

The Bloomfield Times.

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HAVE COURAGE TO SAY NO!

You're starting to-day on life's journey,
Alone on the highway of life;
You'll meet with a thousand temptations,
Each city with evil is rife.
This world is a stage of excitement;
There's danger wherever you go;
But if you are tempted in weakness,
Have courage, my boy, to say—No!

The siren's sweet song may allure you;
Beware of her cunning and art;
Whenever you see her approaching,
Be guarded, and haste to depart.
The billiard saloons are inviting,
Decked out in their tinsel and show;
You may be invited to enter;
Have courage, my boy, to say—No!

The bright ruby wine may be offered—
No matter how tempting it be,
From poison that stings like an adder,
My boy, have the courage to flee.
The gambling halls are before you,
Their lights, how they dance to and fro;
If you should be tempted to enter,
Think twice, even thrice, ere you go!

In courage alone lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin,
And trust in a Heavenly Father
Will keep you unspotted from sin.
Temptations will go on increasing,
As streams from a rivulet flow,
But if you are true to your manhood,
Have the courage, my boy, to say—No!

A Broken Snare.

CONTINUED.

THERE are your notes, and the
other things of yours that Catherine
had. I advise you not to attempt to
see her again. If her only male relative
had not been a dying man, you would not
have dared to do as you have done."

"I acknowledge myself to be somewhat
in fault, Miss Heybolt," said Carlton,
"but scarcely enough to call for such
strong language, is it?"

"What?" she said. "You—a profligate
adventurer—come here under an assumed
name, and inveigle a young girl into
secret correspondence, and then say
any language is too strong to describe
you?"

"None that I deserve," said Carlton,
coloring. "On whose authority do you
bring so many charges?"

"Whose authority? Are you not an
adventurer? What else are you? Are
you not a profligate? All of your kind are,
and you are no better. Is not your name
an assumed one?"

"No."
"It is."
"What is my name, then?"
She did not answer that question,
though she seemed about to pronounce a
name.

"It makes no matter. I know what
you are, as well as you know yourself.
Your acquaintance with my sister must
cease."

"Under existing circumstances, it must
for the present, I see, Miss Heybolt; but I
have no intention of letting it discontinue
long."

"That is," she said, with a sneer, "you
will wait until the old man's will is made
known."

To that Carlton made no response, feeling
that he would come off second best in
bandying words with Miss Heybolt. He
said only:

"Miss Heybolt, you have expressed a
very ill opinion of me, which, as I am a
stranger to you, must be founded on hearsay
chiefly. Will you give me your informant's
name?"

"No!" said Selina; and with that took
an abrupt leave.

The next day the bell was tolling for the
death of Simon Heybolt. Carlton sent a
note to Kitty as soon as he thought she
would be likely to care for a word of sym-

pathy and assurance from him; but he had
strong doubts whether she ever received
it. She would naturally be submissive to
her sister's wishes while they were yet in
the first days of common grief. In the
meantime, he left Mulgrave for a short
time.

Whether Carlton was interested in Mr.
Heybolt's will or not, all Mulgrave was.
There was the strongest desire to know
how much he had left, and how he had
left it. In due time their curiosity was
gratified. The farm and house, valued at
twenty thousand dollars, were left to Selina;
all the rest and residue of his property,
real and personal, was left to Catherine,
this, at the time of the making of the will,
amounted to about as much as Selina's
share, and consisted chiefly of stocks and
bonds. Selina was named executrix with-
out bonds, and made guardian of her sister,
until Catherine should come of age or
marry. This was all well, and Mulgrave
was tolerably satisfied; it was much as they
expected, only everybody thought Mr.
Heybolt was worth more. In a day or two
a rumor arose that he was not worth so
much; that he had died in debt, and the
farm would have to be sold. Into the
midst of this buzz returned Carlton, and,
of course, heard it all. In consequence,
he walked at once to Miss Heybolt's house.
He saw her, but he did not see Kitty, and
was point blank refused permission to see
her. He said nothing, but rose, as if to
withdraw. In the hall he paused and
called Kitty twice. Selina broke into indignant
remonstrance.

