

The Bloomfield Times.

TERMS:—\$1.25 Per Year, }
IN ADVANCE. }

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

{ 75 Cents for 6 Months; }
{ 40 Cts. for 3 months. }

Vol. VII.

New Bloomfield, Pa., Tuesday, December 30, 1873.

No. 52.

The Bloomfield Times.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING, BY

FRANK MORTIMER & CO.,
At New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.

Being provided with Steam Power, and large
Cylinder and Job-Presses, we are prepared
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upon application.

NOTHING TO DO.

"Nothing to do!" in this world of ours.
When weeds spring up with the fairest flowers,
When smiles have only a fitful play,
When hearts are breaking every day!

"Nothing to do!" thou Christian soul,
Wrapping thee round in thy selfish stole;
Oft with thy garments of sloth and sin,
Christ thy Lord has a kingdom to win.

"Nothing to do!" there are prayers to lay
On the altar of incense, day by day;
There are foes to meet within and without;
There is error to conquer, strong and stout.

"Nothing to do!" There are minds to teach
The simplest forms of Christian speech;
There are hearts to lure, with loving wile,
From the grimnest haunts of Sin's defile.

"Nothing to do!" There are lambs to feed,
The precious hope of the Church's need;
Strength to be borne to the weak and faint,
Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.

"Nothing to do!" and thy Saviour said
"Follow thou Me, in the path I tread."
Lord, lend thy help, the journey through,
Lest, faint, we cry, "So much to do!"

GRAND-MOTHER'S "SIGN."

"LOOK at that!" cried my grand-
mother, striking an attitude
worthy of Lady Macbeth when she ad-
dressed the fatal spot on her hand; this
time, however, it was only the scissors
which, in falling, stood upright in the floor.
"I see. It's nothing uncommon, is it?"
"Did you ever know of it happening
that a stranger didn't come before the day
was out?"

"I never noticed; somebody is always
coming for the matter of that."

"I tell you that sign don't fail!"—(my
grandmother always used double nega-
tives when she meant to be emphatic)—
"most others will but that's true as a book.
And another thing, there was a stranger
in my tea to-night, a long one—that shows
'tis a man that's comin'." Some folks set a
great deal by that sign; but it ain't to be
mentioned the same day with the scissors
standing up in the floor."

"I hope he will come soon, or the storm
will be here before him;" and with the
words the wind went wailing around the
house, and the first big drops bent against
the window-pane.

Threescore years and ten had not taken
the first bloom from the romance of my
grandmother's character; it was fresh and
green as in girlhood. Beggars heard of her
afar off, and ran to fall on the neck of her
charity.

She followed the advice of Lamb with-
out ever having read it. When a poor
creature came before her, she stayed not to
inquire whether the "seven small children"
in whose name he implored her assistance,
had a veritable existence, but cast her
bread upon the waters and lived in faith.

In fact, she had cast so much bread upon
the waters in the course of her long life,
and so small a portion of it had come back
to her, that she had nothing left for herself
except the old farm and the gambrel roofed
house.

Within its walls my father had first seen
the light, and lived till he went out to
fight the world. He fell early in the
strife, and my mother soon followed him;
but not until she had marked out my way
in life, and so fixed me in the groove of her
ideas that I had no choice left. I went to
the Meriden Academy until I was old
enough to enter the Normal School at New
Britain, for my destiny was to be a teacher.
My little income had to be eked out in
some way; and of all work to which a
woman may turn her hand, a school, per-
haps, divides the burden most equally be-
tween body and mind.

When I graduated, my grandmother left
the old gambrel-roof on Colony street, to

see me do it, and carried me home with
her for a "breathing-spell," as she said,
before getting a place to teach.

As to my future, I was neither happy
or unhappy, but rather between. At twenty,
life runs on with very little friction;
there is excitement enough in mere youth
to make living a pleasure.

The evening drew on with ever-increasing
gusts of wind, and the old house shook
to its foundations, but it clung gallantly
to the great central chimney, which, being
nearly as broad as it was high, could afford
to be indifferent when wind and weather
came together and made a fight of it.

"I hope you don't mean to sit up for
that somebody who is coming. All signs
fall in wet weather."

The words were scarcely spoken when
we heard the tread of a horse running at
full speed down the steep hill above the
house, then a crash of the fence, and all
was still.

We held our breath and listened. Soon
a man's step sounded low and heavy on
the walk, and my grandmother rushed to
the door.

"Don't be scart," said the familiar voice
of one of the neighbors, and he stumbled in
carrying a man pale and lifeless in his
arms.

