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A Woman's Mistake.

ONE COOL afternoon in the fall Chester F. LeRoy a gentleman, stood on the platform, of the Albany depot, watching the procession of passengers just arrived in the Hudson river boat, who filed past me on their way to the cars. The Boston train, by which I had come, waited as patiently as steam and fire might, for their leisure, with only occasional and faint snorts of remonstrance at the delay; yet still the jostling crowd hurried past into the cars, and flitted through them in search of seats-their increasing numbers at last warned me that I might find it difficult to regain my own, and I followed them.

"I beg your pardon, sir-

"I turned, in obedience to a touch on my arm, and I saw a respectable looking negro man before me, who bore a travelling bag and a shawl, and was evidently the attendant of a slender and stylish girl behind him.

"Do I speak," he said, bowing respectfully and glancing at the portmanteau I carried, on which my surname was quite legible; "do I address, sir, Mr. Le-Roy "

"That is my name-at your servicewhat can I do for you?',

"The young lady, Miss Florence Dundard, who was to join you at Albany at six o'clock this evening-I have charge of her.

He turned to the young lady behind him-"This is Mr. LeRoy, miss."

The young lady, whose dark blue eyes have been scanning me, as I could perceive, through her blue silk veil, now lifted it with an exquisitely gloved hand, and extended the other to me with a charming mixture of frankness and tim-

am very glad to meet you, Mr. Le-Roy," said she. "I thought I should know you in a moment. Jenny described you so accurately. How kind it was of you to offer to take care of me. I hope I shan't trouble you."

In the midst of my bewilderment, at thus being addressed by the sweetest voice in the world, I managed to see that I must make a proper reply, and I proceeded to stammer out what I thought to be an appropriate speech, when the servant who had left us for a moment, returned, and I abandoned it, unfinished.

"Did you see to my baggage, Edward?" asked his mistress.

"Yes, Miss, it is all on."

"Then you had better hurry to reach the seven o'clock boat. Good-bye, and tell them you saw me off."

I stood like one in a dream, while the man handed me two checks for the trunks and endued me with the light baggage he had carried, but I was roused by the young lady's asking me if we had not better se, cure our seats in the cars, and I answered her by offering my arm. In ten minutes we were scated side by side, and trundling out of Albany at a rate that grew faster

and faster. I had no time to reflect with that lovely face opposite me, but what was the use? Some strange mistake had undoubtedly happened, and I had been taken for another person of the same name; but how to remedy this now without alarming the innocent young lady in my charge, how to find the right man, with the right name, among several hundred people, and how to transfer her, without an unpleasant scene and explanation, to the care of some one whose person was no less strange to her

While these thoughts whirled through head, I happened to encounter those smiling eyes fixed upon me. I will not trouble or distress her by any knowledge was my duty to offer her a resting place on for her s-which I am afraid I kissed-of her position, I concluded, "but will my shoulder, but I hardly had courage a card with my name on it, and a memo-

vidual she took me for, and conduct her upon my arm, which was not, as she find out where it is !" I turned to her with from feeling, and said-

"It's a long journey."

"Do you think so?" But it is very pleasant, isn't it? Cousin Jenny enjoyed it so much !"

"Ah, indeed !"

"Why-why, what a queer man !" she said with a light laugh. "Doesn't she never tell you as she does me in all her letters, how happy she is, and that St. Louis is the sweetest place in the world to live in? Dear me! that I should have to about it when we get there !"

So it was St. Louis where we were going to, and I was her cousin's husband. I never was so thankful for two pieces of information in my life.

"And how does dear Jenny look, and what is she doing? And how is Aunt Beman? Do tell the news."

"Jenny," said I, mustering courage, and words, " is the dearest little wife in the world, you must know, only far too fond of her scamp of a husband. As to her looks, you can't expect me to say anything, for she always looks lovely to

"Bravo," said the pretty girl, with a malicious smile, "but how about aunty's rheumatism ?"

"Miss, I mean, of course, Mrs. Beman is very well."

"Well!" said my fair questioner, regarding me with a look of surprise. "I thought she had not been well for a number of years."

"I mean well for her" said I, in some trepidation; "the air of St. Louis (which I have since learned is of a misty moisty order) has done her a world of good. She is quite a different woman.'

