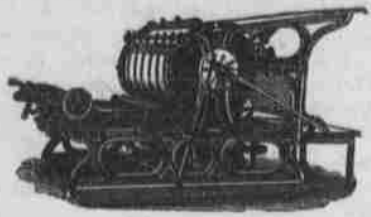


The Bloomfield Times.

NEW BLOOMFIELD, PENN'A.

Tuesday, September 1, 1874.



The Beecher committee have reported. They find Beecher to be a saint, and Tilton a very bad fellow.

The statement that has been made in some papers, regarding the failure of the Aldine Company, is contradicted by the treasurer of the company, who says the paper was never in a more flourishing condition.

At the Democratic Convention at Pittsburg, on Wednesday, J. S. Cornman, Esq., of the Huntingdon Monitor, and P. M. Lytle, Esq., of that county, collided, when the former struck the latter a smart blow on the cheek.

Democratic State Ticket.

A Democratic Convention was held in Pittsburg, on Wednesday and Thursday last, and resulted in the nomination of the following ticket:—For Supreme Judge, Hon. Warren J. Woodward, of Berks county, and President Judge of that district was nominated on the sixth ballot.

The Convention passed a series of resolutions composed mostly of generalities, though the sixth resolution does come out squarely against the Civil Rights Bill.

Bowen, sues Newspapers and Reporters.

New York, Aug. 27.—Henry C. Bowen today appeared before Judge Reynolds, in Brooklyn, and instituted proceedings for one hundred thousand dollars damages against the Brooklyn Eagle for publishing a false report of an interview alleged to have been held by one of its reporters, in which Bowen was represented as in antagonism to Beecher.

The Beecher Business—The Entire "Evidence" Summed Up.

New York, August 20, 1874.—I was up on the Sound shore last Sunday. When every other subject was exhausted, my host asked:

"Hasn't there been something or other in the papers lately about Beecher?" I mused a moment, and then said, I thought there had been something of the sort.

"Well, hasn't Beecher published something—a 'vindication,' I think they call it; I heard them talking about it down at the store. Hasn't he been accused of something, and proved his innocence?"

"What's the upshot of it? Give us the whole in brief." Thus adjured, I began to condense, as follows:

"Mr. Tilton has accused Mr. Beecher of adultery with Mrs. Tilton. To which Mr. Beecher replies in substance as follows: 'That he inherited from his father and his grandfather a strong tendency to hypochondria; that he has written a 'Life of Jesus Christ;' that he owns a farm at Peekskill, on which he is accustomed to pass the month of August; and that the last time he saw 'Elizabeth' in bed she looked like marble—'"

"What! of the World?" broke in my host. "Yes, the world, of art—she reminded him of some of the recumbent statues of saints he had seen on tombs in the cathedrals abroad. This testimony is very full on this point, and he continues: 'That he has sometimes feared an attack of apoplexy; that when he walked out of Tilton's

house it was under a cloudy sky; there had been a slight snow storm that day, which had passed away; but the wind still whistled through the leafless trees."

"Hold on!" exclaimed my host, "That's enough! He's an innocent man! If anybody doubts it, let 'em go to Brooklyn, and Beecher can show 'em those very trees!"

And isn't this about all we've got out of it?"

And isn't it about all we're going to get out of it? You bet.

A Remarkable Water-Spout.

A remarkable water-spout visited Langley, South Carolina, on the 11 inst., passing over a pond in that vicinity, and drawing a large quantity of water upwards.

When first seen the water-spout was near the dam, and traveled slowly across the pond until it reached the railroad trestle work, a distance of a mile and a quarter from its starting point, when it disappeared, and the cloud moved majestically off, carrying with it thousands of gallons of water which had been drawn from the pond.

The latter covering an area of 600 acres, was, in fact lowered fully two inches. The marvellous speed with which the column turned impressed the beholder with the idea that it was associated with a whirlwind. This was most probably the case, as a tremendous wind passed over Augusta from the direction of Langley some hours afterward. The heavens were brilliant with incessant flames of lightning after the spout described above had disappeared.

There was no rushing noise connected with it as is the case in some instances. The water underneath the clouds just before the spout formed was in a state of great agitation. Waves rolled angrily and a perceptible bulge was seen. As the cloud halted a sort of funnel protruded from it and dropped slowly down, becoming larger as it lengthened, the broader portion or base being at the surface of the cloud.

