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Turning Over a New Leaf.

66 TT'S a shame !" said Mrs. Fogg, as she hurried away, after the funeral of Mrs. Grant, escaping from the poor, desolate room where two children, almost babes, were sleeping, unconscious that they were motherless. "It's a shame that nobody'll take them."

"Yes-a bitter shame !" replied a neighbor, who was also getting off as fast as she could, so as to shift responsibility on some other shoulders.

"There's Mrs. Grove; she might take them as well as not. But they'll go to the poor-house, for all she cares."

"Well, somebody'll have to answer for it," said Mrs. Fogg. "As for me, I've got young ones enough of my own."

"We left Mrs. Cole in the room. She has only one child, and her husband is well-to-do. I can't believe she'll have the heart to turn away from them."

"She's got the heart for anything. But we'll see."

Mrs. Cole did turn away from the sleeping babes, sighing aloud, with a forced sigh that others might hear, and give her credit for a sympathy and concern she did not feel.

At last all were gone-all but a man named Wheaton, and a poor woman, not able to take care of herself.

"What's to become of these children?"

said Wheaton. "Don't know. Poor-house, I s'pose,"

answered the woman.

" Poor-house !"

"Yes. Nobody wants 'ems, and there's no place else for 'em."

"Mamma, mamma!" cried a plaintive voice, and a flaxen-haired child, not much over a year old, rose up in bed, and looked piteously about the room. "I want mamma. **

A great, choking sob came into the man's

Then the other child awoke, and said, "Don't cry, sissy. Dear Mamma's gone away."

At this the little one began crying bit-

"I can't stand this, nohow," said the man, speaking in a kind of desperate way; and, going to the bed, he gathered the two children in his arms, hushing and comforting them with soothing words.

What on earth have you got there?" exclaimed Mrs. Wheaton, as her husband came striding into the room, where she sat mending one of his well-worn garments.

"Two babies!" he answered, in a voice so unusual that Mrs. Wheaton dropped her work on the floor, and rose up in amaze-

"What !" "Mrs. Cole's two babies. I've been over to the funeral; and I tell you, Jane, it wasn't in me to see these two little things carted off to the almshouse. There wasn't a woman to look after them-no, not one. Every soul sneaked off but Polly Jones, and she's of no account, you know. Just look at their dear little faces!" And he held them up in his arms, and let their tender, tearful, half-frightened, half-wondering eyes plead their cause with his wife, and they did not plead in vain.

Surprised as she was, and with an instant protest in her heart, Mrs. Wheaton could not, in the presence of these motherless little ones, utter a word of remonstrance. She took the youngest one from the arms of her husband, and spoke to it tenderly. The child sobbed two or three times, and then laid its head against her bosom. There was an influx of motherlove into the heart of this woman, who had never been a mother, the instant her breast felt the pressure of the baby's head. and the arm that drew it closer with an involuntary impulse that was moved by this

new love. Not many words passed between the husband and wife-at least, not then, though thought was very busy with both of them. Mrs. Wheaton's manner toward the children was kind even to tenderness, and this manner won their confidence, and drew

heart, and filled it with a loving interest. After nightfall, when supper was over, and the children asleep, Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton sat down together, each showing a little reserve and embarrassment. Mrs.

Wheaton was the first to speak. "What were you thinking about, John?" said she, almost sharply. "I can't have these children."

Wheaton did not lift his eyes, nor answer, but there was a certain dogged and resolute air about him that his wife noticed as unusual.

"Somebody else must take them," she said.

"The county will do it," Wheaton replied.

"The county !"

"Yes. There's room for them at the almshouse, and nowhere else, that I know of, unless they stay here."

"Unless they stay here !" Mrs. Wheaton's voice rose a little. "It's easy enough to say that-but who's to take care of

"It's a great undertaking, I know," answered the husband, meekly, yet with a new quality in his voice that did not escape the quick ear of his wife, "and the burden must fall on you."

"I wouldn't mind that so much, but-" She kept back the sentence that was on

her tongue. "But what?" asked her husband.

"John," said Mrs. Wheaton, drawing herself up in a resolute manner, and looking steadily into her husband's face "as things are going on-"

"Things shall go on differently," interrupted Wheaton, "I've thought that all over."

"How differently, John?"

