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SPEAK NOT HARSHLY.

Speak not harshly, unkind words Can never man reform ; They never can disperse the clouds Which oft precede the storm. They cannot lull, within the breast, Those feelings of remorse Which must attend, day after day, The sinner's downward course.

Then speak not to thy brother man With harshness in thy voice ; But strive, by gentle words of love, To bid his heart rejoice ; And bind around his inmost soul That chain so closely riven ; That chain of love, so pure and bright, Whose links are forged in heaven.

We cannot know the blessings rare Which oft from kind words spring ; We cannot tell the healing power Which oft they daily bring. Kind words are cheap-then freely give-For as from us they start, They oft may shed a ray of hope Upon a broken heart.

And though we may not know on earth What blessings we have shed Upon the care-worn, wounded heart, Upon the weary head; Yet rest assured that unto all, This blessed hope is given ;

The good we've done whilst here below, We'll surely know in heaven.

Mrs. Wells' Lesson.

MRS. WELLS was not a "home body." She liked excitement, but especially did she enjoy a social chat with those of her own sex; and talkative women, we believe, generally do.

She really loved her child, but was that any reason why she should be "tied up at home every evening?" Certainly not; and Mrs. Wells acted accordingly.

At this time she was standing before splendid mirror, dressing ber and adorning her pretty person. There was a shade of care upon her brow, as though she was not wholly satisfied with herself. Presently a low cry from a child reached her ear. She listened a moment, and then went on with her toilet. Again was the sound repeated, but much louder. With a look of determination, she did not desist from her employment until the last curl was arranged; then she left the room, and entered the nursery.

"What ails Willie, Janet?" she asked, impatiently.

"I don't know, madam; but he will cry in spite of all I can do," replied the girl, tossing the child up and down, which had the effect to make it use its lungs the more carnestly.

"It is always so when I wish to go out!" Mrs. Wells exclaimed, fretfully. "Give him to me, Janet, perhaps I can still him," she added.

The girl placed the child in her arms He still screamed and struggled, while the mother tried to soothe and quiet him. But Willie evidently was not disposed to be so easily satisfied, and she soon gave up the

"It is nothing but temper," said Mrs. Wells, "Let him erg it out. I have sueceeded in nothing but disarranging my dress. It is so late I shan't have "time to wait for Mr. Wells; but you can tell him where I have gone."

The lady was just tying her bonnet when her husband entered.

"Is it necessary for you to go out again to night, Mary ?" he inquired.

"Vary necessary," was the brief reply. "May I ask where you are going?" "Certainly. I intend going to the 'sew-

"This is the third evening you have been out this week in succession," he rejoined. Why not spend it with me? You know

I should like your company."

Mr. Wells," replied the lady. "You should think more of the good of the poor heathen, and less of your own gratifica-

tion," "Attend to the heathen in your own neighborhood first, and then there will be time enough to think of those in other lands."

"It is useless spending time in disputing. You will never be convinced of the utility of sewing circles, nor of the immense good we are doing," said his wife, in a tone that admitted no cavilling.

"Do I not hear Willie crying?" added

"It is probable that you do; for he has been screaming at the top of his voice for the last half hour. If you wish to witness an exhibition of temper, just visit the nursery," she replied, petulantly.

Willie is not a fretful child, and never cries like that, unless he is sick. I do not think it your duty to leave him tonight."

"My 'duty,' William, tells me to spend this evening for the good of others. Instead of assisting and encouraging me in this laudable undertaking, you try to thwart me. It is not doing as you would be done by. What if you were a poor benighted heathen?" asked Mrs. Wells, in a voice of extreme sympathy.

"In any sensible way I will gladly assist you to aid those of whom you speak; but in this individual case, charity begins at home," replied the husband, quietly.

"No insinuations, if you please, Mr. Wells. I shall assuredly not gratify the will of a child who is as well as usual, by remaining at home." And Mrs. Wells drew on her gloves, and left the house.

The child, exhausted, had fallen into a troubled sleep.

"Poor little fellow!" said Mr. Wells, compassionately. "How pale he is! and hear, Janet, how heavily he breathes. I fear he will have an attack of the croup."

"I thought he was sick this afternoon," replied the girl, looking much frightened, "but mistress said he was cross."

