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For the Bloomfield Times.

Did She Do It?

every body ought to, that has a chance, and I wouldn't pay you so poor a compliment as to suppose that you couldn't have, any time, just such a chance as you might choose. But when you do marry, darling, be sure to marry a fool."

"My dear aunt !"

"Certainly, child. By the time you have been unfortunate enough, like myself, to have had three husbands, you will need no explanation of my advice; but as that can't possibly be for a good while, and, indeed, may never be, I'll give you my reasons before-hand. I am not so silly as most people, to think that if a girl merely gets a man with good fortune, good connections, good appearance, and good manners, she is marrying well. No, no-a human being, especially a woman, can't be perfectly happy unless she has her own way in everything, and no man is likely to give a woman her own way, unless he is a

"Therefore, to be perfectly happy, a woman must marry a fool !- my dear aunt, you are so delightful !"

"Hush, Clara! don't be so giddy-it is no laughing matter, I assure you. If a man has any sense, or, what's pretty much the same thing, fancies be has, it gives him such a conceit of himself, that he is quite blind to his wife's, though, ten to one, she has a great deal more than he has-as you would have, Clara, if you were married to any man I know of. I have bought this experience dearly enough, for, of my three husbands, none was exactly of the right sort. I had my choice, too, out of a dozen each time, which was natural, as I was a woman of property, but I hadn't learned to see deeply into such things. There was your uncle Crumpsey-you would have thought that the world went by the wag of his tongue. It was nothing but philanthropy, patriotism, general improvement, public good, grand systems, and important suggestious, with him. All sorts of people came to him for advice, from the candidates for mayor, down to the inventors of patent washing-machines, and discoverers of infallible rat destructives, and after be had harangued and dictated and laid down the law, of course he must put his hand into his pocket to pay the expense of carrying out his sentiments, and it was my money that was forthcoming. I couldn't help seeing how the money went, though I never complained except by hints-I was too good a wife for that-but if he had lived much longer than the honey-moon-"

"The honey-moon, auuty !"

'Yes, child, the honey-moon sometimes does last four or five years, when there's no children or any other serious dispensations of Providence; if he had lived much longer, as I was going to say, I should certainly have let him hear my mind about it. Never marry a smart-talking man for the world."

"And what sort of sense had my next

oncle, aunty ? "Your uncle Didenhoover-why, his ran altogether in the way of books and philosophy. He never cared a fig for the pub-Ho good, which was one virtue in him; but instead of that he had a provoking turn for enlightming me. Whenever I sat down beside him, thinking to have a comfortable chat about my neighbors, my property or my indoors domestic affairs, he was sure to branch off to the Greeks, Romans, Trojans and wild Indians. You might have unall the arts and sciences at Doctor Drumgood's, like a good girl, you can talk like

mon, I never could make him remember how to give a receipt, and the only time I delicate palate, as his friends called it, and he lost it before he got home-had his pocket picked at a second-hand book auction the death of him, poor man-he took sick while he was bidding against himself on an happiness are two different things. If I of wine. It's too awful a thing to laugh wished him to spruce up a little and come at, Clara." out of his study to see company-he was a portly, fine looking man, or I wouldn't have fancied him-as likely as not he made his appearance with a boot on one foot and a slipper on the other, his wig turned hindside before, or a woolen skull-cap hanging by its strings round his neck. The very servants made a butt of him, and once when they had the impudence to fill his snuff-box with coffee grounds, instead of seeing into the trick, and rateing them for it as they deserved, he expressed his astonishment, in their presence, at the curious chemical phenomenon presented by his Maccaboy. There was a sensible man for you! He was kind-hearted and peaceable, though, I wouldn't be recalling his faults, if I had not your good so much at heartbut between you and me, Clara Burney, the only real satisfaction I had of that marriage was in receiving the ten thousand dollars paid me as his life insurance."

"But my uncle Cripps?" "Well, he was altogether another sort of a man, and he got his credit for smartness from another sort of people. His faculty was for eating, and he had as much learning on that subject as Mr. Didenhoover and about pyramids and hieroglyphics, and Mr. Crumpsey about steam wind-mills. I never knew it, though, before we were married, for he had always appeared a nice, quiet young man, though rather too fleshy; but when we were preparing for our first dinner-party, the way the long words rolled from his tongue was bewildering. After awhile I got used to them, and at last could even go through them tolerably well myself-what do you think, Clara, can be the meaning of such words as Marcobrunner Broneburg, Hinterhausen, Hottenheim and Rudesheimer?"