"I will have two words with Kitty,"
said Carlton. "I have a right to let her
know that I am keeping my word."
An indistinct answer came from above
to his summons. He flew in the face of
propriety and rushed up stairs. The energetic
Selina had looked her sister up in
the attic by a masterly stratagem, when
she saw Carlton coming. She thought her
quite safe there, for the windows were
high, and did not command the approach
to the house, and even the agile Kitty could
not scramble out of the scuttle and down
the conductor. She had not counted on the
lawless invasion of her sacred second
story by this Bohemian outlaw. She rushed
after him, and threatened him with
summary expulsion. Carlton had already
had his two words through the door, and
had no desire to enact the lamentable comedy
of Pyramus and Thisbe, with Selina
for an audience. He apologized most
courteously, and walked down stairs again.
Selina followed him to say:

"If you had given me time, I would
have informed you that Catherine has promised
to marry Mr. Dangerfield."

Carlton knew the name as that of the
president of the local bank, the only man
whom Miss Heybolt was ever known to
consult, and whom gossip at one time
furnished with matrimonial views towards
that lady. He took leave to doubt the
assertion Selina made. She reiterated it,
adding:

"We have already been greatly indebted
to him for advice and assistance, and must
be more so. Our father died in debt, and
Catherine will have no money; so, of
course, you will give up your pursuit of
her."

"I shall not," said Carlton.
Selina sneered at that, and he took his
leave. He had half a mind to call upon
Mr. Dangerfield, but saw no practical end
to be gained, unless Mr. Dangerfield would
fight with him, which he knew he would
not. All of a sudden he determined to go
and see his father. They had parted in
much displeasure on one side, and very
little dutiful submission on the other, but
Carlton did not much fear a repulse now,
knowing that he had been in the wrong
before, and had amended his life in many
ways since then. He went to the city of
New York, where, although the dogs were
having their days, his father was abiding,
having sent his family away. It was no
individual named Carlton that the young
man sought, but the Honorable George
Brome, M. C. He had dropped his
patronymic when he left his father's
house, and retained only his baptismal
name.

Mr. Brome had the face of an easy and
good-humored man, and such he was generally.
He did not, however, want the
fortiter in re, as his copartisans in politics
well knew. He was sitting alone, after
dinner, when his son entered, and looked
at him as quietly and coolly as if they had
met every day, instead of never once,
during the last eighteen months, and said:

"Good-evening, Carlton."

Then, as if upon an afterthought, he

arose and shook hands with him, and asked
where he came from, and what he had
been doing. He was not absolutely ignorant
on this point, for he had secretly kept
sight of his son, although judging it best
to let him think himself left absolutely to
his own resources. Carlton gave a fair
account of himself, and then there came a
pause. Mr. Brome ended it.

"You came to say something in particular
Carlton. What have you been doing?"

"Nothing worse than finding a wife."
"Are you married?" exclaimed Mr.
Brome, in a voice of consternation; for, in
his first fear, he took it for granted that
Carlton's marriage would be something to
be deplored.

"Not yet," said Carlton. "I am only
contemplating being married."
"You are only twenty-three," remarked
Mr. Brome.

"You are only forty-five, sir," suggested
his son.

Mr. Brome smiled slightly at this appeal
to his example.

"I married too young," he said. "But
who is the girl?" Rather slightly of
"the girl."

Carlton told him concisely who she was.
Mr. Brome frowned a little at the announcement.

"What took you to Mulgrave?" he asked.

"Chance."

"A strange chance. I know the family,
or did once. I wish you had chosen a wife
from any other one. The girl must have
some money, however."

"I thought so when I gave way to my
admiration," said Carlton; "but I am
punished for my mercenary views, for,
now that I am too far gone to care if she
is rich or poor, and so can't save myself by
prudence, it turns out that Mr. Heybolt
left little or nothing. But if Kitty's
sister was not such an ogress, I might study
patience. I want to take her away. If
the worst comes to the worst with me, she
will be better off than there. Nothing
can be worse than living with Selina Heybolt."

"Few, perhaps," said Mr. Brome. "She
may be another Selina Heybolt herself."

"No!" said Carlton, indignantly. Then
he took out Kitty's photograph and held it
before his father's eyes. Mr. Brome's face
softened as he looked at it. He took it in
his hand and held it up to the light, and
then handed it back, saying:

"She looks like her mother; and as if
she deserved a better fate than either to
marry you, or to live with Selina Heybolt."

"I am sorry you compare the two," said
Carlton.

"I don't compare them more than that.
It is a risk for a girl to trust herself to a
man like you. You must have seen examples
enough of that."

Carlton swore by all his gods that he
meant to do all a man could, and leave
undone all a man should to make his wife
happy. Whether he convinced his father
of his final reform or not, he convinced
him of his present sincerity. He convinced
him, too, that, according to his present
prospects, marriage would be a prudent
possibility for him, at the end of three
months.

