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## THE SCOUT'S ADVENTURES.

CONCLUDED.

OOKING up, I saw an infantry corpo-✓ ral attentively regarding me. He was a small slim man, with long black hair and an Indian look, except in stature. I had closed the door, but the wind or the soldier had opened it without my knowledge, I being at the other end of a large room. I did not know how long the man had been watching me, but he retreated as soon as I looked up.

It was an awkward affair, to say the least, and I blamed myself very much for not having placed a chair against the door, such a thing as a lock not being visible. I had no doubt that the man had seen enough to excite his curiosity, if not to arouse his suspicions. The fact of my having a screw heel to the boot, and of my hiding a paper, would be matters to make almost any soldier suspicious of one whom he had never seen before. Running the case over as I fastened on the heel, I made up my mind to leave the hotel and Stevensburg as soon as possible. I pulled on my boot, made haste down stairs, and called for and paid my bill.

"Which way ye going?" inquired the host, as he made my change.

"Down the river about five miles," I replied. "I have some friends down there whom I want to see."

From where I stood, at the end of the bar, I could see down toward the ford for a distance of forty rods, and what should I see but the lieutenant-colonel, the small soldier, and three or four men with muskets, coming toward the hotel? I knew in an instant that they were after me. If other one called her attention to something I stepped out on the street, they would see me at once, and I heard men working in the backyard, thus rendering a run that and, as he came for me again, I struck out way unsafe. At that moment some one and gave him such a rap on the nose that called out "John!" and the landlord went

into the kitchen.

Now was my chance. There was no one in the barroom but myself, and as the colonel and his party were within twenty rods of the house, I ran into the hall, went up the stairs two at a time, and pushed into the first room. It was a sort of sittingroom, but empty of sitters. In the far end was a monstrous big lounge, or halfbed, covered with chintz, and having a flap in front which swept the floor. I heard the soldiers enter the barroom, heard loud talking, and knew that I must secrete only place of refuge, and I was under it in a moment, but not a moment too soon. I had scarcely straightened out when I heard a tramping on the stairs, doors opening, and directly some one came into the

"Nobody here !" shouted a voice, which I recognized as that of the lieutenantcolonel.

The door was shut again, and presently all the searchers went down stairs. I had no doubt that the landlord had told them that I had gone, but not satisfied, they had made a search of the house. They might believe that I had gone down the river, and send some one in pursuit, and they might believe that I was concealed in the house or in the town, and consequently keep a sharp lookout. Manifestly, it was not prudent for me to leave the room before dark, and I made myself as comfortable as possible. There was plenty of room under the lounge, the carpet made my position easy, and it was not likely that I would be betrayed unless by some careless act on my own part.

There was a small rent in the curtain just in front of my face, and through the orifice I could get a fair view of the door and part of the room. While I was looking around a little, I saw the latch lift, the door softly open, and a soldier put his head into the room and look around. They

the room, and would no doubt have discovered me, only a shout from the yard attracted his attention at that moment.

He had not been gone five minutes when a girl came into the room with a broom and dustpan, and commenced a vigorous cleaning up. The dust was soon flying in every direction, and pretty soon I began to feel a tingling in the nose. I felt that a sneeze was coming! If I sneezed, she would discover me, and if discovered, I would be turned over to the soldiers and hung. If I ever abused anything willfully and maliciously, it was my nose. I twisted it struck it, pulled it, and at last started a stream of blood. This saved me. The organ abandoned the idea of sneezing, and the girl dashed her broom about without the least idea that any one was listening to her song.

In a few minutes she had the room arranged to suit her, and picked up the broom and pan, and went off. I hoped to be left to my meditations the balance of the day but in a few minutes two women, one of whom was the landlord's wife, and the other an acquaintance from the country, came in, and the wife dumped herself down on the lounge.

"Isn't it dreadful," she asked, seeming excited, "to think that a Yankee spy has been right in the house" for a whole day, and none of us suspected any such thing?" "It is, indeed," responded the other,

"and I am not yet over my fright. I wonder that he did not murder every one of you-ugh !"