"What do they mean, aunty?" "Why nothing but sour Dutch wines, to be sure, and, to try you in French, what's

the meaning of cotelettes en papillotes?" "Cutlets in curl-papers, isn't it?"

"Curl-papers? - you are out therepshaw! what a giggler you are, Clara, but I see you know well enough. I had determined not to marry a book-worm again, but I found that Mr. Cripps had a single book-shelf that caused me greater trouble than husband Didenboover Every volume was about eating, from the Cook's Oracle down to the Cook's Almanac, and every day your uncle rummaged it from beginning to end, to find something new to tickle his appetite. Then there were dinners to be given this week, and suppers the next, and if our cook happened to be none of the best, why I must have a finger in every pie myself. 'My dear,' he would say, 'such an exquisite compound requires the delicate hand of a lady,' or 'my love, it can have no flavor unless your excellent judgment is exercised upon it.' That's the way I was wheedled into wearing myself to skin and bone. I must not only find the wherewithal, but I must sacrifice myself into the bargain. It aggravates me yet to think of it."

"But, I suppose, aunt, you found his company and conversation rather more congenial than those of my learned uncle Didenhoover ?"

"I can't say that I did, child. I was always too tired pottering about the kitchen and pantry and store-room, and scouring the market-houses in search of tit-bits, to have much inclination for company of any kind, and as to his conversation, as it was always in the same strain, I mostly tried to put a stop to it, for fear it would lead to further toil and trouble. There were plenty, though, that did find him congenial and agreeable enough, for the house was always full, and the table crowded. If a word fell from his lips, there was always some one ready to catch it up and call it 'capital." At first, as I said, he was a nice, quiet sort of a man-would let me talk away a whole hour without disturbing me-but when be began to entertain company, and found how his speeches were received, with, Ah, Cripps, you are a derstood him, my dear, after going through | drell wag !- that was a good thing of yours, Cripps, about the sliced tongue,' or, that joke of yours, Cripps, about the into it, he cast a single glance at her, and

readers by heart. Though he had all the dinners, he came to have a wonderful opin- his bread and butter. Clara had met his learning of the Egyptians and King Solo- ion of himself. Nothing, in a reasonable way, could be found good enough for his could persuade him to collect a rent for me, at last he got to such a point that he must have a ham boiled in champagne. It was the night after, and died in three days. I beold Dictionary. I had the honor of having lieved then, and shall always believe, that a philosopher for a husband, but honor and It was a judgment for such a sinful waste of coffee, the old lady raised her glasses and

"I was not laughing, my dear aunt." "Weren't you-I surely heard somebody

laugh." "So did I, but it must have been in the next room. Shall I pin your collar?"

"There, that will do-now I'm ready for the breakfast-bell-but to return-"

"Not to interrupt you, annty, I was going to say that as there are so many various sorts of sensible men, it would be strange if there was not an equal variety of fools. How shall I know from which to choose ?"

"Leave that to me, child. The one you want is of the quiet, good-natured sort, one who will have sense enough to make, or take care of a living, but in other matters will do just as you say; who will not know one dish from another, will only be able to tell a large book from a small one, and will never speak more than a dozen of words at a time."

"But is there any probability that I shall ever meet with such a person?"

"Why not? It was to give you an opportunity that I brought you here, instead of taking you to Cape May or Saratoga. Among the one or two hundred people here it would be strange if almost any taste could not be suited; and there will be a better chance to find people out than if there were a thousand coming one day and gone the next. You, of course, will be introduced to every body, for though say it myself, there's not many like you to be found any where, and you will be at no loss-you have uncommon discernment for one so young-it runs in the family. Still, you might possibly be imposed upon, and the best plan will be for me to look round among the gentlemen, and fix upon one that comes nearest the mark. I can tell him at a glance, so don't give yourself any concern. I'll begin at once during breakfast, and if you feel me nudge you, just watch my eyes, and I'll give you a sign with my head-so-that you may know whom I have decided upon. Then we'll ouly have to get an introduction, and the whole affair can soon be settled, for with such a man we can have our own way."

