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## AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

40 Cts. for 3 months.

## No. 11.

## Vol. VIII.

## New Bloomfield, Pa., Tuesday, March 17, 1874.

# The Bloomfield Cimes.

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-Fresses, we are prepared to do all kinds of Job-Frinting in good style and at Low Prices.

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<sup>4</sup> twoinsertions 15 " " "three insertions

Business Notices in Local Column 10 Cents per line.

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For the Bloomfield Times

#### MYSTERIOUS FRIEND. THE

### A Story of Old Virginia

CONCLUDED.

66 CINCE I hold all my property by No virtue of that will, I should not be likely to forget it," returned Berkley, through whose perturbation there was a

tone of assumed sarcasm and contempt. "And, if I remember rightly, your brother never returned to America.'

"No sir ; he died in England."

"And do you remember how Sir Wal; lace Berkley came to his death ?"

Again the villain turned pale, for he remembered the dark hint about the duel which Chiron had thrown out a week before.

"I will help you," continued Chiron. "Sir Wallace Berkley fell in a duel with one Vincent Gilman."

"Well, sir, and what of that?" uttered Berkley, vainly endeavoring to curb his swelling fears.

"The fatal will which the unfortunate baronet placed in your hands you made his death-warrant; for you sent Gilman over to pick the quarrel, and when he returned he bore to you the intelligence of your brother's death !"

"It's a lie !" cried Berkley, "a base, infernal lie, coined for the purpose of my ruin. There dwells not the power on carth that can prove it !"

"Perhaps not," replied Chiron, "for the man who did the deed lives no more-his bones are lying beneath the deep shade of vonder forest. But I will help you further. When Gilman returned, he informed you, also, that your brother had left a wife and ost immediately after Sir Wal. lace's arrival in England be fell in with a lovely companion of his childhood's years, and he married her, of which fact he iuformed you by letter,"

wife his family name," returned Chiron, "but she, poor woman, wandered from it. After her mind fell from its throne of reason she conceived the idea that her husband had deserted her, her mind was filled with a fearful phantom of his faith-Jessness, and seeming to forget the past, she took her own pure virgin name, and shrank from the society of those she had known in her happiness." "It's a lie !--- it's all a lie !" cried the ex-

cited villain, seeming ready to grasp at the least straw that might float before him. "My brother's will gave to me all his property and nothing can gainsay it."

"Do you not know that by the laws of England the will of a bachelor or widower is made null and void by a subsequent marriage and birth of issue ?" asked Chiron, with a look of utter contempt.

"Prove it ! prove it !" cried Berkley, while a flash of demoniac hope shot athwart his livid features. " "You cannot prove this cursed marriage. The mother is a maniac, and there is no proof."

"The mother is not a maniac," returned Chiron, at the same time putting forth his hand to keep Orlando in his seat. "Her reason has returned to her, and even now she is almost within sound of my voice." "Her word will not pass against me,"

uttered Berkley.

"But this will !" returned Chiron, as he took from his pocket a small parchment roll. "'Tis the secret of your mother's old oaken chest," he continued to Orlando, and then spreading it open to the gaze of Berkley, he added :

"Here, you heartless villain, is the marriage certificate of Wallace Berkley, baronet, and Morgiana Chester, and it bears the seals and signatures of the Earl of Boston, Sir Thomas Warren, together with that of the rector who married them. Is that evidence enough ?"

For some time Rosewell Berkley had been sustained upon the expiring members of his own hopes, and like the cornered rat, he had turned at bay; but now all, all was crushed, and with a groan he fell back in his chair, his glassy eyes still glaring wildly upon his powerful antagonist.

"Now, villain," continued Chiron, as he noticed Berkley's manner, "you will plot no more. The same fate which you planned for Orlando may yet be yours. There's murder, deep and black, upon your soul, and you cannot escape its just punishment. 'Twas you who plotted for the death of the young hunter, and then you plotted for You attempted to sell the youth mine. into Algerine slavery, and you tried to gain the mother into your power; but been concocted against me, and which through all your wickedness the tinger of a just God has been visible, and He seems to have saved you till this moment only that your crimes might be exposed, and yourself given over to the laws you have outraged."

am Lord Chiron, too."

Rosewell Berkley seemed ready to speak, but he had not the power. The crushing of all his hopes had been so utter, so whelming that his tongue could find no utterance. In the meantime Orlando came forward and caught his father's arm.

"Father," he said, "is this, too, all real, or do I dream ?"

