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For the Bloomfield Times.
THE OLD STOOL AT HOME.

BY HARRY L.

'Tis old now and worthless, and shattered by
age,
And marks of rough usage will freely pre-
vail,
But I'll treasure it still, as though it were gold,
For I love near my heart, the dear treasure to
hold.

I have sat by that treasure, in days gone by,
And the unbidden tear would start to my eye,
As I thought of the time when one so fair,
Used that dear stool instead of a chair;
It was his companion, in childhood's hours,
When nought, then, troubled young hearts like
ours,

When nothing but sunshine, encircled our way,
A stranger, was sorrow, in those happy days,
But we cannot live always, in youth's sunny
hour,
For it fades like the dew, that feeds the fair
flower,
Which sparkles so brightly e'er away it is
borne;

So sparkles sweet pleasures, in life's early
morn.
But, I've covered it o'er with moss from the
valley,
And around it at times we all love to rally,
But *dearest respect*, our minds seem to rule,
For the one gone before us, who fashioned the
stool.

His life like all other's, with cares was beset,
But his loving Redeemer, he'd never forget,
And I know though his body sleeps neath the
soil,
That his spirit has gone to rest with his God.

For the Bloomfield Times.

Isabella's Mistake.

"I WANT to look at some gloves,"
said a richly dressed young lady, in
an imperious voice to a clerk in a glove
shop.

"What number, miss?" he asked.
Upon being told, he placed a case before
her.

"Are they for yourself?" he added,
glancing at her hand and then at the glove
she was examining. He was answered in
the affirmative.

"You wear a much larger glove than
that," observed the clerk.

"You will allow me to judge for my-
self," replied the lady, haughtily. "I
know best what I wear."

He made no answer, but turning to a
modest looking neatly dressed young woman
who stood near, partially waiting his lea-
sure, he asked:

"What can I show you to-day?"
"I would like to examine some gloves,"
she replied, in a gentle voice. The clerk
measured her hand.

"You will need very small ones. These
are much too large," he rejoined, taking
another case from the shelf.

While the last customer was making a
selection, the young lady who had first
spoken was unconsciously tossing about
the nicely assorted gloves and looking very
ill-humored. Overbearing the last remark
of the clerk to the plainly dressed young
girl beside her, she threw down the gloves,
tossed her head, and after bestowing sun-
dry contemptuous glances upon the two,
in no very graceful manner, left the store.
The young woman, after choosing gloves,
made a few other purchases and soon fol-
lowed the other.

While this scene was transpiring, a gen-
tleman had entered, and taking a paper
from the counter, placed himself in a
situation where his face was not visible.
He ostensibly began to read, but in reality
was watching the movements and counte-
nances of the two girls. When they had
gone, he bought some small articles, and

with a thoughtful countenance, took his
departure.

The gentleman we have mentioned, was
a young physician in a good practice in the
city of Boston. His father was a wealthy
man, and resided in a distant metropolis.
The son had studied medicine, not from
the necessity of acquiring a profession, but
to gratify a love, for it; and by the assis-
tance of a few influential friends of his
father's, had obtained a large and lucrative
practice. His society was courted, he was
fine-looking, intelligent, talented, and in
him the poor found a kind friend and as-
sistant.

The young lady, whose scornful looks he
had perceived, was not unknown to him,
but for reasons of his own, he was glad she
had not remarked his presence. The other
he never remembered having seen, but
was charmed by her modest and lady-like
demeanor, and the unusually sweet ex-
pression of her features. Her attire, though
not rich, was extremely neat and showed
the good taste of the wearer.

"I wonder who she is," thought the
young physician. "I must manage, in
some way, to discover her name and resi-
dence." "Visions of small white hands and
beautiful features haunted him in dreams
during the following night.

The next morning a message was left at
his office, requesting him to call profes-
sionally at the house of a Widow West, on
P—Street. Being at leisure, he complied
immediately. Upon ringing, the door was
opened by a small girl, who conducted him
to Mrs. West.

"I am not much sick, doctor, but I
thought it best to call you, and perhaps
save a long and tedious illness," said a
sweet voice. The speaker was a woman
about forty years of age, pale and thin,
but possessing the remains of great beauty.

"You did well, madam," cordially re-
plied Doctor Malcolm, drawing the chair
to the bed and seating himself. "Your
pulse is rapid, you have considerable fever,
and must be attended to immediately.

