

The Bloomfield Times.

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

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SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war,
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled,
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town
A good, broad highway leading down,
And there through the flush of the morning
light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass with eagle flight—
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed
Hill rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs thundering
South
The dust, like the smoke from cannon mouth,
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and
faster
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster,
The heart of the steed and the heart of the
master,
Were beating like prisoners assaulting the
walls
Impatient to be where the battle field calls,
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full
play
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurring feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape fled away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace
ore,
Swept on, with his eye full of fire
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire—
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops—
What was done—what to do—a glance told
him both;
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line mid a storm of
huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course
there because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and dust the black charger was
gray;
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostrils
play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
I have brought you Sheridan all the way,
From Winchester down to save the day.

Hurrah! hurrah! for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah! for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers temple of fame,
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright,
Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away.

Changed Color.

The other day a young lady took a little
child who is afflicted with the whooping-
cough to a gas-house, that the little one
might have the benefit of the escaping gas
from the purifiers. Dr. Allen placed the
young lady and the child at the lower end
of the purifiers, and when he removed the
top, and the gas arising from the lime came
in contact with the young lady's face, the
skin commenced turning yellow, and finally
assumed a dark hue. As the same effect
has never been produced before, the
doctor thinks the young lady must be in
the habit of using some of the many chem-
ical preparations now in vogue for keeping
the complexion clear, and the action of the
gas upon those chemicals effected the re-
sult here given. The lady made every ef-
fort to remove the dark color with soap
and water, but without avail. She had to
go through the city looking like a mulatto.

A Woman's Secret.

CONCLUDED.
"CHARLES HARPUR, one of my old
lovers, as you know—though after
what is passed he can never be under any
circumstances, more to me than he is at
this moment—lately returned from Amer-
ica much richer than he left England, and
renewed his addresses, which were accept-
ed. This came to the knowledge of Mas-
ters, who was once engaged to me, and he,
as you know, met and quarreled with
Harpur. The injurious hints thrown out
against me on that occasion were dismissed
from Harpur's mind, after an explanation
with me, and Masters, foiled in his selfish
and malignant purpose, had the audacious
insolence to write me word that unless I
broke with Harpur he would send him
some foolish letters of mine, long since
written, of no harm whatever if read and
interpreted by reason, but which would
I knew drive Harpur mad with jealous
fury. I so far controlled my mind as to
write a note to Masters, demanding, in the
name of manliness and honor, the return
of those letters to me. Judging by his re-
ply he was in some degree affected by the
justice and earnestness of my appeal, and
promised if I would meet him at nine
o'clock that evening at an old trying-
place he mentioned, he would return my
letters, should he not succeed in persuad-
ing me not to marry Harpur. I determin-
ed on meeting him; the evenings were
light and calm, and I have ever felt an al-
most man-like want of fear. Yet as the
hour approached, and I set off for the
place of meeting, I was disturbed by a
vague sense of misgiving, as of the near
approach of calamity and misfortune, and
I called at Harpur's lodgings, with the
purpose of informing him of what had occur-
ed, and guiding myself by his counsel.—
Unhappily he was not at home, and after
waiting some time I again determined to
keep the appointment with Masters at all
hazards. As I turned to leave the room,
an open case containing two small pistols
caught my eye, and I immediately seized
one, precisely why I hardly know myself,
except from an undefined thought of
shielding myself from possible insult,
and guiding myself by his counsel.—
I should Master's rage at finding me in-
vincible to his entreaties prompt him to
offer me any. I concealed the weapon be-
neath my shawl, and did not, I well remember,
bestow a thought even as to whether it
was loaded or not. I met Robert Masters
—he urged me by every argument he could
think of to discard Harpur and renew my
long since broken engagement with him-
self. I refused firmly, perhaps scornfully,
to do so, and passionately insisted upon the
fulfillment of his promise respecting the
letters. In his exasperation, Masters
swore he would do no such thing, and tak-
ing one from his pocket, he opened and
pretended to read from it a love-passion
which, had I not been almost out of my
senses with rage and indignation, I must
have been sure I never could have written.
I sprang forward to clutch the letter, a
struggle ensued, and how it happened I
know not, certainly by no voluntary act
of mine, the pistol in my hand went off; there
was a flash and a report, sounding to me
like thunder, and Robert Masters lay dead
at my feet! What followed I can only con-
fusedly describe; for a time I was trans-
fixed—rooted with terror to the spot, but
presently the stunning sense of horror was
succeeded by apprehension for myself; and,
by what cunning I know not, though
doubtless with a wild hope of thereby in-
ducing a belief that the deed had been com-
mitted by robbers, I threw myself on my
knees beside the corpse, and not only
possessed myself of the letters, but of the
slain man's watch and purse. I had
scarcely done so, when I heard footsteps
approaching, and I started up and fled with
the speed of guilt and fear, leaving the
fatal pistol on the ground. The footsteps
were Harpur's: he had reached home soon
after I left, and followed me only to arrive
too late! I disclosed every thing to him;
he had faith in my truth, as I am sure you
have, and swore never to betray me: he
has, you know, faithfully kept his word,
though himself apprehended for the crime.
Judith Morton ceased speaking, and
Penson, aghast, stupefied, could not utter
a word.