"Lay him right on the lounge—get the
camphor bottle—here's somebody, sure
enough—don't tell me again that the signs
ever fail. Who is it, Levi?"

"I don't know his name; New Haven
chap, I reckon. Said he'd pay me most any
price to get him to Meriden to-night. The
mare did well enough till she got to that
ere hill, then a flash scared her, and she
never stopped till she brought up agin
your fence. If he hadn't been a fool and
jumped out, he might a' been as spry as I
am; but some folks don't know nothing."

"That's so that the rest can get a livin'
out of 'em," said my grandmother. Mean-
time she was vigorously chaffing his hands
and feet, while I dashed camphor in his
face, and bathed the broad, white fore-
head, which certainly promised well for the
brain behind it.

"He must be dead," said I. "He don't
come too at all."

"No, he ain't. Folks can't be killed so
easy. He'll give you trouble enough be-
fore you're done with him. Now, I'll jest
run down after Doctor Catlin; 'tain't no-
ways likely he'll know any more what's
the matter than we do; but he'll pretend
to; and if the man dies, it's his fault and
not ours."

The doctor came and found no hopes
broken; but the head was injured, and he
said the stranger must be put to bed and
kept as quiet as possible. Now my grand-
mother was in her element.

"You couldn't work any harder," said
I, "if he was your own son."
"He's somebody's own son; we must not
forget that, you know."

Our patient fell from his first fainting fit
into a fever; and from morning till night,
and till morning again, he tossed and turned
with one continuous cry to drive faster,
for he must be in Meriden that night.

My grandmother was nurse-in-chief, but
she often made me her deputy when the
labor began to wear upon her.

The doctor had found some cards in the
note-book of our patient, with the name,
"John Jacob Deane," engraved on them;
but we had no other clue to his identity.

It is impossible to watch over a patient,
day and night, striving to be both brain
and hands to him, without growing into a
very strong feeling toward him of attach-
ment or dislike. It was so with me, though
I scarcely dared to whisper to myself to
which order of feeling my own should be-
long. I thought of him all the time; and
if he had died it would have been a blow to
me, albeit I had never heard him speak a
conscious word.

It was on the tenth day of the fever, and
he had been motionless for a long time. A
sudden movement made me look up. His
eyes were fastened upon me with a new
expression. I knew that he saw me for
the first time.

"Don't leave me," he said, faintly, as I
was about to call my grandmother. I gave
him the cordial which had been kept for
the crisis, and he received it at once.

"Tell me all about it," he said. "I was
bound for Meriden, what then?"

"You jumped from the carriage, when
the horse was running, near our house, and
were brought in insensible."

"Last night, I suppose; I must get down
to the Corners to-day."

"I suppose it was ten days ago; and I
suppose, furthermore, that you could go up
to the moon as easily as you could go down

to the Corners. Dr. Catlin says you must
be very quiet."

"Jupiter Tonans! ten days! What
house is this?"

"It belongs to my grandmother, Mrs.
Sally Smith. I will call her to see you."
"Thank you; I can wait. Perhaps the
sight of another stranger might fatigue me
too much."

But I thought he might safely be left
alone for awhile.

"He will talk all the time," said my
grandmother when she went up stairs.

"I don't see but he is quiet enough,"
she said, coming down again in a few min-
utes.

"He says he wants you to write a letter
for him,"

I wrote one in this wise, from his dicta-
tion:

"DEAR MARY: I came to grief within a
mile of your residence, and they tell me I
have been light-headed for a matter of
ten days. The business that I came on
will have to be done all over again. Never-
theless, I will not 'abandon hope' till I
enter at the door which, according to Dante
bears that inscription.

"Ever yours,
J. J. DEANE."

"You must not speak another word," I
said, imperatively.

"I promise, if you will sing again what
you were singing when I found myself in
the body this afternoon."

So I sang, "Allen Percy" and "Auld
Robin Gray," and two or three other
ballads, of which I had a store, and my
patient soon fell into a healthy sleep. The
next day he found his appetite, and from
that time came back to health with won-
derful rapidity. He was docile as a lamb
to my grandmother, but with me he be-
came the most exacting and troublesome
convalescent that ever tried a woman's
patience. He openly preferred my grand-
mother's dainty dishes, and if I left him
for an hour his bell would ring, and I went
back to find his pillows on the floor and
his head so hot that nothing but stroking
it with cologne and singing all the while
would cool it. To keep him still I read
aloud for hours, thinking far more of him
than of my book.