When it reached a point about one-fourth the distance between the cloud and the pond, the bulge on the surface of the latter rose to meet it and the two at length joined, when the water from the pond commenced ascending into the cloud, which moved slowly toward the trestle work. The waves in the water—all leaping and tending toward the spout—and the spout itself continued the vertical motions referred to above. The outside of the watery funnel was dark and not well defined, while the centre was much lighter, being rather of a bluish cast. This would seem to indicate that the column was partly hollow, the dark portions representing the sides. There can be no doubt but that the immense quantity of water which was transferred from the pond to the cloud was literally sucked up. The spout finally disappeared, as if it had been drawn bodily up into the cloud, while the latter quietly moved off to parts unknown. Not a drop of rain fell during the occurrence or afterward. The formation and subsequent motions of the spout are described as having made up a spectacle grand in the extreme. Nothing of the kind was ever before seen in that section. The strangest part of the phenomenon was the fact that the cloud, so burdened with water, moved off without dispensing any of it in the form of rain in the neighborhood.

A Novel Sentence.

Ex-Gov. Washburn, in his account of his native town, Livermore, Maine, relates the following: "An Indian had killed another of the same tribe at Rocomeco, who left an infirm and crippled squaw. The murderer was arrested, tried and convicted, but instead of hanging him and thus making a thoroughly useless corpse out of what might have been put to some advantage, his judges sentenced him to support and care for and wait upon the widow of the slain Indian as long as she should live. Vice President Hamlin heard his mother—a daughter of Deacon Livermore—say that she had many a time seen the Indian carrying the woman on his back or hauling her on his hand sled." The last of this tribe of Rocomecos died at Lake Umbagog more than fifty years ago.

A Wedding With no Nonsense.

A Rutland, Vt., clergyman was at work on a sermon in his study, last week, when a man dressed in overalls and other working garments stepped in and asked him if he would perform a marriage ceremony.—On inquiry the minister learned that the man hadn't any license, but the two went, just as they were, to the town clerk and got one. Without a change of dress, the betrothed man led the way to a back street, where a woman was found washing in her own house, with sleeves rolled up, dress pinned up, etc. Without ceremony all three went into another room, and the knot was tied, whereupon the bride returned to her washtub, groom to his work, and dominie to his sermon.

A Learned Judge.

The Chambersburg Valley Spirit says, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania must have learned orthography at the feet of Josh Billings. He spells ancient in a way that could scarcely have occurred to Josh himself, namely a-n-c-i-e-n-t; and does it twice on one page, which shows that he likes that way of spelling it. Let the other Judges might not relish the indefiniteness of this allusion, we may say that he spells his own name G-o-r-d-o-n.

A Baby Accidentally Hangs Itself.

In Pottstown, the other afternoon, occurred a very sad event. George Scheetz, with his wife and children, reside in Van Buskirk's addition, and are much respected people. They had four children, three little boys and one girl, the latter being only eleven months old.

About 2 o'clock Mrs. Scheetz put her infant baby, Jennie, to bed, and then returned down stairs to her work. The bed on which the baby lay had a slat bottom, and the bed clothes were too short to reach to the foot end. Between the last slat and the foot-board there was a space of almost four inches. The baby became restless during its sleep and rolled from the head of the bed to the foot end and its body fell between the slat and the foot-board, its head not going through.

The chin rested on the slat. In this condition the mother's precious little treasure remained until the messenger, Death, brought relief to her sufferings. It is supposed she lived after the fatal fall about forty-five minutes. From the floor to the bottom of the bed it was 14 1/2 inches, so that her feet rested on the floor, which no doubt prolonged her life and sufferings.

Shortly after five o'clock Mrs. Scheetz went up stairs to bring little Jennie down, when the horrible sight met her vision.—With screams that were heard for a distance she snatched up the cold body of her baby and rushed down stairs, exclaiming to her mother, Mrs. Meta Lessig, who was in the kitchen, "My baby is dead."

The news soon spread over the town, and many sympathizing friends called.—The grief of the mother cannot be described. Both Mrs. Scheetz and her mother, Mrs. Lessig, had about 4 o'clock heard a thumping noise, which they thought was some horses stamping with their feet next door, where bricks were being hauled for a new house. This, is now thought, was the feet of the little baby dangling on and striking the floor.

A Detroit Station House Sketch.

May Waborn disturbed the peace by making a great noise and collecting a crowd, and now she can't remember anything about it. She can't remember of hitting a policeman's tender knuckles, or of the happy little songs she indulged in after being locked up.

"There's no use in winking at me," said his Honor, with a shake of his head, "it's a clear case, and law is law. You are young yet, May, and it makes me sad to see one in the bud of life recklessly trampling under foot the opportunity to become a great woman. Joan of Arc hadn't your chance. Victoria Woodhull wasn't known to the world at your age. Susan B. Anthony didn't get her name in the newspapers until she was a hundred years old. Why don't you emulate some of those heroines?"