"Oh! in every way. I'll turn over a

Wheaton saw a light flash into his wife's face. "First and foremost, I'm not going to

lose any more days. Last month I had six days docked from my wages."

"Why, John !"

"It's true-more's the shame for me. That was eighteen dollars, you see, not counting the money I fooled away in idle company-enough to pay for all these babies would eat and wear, twice over."

"Oh, John !" There was something eager and hopeful in his wife's face, and she leaned toward him.

"I'm in downright earnest, Jane," he answered. If you'll take the babies, I'll do my part. I'll turn over a new leaf. There shall be no more lost days; no more foolish spending of money; no spending of evenings at McBride's.

"Oh, John!" In her surprise and delight, she could only repeat the exclamation. As she did so this time, she rose, and putting her hands on his shoulders, bent and kissed him on the forehead.

" You'll take the babies ?" said he. "Yes, and twenty more, if you keep this and say so," answered Jane, laughing through tears.

"All right, then. It's a bargain." And Wheaton caught his wife's hand and shook it by way of confirmation.

From that time Wheaton turned over a new leaf. Neighbors expressed surprise when it was told that Jane Wheaton had adopted the orphan children. Fellowworkmen taunted John, calling him softhearted, and a fool, for "taking other

One said to him: " Are four months easier to fill than two?"

Another: "You'll be sick of all this be-

fore the year's out." And another: "I'll see you sold out by

the constable in less than six months." But John had little to say in reply-only maintaining an air of quiet good humor,

and exhibiting more interest in his work. For three weeks John Wheaton had not lost a day-something very unusual; and not one evening during that time had he spent at McBride's drinking-saloon. His poor little home, which had come to have a neglected look, was putting on a new appearance. The gate that for months had hobbled on one hinge, now awang smoothly, and the mended latch held it shut. Rank weeds no longer filled the door-yard ; panes of glass filled many a place in the sashes where had been unsightly rags and sheets of paper. A neglected running rose was trimmed, and trained to its proper place over the doorway, and was now pushing out young green leaves and buds.

Within, pleasant changes were also apparent. Various new but inexpensive articles of furniture were to be found. Old things were mended, polished up and won- on his face.

from them such looks and ways and little derfully improved. With all this, marvelexpressions of satisfaction as touched her ous to relate, Wheaton's carnings had not only been equal to the increased expenditure, but there was an actual surplus of ten dollars in hand.

"I never would have believed it," said John, as he and his wife sat one evening talking over their improved condition, after the babies-loved now almost as if their own-were asleep. "It's just as old Mr. Brown used to say- Waste takes more than want.' I declare I've got heart in me again. I thought we should have to let the place go; that I'd never be able to pay off the mortgage. But here we are, ten dollars ahead in less than a month; and going on at this rate, we'll have all clear in eighteen months,"

Next day a fellow workman said to Wheaton, half in banter : "Didn't I see the constable down your way yesterday." " I shouldn,t wonder," replied Wheaton, with more gravity of manner than his

questioner had expected. "I thought I saw him looking around after things, and counting his fees on his waiting for me. Come in, won't you?""

fingers." "Likely as not," said Wheaton. "I know of a good many rents not paid up last quarter. Money gone to McBride's, instead of to the landlord-eh?"

The man winced a little.

"How are the babies?" he asked.

"First-rate," said Wheaton, and with a smile so real that his fellow-workmen could not pursue his banter.

Time went on, and, to the surprise of all, Wheaton's circumstances kept on improving. The babies had brought a blessing to his house. In less than eighteen months he had paid off the light mortgage that for years rested on his little home; and not only this, had improved it in various ways, even to the putting up of a small addition, so as to give them a neat breakfast-room.

The children grew finely-there were three of them now, for their hearts and home had opened to another orphan babyand, being carefully trained by Mrs. Wheaton, were a light and joy to the house.

At the end of five years we will introduce them briefly to the reader. Wheaton is a master-workman and employs ten men. He has enlarged his house, and made it one of the neatest in the village. Among his men is the very one who bantered him about the children, and prophesied that he would soon be sold out by the constable. Poor man! it was not long before the constable had him in charge. He had wasted his money at McBride's, instead of paying it to the landlord.

