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anon application.

THE UNFAITHFUL GUARDIAN.

CONTINUED.

. TOU sent for me, madam," he said. "Nellie," she gasped ; "tell me where she is ?"

There was something so wild in her manner that it hardly looked like grief-it seemed rather as if she had determined to dare all sooner than relinquish a single claim.

"Where is Nellie ?" she repeated, passionately. "You have no right to keep her from me-you shall not do it ! Give me back my sister."

"Some explanation appears necessary upon this point," returned Mr. Morris, unable to determine what feelings actuated her, and in spite of his justice, somewhat prejudiced by the accusations which had been poured into his car since he last saw her.

"What explanations? I want my child -my sister."

"You know that before your father's death the child was legally adopted by my nephew !" " Well ?"

"No one else had any control over

her-"I had," she interrupted, "she was

mine !" "At all events," he continued, hardened by her passionate tone, "in your husband's

will she is taken from your care." " Oh, no, no !" she shrieked, " not that,

anything but that !" "It is out of my power, madam; the will strictly forbids it."

"Then I will contest that will " she ex-

claimed ; "it is an unjust, cruel will-my husband would have revoked it if there had been time !"

what the world calls a good man-and you refuse to do this ?"

"My own convictions can have no weight madam, the evidence must be clear and conclusive. Prove those letters falsetrace them to the proper source, and all will be restored to you."

Her head sank, she pressed her hand over eyes in a vain endeavor to think-to find some clue.

"All is over," she shuddered, "all is over !"

"The income which comes to you by right, as the widow of my nephew, will be regularly paid," pursued Mr. Morris, hearing only an echo of remorse in that moan, "it is sufficient to make you almost a rich woman

"And you think I would take it?" she interrupted, with something of her olden pride. "Ah, you do indeed believe me degraded when you propose this ! I will not accept it-I have a right to my husband's entire fortune, or to no part of it."

"It is settled upon his adopted daughter."

"Then keep the whole for her-I ask no money-what could the wealth of the Indies do for me now ?"

"But you must live, madam-"

"Not on that pittance doled out to me in commiseration of my helplessness, sir-I would die ten thousand deaths first ! Do not believe me so fallen as that-at the worst, I have a friend who will work for me, struggle for me, and at last die with me," she continued, as Janet's honest face and strong will came back to her memory. Mr. Morris turned away with a shudder of disgust, which she did not heed.

" Remember, madam, you are addressing the uncle of that dead man-do not insult him through me !"

"I tell you I will never touch a penny of that money," she returned, mistaking the tenor of his words, "by the labor of my own hands will I earn my existence rather than that."

Mr. Morris rose to go with sterner feelings toward the woman than he had ever before felt.

"The first installment of your income will be duly paid by the administrators of the estate," he said. "For your own sake I advise you to remain perfectly quiet ; any scandal which may arise only ruins you, and more than that, blights the existence of that child whom you profess to love p fondly."

He moved toward the door-she stood for an instant paralyzed by the thought that all was over, no hope, nothing left but the reality of her despair. His hand was on the lock before she could utter a sound, then her white lips parted. "One word more ! Let me see the child once-only once ! I will bring no disgrace upon her-I will do nothing to cast a shadow upon her future-let me see her once more. "I have no power to grant your request ; she is not under my care, and the will so strictly forbids any intercourse between you, that those who have the control would not dare permit it."

Lennox woke parched with thirst, but after drinking the cooling draught which Janet presented, sank again to sleep.

It was late in the morning before she again opened her eyes, vory weak, but with the fever which had consumed her for days entirely gone.

"You are better," Janet said, bending over her, "you are better, thank God !" "Have I slept so long-ls it afternoon,

or is the night over ?" "You have slept it through, and when you get dreased and have a cup of coffee

you will be quite yourself again." "My head feels so confused, Janet ! Wasn't some one here ?-did I not have news ?"

"Yes, dear, Mr. Morris-

"Oh, I remember now ? I hoped it were all a dream."

"Don't think about it just yet, mistress, you will be stronger by and by.'