"I am very glad," said her niece.

She remained silent for a few moments, and then a gleam of amusement began to dance in her bright eyes.

"To think," she said, suddenly turning to me with a musical laugh, "that in all this time you have not once mentioned the baby !"

I know I gave a violent start, and I think I turned pale. After I had run the gauntlet of all these questions triumphantly, as I thought, this new danger stared me in the face. How was I to describe a baby, who had never noticed one? My courage sank below zero, but in the same proportion the blood ran to my face, and I think my teeth fairly chattered in my head.

"Don't be afraid that I shall not sympathize in your raptures," continued my tormentor, as I almost considered her, I am quite prepared to believe anything after Jenny's letter-you should see how she cares for him !"

Him !-blessed goodness; then it must be a boy!

"Of course, said I, blushing and stammering; but feeling it imperative to say something, "we consider him the finest fellow in the world, but you might not agree with us, and in order to leave your judgment unbiased, I shall, not describe him to you."

"Ah! but I just know how he looks, for Jenny had no scruple, so you can spare yourself the trouble, or happiness, whichever it is; but tell me what you mean to call him.

"We have not decided on a name." I replied.

"Indeed! I thought she intended to give him yours."

The deuce she did! thought I. "No, one of a name is enough in a family," I answered.

The demon of inquisitiveness, that, to my thinking, had instigated my companion heretofore, now ceased to possess her; for we talked of various indifferent things, and I had the relief of not being compelled to her own. draw on my own imagination at the expense of my conscience, when I gave the particulars of my recent journey to Boston. Yet I was far from being at ease, for every sound of bervoice startled me with a dread of fresh questions, necessary but impossible to be answered, and I felt a guilty travelling expenses. I opened it with flush streaming upon my temples every time I met the look of those innocent

It was late when we stopped for supper, and soon after I saw the dark fringes of my companion's eyes drooped long and often, and began to realize that she ought to be asleep. I knew perfectly well that it

wherever she wishes to go, if I can only thought it, that of a cousin and a married man. Recollecting, however, that it was an affectation of ease, which I was far my duty to make her comfortable, and that I could scarcely deceive more than I had already done, I proffered the usual civilty. She slightly blushed, but thanked me, and accepted it by leaning her head lightly against my shoulder, and looking up to my eyes with a smile, said : "As you are my cousin." Soon after her eyes closed, and she slept sweetly and calmly as if resting in security and peace.

I looked down at the beautiful face, slightly paled with fatigue, that rested against mine, and felt like a villain : I tell her husband first. How we shall laugh dared not touch her with my arm, although the rebounding of the cars jostled her very much. I sat remorseless until the sleeper settled the matter by slipping forward and awakening. She opened her eyes instantly, and smiled.

> "It's no use for me to try to sleep with my bonnet on," she said ; " for it is very much in the way for me; I am sure it troubles you."

So she removed it, giving me the pretty little toy, with its graceful ribbons and its flowers, to put it on the rack above us. I preferred to hold it, telling her it would be safer with me, and after a few objections she resigned it, being in truth too sleepy to contest the point; then, tying the blue silk veil over her glossy hair, she leaned against my shoulder and slept once more.

This time, when the motion began to be shaky and anney her, I stifled the reproaches of my conscience, and passing my arm lightly around her slender waist, drew her head upon my breast, where it lay all

She slept the sleep of innocence, serene and peaceful, and it is needless to say that I could not close my eyes and ease my conscience. I could only gaze down on the beautiful, still face, and imagine how it would confront me if she knew what I was, and how I had deceived her ; or, dreaming more wildly still, reproduced it in a hundred scenes, which I had never before paused to imagine, as the face of my wife.

I had never loved, unless the butterfly loves of Saratoga and Newport might be so dignified, and still less had I dreamed or thought of marrying, even as a possibility and far contingency. Never before, I solemnly aver, had I seen the woman whom I wished to make my wife-never before had I so longed to call anything my own as I did that lovely face lying on my heart. No, it was impossible for me to sleep.

In the morning we reached Buffalo, and spent the day at Niagara. If I had thought her lovely while sleeping, what expression played over her face, as she eloquently admired the scene before us, or was even more eloquently still. I don't think that I looked at the cataract as much as I looked at her, or thought the one creation more beautiful than the other.

