

# The Bloomfield Times.

TERMS—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE,  
(WITHIN THIS COUNTY.)  
\$1.25 per Year; 75 Cts. 6 Months.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

TERMS—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE,  
(outside this county, with Postage included.)  
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## The Bloomfield Times.

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**FRANK MORTIMER & CO.,**  
At New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.  
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### DO RIGHT.

Though earthly interest takes flight,  
Or sobs upon the sod;  
Still dare thou ever to "do right,  
And leave the rest to God."  
Do what thy duty calls each day,  
Regardless what the world may say.

Though scoffs and jeers thy frenzied foes  
Roll on thee like a flood,  
And weave a subtle web of woe,  
They cannot harm the good;  
The clouds and shadows here you have,  
Project a glory to the grave.

Do right, and bravely bear each blow,  
A blessing will be given;  
If not in this bleak world below,  
In yonder smiling heaven.  
Walk in the way, by virtue trod,  
"Do right, and leave the rest to God."

## A Woman's Secret.

RICHARD PENSON was a native of Westmoreland, his place of birth being the small village of Bedstone, on the borders of Gilgrath Forest, some miles north of Appleby. His father had been what is called a "statesman" in those parts, that is, he farmed his own land; but long-continued ill-health, the death of his notable wife, and other crosses and losses, so reduced him in the world, that he died—when Richard, his only child, was in his twentieth year—in little better than insolvent circumstances, the son, who, from his desultory and rather bookish habits, had never been of much use upon the farm, finding himself, after every thing had been disposed of, and all debts paid, the master of about £200 only, and destitute, withal, of skill in either head or hand to turn his modest capital to account. Being, however, so young, of stout frame and sanguine temperament, he might not for some time have fully realized the undesirableness of his position and prospects, but for the light unexpectedly shed over them by the dark, scornful eyes of Judith Morton, a damsel of about seventeen, and the daughter of John Morton, a statesman of comfortable means, with whom, while his father yet lived in reputedly fair circumstances, he had been on terms of sweetest intimacy, or at least as much so as some half a dozen other bovine youths whom Judith Morton's handsome person and comparatively cultivated airs and graces attracted round her. The first time Richard Penson met her after the final winding up of his father's affairs, he was so thoroughly made to understand that an idle, know-nothing young fellow, with £200 for all his fortune, was no match for Judith Morton, that the next half-hour was passed in mental debate as to which of the three expedients for ridding himself of hateful life—hanging, drowning, or poisoning—he should adopt; and he at length decided upon almost as desperate a leap in the dark as either of them, by forthwith writing to a London attorney, whose advertisement, setting forth a willingness to accept an active, clever young man as articled clerk, at a moderate premium, had strongly arrested his attention the day previously at Appleby—that he should be in London for the purpose of having a personal interview with the advertiser as quickly as the coach, leaving Appleby on the following morning, would carry him thither. Three days afterward, accordingly, Richard Penson presented himself at the attorney's office. That worthy's business lay chiefly at the Old Bailey, and he was rigidly reputed one of the sharpest, least scrupulous practitioners that classic institution could boast of. He quickly discerned with those keen, vulpine eyes of his, that there was the stuff for a clever fellow in Richard Penson; and a bargain was finally struck, by which, in consideration of the greatest part of his cash, and his services for five years, the

young countrymen assured himself of board, lodging, and a small salary during that period, and his articles at the end thereof. Penson took readily to his new vocation, and ultimately became noted as a keen adept in the tortuous, shifty practice so highly appreciated by the class of clients with whom he had chiefly to deal; though I do not believe he would have lent himself to any decidedly unprofessional expedient, dangerously near as in the fervor of his temperament he might at times have ventured near the faintly-traced boundary-line, which marks the limit which an attorney may not overstep in defense of the most liberal and interesting of clients. For the rest, Richard Penson was a fairly-conducted, pleasant, companionable young fellow, except when, more freshly-primed than usual, and alone with some one or two of his intimates, he got maudlin about Judith Morton—her charms, caprices, truthties. A detestable infatuation, I well remember, were those obliging confidences; but rested so slightly upon my memory, that the sole and hazy impression I derived from them was that he had been jilted by a handsome young shrew, who, most likely on account of her brimstone temper, had not yet obtained a husband, when Richard Penson finished his time, and inscribed his name on the roll as an attorney of the Court of King's Bench. Soon after that event he left town for Westmoreland, in renewed quest, I had no doubt, of his old flame. I neither saw nor heard any thing of him again till about three years afterward, when I met him just by the Great Turnstile, Holborn; but so changed was he, that I, for some moments, vainly cast about in my memory as to whom the pallid, careworn, poverty-stricken man whose proffered hand I mechanically held in mine, could be.

