

The Bloomfield Times.

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

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

TERM—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE,
(outside this county, with Postage includ. d.)
\$1.50 per Year; 85 Cts. 6 Months.

Vol. VIII.

New Bloomfield, Pa., Tuesday, November 10, 1874.

No. 45.

The Bloomfield Times.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING, BY
FRANK MORTIMER & CO.,
At New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.

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HAVE PATIENCE.

A youth and maid, one winter night,
Were sitting in the corner;
His name we're told, was Joseph White,
And hers was Patience Warner.

Not much the pretty maiden said,
Beside the young man sitting;
Her cheeks were flushed a rosy red,
Here eyes bent on her knitting.

Nor could he guess what thoughts of him
Were to her bosom flocking,
As her fair fingers, swift and slim,
Flew round and round the stocking.

While as for Joshua, bashful youth,
His words grew few and fewer,
Though all the time, to tell the truth,
His chair edged nearer to her.

Meanwhile the ball of yarn gave out,
She knits so fast and steady,
And he must give his aid, no doubt,
To get another ready.

He held the skein; of course, the thread
Got tangled, snarled, and twisted;
"Have Patience," cried the artless maid,
To him who her assisted.

Good chance was that for tongue-tied churl
To shorten all palaver!
Have Patience!" cried he, "dearest girl,
And may I really have her?"

The deed was done. No more that night
Clicked needles in the corner;
And she is Mrs. Joshua White,
That once was Patience Warner.

Uncle Ben's Gift, —OR— THE MISSING BOX.

CONCLUDED.

ABOUT two weeks after the cottage had been changed for the palace, one pleasant morning, after her usual task was finished, Mary made her appearance in the little family parlor, dressed as fitly as she could dress for the street. A smile was on her face, and good will to all the world in her heart. She approached her aunt, and, giving her a parting kiss, said,

"Good bye, aunt!"

"What do you mean, Mary?"

"I am going to visit a friend, and don't know when I shall be back again."

She did not wait for her aunt's rejoinder, knowing that a prolonged dialogue would be likely to lead to a scene which would leave an unhappy impression on her heart. So she quietly passed out of the house, and hurried from street to street, not as a wanderer, but like one who was impelled by a fixed and commendable purpose. Her nimble feet soon brought her to a distant extremity of the city.

She knocked at the door of a humble, but neat cottage, which was opened by a respectable looking, middle-aged lady, of slender form, who recognized her at once, and exclaimed,

"Why, dear Mary! is this you? What a long time it has been since you came to see me last!"

"Dear Mary!"—how strange those words sounded to her ears! and how strange the affection that prompted them!

"I know it has been a long time," said Mary, while her tears were bathing two faces; "but I have come to find a home; will you let me live with you, aunt Rachel?"

Aunt Rachel looked at her a moment in mute surprise, but discovering that there was grief weighing on the young girl's heart, suppressed the exclamation she was about to utter, and embracing her affectionately, replied,

"Live with me, my dove? Yes, all my life, love, if you will; and your presence will add a great joy to the many I already possess."

Mary was at once domesticated in her new and happy home, and entering into her aunt's cares with a cheerful and willing heart, soon became such an adept with the needle as to relieve her kind protector from the most trying part of her labors, and more than double the income of her former industry.

Mr. Curtis was a little indignant when he learned, from his wife, of Mary's sudden departure—indignant that she should seem driven away from her home—for he had noticed, lately, that her treatment by the family was exceedingly unkind. But to save a domestic broil, he dismissed his resentment with the commendable determination to look after her at some convenient time, and properly to provide for her—a resolution sure to be procrastinated by his irresolute mind, immersed in the cares of a large business, and especially after he had learned that she was under the excellent protection of aunt Rachel.

Mrs. Curtis and her daughters expressed themselves to each other as glad to be rid of her; and often made themselves merry at what they were pleased to call her low-born manners—those manners of uncomplaining submission and Christian resignation, which their own cruelties had taught her.

"She is now in her proper sphere," said Helen; "where she will have no temptations to be getting above it."

"Yes," replied Emily, with a sanctimonious look, "Providence has marked out each one's lot, and then they should learn to be content."

"She will never be contented," said the mother, "so long as she harbors one silly notion that fills her head."

"What is that?" asked both of the girls at once.

"Why, that William Betts is in love with her."