"Well, Richard Penson," said she after
a painful silence of some minutes, "have
you no counsel to offer me in this strait?"

"Counsel, Judith," replied Penson, with
white lips, "what counsel can I offer?
The only effect of this confession, if made
public, would be to consign you to the
scaffold instead of Harpur; for those who
would sit in judgment upon your life

would not believe that the pistol was ac-
cidentally discharged."

"That is also my opinion, and can you
do nothing to save my life—my innocent
life, Richard; for be assured that rather
than a guiltless man shall perish through
my deed, I will denounce myself as the
slayer of Robert Masters. You have a re-
putation for lawyer-craft," she added, "and
money shall not be wanting."

"There is no possibility of obtaining an
acquittal," said Penson, "except by hav-
ing recourse to perilous devices that. In
short, I see no chance of a successful de-
fense."

"You once loved me, Richard Penson,"
said Judith Morton, in a low, agitated
voice, "or at least you said you did."

"Once loved you—said I did!" echoed
Penson.

"I know not what to say," continued
Judith, as if unheeding his words, and with
eyes bent on the ground; "Harpur can
never be, as I told you, more to me than he
is now—I have reason, indeed, to believe
that he has no wish to be: faithful, as yet,
as he has proved to his promise not to be-
tray me; and it may be, Richard—it may
be, I say—though that, I begin to think,
will have slight weight with you—that
that gratitude might lead me to reward,
to return the devotion to which I should be
indebted for the preservation of my young
life."

"Judith—Judith Morton!" gasped Pen-
son, "do not drive me mad!"

"Make no rash promises, Richard, to
incur peril for my sake," said Judith Mor-
ton, rising from her chair; "by to-morrow
morning you will have thought the matter
calmly over. I will call about ten o'clock,
and you can then tell me if I can count on
not upon effectual help from you. Good-
night."

She was gone; but not till her purpose
had been thoroughly accomplished. Rich-
ard Penson's resolution was taken, and
before he threw himself upon his bed that
night, his eager and practiced brain had
elaborated a plan—audacious, and full of
peril to himself—whereby an acquittal
might be, with almost certainty, insured.
"I do it"—it was thus he glossed the
scheme to his own conscience—"I do it to
save her life—her young and innocent life,
as she truly says, and I will take care that
no harm shall ultimately befall Blundell.
He will have abundant means of self-vindi-
cation when—when I and Judith are safe
beyond the Atlantic."

The clocks were chiming ten when Ju-
dith Morton entered the young attorney's
office on the following morning. "There
is more than hope, there is triumph, safety
in your look," she said, unglowing her
hand, and extending it to Penson.

"Yes, Judith," he replied, "I have de-
termined upon running all risks to extri-
cate you from this peril. And first the
watch—a description of which I shall, as
the prisoner's attorney, take care to adver-
tise by-and-by—have you it with you?"

"Yes! here it is; but what is it you pro-
pose doing?"

"That, dear Judith, I must be excused
for not disclosing. Success depends upon
close secrecy. I will, however, see Harpur
as his professional adviser, without delay,
and assure him—for his continued silence
is paramountly essential—that an acquittal
is certain, but not of the means of procur-
ing it—stone walls having ears, as they
say—and indiscretion being as fatal as
treachery."

"No evil will fall upon any innocent per-
son?" asked the young woman.

"No permanent evil—of that be assur-
ed," replied Penson. This was about all
that passed between the confederates, and
a few minutes afterward Judith Morton
took leave, and was soon on her way
home.