"You do not remember me?" he said, with a dull, wintery smile. The voice, and a peculiar north-country accent, enabled me to do so instantly, and I blurted out, "Richard Penson! But, good God! what has come to you? Why you look like an old man!"

"I am one," he answered. "Age is not always truly reckoned by years."

"Surely," I said, after a slight pause, "that old craze of yours about the Westmoreland spit-fire you used to talk of, can not have made such a wreck of a sensible man?"

"Certainly not; or, at least, not in the way you appear to suppose. But come; if you have an hour to spare, and will stand treat for a few glasses, I will tell you all about it."

"Stand treat for a few glasses!" The hot blood burned in my cheeks and temples as I echoed this sad confession of meanness and degradation from my former acquaintance; but he did not appear to heed, or was callous to, the implied meaning of the exclamation; and upon my stammering out that he was welcome to as many glasses as he chose to have, he brightened up into a kind of sickly gaiety, said, "I was always a trump," and led the way to a tavern in Chancery Lane. There, and at subsequent interviews, I was made acquainted with the following strange and warning story. Much of the dialogue, which he had a morbid fondness for repeating, he had written out.

When Richard Penson, after an absence of more than five years, revisited his birth-place, he found Judith Morton still single; and though in her twenty-third year, as freshly beautiful to his mind, as when he had last seen her. He soon found, moreover, that it was quite out of the question that she should become his wife, altho' the refusal was this time more gently intimated than on a former occasion. According to the gossip of the neighborhood, one Robert Masters, a thriving "statesman," but about ten years her senior, had been courting her off and on for a long time; but somehow the affair seemed as far or farther off than ever from a matrimonial termination. It was also reported that a former beau of hers, Charles Harpur, who had emigrated to America, and greatly prospered there, with whom she had constantly corresponded, was shortly expected to pay a visit to England, and of course to Westmoreland. Thus admonished of the folly of further indulgence in his dream-fancies, Penson turned his lingering steps first toward Appleby, where, however, no opening for an additional attorney presented itself, and finally he came as far southward as Liverpool, opened an office in Scotland Road, and diligently strove to edge himself into the legal business of that flourishing city. The result was so disheartening, that at the end of about six months' fruitless endeavor he had made up his mind to sell his office-desk, stool, chairs,

and brass-plate, and return to the service of his old master, who would, he knew, be glad to employ him, when an opening for the exercise of his peculiar talents suddenly presented itself, and he was tempted to venture upon the perilous path the near end of which was destruction.

He was sitting, he told me, in his office one wet, gloomy afternoon in January, before a handful of fire, alternately revolving in his mind his own dismal present and future, and two or three startling paragraphs that had just been copied into the Liverpool journals from the Westmoreland county paper. To him they were of great interest, but in some degree unintelligible. Robert Masters, the quondam bachelor of Judith Morton, before spoken of, had, it appeared, been killed at a place in Gilgrath Forest by a pistol-shot; and according to one account, robbery must have been the motive of the assassin, as the deceased's pockets had been rifled and his gold watch carried off; while, according to another and later paragraph, Charles Harpur, a person of good property, recently arrived from abroad, had been fully committed for the murder; the suggested cause whereof was jealousy with respect to a Jemima Morton, a young woman, the paper stated, of great personal attractions. "The mistake in the Christian name, Jemima for Judith," mused Penson, "is obvious enough; but how comes it that both jealousy and plunder are spoken of as motives for the crime? Charles Harpur is not a robber, and yet both money and watch were missing. I must even, poor as I am, pay a visit to Bedstone. Ha! Well, this is strange!"

A slight noise at the window had caused him to look suddenly up in that direction, and to his great surprise, almost consternation, he saw the handsome and excited countenance of Judith Morton, just above the dwarf Venetian blinds, the dark, flashing eyes, peering eagerly into the office, wherein she yet, he observed, discerned nothing. His sudden starting up revealed him to her; a kind of wild smile of recognition glanced over her features, and in another minute Judith Morton was face to face with Richard Penson—she, this time, the suppliant for favor.

