The Bloomfield Times.

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The Bloomfield Times.

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THE WELSHMAN'S GOAT.

A thoughtless Welshman, with a thirsty throat—
So goes the tale—possessed a favorite goat
Who follow'd him, when once to play the sot
He sought the tap-room and the foamy pot.
He gave her drink, when, by the cheerful blaze,
Strangely forgetting all her sober ways,
She reel'd about and roll'd upon the floor
As never goat had roll'd about before.
The giggling topers so enjoyed the sight
That they would have the fun another night.
The Welshman took her, but the goat, alas!
The portal of the pothouse would not pass.
Her master uselessly tried every mode,
Though pats and punches freely were bestow'd.
The landlord strove, and did his best, they say,
But all in vain, for Nanny won the day:
Cuffing and coaxing, both alike she bore,
Nor could they get her through the pothouse door.
The wondering Welshman, now no longer blind,
Ponder'd the thing a moment in his mind,
Then prudently adopted, in the end,
The wise example of his shaggy friend,
Forsook the pothouse, and reform'd his plan,
And from that hour became a sober man.
Ye drunkards, all, this prudent lesson follow,
Or own, in sense, a goat has beat you hollow.

Our Hired Girl.

WE were nearly worked to death when Ellen informed us that she would stay no longer where all the "trundle bed trash" took it upon themselves to "boss her around."

So, though I assured her I'd let mother do the ordering, she gathered up her dry goods and her dignity, and departed.

What was to become of us? Grace was to be married in just three weeks, and such a confusion of silks and muslins, lace and flowers, purple and fine linen as there was in the room up stairs, you never saw.

So much to be done in the way of sewing, to say nothing of the baking for the wedding supper, (for Grace had pretty fine ideas how she wanted things done,) and no one to do it but mother and I.

"Well," said brother Willie, "I suppose it 'll be my fate to start off in search of another girl, though where to go I've not the remotest idea. This section of country has been pretty well scoured, and a girl who is not too "stuck up" to work out is hard to be found."

"If that is the case what is the use of trying!" said mamma, "I guess you and I can get along, Flora."

"No, said I, you'll be down sick, and it's bad enough to have Grace go and leave us, without having you kill yourself."

"I'm not going to kill myself," said Grace quickly; you speak as though I were. But why don't you advertise for a girl?"

"Capital!" said I, running for writing material. "Here goes, and I hastily produced the following:

WANTED.—A girl to do general housework in a private family in the country. One not too fine to be bossed preferred. Apply at Gazette Office.

Will and papa had quite a laugh when I asked them to take the advertisement to town and make arrangements to bring the girl (whom I was sure was in existence somewhere, and would answer,) out to our house as soon as she called at the office.

"You'll have the pleasure of seeing something of your own composition in the newspaper for your pains, and that is all, you may be sure," said papa.

But I had great faith in the success of my venture. This was Monday; the paper was issued on Friday, and there stood the advertisement that was to bring us a "perfect jewel of a girl."

The next Monday morning mamma had a sick headache, and while I was busy over the wash tub in the kitchen, singing "Put Me in My Little Bed, (being the most lackadaisical thing I could think of,) a buggy drove to the door, and a neatly dressed young lady came in and informed me that she had seen our advertisement in the paper, and would like the situation if agreeable to us. Her quiet dignity quite upset me. I was not prepared for this.

A tall, slender girl, with a delicate pink, sea-shell complexion, such masses of golden-blonde hair, and, strange to say, large black eyes, shaded by lashes and brows. There was the unmistakeable air of a lady about her, and I wondered if I should ever want or dare to "boss" her.

I concluded the services would be agreeable, so I showed her to her room, and the hired man carried up her trunk.

In five minutes she came down, attired in a neat brown calico dress, with a pretty cambric ruffle on her neck, and announced herself ready to begin operations. I wondered if those slender white hands knew how to do any thing, but I was not very long after in doubt. All that day, Louise Hale and I worked together, now in the kitchen, now hanging up clothes, now in the dining-room, and finally, in the afternoon toilets, sewing in the cool north chambers, with Grace. We talked of nothing but our work, and though she seemed willing to do anything that was to be done, she made no pretensions of being over-axious to make herself useful. I was astonished at the ease and deftness with which she turned off the work.

"How do you suppose she could ever be at such work?" said Willie. "I never was more taken back when I saw this handsome creature mashing potatoes when I came into dinner.

