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THE OLD HOME.

An out-door quiet held the earth Beneath the winter moon, The cricket chirped in cozy mirth, And the kettle crooned, upon the hearth, A sweet, old-fashioned tune.

The old clock ticked, a drowsy race, With the clicking of the cricket, And red coals in the chimney-place Peeped ont, with many a rosy face, Like berries in a thicket.

The good dame, in her ruffled cap, Counted her stitches slowly, And the old man, with full many a gape, Read from the Big Book on his lap, The good words, wise and holy-

The old clock clicked ; the old man read, His deep voice pausing, lowering; The good wife nodded, dropped her head-The lids of both were heavy as lead-They were sound asleep and snoring.

Oh, hale old couple! sweet such dream, While-all the milk-pans tilting-Puss paints her whiskers in the cream, Till John and the belated team Bring Maggie from the quilting.

May Time, I pray, when falling years Make thin my voice and thrapple, Find my last days of life like theirs, As sweet with children's love and prayers, And like a winter apple.

Under the Bed.

66 TO EFORE I commence my story I will introduce myself to you. My name is Augustus Evergreen, and though I don't know what your name may be, it is no more than fair that you should know who is telling the story you are going to read, as it is a true one.

My wife has a peculiar habit of looking under the bed each night before retiring and what I am going to tell you is how I found it out before we were married, and without her knowing it.

I was not bad-looking when I was in my twenties. I think I may go further, and confidently say that "Gus Evergreen" was a decided favorite among the girls of Oakville, and I really believed that I could have had any of them "for the asking." Mrs. Evergreen is not present, and so I will indulge my thoughts somewhat more freely than would otherwise be the case. I don't think that I cared particularly for any of have kept my heart whole to this day if it had not been for the circumstance which I am about to relate.

Fred Evans, who had been my chum at school, came to make me a visit at Oakville for "a day or two," as he said, when he came; but he made it a week or two easily enough after I'd taken him about a little among the "young ladies." When that time had expired Fred said he really must go, as he didn't know what his father and mother would think of this long absence; but it ended in his relieving their anxiety by a letter and sending for his trunks. knew how the matter was perfectly well, and that Belle Bronson had bewitched him out of his five senses. Fred tried to put it on to the "country air and the quiet which was benefitting his bealth, etc.," but it was no use trying to deceive me, and I told him so. Then he owned up frankly, and I promised to help him all I could, if he required any help in the presecution of his suit. I never thought Belle a flirt, or that she would willingly distress any human being; but she had a way of looking in one's oyes as if to captivate thera, for her mere personal amusement. At any rate she had a larger share of beaux than the other girls, but all their attentions came to nothing. I feared it might be so with Fred Evans, and warned him accordingly; but Fred said be'd "have her if he tried all his life;" that "without her life was naught to him;" that "she was the only living tion in his breast," etc., etc. After that thy mercies over him. Amen."-Ab, your luck elsewhere."

that Fred was by no means disagreeable to any definite result until Fred received a sudden summons home on account of his mother's illness. When he came back to renew his visit he insisted upon staying at the Oakville Hotel rather than wear out his welcome at our house, and finding remonstrances unavailing, there he went. The landlord (honest old Downsbury-I wonder if he yet lives) gave Fred, at my suggestion, his bedroom. "No. 20"-I am particular in mentioning the number. "He shall have No. 20," said Downsbury. 'Any friend of yours, Master Augustus, shall have the best I have to give as long's I'm landlord." It was a pleasant room, looking out on the distant hills and the beautiful winding branch of the Blackwater; but what cared Fred for scenery? he was in the hands of the blind god, and could not see even as far as his nose, except in the direction of Belle's cottage. I used to go over to Fred's room and smoke my cigar, while he, poor wretch expatiated on his sufferings, doubts, and solicitudes. Did she love him? that was the question which disturbed every moment of his existence, and to which, with the closest reasoning, he could not bring himself a satisfactory reply. Sometimes he thought a word or a sign settled the point beyond a doubt in his favor; at others he fancied he read a coolness and indifference in her eyes.

In this condition of uncertainty he dared not press the question lest a hasty step might bring him to grief.

