respects to his own, he was a great favorite—more intimately in his confidence, and usually employed on those delicate matters which sometimes occur in an attorney's business, and in which the honesty of Mansell might rather hinder than help.

Mason had a niece, who, he being a bachelor, lived with him in the capacity of housekeeper. She was a lively, sensitive and clever girl—very pretty, if not positively handsome. She had the grace of a syph and the step of a fawn. It was natural that such a maiden should be an object of interest to two young men living under the same roof; and by no means a matter of astonishment, that one or both of them should fall in love with her; and both of them did. But as the young lady had but one heart, she could not retain the love of each. In making her selection, the choice fell upon Edward Mansell.

Matters went on this way for some time; a great deal of bitterness and rancor being displayed by Mason and Van Buren on the one hand, while Kate and Edward Mansell found in the interviews they occasionally enjoyed, more than compensation for the annoyance to which they were thus necessarily exposed.

It happened, at the time when Edward's engagement was within a month of its expiration, that Mason had received a sum of money as agent for another party, amounting to nearly three thousand dollars, of which the greater portion was solid coin. As the money could not be conveniently disposed of until the following day, it was deposited in a tin box in the iron safe, the key of which was always in the custody of Mansell. Soon after he received the charge, Van Buren quitted the office for a short time, and in the interim an application from a client rendered it necessary for Mansell to go up to the court-house. Having despatched his business at the hall, he returned with all expedition, and in due time he took the key of his safe to deposit therein, as usual, the valuable papers of the office over night—when to his inconceivable horror, he discovered the treasure was gone.

He rushed down stairs, and meeting Van Buren, communicated the unfortunate circumstance. He, in turn, expressed his astonishment in strong terms, and indeed exhibited something like sympathy in his brother clerk's misfortune. Every search was made about the premises, and information was given to the nearest magistrate but as Mason was from home, and would not return till the next day, little else could be done. Edward passed a night of intense agony—nor were the feelings of Kate more enviable. Mason returned some hours earlier than was expected, and sent immediately for Van Buren, and was closeted with him for a long time.

Mansell, utterly incapacitated by the overwhelming calamity which had befallen him, from attending to his duties, was walking, ignorant of Mason's return, when Kate came, or rather flew towards him, and exclaimed:

"O Edward, my uncle has applied for a warrant to apprehend you; and, innocent though I know you are, that fiend in human form, Van Buren, has wound such a web around you, that I dread the worst. I have not time to explain; fly instantly, and meet me at nightfall, in the Devil's Hollow, when I will explain all."

Mansell, scarcely knowing what he did, rushed out of the garden and through some fields; nor did he stop till he found himself out of town on the banks of the river. Then for the first time, he repented of having listened to the well-meant but unwise counsel of his dear Kate. But the step was taken, and he could not retrace it now. He proceeded until he arrived at a thick grove, in the vicinity of the Devil's Hollow, where he lay completely hid, until night closed upon him.

Mansell returned, and lingered on the skirts of the grove, until the sound of a light footstep on the gravelled path which led to the place announced the approach of the loved being whom he felt he was about to meet for the last time. The poor girl could not speak a word when they met, but bowing her head upon his shoulder, burst into a flood of passionate tears. By degrees she became more calm, and then detailed to him a conversation she had overheard between Van Buren and her uncle; and gathered thence that the former had succeeded in convincing Mason of Edward's guilt by an artful combination of facts which would have made a *prima facie* case against the accused—the most formidable one being the finding of a considerable sum of specie in Mansell's trunk. Knowing that he could not satisfactorily account for

the possession of this money, without the evidence of a near relative who had departed for Europe a week before, and whose address was unknown and return uncertain Edward, to avoid the horror and disgrace of lying in the county jail in the intermediate time, resolved on evading the officers of justice, until he could surrender himself with the proofs of his innocence in his hands.

The moon had now risen above the hill which bound the prospect, and warned the lovers that it was time to separate.

