The Times, New Bloomfield, Pa.

A WIFE LOST BY A PARROT.

MISS EASIE BRUCE was walking down Ann Street. Just at a crossing a gentleman met her.

"Miss Bruce !" "Mr. Weldon !"

Then he was about to pass on. She paused in a dilemma, for she had several rolls of music in her hand, and the crossing was terribly muddy. What a splendid prospect for besiraggled skirts !

Rich Weldon saw her trouble. "Permit me," he said.

She gave the music into his hand, and was a happy woman again. Rich was very much rejoiced, glad to get an opportunity of assisting Miss Bruce. After the crossing was passed, he did not relinquish the music, but continued on by her side.

Miss Elsie turned from Ann to Pike Street. A block further up was her father's residence.

" Please come in, Mr. Weldon,' she said, at the gate.

"Thank you, I believe I will go in for a short time," he said.

Miss Elsie ushered him into the parlor.

" Excuse me for a moment," she said.

She was gone but for a minute. As she was returning there was a ring at the entrance.

She walked along the hall and opened the door, not waiting for a servant to do so. A tall young gentleman with a handsome face and figure was standing outside. Elsie blushed a little and bowed. The gentleman returned her bow.

In a moment Elsie had recovered from her embarrassment.

"Do come in, Mr. Montague," she said. She took him to the parlor. As she showed him in there was a slight twinkle of mischief in her eye. The two gentlemen who were about to meet were rivals, as she was quite confident. Further, rivals for the regard of her own pretty self. They had never met before, either, she was certain.

"Mr. Weldon, Mr. Montague," she said. "Mr Montague, Mr. Weldon."

Instinctively they bowed a little distrustfully to each other. Each saw a rival in the other, and a man does not feel comfortable where he beholds a 'trespasser on the peculiar-demain that he hopes to call his OWD.

For an hour or two the three sat and talked. Their subjects are of no particular importance to this narrative. Any one can imagine how heartily each of the gentlemen wished the other absent, so that the subject of conversation might be changed to something a little more confidential. At length, by a tacit understanding, they saw that they must depart together on this occasion. We all know that rivals never give way to each other.

Mr. Weldon and Mr. Montagne arose therefore, at the same time, and, followed by Miss Elsie, went out into the hall. As it chanced a pet parrot was hanging there in his cage.

"Call again, Mr. Weldon."

Then before the sound had died away a very similar invitation rang out.

"Call again, Mr. Montague."

Miss Elsie laughed, iblushed, and bowed the gentlemen out. Then she returned to that usughty parrot.

"You wioked Warcor," she cried, "are not you ashamed of yourself ?"

'Kiss me, Elsie," said the parrot, in a

"I believe I could have answered this happy with me, for not a word has he utafternoon," she murmured. "Why should I delay ?" She left that question unanswered, however.

It was eight o'clock when Mr. Montague made his call on Pike Street. He, too, was lucky enough to find Miss Elsie at home .--For an hour they talked on commonplace subjects. At length the man reached the subject next his heart.

"I love you, Miss Elsie," he said .-"Will you be my wife ?" Elsie was silent.

He took her hand, and his eyes met hers. In an instant her answer trembled on her lips. Then a woman-like idea entered her brain.

"I will not be too easily won," she thought.

"Mr. Montague, I will give you your an-swer in a few days," she said aloud.

And he was too much of a gentleman to insist on having it sooner than it, pleased her to give it.

It was the next morning that she called her papa into the parlor. Mr. Bruce was a strict church member, a little too strict in his doctrines, perhaps, but a high-toned honorable man.

" Papa," said Elsie, "I have two offers of marriage."

"Humph !" said Mr. Bruce. "Well ?" "Mr. Weldon, and Mr. Montague. Papa I want your advice."

"My dear, Mr. Weldon is my preference. He has wealth, and can provide for you as luxuriously as you have been accustomed to live. Montague has no great amount of this world's goods, some I admit, but still Mr. Weldon far exceeds him in that respect."

"But, papa !" "Well, my dear."

"There are some arguments in favor of Mr. Montague. He has a profession, and though a young man now, he has talent and will rise in the law. And papa I'

"Well, my dear."

"He is a church member, and you know a consistent one."

Elsie had made a mistake, from this fact. She should have allowed her father to express no preference for Mr. Weldon before stating her arguments. In that case they would probably have been conclusive and convincing, especially the last. But if Mr. Bruce possessed one peculiarity above another it was that he was very stubborn .--When once he had taken a "set," it was pretty hard to move him from it. So now he said :

"Elsie, I do not think I can give my consent to your marrying Mr. Montague." And so the matter stood.