At Fred's earnest solicitation I promised to sound Belle as to her sentiment, if a favorable opportunity presented itself, or at any rate to let her know, in an indirect way, that Fred was languishing in distress on her account, and thus give her no excuse for unnecessarily prolonging his misery. It so happened, however, that my services were not called into requisition. Belle Bronson, because of the sudden arrival at her house of some country cousins, was obliged to give up her room-her mother's cottage being a small one-and to occupy for a single night a room at the hotel. We would cheerfully have offered her guesta accommodation at our house, but we were in the same predicament. An agricultural fair in the village had brought many strangers into the place, and our own guests were so numerous that I had given up my room to two of them, and had intended asking Fred Evans to let me pass the night with

For this purpose I went to the hotel at a late hour, and proceeded at once to Fred's room, but to my surprise found no one there. I did not even notice that his trunk was gone or suspect the fact, which afterward became apparent, that "to oblige some lady guests for this night only," as the landlord expressed it, Fred had consented to give up "No. 20" and occupy a small room in the rear of the building. The gas being turned up I took a book to await his return, and hearing at last what appeared to be steps approaching the room, and supposing it to be Fred, in a momentary the Oakville girls, however, and I might impulse to play a joke upon him I slipped under the bed, a large and high one, intending to imitate a cat (of which animal I knew he had a detestation) so soon as he entered the room. The door opened, and I was on the point of indulging in my ventriloquial faculty by giving a long-drawn mison, when from my hiding-place I beheld Belle Bronson take quiet possession of the apartment.

My astonishment was great, and the sense of mortification so intense, that I did not, as I should have done, make myself immediately known to her. Thus the oppertunity for discovery and explanation was lost. I dared not move a hair, but hoped sincerely that some excuse might take her out of the room for a moment, and so facilitate my escape. She, however, locked the door, removed the key, and, as I knew by the sound, prepared to retire. Finally she kneeled down beside the bed, and clasped her hands and bowing her head (so fearfully near to mine that I could hear the soft words in my very ear), she offered up her evening prayer in a manner so full of feeling, and such aweet accepts of womanly tenderness and devotion, that I felt as if she was an angel bending over the vilest of mortals. That prayer went to my heart; but one portion of it went through it and held it captive. Never shall I forget my feelings of surprise and my deep emotion when I heard her utter these words "bless my dear mother, sisters, and friends; bless been attached to somebody else, and that all around me, and, O God ! bless him I somebody else means to marry her. There being who had ever awakened a real emo- love, Augustus Evergreen, and shower down is no mistake about it; so bear up and try

I said no more, but closely observed the Augustus," said my divinity to herself, as lovers, and soon came to the conclusion she arose from her devotional attitude, "if you but knew that I named your very name her. Things went on in this way without in my prayers, you would be less indifferent to me

> If I breathed short before, after this my breath seemed to desert me entirely, and I verily thought that the beating of my heart would betray me, Belle, pure as an angel to me then, and white as a snow-flake, proceeded to turn off the gas and to get into bed. I felt her soft pressure over my head, and shrunk closer and closer to the hard floor upon which I was extended. What thoughts rushed through my brain! Above me lay a young and unsophisticated girl wholly unconscious that the one she loved lay so closely to her, and who had for the first time been made aware of her interest in him, by hearing words which she supposed went only to Heaven! I knew then that the night must pass away, and the morning come, and that Belle must first leave the apartment before I could venture to change even my position.

Bell had lain perfectly motionless for several minutes and was, I flattered myself, losing herself in sleep, when suddenly she exclaimed to herself "There-I haven't looked under the bed!" A horror ran through me; all is lost; what shall I do? Bell rose and I heard her feeling for the matches. She struck one and was moving toward the gas-light, when the lucifer went out, leaving all darkness again. Biessed relief; but how brief! Again I heard her feeling for the matches and trying to light one after another, as they failed to ignite ; then an "Oh dear, there are no more!" escaped from her lips. "Safe! safe!" whispered my soul to me, and I thanked God in silence for my deliverance. Belle groped back to bed, but did not immediately get in; she stooped and lifted the curtains which hung around the bottom and cautiously passed her arm under and around as far as it could reach. I almost felt her fingers graze my face as I held myself fearfully and silently back against the wall, too far, just too far for her reach. Apparently satisfied that no danger was near her, she lay down in the bed again and I counted her respiration till she was lost in slumber.

As for myself, sleep was utterly out of the question. I never was so wide-awake in my life. How I lay upon that hard carpet and thought the night out ! thought of her and her love for me; thought of myself, and my love for her. Yes, I was convinced from that moment that the hand of destiny was in it, and that a benign and all wise Providence had seen fit in this extraordinary way to open my eyes to the path of happiness and peace.