We grew very well acquainted in these
long Summer days, till I went to Meriden
on a shopping expedition. I found a thick
letter at the post-office for Mr. Deane,
which had been lying there nearly three
weeks. It was directed in a lady's hand,
and I thought the sight of it brought a
shadow to my face.

He looked so glad to see me after my
two hours' absence that I went up stairs
in quite a flutter of spirits. Could it be
possible that I was to taste at last the joy
of which I had heard and read with unsat-
isfied longing? But I would not stop to
think about it.

"Here's a letter for you that Job brought
in while you were gone," said my grand-
mother.

I took it and glanced at Mr. Deane. He
sat by the open window reading one sheet
of his letter, with knit brows, while the
other lay beside him. Suddenly a light
breeze whirled it out into the flower-plot,
and I ran out to get it. It had not oc-
curred to me to be curious about the letter,
and nothing was farther from my thoughts
than to read even the date of it; but the
writing was large and plain, and as I
stooped to pick it up, the first four words
were burned into my mind like letters of
fire.

"My own dear husband!" Surely it
should have been nothing to me that Mr.
Deane's wife had written to him, but,
woe is me, the fact of his having a wife at
all was like a death-blow to me—like the
instant before dying, when one sees at a
glance the whole map of one's life.

I gave him the sheet without looking at
him, and went up to my room.

Doubtless this was the "Dear Mary" to
whom I had written that first letter from
his dictation, and I had foolishly taken it
for granted that she was his sister. He
had never spoken of her, but married peo-
ple are always mysterious, and her price
might be far above rubies, nevertheless.
He had done nothing to make her jealous.
Once he had taken my hand and touched
it with his lips, and all the rest of the
foundation of my castles in the air lay in
looks more or less expressed.

But the above, it appears, was all on
my side. He was idle and grateful, and
that was all.

I would go away at once, no matter
where. Mr. Deane was so far recovered
that my grandmother could easily take
care of him, and attend to all his wants
and he could soon return to his own place.

It would be something for me to remem-
ber, if nothing more.

Then I read my own letter, and it was
my way of escape.

Aunt Rachael wrote to say that "she
was at death's door with neuralgia, and
would I come to help her with the chil-
dren?" She saw that door so often in her
own account of her sufferings, that fami-
liarity with it had rather hardened my
heart toward Aunt Rachael, and now I
was ready to lay all the stress on her letter
which it would bear.

"What will Mr. Deane say to your
going away?" said my grandmother, when
I had impressed on her mind my duty to
Aunt Rachael.

"I don't care what he says."

"Lor!" said my grandmother with a
look which implied a two hours' speech at
least.

"That letter was from his wife," I said,
looking anywhere but at her.

She never answered a word, but just
kissed me on both cheeks, and stroked my
hair tenderly for a minute or two. Then
we parted for the night, and I went away
in the morning before Mr. Deane was up.

Aunt Rachael was out of sight of "death's
door" long before I had reached her, as I
had confidently supposed she would be,
but she welcomed me heartily, and the
kisses of the children soothed somewhat
the sore spot in my heart.

For the next three days the activity of
the "busy bee," long impaled on a poetical
pin, was not to be compared with mine.
If there were any gifts of healing in mere
work, I was determined to have them out
of it; but the image of Mr. Deane was
ever in my mind's eye, and as people say
who have not been to the "Normal," I got
no better fast.

Last of all I went huckleberrying with
the children, and picked as for my life.

"There's a strange man coming across
the field," said one of them.

I looked up after a minute, and took Mr.
Deane's offered hand.

"If you teach school as you pick berries
your fortune will soon be made," he said,
the glad look in his eyes which seemed to
banish that dreadful wife of his to the
utmost parts of the earth.

"How did you find me?"

"By my wits, chiefly." Your grand-
mother was as mysterious over your de-
parture as if you had gone into a convent;
but when I told her I had good news for
you, she relented and gave me the clue of
your hiding-place."

"Aunt Rachael directed you here."

"Precisely."

"What is your good news?"

"I have heard of a school that you can
have for the asking."

"I am extremely obliged to you."

"It is a private school, and very small;
but it has the reputation of being difficult
to manage; and from all that I know of
you, I have concluded that you will be the
right person. Will you undertake it?"

"Yes, if you are sure of my fitness."

"I haven't a doubt of it. I said the
school is small—it has, in fact, one scholar
aged thirty-two, and his name is John
Jacob Deane."

If I said anything or committed myself
in any way for some minutes after this
astounding speech, I have entirely forgot-
ten it.

"And that letter"—I found myself say-
ing after a while.