"And now, dearest," said he, "I leave you with the brand of thief upon my fair name, to be hunted like a beast of prey from one hiding-place to another. But O Kate, I bear with me the best assurance that one being, and that being the best loved of my heart, knows me to be innocent; and that thought shall comfort me."

"A remarkably pretty speech, and well delivered!" exclaimed a voice, which caused the youthful pair to start, and turn their eyes in the direction whence it proceeded, when from behind a solitary tree that grew in the Hollow, a tall figure wrapped in an ample cloak walked towards them. The place, as we have before said, had an evil reputation, and although Edward and his companion were of course free from the superstitious fears which characterized the country people, an undefinable feeling stole over them, as they gazed on the tall form before them.

Mansell, however, soon recovered himself and told the stranger that, whoever it was, it ill became him to overhear conversation, was not intended for other ears than their own.

"Nay," was the rejoinder, "be not angry with me; perhaps you may have reason to rejoice in my presence, since being in the possession of the story of your grief, it might be in my power to alleviate it. I have assisted men in much greater straits."

Edward did not like the last sentence, nor the tone in which it was uttered; but he said:

"I see not how you can help me; you cannot give me a clue by which I can find the box."

"Yes, here is a clue," replied the other, as he held forth about three yards of strong cord. "Here is a line; go to the river at a point exactly opposite the hollow oak; wade out in a straight line until you find the box; attach one end of the cord to the box, and the other to a stout cork, but remove it not yet."

"The devil!" said Mansell. Whether he really believed himself to be in the presence of the evil one, or that the word was merely expressive of surprise, we know not.

The stranger took the compliment, and acknowledging it with a bow, said, "The tin box of which you have been accused of stealing, is at the bottom of the river, and you will find that I have spoken no more than the truth."

Mansell hesitated no longer, but accompanied the stranger to the spot, and in a few minutes the box, sealed as when he last saw it, was again in his possession. He looked from the treasure to the stranger, and at last said, "I owe you more than life for in regaining this, I shall recover my good name, which has been foully traduced."

He was proceeding towards the shore, when the other cried:

"Stop, young gentleman! not quite so fast; just fasten your cord to it and replace it where you found it, if you please."

Edward started, but the stranger continued: "Were you to take that box back to your employer, think you that you would produce any other effect on him than the conviction, that finding your delinquency discovered, you wished to secure impunity by restoring property? We must not only restore the treasure, but convict the thief. Hush! I hear a footfall!"

As he spoke, he took the box from Edward, who now saw his meaning, fastened the cord to it, and it was again lowered to the bottom of the river, and the cork on the other end of the cord was swimming down with the tide.

"Now follow me in silence," whispered the stranger, and the three retired and hid themselves behind the huge trunk of the tree, whence by the light of the moon they beheld a figure approach the water looking cautiously around him.

"That is the thief," said the stranger, in a low voice, in Edward's ear. "I saw him last night throw something into the river, and when he was gone, I took the liberty of raising it up; when, expecting that he would return and remove his booty, I replaced it, and had been unsuccessfully watching the place, just before I met you in the Hollow."

By this time the man reached the river's brink, and after groping some time through the water, he found the box, but started back in astonishment on seeing a long cord attached to it. His back was turned to the witnesses of the transaction, so that Edward and the stranger had got him securely by the collar before he could make an escape. The surprise of Mansell and Kate may be more easily conceived than painted, when as the moonbeam fell on the face of the culprit, they recognized the features of Van Buren, his fellow-clerk.

Mansell's character was now cleared, while Van Buren, whom Mason, for reasons of his own, refrained from prosecuting, quitted the town in merited disgrace. The stranger proved to be a gentleman of large landed property in the neighborhood, which he had now visited for the first time in many years, and having been interested in the young pair whom he had delivered so opportunely from tribulation, he subsequently appointed Mansell his man of business, and thus laid the foundation of his prosperity. It is almost needless to add, that Kate, who had so long shared his heart, became his wife, and shared his good fortune.