With the morning light fresh fears came upon me lest my unconscious room-mate might yet peer beneath the bed for robbers before she left the room; but my fears were groundless. She rose and dressed expeditiously, for she was to join her cousins at an early breakfast, and she had overslept herself. When at last she took the key, unlocked the door, and departed, I lost no time in slipping out of my shameful place of concealment and escaped from the hotel. On the stairs I met Fred coming out of his room, who exclaimed;

"Why, what's the matter with you, old fellow! You look like the last days of an ill-spent life. And your coat, too-why, it's all over feathers and dust. Where have you been?"

"Why, I slept-slept out last night; that's all. Our house is full, and so I had to find quarters elsewhere. I'm just going home to dress."

"I should say so, decidedly. I see it all old fellow! You've been on a lark, and had to put up in the watch house; come now, own up and tell us all about it."

"No lark at all, Fred; nothing of the kind, I assure you."

"Well, if not a lark, what kind of a bird was it? From the looks of the feathers 1 should say it was a goose."

"You're the goose, Fred. But, seriously I've a word to say to you of a most important nature. Be a man Fred and make up your mind hear something excessively disagrecable. It must be told you soon or later, and I may as well tell it now."

"Good Heavens, Gus! how earnest you look at me ; you don't mean to say thatthat anything has happened to Belle Bronson 277

"Don't mention her name again, Fred, or think of her any more, for she'll never be any thing to you. I have it from one who knows all about it, that she has long

But Fred Evans was not to be discouraged by mere hearsay. That very day he went to see Belle, determined to know his fate from her own lips. Soon after he left Oakville and I did not see him again for several years, when, meeting him in town one day, I insisted on bringing him home with me and presenting him to his old flame, Bell Bronson-the present Mrs.

"Ah, Fred ?" said he after dinner, when my wife and little Evergreen had left us to ourselves-"Ab, Fred you served me a shabby trick when you allowed me to lose my heart to the girl you were all along intending to marry yourself-a very shabby trick, one of which I never suspected you !"

So I had to tell him (in strict confidence of course, as I tell you reader) all about the bed-room affair at the Oakville Hotel, and the love that grew out of it.

RICH MEN OF NEW YORK.

New York letter says : We find A that notwithstanding the present hard times, there is a large number of our citizens who not only continue to keep the wolf from the door, but are handsomely recorded on the tax list. A. T. Stewart is assessed two millions on his two warehouses, the one being wholesale, while the other is retail. This assessment is solely on the real estate, and the amount of taxes thus levied is \$55,000. His residence on 5th ave., is assessed at \$600,000, and as the rate adopted by the assessors is 60 per cent. on cash valuation, this would give the latter at one million. The taxes on this house are \$16,800. It occupies two lots, each 25x100, and the land is worth \$200,-000. The chief expense, as will be readily inferred, is in the structure whose finish exhausts the artistic skill of the present age. The plasterer told me that his bill was \$20,000. When you remember that this palace is devoted to the comfort of a childless couple now well stricken in years, it presents a picture worthy of poetic genius. Taking all his property into view, Mr. Stewart's taxes cannot be less this year than \$100,000. His Metropolitan Hotel alone is taxed more than \$25,000.

ASTOR, GOELET, AND OTHERS. Astor's tax for this year is \$240,000 which is very small in comparison with his immense estate. It is really only a tax on assessment of \$10,000,000, which is not onequarter the full amount. These rich men, however, hive a way of reaching the assessors, and Astor is vigilant in improving all opportunities of this character. By the term Astor I refer to John Jacob, the son of William B. and grandson of the founder of the family. He is a stout built man of forty-five, stands five feet ten inches, and weighs at least two hundred pounds. His features are blonde, but very coarse, and there is an absence of any refinement of expression. Upon the whole the countenance is rather repulsive, especially as it seems permeated by a cold and stolid selfishness. Old William is now eighty, and being unable to attend to business has placed it in the hands of this son, who will no doubt inherit the largest part of the estate. He wishes to keep the family wealth under the old name. William (the other son) is a quiet and rather retiring character, and will be satisfied, no doubt, with a few millions, while John Jacob will have ten times as much.

