

The Bloomfield Times.

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April Violets.

'Tis not the value of the gift,
That friendship's hand may tender;
'Tis not a thing's intrinsic worth,
(Though gems of rarest splendor),
That calls the heart's best gratitude,
Or wakes a deep emotion;
The simplest flower may be the gift,
And claim a life's devotion.

A bunch of violets, culled when first
The showers of spring unfold them,
May be of small intrinsic worth,
And fade while yet we hold them;
Yet are they types of modest truth,
And may become a token,
From friend to friend, of kind regard,
That never shall be broken.

These fragrant flowers which thou hast
given,
And I so fondly cherish,
May, ere another morn shall rise,
Before me fade and perish;
Yet are they sweet—their grateful soul
No time or change can sever;
So lives the memory of thy gift;
It breathes of thee forever.

A Runaway Match.

A GREAT many years since, when
bright-eyed and fair-haired lasses
were not so plenty in New England as they
now are, there dwelt in the town of P—
a pretty village, distant, then, some five-
and-twenty miles from "Market-town," a
peculiarly comely and graceful maiden,
who had a peculiarly ugly and cross-
grained but wealthy old father.

Minnie was Danforth's only child; and
report said truly that she would be his sole
legatee. The old man was a sturdy farmer,
and was estimated to be worth full ten
thousand dollars; at that period, a very
handsome fortune, to be sure.

The sparkling eyes and winning manners
of Minnie Danforth had stirred up the finer
feelings of the whole male portion of the
village, and her suitors were numerous;
but her father was particular, and none
succeeded in making headway with him or
her.

In the meantime, Minnie had a true and
loyal lover *in secret*! Who would have
supposed for one moment that such a fel-
low would dare to look upon beauty and
comparative refinement? His name was
Walker, or, as he was called, "Joe"—
Joe Walker; and he was simply a farmer,
employed by old Danforth, who had en-
trusted Joe with the management of his
place for two or three years.

But a very excellent farmer, and a right
good manager, was this plain, unassuming
but good-looking Joe Walker. He was
young, too, only twenty-three; and he ac-
tually fell in love with the beautiful, pleas-
ant, joyous Minnie Danforth, his old em-
ployer's only daughter. But the strange-
st part of the occurrence was, that Min-
nie returned his love earnestly, truly, and
frankly; and promised to wed him at the
favorable moment.

Things went on merrily for a time, but
old Danforth discovered certain glances
and attentions between them, which excited
his envy and suspicions. Very soon af-
terwards, Joe learned the old man's mind,
indirectly, in regard to his future disposal
of Minnie's hand, and he quickly saw that
his case was a hopeless one, unless he re-
sorted to stratagem; and so he set his wits
at once to work.

By agreement, an apparently settled
coldness and distance was observed by the
lovers towards each other for five or six
months; and the father saw (as he believ-
ed), with satisfaction, that his previous
suspicions and fears had been all prema-
ture. Then, by agreement also between
them, Joe absented himself from the house
at evening; night after night for full three

months longer, did Joe disappear as soon
as his work was finished, to return home
only at a late bed-time. This was unusual,
and old Danforth determined to know the
cause of it.

Joe frankly confessed that he was in love
with a man's daughter, who resided less
than three miles distant; but, after a faith-
ful attachment between them for several
months, the old man had utterly refused
to entertain his application for the young
girl's hand.

This was capital. Just what old Dan-
forth most desired. This satisfied him
that he had made a mistake in regard to
his own child; and he would help Joe to
get married and thus stop all further sus-
picions or trouble at home. So he said:

"Well, Joe, is she a buxom lass?"
"Yes—yes," said Joe. "That is, other
folks say so. I'm not much of a judge
myself."

"And you like her?"
"Yes, sir—yes."
"Then, marry her," said old Danforth.
"But I can't—the father objects—"
"Pooh!" continued Danforth, "let him
do so; what need you care? Run away
with her."
"Elope?"

"Yes! Off with you at once! If the
gal will join—all right. Marry her, bring
her here; you shall have the little cottage
at the foot of the lane; I'll furnish it for
you; your wages shall be increased; and
the old man may like it, or not, as he
will!"

"But—"
"But me no buts, Joe. Do as I bid
you; go about it at once; and—"
"You will stand by me?"
"Yes, to the last. I know you, Joe.—
You're a good fellow, a good workman, and
will make anybody a good son, or hus-
band."

"The old fellow will be so mad, though."
"Who cares, I say? Go on quickly, but
quietly."

"To-morrow night, then," said Joe.
"Yes," said Danforth.
"I'll hire Colver's horse—"
"No you shan't."