Harpur's trial came on during the March
Assize, at Appleby, and as the case had
excited much interest in the county, the
Crown Court was densely crowded. The
witnesses for the prosecution were not
asked a single question by the counsel in-
structed by Penson for the defense till it
came to the turn of the last and only im-
portant one, James Blundell. The cross-
examination of this man was from the first
a menacing one, and the hush of the ex-
cited auditory deepened into painful intensity
as it became evident, from the stern ques-
tioning of the counsel, that the defense in-
tended to be set up was, that the deceased
had met his death at the hand of the wit-
ness, not of the prisoner. It was elicited
from Blundell, though with much difficulty,
that he was in embarrassed circumstances,
considerably in debt to the deceased, with
whom he had, in consequence, had words

more than once, and that he knew Robert
Masters had been heard to say he would
sell him (Blundell) out before long. The
witness was greatly agitated by this expo-
sure of his affairs, and so fiercely was he
pressed by the zealous counsel for nearly
an hour of merciless cross-examination, that
he could scarcely stand when told to leave
the witness-box.

"I have to request, my lord," said the
prisoner's counsel, "that the last witness
be not permitted to leave the court—for
the present at least." The judge nodded
assent, and a couple of javelin-men placed
themselves by the side of the nervous and
terrified Blundell. The case for the Crown
having closed, and no speech in those days
being allowed to be made by a reputed
felon's counsel, witnesses for the defense
were at once called. "Call Thomas Aldous,"
said Richard Penson, to the crier of the
court, and presently Thomas Aldous, a
middle-aged, gold-spectacled gentleman, of
highly-respectable aspect, presented him-
self in the witness-box.

"You are the proprietor, I believe, Mr.
Aldous," said the prisoner's counsel, "of
an extensive pawnbroking establishment in
London?"

"Well, Sir," replied the witness, "I
can not say mine is an extensive establish-
ment, but it is, I am bold to say, a respect-
able one, and situate not in London proper,
but in the Blackfriars Road, Southwark."

"No matter: you have been within the
last few days in communication with re-
spect to an advertised gold watch, with
the attorney for the prisoner, Mr. Pen-
son?"

"I have."

"Do you produce the watch in ques-
tion?"

"I do: here it is. It was pawned with
me," added the scrupulous witness, refresh-
ing his memory by a glance at the dupli-
cate, "on the 18th of February last, for
£10, and the address given, No. 8, Lambeth
Walk, is, I have since ascertained, a ficti-
tious one."

"Will the brother of the deceased, who
has already been sworn," said the examin-
ing barrister, "have the kindness to look
at this watch?"

Mr. James Masters did so, and identified
it as belonging to his brother, and worn
by him at the time of his death.

"Should you be able, Mr. Aldous," con-
tinued the counsel, "to recognize the per-
son who pawned the watch?"

"I should have no difficulty in doing
so," said the pretended Aldous, "although
it was just between the lights when the
man, a middle-aged, stoutish person, came
to my shop, as he not only had a peculiar
cast in his eyes, but that once or twice,
when a handkerchief which he held to his
face, I supposed in consequence of tooth-
ache, slipped aside, I noticed a large, bright,
red stain, either from scrofula, or a natural
mark across his lower jaw."

As this audaciously-accurate description
of Blundell left the witness's lips, every eye
in court was turned upon that astounded
individual; the javelin-men drew back with
instinctive aversion from in front of him,
and he, as if impelled by a sympathetic
horror of himself, shrieked out, "That's
me! he means me! oh God!" "That is
the man," promptly broke in the pawn-
broker, "I should know him among a mil-
lion." This was too much for Blundell;
he strove to grasp out a fierce denial, but
strong emotion choked his utterance, and
he fell down in a fit, from which he did not
entirely recover for some hours, then to
find himself in close custody upon sus-
picion of being the assassin of Robert Mas-
ters!