"It's all real, my boy," returned Chiron, while his face softened with a beam of affection as he gazed upon his son. "It's all real, and you shall no longer be kept in suspense; for your own and my brother's information, I will explain it all :

"Shortly after you were born, my son," commenced Sir Wallace, "I was one day grossly insulted by a perfect stranger. At first I took no notice of it. The insult was repeated, and at length I struck the miscreant with my fist. He challenged me. His own insults had been too public to leave me room for any other course than to fight him. My moral nature shrank from the deed, but I was too much of a coward to stand out against a false public opinion, and so I accepted his challenge. The scoundrel fired before his time ! His bullet entered my side, and with one or two quick, painful bounds, the surrounding scenes swam before me, and I sunk unconscious upon the ground. When I came to my senses I found myself in the house of an old physician, who informed me that I had been two weeks under his roof. The ball had been extracted, and I was told that I should recover ; and when I asked for my wife, they told me that she could not see me now, but that she was safe. But they had deceived me, for when I had sufficiently recovered to go out, they confessed to me that Morgiana had disappeared with her child. I learned that I was carried to my house all bloody and insensible from the sanguinary field, and to all appearance dead. The sight threw the reason of my fond wife crashing from its throne, and, unknown to her friends, she had disap

peared. They told me that she had raved some, and that she thought I had deserted her, and that she also spoke of going in search of me. Before I had made much arrangement for seeking out my poor stricken wife, the old physician, who had so kindly had me taken to his own dwelling, gave to me a small portmanteau which had been left by the man who had shot me, and who had been obliged to take such sudden flight that he had no time to return to the hotel for it. Within that portmanteau I found certain letters which revealed to me at once the whole dark plot that had opened my eyes to the horrible fact that my own brother had been at the bottom of the whole. At first I resolved to come directly back to Virginia and punish him as he deserved ; but I could not leave until I had learned something of my wife and child, and at length, when I found that the roared the villain, starting from his seat and impression was abroad that I was dead, I resolved to let Rosewell remali under the pressure of his own conscience, for I knew quick that he seized the parchment from his grasping, penurious disposition, and I knew that he would not waste my es. tate. After much searching and inquiry I made out to trace a woman and her child into Scotland, but I found them not. About six months after the disappearance of my wife I received from the king the lands and titles of Chiron. I had been a firm adherent to the interest of the king, and this was my reward. I accepted the lordship, and at the same time received from my sovereign the promise that he would keep the affair of my identity as secret as possi-Chiron, as the weapon bounded across the ble. From that time I threw off my family name, and wore only the title of my new grant. I was known only as Chiron. Some thought that Sir Wallace Berkley was dead, while others thought him safe in the American colonies, but only a chosen few knew him in his new guise. I had sworn that I would not reveal myself to my brother till I had found my wife, or learned something of her fate. "Year after year passed away, and I became convinced that my Morgiana and her child were dead. At length, as I was one day sailing down the Thames, a woman and her child were discovered upon the shore, upon which an old sailor made some rems k about a poor insane woman, with an infant boy, who had many years before gone over to America in a ship to which he was attached. I started from my seat, drew the old sailor aside, and soon I knew the poor woman of whom he spoke was my wife. I gave the man some gold, and as soon as possible I set forth for the colonies. I landed in Boston. I there gained intelligence of an insane mother and her child, you," returned Chiron. " I am indeed Sir and at length I followed them here, where

fangs of the serpent that would have devoured them. The rest you know, my son, and at some future time you shall know of my wearlsome searches through Great Britain, and of other things which might prove interesting to you. For the present I will only tell you further that the governor has had the accusation against you withdrawn, and that you have nothing more to fear."

"O, my father, my father !" murmured Orlando. It was all be could say, and he only fell upon his parent's neck and gave way to the emotions of his soul. So thick and so fast had come these strange and startling developments upon his understanding, that it some time ere he could comprehend the full force of their eventful meaning ; but when, at length, they became comprehensively arranged in his mind, he shook back the flowing locks from his brow, and turned his wondering, speaking gaze upon the form of his miserable uncle.

Roswell Barkley spoke not a word after his brother had closed ; but after casting his eyes for a moment about him, he arose from his seat, and turned towards the door. There was a strange gleam in his eyes, a peculiar twitching about his mouth, and his hand trembled violently as he placed it upon the latch. None moved to detain him, none thought of it, for his manner struck them with awe. A bitter curse rested upon his lips, the whole weight of his sins seemed dwelling upon his heart, but above all came the chaotic crashing of his grasping, unnatural ambition. For a moment after the villain had passed out, all was quiet, and Chiron was upon the point of following his brother, when the sharp report of a pistol broke the air.