"No?"
"I say no. Take my horse—the best
one, young Morgan; he'll take you off in
fine style, in the new phaeton."
"Exactly."

"And as soon as you're spliced, come
right back here, and a jolly time we'll have
of it at the old house."

"Her father will kill me!"
"Bah! He's an old fool, whoever he
is; he don't know your good qualities, Joe,
so well as I do. Don't be afraid; faint
heart, you know, never won a fair woman."
"The old man will be astounded."

"Never mind, go on. We'll turn the
laugh on him. I'll take care of you and
your wife, at any rate."
"I'll do it," said Joe.
"You shall," said Danforth; and they
parted in the best of spirits.

An hour after dark, on the following eve-
ning, Joe made his appearance, decked in a
nice new black suit, and really looking
very comely. The old man bustled out to
the barn with him, helped to harness young
"Morgan" to his new phaeton; and leading
the spunky animal himself into the road,
away went happy Joe Walker in search of
his bride.

A few rods distant from the house, he
found her, as previous arrangement; and
repeating to the next village, the parson
very quickly made them one in holy wed-
lock. Joe took his bride, and soon dashed
back to the town of P—, and halted at
old Danforth's house, who was already
looking for him, and who received him
with open arms.

"Is it done?" cried the old man.
"Yes—yes!" answered Joe.
"Bring her in, bring her in," continued
the old fellow, in high glee; "never mind
compliments; no matter about the dark
entry; here, here, Joe, to the right, in the
best parlor; we'll have a time now, sure!"
and the anxious farmer rushed away for
lights, returning almost immediately.

"Here's the certificate, sir," said Joe.
"Yes, yes—"
"And this is my wife," he added, as he
passed up his beautiful bride—the bewitch-
ing and lovely Minnie Danforth!

"What!" roared the old fellow; "what did
you say, Joe—you villain, you scamp, you
ovadacious cheat, you—you—you—"
"It is truth, sir; we are lawfully mar-
ried. You advised me to this course, you
assisted me, you planned the whole affair,
you lent me your horse, you thought me,
last evening, worthy of any man's child, you
encouraged me, you promised to stand by

me, you offered me the cottage at the foot
of the lane, you—"

"I didn't! I deny it. You can't prove
it; you're a—a—a—!"

"Calmly now, sir," continued Joe. And
the entreaties of the happy couple were at
once united to quell the man's ire, and to
persuade him to acknowledge the union.

The father relented at last. It was a
job of his own manufacture, and he saw
how useless it would be, finally, to attempt
to destroy it.

He gave in reluctantly; and the fair
Minnie Danforth was joyfully to be duly
acknowledged as Mrs. Joe Walker.

The marriage proved a joyful one; and
the original assertion of old Danforth proved
truthful in every respect. The cunning
lover was a good son and a faithful hus-
band, and lived many years to enjoy the
happiness which followed upon his run-
away-match; while the old man never cared
to hear much about the details of the elope-
ment, for he saw how completely he had
overshot his mark!

A California Story.

THE following anecdote, which was told
me by an eye-witness, I will relate as I
can recollect it in his own words.

In the early mining days of California,
there stood at the foot of the hill, not many
miles from Nevada one of those rough-
built gaming houses so common throughout
the mining sections of the territory. A de-
scription of this structure and its surround-
ings will convey to the reader a better idea
of the incident I am about to relate. The
building contained but one room, the en-
trance to which was situated at one end,
with a large adobe fireplace on the other
end, nearly opposite to the entrance. On
the large stone hearth burned a wood fire,
giving to the room a cheerful appearance.
On the front, at the right of the entrance,
was a well-filled bar, around which were
congregated representatives of different na-
tions, some speculating on the success of
various mining operations, while others
were discussing the general topics of the
day. Along the rear side of the room ex-
tended a row of tables, around each of
which was seated a company of miners
playing poker, and staking large sums of
gold with as much coolness and apparent
unconcern as if they were partaking of
their evening meal. A few rude seats oc-
cupied the space around the fireplace, and
in the front portion of the room beyond the
bar. The cabins of the settlers extended
some distance to the front of the spot,
while the unsettled portion of the country
lay in the rear.

The hill before mentioned rising abruptly
from this position was thickly interspersed
with sage brush and thick bushes, affording
a temporary hiding place for the fugitive.
As the evening wore on, the patrons of the
saloon became more numerous, while the
chilliness of the atmosphere caused those
not interested in the games at the table to
gather round the fire. The conversation,
which at this time was becoming animated,
was suddenly interrupted by the entrance
of a tall, raw-boned Yankee, bearing in his
hand a long rifle; around his waist he wore
a belt, from which was suspended a powder
flask and bullet pouch.