"Who put that into her head?" asked Helen, with a sneering smile.

"William himself—for he has been coquetting about her these three months."

The girls looked at each other in surprise, for they were not aware that any intimacy had existed in that quarter.

"But," continued the mother, "it is possible that William is as foolish as she, and in earnest in his attentions. If so, it will be stopped; for you must know, girls, that Stuart & Co., have just taken William into the firm, because they say that he is a smart young man, and has served them well. The next thing we shall know, these poor upstarts will be getting married, and hold their heads as high as anybody, and Stuart & Co., Mr. Curtis included, will uphold them in their impudence."

Mrs. Curtis' face was red with vexation, and those of her daughters were as highly colored with envy. They all agreed that such a calamity to the firm, and to society in general, must by all means be averted.

In consequence of the increasing prosperity of their business, and the additional capital that Mr. Curtis had brought to it, the firm of Stuart & Co., resolved to establish a branch house in a distant commercial city; and young Betts was delegated to take charge of it. It was but a short time after Mary's removal that this change occurred, during which period she had not seen William; and the latter, ignorant of her whereabouts, had been too busy to attempt one of his stolen visits. The day before his departure, he hurried to Mr. Curtis' residence to bid them adieu, and to claim a parting word with Mary. He pulled the bell, but was met by a strange servant, which filled him with unhappy forebodings. He followed her in, and to his surprise was met by a bland smile from Mrs. Curtis, which he erroneously accounted for on the ground of his recent promotion. Forgetting his ostensible errand, he at once inquired for Mary.

"She has been gone from here several weeks," said Mrs. Curtis; "an aunt of hers, from B—, who was on a journey, insisted on taking her along, to stay a year with her. The movement was so sudden, she had no time to bid her friends good-bye—not even a note to you," said the amiable lady, with a knowing look; "but she will doubtless write to you as soon as she arrives at B—, and Mr. Curtis will forward the letter to you; for she confided her secret to me, and I approved her choice."

William, mistaking the cause of Mrs. Curtis' change of deportment, was entirely deceived, and believed every word she said. Sadly disappointed in not seeing Mary once more before embarking on a journey of a thousand miles, to be gone at least a year, he hurried to his room and penned a part-

ing adieu, glowing with expressions of the deepest affection; and mailed the letter to B—.

As soon as William left the city, Mrs. Curtis ordered her carriage and drove to aunt Rachel's cottage. Mary met her with surprise, but seeing a smile on her face, forgot her wrongs in a moment, and welcomed her with a kiss. After a few minutes' conversation with the family, she took Mary aside and told her of William's promotion—that he had called to see her the day before—that the subject of their attachment came up—that she had given her cheerful consent, and that William desired her to call and bid her good-bye for him, as he had started that morning on a business tour which would occupy him several months.

Mary, too, was deceived; and in her joy clasped her aunt in her arms, while her tears fell like the autumn rain. Dear Mary! that fountain of thine must be deep, or it would have been wept dry ere this!

William was soon at his journey's end, and absorbed with the cares connected with the opening of his new business. Mary was still busy with her needle—her heart relieved of a great load of sorrow, and her expanding hope tinged with a new beauty every object around her—a most delicious illusion!

Weeks passed away, and those two loving and wronged hearts began to wonder at each other's silence; but each remembered the mutual vow—to be faithful under all circumstances—and trusted.

"Affection knows no change of climate, and true love knows no waning; though it is sunshine all the time, or all the time be raining."

While they wait and wonder, let us witness another turn in the coiling of the serpent in their paradise.

On a pleasant summer morning, the editor of the "Universal Advertiser" stood in his private office writing at his desk. He heard a sharp knocking at his door, and opened it to a well dressed lady, who entered with a business air, not unmixed with a show of haughtiness.

"A fee!" said the editor, to himself, whose sheet was always at the service of anybody that would pay well.

"Is this Mr. Quill, the editor of the Advertiser?" asked the lady.

"It is, madam; can I do anything for you this morning?"

"I wish you to insert in your morning paper two paragraphs. They must be printed in separate papers, and only one copy of each struck off. They are not for the public, but for my private use. What must I pay?"

"Let me see the paragraphs, if you please," said Mr. Quill, holding out his hand for a scrap of paper which the lady held between her fingers. Looking at the writing a moment, and then glancing at the lady's rich silks and costly jewels, he answered,

"One hundred dollars, madam."