She was now quite familiar with me in her innocent way, calling me "cousin Frank," and seemed to take pleasure in my society and protection. It was delightful to be greeted so gladly by her when I entered the hotel parlor-to have her come forward from the lonely seat where she had been waiting, not unobserved or unnoticed, to receive me-to have her hang on my arm-look up in my face-tell me all her little adventures alone (how very long it seemed to me), while every word and look and smile seemed doubly dear to me, because I knew the precarious tenure by which I held my right to them. She busied herself, too, while I was gone out, with our joint baggage, and rumaging all over our trunks to find a box which I had expressed a desire to see. She mended my gloves, sewed the band on my travelling cap, found my cigar case whenever I had lost it, which was about twenty times a day, while she scolded me for my carelessness which she declared almost equaled

Long ago she had given into my possession her elegant little portmannale, "with all the money in it, which she was sure she would lose, as she could never keep anything;" and as she had ordered me to take out what she wanted for her trembling hands when I was; alone, and examined the contents. There were, besides all the bank bills with which she had probably been furnished for her journey, and which with pious care she had packed into the smallest possible compass, as much gold as her tiny toy could carry, a tiny pearl ring, too small for my finger, but not just do my best to fill the place of the indi- enough to ask that innocent face to lie random in a pretty hand, "No.-Oliver

street, St. Louis," which I rightly conjectured was the residence of her cousin Jenny, whose husband I was-a very fortunate discovery for me. Indeed, thus far I had not found the way of the trasgressor hard in external circumstances at least, and when with her I forgot everything but her grace and beauty and my firm resolution to be no more to her than her cousin should be; but out of that charming presence I was miserable.

I am afraid that I must sometimes have betrayed the conflicts of feeling I had, by my manner; but when I was reserved and cermonious with her she always resented it, and begged me so bewitchingly not to treat her so, and to call her by her sweet name, "Florence," that had I dreamed as much as I longed to do, I could not have refused her. But the consciousness that I was not what she thought me, but an impostor, of whom, after connection had ceased, and she had discovered the deception practised upon her, she should think or remember nothing that would not cause numerited self-repreach and mortification : all innocent and trusting as she was, this reflection, more than any other, I confess, and the knowledge of the estimation in which she would forever hold me, after my imposition was discovered, agonized me, and I would have given all I possessed to own it to her and leave her sight at once though the thought of seeing her no more was dreadful. But that could not be.

At last we reached St. Louis. Do I say at last? When the sight of those spires and gables warned me that my brief dream of happiness was over, that the remorseful reflections I had been staving off so long were now to commence in earnest, the thought of the coming banishment from Florence was dreadful to me, and the time seemed to fly on lightning wings as it draw

She was all gayety, and was astonished at my sadness and my absence of mind when so near home and Jenny, and when we entered the carriage that was to convey us to our destination, I had a mind to take a cowardly flight rather than encounter the scorn and disappointment of those blue eyes; but I mustered courage and followed her in, giving the address I found in the portmannaie, which fortunately was the right one, to the driver.

"Almost home !" said she, turning her bright face toward me-we were rattling up the streets, and my time was shorthow can you be so quiet?"

"Because, Miss Florence," I answered. the time has come in which I must confess to you that I have no more right to the house, to which you are now hastening, was she while the light of feeling and than to the name by which you address me, and that my only claim to either is that of an imposture and deceiver."

She turned her lovely face, wondering and puzzled, toward me. Thank heaven I did not read fear or aversion in it.

"No right! no claim!" she repeated, what can you mean !"

I confessed the whole truth, as nearly as have set it down here, denying nothing and concealed nothing-not even the useless secret of my love for her. When the brief recital was ended, we remained both silent, but she had hidden her face. I could see she trembled violently with shame and repulsion. The sight of her distress was agony to me, and I tried to say a few words of apology.

"You cannot blame or hate me, Miss Dundard, more than I blame or hate myself," I said, "for the distress I have unwillingly caused you. Heaven knows that if I accepted the charge of so much innocence and beauty too lightly, I have heavily atoned since in having occasioned this suffering to you, and my own punishment is more than I can bear."

The coach stopped as I spoke ; she turned to me eagerly, her face bearing traces of tears, said in a low voice, "Do not misunderstand me if I was so slient."

