

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. VIII.

New Bloomfield, Pa., Tuesday, March 24, 1874.

No. 12.

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
to do all kinds of Job-Printing in
good style and at Low Prices.

ADVERTISING RATES:
Transient—8 Cents per line for one insertion
12 " " " two insertions
15 " " " three insertions
Business Notices in Local Column 10 Cents
per line.
For longer yearly advts terms will be given
upon application.

"I LOVE SCHEEDY."

A matter-of-fact poetical genius says:
"I overheard a moon-struck chap, the other
day, remark that he loved a certain
young lady well enough to die for her."
Now I love somebody very much, and—
I'd swear for her,
I'd tear for her,
The Lord knows what I'd bear for her;
I'd lie for her,
I'd sigh for her,
I'd drink the Hudson dry for her.
I'd "cuss" for her,
Do "w uss" for her,
I'd kick up a thundering fuss for her,
I'd weep for her,
I'd leap for her,
I'd go without sleep for her.
I'd fight for her,
I'd bite for her,
I'd walk the street all night for her;
I'd plead for her,
I'd bleed for her,
I'd go without any "feed" for her.
I'd shoot for her,
I'd boot for her,
A rival who'd come to "suit" for her;
I'd kneel for her,
I'd steal for her,
Such is the love I feel for her.
I'd slide for her,
I'd swim 'gainst wind and tide for her;
I'd dry for her,
I'd cry for her,
But, hang me, if I'd die for her.
N. B.—Or any other woman.

Jo Denton's Vision.

A Temperance Story.

JO DENTON was considered an eminently respectable man. He had amassed wealth, he moved in society, patronized art and literature, was a pillar in his church, and dabbled in politics just enough to smash the party slate when it did not suit him. We are not going to inquire too closely into Jo's early history, nor rake over the ashes of the past, nor dig up the old stepping-stones by which he had reached his success; they have for long years been covered up with the green turf of respectability; academic groves are planted above them, the church has a liberal pleasant nook, all seemingly unaware of the foundation it rests upon; and society claims the whole as its own. Yet there will be skeletons in the closet of memory, if nowhere else; the ghosts of murdered Banquo will appear at times and places inopportune; moral earthquakes will upheave the wicked old landmarks of sin, and bring to light all that is hideous in a man's past life, and show, after all the covering up, that Satan has a long time held a mortgage on his soul, and has patiently bided his time for foreclosure. In Jo Denton's case it happened in this way:

He was accustomed like many respectable men, to take his champagne and toddy in company with a few congenial spirits, who together constituted a "Convivial Club" eminently high-toned and respectable, of course. It was not often that anybody called for them during these orgies, if we may so term them; but on one occasion, when the champagne had sparkled with unusual brilliancy until night had stolen a kiss from rosy morning, Jo sprang from his seat and said: "Somebody calls me," and went out of the room. Directly there came back an unearthly shriek, and Jo's voice in its wildest accents, cried: "Away, damnable shape! I cheated you out of your property! It's a lie, you villain!" and in quick succession followed two distinct reports of a pistol. Before his companions could reach the door Jo tumbled headlong into the room, with the blood

streaming from his head, and, to all appearance, dead.
"He's shot!" cried all in chorus.
On searching outside nobody could be found; but there was a revolver lying near the door.

"An assassin!" cried one.
"Some old enemy!" cried another.
The police were aroused as quickly as possible, and started in pursuit of the murderer.

While they are "working up the case" we will follow poor Jo. Can there be a doubt in my theological mind where he went, drunk as he was and boiling over with the bluest of blue devils? Closely, then, we follow him as he presents himself at the gates of the Infernal Regions and asks admittance. A demon who acted the part of door-keeper put his ear to the key-hole and demanded who was there.

"A friend," answered Jo.
"Advance, friend, and give your name."
"Jo Denton."
"All right," said the demon; "the Devil has been expecting you for some time.—Come right in!"

As Jo entered, bowing low, the demon gave a whistle of astonishment as he said: "Well-a-day, my friend, you are in a sad plight; what has happened to your head?"
"Top blown clean off," answered Jo; "and I'm afraid I'm done for unless you folks can help me."

"I'll announce you to his Satanic Majesty at once," said the demon, darting away.

In a few moments there was a sound as of a Kansas cyclone, and Satan bounded into the room, filling it with a horrible smell of gunpowder.

