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REJECTED.

Ah, who can probe a woman's heart?
For love by subtle laws is bound,
And scorns analysis of art;
Not always love by love is crowned.

Who knows why bee or butterfly
From all gay flowers that woo the sun
Selects a few, may tell you why
And how a woman's heart is won.

Poor youth, disconsolate, rejected,
Bear like a man your first rebuff,
Nor mope in stricken love dejected,
But show you're made of sterner stuff.

Out in the world! Up and be doing!
And when this bitterness is past
As fair a maid may bless your wooing,
And love be met by 've at last.

For not for aye will blighting care
Your heart with Dead-Sea ashes strew;
Another love-rose it may bear,
As sweet of scent, as bright of hue.

And you, fair, tender-hearted maid!
Whose blessed mission 'tis to bless,
Why was such task upon you laid
To utter No, instead of Yes?

For the Bloomfield Times.

THE MYSTERIOUS FRIEND.

A Story of Old Virginia

CONTINUED.

CHIRON had caught the meaning of the villain's eye when first he placed his hand within his bosom, and he mistrusted at once the object of the movement, so that no sooner was the pistol drawn upon him than he was prepared for the attack. With a movement, as quick as it was powerful, the hunter sprang forward, caught the weapon from Berkeley's grasp, and dashed the villain to the floor.

"I gave you not credit for so much courage," said Chiron, in a tone of irony, as Berkeley raised himself upon his elbow.

A moment more the hunter gazed upon the prostrate man, and then casting the pistol out through an open window, he turned and left the apartment.

The shades of night were settling over the river plantation, and as the dew began to fall Ada Wimple left her garden and entered the house. She had just taken a book and seated herself by the lamp near which her mother was working, when her father entered the room. There was a deep shade on Sir Oliver's countenance, and instead of his usual social greeting upon his return, he was taciturn and even sad. Ada caught the expression in a moment, and laying her book upon the table, she gazed for a moment eagerly at her father's face, and, when at length he sank into a chair, she went up to him and put her arms around his neck.

"Dear father," she said, as she kissed him upon the brow, "what makes you so sad?"

"I know not that I should keep this thing from you, and I trust that when I tell you the cause of my sadness, you will be woman enough to receive it as you should," her father replied.

Lady Wimple laid down her work and turned toward her husband with a look of all-absorbing curiosity, while Ada, with a fluttering heart, bade her father speak.

"My child," said he, while the heaving of his bosom told how painful it was for him to tell the cause of his grief, "you must give up all thoughts of the youth who saved you from the Indians, for he is not what you thought him."

"You do not mean Orlando Chester," said Ada, in a faint whisper, as if afraid to trust that name in connection with such a result.

"Yes, Ada, he is even now in jail under charge of murder."

"Murder?" shrieked she, starting back and regarding her father with a half vacant stare. "No, no, you do not mean that. You do wrong to trifle with me thus."

"I am not trifling with you, my child. Young Chester is really in jail for having murdered Lolowah, an Indian interpreter and messenger."

"And surely you do not believe him guilty of such a crime," uttered the young girl, without a moment's hesitation. "You cannot believe that he murdered the messenger."

Sir Oliver gazed a moment into his child's face, and it was not without a feeling of pride that he saw the proud flashing of her eyes and as he dwelt upon their conscious beams he found his prejudice against the young accused gradually dwindling away; but with a father's solicitude for the welfare of his children, he wished the connection between young Chester and Ada sundered, and said:

"The evidence is very strong against the young man, and I fear that he will be convicted of the crime, and consequently you cannot wonder that I should wish you to forget him."

"But this evidence—what is it, father, and what are the circumstances attending the case?" asked Ada, in an earnest tone, but yet with such a confidence in Orlando's innocence that she was almost calm.

"Mr. Berkeley related to me the circumstances. Lolowah was missed, and two men were sent in quest of him, and these men found young Chester in the very act of burying the body of the Indian, and he was accordingly arrested and brought down, and has been committed to answer to the charge of murder."

"And does Orlando deny that he killed the Indian?"