Walking homeward, one evening after over, Wheaton and his journeyman took the same way. They were silent until they came near the former's pretty dwelling, when the journeyman said, half in jest, yet with undisguised bitterness: "I guess we'll have to take a baby

or two."
"Why?" asked Wheaton, not perceiving

what was in the man's thought. "For good luck," said the journeyman.

** Oh !!! "You've had nothing but good luck

since you took poor Mrs. Grant's orphan children." " Only such good luck as every one may

have if he will," answered Wheaton.

"I can't see it," returned the man. "Your wages were no better than mine. I had one child, and you saddled yourself happy home. with two, and not long after added a third. And how is it to-day? You have a nice house, and your wife and children are well dressed, while I have never been able to make both ends meet, and my boy looks like a ragamuffin half the time."

"Do you see that house over there-the largest and the handsomest in the place?" said Wheaton.

" Yes."

"Who owns it ?"

"Jimmy McBride."

"How much did you pay toward building it?', "Me?"-in surprise.

"Yes, you! How much did you pay toward building it?" "Why, nothing. Why should I help

pay for his house?" Sure enough! Why should your hard earnings go to build and furnish an elegant house for a man who would rather sell liquor, and so rain his neighbors, body and soul, than support himself in a useful

cailing, as you and I are trying to do?" "I don't see what you're driving at," said the journeyman. "How much a week do you spend at

McBride's saloon?"

The man stood still, with a blank look

"A dollar a week?" asked Wheaton.

"Yes."

"Say a dollar and a half."

"Well, say as much." "Do you know what that amounts to in venr 201

"Never counted it up." "Seventy-eight dollars.

"No !"

"Yes, to a dollar. So, in five years, at this rate, you have contributed nearly four hundred dollars toward McBride's handsome house, without getting anything but harm in return, and haven't a shingle over your head that you can call your own. Now, it's my advice, in a friendly way, that you stop helping McBride, and begin to help yourself. He's comfortable enough and can do without your dollar and a half a week. Take a baby, if you will, for good luck. You'll find one over at the poor-house; it won't cost you half as much as helping McBride, and I don't think he needs your aid any longer. But here we are at home, and I see wife and children

" No, thank you. I'll go home and talk to Ellen about taking a baby for good luck." And he tried to smile, but it was in anything but a cheerful way. He passed onward, but called back after going a few steps, "If you see anything of my Jack about your place, just send him home, will you ?"

Jack was there, meanly dressed and dirty, and in striking contrast with Wheaton's three adopted children, who, with the only mother they knew, gave the happy man a joyful welcome home.

"I've turned over a new leaf," said the journeyman, when he came to work on the next morning.

"Indeed! I'm glad to hear it," returned Wheaton.

"Ellen and I talked it over last night. I'm done helping saloon keepers build fine houses. Glad you put it to me just in that way. Never looked at it so before. But it's just the hard truth. What fools we are !"

"Going to take a baby?" said Wheaton, smiling.

"Well, we haven't just settled that. But Ellen heard, yesterday, of a poor little thing that'll have to go on the county if some one don't take it; and I shouldn't wonder, now, if she opened her heart, for she's a motherly body."

"Where is it?" asked Mr. Wheaton.

"Down at Woodbury Mills."? Wheaton reflected a few moments, and then said: "Look here, Frank; take my advice, and put this baby between you and McBride's-between you and lost daysbetween you and idle thriftlessness, and my word for it, in less than two years you'll have your own roof over your head."

Only for a little while did the man hesitate, then, with an emphatic manner, he exclaimed-"I'll do it."

"Do it at once, then," said Wheaton. "Put on your coat, and go over to the Mills and get the baby. It will be an angel in your house, that will help and bless you in every hour of temptation. Go at once. God has opened for you this way of safety, and if you walk therein all will be well."

He did walk therein, and all was well, Wheaton's prophecy was fulfilled. In less than two years the journeyman had his own roof over his head, and it covered a

Death of a Philadelphia Miser.