"Well," said Grace, "it is a mystery to me."

"I believe I'd lock my door to-night," said Will teasingly. He always laughs at our cowardice about strangers in the house.

We were standing at the garden gate under the weeping willow, Grace and Will and I, feeling a little sad at the thought of being so soon separated.

I had been feeling half angry at Leslie Clare for coming and taking away our darling, but, to-night, as I saw her in the pale moonlight looking so sweet and pretty, I should have been more angry with him if he had not loved her and wanted to carry her off.

I turned from her beauty to go into the house, and there on the upper piazza stood the "hired girl," her arm embracing the pillar, her side face turned to us; the sweet smile curled her full red lips, and she seemed thinking of something very pleasant and amusing.

"She has never come here from necessity; she has come from choice, and with some deep reason," said Grace impressively.

"For two dollars a week, I imagine," said Willie as we stepped into the house.

The wedding preparation went on swimmingly now. Mamma recovered from her headache. Louise took entire charge of the kitchen and dining-room, and invariably helped us with the sewing in the long afternoons. She was invaluable girl.

One afternoon Leslie came over and brought the "Innocents Abroad," then just out, and read aloud to us as we sewed.

After tea we returned to work and the book, with which we were delighted.

The sun went down in splendor. The book and the work were finally laid aside, and we found ourselves in one of those long talks about books and authors we always enjoy so much.

A slight disagreement arose about the author of a certain work. I was opposed to Leslie and Grace, who always agreed.

In despair I called upon Louise, saying; "You think as I do, don't you Louise?" not having the remotest idea she knew anything about the matter.

"Yes," she made answer quietly, and then went on to give proofs of the correctness of our position so strong that Grace and Leslie were obliged to come over to our belief.

Long, long we sat there in the twilight.

I never heard any one talk so fluently and so delightfully as did Louise that night.

How much she had read! What racy, spicy criticisms she made of this and that work!

I longed to ask her where she had read so much, but feared I might force her to disclose something she wished to keep secret, and so I forebore.

Guests from a distance began to arrive; among them was cousin Charlie Hazel from New York. Grace had spent the last summer in his native town, and had given me rare accounts of his manly beauty, his talents and fascination. I was prepared for a great flirt, and had a sort of nervous dread of him. He came. He was handsome, tall and dark and slender, with a haughty, or rather earnest way of looking at one as though he had read one's thoughts. At times however, he was so gay and briliant that I lost my horror of him, and we grew very cousinly.

He remarked Louise's beauty to me one day, but did not seem to notice her again for some days.

Belle Raymond, one of Grace's bridesmaids, was all admiration for Charlie, and one day asked me if I was not sorry he was my cousin.

I was very obtuse, could not understand her meaning.

I took Belle's arm, and walking straight up to Charlie, said: "Belle thinks I ought to be sorry you are my cousin. Can you imagine any reason why I should wish you less near than a cousin?"

Whatever possessed me to say such words? He looked her searchingly in the face until the rich color came to her clear olive cheek, and her gay eyes fell to the floor.

Then turning to me, he said: "Among my relatives I number my best, almost my only, friends, and I am glad to find in you, also, both a cousin and a friend."

Was this the flirt I had been warned against?

"He is too brotherly to be much of a trifler," thought I, "But Belle," said I confidentially: "I am afraid of him; he means mischief."

The wedding came off gloriously. Grace wore white tarleton and orange blossoms, and looked too sweet for anything, little Lillie said.

The house was full of company for nearly a week, and Louisa did everything, and looked so beautiful that people asked in astonishment, "Who she could be? I could only tell them she was our hired girl."

The day after the wedding we all went to the depot to see the young couple off, and left Louisa to care for the house.

We returned in the twilight, and as we rode slowly up to the door, the sound of music came softly from the open parlor windows. Willie drew up the reins and we listened eagerly.

A gay, cheerful song, sweet and clear as the notes of a bird. Now, up, up, then fluttering down softly as if satisfied with its flight, and going to rest. We were unheard by the singer as we alighted, and we walked straight into the parlor to see the bird."

"Why Louisa," I cried, "why did you never tell us you sang so sweetly? You might have entertained us so often had we known it."

"I believe that your advertisement only specified that I should have no scruples about being 'bossed,' I did not suppose you cared to have me inform you of my accomplishments."

"Come," said Willie, "your candle has been under a bushel long enough. Now let it shine for our enlightment."

