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THE BUCKWHEAT CAKE.

AIR—"America."

My flap-jack, 'tis of thee,
Thou that agreeest with me,
Of thee I sing,
Thou that with pork art fried,
Thou buttered on one side,
To see cook toss thee high,
With maple syrup thick applied—
Thou luscious thing!

O savory morsel mine!
What taste is like to thine,
Well-buttered one?
I love to watch thee fry,
To see cook toss thee high,
And stick thee with a fork to try
If thou art done.

Before the break of dawn;
The cook, with many a yawn,
The batter makes;
Then, at the breakfast bell,
Down rush the boys pell-mell,
And all delighted yell,
"O, buckwheat cakes!"

O red-faced cook, to thee
Shall loud encomiums be
Forever more;
Soon, when our stomachs feel
Oppressed by such a meal,
We promise you that we'll
Eat somewhat slower.

And, when our spirits rise
To dwell in Paradise,
Our hope is this:
A gorgeous throne our seat,
Fair Hours at our feet,
Eternal buckwheat cakes to eat—
What greater bliss?

For The Times.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

"YOU ARE, my dear brother Frederick, a most extraordinary creature," exclaimed Miss Emily Brookes to her brother; "you are a stock-broker; that is to say, in other words, you are very rich; you are young, you are well-looking, you are good-tempered and good-natured; you are liked by all who know you; you are in love with a most admirable woman, and you are beloved by her in return; and yet you do not marry her! I do not comprehend why the marriage is delayed. If you delay it much longer, I should not be surprised if she became disgusted with you."

Frederick started from the sofa on which he had been sitting, and without making any answer to his sister, he paced up and down the room.

"I see how it is," continued Miss Brookes; "you are thinking of the past. You remember that for six years Cecilia was the object of your adoration; that her father refused her to you, and gave her to another; that is the bitter drop in your cup of happiness. But then remember her father is dead; that his son-in-law, Mr. Chantry—the husband, I may say, for a day—has followed him to the tomb; and as it would appear, had only married that he might bequeath to his widow, his entire fortune. And now the widow Chantry is as rich as yourself; and for a stock-broker, he who lives and deals in money, that is, I imagine, no trifling consideration. What then is the reason that you do not, by means of a happy marriage, take the surest mode of driving away the grief that has overwhelmed you for some time back?"

"I am overwhelmed with grief! I have had nothing to trouble me," was the answer of the brother with a forced smile.

"What can be the matter with you? Are you jealous of the dead? or is it possible that you have ceased to love Cecilia?"

"Oh! I love her more than ever!" exclaimed Frederick.

"Then marry her at once, and put an

end to your mutual martyrdom; for your proceedings at present are exceedingly ridiculous, and now, instead of your courting the lady, she seems to court you."

As if to prove the truth of her assertion, a carriage was heard to drive up the lawn of a handsome villa at Stamford Hill, where this conversation took place, and the young lady continued—

"I am sure it is Cecilia—and now, under the pretence of visiting the sister, she comes to see the brother. Take my word for it, Fred, I shall never be so attentive to my future husband."

The gate opened, and Mrs. Chantry entered the room. She was accompanied by Mr. Williams, the companion from boyhood of Frederick Brookes, and a very wealthy India merchant. Mrs. Chantry, a very handsome widow, twenty-two years of age, made no disguise of her affection for Frederick. It was a matter settled between them, that both were in love. Their marriage had been determined upon; it had even been publicly announced to the friends of both parties; and now all that was waited for, was the completion of the mere formalities of the marriage settlement, which Frederick could have, when he pleased, completely arranged in a few days. Under the circumstances, why then should the handsome young widow be guilty of any affectation? She would not be so. All breathed happiness around her. Mr. Williams wished the young couple joy, and Emily, seeing her brother smile at the idea of the coming marriage, pressed upon him to fix a day for it.

"It shall be whenever Cecilia wishes it," was the reply of the intended bridegroom.

"But then the lawyers—are they ready with this odious settlement," asked the widow.