Having prescribed remedies, he entered
into conversation with his patient. His
manners were free, easy, and invited con-
fidence; and Mrs. West felt that the timi-
dity which had naturally arisen in the
presence of a stranger, was fast disappear-
ing under the kind words and sympathizing
countenance of the doctor. The latter had
his suspicions that they had once seen bet-
ter days, if not been wealthy. A harp
which stood in one corner with music be-
side it, several articles of furniture which
were apparently valued too highly to be
parted with, added to the general appear-
ance of his patient, gave him reason to
think he was right in these conjectures.
His thoughts were confirmed by the words
of Mrs. West.

He learned that she had been the wife
of a rich merchant, who had been wholly
deprived of his property by the dishonesty
of a partner. While her husband lived, they
subsisted comfortably; but upon his de-
cease friends deserted them, and herself and
two daughters had been obliged to take in
what sewing they could get, for a livelihood.
They had been tolerably successful in pro-
curing work, and were then in better cir-
cumstances than she had anticipated in the
first hours of her bereavement.

While listening with attention to this re-
lation, the physician had not noticed the
entrance of a young lady, who now ap-
proached the bed and affectionately spoke
to her mother. He raised his eyes and
was much astonished, though pleased, at
recognizing in the blushing beauty before
him, his unknown charmer. His surprise
was so great that he scarcely noticed Mrs.
West's remark of—

"My daughter Flora, Doctor Malcolm."
Though somewhat embarrassed by his ear-
nest glances, Flora gracefully bowed, and
the physician drew her into conversation.

"Flora is a treasure," observed the moth-
er, fondly. "When I become disheartened
and sad, her dutiful attentions and affec-
tionate ways revive my drooping spirits
and encourage me to hope on. You will
make allowance, doctor, for the partiality
of a doting parent," added Mrs. West, with
a smile.

Flora blushed again, and looked very
pretty.

"You are favored in possessing such a
daughter," he replied, earnestly.

"Did you succeed, Flora?" asked the
mother, after a short pause.

"I did," replied the young girl, "but
Miss Shirley wishes the work to be return-
ed to-morrow. I fear I cannot do it, and
nurse you as I wish."

"Miss Isabella Shirley?" repeated the
physician, inquiringly.

"The same," rejoined Mrs. West. "Do
you know the young lady?"

"I have met her," he replied, carelessly.
"How do you like her?" he asked, turning
to Flora. The latter was silent.

"My daughter thinks she is rather ex-
acting at times, and does not always speak
as gently as she might," answered the
mother. "But I often tell Flora that such
trifles must not be regarded by those who
are dependent on the patronage of others.
It is necessary for people in our position to
lay aside all feelings of pride."

"I fear the sacrifice is too often deman-
ded," observed the gentleman with an air
of regret.

Thinking it might possibly be inconven-
ient for Mrs. West to send for her medi-
cine, he remarked upon leaving, that he
would see to putting it up and sending it
himself, to prevent any mistakes. The
widow accepted his offer with gratitude.
Leaving the house, Malcolm walked slowly
along, reflecting upon the story of Mrs.
West, the beauty of Flora—the filial devo-
tion she had manifested towards her moth-
er, and her unceasing exertions to help
support the family. He was aroused from
a kind of reverie by a hand being laid upon
his shoulder.

"Good morning, Fred!" he exclaimed,
with a start. "You are the very person I
wished to see. Here we are at my office.
Come in, I wish a little of your assistance."

"With all my heart," replied his com-
panion, and they were soon seated before a
comfortable fire.

"I have just returned from a very in-
teresting call," pursued Malcolm. "Yester-
day I met a young girl whose appear-
ance pleased me greatly. She is pretty,
modest, and though evidently in humble
circumstances, was dressed in exquisite
taste."

"You are lost, Malcolm, I fear," inter-
rupted the other, laughing.

"I acknowledge I was charmed with
her," resumed the physician. "But you
have not heard all. This morning, I was
called to visit a Widow West; and who
should she prove to be but the mother of
my fair unknown. This, as you perceive
was a fortunate circumstance for me. I
have had the pleasure of seeing Flora
West—for that is her name—and my in-
terest has not decreased in the least. They
were once wealthy, and the education and
accomplishments of the daughter, I am
sure, have not been neglected. At present,
she assists her mother by sewing. Fred,
such a daughter would make a good
wife."

"A desperate case, I perceive. I fear
Miss Isabella Shirley has nothing to hope,"
replied his companion.

"Miss Shirley has attracted me, I will
admit, but from some things which I have
heard and seen of late, I feel a little doubt
in regard to her disposition. I have paid her
considerable attention, and a sort of tacit
engagement has subsisted between us for
some time. But I am not yet satisfied. I
met both Isabella and Flora in a shop, and
unperceived, observed them. One was
haughty and imperious in her manners, the
other, modest and gentle. The contrast
was obvious, and at once opened my eyes.
I wish to test Isabella's strength of mind,
disposition and constancy. You, Frederick,
can assist me much in a plan I have been
forming on my way home."