She immediately handed him the money, and rose to depart.

"Call at this hour to-morrow morning," said Mr. Quill, "and they will be ready for you."

The lady retired, and the editor turned to his desk to finish a severe article he had commenced writing, on the corruptions of the city government.

A week after this scene, William Betts was sitting in his counting-room after the business of the day was over, waiting the return of his clerk, who had gone to the post-office for his daily budget of letters and papers. He was thinking of Mary, and hoping—how many times had disappointment overtaken the same hope!—hoping that this mail would bring some tidings from the object of his love. The budget was soon before him. Snatching up the letters, he glanced rapidly at each, and threw them down with an expression of sorrow—for they all bore a business stamp. He then took up "The Daily Advertiser," a paper he seldom saw, and eagerly sought the obituary corner with a kind of presentiment that the paper had come to him on some mournful mission. The first record that met his eye was as follows:

"In B—, on the 20th, very suddenly, at the residence of her aunt, Mary Curtis, daughter of the late Joseph Curtis, of this city, aged eighteen."

The cruel shock—the almost distracting grief—the many days of comfortless desolation that followed this announcement, may be readily conceived.

A few days before this, Mrs. Curtis, on her daily ride, stopped her carriage before aunt Rachel's door, and without alighting, called for Mary, and with a sad countenance whispered to her,

"Bad news, Mary; but don't take it too

much to heart." Then putting a newspaper into her hand, she drove on.

Mary was not long in finding the poisoned arrow which was to transfix her heart; it was the following sentence:

"Died, in N—O—, Mr. William Betts, of the firm of Stuart & Co., of this city, aged twenty-one."

The poor girl stood aghast, for a moment, bewildered as if struck by a bolt from heaven; and then sinking into a chair, leaned her head a long time upon it, thoughtful and tearless, as if bereft of her senses. But He who watcheth over his beloved sent his angels to minister to her, and from that depth of affliction she rose to a sublimer height of faith and resignation. She cannot weep now, but tears will come by-and-by—not of despair, but the irreplaceable tribute of widowed love.

Months passed away, and in the company of her excellent aunt, and in the midst of industrious labor, Mary was as happy as a heart could be with so many unhealed wounds. She ceased to look to the future, and sought happiness in the discharge of present duty; and in the contemplation of the past, whose vista, though dark and gloomy, was still dotted here and there with the shining monuments of departed joys.

One day, as she was walking the street on her way to deliver some finished work, she came to a shop, the windows of which being filled with a great variety of showy articles, attracted her eye, and for a moment arrested her steps. While looking, she started, uttered a faint scream, and stood as if petrified.

"It is! it is!" she murmured, "it is my own dear box!" and then hastening into the shop, she asked with trembling eagerness,

"Is that box for sale, sir?"

"Yes—why—no, not exactly," drawled a rough-looking man, whose curiosity seemed excited by Mary's earnestness.

"May I ask you where you got it?"

"A woman brought it here yesterday, and pawned it till Saturday; but she will redeem it, I expect, as it is worth a good deal more than the money lent on it. If she doesn't claim it, there are two or three others that have already spoken for it—and the highest bidder will get it. A lady offered me twenty dollars for it this morning."

So saying, he laid it before Mary exhibited its beauties, and expatiated on its value. Oh, how Mary's heart palpitated as she took the long lost treasure again into her hands—and though it was her own she could not claim it!

She hurried away to finish her errand, and to consult her aunt about the means of securing the box. Her aunt, who had heard its history, was deeply interested for its recovery, and was ready to contribute all her surplus means, if necessary, to effect it. Afraid to wait three long days, till Saturday, Mary was despatched that very afternoon to the pawn-broker's, with twenty-five dollars in her pocket, to deposit in advance, with the promise of more if that sum should be out-bid. She was not long in reaching the shop—but her eager eye, on entering, fell upon an empty space where the faded box, but an hour before, was resting. Her heart was sinking within her as she inquired,

"Is the box gone?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the man, "you are a little too late; the owner took it away half an hour ago. I tried to buy it, but she would not part with it, but said she knew a woman that would give her a big price for it."

"Do you know the woman's name, or where she lives?"

"No, ma'am. I never ask such questions. She looked like a poor one, and the box will not stick to her hands long, I'll be bound."