" I must think-what I have to do must be done at once ! Janet, I must know where my sister is-you must find her out."

"But where can I go?"

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know! Nobody will help me-nobody !"

"Stop," said Janet, "there's James that lived with Mr. Lennox."

"Yes, he spoke kindly to me that day-I remember him."

"I'll go to his wife and find where he

"I will go too, Janet, let us start."

"I had best go alone, I won't be long." "I must go with you ! Call a carriage, anet P?

She rose, and tried to walk, but her limbs sank under her, and she would have fallen to the floor if Janet had not caught her in her arms.

"You see, mistress ! Now just drink this coffee, and lie still, I'll be back in no time."

There was nothing else to be done, and Mrs. Lennox obeyed passively. Janet was ready in a few moments to depart, promising good tidings on her return.

Mrs. Lennox lay there during her absence, taking no notice of the flight of time -only waiting, waiting-yet conscious that there was no hope.

Janet returned at last-she heard her step without, and rose up in bed as she entered, looking the question she had no power to speak.

"I found James himself, mistress, he's here."

"Here! Let me see him. Have you learned anything ?" "Nothing that is like a hope," sighed

Janet. "I must see the man ; help me up."

"And you will not believe me-you are fering in store. Late in the night, Mrs. once. She had reserved it for the child. with the thought that something might one day occur which would render it usefulhow she thanked Heaven for the impulse which had caused her to do it !"

"Will you go to Europe with me, Janet ?"

" I'll go to the world's end-I've no cause to stay here-I've nothing leftnothing but you-yes, I'll go, mistress, I'll go."

"Yes, we will go and search together for the lost one. Let us start at once, Janet."

"But the things-the preparations?" "Never mind-get me a newspaper, somewhere."

Janet went down stairs to borrow one of the man, and Mrs. Lennox began pacing the room, forgetful of her weakness, in the tenacity with which she clung to that new found hope. She caught the paper eagerly from Janet's hand when she entered, and turned to the column of advertisements.

"It sails in two days-we will go then, Janet !"

The woman did not offer any opposition, but listened to the details which Mrs. Lennox hurriedly gave.

"We must hasten, Janet, there is no time to lose ! I can go out now, I am strong. The money-the passage-everything must be made ready."

"If you've a hope now, mistress, you'll not despair again ! Cling to the bright thought-don't give way, it'll give you strength to bear up any way."

She had at least found an aim, and to a nature like that woman's, it is only its lack which can produce utter prostration of the mind. She put off her despair-she flung back the crushing memories of the past days-she dwelt only on that vague idea-at least she should be near the beloved one-they could not deprive her of that blessing !

William Sears stood on the wharf, near the departing steamer. A carriage stopped and a lady descended, followed by an attendant-it was the face which had haunted him for days.

He stood immovable-saw her ascend the side of the vessel-stood there while the bells rung and the confusion of parting increased.

All was ready-the wheels began to move and the steamer rounded out into the stream.

Sears was watching always that form standing on deck, not looking back on the land she was leaving, but afar over the waves, as if some great desire lay beyond and she were going forward to meet it.

For the moment, he would have given half his life had she but once glanced toward him-given him a sign of recognition. None came, the vessel bore her swiftly away, and was soon only a speck in the distance.

to one-of the marble pillars which supported the verandah, the other reaching down to pluck some of the early summer roses that clambered in wild profusion to the very roof. There was something so junstudied and natural in her position, every movement was so full of grace, that the most indifferent eye could but have remarked and been charmed by it.

"Did you ever see such beautiful roses?" she said, turning toward a lady who stood regarding her a little way off, "look, Mrs. Dexter-such a lovely color.'

"They are earlier than they were last year, are they not "" said Mrs. Dexter, taking the flowers which she offered.

"Oh, this is such a nice spring, everything is growing so fast-who knows," she added, laughing in her pretty, quiet way, "but 1 may be coaxed into growing myself."