Miss Morton was habited in deep mourning, and her appearance and manner evinced much flurry and disquietude. Hastily seating herself, she drew forth a sealed packet from a large reticule, saying, as she did so, in reply to Penson's questioning glance at her mourning dress, "For my father; he died about three months since." Then holding the packet or parcel in her hand, she gazed fixedly for a moment or two at her astounded auditor, as if to ascertain if the influence she once possessed over him had been weakened by time and absence. Apparently the scrutiny was satisfactory; a bright gleam of female pride danced in her eyes, and there was an accent of assured confidence in the tone with which she said, "I am here, Richard Penson, to retain you professionally in a matter deeply affecting myself, with the full persuasion that spite of—perhaps in some degree because of—by-gones, you will not fail me in this hour of need."

Penson's heart was in his throat, and a few broken words could only gurgle through to the effect that he was soul and body at her service. The prideful smile shot more brightly than before across the face of the temptress, and the voice was gentle and caressing which replied, "I knew that would be your answer, Richard." After hesitating for a moment, she took a note from her purse and placed it before the wondrous attorney: it was a Bank of England note for fifty pounds; and, in the excitement of his chivalrous enthusiasm, he rejected it almost indignantly.

"Nay, nay," said Judith Morton, "you must accept it. My father, as I told you, is no more, and I am tolerable well off," adding, with insinuating meaning, "and, better perhaps than that, I am now my own mistress." Penson took the note thus pressed upon him, and an embarrassing but brief silence ensued, broken by Judith Morton, who, having unsealed the packet of papers, said, "These are office copies of the dispositions made in the case of Charles Harpur, of which you have doubtless heard." The attorney's countenance fell as Judith pronounced that name, and she hastened to say, "It is not you will find for his sake that I am chiefly interested; but first you must read those papers. I will go and take tea while you do so, at the inn below, where the coach stopped. I shall not be gone more than half an hour."

The peremptory manner of the young woman forbade reply, and as soon as the street-door closed behind her, Penson ad-

ressed himself to the perusal of the dispositions. It was some time before the palpitating bewilderment of his brain so far subsided as to enable him to distinctly seize and comprehend what he read; but professional habit at length resumed its influence, and by the time Miss Morton returned he had thoroughly mastered the case as far as it was disclosed by the dispositions.

"Well," said she, with seeming calmness, "your opinion upon this sad affair?"

"There can be but one opinion upon it," replied Penson; "the fact lies in a nutshell. Harpur met the deceased at a farmer's dinner, after which, both being elevated by wine, Harpur took offense at something—it is not stated what—that Masters said respecting you, and a violent quarrel and fight ensued. Three nights afterward Masters is found dead, with a bullet through his brain. James Blundell, a respectable man, whom I know well, swears positively that he heard the report, and about ten minutes afterward saw Harpur running from the spot, not far from which the body was next morning found; his face, clearly visible in the brilliant moonlight, as white as chalk, and holding a pistol in his hand. There can be no doubt, therefore, that Harpur killed the deceased, though perhaps under circumstances that, if provable, might reduce the offense to manslaughter."

"You noticed that the man's watch and money were not to be found?" said Judith Morton.

"Yes; and that is certainly an odd circumstance; but probably, as I see is suspected, they were stolen by some person who discovered the body earlier in the morning than Blundell and the constable did."

"Is there nothing which in your opinion affects the credibility of Blundell's testimony?"

"Not essentially; to be sure there appears to have been ill-blood between him and Masters, but that fact can not have any weight against the—"

"Not if strengthened—made weighty," interrupted the young woman, with suggestive emphasis.

"I—I do not comprehend you," stammered Penson greatly startled, as he told me, more by her manner than words.

"You must then, and thoroughly," said Judith Morton, who was now deathly pale, "or nothing effectual will, I see, be done. There is no one within hearing?"

"Not a soul!"

"Draw your chair closer to mine, however, that I may speak the secret, which will place me in your power, in a whisper: it was I who slew Robert Masters!"

"God of heaven—you!—impossible!"

"It is true, and therefore possible, as you shall hear—but first let me ask you this question: With all my faults of temper, caprices, vexatious follies, was I not always a truthful girl?"

"Certainly; you were ever sincere and plain spoken."

"I was sure you would do me that justice: you will then have no misgiving as to the exact truth of what I am about to relate, which I will do as briefly as possible. Concluded next week."

