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The Handsome Squaw

AN INDIAN STORY.

ONE of the most daring chieftains of whom we remember of having read, was an Algonquin or Adirondack. This tribe of Indians, at the time of the first settlement of Canada, were found upon the banks of the St. Lawrence.

They were once a warlike and powerful people; but were finally conquered by the Iroquois or Five Nations, with whom they were continually at war.

The Trois Riviere or Three Rivers was the scene of a most signal defeat, from which the Algonquins never recovered.

The chieftain to whom 'we have alluded, whose name was Paskaret, could never forget the stain which the victories of the Iroquois had left upon his people, and with four of his boldest warriors devoted himself to what he considered the sacred duty of wiping the stain from the national

"We will become," said Paskaret, addressing his four warriors, "the avengers of our race. We will learn the Iroquois to tremble at the mention of our names. We will perform such deeds of prowess as shall add new glory to the nation of the Algonquins, and cause other tribes to forget the past, and cease to hold us in derision. Our numbers are few, and you seem ready to ask, 'How can we do all this?' My friends, much can be accomplished by individuals as well as by great and conquering armies. Cunning and daring may sometimes effect more than numbers. The good warrior may lay many plans to entrap the enemy, and so will we; and the Iroquois shall soon learn to fear us. We will meet them in unexpected places, and slay their best warriors when they are (apparently) resting in safety in sight of the smoke of their own

"What shall be done, great chieftain?" asked one of the avengers of the Adirondacks. "The Iroquois are a numerous people, and we are still smarting under the terrible wounds which our honor received at the memorable battle of Trois Riviere."

"When you speak of Trois Riviere, you cause my cheeks to burn with shame," replied Paskaret, shaking his long and quivering finger towards the country of the Five Nations. "It is the memory of the Trois Riviere that is turning my hair gray, and writing wrinkles upon my brow. Brother avengers, you have asked what we shall do, being only five in all-only one to each of the nations of our enemies. I will tell you one plan which I have thought of by which to punish the Iroquois. I have learned by one of my spies that five canoes have gone up the Three Rivers, and will probably return in a few days and pass over the same spot where we were defeated. Each of the canoes contained ten of our enemies. Now I will reveal to you a way in which we can destroy them all. There are five of us-one warrior to each canoe. Let us provide ourselves with musketsthree for each man, and ammunition in abundance. Three muskets to each warrior, in our hands, will count the same as fifteen armed in the ordinary manner.

"But avengers, this is not all; I have another important matter to make known. I have discovered that by loading a musket with two balls, connected by a chain ten inches in length, a birchen cance can be cut to pieces in a moment. Look at this piece of birch bark; I brought it hither on purpose to show you. You see that it is cut nearly into two pieces. It was done by a single discharge from a musket, loaded with two balls chained together. Algonquins, that shot would have sunk a birch canoe, loaded with our enemies.

An exultant shout arose from the avengers of the Adirondacks. The chief went

"Now you perceive the benefit of a little

trivance will give us over the Five Nations, when we meet them at any odds, in point of numbers. With fifteen muskets, loaded in this manner, we shall be equal to the fifty Iroquois warriors that are now up the Trois Riviere."

Again the four avengers shouted with wild joy. The Algonquins commenced acting upon their plans at once. Paskaret exerted himself to procure muskets of the largest calibre, and of the most approved make. He sold his favorite horse, and many things most highly esteemed, to provide the necessary outfit for himself and companions.

All was at length in readiness. The muskets were obtained and loaded with two balls each, and in a manner highly satisfactory to Paskaret.

The avengers stepped into a canoe of large dimensions, and in excellent spirits paddled away up the Trois Riviere. A day and night passed, and the avengers saw nothing of their enemies.

Early in the morning, they found themselves near the spot where the fatal battle had been fought which had broken the pride of the Algonquins, and made the Iroquois lords of the country.

The avengers rested on their paddles, and looked scowlingly on the scene of the conflict, which still presented evidence that a battle had been fought there.

"This is the spot where the Algonquins suffered everlasting shame," said one of the avengers, in a low voice.

"Do not speak of it," replied Paskaret, in husky tones. "It covers me with confusion. But who knows," he added, vehemently, his eyes flashing fire, "but we may wash out the disgrace upon this very spot, and win eternal renown?"