Having got a subject, the two females let their tongues loose, and for an hour they did not change it. I was berated, abused, maligned, shot and hung in imagination, and was glad when they found something else to talk about. That something else was a dog, which pushed open the door and came trotting in. After a turn around the room, he laid down, and I should not have had any trouble if the women had let him alone; but the landlord's wife snapped her fingers at him, and insisted that he jump up beside her. Just as I expected, the cur had no soouer reached the lounge than he began snuffing and barking, and directly crawled under to get at me with his teeth. I dared not speak to pacify him, and remained quiet in hopes that he would go away.

"The cat must be under the lounge," remarked the wife. And she got off the bed and was about to draw it out, when the on the street, and they both ran to the window. Now was my chance at the dog, he ran howling from the room. The ladies were busy, and gave the circumstance no beed, and in a few minutes left the room.

During the rest of the afternoon I had no visitors; but just at dark, two or three soldiers brought a drunken officer up stairs, took him into the next room to mine, and put him to bed, going away with many jokes at his expense. As soon as it was fairly dark I crawled out, brushed the dust off, and stepped into the room occupied by the sleeper. He was snoring "like a trooper,11 and would have made no objection had I pulled him out of bed. Finding myself on the instant. The lounge was the the water pitcher, I washed the blood from my face, combed my hair, and made ready to go down. I at first thought to change uniforms with the drunken officer, but remembering that my pass read for a lieutenant, I only took the sleeper's fine gray cloak. I had a cigar, and this I lit, and, wrapped up in the cloak, I boldly descended the stairs. The barroom was full of men, but I passed by the door to the one leading into the street without detection. Reaching the street, I turned up the road leading south, and made my start for Old Tavern. Soldiers were passing either way, teams were driving about, and I had no fear except being run over, as the night was as dark as I should have wished to have made it myself. I did not expect to be able to pick up any information that night, but my sole object was to get out of Stevensburg. After a walk of a mile or so, I found myself entirely clear of the town, and out of the territory of the troops defending it. I came at length to an earthwork stretching across the road. A sentinel oried "Halt!" as I came up, and calling to the corporal, that officer came forward with a lantern.

"Ab, excuse me, lieutepant!" he exclaimed, as he caught aight of my uniform. "The man did not know that he was detaining an officer."

me that I ought to have daylight to exam-

looked hard at the lounge, advanced into country along the road, and so I remarked handy thing. Arranging it over my head thought of murdering the man in cold to the corporal:

"I did intend to go up the road a few miles, but it is so dark and the mud is so bad, that I would stop here if I could get

"You can stay just as well as not," he replied. "Our captain went off to-day to be gone all night, and you can take his quarters and welcome."

I had got well out of the town, and would probably hear no more of pursuit, so I decided to accept the kind offer. I was led back some twenty rods from the road to where an infantry brigade was stationed, and directed to a shanty as the one I was to occupy. There was nobody "at home" except the captain's negro servant, and he seemed glad of my company. The corporal remarked that he would send the lieutenants in to see me, but I told him that I was very tired, and preferred to turn right in especially as I had to be on the road early in the morning. He told the negro to fix up the bed, to prepare me a good breakfast, and then bade me good-night.

I did not much fear being disturbed, as it was too nasty a night for officers to care about making calls, and so I sat awhile before the fireplace conversing with the negro. I noticed from the first that his face wore a joyful grin, and that he kept chuckling to himself, as if having some news. Just as I had left ordinary topics of conversation and commenced to ask him something about the troops, his grin increased until his mouth seemed a foot long, his eyes rolled this way and that, and directly he uttered a long but not boisterous laugh.

"You seem very much pleased, Joe," I remarked, amazed at his singular con-

"Pleased !" he ejaculated ; "dat word don't begin ter 'spress my feelin's !" Getting up he came close over to me, lowered his voice to a whisper, and continued, "How iz you, Captin Jack ?-haw! haw

If an earthquake had tossed me up, I could not have been more astonished. I suppose he saw blank amazement in my face, for he laid his hand on my shoulder and went on :

"I knew ye jess as soon as I seed yer face in the door; but don't ye fear; old Joe won't tell no stories on ye. Don't ye member ob seein' me the time ye catched that feller at Martinsburg? Warn't I the nigger wot found ye in a barn, and brought ye hoe cake and bacon?"