"My services are at your disposal," re-
turned his friend.

"The day after to-morrow, as you are
aware, is St. Valentine's day. I will write
a valentine, speak of the intense love her
beauty has excited, offer her my hand and
heart, tell her I am a gentleman of rank
and fortune—a lord, in fact—but have
assumed a name—which shall be that
of Frederic Greenwood—for convenience
sake, with many other things which I will
not now enumerate, but be sure to men-
tion. You are stopping at the Winthrop,
your name is on the books and should in-
quiry be made, all would be right. How
do you like my plan?"

"Very good, very good," rejoined Fre-
deric; "and as the lady is a stranger to me,
it will make no difference. The day will
justify what you will write."

"I think so," resumed Malcolm.—
"Amuse yourself with these books and
papers, while I draw up a rough copy for
your inspection." And he turned towards
the desk and soon handed his friend the
following epistle:

"WINTHROP HOUSE.
"MISS SHIRLEY:—I take advantage of
the privilege which the day affords me, to
write words which my feelings dictated
long ago. I have met you, but you knew

it not; I have looked upon you, but was not
perceived; and I have even dared to love
you—yes, love you—passionately, madly,
without your knowledge or consent. I
heard your praises on every tongue; all
lauded the beauty, virtues and accomplish-
ments of Miss Shirley. Could I stand by
unconcerned—was my heart adamant? No,
it yielded! You came—I saw—you con-
quered. When and where I met you, it
was not necessary at this time to state. But
I do not yet know your name or station,
you will remark. It is true, and I will
explain. I am a gentleman of rank and
fortune. My figure and features are not con-
sidered bad by good judges. My age is
twenty-five. I am now at the Winthrop
House, and pass under an assumed name
to avoid the unmeaning civilities and cease-
less attentions of the citizens. But I will
inform you who I really am; I will throw
myself upon your generosity, trusting you
will not betray my secret. I am Lord
Ilseley, a near relative of the illustrious
Lord Elgin, who visited your beautiful
city the past season.

"Do not regard these only as the words
of flattery, for it is the language of a sin-
cere and devoted admirer. To prove my
sincerity, I solemnly tender you my hand,
heart and fortune. Do not, I entreat, turn
away with scorn and displeasure depicted
upon that beautiful countenance—do not
drive me to despair. Grant me but a line
—but a single word, even, and I remain,
Forever yours,
FREDERIC GREENWOOD."

"Very pathetic!" exclaimed the owner
of the name subscribed. "One would im-
agine you were versed in the business of
love-writing."

"Perhaps so," rejoined Malcolm, with a
smile. "You will please make me out
two copies of this, one of which I shall
send to Isabella Shirley, and the other,
with the change in names, of course, to
Flora West. I shall wait with some im-
patience to know how they will be receiv-
ed," he added, as the two friends stepped
into the street.

The sun arose in unclouded splendor on
the morning of the fourteenth of February.
Sleigh bells jingled merrily, and numerous
pretty women, protected from the severity
of the weather by thick cloaks and furs,
tripped lightly along the busy streets.—
The penny-postman made numberless calls,
and among the favored ones was Isabella
Shirley.

She caught the precious missive and ex-
amined the superscription attentively.—
The hand-writing was unknown, and break-
ing the seal, she opened it. The paper was
of the nicest kind, and the chirography in-
disputably beautiful. Surprise and pleasure
were visible upon her countenance as she
continued to read. When she had
twice perused it, she arose, and with a
quick step entered the next room, where
Mrs. Shirley was seated.

"What do you think I have received,
mother?" she asked in a pleased voice.

"A valentine, I suppose," quietly replied
the lady.

"Yes, but such a valentine as but few
young ladies in this city will receive to-day!
The writer is in earnest, I verily believe.
Where can he have seen me," she added
thoughtfully.

"But you forget, Isabella, that I am
ignorant of its contents," observed the
mother, "and cannot therefore sympathize
in your pleasure."

"Very true, you shall hear; and Is-
abella repeated the words of the letter to the
astonished parent, who had never heard so
much nonsense combined in her life.

"And do you believe it, Bell?" she
asked. "I thought people never wrote any-
thing serious in valentines."

"Sometimes they do; but this does not
appear like falsehood. If it should mean
anything, what a triumph I would have
over the Mertons and the Sharps, who put
on so many airs. And it wouldn't sur-
prise me much if my Dr. Malcolm took a
walking ticket," added Miss Isabella,
somewhat proudly.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Shirley.—
"Don't be precipitate. A bird in the
hand is worth two in the bush."