Mr. Wells, after charging Janet to watch him attentively, stepped out and called a physician near by. Remedies were quickly administered by the latter, who declared that had they delayed calling him one hour later, a violent attack of croup would have been inevitable. Mr. Wells remained by his child until he breathed easily and slept

His wife was much shocked, upon her return, at hearing what Willie had escaped but soon consoled herself with the reflection that she had probably done more good laboring for others abroad than doing what the father had performed so success fully at home. Her head was full of projects for increasing the funds in the hands of the treasurer.

The "circle" had usually met in the vestry of the church; and the outlay for fuel, lights, &c., was, of course, considerable. Now to prevent this expense, she would have the members meet at her own house. The rooms were large, and everything comfortable and convenient. She would have them come early in the after. noon, to gain additional time for sewing, and remain the evening. And, of course, she must give them tea. The old ladies would work (and talk) a great deal faster after drinking a strong cup of old Hyson. To be sure her carpets were new, and the furniture costly and aninjured ; but should she not be self-sacrificing, and risk some thing for the "nations in darkness?"

But although the plan of Mrs. Wells appeared a feasible and happy one, her husband, disliking "sewing circles," might not consent. She was happily disappointed; he did not consent, but upon this con dition: that Mrs. Wells, after the meeting adjourned, should truthfully answer any questions he might ask in relation to the subject. To this simple demand his wife instantly agreed, felicitating herself that she had succeeded with so little diffi-

The members of the "circle" were all duly notified of the change; and on the day appointed, old women, middle aged women, and young women, made their way to the house of Mr. Wells. Large bags of disordered sowing and tangled knitting were brought to the light, revealing any number of articles began, but none finished. Here lay the body of a shirt, but the sleeves could not be found; there the two were found in close proximity, but minus wristbands and collar. One old lady laid claim to a stocking, partly finished, as her share of the work; but upon examination, she found that her predecessor had inserted pillars of the church." "You are not half self-denying enough, | yarn of a different color, and progressed

some inches without discovering her mistake. The error was corrected, the omissions supplied, and for a time there were really signs of something being done. Elderly ladies snapped their knitting needles fiercely, and younger ones plied their bits of steel with unusual assiduity.

But soon the interest began to flag.-Tongues moved faster than fingers, and premised to do more mischief. The virtues and vices of the absent were discussed, and the golden rule entirely forgotten.

"Have you heard the news?" cagerly asked Miss Almira Ferrie, a maiden lady of thirty-five, of Mrs. Twiss.

"No; what is it?" "Why, that flirty widow Barton has asked Mr. Shears, the tailor, to take her to

"You don't say so ! Horrible, ain't it?" exclaimed Mrs. Twiss, dropping her work, and looking the picture of astonishment.

"Yes," pursued Miss Almira, pursing up her mouth, "and I never beard of a more brazen-faced piece of boldness in my life. I wonder she isn't ashamed to show her head ?!

"And did she mak him, point blank?" pursued Mrs. Twiss.

"Why, she told him the weather was fine, and the sleighing good; and what was that but an invitation, I wonder."

"Sure enough. But you know these widows say and do anything. They have not a mite of modesty. I shouldn't wonder if she even asked him to marry her." And Mrs. Twiss shook her head, and sighed, that people could so "forget themselves." "And that isn't all," added Miss Ferris,

inserting a stitch. "Good gracious! It can't be possible!" cried the other, in a suppressed voice, and bending her head to catch the words.

"I shouldn't want to have it go from me, and you needn't mention it; but they do say that she offered to make shirts for What a shameless hussy! But everybody knows that she has been running after Mr. Shears these six months. And to see the curls and low-necked dresses, one would suppose she wasn't more than twenty years old; but she'll never see forty again," continued Miss Almira, glancing in an opposite mirror.

"I always said she meant something by not joining our 'circle,' " added Mrs. Twiss, significantly. "You know she told the next door neighbor, that 'she could earn more money and do twice as much good by staying at home and rainding her own business." An impudent speech, I call it. I should think Mr. Shears had better buy his shirts of the 'circle,' instead of patronizing that self-conceited widow !"

"What do you mean to do, Mrs. Twiss, with the different articles of clothing I see scattered about?" asked Mr. Wells, politely, as he passed through the room about

"Why, bless your heart, sir, we sell them, and send the money to Dr. Sprout, who takes charge of it, and when he gets a chance, sends it to the heathen."