The scene of the dialogue we have recorded was the chamber of two ladies, at an agreeable watering-place, and, fortunately for our story, the breakfast-bell did not hurry the fair interlocutors, in preparing for their first appearance at the public table, until the advice-giving was concluded. The seats were nearly all occupied when they entered the wide door-way of the eating-room, and the elder lady advanced along the far-stretching line of chair backs with the air of one habituated to the movement, elevating, with her right hand, a pair of spectacles in heavy, chased gold frames, folded quizzing-glass fashion, and attached to a rich chain thrown over her shoulders ; and carrying in the other a silky white napkin and a massy silver fork drawn through an equally massy silver ring. She was evidently a woman of substance, in a metaphorical as well as a literal sense. By the time they had reached their places near the foot of the table, the information had circulated half way down from the upper end, that they were the rich Mrs. Cripps and her beautiful niece, and heiress presump-

tive, Miss Clara Burney. The entrance of the two ladies was immediately followed by that of a gentleman, also a new comer, who had emerged from an apartment opening into the same lobby with their own, and who passed down the eating-room simultaneously with themselves, though on the other side. As there was nothing in his appearance to denote either the dignitary, the dandy or the nabob, he was allowed to make his way without a second look from any one. He was rather young than middle-aged, was of the medium size, and nothing about him looked beyond the common medium, though a very little more attention to his person, air and dress might have rendered him rather handsome, instead of merely "well enough." His seat at the table was exactly opposite to that of Mrs. Cripps, and as he slid

eyes, and received an indistinct impression that they were dark and fine, though she was not sufficiently struck by them to question whether they were gray or brown, but Mrs. Cripps, after scating herself, examined him as far as she could above an eggsteamer, and mentally resolved to look again. While waiting for her second cup began her predetermined survey of the company. It was unsatisfactory until it returned to her neighbor opposite, and then the expected nudge was given, accompanied by a very peculiar and perceptible movement of the head. The gentleman seemed, at the moment, to be examining the tablecloth, and there was a strange quiver of his eyelids, with an awkward twisting of the corners of his mouth, which certainly, to others besides Mrs. Cripps, might have made him look very much like a fool.

Mrs. Cripps was an oddity, and Clara was the first beauty who had appeared at the hotel during the season-that is, the first very pretty young lady of considerable fortune and fashion, for to be constituted a beauty the aid of one or both of these adjuncts would be imperatively necessary to the most beautiful in the world. "Beauty when unadorned (is not) adorned the most," in our day, whatever it may have been in that of Mr. James. Thompson. Their arrival was, therefore, particularly welcome. Mrs. Cripps found several acquaintances amongst the habituants of longest standing, and the morning was spent by her and her niece in receiving introductions, during which golden opinions were won from all sorts of people by the sprightly, accomplished, bright-eyed and sweet mannered Miss Burney. Among the candidates for her notice, however, was not the quiet gentleman of the breakfasttable. Mrs. Cripps, much to her impatience, did not see him again until dinner, when he was again her vis-a-vis, looking as modest and harmless as she could have desired. She was gratified to observe that he ate sparingly, and of the dishes most convenient to his hand-a proof that he was free from one of her three cardinal failings. She had kept him so closely in her mind all the morning that she now felt services.

"I'll trouble you, sir, for a veal-patty,"

"They are potatoes, ma'am," said the stranger, gravely, taking up the knife on the dish before him.

"Potatoes !- perhaps you are near-sighted, sir."
"Not at all," he replied, in the same

subdued tone, as he helped her.

"They are veal-patties-you had better try them, sir-you'll relish them more than potatoes."

"All the same to me, ma'am," was the answer.

Mrs. Cripps looked at him earnestly, and her incredulousness was exhaled before the Clara with her elbow, and unconsciously Page.

"Mr. Page, Mrs. Cripps—Miss Burney,"

"Mr. Page, Mrs. Cripps—Miss Burney," serenity of his countenance. She jogged

"That's the very man for you, my dear!" said Mrs. Cripps, scarcely waiting till the chamber door had closed upon her and her niece, after they had retired from the dinner-table; "I knew this morning that he was one to be examined into, but I didn't suppose he could come so very near the mark as not to know veal-patties from potatoes. What do you think ?"

"I don't know what to think of that, aunt, but a man with such a head can hardly be a fool."

"Pshaw! there's nothing in heads, child," said the old lady, dogmatically " that's just a romantic notion you got into you at boarding-school. I know it's a common saying, and always has been-

> 'Little head, little wit. Big head, less yet."

"I don't mean the size of his head, dear aunt," remonstrated Clara, laughing.