The words of the daring chieftain seemed prophetic. Before the echoes of his voice had ceased, five canoes, containing in all fifty Iroquois, swept into sight by turning an abrupt bend in the river.

"Imitate me," said Paskaret, in a low voice, "and don't fire till I give the word;" and the wily chief commenced singing his death-song, as though he had resigned himself to inevitable death. His warriors immediately followed his example, suffering the Iroquois to approach without making a single effort to escape.

On swept the five canoes with loud and horrible shouts of savage exultation. They beheld some of their most inveterate enemies before them, without the power to escape or defend themselves; and what was most gratifying of all, they recognized the proud figure of Paskaret, the bravest of all the Algonquin braves.

The avengers continued to howl their death-song, and allowed their enemies to approach until within a few yards.

"Now we will satisfy the spirits of our slain warriors !" cried Paskaret.

Instantly the avengers seized their muskets and fired. The balls and their iron links went crashing and tearing through the frail canoes, and cutting the devoted Iroquois in pieces. A sudden and terrible panic seized the latter. With loud and startling shricks they leaped into the water from their sinking vessels, while the deadly fire of the Algonquins continued to rake from end to end, severing limbs, and inflicting unheard of wounds.

In a few moments the causes were all sunken or abandoned, and those who were not already destroyed were struggling in the waters of the Trois Riviere, already red with the blood of their comrades.

Some were desperately wounded, and after a few convulsive efforts sank and arose no more, and the rest were paralyzed with terror.

The avengers paddled into the midst of the despairing wretches, and not one of them escaped. They found graves in the waters of the Trois Riviere.

"Now," said Paskaret, "my face does not burn with shame. The spirits of some of our slain warriors are appeased." We feel that we must here remark that

the exploit just narrated is a literal fact,

and not the creation of the pen of fiction. It may be imagined, with some reason, that the daring feat of Paskaret in destroying fifty of his enemies at a blow, would have satisfied his appetite for revenge, but this was far from being the case.

"We have spread terror among the Iroquois, and the glory of our exploits is in the months of all; but we must do more," said Paskaret. "We five will penetrate into the country of our enemies, and carry consternation and death there also."

Greatly to the mortification and sorrow of the great chief, not one of his chosen companions would accompany him on an

head-work, and the advantage this con- expedition so hazardous. Paskaret was by slumberers, and by the light of their fire no means disheartened; he prepared himself for the extraordinary undertaking; and early in the spring, before the snow had disappeared, he set out alone for the land of the Iroquois ; and we have now to notice awakens the tenth from his sleep. He some of the most daring exploits ever performed by an Indian warrior, or possibly the war-cry of the Iroquois, but the sounds by any man that ever gave himself to warlike pursuits.

In order to baffle his enemies, providing his propinquity should be discovered, he took the precaution to reverse his snowshoes, putting the hinder part forward, which would turn pursuit in the wrong direction. This was not all; in his long and perilous journey he betook himself to the highlands and hills, from which the snow had already melted, in order to leave as little vestige of his way as possible. What idomitable courage! what unheard of perseverance ! what an over-grown thirst for vengeance! to prompt this brave savage to a long pilgrimage to an enemy's country, over hills and mountains, and across streams in which the ice was still running.

But nothing could daunt the soul of Paskaret. He did not falter or despair, but reached the land of his foes in safety. But what should he do now? We shall

It was dark night. The moon had not appeared, and the stars were scarcely visible in the arch of the skies. Paskuret was hovering on the outskirts of an Iroquois village. He approached a lone wigwam, listened a moment, and then entered. The inmates were sleeping without a dream of death. When Paskaret left the lodge, the scalps of the sleepers hung at his belt; he had put them asleep forever.

Upon the following day, there was dire confusion in the village of the Iroquois. The young warriors ran hither and thither, and everywhere, but no traces of Paskaret could be found, save the imprint of his fearful hand upon the bodies of his vic-

The very next night he crept forth from his lurking place, entered another cabin, and robbed them of their scalps, as before,

and effected a retreat without discovery. The Iroquois profited by their sad experience; and upon the third night set a watch about their village, in every cabin.

It might be supposed that under such circumstances. Paskaret would not attempt to enter the village again; but this was not the case. Lashing the scalps, which he had taken, carefully upon his back, in a bundle, in order not to lose the valued and ensanguined witnesses to his daring deeds, for the third and last time he cautiously approached the Iroquois vil-

But he found his enemies upon the alert, and remained quiet, waiting for them to relax their vigilance. In this expectation, he was not disappointed.

