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AN ADVENTURE IN RUSSIA.

SOME thirty years ago I arrived in St. Petersburg, with the intention of establishing myself as a fencing master in the capital. Introductions from distinguished individuals of my own country enabled me to make a friend of Count Alexis W.; and that nobleman interested himself greatly in my success. Not content with procuring me several pupils, he urged me to petition the Emperor for the valuable and honorable appointment of fencing master to a regiment; and toward that end gave me a letter of recommendation to an aide-de-camp of the Czarowitch Constantine, who was then at the Castle of Strela, near St. Petersburg.

The morning after, I hired a droschki and set out for Strela, armed with my credentials. I reached the Convent of St. Sarguis, the saint most venerated in Russia after St. Alexander Nieuiski. A few minutes afterward I arrived at the castle, and was soon ushered into the apartments of the Emperor's brother. In one of these I discovered him standing with his back to a large fire, and distinguished by the most forbidding countenance I ever beheld. He was tapping his boot with his riding whip, and the undried splashes of mud on his pantaloons indicated that he had but recently returned from a ride or a review. At a table near him was seated General Rodna, pen in hand, and apparently writing under the Prince's dictation.

The door was scarcely closed when the Czarowitch, fixing on me his piercing eyes, abruptly said:

"What is your age?"
"Six and twenty."
"Name?"
"G—."
"You want to be a fencing-master to a regiment?"

"May it please your highness, such is the object of my ambition."

"Are you a first rate swordsman?"
"I have fenced in public several times since my arrival in St. Petersburg, and your highness can easily ascertain the opinion of those who were present."

"I have heard of you, but you had only second-rate fencers to contend with."

"Which gave them just claims upon my forbearance, your highness."

"Forbearance?" he repeated, with flashing eyes, and a scornful curl of his lips; "but if less considerate, what then?"

"I should have buttoned them ten times for every twice that they touched me, your highness."

"Ha! and could you do that with me?"
"That would depend on how your imperial highness might wish to be treated. If as a prince, it is probable your highness would touch me ten times and be touched twice. But if your highness desired to be treated like any other person, the ten hits would be achieved by me, and the two by your highness."

"Lubenski!" roared the Czarowitch, rubbing his hands, "Lubenski, bring the foils. We shall see Sir Braggadocio."

"Is it possible your highness would condescend—"

"My highness orders you to touch me ten times if you can. Do you want to back out already? Now take this foil and mask. Guard!"

"Is it your highness' absolute command?"
"Yes, sir!"
"I am ready."

"Ten times," repeated the prince, as he attacked me—"ten times, mind you, less won't do. Ha! ha!"

Notwithstanding the encouragement, I kept merely on the defensive, contenting myself with parrying his thrusts; without returning them.

"Now then!" cried he, angrily, "what are you about? You are playing the fool with me. Why don't you thrust?"

"Your highness! the respect—"
"Confound your respect, sir. Thrust thrust!"

Observing through his mask that his cheeks were flushed and his eyes blood-shot, I took advantage of the permission granted, and I touched him three times running.

"Bravo!" cried he. "My turn now. Ha! A hit! a hit!"

He had touched me. I then touched him four times in rapid succession, and was then touched once.

"Hurrah!" he cried, exultingly.—
"Rodna, did you see that? Twice to his seven!"

"Twice to ten, your highness," replied I pressing him very hard. "Eight, nine, ten! Now we are quits."

"Good, good!" cried the Czarowitch, approvingly. "Very good, but that's not all. The small sword, not enough, no use to the cavalry; want the sabre. Now, could you defend yourself, on foot, against a mounted lancer? Parry a lance thrust, eh?"

"I think I could, your highness!"

"Think so! Not sure, eh?"

"Pardon me, your highness, I have no doubt of it."

"Lubenski!" again shouted the prince. The officer appeared.

"A lance and horse. Quick!"

"But your highness—" I interposed.

"Ha! you are afraid!"

"I am not afraid; but with your highness I should experience equal reluctance to be the victor or the vanquished."

"All nonsense and flattery! First trial was capital. Now for the second."

At this moment the officer appeared before the windows of the palace leading a magnificent horse, and bearing a lance in his hand.

"Now, then," exclaimed Constantine, as he dashed out of the room, and made a sign for me to follow him, "Give him a good sabre, Lubenski; and now, my Englishman, mind yourself or you'll be spitted like one of the toads in my summer house. The last lived three days, Rodna," added he, turning to that general, "with a nail through his belly."

