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A Broken Snare.

TOWARDS sunset on a day in early summer, a traveller came into the village of Mulgrave, and expressed an intention of staying there all night. He was a young man, passably handsome, with brown hair and blue eyes. "Captain" Drake, of the local hotel, welcomed him almost as a long-absent friend, for he himself, in common with all Mulgrave, was stagnating for want of incident. At first sight, he thought the young man was the first swallow of the coming summer for him; or, in other words, one of the select and orderly visitors who were wont to patronize him every year. He was the more sure of this, because the stranger had the air and manner that Captain Drake in his experience connected with leisure and good society, and their customary concomitant, money. When he learned that the young man was only a transient guest, and that he had no baggage save a small satchel, and that he had walked from the next town, the captain felt so aggrieved that, in his pique, he, as it were, charged the offender with being a peddler, politely varying that phrase into "travelling agent." The young man, who gave the name of Carlton, amended this surmise. He made all the wares he sold himself, and disposed of them chiefly to a large wholesale establishment in New York. His tools were all in the bag he carried, and he could work at his trade wherever he could find a place to sit down, or in case of need, even standing-room. Captain Drake thought that must be a handy business, and wondered how much he might net *per diem*.

"O," said Mr. Carlton, half laughing, "it is hard to say; the profits vary with the quality of the wares, and the state of the market. Yours seems to be a pretty little village. I think I will take a walk and look at it before dark." And he immediately acted upon his expressed intention. Captain Drake shook his head. There was a lightness of demeanor, and an anxiety to avoid questioning about the young man that he suspected boded no good.

Carlton walked up a dusty hill, over a practicable stone-wall, through a wilderness of barberry bushes and beds of savin, through a pine grove, and came out on a hill-side, upon a pretty green valley opening westward, with a dark blue stream coiling through it, one bend of which bathed the foot of the slope on which he stood. As he looked, a young girl broke from a thicket of hazel bushes, and ran on towards the river, springing over the obstacles in the way with the lightness of a deer. She looked up once, and gave him a fleeting glance of an exquisitely pretty face, in the earliest bloom of womanhood, with bright dark eyes and a brilliant color, and then disappeared into the covert again, leaving him with a strong wish to see the face once more.

An opportunity came sooner than he anticipated. The girl appeared again below him, and was evidently about to cross the river, which was not very wide here, although the water looked deep in places, and the current was swift and strong. There was no bridge, but stepping-stones next to either bank, and a plank laid from one rock to another over a wide space in the middle, to which a sharp upstanding stone midway served as a pier. Carlton walked slowly around the edge of the hill, until he stood directly above the edge of the ford. The girl reached it at the same moment, and sprang upon the plank. As she did so, Carlton uttered an almost involuntary exclamation. The plank had been moved by some accident or mischief, and, light as her step was, she had only gone half way when it slipped and fell with a heavy splash into the water. She had looked back at his warning call, though without heeding it, and that looked show-

ed him already half down the bank. Then they lost sight of each other until Carlton cleared the girdle of alders that was between the base of the hill and the water, and saw that the girl had caught the point of rock in the middle of the channel, and was maintaining an uneasy foothold on the broader part beneath the water. She was safe, but in a most uncomfortable position, and unable to reach the shore. Carlton waded out and captured the plank, which had drifted against the willows below, and brought it up stream. It was less romantic than to plunge in and bear her out in his arms; but being over head and ears in love, and over head and ears in the water are made so inseparable by tale-wrights now-a-days, that up to the knee must do for a first introduction. He reached his pretty salvage and laid the plank; but as she was on the pier herself, he could not adjust it firmly, and had to hold one end while she walked across. Sir Walter Raleigh's feelings, at the moment when he saw his cloak serve for a stepping-stone to Queen Elizabeth and his own fortunes, were probably more sensible than Carlton's but they could not have been more agreeable. When the plank ceased to vibrate to her tread, he put it in its place and crossed himself. She was waiting to thank him, and did it a little shyly, but as frankly as a child. It was evident to him, who was trained to the habits of society from the cradle, that she had no such training or habits, and that she owed her charm of manner to her natural grace and inborn refinement chiefly. Her loveliness was not less, but more than he had thought, it seemed to him. He easily managed a half-hour's talk with her; he gave her his name, and learned hers—Catherine Heybolt was her name, and she lived close by, though the house could not be seen from where they stood, save that a chimney overtopped the hills and trees. How much longer he might have enticed her to remain, forgetful of the risk of wet feet and agreeable strangers, is hard to say, for a bell from the direction of the chimney set up a most importunate clamor.