"Wait three months then," said Mr.
Brome. "You ought to do that in decent
regard to Mr. Heybolt's memory."

"I think Mr. Heybolt's memory will be
best honored by saving his favorite child
from being worried to death. I'll wait if I
can; but if the ogress should become unendurable,
and I should marry Kitty, as a last
resource—may I bring her home for a short
time, until I have a home of my own?"

"Humph!" said Mr. Brome, dryly; "I
doubt if your mother will like the plan."

Carlton doubted it too, excessively. So
much that he knew his father must be won
over first.

"I would do it only as a last necessity,"
he said.

"I will think of it," said Mr. Brome.
"I am willing to aid you in any harmless
fully Carl. I would assist you to a home
of your own now, but you know my expenses
are greater than my means now. To be
candid with you, if I lose my election
next fall, I shall be utterly ruined."

Carlton was not startled by this revelation,
knowing that Mr. Brome's election was
almost a certainty. He was unable to
have any more private conversation with
his father then, for, as if the word election
had summoned him up, Mr. Hays Huestings,
from Albany, came to see Mr. Brome
on very important political business.

Carlton did not wait long before he went
back to Mulgrave. He saw Selina. She
informed him that Kitty was not at home,

and from her tone, and the sharpness with
which she accused him of already knowing
it Carlton was convinced that Kitty was
gone in good earnest.

There had been little peace in the house
of late. Kitty resented Selina's treatment
of her, and Selina tried to take a tone as to
a naughty child, but found that something
more was necessary, and so addressed her
with grim severity.

"Catherine, I am going to speak to you
very seriously. You should understand
that we are poor—very poor. It is only by
favor and sufferance that we can keep this
roof over our heads."

"I don't want to keep this roof over my
head," said Kitty, as petulantly as Selina
could have desired to strengthen her position
that Kitty was only a perverse child. Kitty
knew it herself, but she could not help
it. Selina worried her fearfully.

"That is folly!" said Selina. "Carlton
has no home to offer you. I have taken
pains to inquire into his circumstances. He is
at this very time forbidden his father's
house, for practising the vice and extravagance
that he learned from his father's example;
and has no means of support, except the
very uncertain proceeds of his writings. It is
not likely he desires to marry you now,
if he did when he thought you would have
some money. You romantic little fool! When,
in real life, do high-minded young men
run after silly girls for honest love, under
assumed names, and in such secrecy? If
this man's motive was not money, he had
none better. His character is one that
stamps that of his female associates at
once. You ought to know that your gross
folly has already injured your reputation.
Every one is talking about you!"

Kitty turned deep crimson and then
deadly pale at these words. She did not
speak; she did not utter a sound, nor shed
a tear; she only put her hand to her throat,
which swelled and throbbled with a suffocating
pain. Selina saw that her words had
stabbed deep, and went on mercilessly:

"It is most unlikely, I repeat, that he
would marry you now, and if he should,
what would be your life? To spend a few
months, perhaps a few years, moving from
one mean boarding or lodging-house to
another lower yet, and to be deserted when
the burden grew too heavy. If such men
make any distinction between marriage and
any other tie, it is only to break it more
willingly. Even allowing him to do his
best, that must be the end. Little money
and debt, and then no money and no credit;
rags and starvation just fought off, and
coming at last; sickness and children to
take up the last remnants of hope and
patience; your husband taking all the case
there is in your joint life, and most probably
coming home, when he comes at all,
either raging or stupid with liquor. I have
seen it all, and you will see it, and remember
my words, if you marry your lover."

Kitty was deaf and dumb. These life-
pictures, true enough in themselves, whether
true prophecies or not, were repeated
daily, and her only refuge was silence, for
escape from the house was cut off by a long
rain. At last one day Selina called her into
the parlor. Mr. Dangerfield wished to go
over some accounts with her, Kitty in vain
protested that she should not understand
any accounts. She came in, a little pale
and worn, but looking yet unspenkably
youthful and bright in her black robes. Mr.
Dangerfield was a highly respectable man,
with a bald forehead, a very long nose,
steel-framed eyeglasses, and a patronizing
and confidential manner. He went over the
accounts much in a schoolmaster style, and
though Kitty sat and stiffened her neck, she
could not help following his fat forefinger
with her eyes, and the sense of the figures
with her mind, and seeing that the estate of
the late Simon Heybolt was in debt to Z.
Dangerfield to such an extent that it would
lose its balance and topple over into his
pocket the moment he gave a little push to
the mortgage he held, and sent it beyond
the centre of gravity, unless there was a
counterpoise of dollars, which it seemed
the estate could not furnish.