So saying, the prince sprang upon his steed. With great skill he put the animal through the most difficult evolutions, at the same time executing sundry parries and thrusts with his lance.

"All ready?" he cried, riding up to me.

"Ready your highness," was the reply and he, setting spurs to his horse, galloped on to the further end of the avenue.

"Surely, all this is a joke," I said to General Rodna.

"By no means!" was the reply. "You will either lose your life or gain your appointment! Defend yourself as if you were on a battle-field."

Matters had taken a much more serious turn than I had anticipated. Had I considered myself at liberty to return blow for blow, I could have taken my change without uneasiness; but finding myself bound to control, as well as to use, a keen-edged sabre, while exposed to the sharpened lance of a reckless and a royal antagonist, the chances of the diversion were decidedly against me. It was too late, however, to draw back.

I summoned to my aid all the coolness and address I possessed, and prepared to face the Czarowitch, who had already reached the end of the advance, and turned his horse about. The animal advanced at full speed, Constantine being crouched down upon his neck in such a manner that he was nearly concealed by the abundant mane.

When he reached me he made a point at my breast; but I parried his thrust, and bounded on one side, horse and rider, carried away by their impetuosity, passed by without doing the slightest injury.

"Very good, very good!" he said "try again."

Without giving me time for objection or remark, he took space for his career, and, after asking me if I was ready, returned to the charge with great fury. As before, I kept my eyes fixed on his, and not one of his motions escaped me. At the decisive moment I parried en peale, and, by a spring to the right, made his second attack as harmless as the first.

Uttering a howl of disappointment, the Czarowitch entered into the spirit of our tilting match as ardently as if it had been a real combat, and had, moreover, made up his mind that it should terminate in his favor; but when I saw him retracing

the ground for the third assault, I resolved that it should be the last.

Again he advanced toward me with whirlwind speed; this time, however, without contenting myself with a mere parry, I dealt a violent back-handed blow on the poll of the lance, which was severed by the stroke, and Constantine fell himself disarmed. Then quick as thought, I seized the bridle of the horse, and by a violent jerk threw him on his haunches, at the same time placing the point of my sabre on the breast of the rider.

General Rodna uttered a cry of alarm; he thought I was going to kill the Prince. Constantine also had the same impression, for the color left his cheek for an instant. Stepping a pace backward, and bowing to the Grand Duke, said:

"Your highness," I said, "has now seen what I am able to teach to Russian soldiers, and whether I am worthy to become their Professor."

"Yes, by my soul you are! Never saw a braver fellow; and a regiment you shall have, if I can get it for you. Now follow me," he added, as he threw himself from the saddle, and led the way to his apartments.

When there he took up a pen and wrote at the foot of the petition to the Emperor, which I had fortunately in readiness:

"I humbly recommend the petitioner to your imperial majesty, believing him in every way worthy of the favor he solicits."

It is only necessary to add that, after some short delay, I was fortunate enough in procuring the post I so anxiously sought.

AN ASTONISHING BIGAMY.

A WOMAN with two husbands living under the same roof is a novelty even in New York. A very extraordinary case was told Justice Morgan in the Tombs last week. The woman is Mrs. Catharine Bruder a German, who lives with her husband, Benjamin Bruder, and three children at 206 West Twentieth street. Bruder and his partner, William Livingston, keep a livery stable in the first story and their families live in the second story. Livingston has a son 23, who lives with him. The latter has no regular occupation, but has occasionally been hired by his father to drive a cab. Mrs. Bruder says that young Livingston entered her rooms one day last October without knocking. He was apparently under the influence of liquor. He asked her to marry him and became desperate upon her refusal. He drew a pistol and brandished it around swearing that he would shoot her, her husband and children if she did not comply. He actually fired at her, and the ball penetrated the closet door against which she was leaning. Mrs. Catharine Stohl, Mrs. Bruder's mother, lives in the room back of Bruder's apartments. Hearing the pistol shot she entered the room and Livingston went out. Before he went he threatened both the women and all concerned with them with instant death if they told any one of what he had done. On the evening of October 25, Livingston again went to Mrs. Bruder's room, and renewed his demands and threats, using the pistol as before. This time no protector was near, and in mortal terror Mrs. Bruder laid down her nursing baby, and went out with Livingston. They went to the residence of the Rev. W. H. Wardell, 210 East Twenty-seventh street, and were there married. Before they entered the house of the preacher Livingston renewed his threats, and said he would shoot her where she stood if she balked him by telling the preacher. That they were married is proved by the marriage certificate, as follows:

This certifies that on the 25th day of October, 1873, William Livingston and Carrie Bruder were by me united in marriage, at 210 East Twenty-seventh street, New York.