"That is for me," said Catherine, starting and glancing around her. "I did not notice that it was getting so late." And she gave him a hasty good-evening and walked away rapidly.

"And now ma will scold," said Mr. Carlton to himself, as he, too, walked away. "Heybolt? What sort of name is that? They must be gentle people of some sort, for though the girl is evidently unsophisticated, she has not been brought up by a common or ignorant parent."

When Carlton returned to the tavern he made inquiries concerning the name of Heybolt, and learned all about it, from the settlement of Mulgrave down to the present day. The Heybolts were among the pioneer families. There were not many of them left now. Simon Heybolt, the present representative of the name, was a man of some provincial dignity. He was a graduate of Harvard, had studied law, and in his earlier years had practiced a little. He had been member of General Court for some years, and had almost gone to Congress once. He was sixty-five years old now, and had been out of health for some time past; the year before he had a stroke of paralysis, and since then he had scarcely left his room. His daughter managed everything. Selina Heybolt was a real smart woman. She would never be any nearer forty than she was now. She might have been married a dozen times, but the fact was, Selina never found anybody quite good enough for her but once, and then—no one knew how it was exactly, but the man backed out after everything was ready. He came from New York, and was one of your regular high-flyers. Captain Drake had seen him. His name was George Brome.

"George Brome?" repeated Carlton, with a curious accent.

"Ever hear the name?"

"There's a man of that name in New York that I have heard of," said Carlton. "He is a Congressman, and pretty well known. It can't be he?"

Captain Drake thought likely it was. He had heard that the recreant lover was living in New York. He married somebody else; no one knew the rights of the story. Some said he had treated Selina very badly, and others that it was her own fault. Selina Heybolt was pretty highstrung, everybody knew that.

"You said he had two daughters?"

Yes. Mr. Heybolt married again, just about the same time that this happened. It was generally thought that if Selina had not reckoned on being married herself

pretty soon, she would not have allowed the old man to marry again; not that he was an old man then. The second Mrs. Heybolt was a stranger—as pretty a woman as was ever seen in Mulgrave, and very accomplished. When she was first married there used to be a good deal going on there in the summer-time; but after a while Mrs. Heybolt did not seem to care about going out herself or having any one come to see her. In fact, Captain Drake, without meaning it, impressed upon Carlton's mind a rather melancholy picture of a pretty, lively, highspirited girl wiled by slow degrees in a shadowed and unfriendly soil into a patient weariness of life. Mrs. Heybolt's sole amusement during the latter years of her life was instructing her little girl. Catherine Heybolt was thirteen when her mother died, and she had been since then rather a rebellious charge upon her stepfather's hands. No one knew much about Catherine. She did not come to the village. Selina would not allow it.

Carlton asked one more question. Was Mr. Heybolt called a rich man? Captain Drake estimated that he was not worth a cent less than seventy-five thousand dollars. This was a pretty fair guess on Captain Drake's part, for the worth of the whole property had never exceeded fifty thousand.

Carlton did not leave Mulgrave the next day; on the contrary, he announced that he would stay an indefinite time, and his trunk arrived by express the morning after. He had found an attraction in Mulgrave, and as his summer tour was left to the guidance of the merest chance, he had no plans to change and no engagements to break.

Catherine Heybolt thought it was altogether accidental that she should meet the stranger again and again in her wood excursions. She was not quite sure whether there was anything wrong in it, but she saw no way of avoiding it, unless she staid in the house, which she could not do. These long rambles had been her only escape from a very dreary life, and it was scarcely to be expected that she should relinquish them, just when a dangerous charm was added to them. Selina had always objected to her running about the woods like a tomboy, but Selina objected to everything she did. If Selina knew of her new friend, she would object to him. It was an unforgetten grievance to Kitty that Harriet Grey, the only girl she had ever had any acquaintance with at all, had been sent home by Selina, on some pretext of ill-conduct, and herself forbidden ever to go again to Mrs. Grey's. It would be the same with Mr. Carlton, and worse: This was Kitty's idea in the very beginning of these meetings. Afterwards a very different and more mature feeling sealed her lips. Selina's anger was no longer a terror to her; for some time, as she grew older, it had been growing less a terror and more an annoyance. Now she was indifferent to it in any manner save that she could not bear to hear Selina talk upon the subject, she thought.