One of the watchers grew weary of his vigils. He dozed and nodded, started up, rubbed his eyes, and strove to be wakeful; but, aias! the drowsy god overpowered him, and he slept at his post.

"He richly deserves to die," said Paskaret, to himself, "for the desire to do his duty is not strong enough to keep him

The chieftain stood silently beside the faithless watcher, smiled grimly, lifted his terrible battle-axe, and with a blow laid the sleeper quivering and gasping at his

But there were those in the village more wakeful and wary. They heard the fatal blow, and with a fierce war-cry rushed to the spot. Before they reached it, Paskaret had torn off the scalp of his victim, and betaken himself to flight. Paskaret was called the swiftest Indian runner living ; and the idea of running for his life did not terrify him in the least. Sometimes, by an extraordinary effort, he placed a great distance between himself and his pursuers, and then again permitted them to approach him, when, from the summit of a hill, he would call to them, and boast of the deeds he had done among them, and brand them a nation of squaws and cowards.

Ending his not very complimentary harangue, he would dart away like the wind, and govern the intervening distance according to his own fancy.

The pursuit was continued with unabated vigor until night, when the Iroquois encamped to cook and rest. Paskaret saw them kindle a fire, and watched the smoke curling through the trees. They roasted blankets, without a thought of danger. In half an hour they were all in a sound

sees to count them.

The sleepers were ten in number. With his hatchet he dispatched nine, with as many blows, and then with the handle started to his feet, and was about to give companions lying stark and stiff in death, and Paskaret confronting him with a grim smile.

"A great warrior should not sleep when an enemy is near," said Paskaret.

The astonished Iroquois made no reply. His tongue seemed glued to the roof of his mouth.

"Your companions are sleeping," added Paskaret; "they will wake no more."

"You are a great warrior," said the Iroquois. "I have seventeen scalps," replied Pas-

karet; "one more would make eighteen." "The Iroquois is ready," answered the prisoner. "He was at the battle of Trois Riviere, and he slew many of your best warriors. The Iroquois can afford to die.

But Paskaret did not strike.

"The Iroquois is a brave man," he replied; "but life is sweet, and on one condition he shall live, and I will leave his village to slumber in peace."

"Speak, brave chieftain," said the pris-

"I saw a handsome squaw," continued the Algonquin, "in your village; bring her to me to be my wife, and I will molest your village no more; but I will not include all the villages of the Iroquois. you succeed in bringing the beautiful Iroquois maiden to me, you shall be free; but if you do not, you shall return and deliver yourself into my hands as my prisoner .-Do you promise, as a warrior, to comply with these conditions?"

"I promise," said the Iroquois.

Paskaret then described the fair squaw whom he had seen, so that she was easily recognized by the prisoner.

"Now you may go," said the Algonquin, " but if you attempt to deceive me, I will not rest until your scalp hangs at my belt."

The Indian faithfully redeemed his word. The next night he returned to the spot with the handsome Iroquois, whose heart being free, had easily been persuaded to become the wife of so great a warrior. She was received with much kindness by her strange lover, and instead of regretting the step she had taken, seemed proud of the

distinguished honor conferred upon her. return to the village, and Paskaret and his bride to perform a long journey to the country of the Algonquins.

He reached his warriors in safety. His return was regarded as a little short of a miracle, while his fair wife was not a little envied by the Algonquin maidens on account of her extraordinary beauty, and the good fortune which had made her the partner of the brave Paskaret.

A Horse Story.

A farmer in Canada had a large number of ponies, and among them a very handsome and playful one, which was a great favorite with a little boy about ten years of age, the only child of the farmer. One day the boy was sent several miles on an errand for some money, with a warning to return before night, as the country was infested with robbers. His visit was so delightful that he forgot the command of his parents, and did not mount his pony to return till it was quite dark. His road lay through a thick forest, and it was not long before a highwayman attacked him and dragged him from his horse, which ran swiftly homeward. Meantime his terrified parents sat trembling by their fireside, awaiting their boy's return. They were just preparing to go in search of him when they heard the clattering of hoofs, and soon after a loud kicking and pawing at the door. On opening it, they saw the pony in a state of great excitement, with his saddle and bridle dangling about him. He ran from them a short distance, then frisked about and, seizing the father's coat with his teeth, pulled him along. The agonized parents followed the animal, who ran ahead, constantly turning back, and neighing to urge them onward. After travelling many miles through the woods, they came to the place where the boy had been robmeat, ate, and then lay down in their bed, and found him tied to a tree, stripped of his money and clothes, and half dead with fear and cold. He was placed on the pony's back, who proudly bore him home, A dark form might have been seen steal- and was ever after treated as a true friend ing towards them, stepping in among the by the boy whose life he had saved.