"Why, old friend Jo!" cried Satan, throwing his claws about him, and breathing sulphurous smoke in his face, "here at last, old boy, eh?" and at the same time giving him a friendly hug with his tail. "Glad to see you! You have done well—played the religious dodge to perfection, and for so many years!—ha! ha!"

"Fact is, your Satanic Majesty," said Jo, "I didn't mean to come just yet—left my earth's affairs in an unsettled condition. My property will all go to the devil—beg pardon, I mean to say that my family will be left unprotected for, unless I go back to the earth to settle my business."

"Want to go back to earth," said Satan, "well, well, you have been a good and faithful servant, and I'll see what can be done. But what's this?" continued Satan, "top of your head gone? Bless me how odd you look!—moral works all gone! ha! ha! You can't go back to earth in that shape."

"That's just it," said Jo; "I want to get fixed up for a few years—new top-head."

"Can construct a skull for you," said Satan, "but won't put the moral works in again; you might give me the slip."

"Well," said Jo, "fix up my skull respectable-like, and I'll trust to luck to get it filled up."

"Must make one stipulation," said Satan.

"What is that?"
"That you will not let certain parties that I shall name occupy any part of your reconstructed skull."

"What parties are they?"
"You see your head is off just above Destructiveness, as the phrenologists call it."

"Well?"
"There is a big space to be filled, if I reconstruct your skull on the old plan."

"Exactly," said Jo, "and there are parties waiting to occupy it."

"There's the rub," said Satan; "now I'll name such parties as must not be permitted to occupy it."

"Go on," said Jo.

"Well, to begin with, there's Cautiousness. I don't want any Cautiousness in your head; you might have ruined a great many more young men if you had not been so cautious about the consequences. Next are Sublimity and Ideality. Though Ideality leads a few astray in the matter of extravagant dressing, I know she is my enemy. Poets, artists, the best writers of all ages, employ Ideality and Sublimity in the conception and finishing of the best productions. Sublimity was old John Milton's right bower in the construction of 'Paradise Lost,' in which he painted me in such forbidden colors. I'm not a particular friend of Sublimity."

"Well, what more?"
"There's Conscientiousness. On no consideration must Conscientiousness occupy a place in your head. That faculty has caused me more trouble than all the rest. It's always interfering with a man who undertakes to serve me. Says Pope:

'What conscience dictates to be done
Or warns me not to do,
That teach me more than bell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.'

No, no; Conscientiousness must not be admitted. It's the 'still small voice.' If I could have my way, I'd leave that faculty out of every child that's born."

"You are making a good many vacancies. Any more?"
"Yes, there's Hope. I don't want you to let Hope have even desk-room in your head. It's always retarded the lost sinner's progress to hell. As the poet says—

'Hope springs eternal in the human breast—
Just as I think I've got a sinner sure, Hope
breathes into his soul an encouraging word,
and away goes my sinner towards the gate
of Paradise.'

"Surely," said Jo, "that is enough of the old occupants to exclude from my reconstructed head."

"No, no," said Satan; "I'm not through yet. Human Nature must be excluded. I ruin people, and especially young people, by hiding my motives; and your young man or young woman who has Human Nature divines these motives, and I lose my prize."

"Still more exclusion?"
"Yes; Veneration must be shut out. Respect for parents and veneration for the Supreme Being are bad for me. It costs a world of trouble to counteract their influence when they have taken root in childhood. Benevolence, too, must be excluded, unless, indeed, it be so very large that a man will cheat and lie and steal for the purpose of having means wherewith to exercise his Benevolence; but this is so rare that I think it had better be excluded."

"I hope you are near the end of your proscriptions," said Jo.

"One more," answered Satan, "and a very important one. It is Spirituality. On no account allow Spirituality to cross the threshold of your brain. It's a very Jacob's ladder to heaven, and once firmly ensconced into a man's brain, I may as well abandon him."

"Is that the end?"
"That will do; I do not think that what good will be left can possibly keep you from me. And now, to close the business, I must have a second mortgage on your soul that you will fill these vacant places in your skull with such tenants as Destructiveness, that kills his fellow-man; Secretiveness, that makes men liars and thieves; Acquisitiveness, that gets money for its own sake, and does no good with it; Complacitiveness, that is ever the foremost in quarrels—these and their friends are the tenants that must occupy your reconstructed skull."