"Sing us another, please do," and Charlie advanced as he spoke to the piano, and gracefully urged her to be re-seated.

"Would you not be after havin' some tay, gintlemen, afther yer long, exhaustin' drive," said Louisa, gaily, in true biddy fashion, by way of excuse from singing.

"We have had tea at the Elis', I thank you, Miss O'Flaherty," answered Willie, and nothing will appease us but music.

So Louisa sang. Willie sat by and drank in every word. Charlie turned the music for her, as she sang some of my pieces, and, at her request, added a bass to some of the choruses.

Willie grew uncomfortable as he heard how beautifully their voices mingled in the songs, and, coming over to me, by the window, said, confidentially:

"Why on earth can't I sing, Flo?"

"So you might help Louisa?" said I.

He colored a little, and I, all admiration for Louisa, exclaimed:

"Isn't she splendid? perfectly fascinating! but don't know what to make of it."

They were closing the piano. Louisa was a trifle flushed. Charlie invited her on the porch for a promenade, but she graciously declined, and soon retired. Next day, by tacit agreement, Louisa stood on a different footing. Beautiful, accomplished, educated, why should she not be treated as our equal? But who was she? That was the only thing we were in doubt about. Something restrained me from asking anything concerning her past life. In the twilight, I saw Willie ask her to take a ride. She said she would go if I went. So it was decided to take the double carriage, and invite Charlie to accompany us. What a delightful ride! Down by the little falls in the river we stopped, and Louisa, leaning out a little from the front seat, sang a merry water song, full of ripples and trills and cascades of melody. So the summer passed along. One day in September, Louisa received a letter—the first since she had been with us. She came, and told me she must leave us.

"No, no," said I "we can never do without you." "Who says you must go?"

"Fate, and my guardian," she answered sadly. "I am sorry, for I have been very happy here."

Even then I dared not ask a single question about herself. Another week, and she must go to Southing, she told me, a little town, about a hundred miles distant. "That is something definite at last," thought I. The boys and Louisa got along splendidly, and I never could imagine which one she preferred. She seemed so impartial and sisterly toward them both, that no one would imagine she had any particular feeling for either, but 'our folks' saw, with some misgiving, that both the boys were wonderfully attracted by the hired girl. The last night I saw Charlie ask Louisa for one promenade in the garden. As they passed into a little side arbor, I saw his arm encircle her waist. Just then Willie came up the walk looking quite white. Poor brother Willie! Late in the evening they came in. I heard them come up the stairs, heard Charlie pass into his room. Louisa came to my door, and knocked. I arose, and admitted her. A bright, deep color was in her cheeks, and her eyes showed a new, strange feeling. I waited for her to speak.

"Flora, you can perhaps tell the cause when I tell you I'm happier to-night than I've ever been before."

"Isn't it Charley?" said I.

"Yes," she said; "and, since you will not ask me, I will volunteer to tell you why I am here this summer. Mr. Farrington, my guardian, did not agree perfectly as to my mode of spending my time. He objected to four hours daily at the piano, two or three in dress or promenade, and the remainder in eating, sleeping, and reading. He told me I was a good-for-nothing," and that he would never let me travel (that was the chief desire of my life) until I knew all about housekeeping. I asked permission to have six months' time to go anywhere I pleased within one hundred miles, with one hundred dollars in my pocket, and he to make no inquiries concerning me. He finally gave permission. I went to the house of an old schoolmate, and learned to do housework, and, one day, seeing your advertisement, took a wild notion to answer, and you know the rest. Mr. Farrington ferreted me out, or I should not be leaving to-morrow, just as the threshers are upon you."

Very long we talked that night of past, present and the brightly dawning future. Next day Mr. Farrington came, and we persuaded him to let Louisa stay, and be married here at Christmas. So we got Ellen to come back and be 'bossed,' while Louisa and I held high carnival among the dry goods. Dear little Belle Raymond came and helped us, and Willie seemed to find her wonderfully attractive. The wedding occurred at Christmas, and Charlie took our 'hired girl' away to New York, and I've not seen her since.

Willie and Belle are behaving splendidly I don't know what will come of it; but Belle is a dear, sweet girl, if Will is my only brother.

The Mystery Concerning Captain Hall's Death.

It is known that during his former sojourn in the Arctic regions, Captain Hall shot one of his crew for alleged insubordination, and had not the killed man been an American citizen, the British authorities would have acted in the matter. The shooting was reported to our Government, and upon inquiry it was found that the act of Captain Hall was justifiable under the circumstances. A story is now started that the friends of the mutineer secretly enlisted in the last expedition, and were in some way instrumental in bringing about Captain Hall's death without any one knowing exactly how it was done.