"Who is Dr. Sprout? I never heard of him," added the gentleman.

"It's a pity you don't know him, for he's such a handsome literacy man, !' resumed Mrs. Twiss, with enthusiasm,-"He came in one evening, bought a book mark, and talked so beautifully about Timothens, Arabia, and the cannibals, that we all liked him at once. We let him take all our funds to keep, and he took 'em gratefully, sir, I assure you."

"No doubt," said Mr. Wells, with a quiet smile. " But how much do you earn at one such meeting as this ?"

"O sometimes more, and sometimes less, though generally we do a sight of work," answered the lady, plying her needle all at once with uncommon rapidity, as an example of their industry. "I really believe I've got as many as twenty-five boy's jackets, and as many aprons plied up at home, that we've made."

"Not very available property, I fear," rejoined the gentleman, laughing. "Well, they don't seem to be fetching in

much just now, sir ; but we've great hopes of 'em. Your wife thinks we shall have to auction 'em, I hope not though, for they'll be terribly sacrificed; if we do "

Mr. Wells seemed in an observing mood; he heard all that was suid, and noticed all that was done. After conversing awhite longer with Mrs. Twiss, he walked away just fast enough to hear the following remark from a fat personage on his left.

"Dencon Grant's wife has got another new silk dress! Anybody would think her husband was made of money. She ought to think more of her example, as one of the

"How did you find out?" asked a voice.

"O, my dress-maker cut it for her, and she told me. And as true as you are alive, it was made with six flounces ?"

The gentleman stopped to hear no more, but with another peculiar smile, left the room. As it was the most convenient way, Mrs. Wells had concluded to "curry around" the refreshments; and as the cook was busy making tea and cutting cake, Janet offered her services. Luckless Janet. As she was entering the room, she tripped her foot against a large bundle of cloth, and down went Janet and two dozen nice china plates, breaking the latter to atoms. This unfortunate accident cast a damper upon the spirits of the company, but Mrs. Wells took so little notice of the circumstance, and other plates being instantly supplied, the ludies began to sip their tea with renewed relish. The quantity of sandwiches and cake which disappeared was astonishing. An observer might have supposed that some had deprived themselves of both breakfast and dinner, on purpose to acquire a keener appetite for the good things which Mrs. Wells so generously produced, This, however, is mere supposition.

"And now," thought Mrs. Wells, after the tea things were removed, "we shall have a long evening in which to accomplish a great deal. My husband must see nothing to prejudice him still more against " sewing circles." So far, all had gone on well, except the trifling accident of the plates being demolished."

Her reflections were interrupted by a great bustle within the parlor, and a voice exclaiming :

"He is choking ! he is choking !" Throwing open the door, Mrs. Wells be-beld Willie, who appeared suffocating, struggling in the arms of Miss Ferris. The latter seemed much frightened, and was alternately exclaiming and striking the child upon the back, as if to assist him in dislodging something in the throat.

"Miss Ferris! my child! O, it must be the croup?" exclaimed the excited mother, rushing frantically to the scene of action.

"Don't rave so, Mrs. Wells; it ain't the croup. Pve just examined my souff box, and I shouldn't wonder if he had swallowed my snuff bean; at any rate, it's missing," said one of the company, very deliberately. "Call my husband; quick !" screamed

Mrs. Wells. The husband was soon on the spot; and as the child still continued to cough and choke, an emetic was administered without loss of time. Soon the frightened mother had the happiness of seeing him eject a quantity of yellow snuff, including the missing "been." The operation evidently relieved him greatly, and he was committed to the care of Janet, with strict injunctions that he should not be again left that:

evening. Willie (who had just begun to walk) had taken advantage of the momentary absence of the girl, made his way, unperceived, to the parler, and taken possession of an old lady's snuff box and its contents; as she, not forseeing such disastrous consequences, had thoughtlessly placed it in a chair beside her? I more quiet with rider he

But more trouble was in store for Mrs. Wells. In the hurry and confusion, some one had everturued a table, upon which stood, burning, a valuable lamps. This, of course, was broken in its descent, scattering the glass and oil in every direction. No one heeded this until the child was removed, when an examination showed that a costly table cover, several valuable books, and two silk dresses, were irretrievably ruined, to say nothing of the injury done to a nice Brussels carpet.