"Your conditions are hard," said Jo, "and what if I do not fulfill them?"
"Then I shall call for you at the earliest convenient moment, and you go back to earth no more."

"But if I fulfill them?"
"Then you can stay upon earth as long as you choose."

"Thanks, thanks!" cried Jo; "and can arrange my affairs."

"Your skull shall be made whole!" cried Satan, and without more words his architects fell to work on Jo's skull. What with pounding, chiseling, and making the partitions, they drove him to distraction; and to add to his horrible agony and terror, when it was nearly completed the walls began to settle and the whole concern to lurch as if it would fall. Then came the jack-screws that were put under to raise it up. The planks upon which to work them were thrown remorselessly upon his soft brain, and the power of a hundred imps applied. Jo yelled in agony as they turned the screws. At length his skull was completed, and Jo found himself with a whole head.

"Now," said Satan, "lie down and rest yourself before undertaking your journey to earth; for I assure you it is much more difficult to get out of hell than to get into it."

Following the advice of Satan, Jo laid himself down in the coolest spot he could find, and so fatigued was he with the pain of the operation, that in dreams he was warded back to earth again. His old companions welcomed him, but his heart was heavy with the thoughts of his terrible contract with Satan. "How is it possible," thought he, "to fill the empty chasms in my head—once the homes of my best and truest friends—with such demons as Satan would have? Ah, me! would that I had never been born!"

To add to his misery, Conscientiousness came and wrapped at the door of its accustomed home. "I see, friend Jo, thou art here again. I've been searching for thee far and wide, that I might occupy my old place again, although you shut me close, and stifled my voice when I tried to save thee from harm."

"Begone! thou art quite ready to occupy another's property!"
"I tried to find thee," returned Conscientiousness, "but in vain."

"Avant! I tell thee, or I will smite thee to the earth!"
Next came Sublimity and Ideality—the one majestic in mein, the other the personification of all that is lovely in the graces.

"Here is our dear home at last!" and so saying Ideality threw her arms around Jo's neck and kissed him. "Now let us go into our abiding-place."

"Curse upon you!" cried Jo. "You here too? Away! Bring some fiend to occupy your place, unless ye can decorate hell with more horrors than it now possesses!"

"Ideality gathered up her beautiful robes and fled in dismay.

"Satan in this work!" cried Sublimity, as he dashed his ponderous weight against the door of his old home, and in an instant was inside.

"Well done!" cried Jo. "You're there are you?"
"Yes, and I'm here to stay."

"I'm lost! I'm lost!" cried Jo.
"No, you're saved!" cried Sublimity, "if you but call in your old friends. There's Conscientiousness, the just; Hope, that never despairs; Human Nature, that can tell you the motives of Satan himself; Veneration, that looks for help to the Supreme Being; Benevolence, that will win your enemies by kindness, and Spirituality, that lights up all in the darkest hour. Let them in, and then let Satan win if he can!"

"Oh, that's your game, is it?" yelled Satan, hurling a brimstone ladle at Jo's head.

"Come, friends!" shrieked Jo, "quick! help against Satan! Come, Conscience, Hope, Spirituality! Oh, Jesu!—come!"

"Jo! dear Jo! Don't you know me, your own wife? Here are all your friends!" Jo looks for a moment wildly at his wife, and then falls back upon his bed. The wildness is all gone.

"Where am I?" he at length asks.
"In your own house, dear Jo."
"Thank God!" he says. "Now, isn't my head shot off?"

"No, no; only a wound."
"Was I in a fight?"
"Never mind now, Jo, you must lie down and rest yourself."

"Just what Satan said to me."
"He's out of his head," says one.
"No, not now," says Jo, "I'm as sane as ever I was in my life—that is, if my head is all right!"—and Jo carefully put his hand on the top of his head as if expecting to find it gone.

"Thank Heaven! then it was a dream." He insisted on being told what had happened.

"Three days ago," said his wife, "you went to your Convivial Club, and—drank until you had the—"
"Blue-devils," suggested Jo.
"Yes, and in your raving you drew your revolver and—"
"Shot the top of my head off!" interrupted Jo.

"No, but made an ugly pistol-shot wound on your head, and the surgeon had to raise a portion of your skull from the brain. A hair's breadth more, and you would have been past help."

Then there was more rejoicing and more thankfulness.