"Now," said Mr. Dangerfield, bowing
his head so near to Kitty's face that she
instinctively put up her hand to ward him
off, "I have no wish to distress any one—
much less you and your sister, Catherine,
but Selina objects to being in any way
dependent upon me, and, indeed, I can
conceive it to be very repugnant to your
delicacy to receive pecuniary favors from an
unmarried man." This he said with a
smile so excessively arch, as he intended it
to be, and so excessively offensive, as Kitty
felt it, that she had some difficulty in
preventing her composure. As it was, she
receded from him in a manner that a little
checked his flow of language. He added,

more gravely, and even in a sort of admonitory
tone, "Under these circumstances I
have made a proposal to your sister Selina
which meets with her approval, and which
—which I make—only to secure your interests.
A matrimonial proposal, I mean. What do
you say, my dear?" he added, changing his
manner again.

Kitty raised her brown eyes at that and
looked at Selina with a face of inquiry, and
said:

"Are you going to marry Mr. Dangerfield,
Selina?"

"You understand better," said Selina,
in a lowered voice. "He offers to marry
you, and if you are wise you will accept
him."

"Me?" said Kitty, incredulously, and
arose. "Mr. Dangerfield it is impossible
you are thinking that I would marry you."

"She thinks she is engaged to that
young man, as I told you," said Selina, in
a slighting aside. Mr. Dangerfield shook
his head at Catherine with a compassionate
smile.

"O, we know all about that," he said.
"The less said about him the better. He
is a very bad young man, and Kitty will be
ashamed one of these days that she ever
had anything to do with him!"

With that he patted Kitty on the shoulder.
The next instant the door shut upon
Kitty, and Selina and Mr. Dangerfield
confronted one another, the one with a very
dourful gaze, the other with a resolute
one.

"She cannot help herself," said Selina.
"She must marry you!"

"I should be very sorry to give you any
serious annoyance," said Mr. Dangerfield.
"Pshaw!" said Selina.

Mr. Dangerfield being gone, she took
Kitty at an advantage, and read her a
lecture. Kitty listened, and then answered,
wearily:

"Sister, give me a little peace. I do not
want to marry any one so soon after
papa—" She paused a moment. "It seems
to me very sorrowful that we should be
quarrelling here, when it is such a little
time since he left us."

"You would not be so scrupulous about
your favored lover," said Selina.

The taunt roused Kitty again.

"If Mr. Dangerfield's sense of propriety
will not allow him to give me time to find
another home," she said, "I will not intrude
upon him here. But the farm is
yours, and if either of us is to marry him,
it should be you."

"You must marry him, or—starve."
"I shall do neither. Hundreds of girls
earn their living, why should not I?"

"Earn their living! Yes, as your mother
did," Selina said with bitter contempt.
Kitty was on her feet.

"What do you mean, Selina?" she asked
breathlessly.

"What I say," said Selina. "She imposed
herself upon my poor foolish father,
ruined him by her extravagance, and left
you, you, her own child surely, to steal
away half my rightful property. I say you
owe it to me, Catherine Heybolt, to save
me this place!"

Kitty stood like one stunned before
Selina's words.

"No," she said, in a low and strange
voice, as if she could scarcely form the
words, "if my mother sold herself for a
rich husband, I shall not follow her example."

"In that," said Selina, "you want a pretext
to throw yourself into Carlton Brome's
arms."

Kitty gave her sister a look that the
angry woman could not understand. It
was more melancholy than indignant,
more appealing than reproachful. She
said not a word, but slowly left the room.
The rain was pouring in torrents, and the
night was coming on! The silent house
was very dreary. It looked drearier yet
when two hours later, Selina went from
room to room with lamp in hand, and found
no trace of Kitty, except a little disorder
among her clothes, as if she might have
taken some from their place. She opened
the door and looked out into the black
stormy night. She regretted her violence
for a moment.

"Headstrong fool!" she said, at last.
"He was near, I have no doubt. Well, I
tried to save her."

And she remained in the faith that
Kitty was with Carlton, until his coming
told her to the contrary.

When she was assured that she was not,
she felt a little uneasiness, for she did not
know of a place in the word where Kitty
could take even temporary refuge. All at
once she remembered the hole in the rock.
Kitty may have left a note there for
Carlton. She went to the place. There was
a note there, hastily written:

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.