The proceedings in court need not be
further detailed: the prosecution had, of
course, irretrievably broken down, and
there was nothing for it but to formally
acquit the prisoner, who was at once dis-
charged, and the crowded court was im-
mediately cleared of the excited auditory,
numerous groups of whom remained for
long afterward in the streets, eagerly cau-
vassing the strange issue of the trial. As
Richard Penson left the court, a scrap of
paper was slipped into his hand, upon
which was scrawled in pencil, and in a dis-
guised hand, "Thanks—a thousand thanks
—but no harm must come to poor B—
You shall hear from me in a few days at
Liverpool. J—"

As soon as Blundell could collect his scat-
tered thoughts and advise with a lawyer,
there was found to be no difficulty in estab-
lishing an alibi, that on the day of the pre-
tended pawning he was in his own home at
Bedstone, and he was conditionally liber-
ated. Inquiries were next set on foot re-
specting Mr. Aldous, and as no such person
could be found, the nature of the conspira-

cy by which justice had been defeated
gradually disclosed itself. An effort was
also made to arrest Penson, the prisoner's
attorney, but as he had previously disap-
peared from Liverpool, and it was reported
sailed for America with Judith Morton, the
pursuit was abandoned. This information
was completely erroneous; Judith Morton
had indeed embarked for America, but it
was with her husband, Charles Harpur, to
whom she had been privately mar-
ried, three weeks previous to the death of
Robert Masters, the wedding having been
intendedly kept secret for a time, partly on
account of the recent death of the bride's
father, who, by-the-by, died in poor cir-
cumstances, and partly because of the same
family reason of Harpur's. This intelli-
gence reached Penson at Liverpool, in a
letter dated London, about a week subse-
quent to the trial, containing many apolo-
gies, another £50 note and signed "Judith
Harpur!"

I will not detain the reader with any
description of the wretched, vag-
abond life led by Penson from the moment
of his departure from Liverpool till I met
him in Holborn—till his death, in fact—
for he was utterly irremediable—which
was not long delayed, and took place in
the infirmary of a city workhouse. He, at
all events, though not reached by the arm
of the law paid the full penalty of his
offense. Whether the same might be said
of Judith Morton, I know not, Penson nev-
er having heard either of her or Harpur
since they left England for the States.

Horses Saved by a Dream.

THE Elain (Ill.) Advocate relates the
following story: Milo Byington is
brother-in-law to the Hon. George S. Bow-
en. The residence of the latter is in the
south-east part of the city, on what is called
St. Charles street. Byington lives di-
rectly opposite. On Wednesday night By-
ington dreamed that Bowen's barn was
enveloped in flames, and jumped from the
bed into the middle of the room, which
athletic effort brought him out of his som-
nambulism. He was very much excited,
and could not for a moment comprehend
the situation. Impressed, however, with
the thought of the barn being on fire, he
proceeded to the window and discovered
no sign of a blaze. His wife inquired of
him what was the matter, and he replied
that he had a dream that Bowen's barn was
on fire, and it frightened him very much.
The lady said to him that he had better lie
down, and not be disturbed on account of
a dream.

Byington returned to bed, but trembled
like a leaf, and was unable to quiet his
nerves, or divest his mind of the impres-
sion of fire at the barn. He says he could
not lie there, and felt impelled to go to the
barn; that he could not sleep or rest until
he had followed the impulse. In spite of
the remonstrance of his good wife he put
on his trousers and shoes only, and taking
his revolver in his hand, made tracks
quietly for Bowen's barn, a distance of 15
or 18 rods. As he neared the barn he
thought he heard movements of men inside,
and instead of entering the barn, as he
would have done had he not heard the
noises, he stepped lightly around the north
end of the barn, and as he looked around
the corner two men walked out of the barn
door on the east side and, stepped around
to the south side of the barn.

Byington stealthily followed to the next
corner, and when he reached it he discover-
ed the two men talking, and heard one
say to the other, "now you go in and get
the horse, and I'll fire the thing." Where-
upon Mr. Byington disturbed the com-
posure of the villains by saying, "No, I
guess you won't." Almost instantly one
of the men fired at him, and the ball hit
the corner of the barn, within two or three
inches of Byington's left side. Byington
in an instant was popping away at the fel-
lows, and after the second shot was fired,
one of them, who was running south from
the barn cried out, "Don't shoot; I am
hit." Byington said to him, "Stop, or I'll
shoot again." The fellow did not stop,
and Mr. Byington sent two more bullets
after him.

In the morning a bridle was found on
the stable floor behind one of the horses,
and at the south end of the barn where the
men were standing when Byington first
discovered them, Mr. Bowen's driver pick-
ed up a ball of rags about the size of a
cocoanut, which was bound with a string
and thoroughly saturated with kerosene
oil. He also found on the same spot three
or four matches. The purpose of the two
men was, we must necessarily conclude, to
steal one or more of the good horses which
Mr. Bowen is possessed of and then burn
the barn to lead the public to believe that
the animals were burned, and thus enable
them to make good their escape.