There seemed a cruel end to Mary's revived hopes, and she had nothing to do but retrace her melancholy steps, and relieve her aching heart on the bosom of her aunt.

Other months passed away; and our afflicted heroine was, as ever, busy in the holy duty of seeking the good and advancing the happiness of others—that apprenticeship of humble hearts on earth, preparatory to the angelic service above.

Her aunt Curtis had not visited her since the announcement of William's death; and Mary had long dismissed all hope of her friendship, and all confidence in her pretended sympathy. She had several times met her cousins in their carriage, who always noticed her just enough to manifest a haughty recognition.

One bright May morning, as Mary, was on her way to deliver a very elaborate and

nice piece of needlework to a rich lady in C—street, she turned her steps as she had often done before, so as to pass by the pawn-broker's shop, for the empty satisfaction of a glimpse at the window which had once given her so much delight. She passed it, but her heart was not heavy as usual, and something seemed to lift her above her sorrows, and breathe sweet promise to her pensive spirit. Was it the bright sunshine and the balmy air? It might have been—but whatever it was, she felt, this morning, for the first time for many months, a truly cheerful hope.

Arrived at the beautiful mansion of Mrs. Raud, she delivered her package and was resting herself in a luxurious chair, while that lady was examining and complimenting the beautiful work which had cost Mary a fortnight's hard labor.

With an air of great satisfaction, Mrs. Raud turned to her and said,

"I was to give you five dollars for this, I believe?"

"That was the price agreed on," replied Mary.

"It is worth more," said the good lady; "I shall give you ten! Clara," she added, turning to a bright-eyed little daughter, "I believe my purse is in the work-box in the other room; go and bring it."

As Clara re-appeared, Mary uttered a sharp cry, and sprang toward her, snatching from her hands her own beautiful Ebony Box, and clasping it to her breast, cried in a delirium of joy,

"It is mine! it is mine! I never will lose sight of it again!"

Mrs. Raud gazed at her in surprise and alarm, for a moment—then taking her gently by the hand, led her to a chair, and begged to know the cause of her excitement.

Mary rapidly related to her the story of the box, to which Mrs. Raud listened in silence with an occasional tear. After she ceased, the good lady made no reply, but rose, took the box, and emptying out its contents, placed it in Mary's hands, saying, with an affectionate tone,

"My dear child, it is yours; and although I gave a poor woman forty dollars for it, I have no right to it now! Take it Mary; I could not sleep in peace again if I should retain it, or take pay for it."

Opening her purse, she took out a ten dollar note, and adding a half eagle to it, obliged Mary to accept the whole despite her remonstrances.

Bidding her kind patroness a grateful good morning, Mary stepped into the street and hastened with a nervous joy to announce her good fortune to her sympathetic aunt. She had proceeded but a few rods, and was rapidly turning a corner, when she met a gentleman, who instantly raised both hands as if in fright—turned ghastly pale, and then caught her to his heart. At the moment of his approach she recognized him as William Betts, and sank senseless in his arms. It was to them like the meeting of each other's ghosts; and the pallor of their faces was enough to make the passers-by think the same. He carried her to the nearest door, and with some difficulty succeeded in bringing her to life. As soon as signs of consciousness appeared, he left her to call a carriage; and as he returned, and was lifting her in, she all at once missed her box, and had no recollection what had become of it. Looking round in alarm, she saw a ragged boy approaching with it in his hands, saying,

"Here, woman, is something you dropped when you fell down!"

She caught it from him, and, in her gratitude, threw back to him her half eagle, with a thousand thanks.

At her request, William drove her to aunt Rachel's; and that good lady was delighted and surprised almost out of propriety at the narrative of the morning's adventures, so marvellous, and so fraught with happiness. After an interchange of histories and sentiments of undiminished devotion to each other, to which, in the turbulence of their joy, the presence of aunt Rachel offered no check, Mary's eyes fell upon her box, almost forgotten again. She jumped up and took it into another room by herself, to examine its secret apartments, about which she had thought so much by day, and dreamed so much by night, and which was still unexplored.

As she was about to press the mysterious knobs, she hesitated, with a kind of awe, as the recollection of the last interview with her good uncle rushed into her mind. It seemed like invading the repose of the dead. Then she was filled with alarm lest some of the strange hands through which the treasure had passed, had already profaned the little sanctuary,