I remembered him before he had ceased speaking, and I never felt so much like shaking hands with a man all night long as I did then. He had at one time rendered me most valuable service, and was just the man I wanted to render me another. It took him some time to get over his excitement, but when that had subsided we blew out the light, partially covered the fire, and had a "talk" which lasted until near midnight. He had been with the captain for nearly a year, was keen and intelligent, and he was able to tell me many things which I was desirous of ascertaining. He had not been up as far as Old Tayern for several months, but he knew the name of every regiment within five miles of us, could closely estimate the artillery, knew all about the defences, and I could rely on him as truly as if he had

been a Union officer. He had heard something that day about a Union spy being seen in Stevensburg, and warned me that I had better be moving early, as some of the officers in the camp might ask me troublesome questions. He thought the report had reached no further than this camp, and that I would not be suspected after getting beyond it. He stated that new troops had lately camped above, and that he had heard some of the officers say that the Union forces would try to advance by this road. In fact, when I turned in, I was almost as well posted as if I had been over the road. I fell asleep without a thought that he might betray me. I had given him a trial once upon a time, a severer one than this, and found

him true as steel. It was raining when I fell asleep, and it was still raining when Joe woke me up, just as daylight was breaking. He had breakfast all prepared, my clothing cleared of mud, and was auxious as to my route. While I was eating, he gave me the name of a Union man living about six miles up the road, and advised me to call there, he being sure that no camps had been established nearer than a mile from the house. Just as it was fairly day, feeling equal to Passing through, it suddenly occurred to any tramp or any danger, I shook hands with the man and passed out. It was rain-

was soon plodding along in the mud. There was a soldier ahead of me, but I gave him no notice until he stopped another soldier and made some inquiries. I passed them while they were talking, and hearing the words, "I've got a pass for four days," I looked sharply at the speaker. It was the same soldier who had caught me at my work in Stevensburg! There was the long face, the black hair, black eyes, and I could not be mistaken.

Fearing that he might be going through to Old Tavern, and not wanting his company, I pushed on at a rapid gait, and was glad to find that he did not increase his pace. He was my evil genius, and I was sorry afterwards that some bullet had not reached him as he stood there talking. I the house described by Joe, and I made up my mind to go in. There were no camps in sight in any direction, and as for the soldier, I had lost sight of him half an hour before. Turning in at the gate I knocked, and the door was opened by a very pleasantfaced woman, who asked me in and set out a chair. Her husband immediately came in from another room, and after ascertaining that no one else was in the house, I gave him my secret. Neither of them would credit the assertion, believing, as they afterwards told me, that I was a genuine Confederate officer, testing their sentiments. I mentioned old Joe's name, and then they were inclined to believe my story but were yet quite cautious about accepting it.

"I think this will bring you," I remarked, removing my boots.

I had taken them off to unscrew the heels and show them my notes, but just at that moment there came a knock at the door.

"It's a soldier! Here jump in here " exclaimed the woman, holding the bedroom door open.

I followed her advice, but being a little frightened by the sudden news, forgot my boots. A moment after, my evil genius entered the house and ordered the woman to get him something to eat.

"Whose boots are these?" he exclaimed, catching sight of them after a moment.

" My own," replied the farmer, telling a broad lie to shield me.

Then there was a moment in which I knew the soldier had the boots in his hands to examine them. They were good boots, perhaps so good that his suspicions were excited in this way. At any rate, he doubted the assertions, exclaiming:

"You are a-liar! There is some one in the house, and you are secreting him. By the old Harry, but I believe you are

I saw that it was a matter which he and I must settle, and I prepared for what I knew was coming. I heard him get up, and drew my revolver to be ready. He opened a door, saw no one, and then came to mine, jerked it open with great force, and I no sooner caught sight of him than I gave a long jump and struck him in the face with the butt of my heavy " Colt." He went down like a log, I on top, and in a moment I had my knees on his arms, and the farmer was sitting on his legs. He had received a heavy blow, and was fully a minute in coming to. Before he could realize what had occurred, we had him tied up like a fish in a net, the cool-minded and courageous wife bringing the ropes.

"You are that cussed Yankee spy !" he hissed, as soon as he had a fair view of my

"Correct as a dot," I replied, "But suppose I am ?"

He tried to get up, fell back, rolled over and over, and finally ceased to struggle, and looked at me with the most devilish eye I had ever seen in my life.