As to what profession Mr. Carlton followed, Kitty knew that also; and she thought there was no living author quite equal in brilliance to him. Captain Drake knew also by this time the meaning of the little enigma that Mr. Carlton had put upon him. The public did not know, as it followed that series of sparkling articles, "From Pineknolls to Peanuts," contributed by "Charleville" to a leading journal, that they were all written in the quiet hotel at Mulgrave. Why not? He had seen the place and the people, and undergone the experiences, and if it was not exactly in the time and order in which he presented them to the world, what matter did it make? They wanted pleasant reading rather than a matter-of-fact narrative, and they got it. Kitty had a hint of Carlton's history also. He had a father and mother living, and several brothers and sisters. Being a rich man's son, he had lived as if he was a rich man himself, quite regardless of the fact that his father's income had other claimants upon it besides himself, until after repeated warnings he had been abandoned to his own resources to meet his further needs. Whereupon he took from his napkin an idle talent, which had heretofore only served him for amusement, and after furnishing it up, he found it had an appreciable value; and although he did not live quite as he had done before, he was free of the world, and "in some respects a wiser and a better man," he said. What respects, Kitty did not ask. He was quite wise and good enough to meet her views. Indeed, Kitty might have chanced upon a worse lover under the cir-

cumstances, for it was a great risk that she ran. Whatever Carlton was, he showed only a bright side to Kitty, who never thought that there might be another less pleasant to look upon.

Selina was a worrying sister, not a watchful. She lectured Kitty for her rambling propensities, but took no pains to ascertain how she passed her time. She was not displeased to have the girl out of her sight. She was jealous of her. In former days Kitty had been her father's favorite. Since he had been confined to his room Selina had become indispensable to him, and she contrived by degrees to exclude Kitty almost entirely. The old man grew more apathetic every day, and Selina said that Kitty only disturbed him. At last some one brought the matter before Miss Heybolt, and she was suddenly seized with anxiety, the more remarkable for her former carelessness. She watched Kitty, and followed her in her walks. Her first effort was unrewarded. Kitty did not meet any one, and soon returned home. Selina still lingered about the spot, that Kitty might be well out of the way, and not suspect her. As she did so, an idea struck her, remembering Kitty's motions. She walked up to the ledge where Kitty had hovered for a time, and looked at it with a sharp and close scrutiny. Then, with a smile of malicious triumph, she slid her hand into a natural pigeon-hole in the rock, lifted a loose stone, drew out a little note, and opened it. There was very little in it to amuse her upon. She gathered from it that Carlton was absent, and expected that day or the next. Kitty informed him that she would be at the old oak-tree every afternoon until he came. Miss Heybolt read the note and replaced it. It was evident that Carlton was to visit this letter-box on his return. Her first thought was to be at hand and confront him. On second thought she concluded that she could not lose the time, and she returned home, with almost as much speed as Kitty herself could have used. Miss Heybolt was as active in her movements as she had ever been. She went home with her scowling black eyebrows drawn together over her Roman nose in a most portentous manner, but said not a word to Kitty. All that day she was in her father's room. When Kitty had gone out, she left him and followed her.

Kitty had never looked prettier or brighter than she did that day. She went to her post-office. Her note was gone, and a rosebud lay in its stead. Then she made all haste to the oak-tree, and found Carlton there. After the first greeting, Carlton took a newspaper out, placed it before Kitty's eyes, which first dilated and then sparkled, as with something of exultation and amusement and shame all mixed she recognized some little verses of her own, which, with infinite reluctance and misgivings, she had allowed him to see.

"O Carlton, what made you?" she said, covering her face with her hands. "How silly it looks!"

"If the fear of being silly kept women or men either out of print," said Carlton, "the literary arena would be a howling wilderness compared to its present state. I am responsible for this, not you."

Kitty was not really displeased, after all and a long conference followed that was chiefly led by Carlton, Kitty being content to ask questions and to listen, not from any want of ideas of her own, but because she preferred his ideas.

"What's that?" she said, starting.