Work was laid saide, conversation flagged, and the sufferers, with blank faces, made preparations for an early departure. As nothing could be done to any advantage among such a state of things, it was thought best to postpone all farther efforts on that occasion; and the afternoon that began so hopefully on the part of Mrs. Wells, ended in vexation and mertification. Her husband wisely refrained from any observations until the next morning, when he saw her, with clougated countenance, inspecting her disordered partors.

He then asked her wif she thought the good done the heathen would compensate for the svil done at home."

Mrs. Wells being a truthful woman, had

to confess that it would not.

"And," continued Mr. Wells, "do you think putting saide all our foss and the trouble it has given us, that the evil such gossips and slanderers do with their agues, can be possibly offset by the trifling work they do for the heathen?

done at the meeting last night," replied

"Well, I hope you do not always slander others as I heard some of them doing last night.

"To tell the truth," replied Mrs. Wells, "I do not like that feature of our sewing circle, and have made up my mind, that in future I will do what I do for the heathen without the ald of any such society."

A few days later, Mr. Wells learned that Dr.Sprout was one of those hypocrites, who live off the labors and contributions of the charitably disposed, and when his wife ascertained that all the circle had earned had gone to support him in idleness, she could have cried with vexation as she thought of

her spoiled carpet and broken lamp.

It had been a dear lesson to Mrs. Wells, but it completely cured her of any desire to again belong to any gossiping society, and it was with pleasure that Mr. Wells heard her promise that in future she would let her charity begin at home.

The Clerical Horseracer.

We mentioned recently the owner of the horse "Apology" winning the St. Leger purse, as a clergyman of the Church of Eugland, 82 years old, and having (the rector, not the horse) a broken leg. When the bishop of Lincoln urged him to retire from the turf, as his connection with it was a scandal to the Church, the old rector replied by requesting the right reverend prelate to settle the question with his solicitor-in other words, challenging him to put the law in force. The bishop, however, is perfectly aware that there is no law to prevent a clergyman from keeping race horses if he likes, and he has therefore declined the contest, contenting himself with a final "solemn and affectionate" appeal to the conscience of the recalcitrant parson. "I had hoped," the bishop writes, "that you might have been induced at your advanced age, by regard for your own spiritual welfare, as well as for that of others, to listen to my earnest expostulations. But with much sorrow, I perceive that you have shown no signs of remorse for your offence in bringing discredit upon your sacred profession and in inflicting injury on the church." Mr. King, the rector, is incumbent of two benefices-Ashby-de-la-Laund and Bassingham-and takes the racing name of "Mr. Laund," from the parish where he

At Exeter some of the very High Church clergy are making a public exhibition of themselves in another way. They have raked up some old tax called "Domincals," which they insist upon the people paying, and when their demands are resisted they call in the Sheriff's officers and sell off the furniture of obstinate ratepayers by public auction. This has led to much unpleasant agitation and some rioting.

A Pleasant Incident.

A short time ago a young man, about twenty years of age, arrived in Baltimore from England, and commenced to look for work at his trade. After several days' fruitless search, the Gazette says, he entered a large factory on Lombard street and inquired for work of the superintendent. The latter questioned him, asking him his name and where he was from, and other particulars about his family. He told the superintendent that his mother resided in England and had reared him, his father having quarreled with her when he was an infant and had abandoned them, and it was supposed that he had come to America, but no tidings had been received from him. When the young man had concluded, the superintendent, who, for many years, had been employed by the firm with whom he is at present engaged, said to the astonished youth, "I am your father."

They discussed family matters at length. and the father, hearing from his son that his mother had never ceased to mourn their unfortunate difference and his absence, determined to proceed at once to Europe and bring her to this country and endeavor in the future years to atone for the mistakes and errors of the past. He secured employment for his son, and obtaining the necessary leave of absence from his employers, he sailed last week for England, intending to bring back with him on his return the wife from whom he had been so long separated.

Henry Creed, a conductor on the Pennsylvania Railroad, was run over as Schenck's Station on Monday morning and instantly killed. He had been suspended and ordered by telegraph to report in Jersey City, and was on his way in a freight train. The train went on a switch, and "But we often do more work than was the cabone car upset. Creed got out at the door and fell on the track. His body was cut in two.