"No, he owns that he killed him, but he says he done it in self-defence."

"Then said Ada, while a new light shone from her eyes, "I believe that he did. Tell me, father, would you say that Orlando murdered those three Indians who he shot to save my life?"

"Of course not, my child; but this case is vastly different."

"It is only different in that he saved his own life, instead of saving mine. No, no, father; though every tongue but his own should tell me that he committed murder, I'd not believe them. When first you spoke, the words struck upon my heart with a fearful sound, but now I scarcely heed the imputation. They cannot convict him of the crime, for their own conscience must tell them that he is innocent. Let me know, let me feel that he is capable of crime, and I'll cast his image from my heart."

Sir Oliver Wimple gazed in surprise upon his daughter, as she spoke; but he made no reply, seeming rather to be pondering upon the circumstance. Ada, too, assumed a thoughtful mood, and after reflecting several moments, she continued:

"Tell me, father, do you not think there is something strange in this affair? For the last month there have been numerous small parties of Indians committing depredations about us, and many of them have been caught and punished; and now a young white man, who has always borne an irreproachable character, has slain one of the red men, and, notwithstanding his explanation, he is charged with murder. Is there not something strange in it?"

"Ada," said her father, in his moderate, calculating tone, "I don't know but that you are right. There is something curious in this case—and now I think of it, Mr. Berkeley seemed rather ill-tuned with regard to the matter, and some of his answers were anything but satisfactory, though the excitement of the circumstance prevented me from noticing it then, as I do now."

During this time Lady Wimple had uttered not a word, seeming, as was usually her way, to wait until her husband had fully explained his own views ere she ventured an opinion, and then she invariably coincided with him. Now, however, the case had arrived at a point where she thought she must speak, and she had already formed her words for utterance, when she was suddenly cut short by the report of a rifle near the house, and uttering an exclamation of fear, she sank back trembling in her chair.

Ada was somewhat startled, too, by this sudden report, and she caught her father's arm while she bent her ear to hear what sound might follow next. Sir Oliver gently laid his daughter's hand from off his arm, and having seized his hat, he started forth to learn the cause of the strange interruption. The moon was shining brightly, and as the baronet stepped out upon the

gravelled walk he saw a gigantic figure, standing only a short distance from the corner of the house, quietly leaning upon a rifle.

"How now?" cried Sir Oliver, as he approached the spot where stood the stranger. As the baronet spoke, the stranger turned towards him and revealed the features of Chiron.

"Your pardon, Sir, for this intrusion," said the stranger, as he brought his rifle up under his arm and stepped forward a pace. "Chiron?" uttered the baronet.

"Yes; I was here, if you remember, when your daughter returned from her expedition up the river."

"I never should forget you," said Sir Oliver, as he measured with his eye the huge proportions of the hunter; "but what means this disturbance—this rifle shooting about my premises?"

"I assure you," returned Chiron, with a smile, "had I known that I was to have been made the mark for a rifle bullet, I should have chosen some other spot than this upon which to have stood the fire; but you know we seldom get sufficient warning of such events to admit of very choice arrangements."

"What, sir?" exclaimed the baronet, in amazement, "do you mean to say that you have been shot at?"

"I have, sir. There, do you see that boat just crawling out from under the bank?"

"Yes," said Sir Oliver, looking in the direction pointed out.

"Well, sir, there are two men in it and they have followed me up from the town. I took no notice of them, for I little thought they meant me harm; but as I hauled my canoe up on the bank and started towards your house, one of them fired at me. The ball whizzed past my head, and as I turned towards them they paddled under the bank and started back down the stream."

"And have you any idea who they are?"

"Yes, I think I know. They are two men named Gilman and Colton."

"Gilman and Colton," uttered the baronet, with a moment's thought. "Why, those are the two men whom Mr. Berkeley told me detected young Chester in the act of burying the body of the Indian."

"Yes, they are the same; and now they seem to wish that I were buried."

"But there is some mystery in this affair. What means it all?"