Mr. Richard Weldon was walking slowly along the street upon which his home was. Perhaps he was thinking of Elsie, perhaps of something else. Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted by the shouts of a flock of men and boys behind him, who came running toward him. He turned around. Evidently the crowd were chasing something. But what? Weldon could not see at first. Presently his gaze, however, rested on a bird flying slowly overhead. It was a parrot.

On flew the parrot, Mr. Weldon with others, following along after it. Shortly it lighted upon the sill of an open window .--Now that open window was Mr. Weldon's own, and doubtless the fates guided that bird there. The crowd yelled and the parrot hopped inside. The window was in the tory of the building, and as the second bird did not appear, a ladder was obtained and placed upon the window sill. Then Mr. Weldon ascended and closed the window. The parrot was a captive. The crowd was satisfied, and dispersed.

tered since I captured him."

After Mr. Weldon took his departure he was not absent long. He returned shortly with a parrot.

"Is this your bird ?" he asked. Miss Elsie took the cage in her hand.

"Yes, it is Varcor," she cried. "Speak to me, Varcar."

But Varcor ruffled up his feathers and refused to utter a sound.

"I am very grateful to you, Mr. Weldon," said Elsie, turning her attentions to the gentleman.

He remained another hour and then went away.

Varcor's course troubled Elsie. He sat in his cage, seemingly angry at the whole world, and refused to give forth an utterance. This went on for twenty-four hours. Then Elsie laid her case before her papa .-She found him alone in the library, and carried Varcor, cage and all, in to him.

"Papa, I believe Varcor is going to die," said pretty Miss Elsie.

"Mr. Bruce adjusted his spectacles. "Elsie, it occurs to me that it is singular that a woman who has the consideration of her future fate in her hands at the present, should let her mind be occupied with such

trivial matters," "Papa, I suppose it is because I am a woman," laughed Elsie.

Varcor ruffled his feathers, smoothed them again, and then hopped up pertly.

"Elsie," said Mr. Bruce, gravely, "I should suppose that you 'would realize-" "The devil !" interrupted an irreverent voice.

"Whence came that note of sin?" exclaimed Mr. Bruce, looking around in bewilderment.

"Hellfingins," repeated the voice.

Mr. Bruce leaped to his feet. "Am I bewitched ?" he questioned.

The answer was :

"I'm Captain Jinks of the hoss marines ; I'm a captain in the army."

Then it all became apparent. The voice was from Varcor's cage. His long period of silonce was over. The talented bird had changed tutors, to some purpose, you see. "I'm a daring young man with a flying trapeze ; I can fly through the air with the greatest of ease," proceeding with his choice extracts.

Mr. Bruce walked around the cage. He eyed it in sheer dismay. Varcor hopped towards him. "Old skinflint, old skinflint, old skin-

flint," he snapped out. "That bird must die," roared Mr. Bruce.

He seized lie cage, and opened it, while Elsie fled from the apartment in tears.

But Mr. Bruce had reckoned without his host. Varcor had relapsed into total depravity. As he reached his arm in the cage Varcor seized his finger, and held on till it was withdrawn.

Mr. Bruce danced around the room snapping his fingers together. His spectacles were dashed to the floor and broken. He ran against a table covered with books and vases, and it overturned with a crash .---Meantime Varcor released his hold, and flew out at the hall door. He fired a parting shot as he went. "T-h-e d-o-v-i-l- !"

Mr. Bruce sprang after him, but he flitted along the hall and into the parlor. A window was open there, and he made his escape forever. Elsie was there.

"Where has that bird been?" foamed Mr. Bruce.

A Remarkable Conviction.

LIROM the reports of the Supreme Court's proceedings, says the St. Louis Globe, we are able to give the particulars of a remarkable murder that occurred here nearly twenty years ago. There was no witness to the crime, the body of the murdered woman was never found, and the criminal suffered the extreme penalty of the law on the strength of his own confession. The popular idea that "murder will out" found in this case a striking corroboration.

George H. Lamb, aged about 40 years, was indicted for the murder of his wife, Sarah S. Lamb, by drowning in the Mis sissippi river in December, 1857. The evidence chiefly relied upon on the part of the State was the confession of Lamb, voluntarily made by him before Rudolph Herkenrath, a justice of the peace, before whom he was examined in the city of St. Louis.