"Then you mean the shape, I suppose which is equally nonsensical. Who could have told by the shape of my husband Cripp's head that he would want his ham boiled in champagne? or that he would be so hard-hearted as to roast a goose alive, to see if it would swell the liver !-tell me that! In my young days, some people had a notion that there was great meaning in the way the hair grew out-that whoever had it growing down in a point on the middle of the forehead, and high up at the sides, was fore-doomed to be a widow or widower; now, here am I, a widow the third time, and mine grows low down all

Mr. Crumpsey had a double crown, as they called it, and he never saw any kingdom at all, for he never set foot out of this country, and as your geography must have told you, America has never been a kiugdom since the Revolution. That ought to be enough to convince you that heads don't signify any thing."

"Then, heads out of the question, aunty, how do you know that he is single?"

"Of course he is-has he got the don'tcare look with him of a married man? I have too much experience of all manner of men not to be able to judge of that. But to satisfy you, I'll ask old Mr. Dyer, whom I saw shaking hands with him very hard, as if he knew all about him."

"And don't forget to ask his name, aunt-we ought at least to know the name of the person over whom our designs are pending."

Mrs. Cripps did accordingly question old Mr. Dyer, and learned that the gentleman was a Mr. Page, that he was unmarried, and that, in the words of the informant, he was "a worthy, respectable, orderly man." Further than that she did not inquire, being satisfied that her own sagacity was sufficient for all other discoveries.

The next morning Clara was promenading among other people, on a shaded piazza, attended by a midshipman named Westover, whose warrant was of very recent date, and who was much admired by the extremely young ladies, on account of his uniform, which he wore upon all occasions. Being the only officer of the day, he had attached himself to Miss Burney, as the only suitable beau for the only beauty, and was indulging her with a very vociferous discourse, when Mrs. Cripps, who had been watching with some anxiety the arch smiles of her niece, exclaimed to a lady near her, "Just listen to that swaggering young boatswain! it is easy to tell that he has never been on shipboard by the way he talks up to every body;" and she stepped forward to put a check to his dangerous eloquence. "Dear me, Mr. Westover," said she,

"don't you feel very much smothered, this roasting weather, with having that thick blue cloth coat buttoned up to your chin? It seems hard that you officers can't be familiar enough with him to call upon his allowed to make yourselves comfortable like common people. Don't you envy that gentleman they call Mr. Page, sitting there on the settee, looking so cool in his suit of white linen? Do you know him?"

"He had an introduction to me this morning, ma'am-he seems a dry, poor creature."

"Then do introduce Clara and me to him-we wish to be acquainted with him for that very reason. We'll go with you now.

"My dear aunt!" said Clara, drawing back, "surely you would not-"

"Huah, child, he won't know any better," returned the old lady, and holding Clara with one hand she seized the arm of the midshipman with the other, and drew them up to the confused-looking Mr.

said the midshipman, and then, as no one else spoke, Mrs. Cripps even being at a nonplus for the moment, he proceeded, any political news in your papers, Mr. Page?-pray, what's your opinion of the third term principal ?"

"That it is a-a-quodlibet," answered Mr. Page, looking up over his broad brows into the face of the questioner, without raising his head. He had resumed his seat after making his bows.

The midshipman looked as much posed as Mrs. Cripps, and then responded, turbulently, "I think it a humbug, sir-a decided humbug.

As the midshipman threw forth the wellpadded breast of his blue coat, and struck the perpendicular frontlet of his cap into a still straighter line with his nose, the laughing eyes of Clara were met by those of Mr. Page, with a comic expression of mock appeal that at once placed him on a more definite point in her estimation. Mrs. Cripps observed the glance, and construed it in her own fashion

"Don't worry Mr. Page with any hard questions, Mr. Westover," interposed she, in a tone of protecting kindness; "he's not one to puzzle his brains about politics or any thing else, I'll venture to give my word; are you, Mr. Page ?"

"No, ma'am," answered Mr. Page, meekly, and, to Clara's apprehension, his countenance grew still more comical.

With a contemptuous look at Mr. Page, Mr. Westover reminded himself of an engagement, and Clara also made a move, a book, are pretty much of a philosopher devited kidneys was rich-let's hear it another at her graceful charge, and then the way across. Another sign was, that gagenous as if again-glorious "-after he had been com-looked neither to the right nor left, but whoever had it growing in two twirls on Crimes was received to the saloon, but Mrs. again-glorious !-- after he had been com- looked neither to the right nor left, but whoever had it growing in two twirls on Cripps was resolved not to less the vantage be had been saying grammars and English plimented that way during three or four seemed to have bent all his thoughts upon top of their heads would see two kingdoms; she had gained. She therefore placed her-