"I came here to-night for the express purpose of unravelling to you the whole plot; and if you will give me an hour's time, I will tell you a tale that will make you wonder at some things, and cease to wonder at others."

In a few moments the baronet had excused himself from his family and was seated in his private room with Chiron, and after turning the key in the door the hunter began with his story.

Sir Oliver and Chiron were closeted over an hour, and when at length they came forth to the sitting-room, there was upon the face of the former a strange mingling of astonishment and gratification, while the latter, with a bright smile upon his features, seated himself by the side of Ada.

"Lady," said he, as he gazed with an admiring friendly look into the handsome features, "I have been requested by one who is prison to give you his faithful remembrance, and he trusts that you will not despise him because fate has for the time abused him."

"Then you, sir, know something of Orlando Chester," replied Ada, without seeming to notice what he had said.

"I know that he is innocent of all crime, lady."

"God be praised for that assurance," said Ada, as she clasped her hands together. "I knew that he could not be guilty."

"And when I see him again what shall I tell him of comfort from you?"

"Nothing," quickly exclaimed the fair girl, while her eyes sparkled with a strange light.

"And will you send him no word?" asked Chiron, in astonishment.

"No, words are treacherous conveyances of thought when they come second handed. I will go to Orlando's cell myself, and should you see him before I do, you may tell him this. He can ask no more."

"No, and he would not have dared to have even hoped so much," returned Chiron, with a look of admiration.

"May I not go and see him?" asked Ada, as she turned to her father?

"We will see about that to-morrow and perhaps I may go with you, as I wish to talk with the young man," was the reply.

"And now," said Chiron, as he arose to depart, "I have some important business

en hand for to night and therefore must leave you. But I trust to see you again to-morrow, and to bring you good tidings."

A few moments later the old hunter was wending his way to the cottage in the woods, and though he passed rapidly along he kept a careful watch, feeling confident that there was yet danger to be apprehended from the two men he had seen in the boat. His intention was to reach the cottage, secure the key and carefully search the chest for the document he was sure was secreted therein. He knew that the chest contained a secret recess, and was confident that he could touch the spring that would reveal the mystery.

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH A NEW PLOT IS DEVELOPED.

Roswell Berkeley had begun to feel that too much was known to make it safe to bring Orlando to a public trial and consequently it was important to dispose of him in some other way.

The jailor was a creature in his pay and it was easily arranged to have him work on the prisoner's feelings so as to make him anxious for an escape, and then when the plans were properly completed, to be conveniently blind and deaf to any attempts that should be made by Orlando to secure his liberty.

But it was not a part of Berkeley's plan to be troubled with young Chester after his escape, as he knew him well enough to know that he would with the help of Chiron, openly demand an investigation, which was now what he was desirous of avoiding.

At this time there was a vessel ready to leave for England, which was in command of a man who could easily be purchased to give him the required aid. And to him Berkeley applied.

A bargain was made that if the young man was placed on board his vessel he would take good care of him, and see him landed at some out of the way place from where he could not return. In the mean time it should be given out to the crew that the young man was escaping from the galleys to which he had been condemned. One of the crew named Dick Nolan, was also bribed to take two more of the crew and aid in the escape and to convey Orlando to the vessel.

When this was all arranged, Dick Nolan was taken to the young man's cell and in a confidential manner told him that Chiron had laid a plan for his escape, and the attempt to liberate him would be made that night.

"But why should I escape," said Orlando, "when my examination will give me liberty honorably?"

"You may be kept here weeks before that time," said Nolan, "and in the meantime your mother is unprotected. For that reason Chiron thinks it best that you are taken out at once. And he has not forgotten the attempt made to poison you the first night you were brought here either."

Probably had not his enemies made use of Chiron's name as the originator of the plan proposed, Orlando would have turned a deaf ear to all their proposals. But with the utter helplessness of his mother placed before him, and feeling sure that Chiron had good reason for advising the course proposed, he yielded a reluctant consent to the plan suggested, though he would much rather have staid a short time longer and then been legally discharged.