Advancing to the fire-place, he deposited
his rifle in the corner, and after accepting
the seat courteously offered him by one of
the company, he seated himself by the fire;
resting one elbow on his knee, and dropping
his chin into his hand, he sat gloomily
watching the fire as if some mighty grief
was preying upon him. He mumbled in-
coherently at times, and sat without chang-
ing his position. The attention of the
company was soon drawn to the stranger,
and an occasional glance from those at the
table was directed toward the place where
he sat. He at length broke out in such
lamentations as these:

"I am tired of life. My claim has failed,
and I am without friends or money. I have
not even enough to purchase a supper. I
have been out all day hunting, and have
killed nothing."

He addressed no one personally, and no
one seemed to sympathize with him in his
disturbed condition. He sat in silence a
few minutes, then raising his head he ex-
claimed,—

"A man may as well be dead as out of
luck. I will take my own life."

Then taking from his side the flask, he
unscrewed the cap from the top, and pour-
ed from it into his hand some apparently
fine Hazard powder, then pouring it care-
fully back, he replaced the cap, and screw-
ing it firmly on, yelled,—

"Yes, I will die myself, and all around
me shall die also."

He then flung the flask upon the burning
coals. The tumult that followed was inde-
scribable. The rush for the door was al-
most simultaneous with the rash act of the
stranger. The windows served as a means
of escape to those who were unable to press
a passage through the door. The Yankee
sat a calm spectator till the last occupant
of the room had made his exit, then with
the rapidity of lightning he sprang to the
tables and scraped from them the shining
piles of gold which had been left by the
gamblers and deposited them in his hat,
escaping through one of the rear windows.
With desperate strides he ascended the
hill, and jumping upon a fallen tree, turned
to survey the multitude below. All
were awaiting breathlessly, watching the
building, expecting every moment that the
contents of the heated flask would blow it
to atoms, when the shrill voice of our hero
rang out on the clear night air,—

"Don't be afraid, gentlemen. There is
nothing but black sand in the can."

Then springing from his perch he disap-
peared among the chaparral, completely
eluding the pursuit of the gamblers, who
returned to the saloon to find the tables all
cleared of the last vestige of their treasure.

A Minister in a Fix.

The other day lawyer Johnson went out
of town for the afternoon, and left the of-
fice in charge of the boy. As soon as he
had fairly got out of sight the boy hailed
Scoville's boy, and bringing him into the
office, the two sat down to a game of seven-
up. They were playing with great spirit,
continually accusing one another of cheat-
ing, and getting up and throwing books at
each other's head, and sitting down again
to resume the game, and generally enjoy-
ing themselves as much as if they had both
been orphans and there were no apple-tree
switches in the county. After this had
gone on for an hour or two, and lawyer
Johnson's boy had nearly "broken" Scov-
ille's boy by winning five of his seven
cents, the Rev. Mr. Smiley happened in to
ask Mr. Johnson about when he ought to
have a donation party. The two boys were
caught and there was no use in lying about
it, although lawyer Johnson's boy showed
the effects of his legal education by at once
beginning to swear that he could prove an
alibi when the proper time should come.—
Good Mr. Smiley thought he would just
talk kindly to the boys, and so he sat down
with them at the table, and picking up the
cards began to ask them if they had any
mothers, and if so what those mothers
would say to see their sons gambling, and
whether they were prepared to die with
their hands full of aces and jacks, and how
they would explain this matter in a future
world. Just then old Biggs came, and
said, "Hello! Playing the boys a little
euchre, are you? Don't mind if I take a
hand myself." Mr. Smiley replied, very
sternly, that he didn't know the game to
which he alluded. "Don't know it, hey?"
said old Biggs, "Well what was you a-play-
ing boys?" "Seven-up," answered law-
yer Johnson's boy with great promptness.

"Well, well," continued old Biggs,
"I'm sorry to hear it. Seven-up ain't no
game for a minister, Mr. Smiley. Euchre,
now, is a nice, genteel game; but I never
thought you'd play seven-up, and for mon-
ey, too. If you're goin' to play for money,
poker's your best hold. I'll play you my-
self now for half an hour—ten-cent antes
and dollar bets. Here's my pile, you see,"
—and that graceless old reprobate pulled
out his pocket-book and drew up another
chair to the table. Mr. Smiley sat speech-
less, holding the cards in his hand, when
in came Scoville and collared his boy. As
he dragged him away to execution, he re-
marked to Mr. Smiley, "So, I'm a back-
slider, am I? All right. After I've done
my duty as a parent I'll call on your de-
acons to ask them what they think of a min-
ister who teaches boys to play cards. Oh,
yes! I'm a backslider, I am! To be sure.
Of course I am." Uttering this and
other writhing sarcasms he withdrew, and
the story has been told with so many
changes and additions, that the question
which now agitates the village is whether
old Biggs did lose fifty dollars on a flush to
Mr. Smiley who held a full, or whether
Mr. Smiley's four jacks were the hand that
really broke old Biggs.