☞ A coroner's jury, impanneled to ascertain the cause of the death of a notorious drunkard, brought in a verdict of "Death by hanging—around a rum shop." In California a coroner's jury, under similar circumstances, rendered a more courteous verdict: "Accidental death while unpacking a glass."

☞ A sow-westerly wind whisked a ten dollar greenback from Will Chapman's pocket at Iowa Falls, Iowa. He was feeding a prize sow at the time, and she soused the valuable bit of paper down her gullet in two seconds.

Peck's Experience with a Coal Stove.

WE never had a coal stove about the house until last Saturday; have always burned pine slabs and pieces of our neighbor's fence. They burn well, too, but the fence got all burned up, and the neighbor said he wouldn't build a new one, so we went down to Jones's and got a coal stove. It is called the "Radiant Home," and any man who says we didn't have a radiant home at our house for about four hours last Saturday night, is a Liberal Republican and a villain.

You see we didn't know anything about coal stoves. We filled the Radiant Home about half full of pine fence, and when the stuff had got well to going we filled the artesian well on top with coal. It simmered and sputtered about five or ten minutes, and all went out, we put on an overcoat and a pair of buckskin mittens, and "went out," to supper. We remarked, in the course of the frugal meal, that Jones was a "fraud" for recommending such a confounded refrigerator to a man to get warm by. After supper we took a piece of ice and rubbed our hands warm, and went in where the stove was, resolved to make her draw and burn if it took all the pine fence in the First ward.

Our better half threw a quilt over her, and shiveringly remarked that she never knew what real comfort was until she got a coal stove. Stung by the sarcasm in her remark, we turned every dingus in the stove that was movable, or looked like it had anything to do with the draught, and pretty soon the Radiant Home began to heave up heat. It was not long before she stuttered like the new Silsby steamer. Talk about your heat! In ten minutes that room was as much worse than a Turkish bath as Hades is hotter than Liverman's ice-house. The perspiration fairly fried out of a tin water cooler in the next room.

We opened the doors, and the snow began to melt as far up Vine street as Hauscombe's house, and people all around the neighborhood put on linen clothes. And we couldn't stop the confounded thing. We forgot what Jones told us about the dampers, and she just kept a biling. The only thing we could do was to go to bed, and leave the thing to burn the house if it wanted to. We stood off with a pole, and turned the damper every way, and at every turn she just sent out heat enough to roast an ox.

We went to bed supposing that the coal would eventually burn out, but about 12 o'clock the whole family had to get up and sit on the fence. Finally a man came along who had been brought up among coal stoves, and he put a wet blanket over him, and went to the stove and turned the proper dingus, and she cooled off, and since that time has been just as comfortable as possible. If you buy a coal stove you want to learn how to engineer it, or you may get roasted.

A Hero of the Southwest.

Horace P. Jones is a notable character in the Southwest. He is at present official interpreter at Fort Sill. Through him the officers of the Government at that post hold intercourse with the wild tribes of the plains. Perhaps no man living has a more thorough knowledge of the language of the Comanches than is possessed by Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones was present at the massacre at Old Fort Cobb, in 1861, where he made a very narrow escape from sharing the fate of many others who bled on that occasion.—During these troublous times Mr. Jones passed through some terrible experiences.—On one occasion he found himself suddenly surrounded by a band of some twenty-five savages, with levelled rifles, aimed directly at him. The night was dark and gloomy. There was but an instant for thought, and that instant was improved by the imperilled hero to extricate himself from his perilous position. Quick as thought, he dropped upon the grass among the brushwood, and propelled himself serpent-like under the bushes. This action for a moment disconcerted his would-be murderers, and taking advantage of the confusion, he managed to crawl under the brush until the opportunity to rise, presented itself, when, suddenly springing to his feet with the swiftness of an alarmed deer, he fled, and succeeded in eluding pursuit. On another occasion he was pursued by four well-armed Indians.—The chances of escape seemed small, but Jones was never known to lose his presence of mind in the face of danger. Taking his chances, he received a round from his pursuers without harm, and then shot one, reached a ravine skirted by timber, and soon the only live Indian of the party was rapidly on his way back to disclose to the band to which he belonged to the fate of his three comrades.