She was such a little fairy of a thing, and had such a charming, womanly way with it all, that it lent an indescribable charm to every look and word. Nellie had been unlike most children all her life. Some vague remembrance of early sorrow lay like a shadow about her, and the solitude in which the latter years of her childhood had been spent, without playmates of her own age to teach her the unrestrained gayety which is one of the usual characteristics of that season of life, had naturally given her a quaint, sedate manner, which at times lightened into bursts of glee and merri-ment, that made the old house ring as if a whole nest of summer birds had flown through it.

After the death of her adopted father, and the days of excitement and grief which succeeded, Nellie had been very ill; for weeks and weeks they watched over the couch where she lay consumed by fever, neither recognizing or addressing any one about her, but with an incoherent cry upon her lips for the sister, from whom she had been so mysteriously separated, and the kind parent who had loved her with an entire fondness seldom bestowed by a real father upon his child.

When life and consciousness came back, and she began slowly to recover from that terrible fever-dream, and after oblivion, the events which had previously transpired seemed only like a strange vision. She comprehended that Mr. Lennox was dead, and when she again asked for her sister, they told her that she was not cold and buried like her dear father, but as much lost to her as if the grave indeed separated them. With the singular instinct which children possess, she questioned no more, unable to understand what those mysterious words might be intended to convey, but confident that she only brought pain to those around her by the mention of her sister's name, and therefore forbearing to allude to it. Mr. James had brought her back to that old house where her early years had been spent, and there she dwelt in its beautiful seclusion, tenderly guarded, and fondly loved by those in whose care she had been placed. She had a warm, affectionate heart, which clung to all who evinced any signs of attachment for her, and so she glided on through her childhood shielded from care or pain, every wish gratified, and every desire granted, till her life seemed bright and joyous as that of some beautiful princess in the fairy tales which were her chief delight during those years. Mr. James came at regular intervals to visit her, often during the summer season making his residence there for whole weeks together, and Nellie perhaps loved him more unrestrainedly than any living creature had done for years. To her he changed in his whole manner -whether evon the ice about his heart thawed beneath her smile, or because he desired to strengthen by every possible means his influence over her, it would have been impossible to tell, but certainly in her presence he evinced more softness and sympathizing kindness than one would "These red roses," Nellie was saying to her governess, "are the flowers that my guardian likes best"-she always pronounced the words "my guardian" with a sort of emphatic, absolute sense of her own right to claim him entirely. "Perhaps he will come in a day or two to see me."

"Oh, madam !" returned the old man, respect at least that husband's memory and your own reputation."

"I will have my sister, there is no law strong enough to keep her from me."

"Listen to me, madam," said Mr. Morris, motioning her to a seat. "I have no harsh feelings toward you, but I desire to do justice on every side. Your husband made that will believing it right to east you off forever."

"But he knew that he was deceivedbefore he died he knew it."

"Alas, madam, we cannot tell ! At all events the will is made, and you cannot alter it. Your character has not been injured by any report of the facts, and if you remain quiet no scandal will arise, but the instant you go into court to contest that testament everything must be revealed."

"But there is nothing-the charge was false, false !"

"But can you prove it ? God grant that you may be able !"

"Prove it?" ahe repeated, in a bewildered tone. "Did I not prove it to my husband on his death bed-he believed mopt

"Bat have you nothing beyond this ?" " What could I have?"

"Then you are indeed to be pitied !"

"I do not understand you ! But we are

only wasting the time-take me to my sister at once-I tell you that there is no reason why she should not be with me."

She rose again from her seat as if she would have hurried away in search of the lost darling.

"You must listen to me, madam!" he said. You cannot go to to your sister, by your husband's will you are forbidden ever to see her."

to have her again, if you ever prove those charges to be false."

'And who is to decide?" She asked.

"That decision rests with me, my nephew bequeathed it as a dying trust."

She made no answer, did not seek to detain him, or hear the few words of farewell he uttered as he left the chamber. The door closed, but she did not move, standing there motionless, her white face raised, and her eyes gazing at vacancy with a fixed, blank stare.

The door of the inner room opened softly and Janet Brown crept into the chamber, trembling with fear for the effects of that interview upon her mistress. The lady did not stir or betray a consciousness of her approach. The faithful creature hurried toward her, tarrified by the expression of those rigid features.