Difference.

We are told that 300 years ago ladies
combed their hair just as they do to-day.—
This won't do in a civilized land and
among observing people. Three hundred
years ago ladies used to comb their hair on
their heads—now they hang it over the
back of a chair to comb it.

Lake Titicaca.

THIS is the most singular and interest-
ing lake in the world. Situated on
the crest of the Andes, it is the highest
large body of fresh water; and as con-
current traditions point to it as the spot
where Manco Capac, the first Inca, ap-
peared and woke the aboriginal tribes from
their long sleep of barbarism and igno-
rance, it is the historic center of South
America. Humboldt called it the theater
of the earliest American civilization. On
an island within it are the imposing ruins
of the Temple of the Sun, and all around
it are monuments which attest the skill
and magnificence of the Incas. There are
also, as at Tiabuanaco and Silustani, the
remains of burial towers and palaces,
which antedate the crusades, and are there-
fore pre-incarial.

Lake Titicaca is about the size of our
Ontario, shallow on the west and north,
deep towards the east and south. The
eastern or Bolivian shore, being backed by
the lofty range of Sorata, is very high and
precipitous. The lake never freezes over,
although the temperature of Puno is often
18° at sunrise. Two little steamers of 100-
tons each do a trifling business. Steam is
generated by llama dung, the only fuel of
the country; for there are no trees within
150 miles. The steamers actually cost
their weight in silver; for their transpor-
tation (in pieces) from the coast as much as
the original price. A steamboat company
has just asked from Bolivia the exclusive
privilege of navigating Titicaca and the
Rio Desaguadero to Lago Pampa, with a
guaranty of six per cent cost on the capital
and a share in all new mines discovered.

Professor Orton, the latest traveler in
that region, calls attention to the fact that
Lake Titicaca is not so high as usually
given in geographical works by about 300
feet. Its true altitude is 12,493 feet, and
in the dry season it is four feet less. This
fact has been revealed by the consecutive
levelings made in building the Arequipa
railway just finished, which reaches from
the Pacific to Lake Titicaca. The road
rises from the sea to Arequipa, 7,550 feet;
thence to the summit, 14,600 feet; and
then descends over 2,000 feet, to Puno on
the west shore of the lake, a distance by
the track of 325 miles from the ocean.
Penlandt's estimates of Sorata, Illimani,
and other peaks of the Andes, having started
from the Titicaca level as a base line,
must come down full 300 feet.

How Frank Pierce Heard of His Nomina- tion.

Sitting one night in the Tremont house
with the late Col. Barnes, he said to me:
"That was a queer thing about the nomina-
tion of Frank." "Frank who?" I said.
"Why, Frank Pierce—Gen. Pierce. You
see we intended to run Frank for the Vice
Presidency. We thought the South would
concede that office to the North, and we
pitched upon the General. He was very
quiet."

He spent his evenings with a set of good
fellows, and the fact is he drank a good deal,
though it was not generally known. The
morning of the nomination it was agreed
between Frank and myself that he should
spend the day in Mount Auburn, no one
but myself knowing where his place of re-
sort was. He was very nervous and greatly
agitated. I agreed to drive out in the af-
ternoon and tell him how things looked.
When the news of General's nomination
came on, men rushed into the Tremont
House by hundreds. They knew my inti-
macy with the General. But I kept my
own counsel. I drove out to Mount
Auburn. It was a long time before I could
find Frank.

He was solitary and alone, leaning on the
monument over the graves of the Webster
family. As soon as I saw him I shouted
"Frank, you have got it!" "Got what?"
"Got the nomination for the Presidency!"
"Not the Presidency?" "Yes, you are nom-
inated for the Presidency by the great
Democratic party of the States." Pale as
marble, Frank turned from me—half stand-
ing—grasping the sandstone shaft, he took
a solemn vow that he would drink no intox-
icating liquors during the canvass, nor,
if elected, during his Presidential term.
That vow those who knew him best knew
that he kept.

The young folks in Newark, Ohio,
have had a dance for the benefit of a church
and cleared \$30. The church declined the
money because of the dancing. Then the
benevolent Terpsichoreans tried to give
the money to another church, but were re-
fused in the same way. Perhaps they will
now spend the money which it is so hard
to get rid of in some additional festivity—
may be, in an oyster supper.