W. H. WADELLE,
Minister of the Gospel.

The couple returned to Bruder's house and Livingston went away. It does not appear that he attempted to claim any rights under the illegal contract. On the contrary Mrs. Bruder says that he did not molest her until about a week ago, although whenever he saw her he renewed his threat to kill her if she told her husband. On the morning of Feb. 20th, Bruder, while working in the stable, heard quarrelling in his apartments overhead. He went there and saw Livingston standing in the middle of the floor, a pistol in one hand and a dagger in the other. Mrs. Bruder had taken refuge in the other room with her children, locking the door, a fact that seemed to exasperate Livingston to the point of madness. His language was simply incoherent, pointless profanity. Livingston, after Bruder entered, started to go out, but stopped and

leaned against the door jamb in silence. Then in an outburst of desperation he twice drove the dagger up to the hilt in the door. He then went out. Mrs. Bruder was found almost senseless with terror in the other room. Even with such an opportunity to apprise her husband of Livingston's repeated outrages, fear for his and her children's lives kept her silent, and she professed to be able to give no explanation whatever of the intrusion.

The recurrence of the outrage on the following Wednesday inspired Mrs. Bruder with determination to stop the trouble. She called upon Chief Matsell and told him the story. The Chief cross-examined her minutely, and satisfied himself that her story was true. He learned that she had not disclosed the facts to her husband for fear that he might misconstrue them, and, moreover, that Livingston might kill not only herself and her husband, but her children also. The Superintendent instructed Detective John Dunn to tell the story to Bruder. The step resulted in unexpected aid for the detective. Bruder had been watching Livingston closely for some time, he said, and was satisfied that he belonged to a gang of burglars.

He had seen him bring into the house tools that looked to him like burglars' tools. He had also ascertained that Livingston had served a term of imprisonment in the penitentiary. Dunn decided to use Mrs. Bruder as a stool pigeon, hoping to secure his prisoner on as many charges as possible. The opportunity occurred that same evening, when Livingston again approached Mrs. Bruder and told her that she must prepare to abandon her lawful husband. She says that he told her of \$1,000 which her husband had in bank, and said that they must get it before they started. Dunn laid his plans according to this new development. The Livingston house is constructed with as many traps and outlets as a theatre floor, and he feared that Livingston might escape if he attempted to arrest him there. He therefore told Mrs. Bruder to consent to draw the money from the bank, taking Livingston with her. The plan worked well, and the arrest was made. Dunn lodged his prisoner in the Central Office, and then returned to Livingston's house to make further search. The room occupied by the prisoner is furnished with a bed, a chair or two, and several trunks. Livingston's mother was in the room when the search was made. The trunks were too light to warrant a hope of finding any evidence in them, and the search was not satisfactory until Dunn picked up an ordinary leather covered valise.

It was very heavy, and when shaken the sound of clattering iron was heard. Mrs. Livingston, saying, "That's my son's," snatched the valise to take it away, but Dunn restrained her. She then said that it was not her son's. The lock was filed open, and a full kit of burglar's tools found in it. They consisted of several bunches of skeleton keys, a wooden safe mallet, a jimmy, several fuses, wedges and chisels, a flask of powder, a dark lantern, two masks, two revolvers, a bottle of chloroform, and a sandbag slungshot. A large ledger and two memorandum books containing Livingston's name were also in the valise. One of the memorandum books contains the draft of one of the tools. In the ledger are memoranda that look suspicious. One is a long list of household articles, plate, and wearing apparel. Under it is a cipher memorandum, beginning with the word May. It is believed to be a list of the booty taken in a burglary. Livingston seems to have been of a literary turn, as is indicated by a number of short stories of the dime novel class written in the ledger, "by W. J. Livingston." He says that the tools were put into the valise, whose ownership he acknowledges, by some malevolent enemy, and he thinks Bruder is the man. The marriage, he says, was purely a case of a young man being entrapped into an entangling alliance by a middle-aged woman. Dunn hunted in vain for the marriage certificate for a long time, but at length found it fastened under the lapel of Livingston's vest.