" Mistress !" she whispered, "mistress !" Mrs. Lennox did not move-those atrained eyes never wandered, and no shade of softness came over the blank countenance.

There was a fever beating in her pulses which Janet could not quist ; but she knew that illness, perhaps death would ensue, if she did not obtain some rest, for the poor lady had passed whole days and nights without repose. Janet found some laudanum among her little stores, and gave her a few drops to swallow, she darkened the room and sat down by the bedside, till the violence of the paroxyam should be past. At length Mrs. Lennoz grew more calm, her broken murmurings ceased, and ahe "But there is a clause by which you are sank into a deep slumber, which was almost like death.

All that evening the faithful creature watched baside her suffering mistrans, weeping softly sometimes as she regarded the pale face and thought of all the suf-

The woman assisted her to rise, and led her out into the chamber where the man was waiting. He started at the sight of her changed face-that face he had seen melancholy and proud, but never with a

pallor of anguish like that. "What can you tell me ?" she exclaimed.

"Do you know where my sister is?" The man hesitated to speak, awed and moved by that voice.

"Tell me the worst-I can bear it. Who has taken her ?"

"I don't know, ma'am, I couldn't hear."

"But where has she gone ?"

"To Europe," returned the man, slowly, for the separation seemed to him almost like that of eternity.

"Europe !" she exclaimed, with renewed energy ; "Europe! But with whomcan't you tell?"

"Not at all, I only knowthe housekeeper said she was going immediately."

"And that is all you know? I thank you, James-you are a good man ! Leave me ! You have given me some hope-I can bear it now."

The man went wonderingly away, and when he had left the room Mrs. Lennox sat for a moment in silent thought. Suddenly she turned toward Janet-

" Will you go with me to Europe "" she naked

"To Europe, mistress !" "Yes, if she is gone there I will have a gloom around.

nothing to keep me here, at least I may find her and be near her." "But it im't certain-"

"Yes, she has gone, I am sure of it ! I. must follow, Janet, I should go mad to think the ocean was between us.'

"But it nosts a deal, mistress, and you are gentle bred "

dower-I could never touch that - but money which belongs to me, which did not come from him."

"Europe !" he exclaimed, rousing himself from his trance, "she has goue to Europe ! For me this same weary lifewill there never come a change-never? She did not see me-would not know me !" He broke off abruptly, and walked slowly back through the crowded streets to the solitude of his chamber. Never in his life had he felt so restless-so utterly alone; yet unable even to himself to render account of the emotions which agitated him. A wild craving for change arose in his heart, but a long probation lay between him and the excitement of the wider existence for which he so pined.

But amid all his painful reflections, his anxious aspirations for the unknown which lay beyond, that face rose before his sight, and he could not realize that they had met and parted so hastily.

CHAPTER V.

And now for a time we will leave our travelers to pursue their journey, while we note some incidents that happened on this aide of the ocean.

The golden glory of a spring sunset brightened over the old house where this have believed to belong to his nature. story opened. Six years had passed, leaving no trace of all that had been in those great halls, no shadow from grief or death to cast

Upon the vine-shadowed colonnade in front of the dwelling stood the youthful heiress of that vast estate. Six years had borne Nellie on toward girl-hood, but her face still retained the spiritual beauty for which she had been so remarkable in her childish years. Her hair fell over her shoulders in a shower of bright ringlets, "Ob, I have 'monay, Janet !, not the where the glory of the sulight seemed reflected, and her deep violet eyes had a shy, innecessi look, like those of a young fawn just stariled from its covert. She was never comes on horseback." To be con-That little treasure-it seemed so small leaning over the railing, one hand clinging tinued.

"If not, you can easily send the roses to him, Nellie," replied Mrs. Dexter, "he will be pleased with that."

"Yes, he likes me to remember him, he says so. Hark ! I hear horses-can that be Mr. James?"

"I don't hear carriage wheels," Miss. Dexter said, listening an instant, " and he