"Never mind, you scamp !" he hissed, at last; "I've got a dead thing on you, and I'll make a soup dish of your skull in less than a week! I'll have you hung before the sun goes down !"

I had conquered my enemy, but I had got into a muss. It needed only a look at the farmer couple to show me that they were much more concerned than myself, as they must now leave their place, or stay and be arrested for aiding me. The farmer beckoned me to the other end of the room, expressed his feelings, and then wanted to know what I was going to do. "What I was going to do" was a question which puzzled me greatly. There seemed no other way except to murder the soldier, and I told the farmer so. If we let him go he would have the two arrested and me hunted down in an hour. I never did shed a drop of blood when there was any possiwere going around on a second search. He ine the defences and the character of the ing quite heavily, and I found my cloak a ble way to avoid it, and I shuddered as I

until nearly all my face was concealed, I blood. But three lives were more valuable than one, and we picked up the captive and carried him down the cellar, the woman watching the road to warn us if any one was likely to call.

The soldier must have realized our intentions, but he never spoke a word while we were taking him down and stretching him out on the ground. I knew by this that he would hunt us to the death if he should once more regain his liberty.

"The axe-that is the best thing !" whispered the farmer, his face as pale as a sheet. He went up stairs, procured it, handed it to me, and then walked off to the dark corner so that he might not see the murder.

I was in a tremble as I took the axe and walked up to the man. His eyes looked towas thoroughly tired out when I came to me in the semi-darkness like the eyes of a mad dog, and the blood trickling down hisface gave him a horrible aspect. He knew that I was going to sink the axe in his head, but he would not plead. He was one of a million. Calling all my nerve I raised the axe, drew a long breath, and in an instant more would have struck him, had not the farmer come running up and shouted for me to hold on. He had an idea. I had told him that the Union forces would advance within a week at the furthest, and he called me to one side, and stated his belief that he could keep the soldier a prisoner that length of time, and then turn himover. The more we talked of it the morefeasible the plan appeared, especially as wedesired to wash our hands of murder.

The woman was consulted, and as she agreed with us, we at once commenced preparations for detaining the captive .-The farmer brought down more ropes and several chains, and we worked for a full hour in tying and manacling the soldier so that he could not get away. He made no resistance, refused to speak a work, and allowed us to handle him as we chose. Finally our task was ended. We had chained, lashed and strapped him until we would have defied the Davenports to get him loose without knives. We had emptied his pockets, taken away his revolver, and he was to be kept as he was until the Federals came, the farmer proposing to feed him regularly.

It was past noon when we went up stairs, and, after a cold lunch, I made preparations to leave. I arranged with the farmer that in case he had to leave, he should make his way across the river at Stevensburg, or below, and go to the house of a man whose name I gave him. He believed he would have to go sooner or later, and was careful to heed my directions.

With a handshake we parted company, ent tramping up still raining, and I was glad of the fact, as it offered me an excuse for muffling my head and face with the cape. I presently began to meet teams, troops and artillery, and saw that orders had been given to mass troops at Stevensburg, to be prepared for the threatened crossing. No one gave me particular attention, except to send me a friendly nod or a salute now and then. I passed several winter camps, and although it was a bad day, I could not help seeing such signs of activity at each place as convinced me that the men were getting ready for the coming campaign. By counting one row of tents, I could set the whole number quite correctly, and by my knowledge of how many soldiers generally occupied a tent, I could give a Yankee guess at the total number in the camp. In this way during my afternoon tramp, I secured information correct enough to answer every purpose. The defences at the crossroads and on commanding eminences were duly noted, and I also looked particularly after the artillery. Not a thing had occurred to alarm me during the afternoon, and when it began to grow dark, I cast about for quarters. I did not believe that I should find another respectful and accommodating corporal of the guard, or another loyal old Joe, and so I made up my mind to secure quarters in a farmhouse.

I had some gold with me, and had no doubt that my request for lodgings would be readily granted when it was known that I desired to make recompense. It was not likely that I should meet with any officers or soldiers, as the road was lined with camps, and the weather was such as to keep them in their quarters. I had hardly made up my mind to the arrangement, when I turned aside to reach a farmhouse which stood on the left hand side of the road and back about twenty rods. When the door was opened in answer to my knock, I found the whole family sitting down to supper.

I made my request, tossed the man a gold CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.