The old man's daughters will each have a handsome portion, probably not less than half a million apiece. One of these married Frank Delano thirty years ago, and this spoiled a good business man. Frank Delano at that time was a brilliant young merchant. He had commenced as a poor clerk in the house of Grinnell, Minturn & Co., and had risen to a partnership. Had be continued in trade he would have become one of our merchant princes, but being of elegant appearance he made a conquest of Miss Astor, and after marriage abandoned business. The result is that he retired into an inactivity which has wusted energies and talents such as should have been an ornament to our commerce. William B. Astor removed last spring from his old residence in Lafayette place to a new house close by his son's mansion on Marray Hill on the Fifth avenue. He wished to be near his children, and he now passes most of his time in doors, being, as is supposed, much engaged in reconstructing his will. His father kept tinkering at his will for some years before he expired, and it is well known that this sometimes becomes a mania with men of wealth who live to extreme age. The house he left in Lafayette place has remained unrented since last spring, which is a great less, or at least is felt as such.

Corner of Brondway and Nineteenth street atands a tall brick building, situated in a plat of fifty by one hundred feet, and which here is considered very spacious, especially as most houses are limited to a front of twenty feet. The building referred to is four stories in height, and the grounds which surround it form a very pretty lawn, which is ranged by pet fowls of the rarest breeds. An iron fence of unusual height keeps these birds from escaping, while the open bars permit the passing crowd to enjoy the sight. The mansion, which is worth \$200,000, is devoted to a bachelor and his two sisters, one of which is a widow, while the other, like himself, is unmarried. The bachelor is Peter Goelet. He owns real estate in this vicinity worth \$10,000,000, and increasing rapidly in value. The property was once his father's pasture, the latter having been an iron merchant in this city during the close of the last century. Peter and his sister were peculiar in their ways, and never married. Perhaps they are just as well off as though each had found a mate, and had half a dozen ruined sons. However, here they are among the old folks, Peter being seventy, while the sister is not far distant .-The widow referred to was the wife of Commodore Gerry, who perished a few years ago in the sloop-of-war Albany. Mr. Goelet has many of the peculiarities of old bachelor life. He loves mechanics, and to enjoy himself in his own way he has a shop in one of the basement rooms. Here he can work at his forge and his lathe and elaborate petty articles of machinery which have, in his eyes, an important value .-From the window of this favorite room he can look out on the pet birds which feed in the lawn, and can also gaze on the heaving crowd of Broadway, whose restless tread may be heard until after midvight .-It is probable that Mr. Goelet's heir will be his nephew, Elbridge T. Gerry, who is now a promising young lawyer, and will make good use of the property. Mr. Goelet has to meet a tax of more than \$100,-000, which can easily be done, since his income is estimated at ten times that amount. Being of an economical turn, and not addicted to beneficence, he saves annually an immense sum, which is carefully invested. HENDRICKS AND HAIGHT.

The chief owners of real estate among the Israelites is a family named Hendricks, who deal extensively in metals. This business they inherit from their father, who was contemporary with John Jacob Astor. They own a large tract of up-town property, on which stands many a square of well-rented houses. Their taxes, as near as the figures can be made, are not under \$75,000. D. H. Haight can pay \$40,000 taxes and not feel it. One-half this amount is levied on the St. Nicholas Hotel, a structure which the assessors moderately value at \$800,000. The Roosevelt estate is able to pay \$60,000. It consists of an entire block on Broadway, near Union square. On the upper corner stood the family residence, which was pulled down last year. On this plot, 25x100, a sewing machine company have erected a building costing \$500,000. They have a lease of the lot for twenty-five years at \$20,000 per year, and at its close the building is to revert to the lessees. This makes a nice rent for so small a patch of land .-Brown Brothers are not extensive land owners, their property being chiefly employed in banking. They are taxed however, \$20,000, more than one-half of which is in their grand Wall atreet banking

THE LORILLANDS. Here we come to a family whose various members represent an estate of immense value. The original Lorillard was a tobacconist of great fame, and the concern is still maintained, having reached a full century of age. The estate of the late Peter Lorillard includes thirty stores on Broadway, and is the largest ownership of land in this noted thoroughfure. These stores are worth from \$150,000 to double that sum. The Lorillards, taken as a family, pay taxes next in amount to Astor. As yet none of the family have lost their wealth, and it is said no one ever yet saw a poor Lorillard. They retained their oriand thriftiness, and are not found among fast men or fashion worshippers. They buy no fast horses or fine pictures. They do not go to Europe, or indulge in worldly nonsense, but simply make tobacco, and thus devote themselves to human welfare and to getting rich.

and to getting rich.

Arnold, Constable & Co., stand among merchants next to A. T. Stewart in the paying racks. They own two extensive stores, and the up-town retail establishment is on a grand scale. It is assessed at \$500,000, and the taxes levied upon it are \$14,000. This concern is immensely rich, and is the most effective, rich. and is the most effective rival to Stewart which this city contains.