The party rushed out from the hall, and within a rod of the door-stone, they found the wretched man weltering in his own blood ! He had carried a second pistol, and that life which he had blackened by his heinous crimes, he had himself taken !

"Poor Roswell !" murmured Lord Chiron, as he stood and gazed upon the fearful scene. "For all thy sins I could not have wished thee so terrible an end as this But God's will be done !"

Nolan and his companions were soon called, but instead of carrying Roswell Berkley back to Jamestown a prisoner, they carried his body to its burial !

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A few days later when the happy wife and mother, was nearly recovered from her illness, a joyous party were assembled in her chamber, to witness the marriage of Orlando and Ada, and as Sir Oliver placed the hand of his daughter within that of Orlando he said, "let each take the other as the best gift you can receive on earth, and may God bless us and continue to each and all of us the happiness and joy of this hour."

Wallace Berkley, and am your brother. I I arrived in season to save them from the pale apparition suddenly and noiselessly moved into the room, for the thieves did not stop to pick up their tools or their booty. They evidently supposed the apparition something supernatural, and left their night's work for others to finish. From footprints in the snow there appear to have been two persons at work on the house during the night.

> Mrs. Newmeyer was escorted to her room without trouble, and feels very nervous lest she might again fall into danger. It has been decided to close the house up, and remove to the residence of her brother, Mr. Henry Chandler, in West Kansas City .--Kansas City Times.

#### The Deacon's Sunday.

BEAUTIFUL! beautiful?" mentally ejaculated Deacon Barnes at the close of a sermon about heaven. "Those are my ideas exactly."

And so enrapt was he with his thoughts as he passed out of the church, he forgot to ask lame old Mrs. Howe to ride home with him as was his usual custom.

"Perhaps its just as well," he thought, for she is a worldly old woman, and would probably have drawn my thoughts away from heaven."

At the dinner-table his son exclaimed : 'Oh, father, I have a situation at last !''

"Have you forgotten it is Sunday, John ?" asked his father stornly. " Don't let me hear any more of such talk."

John ate his dinner in silence. How could his situation be a wrong thing to speak of on Sunday? He was so thankful for it that it seemed to come from the hand of God. God knew all about the restless months in which he had answered an advertisement every day.

When the minister gave thanks in church for all the mercies of the past week, John's heart gave a greatful throb, and he determined anew to acknowledge God in all his ways.

John ate his dinner in silence while his father thought about heaven.

In the afternoon Mr. Barnes' nephew, a stranger in the place, came over from his boarding place, and sat on the piazza talking with John.

"I can't allow this, Tom," said Mr. Barnes, coming to the door with his Bible in his hands ; you must not sit here breaking the Sabbath. "Go back to your boarding house and read some good book."

Tom started up angrily, and spent the afternoon fishing and bathing with an old colored man, his only other acquaintance in the place, when deacon Barnes sat in a large rocker on the piazza with a handkerchief over his face, and thought about heaven.

ly his two little

" I never received it ! He did not write!" shricked the villian, while the white foam actually stood upon his lips. "My brother was never married ! That maniac-"

The speaker did not finish his sentance, for with a bound like a royal tiger Chiron sprang forward and grasped the dastard by the throat.

"Villair," whispered the powerful man, in a touc, is t resembled the rushing whirlwind, Morgiana Chester was your brother's wedded wife, and she is one near and dear to me. Let your lips give utterance to but a' whisper against her fair fame again, and I'll crush you as I would a viper. You did receive your brother's letter wherein he informed you of his marriage, and you destroyed it. You then sought his death, and when you heard from Gilman that his poor wife was made crazy by her misfortune, you resolved that she should pass before the world as a dishonored woman I\*\*

Chiron released his hold upon the villain's throat as he ceased speaking, and went back to where Orlando stood trembling with amazed 'astonishment.

"Sit down, sit down for the present," said Chiron, as he saw the youth about to speak. "I will bring this matter to a close ere long."

As the old hunter-fos so we may still call him-thus spoke, he turned once more towards where Berkley sat, and he was just in time to see that individual fumbling in the bosom of his vest, as if in search of something, but the moment he met the flory glance of the powerful man he half withdrew his hand, and with a tinge of insolence he uttered :

"It seems strange that if my brother took to irimself a wife, he should have withheld from her his family name."

"Sir Wallace did not withhold from his

"But, by the torments of the flends! you shall not live to witness your triumph," springing forward.