"An idea has just occurred to me; I will
send Edward to the Winthrop House to ex-
amine the books. That will be proof pos-
itive." And she hastened away to find a
younger brother and despatch him on the
important errand. Isabella was all im-
patience to know the result. She had writ-
ten the name upon a slip of paper lest he
should forget it. Perceiving him ap-
proaching at a snail's pace, she flew to the
door to ascertain his success.

"It is there! he has found it!" she ex-
claimed, triumphantly, "and this is not
an imposition. I shall give him just
enough encouragement to induce him to
persevere. Think, mother, I can be Lady
Ilseley, if I choose! But I shall treat those

I really like, just as well as ever; it shan't
make any difference!"

Saying this, she hurried to her room, to
answer, as we suppose, the valuable epistle,
leaving her mother at a loss to know what
to believe. At first she had been inclined
to think it mere pleasantry, but the fact of
the same name being found inscribed upon
the books, was proof incontestable. The
title had also been too much for her weak
head; she was completely dazzled, and
congratulated herself on the brilliant pros-
pects of her daughter.

Towards evening of the next day, our
young physician was seen wending his way
towards the house of Mrs. West. As he
approached the door, he distinctly heard
the notes of a harp struck by skillful fin-
gers. Soon a rich, clear voice joined the
beautiful accompaniment. Malcolm lost
not a sound, and as the echoes died gradu-
ally away, he entered without ringing.

He now discovered the musician. The
fair Flora was seated at the harp we have
mentioned, running her white tapering
fingers over the strings. She hastily arose,
coloring slightly as he made his appear-
ance unannounced. Having spoken with Mrs.
West, and finding her considerably better,
he asked Flora to oblige him with a little
music. She hesitated a moment, but upon
her mother's observing that their visitor
"would not criticize too severely," she
complied, and again sang the song Malcolm
had heard. He was delighted. He had
never heard the harp played to such per-
fection.

"Your daughter has a beautiful voice,
and I must compliment her performance,"
he observed, bowing his thanks to the
blushing girl.

"Flora had the benefit of good teachers
before her father's death, for he was un-
usually fond of music. But now, poor girl,
she has little time to practice. Her fingers
must ply the needle instead of touching the
harp-strings," replied her mother, sadly.—
Tears filled the eyes of Flora as she remem-
bered the days of their prosperity, and ris-
ing, she hastily left the room. Sadness
seemed contagious. The plaintive nature
of the song had called up melancholy feel-
ings, and it was sometime before Malcolm
recovered his usual cheerfulness.

Mrs. West possessed fluent conversational
powers, and was so well informed, that
he spent an agreeable hour in talking of
various subjects before he recollected an
engagement. Resolutely declining the fee
which she almost forced upon him, he left
her—Flora had not returned—remarking
that she would need but few more visits,
if her nurse continued faithful.

"Welcome, Fred!" said Malcolm, as the
door opened and Greenwood entered. "I
was thinking of those valentines. Have they
been answered?"

"I have just received answers. They
happened to come together; isn't that a
singular coincidence, Malcolm?" replied
the other, smiling.

"Rather. But let us read them; I feel
impatient," and he broke the seal of one
while Greenwood opened the other. The
latter commenced reading aloud the follow-
ing:

"Mr. Greenwood:—Your communica-
tion was received and astonished me not a
little. I feel somewhat flattered by your
preference, but perhaps it would be more
moderately to withhold the remark, as you
are an entire stranger. I was not aware
we had met, and have only your word to
rely upon. I know not, either, whether
you are sincere in your protestations, and
perhaps I ought to be angry; but I cannot
find it in my heart to be so, and have writ-
ten this to assure you that the secret is safe
in my keeping.
Yours, &c.,
ISABELLA SHIRLEY."

"Just what I expected," remarked Mal-
colm. "She is silly enough to believe the
story. But now for the other."

"Mr. Greenwood:—Will you permit me
to ask if your maternal parent knows you
are abroad; and if that distinguished rela-
tive is also aware of your wanderings? I
sincerely hope 'Lord Ilseley' will not be
annoyed by the officious attentions of our
citizens! I do not think it possible for me
to support the honor you would confer, and
do most respectfully decline that, and also
any further correspondence.
FLORA WEST.

"Cool! upon my word!" exclaimed
Frederic. "I think it would be best to
let Miss Flora West entirely alone. It is
very evident she has a head of her own,
and can take care of herself."

"Yes, indeed," rejoined Malcolm. "This
speaks well for the head and heart also.—
But Miss Shirley must receive yet another
communication, for you perceive, by the
tone of her reply, that she is not displeased.
I must, in some way, contrive to find out
her real sentiments respecting myself."