"Em who?" inquired the prisoner. "It is evident to me," remarked the Court, in a changed voice, "that you have no aspirations—no longings for fame. You had rather be a hen on the fence than an eagle among the clouds, and I'll make it sixty days."

"Am I sent up?" she replied. "You are."

"Then draw the dagger and strike me here!" she cried, putting her hands on her corset and rolling up her eyes. Bijah puts his arm around her slender waist and told her that his Honor had left his dagger at home for the cook to peel potatoes with, and he asked her for his sake to consent to live a few days longer, as onions and radishes were just beginning to sprout, and he had seen three new hand-organs on the street that morning.

War of Races in Tennessee.

Nashville, Tenn., August 28.—A number of negroes at Pickettsville, Gibson county, six miles from Humboldt, threatened a riot last Saturday and Sunday on account of some supposed wrong done there, and manifested a strong desire to kill two or three citizens and fire and sack the town.

Yesterday sixteen of the ringleaders were arrested, taken to Trenton, and placed in jail for safe keeping. About one o'clock this morning between 75 and 100 masked men entered the town, and riding to the jail demanded and compelled the sheriff to deliver up the keys thereof.

They then took the sixteen negroes from prison, and after killing four and mortally wounding two on the confines of the town, rode off with the remaining ten, and are supposed to have killed them. Nothing has been heard of the party since they left. Considerable excitement exists among the negroes, and the whites are taking steps to defend themselves in case of an outbreak.

A few days since the wages of the girls in Dunham's woollen mill, in Pocono-nock, were reduced, or held back, to meet the expense of wastage made by their work. This incensed the employees, the men taking the part of the girls, and a strike followed. The men prevented the girls from going to work Wednesday, and the constables there could not preserve the peace. Four men threatened the bosses, and followed them through the mills with bars of iron, and the bosses barely escaped by drawing revolvers in their own defence. Word was sent to constables, who came and arrested the men.

Miscellaneous News Items.

A wag walked into a saloon where three men were sitting around the fireless stove. As he entered all eyes were turned toward him. Apparently taking a mental inventory of the number of people in the room the newcomer stepped up to the bar and blandly ordered four glasses of beer.—The boots that had adorned the top of the stove now sought the floor, the three men cleared their mouths of tobacco, and all looked at the bartender as he filled the glasses and placed them in a row on the bar. When everything was ready, the three loungers rose and the stranger paid for the beer, and then starting with the glass furthest from the door, he emptied all that the bartender had filled and quickly left the saloon. The three chairs were resumed.

A correspondent writes as follows of a celebrated place in Colorado Canon, called Echo Park: "When a gun is discharged, total silence follows the report for a moment; then, with a startling suddenness, the echo is heard, seeming at a great distance—say five miles to the south—whence it comes back in separate distinct reverberations, as if leaping from glen to glen. Louder and quicker grows the sound, until apparently directly opposite, when a full volume is returned; then once more the echo is heard, like the snapping of a cap far to the eastward."

Detroit judge to Daniel Smith: "Whiskey is what ails you, sir, and if some good kicker would get hold of you and boot you from Hamtramck to Springwells it would do you more good than a run of the fever. When I see a young man like you loafing around, clothes in rags, eyes red, nose red, pockets empty, and feathers in his hair, I wonder why the lightning ever strikes any one else. Take him back, Bijah, and when the Maria starts make him waltz up lively."

On the 10th of September, 1845, a ball of lightning presented itself at the door of a kitchen, in the valley of La Courriere. Three women experienced no fear in the presence of the strange visitor. They shouted to a young man near whose feet the ball was rolling, to step upon it and extinguish it. But he had learned to respect the mysteries of the fluid, and allowed the ball to pass by. It entered a stable near to, and killed a pig who dared to scent it in a most rude and unbecoming manner!

On Monday last two sons of Henry Myers, of New York, and another lad named Hopke, crossed the Hudson river in a boat near Hastings, and attempted to climb the palisades. After reaching a height of 250 feet the elder of Myers' sons fell, carrying his brother with him to the bottom of the ravine. The oldest was killed instantly, and the younger boy fatally injured.

A workman in a shop at Newport, R.I. the other day, was caught by a revolving shaft which took off every bit of his clothes, except his shirt collar, wristbands and boots, and flung him into a heap of shavings ten feet off, without hurting him. The job was done in about the four-hundredth part of a minute.