Prisoner's statement was in substance as follows : "I was married to Sarah S. Stafford in the court house, Quincy, 111., in November, 1856, by a justice of the peace. I was then a resident of Mendota, La Salle county, Illinois. I did not take my wife to Mendota, but left her with her father at Hamilton. In November, 1857. I went some place South to spend the winter. My wife and I came to St. Louis about the 28th of November, 1857. We got here by daylight, and took breakfast and dinner at King's Hotel. From there we went to the Astor House, on Franklin avenue. My wife was unwell during the time we were at the Astor House. I had two physicians attending her. Her sickness was caused by my giving her poison, strychnine. I bought it for the purpose of giving it to her. I think I gave it to her twice. My intention was to dispose of her some way. I had it in my mind to destroy her. I gave her what the physician prescribed, and she recovered from the effects of the poison administered. She threw it up. About the 17th of December we left the Astor House. The sun might have been two or three hours high. I told her I was going down the river to Carondelet. We left there in a baggage wagon. Nobody went with us but the driver. We took a bandbox with a bonnet in it. She was apparently perfectly willing to go. I think the driver was a colored man. We started down the river in a skiff. I put some stones in the boat, remarking they were to keep it even. My design was to use the stones to sink her body. I noticed an island or sand bur. It was above Carondelet. We proceeded half way down the island on the east side, near the channel where the steamers run. It was considerably dark. I put my hand right back of her neck and pushed her head under the water ; it hay down about two minutes under the water. I then raised her partly out. She was dead. Her death was caused by my holding her head under the water. I took her shawl and bonnet off ; got some twine, and after sinking the body I went ashore. It was getting dark when I threw her overboard. I designed drowning my wife when at the Astor House. I felt dissatisfied, and felt as if I could not live happily with her. That was my motive for drowning her. She had never said or done anything to cause me to feel that way that I can think of. I cannot say that I had any-feelings towards her or her relatives. I came up to the city

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The undersigned will sell at private sale his val-uable farm situate in Juniata fownship, Perry co., Pa., adjoining lands of George Tizeli, George Ickes and others, containing

91 ACRES,

of Red Slate land, about 75 Acres are cleared, and in a high state of cultivation. The balance is well set with timber. The improvements are a good two story Log and Weatherboarded

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There is also a Well of good water near the

There are also TWO GOOD APPLE ORCH. ARDS on this farm, with a variety of other fruit trees. This property is near the village of Markle-ville in a good neighborhood.

DWELLING HOUSE,

LARGE BANK BARN,

very pleasing tone.

"O, you wieked Warcor, you shall hang here no more," cried Miss Elsie.

"Fie ! Mr. Montague," returned Varcor. Elsie placed day hands to her ears and ran away laughing. She found a servant. "Take Vareor's cage and hang it up stairs at the back window."

Then Eisie suddenly bethought herself that she had better do that herself. And she did, keeping her hauds upon her cars as long as she could. However, she heard a mingled muttering of comical sentences. Out on the street, Mr. Weldon had walk-

ed down toward the east end of Pike Street. Mr. Montague up toward the west end.

"I shall call to-merrow afternoon," said Mr. Weldon to himself, "and ask her to marry me, for I find that I am desperately smitten."

"To-morrow night I shall come and tol Elsie that I love her," thought Mr. Monrague, " and ask her to be my wife."

It is singular, perhaps, how a prospect of rivalry will hurry up men is some mat-Sette.

.Punctual to time on the afternoon of the next day Mr. Weldon called again at the Bauce residence. He found Miss Elsie at bunic.

its is not necessary to dwell here. Mr. Woldon stammered around awhile, as men usually do on such occasions, but finally managed to state his case.

"Way, Mr. Weldon, you astonish me," cried Elsie, in a surprised tone. "I have must have time to consider."

" How much ?" he asked.

"O, a woek."

Mr. Weldon groaned montally. But the result was that he had to submit to delay. He took his leave, and Elsie ant thinking. Somehow, as she thought of his offer, the before her mind.

A couple of days passed. The end of Mr. Weldon's week was approaching. But as he had not beheld Miss Elsie since making his proposal, he felt that he could not endure to remain away from her any longer. It could do no harm to call upon her, especially as he had no intentions of troubling her with the old subject yet.

Acting upon his resolution, he walked up Pike Street. Just as he entered the gate, some one came out at the hall door .-It was Chester Montague.

"Singular that I always meet that man here, lately," muttered Mr. Weldon, frowning. However, he cleared the frown from his brow, and greeted Mr. Montague courteously enough as he passed. It may as well be stated here that Mr. Montague had not yet received his answer.

During his call, Mr. Weldon adhered to his resolution, and said nothing about the momentous question. It is only necessary to refer to one portion of the conversation between him and Miss Elsie.

" I have had a misfortune," said Elsie, at one time.

"Why, what ?" asked Mr. Weldon.

" Varcor, my parrot, has made his es cape."

Mr. Weldon was rejoiced. Then the parrot that he had at home in a cage belonged never thought at all upon the subject, and to Miss Elsie. Restoring it would be a small matter, but then small matters sometimes turned the current in such affidirs as hin.