"Was from my sister to her husband,
who had deserted her. It was to look
after him and bring him to reason that I
was riding post-haste to Meriden that wild
night. She inclosed it in a letter to me.
I forgot to mention," he said, after a pause,
which was not without eloquence of its
own, "that my school begins about the
first of September."

"Not if I am to teach it," said I. "I
shall spend that month and others after it
in turning all my fortunes into the pretty
things that I have always longed for."

When Miss Rebecca Verjuice, my former
room-mate at the "Normal," heard the
story of my engagement, she intimated
darkly that mine would be one of the
matches founded on gratitude.

"John Jacob," said I solemnly, when I
saw him again, "if you are to marry me
out of gratitude, tell me at once, that I
may be off to my Aunt Rachael, while
there is yet time."

"My dear little school-mistress" he re-
plied, "if I had been moved only by grati-
tude, I should have proposed to your
grandmother."

On week days you buy your music
by the sheet; on Sundays you can have it
by the choir for nothing.

The "Graphic" Pictures.

Some of the sketches which appear in the
Graphic are first drawn by hand on paper
with pen and ink. They are finished up
just as they are to appear in the paper. The
sketch is then copied upon a glass plate
through the instrumentality of a camera.
This plate is called a negative, and from it
by the aid of the sun or a powerful artificial
light, a copy of the picture is obtained on
transfer paper.

This transfer paper is very thin, and so
made that it will readily yield ink to a
lithograph stone. After having been prop-
erly prepared, the transfer paper is placed
down upon the stone from which the
Graphic is to be printed, and a transfer is
made. The result is, the picture which
was originally drawn with a pen appears
upon the surface of the lithographic stone,
and is an exact fac-simile of the original.
It looks as if printed on the stone, and to
all intents and purposes is so printed in
what is known as lithographic ink. The
transfer, as all lithographers know, is made
in a hand-press.

Thus it will be seen that the engraver's
tool has been entirely dispensed with. Hav-
ing once got a copy of the picture, the rest
of the process is mechanical. The whole
outside of the Graphic, or that part which
is illustrated, is printed from a lithograph-
ic stone as large as the newspaper. The
letter-press is lithographed as well as the
pictures, by the aid of the camera and the
transfer process. The stone is placed in a
flat bed steam process, and printed from
exactly as if it was so much type, with
this difference: The surface of the stone is
perfectly smooth, the ink from the rollers
only adhering to the inked surface of the
stone, which represents the pictures and
the type.

The blank spaces on the stone, which
appear white on the paper, are kept wet
by boys who sponge over the surface; this
prevents the ink from sticking, and the
result is exactly as if the paper had been
printed from the type, and cuts dug out
by the tools of the artist. After a litho-
graphic stone has been used for one edition
of the Graphic the pictures on its surface
are rubbed off, and it is ready to have
others transferred for the next day's paper.
Thirty thousand impressions can be taken
from one stone, and six, eight, ten, or as
many presses as desired can be running at
the same time with duplicate stones.

Vanderbilt on Religion.

A steamboat captain tells the following:
"I'm an elder in the Presbyterian church.
I made a profession of religion when
young. Vanderbilt employed me to run
one of his boats. It was considered a
great thing for a person of my age to have
such a position. I was proud of it and
tried to do my best. One Saturday the
agent came to me and said:

"You must fix up your boat to-day, for
to-morrow we are going to send you up the
North River on an excursion."

I thought the matter over, I was a
young man, and did not wish to lose my
position, yet I could not run the boat on
Sunday. I said so to the agent in a let-
ter, tendered my resignation, and prepared
to go home. I met the Commodore on
the Battery. He said:

"Come down and dine with me to-mor-
row, my wife wants to see you."

"I cannot," was the reply, "for I must
go home. I have got through on your
line."

"What does this mean?" said the Com-
modore.

I told him the story.
"That fellow is a fool. We have got
men enough to run that boat whose prin-
ciples won't be hurt. You go about your
business. If anybody interferes with your
religion, send them to me."

Jilting a Male Flirt.

A farmer named Wright, in Kalamazoo
county, Mich., recently proposed marriage
to a young lady, was accepted and a time
set for the marriage. The man then backed
out, was sued for a breach of promise, fell
in love with another girl, who promised to
marry him if he could settle the suit. It
was settled for \$500, a day set for the
second wedding, the couple repaired to the
justice, and both stood up to be married,
when the girl concluded she wouldn't. So
the farmer is still lonely.

A Knoxville lady was feeding her
chickens when she sneezed out a tooth in-
serted on a pivot. A chick gobbled it, but
the lady captured the fowl, opened its crop,
recovered the incisor, sewed up the slit and
reinserted the tooth.