The coachman threw open the door and stood waiting. I was obliged to descend and assist her out. I hardly dared to touch that little hand, though it was for the last time, but watched her graceful figure with sad distress. Bhe was already recognized, for the door was thrown open, and a pretty woman followed by a fine-looking, black whiskered gentleman, whom I supposed to be my namesake, rushed down the steps. There were exclamations of astonishment and pleasure - a cordial welcome-and some rapid questions, to which Florence returned very low and quiet answers, and quickly extricating herself from the coufusion, presented me as "Mr. Le Roy, your husband's namesake, and the gentleman who kindly took charge of me."

I glanced at her face to see if she was

mocking me, but it was pale and grave. Mrs. Le Roy opened her eyes widely, but was too well bred to express her surprise, and after introducing me to her busband in the same terms, invitied me into the house. Hardly conscious of what I did or of anything except that I was still in the presence of Florence, from which I could not endure to banish myself, I followed them into a handsome parlor, where sat an old lady whom my conscience told me was the rheumatic aunt I had so cruelly belied. Florence herself presented me to the lady, who was a fixture and unable to rise from her chair, and before I could stammer out an apology and retire, related in her own way (how different from mine !) the mistake by which she had been placed in my care, and the history of the journey, in which it appeared that Mr. Le Roy, had been a fellow passenger. When she hadended, they all crowded around me, warmly expressing thanks for my "kindness and, consideration," to my utter bewilderment and surprise, cordially invited me to remain with them, and make the acquaintance of my namesake and family.

I detached myself from all this unexpected kindness as soon as I could, for I fancied I read aversion in the flashing and paling face and drooping eyes of Florence, and with one last look at her left the room. A moment after, and I felt the touch of a light hand on my arm, and, turning, saw with mute surprise that she had followed me into the vestibule.

"Mr. Le Roy," she said hurriedly, "I cannot let you go away misunderstanding me as I see you do. If I was silent, while you humbly apologized for the noble, generous and honorable conduct, I was too much astonished, afterward too much moved and grateful to speak. I owe you more than I can say, and should be miserable indeed if a false shame, which you see has not prevented me telling you this, should prevent you from continuing an acquaintance so strangely begun. Trust me, sir, I speak the truth."

I don't know what answer I made, for the revulsion of my feeling was almost too great for words, and the rapture of knowing as I looked down in that lovely face, that it was not for the last time, quite took away the little sense I had remaining.

If you want to know how I felt, ask a man who is to be hung how he would feel to be reprieved.

Well, how time flies! It certainly does not seem five years since all this happened, yet cousin Jenney (my cousin Jenny now) so bitterly reproaches us in her last letter for our not visiting her in all that time. We have again undertaken the journey, but under different auspices, since sleeps upon my arm in the cars no more blushingly, but with the confidence of a wife of nearly five years' standing; and I registered our names in the hotel books as "Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy," and blessed my lucky stars as I read it over.

Even while I write, Florence, lovelier than ever, as I think, makes a great pretense of arranging our baggage at the hotel where we stop (and which has reminded me by the past transactions to write down this story), or comes leaning over me to call me "dear Chester," in stead of "dear cousin Frank," as five years before, and to scold me for being so stupid as to sit and write, instead of talking with her. Was ever man so happy from a woman's

Steel Manufacture.

The steel manufactures of Sheffield, England, are greatly exercised over the prospective loss of much of their trade through the competition of this country. A Sheffield newspaper mentions a rumor of the "removal of the Sheffield steel business to the United Stater," adds that more than one of the leading Sheffield steel establishments are engaged or interested in Pittsburg or Philadelphia. The inciting cause of this great change appears in the important fact mentioned that Bilboa (Spanish) ore is being imported into the United States and made into steel at a much lower rate than Sheffield firms can sell it. American cutlery in various lines of goods has for a good while past successfully competed with the British article, but this is the first time that Sheffield has acknowledged that the mantle is falling on other shoulders.

Recently a man standing on a wharf at Cincinnati observed a dog swimming around in a circle in the river. The observer went to rescue the dog, and discovered near him the body of a man who as the coroner's inquest proved, had committed suicide. He had been the dog's owner, and the faithful animal had clung to him even in death.