Jo mended rapidly under the loving care of his wife, and was soon able to be about. He went once more to the Convivial Club, and told his dream, and bade a final farewell. Some who had taken a glass or two laughed at it, but the majority took it more seriously, and said it must, indeed, have been a terrible experience that could make of Jo Denton a temperate and really worthy man.

What is Fame?

A traveler recently visited Natick to call on Mr. Wilson, the Vice President of the United States. He was told that he would know Mr. Wilson's house by the color—yellow. But there were two houses on the street, a few rods apart, of that color. Of course he drove to the wrong house first. A respectable-looking woman came to the door.

"Does Mr. Wilson live here?"
"No."
"Do you know where he lives?"
"What Wilson?"
"Henry Wilson, Vice President."
"I don't think he lives about here. I never heard of him before."

The Juror's Reason.

ALTERNATE ridicule and obloquy have long been the uncomfortable portion of that one jurymen of the else unanimous twelve who inexorably refuses to agree with his exasperated associates on a verdict; but there have been cases in which his seeming perversity has proved ultimately to be the salvation of justice, and a venerable English judge, recently deceased, was wont to cite one instance in his earlier judicial experience when such perversity led to an astounding discovery of mistaken truth.

A man who was on trial before this Judge in the Court of Common Pleas for the murder of a neighboring landlord, with whom he was known to be on bitterly unfriendly terms, protested actually with prayers and tears that he was wholly innocent of the dreadful crime, though acknowledging his enmity to the dead man on account of some disputed boundary between their properties, and that the clothing he wore and afterwards concealed on the day of the tragedy was deeply stained with human blood. As he earnestly told and reiterated his story—he was taking a morning walk, as customary, crossed the fields of a certain farm, and stumbled upon the body of a man, who was lying dead amongst some corn with two deep wounds in his breast, apparently made by a pitchfork near at hand. Raising the prostrate figure to ascertain if life yet remained, he was stained by the blood, and discovered that the victim was his own quarrelsome neighbor. Humanity at first impelled him to give the alarm; but in another moment the thought of his well-known differences with the slain man filled him with cowardly fear of being connected with the murder. The idea so increased in its terror that he turned back to his home, removed his discolored clothing, and hid it in the barn where the police afterwards found it.

But this story did not appear reasonable to the Court; and despite the prisoner's passionate persistency in it, and despairing cry that "God and his conscience knew him to be wholly innocent," the case went to the jury with apparently absolute certainty of instantaneous conviction.

Such, indeed, must have been the result but for the dissent of one juror, and he the foreman. This person, a man of education, high social and moral estimation and large property, begged the Judge to permit the jury to retire for consolation, and then so reasoned, pleaded, and actually prayed with his associates against their unanimous judgment as to fairly weary them finally into joining him in a verdict of acquittal. But the astounded Chief Justice indignantly refused to accept the verdict, and sent them back again and again to their room, until at last he was obliged to accept it. The unhappy men, cursing their foreman, were discharged in disgrace, "with the blood of an unavenged murder left at their door;" though the prisoner, at his unexpected and seemingly miraculous release, fell upon his knees in Court with the cry: "You see, my lord, that God and a clear conscience can save the lost."

When the Judge subsequently heard by what means so strange a verdict had been effected, and that the man responsible for it was both intelligent and of high character, he obtained a conference with the obstinate juror and adjured him to explain his incomprehensible conduct in the matter. The late foreman exacted a pledge of secrecy to last during his own lifetime, and then calmly told why he had labored so inflexibly for the accused man's life. On the morning of the murder the man doomed to be killed, who was the tithing-man of the parish, called early to collect tithes on the speaker's corn, and was so arbitrary and violent in his manner as to provoke indignant remonstrance. Becoming enraged, the tithing-gatherer assaulted the other with a pitchfork which he was carrying, and which belonged to a neighbor, and in defence of his life the assailed man wrested the weapon away, and in so doing inflicted wounds of which the aggressor fell dead on his way home!

So the actual slayer was the coming foreman of the jury—a position he secured for himself at great pains and expense, that he might save an innocent man from dreadful punishment for a crime which he himself committed in self-defence.

"Here's your money, boy, and now tell me why your rascally master wrote eighteen letters about that contemptible sum." "I'm sure, sir, I can't say; but if you'll excuse me, sir, I sort o' reckon 'twas because seventeen didn't fetch it."