The movement of the wicked man was so Chiron's hand before the latter could prevent it, and then darting back he drew a pistol from his bosom.

"Now die, tattler !" he gasped ; and as he spoke, he pressed his finger upon the trigger of the weapon he held.

If Berkley's movements had been quick, Chiron's eyes had been quicker, for the last movement of the villain he had anticipated, and springing nimbly on one side he dashed the pistol from its owner's grasp. "There, miserable scoundrel !" uttered

"Thus are you foiled. Do you room. think that the destruction of the marriage certificate would benefit you ? Rosewell Berkley, do you not know me?"

"Know you ?" iterated the foiled man, in a fearful horror-laden whisper, while his knees trembled beneath him? Know you?"

"Ay, Rosewell, do you know me ?" again asked Lord Chiron, while he bent on the man before him a sharp, searching gaze.

Rosewell Berkley rose slowly from his seat, stepped breathlessly forward, and laid his hand on the strange man's arm. He gazed deeply searchingly into his opponent's face, a lived, deathly hue overspread his features, and, while his heart seemed to shrink back from the very blackness of the soul that held it, he sank back into his seat and murmured :

"The grave itself has turned against me ! Wallace-my brother ! O, that the earth had swallowed you ore you come to thwart me thus. Not dead, but living-and living to curse me !"

"Your own black heart shall alone curse

#### A Curious Incident.

A remarkable incident transpired recently in the residence of Mrs. S. S. Newmeyer, who resides on William street, between Eleventh and Twelfth. The lady resides with her two daughters, aged eleven and thirteen years, in a small frame house, and has been for the past two or three months in precarious health, and suffering from acute mental anxiety on account of the death of her husband, who died in December last in Chicago. Mrs. Newmeyer has been addicted to sleep-walking and restlessness during the night, seldom alceping more than half a night at a time. 80 much has this habit of sleep-walking increased upon their mother that one or the other of the daughters has been obliged to keep constant watch lest something might befall their mother. A peculiarity about this somnambulist has been a desire of the sleep-walker to visit the parlor of the house and take a seat in the chair directly opposite the one usually occupied by her husband in life. The daughters have frequently found the lady seated in her chair fast asleep with a lamp burning upon the parlor table.

One night Miss Emmie Newmeyer, the youngest of the girls, was awakened by hearing a loud crash in the parlor, and a noise as of some person or persons running from the front yard. On going to the parlor they found their mother seated as usual fast asleep in her chair, the lamp burning upon the table and the front window wide open. A closer examination disclosed a man's hat, several burglar's tools, and from the appearance of the sideboard and bureau it was plainly ovident that thieves must have been at work when the sleep-walker glided into the room. There must have been quite a stampede when the

came out on the piazza with a large picture book and sat down near him. There was a flutter of leaves and a great deal of buzzing as the little yellow heads bent over i book, and finally they laughed outright. ads bent over the

"Childreu, where's your mother ?" stern-ly demanded Deacon Barnes, springing to his feet.

"Up stairs putting baby to sleep," they both answered together. Deacon Barnes strode into the hall. "Ellen ! Ellen 1" he shouted, "I should

think you might keep the children quiet on the Sabbath. They won't allow me to think."

Ellen had been awake all night with a fretful baby. She had hushed him, and had just fallen asleep when her father's voice aroused her and awoke the baby. "Please send them up stairs," she said

wearily. And all the sultry afternoon she amused

the three children in a close upper room, while her father rocked and fanned himself and thought of heaven.

#### Hard Swearing.

The story goes that a man wrote to the editor of a horticultural journal, asking what plants would be suitable additions to dried grasses for winter ornaments. The editor replied :

"Acroclinium Roseum, A. album, Gomphrena globosa and G. globosa camea."

When the man read this, he fairly bolled over with rage, and immediately sent a note ordering his paper to be discontinued. He averred that an editor who swore in that way, just because he was asked a simple question, should have no support from him.

This reminds us of an English traveler whose conscience would not allow him to swear, but who found that at the hotel in France, where be was staying, the waiters were so accustomed to hear Englishmen use strong language, that they considered him a milksop, and neglected him accord-fugly. He therefore hit upon this expehim a minesop, and neglected him accord-ingly. He therefore hit upon this expe-dient to secure a proper amount of atten-tion. Whenever he gave an order he roll-ed out in sonorous notes the words "Nor-thumberland, Cumberland, Durham." The effect was marvellous. He was henceforth waited upon with the greatest alacrity and ossiduity. assiduity