A Concord, N. H., a man has been very much annoyed by soot and cinders thrown from the windows of a manufactory close to his dwelling, but the proprietor declining to put a stop to the nuisance the householder has built a brick wall up within an inch of the windows from which the manufactory formerly got air and light.

The attorney general has received a dispatch from Jefferson City, Mo., setting forth that Deputy United States Marshal Metcalf was shot and killed in Wright county, Missouri, yesterday, while arresting one Wynn, an illicit distiller. The department of justice has been asked to furnish detectives to pursue the murderer.

London, August 26.—A member of the Merchants' club at Manchester, while in the club-room yesterday, shot Alexander MacLean, killing him instantly. The murderer then killed himself. Both were prominent merchants. The cause of the tragedy is a mystery.

A Sharp Trick.

A tipsy Des Moines individual went into a drug store and called for a glass of soda water. In going out he staggered against a pane of French plate glass, shivering it to atoms. Two clerks pursued him and demanded that he make good the loss. He protested his inability to pay, when the clerks "went through" him, and finding a \$100 bill, deducted the price of the glass, and stuffed the change in his pocket. Subsequently it was discovered that the bill was a counterfeit. Search was at once instituted for the drunken fellow, who, when found, was brought before the bar of justice and charged with passing counterfeit money. The prisoner was acquitted.

Shocking Casualty.

Toronto, August 24.—Last night while Rev. Mr. Day was preaching in the Holy Trinity church his eldest daughter, Mary, about twenty years of age, and a young son ten years of age, were at home. The young boy picked up a gun which had been carelessly left unloaded in a bed room and pointing it at his sister, said, "Do you want me to shoot you?" at the same time pulling the trigger. He literally blew the side of the young lady's head off.

The Gibson Champion Washer.

This wonderful invention is manufactured by J. W. GOTZWALT, who has been in our country a few weeks and has sold a large number of these lately celebrated machines. His recommendation is, inquire of those with whom you are acquainted and have purchased. Among the parties who have purchased are Mrs. N. B. Alexander, Mrs. William Cummings, Mrs. Ephraim Morrison, Mrs. R. M. Gilmore, Mrs. David Hoolay, Mrs. Jonathan B. Zook, Mrs. Simeon K. Zook, Mrs. Joshua Zook, Mrs. Jos. C. Zook, Mrs. Jonathan Zook, Mrs. B. Hartzler, Mrs. Yost Hartzler, Mrs. M. S. Hartzler, Mrs. John Peachy, Mrs. Joel Peachy, Mrs. Jonathan Peachy, Mrs. Moses Peachy, Mrs. S. M. Peachy, Mrs. Christian J. Peachy, Mrs. B. Peachy, Mrs. Ephraim Hartzler, Mrs. W. M. Mateer, Mrs. David Hostetler, Mrs. John Hostetler, Mrs. Yost Hostetler, Mrs. D. A. Hostetler, Mrs. Richard Young, Mrs. Jonathan N. Yoder, Mrs. R. Yoder, Mrs. Sam'l K. Yoder, Mrs. Jacob Jacob C. Yoder, Mrs. C. Yoder Mrs. Jonathan Kaufman, Mrs. Dan'l Albright, Mrs. Harvey Colburn, Mrs. Simon Yenger, Mrs. J. T. Smith, Mrs. J. M. Brown, Mrs. F. Harvice, Mrs. Geo. C. Brown.

The \$12.00 Champion Washer is certainly a good one, or J. W. GOTZWALT would not say in your midst, particularly in the season of the year when washing is hardest. Try it and buy it if you have girls or boys twelve years of age, and they will do your washing.—Levi'ston Gazette of August 26th.

A Medicine Chest in Miniature.

Mishler's Herb Bitters is not a beverage, but a strictly medicinal preparation, more thoroughly adapted to the wants of the general public than any other in the market. Unlike all other so-called Remedies, it is prepared under the direct personal supervision of an eminent Physician, S. B. Hartman, M. D., the senior proprietor, is a regular graduate of the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, and a practicing physician of large experience and extensive practice. In such hands the public may rest assured that Mishler's Herb Bitters is compounded in strict accordance with correct Pharmaceutical principles, and that none but the choicest ingredients enter into its composition.

Its immense sale alone is conclusive proof that it possesses merit of a high order. Merchants, bankers, clerks, and others engaged in sedentary occupations, find its wonderful effects in relieving the depression caused by severe mental labor; while the mechanic, farmer and laborer, find their bodily vigor restored like magic by its use.

At this season of the year, when DIARRHOEA, COLIC, and kindred disorders, caused by eating unripe fruits, immoderate indulgence in cold drinks, etc., are prevalent, a certain, speedy and effectual remedy will be found in Mishler's Herb Bitters.