The seeming improbability of the story told by the Bruders was a puzzle to Justice Morgan at first. Still, as cross-examination only confirmed it, he decided to hold Livingston for examination; first, for shooting at Mrs. Bruder for refusing to marry him, \$1,000 bail; and secondly for compelling her to marry him by threats, \$1,000 bail. Bondsmen were found, and he was liberated. The house in which the Bruders and Livingston live is a two-story brick, built apparently as a stable. The upper story has been turned into dwelling

apartments by means of frame partitions. The front half, consisting of three rooms, the Livingstons occupy. The three rear rooms the Bruders and Mrs. Stohl live in. Young Livingston occupied the room dividing the two sets of apartments. The writer found Mr. and Mrs. Bruder and Mrs. Stohl in the sitting room of the former. Three children, the oldest about six, the youngest an infant, were playing on the floor. Mrs. Bruder is a tall, not fascinating dame of about thirty-five. Her husband sat moodily by the fire, and seemed indisposed to talk about his troubles. He pointed to the bullet mark in the cupboard door, and to the marks of the knife in the room door. The last was across the grain of the wood, and could have been made only by a very powerful arm. Mrs. Bruder shuddered as she recounted incidents of the terror she had been compelled to undergo through fear for the lives of her husband and children. Her mother told of several incidents that she had seen. The Livingstons still adhere to their assertion that the marriage and the burglars' tools are part of the same plot to destroy the reputation of their son.

HOW TO ORGANIZE A GRANGE.

The First Step.—What to Send For.—The papers required.—The Number of Persons for Charter Members.—Information to the Deputy.—Preliminary Meeting.—The Organization.

Upon this subject the following information is furnished by H. C. Demming, of Harrisburg, Deputy for Dauphin, Perry, Snyder and Juniata counties.

First Step.—Learn the address of the Deputy for your county, and send to him for a copy of the Constitution, which is furnished free. If you do not know the address of the Deputy, send either to the Secretary or the Master of the State Grange.

Second Step.—Having read the Constitution carefully, if you are eligible to charter membership, send to the Deputy of your county for the "organization papers." They will be furnished without cost. If your county has no Deputy, send to the Secretary or Master of the State Grange.

Third Step.—Having received the papers, read them carefully; and understand that none of the requirements laid down can be varied from. Also, particularly bear in mind that not less than nine men and four women are necessary to organization; but that it is better for the Grange to have the full number—20 men and 10 women. Then secure the number required as soon as possible, taking care to receive the names only of good men and women. With an organization numbering nearly 2,000,000 of our best people, it will not do now to take any and all who offer themselves for the sake of having a subordinate Grange organized two or three days sooner than it otherwise would be.

Fourth Step.—Having obtained the necessary number, send the list on to the Deputy, stating the time you have agreed upon to meet and await his arrival; also, the best route for him to take to reach the place of meeting, if away from a railroad. If the Deputy, on account of previous engagements, cannot meet with you at the time fixed, it is his duty to so inform you at once, and to name a time that will best suit.

Fifth Step.—While awaiting the arrival of the Deputy, a preliminary meeting might be had to fix upon time and place of regular meeting, and to agree upon a name for the Grange. There should generally be a first and second choice of name, as the first choice may be the name of some Grange already organized. There should be no election of officers until after organization by the Deputy, for the reason that some of the so-called subordinate officers have very important duties to discharge, which are made known only after organization.

Sixth Step.—Every person whose name is enrolled ought to be present at the time fixed for organization. If called upon, the Deputy can give nine of the leading objects of the organization as an introductory—(1) the social and educational; (2) benevolent; (3) economical; (4) friendly intercourse and discussion; (5) the cash system; (6) co-operation; (7) unity; (8) anti-litigation; (9) anti-monopoly, anti-extortion and anti-corruption. [Deputies see page 4, Farmer's Friend of January 24, 1874.] These can be condensed into four short paragraphs—1st, 2d, 8th and 9th with a mere reference to the others.

Seventh Step.—Organization; when all further information can be had from the Deputy, or through the regular channels, which are thrown open for the first time by this seventh step.