Hit her Man.

Pitman's woodpile had suffered a good deal lately from the ravages of thieves, so the old gentleman the other day loaded his gun with coarse salt, and expressed his determination to bombard the first man who should be observed to haunt the timber. On Wednesday morning he had todied away upon his lips, and he saw his attend court, and as he did not expect to reach home until late in the evening, Mrs. Pitman felt it her duty, to keep an eye on the woodpile. But Mr. Pitman returned about dusk, and as he walked up the yard he thought he might as well carry in enough wood to last all night. He bad just placed the fourth stick upon his arm when an explosion occurred, and the same instant he felt as if a million red-hot darning needles were dancing up and down his legs. He had heard from Mrs. Pitman .-He yelled with pain, and dropping his wood, most of it upon his toes, he fell to the ground. Just as he did so, he saw Mrs. Pitman standing in the kitchen doorway with the firearm at 'parado rest,' and contemplating her victory and her victim with serenity. Pitman's first thought was that she had suddenly been animated by an insane but judicious desire to realize upon his life insurance policy. But when he screamed to her, she dropped her artillery, and flew to the scene with expressions of alarm and grief at the discovery that she had perforated Pitman. She called the servant girl, and as they carried him into the house, she explained that she had mistook him for a thief, and then she apologized. Pitman said it was all very well to apologize, but what good was that to a man with two quarts of salt and a half a pound of gun-wads in his legs. Mrs. Pitman insisted that he ought'nt to mind a little salt, it would do him good. She urged that salt was better than anything else for preserving meat, and that his legs would probably be alive and well and prancing around the universe when the rest of him was dead and spoiled. That made him mad, and after splitting up his gun with the axe, he went to bed, and he hasn't spoke to Mrs. Pitman since; but he has hinted gloomily to the doctor that if a divorce can be had he will obtain one.

Waltzing With a Stout Lady at a Party.

There was a band on the music stand, which played quadrilles without any dancers for some time, owing to the known modesty of the fat people. Through an unadvised sentiment I was induced to dance a waltz with a fat woman, who turued the scale at 193 pounds. Now, let it be remembered that the thermometer stood at They then sat down, ate, and smoked eighty-eight degrees and the floor was together, and then parted, the Iroquois to highly glazed. After several bows had been delivered I amproached my female Behemoth and grasped her madly around what was intended for a waist, but which resembled much more a sack of oats.

> The band of eight pieces struck up a waltz troi-temps, and, in the words of Artemus, we commenced to "glide." After the first step or two I felt as if I had been swinging Kehoe's clubs for a week, and there was a singing in my ears as I vainly strove to glue myself to the floor. I looked over the lady's shoulders and saw tears in the eyes of some of the spectators. while others were laughing outright at my predicament. The lady grasped me tighter, and the drum gave a rattle. My collar flew off, and a button was heard audibly to rattle on the floor like the sound of a pistol bullet that might be dropped suddenly.

> Miss Obesity bad not eaten onions and I had. She struggled a moment as we went whirling around; I mean as I went whirling around, for she was moving with the specific gravity of a lumber yard on wheels and suddenly I was hurled into space and lay on a bench, while the lady dropped into a seat, and her bench shut itself up like a fan, under the terrific weight of her person. Thus ended my first and last waltz with a fat woman. I felt humiliated, and I heard her telling a lady friend shortly after that I didn't amount to much—I was too light.

Interesting Legal Point Decided.

The contested election case at Cornwall. Vt., has brought up the interesting question whether a witness in court is obliged to state for whom he has voted at an election. One refused to do it, on the ground that the state constitution provides for the secrecy of the ballot, while the opposite party claimed that the provisions for concealment are intended to apply only to the moment when the ballot is cast, and if a man is asked in court whom he has voted for, he must answer. The witness was committed for contempt, and on being taken out of jail on a writ of habeas corpus, Chief Justice Plerpont decided that he must answer, which he did.