"Why, Miss Bruce," he exclaimed, "I believe I had the good fortune to capture your bird, and I have him caged now. If I had taken a thought I might have known handsome face of Chester Montague came he belonged to you. I will bring him to you this very afternoon. He has not been

Mr. Weldon has had him for a few days," Elsie faltered.

" Who?"

"Mr. Weldon."

"Mr. Weldon ! Ha ! and he wants to marry you. Evidently he is a very bad man himself and must keep very bad company. He shall never marry you. You you want to. Weldon's a scoundrel."wrath.

Well, Elsie did not marry Mr. Montague as soon as Mr. Bruce had indicated. But she did finally become his wife.

Varcor was never seen in that vicinity afterwards. If he has received the reward he should have for his aptness in taking lessons from Mr. Weldon, he is traveling with a circus and acquiring fame.

A Wife's Mistake.

Two or three months since the body of a drowned man was found in the Delaware, at Philadelphia, and taken to the Morgue for identification. About that time one Anthony Murphy, who resided in Alaska street, was missing from his house. Some of his relatives visited the Morgue and identified the body as that of Murphy. The body was removed to the house on Alaska street, and Mrs. Murphy declared that it was her husband. Arrangements were made for the funeral, and the man was buried as Anthony Murphy. Last Thursday evening, while the family was quietly sitting in the house, Authony Murphy walked in. He was in good health and was at once recognized by Mrs. Murphy. Explanations ensued, and the general rejoicing can be better imagined than described.

137 If you can from your heart forgive another for Christ's sake, you have no reason to doubt that God has forgiven you.

17 Pride cannot bear reproof, but humility bows before it.

the city next day. I went right to her parents, and took her baggage there. I told them I had buried her in Memphis.-On December 30, 1857 I married a girl by the name of Louisa Shortliff. I married her so soon after the death of my wife because she said that she would not wait any longer. She did not know anything of shall marry Mr. Montague to-morrow, if this. She was perfectly innocent. I had been keeping company with her along And Mr. Bruce rushed away to cool his through the fall mouths. I have endeaored to make a frank confession. I have once left the church. It is the transgression of my duties toward my God that has brought me here."

In connection with the above statement, it may be remarked that suspicion was first excited against the prisoner on account of his marrying so soon after the death of his first wife. His contradictory stories as to her death led to an investigation that led to his arrest.

The Supreme Court affirmed the ruling of the lower court, and did not disturb the sentence, which was death. He was executed at the gallows, then situated near Sixth and Chestnut streets. His manner at the time, as described by an eye-witness, was as might have been expected. His coward soul quailed within him, and his attenuated form had to be supported by two men before the fatal noose was adjusted.

One of the important points decided by the Supreme Court in this case was that if the jury were satisfied that a crime had been committed, it was not necessary that the dead body should be identified or dis, covered.

there is a story of a country clergyman who was sent for suddenly to a cottage, where he found a man in bed. "Well, my friend," said the pastor, "what induced you to send for me ?" The patient, who was rather deaf, appealed to his wife. "What do he say ?" "He says," shouted the woman, " what the deuce did you send for him for ?"

ville in a good neighborhood. Any person desiring to purchase a home, should see this property before making a final investor her relatives. I came up to the city about 9 o'clock that night. I think I left April, 1874, at which time a deed will be delivered. id possession given. The balance to be paid in hree equal annual payments, with interest, to be cured by judgment bonds. Sar Call ou or address JACOB KLINE, Markleville, Perry co., Pa., OR three LEWIS POTTER. New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa. 211 LEBANON Mutual Fire Insurance Company, OF Jonestown, Penn'a. POLICIES PERPETUAL at Low Rates. No Steam risks taken. This is one of the best conducted and most reliable Companies in the State. Country property insured Perpetually at \$4.00 per thonsand, and Town property at \$5.00 per thousand. LEWIS POTTER, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA., 47.745 Agent for Perry County. LOOK OUT! I would respectively inform my friends that I in tend calling upon them with a supply of good. ofiny OWN MANUFACTURE. Consisting of CASSIMERS. CASSINETS. FLANNELS, (Plain and bar'd) CARPETS, &c., to exchange for wool or sell for eash. J. M. BIXLER. CENTREWOOLEN FACTORY. 6.17.4m J. M. GURVIN. J. H. GINVIN J. M. GIRVIN & SON. Commission Merchants, NO. 8, SPEAR'S WHARF. Baltimore, Md. We will pay strict attention to the sale of all kinds of country produce, and remit the amount promptly. 5 241y 10400 Auctioneer. — The undersigned gives notice that he will crysales at any point in Perry or Daupin counties. Orders are solicited and prompt attention will be given. E. D. WELLS. E. D. WELLS. New Buffalo. Perry co., Pa PRINTING ALL KINDS of Printing nearly executed at the "BLOOMFIELD-TIMES" STEAM JOB OFFICE.