### An Intelligent Sheep Dog.

An instance of extraordinary intelligence is given by a correspondent of *Land and Water*. The gentleman who witnessed the event was a short time since on a visit to Scotland, and during one of his walks he came across some men who were washing sheep. Close to the water where the operations were being carried on was a small pen in which a detachment of ten sheep were placed handy to the men for washing. While watching the performance his attention was called to a sheep dog lying down close by. This animal, on the pen becoming nearly empty, without a word from any one, started off to the main body of the flock and brought back ten of their number and drove them into the empty washing pens. The fact of the dog bringing exactly the same number of sheep as had vacated it he looked upon at first as a strange coincidence, a mere chance. But he continued looking on, and much to his surprise, as soon as the men had reduced the number to three sheep, the dog started off again and brought back ten more; and so he continued throughout the afternoon, always going for a fresh lot when only three were left in the pen, evidently being aware that during the time the last three were washing he would be able to bring up a fresh detachment.

"If a pail of water be placed within six inches of either side of the stem of a pumpkin or vegetable marrow, it will, in the course of the night approach it."

### A Vrey Narrow Escape.

A New York paper says: A prescription was prepared the other day by an inexperienced clerk, for a young lady residing in Fourth Street, and sent home. Some thirty minutes after, the regular prescription clerk called, and was putting up the bottles, when he observed a jar of strychnine in the place of some harmless preparation, and called attention to it. The young man who had put up the medicine turned pale as death when the discovery was made, and said, "Great God, I have just sent that to Mr.—, on Fourth street." Not a moment was to be lost, and indeed a great probability was that the poison had been already taken; but the clerk determined to make an effort, seized his hat and rushed frantically through the street, until he came to the house, and without waiting to ring the bell, ran up stairs, asked where Miss—'s room was, of a lady he met in the hall. She was alarmed at his manner—but as he told her life and death depended upon his knowing immediately, she pointed to the door from which she had just issued. He entered unbidden, and just as the young lady's mother was about to administer one of the powders which was prepared in a spoon, nearly at her daughter's lips.

"Hold, for God's sake, madam! That is poison! Give it to your daughter, and you are her murderer!" The wildness of the clerk's manner frightened both ladies—the spoon fell upon the bed, and the daughter's already pallid cheek bleached until it was as colorless as her night robe. The druggist was thought to be insane; but a few words of explanation revealed all, and the tragedy was extinguished in the light of joy at the providential escape. The druggist returned, and relieved the poor clerk from his awful suspense, by telling him of the happy result of his errand, when the clerk swooned away. This little sketch, though it may sound dramatically, is a simple transcript of an occurrence of the "inner life" of a drug store.

### A Bad Spell.

Among the guest at one of our well-known summer resorts is a wealthy bachelor, whose bank account is much better than his orthography. A party of guests were playing a game where a ball made of a handkerchief is thrown from one to another with the salutation of "Here comes a ship laden with"—; each successive receiver being obliged to name a commodity for cargo, beginning with the letters of the alphabet in turn. When the handkerchief alighted at the letter K, in the bachelor's lap, he shouted "Krockery," which excited a smile and the game hastily proceeded when it was found that it was really given in good faith and not as a joke. The roguishness of a young lady, however, caused the flying messenger to alight in his lap a second time at the letter S, whereat the receiver shouted "Sinnamon," so triumphantly, that somehow or other there was so much laughing that it was thought best to try another game.

Theorists have hitherto supposed that the Pacific Ocean was provided like the Atlantic with what has been termed a "telegraphic plateau," but reports from the United States Survey steamer *Tuscarora* show that the laying down of a Pacific cable is not so simple a matter as was hoped. The first route on which soundings were attempted was the great circle route from Cape Blanco, near Yeddo, to Cape Flattery. Everything went favorably for about four hundred miles, when suddenly the sounding apparatus indicated an abrupt increase of depth, and over five miles of wire were paid out without touching bottom. At this point the wire parted, so that the actual depth was not ascertained. Another attempt was made to sound a route farther to the North, but this too proved to be impracticable, so a third line was tried nearly parallel and comparatively near to the Japanese coast. This is now under survey, and has thus far proved practicable. The intention is to sound in a North-easterly direction to the westernmost of the Aleutian Islands, a distance of some two thousand miles. Thence to the coast of the mainland the ocean floor is believed to be reasonably level.

A man who was seen coming out of a Texas newspaper office with his nose split open, one eye gouged out, and an ear chawed off, explained to a policeman that he was not a subscriber to the paper—he had simply entered the office to ascertain if the editor was in. "And he was in," he mournfully added.