"Only a cow," said Carlton, tranquilly. "It was no cow. It was Selina Heybolt, who walked in upon them, as if by accident, and exclaimed:

"Kitty! Catherine!" And then turned her eyes on Carlton, who rose to his feet and bowed with a coolness that only exasperated Selina. He had the satisfaction of knowing that a full-grown hatred for him possessed the elder sister at that moment as completely as love for him did the younger. There was something singular in her expression too—a noting of his features, and a bitter smile as she did so, that might have perplexed him if he had not long since guessed at something that would account for it.

"Who is this, Catherine?" demanded Selina, severely.

Carlton introduced himself with suave politeness. Selina erected her head, and blew her breath through the dilating nostrils of her Roman nose like an angry cow.

"She must have been rather handsome once," thought Carlton, untroubled by her scorn. "She is handsome enough now, if she had less of a grim and gruff expression." Selina was unaware of the com-

pliment, and would not have been conciliated by it if she had been aware of it. She was made of sterner stuff. A tribute to her intellect might have brought her round. She gripped Catherine's arm.

"Come here," she said. "Father is worse. Come at once. Mr.—Mr.—Carlton,"—she paused meaningfully on the name—"you must excuse us. My father has had a new attack this afternoon."

She hurried Kitty away. Carlton had no alternative but to remain where he was. On the way Selina reproached Kitty bitterly for her clandestine intimacy with Carlton.

"And, of course," she added, "I am the only one who did not know it. The whole village knows it. I thought better of you, Catherine."

"I suppose I was wrong," said Kitty. "I would not have looked for friends in strangers if I had a pleasant home."

"A pleasant home!" repeated Selina. "I do not know how you look to have your home pleasant when your father lies on his deathbed. I, for one, do not know how to make it so; and to choose such a time for a foolish flirtation with a chance stranger—and a man of such a character! For shame, Catherine Heybolt for shame!"

Kitty let the words against herself and Carlton go.

"Is father worse?" she said.

"He cannot be worse and live," said Selina, solemnly.

Catherine tore herself from Selina's grasp and ran homeward. It was true. Mr. Heybolt had another shock that day, and was now totally insensible. He knew no one from that time forward. The day after the interrupted meeting under the oak, Selina Heybolt went to the tavern and inquired for Mr. Carlton. When she saw him, she threw down a package on the table, and said: To be continued.

An Elopement Spoiled Again.

A Philadelphia paper says that, the other afternoon, "as Officer Myers was on duty at Broad and Chestnut streets, he was accosted by a young man who inquired the whereabouts of a minister of the Gospel. The perturbed manner of the stranger exciting some suspicions in the mind of the policeman, he escorted him to the Central Station, where the young man gave his name as George Scott, his residence Washington, and stated that at the La Pierre House was a young lady waiting to be married, and that for their joint service he had been looking for a parson. An officer was then despatched for the lady, and returned with a girl of fifteen, who, after being subjected to considerable questioning, stated that her name was Susan Lynch, residing at No 11 Eight street, S. E., Washington, D. C., and that she and Scott had eloped from Washington for the purpose of committing matrimony; that they had eloped to Alexandria about a year ago for a similar purpose, but were prevented by a close pursuit, and that she was bound to keep eloping until she married the aforesaid Scott. The pair were detained at the Central, and the father of the young girl telegraphed to, who returned an answer to hold her until he came on."

A Plucky Young Lady.

On Thursday night, the 13th ult., a burglar broke into the house of Mrs. Hannah Sargeant, of West Goffstown, N. Y., and stole a watch and chain belonging to her son-in-law, and broke into a bureau and took a sum of money. His movements were heard by her grand-daughter, Miss Belle Heaton, of Manchester, who was on a visit to the house. The young lady rose from her bed, went down stairs and found the door open. Although she is but eighteen years of age, she boldly went to the stable and found that a horse had been stolen. On Saturday afternoon, the young lady, while coming in the cars from Goffstown to Manchester, sat opposite to a stranger, who, while taking his wallet from his pocket to pay his fare, accidentally pulled out a watch. The young lady recognized the chain of the watch as the one which was stolen at her grandmother's house. She boldly charged the stranger with the theft, and threatened to have him arrested if he did not deliver it up to her. Upon this he became frightened, gave up the watch immediately, and passed into another car. Before measures could be taken for his arrest he escaped.

A Kalamazoo, Mich., man withdrew his deposit of \$1,000 from a bank, and was paid in a single bill. He traveled all day trying to get that bill changed and sat up all night armed with a double-barreled shot gun, watching his treasure. And still be- attitude is him a thing unknown.