Accordingly about 10 o'clock that night a ladder was placed against the jail under the window of the cell occupied by Orlando and the grating was carefully removed. It was not without a thought that he was shirking an investigation of the charge made against him, that young Chester left the cell even though this course was to restore him to liberty and would relieve the fears of his mother.

As he took his seat in the boat, however, an indescribable feeling of having taken a wrong step, took possession of his mind, and even the thought that he would soon be at home again could not drive it from him.

At about the same hour that Orlando was escaping from his cell, Chiron, entirely unconscious of the danger that hung over the young man, was removing the key from the place where Mrs. Chester concealed it, determined to investigate the secret of the oaken chest.

Having removed the contents until the bottom of the chest was exposed, he took his knife and inserting it into a crevice that looked like a crack made by the drying of the wood, pressed down hard. The point of the knife touched a spring, and

what had heretofore seemed the bottom of the chest, raised easily up, showing a small compartment carefully made waterproof, in which safely lay the document, which had so long and eagerly been sought for.

Hastily securing this, Chiron replaced the false bottom and the other articles he had removed and locking the chest returned the key to the place from which he had taken it, and softly left the cottage.

He at once made his way to the river intending to go by Orlando's boat to the residence of Sir Oliver, and to inform him of the safety of the supposed lost paper, the value of which he had explained to him during the interview of the evening previous.

As he came near the landing he was surprised to find another boat there and near it, a man apparently on the watch for the return of some one then absent.

Cautiously approaching as near as possible without his presence being known, he became confident the waiting man was Gilman, and that he was one of the men who were in the boat from which the rifle shot had come, as he was near Sir Oliver's house.

If his surmise was correct, "then where was his companion, and was there mischief meant to the residents of the cottage?" were the questions that arose in the hunter's mind.

As yet he had not been discovered by Gilman, and the first impulse of Chiron was to quietly withdraw, and by keeping watch learn what the object of this visit was.

A moment's reflection, however, convinced him that he had better demand the cause of this visit while yet the man was alone, and perhaps a delay might cause an injury which now he could prevent.

Chiron therefore suddenly appeared before the waiting man and demanded his business there.

For a moment Gilman, for it proved to be him, hesitated and then replied:

"I don't know that you have any authority to question my right to come here when I please and to stop as long as I feel disposed."

"But in the absence of a young friend of mine," replied the hunter, "I take the liberty of seeing who lurks around here, and as far as possible guard those dependent on him from all danger."

"For once then you are rather late," was the taunting reply, "for even while we talk the inmates of the cottage are being removed to a place where your care will not be needed. You have already given us too much trouble," continued the wretch, "and I now mean that you shall give us no more."

As he said this he quickly raised his rifle, with the intention of shooting Chiron, but the old hunter was not as unguarded as Gilman had supposed for he had seen the movement, and quickly knocking the rifle to one side he with one blow from his fist laid the villain at his feet; then he took from his pocket a number of deer-hide thongs with which he firmly bound the fallen man's ankles, and then pinioned his arms behind him. Having accomplished this he raised Gilman to his feet, set him against a tree, and with a long stout thong the hunter bound him to the trunk in an upright posture.

Gilman swore and raved, threatened and entreated, but all to no effect. The old hunter was inflexible in his purpose, and as soon as he had accomplished it he took up his rifle and started off, remarking, as he did so:

"Don't fret, Master Gilman. I'll release you when I come back."

"You needn't trouble yourself," returned the villain, with an oath.

"O, it's no trouble, I assure you; and besides, I may want your company back to Jamestown."

"I'll be sorry company for you," said Gilman.

"Rather disreputable, I grant," coolly returned Chiron, and as he spoke he passed on, but yet for a long distance he could hear the bound villain's curses and imprecations mingled with groans of rage and disappointment. Continued next week.

A man in North Adams, Mass., had among other property, a fine pig, valued at about thirty dollars. This man owed a small sum to another party in town, who conceived the idea of collecting the bill in this wise: "He got a third man to present the debtor with a small pig valued at about three dollars, and, as the law allows but one pig, under certain circumstances, the creditor attached the best pig and got his pay."