The depressing feeling of Languor or Debility, incident to the "heated term" is at once removed, the energies restored, and new life and vigor imparted to the system. In cases of general debility, IN DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT and AFFECTIONS OF THE KIDNEYS it invariably works like a charm. It is not a drastic purge nor heady stimulant, but a remedy thoroughly adapted to the human system, supplies tone to the stomach, reinvigorates the digestive organs, stimulates the secretions, and promoting a regular action of the bowels, enables every organ of the body to perform its allotted work regularly and without intermission.

It is the unerring certainty of desired results attendant on its use, coupled with the fact that it is prepared by a physician of eminence in his profession, that has rendered Mishler's Herb Bitters so popular, and as familiar as a household word. THOUSANDS OF MOTHERS all over the land have found it to be the safest and best remedy for use in their families; they not only give it with perfect safety to even the youngest child, but when used with caution find it the safest means of ensuring their own health and freedom from the weary aches and pains incident to their sex. Perfectly harmless, it is just the remedy needed by them to enable them to perform the functions naturally, regularly and without inconvenience. NO LADY SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT if she would possess the clear, blooming complexion and cheerful spirits inseparable from sound health. It is sold by all Druggists and General Dealers; is neatly put up in square Glass Bottles, enclosed in a yellow wrapper. It is not sold on Draught, being strictly a medicinal preparation, and as such endorsed by many of the most eminent physicians of the country.

The Favorite Home Remedy, PAIN-KILLER.

Has been before the public over Thirty Years, and probably has a wider and better reputation than any other proprietary medicine of the present day. At this period there are but few unacquainted with the merits of the PAIN-KILLER; but, while some extol it as a liniment, they know but little of its power in easing pain when taken internally; while others use it internally with great success, but are equally ignorant of its healing virtues when applied externally. We therefore wish to say to all, that it is equally successful, whether used internally or externally. It is sufficient evidence of its virtues as a standard medicine to know that it is now used in all parts of the world, and that its sale is constantly increasing. No curative agent has had such a wide-spread sale or given such universal satisfaction.

DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER is a purely vegetable compound, prepared from the best and purest materials, and with a care that insures the most perfect uniformity in the medicine; and while it is a most effective remedy for pain, it is a perfectly safe medicine, even in the most unskillful hands. It is eminently a Family Medicine; and by being kept ready for immediate resort, will save many an hour of suffering, and many a dollar in time and doctor's bills.

After over thirty years trial, it is still receiving the most unqualified testimonials to its virtues, from persons of the highest character and responsibility. Eminent Physicians commend it as a most effectual preparation for the extinction of pain. It is not only the best remedy ever known for Bruises, Cuts, Burns, &c., but for Dysentery, or Cholera, or any sort of bowel complaint, it is a remedy unsurpassed for efficiency, and rapidity of action. In the great cities of India, and other hot climates, it has become the standard medicine for all such complaints, as well as for Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, and all other kindred disorders. For Coughs and Colds, Canker, Asthma, and Rheumatic Difficulties, it has been proved by the most abundant and convincing testimony to be an invaluable medicine.

We would caution the public against all imitations of our preparation, either in name, or style of putting up. [Sept. 1st]

Tape Worm! Tape Worm!

Removed in a few hours with harmless Vegetable Medicine. No fee asked until the entire worm, with head passed. Before those afflicted to residents of the city whom I have cured, that had been unsuccessfully treated at the Jefferson Medical College, on Tenth Street; had taken in vain, turpentine, the so-called specifics, and all known remedies. Dr. E. F. KUNKEL, No. 229 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia. The Doctor has been in business for over twenty-five years, and is perfectly reliable. Call and see. Advice free. Removed Tapeworm from a child six years old, measuring 20 feet. At his office can be seen specimens, some of them over forty feet in length, which have been removed in less than three hours, by taking one dose of his medicine. Dr. Kunkel's treatment is simple, safe and perfectly reliable, and he has cured the worm, with head, passed. Dr. E. F. Kunkel, 229 North Ninth St. Philadelphia. Consultation at office or by mail free. 28 5/22

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Happy Relief for Young Men from the effects of Errors and Abuses in early life. Manhood Restored. Impediments to Marriage removed. New method of treatment. New and remarkable remedies. Books and circulars sent free in sealed envelopes. Address HOWARD ASSOCIATION, No. 2 South Ninth St. Philadelphia, Pa.—an institution having a high reputation for honorable conduct and professional skill. 439 1/2 Y