PASSMORE HANBEST, a Philadelphian of eccentric and penurious habit, died in that city recently, aged fiftyseven years. He commenced life as a laborer, but soon abandoned that, and turned huckster, selling oysters and farm produce. Having early determined to become rich he practiced the utmost self denial, and being a man of much shrewdness he took up the study of law, in his leisure hours, and as soon as he could do so set up as a pettifogger. Repeatedly was he refused admission to the bar, however, on account of his moral character, until at last it occurred to him that through the operation of a mandamus issued by the Judge of the Common Pleas, the Law Examiner would be compelled to give him an examination. He made, it is said, through, John Sergent, whose gratitude he had won in some way, an appeal for such mandamus, and the Judge for the same reason that had actuated the examiners, denied the motion. It fortunately happened soon after, while Chief Justice Gibson was on the Supreme Bench, that Mr. Hanbest obtained a hearing before that distinguished justice, and

was admitted on the 14th of September,

Tradition has it that the modus of this admission was thus brought about: At the time there was agitated in Philadelphia and at Harrisburg the question of an increase of compensation of the Judges of the Supreme Court. Mr. Hanbest, seizing upon the agitation, had printed a number of yellow placards with flaming head-lines, and his own name, solitary and alone, in huge type at the bottom; and these placards called a meeting of the town people to urge the increased pay, "which every consideration of justice" dictated. These were plentifully posted upon the fence surrounding Judge Gibson's residence, and when his Honor went into the street the following morning, his eyes were arrested by these dazzling posters. He sent, it is said, for the gentleman who was so greatly concerned in the prosperity of the jurists who adorned the Supreme Bench, and Mr. Hanbest presented himself in court. After the question of the town meeting was discused, the shrewed lawyer edged in his grievance against the examiners, and the judge swore him a member of the Bar.

Meeting one of the examiners on his way from the scene of his victory, he exclaimed "You have done your best to keep me out. but your efforts are useless. You, and the rest of your blue-blooded companions, will yet live to see the farmer-boy, the boy who sold you oysters, gracing the judicial To this height of dignity, it ermine." should be added, Mr. Hanbest never arose. His practice was confined to the poorer classes of clients, and these he handled not for their good, but for hisown. He would never undertake a case, no matter how trival, unless his fees were first paid, and there are said to be numerous instances where he compelled poor people to give him a judgment bond as a guarantee that his expenses and compensation for services would be settled, and then, without having rendered services, has had the bond entered against their properties. He made a great deal of money in mysterious ways, and invested every dollar above what was actually necessary to keep life in his body and clothes on his back, in real estate.

Some ten or fifteen years ago he pur-

chased the building No. 144 South Sixth

street from the Taggart estate, and rented

the entire place out to enants, mainly lawyers, save a small dining-room and a diminutive kitchen in the rear. In this diningroom, which, until three or four months ago, he inhabited, he received his clients, ate his meals, and slept. In one case, where a number of lawyers of high standing at the Bar were compelled to have a conference with Mr. Hanbest they had to endure the nausea of the room and the disgus sight of that person sitting at his deak with a mass of papers before him, achieken pot-pie in a bason on his lap, from which he picked out the tit-bits with his fingers, and then deposited the bones on the floor at his side, where remained the debris of the preceeding meal! Thus lived in the utmost squalor and misery a man who had amassed \$500,000. About three years ago he was stricken with paralysis, and lost the use of his limbs. Still he continued to do business, rarely going out of his dingy office; but the terrible disease grew upon him, and at last he was compelled, though it cost him many a pang, to be removed to the house where he expired. There was not an article of furniture in the place, save in an upper room, and there barely enough for the necessities for a sick room. Here he lingered for three months, with few friends to see him, and none of the comforts which declining years should bring with them, and there he died. His aim had been accomplished. Before he died he said : "I started out when I commenced the practice of the law, with the idea of dying the richest man at the Bar who had made his own money. I believe I have, and that idea is realized." It is stated that his estate will not fall short of \$1,000,000, of which about \$250,000 is invested in real estate. His will was drawn up. By this will be created three life estates, one for his brother, Philip, who is connected with the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and two for his sisters. The great bulk of his property, after these life estates, he divided among numerous charitable institutions, but by the provisons of a law of Pennsylvania, which renders null and void the public bequests of a a will executed within one calandar mouth of the decease of the testator, these charitable gifts which he intended became inoperative, and the entire estate will be divided among the children of two deceased brothers, the living brother, and the two sisters. His wealth at last will go to some of the very persons whom he lioped to cut off from its benefits.