The reply of the young broker was, that all the difficulties on that point had been put an end to, and that the license might be procured in a few hours.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Emily, "my brother at last consents to be happy!"

From that moment all semblance of restraint had vanished from the faces of those in the drawing room of Mr. Brookes. He himself appeared to have forgotten all his cares, and the happiness of the company was so complete, that the clock struck twelve before he or they seemed to know that an hour had passed away. At that moment Brookes rose and said:

"To-morrow is settling day on 'change; I have still several matters to arrange before I can retire to rest."

"And so it is," remarked Mr. Williams; "but to you settling day can bring no sorrow."

Mrs. Chantry would have wished to have retired also, but as Mr. Williams found the society of Miss Emily Brookes particularly agreeable to him, he begged she might remain some time longer; and the good natured widow, knowing the motive for his request, willingly consented to do so.

Frederick Brookes kissed his sister; he pressed with his lips the blushing cheek of the pretty widow; he shook hands cordially with his old school-fellow, Williams, and then parted with the words, "he was leaving all in this world that he loved."

The rooms peculiarly devoted to the use of Frederick, at his villa on Stamford Hill, were on the ground floor, and might be divided into a library, and an adjoining chamber fitted up something like an office, although there were introduced into it many of the conveniences of a parlor. It was into this room that Brookes now entered. He took from the case in which they had been secured two small pocket pistols, and placed them on a table beside him. He flung himself on a sofa, and there, with his head resting on a pillow, and stretched at full length, he seemed to be lost in thought. His mind became distracted by the intensity of his contemplations—his brain whirled round amid conflicting suggestions—the outer world became obscured to his vision—when his meditations were disturbed in the most extraordinary manner. A handkerchief was stuffed into his mouth, and in a moment afterwards he felt himself strapped down to the sofa, so tightly and securely, that he could not stir a limb. How this was done was incomprehensible to him, until

he saw a tall, very powerful, and very fair haired young man come forward, and take possession of the two pistols. His first impression was, that a joke was being played upon him by his friend Williams; but when he saw the stranger, he comprehended the matter at once, and that he had now to do with a burglar. The tall, very powerful, and very fair young man he saw put one of the pistols into his pocket, cock the other, and hold it in his right hand, while with the left he untied the handkerchief that covered the mouth of his host.

"If you utter a single cry," said he, "I shall that instant blow out your brains."

This, for a person who was contemplating suicide, was an excellent opportunity for quitting life; but the broker preferred doing the deed himself, rather than confide to the awkward hands of another. It must be owned, that he was tired of dissembling the agony that had so long preyed upon his heart. He yielded to the desire of "telling his mind;" of having one in whom he might confide his secrets, even though the confidant was a stranger and a robber.

"Who are you?" said he to the stranger, in a low whisper, which at once intimated to him that he had no intention to call for assistance.

"You have the advantage," replied the young man, with impudence, "of having to do with Ikey Samuels; but you don't seem to know a name that the Police Commissioners are familiar with, and the magistrates of every police office in London have frequently heard of."

"I do not indeed know you," was the answer of Frederick; and your mode of proceeding—

"Must prove to you both what I am, and with what object I came. I have been concealed in your library for the last two hours. I certainly did not calculate on seeing you here; but as you did come, a moment's reflection showed me it might be useful; for I should have had to break open your iron safe, where I know you keep all your money, with instruments that after all might not have effected my purpose; but now, as you are here, please to give me the key of your money drawer."

"My money drawer!" replied Brookes with a bitter smile.

"Where is the key of your money drawer? I suppose in your waistcoat pocket. Come, come, sir, don't put one to the trouble of looking for it."

"You will, in truth, find it in my waistcoat pocket."

The robber easily discovered the key. He then opened the great iron chest. He rummaged through it, and could discover—nothing! There was not even a single sovereign there—not a solitary crown.

"This is a scurvy joke," said he, after having carefully examined all the drawers, "and it is one of which I am determined not to be the dupe. You will therefore at once show me the secret drawer where you have concealed your bills and bank notes. To-morrow, I am aware, you have large payments to make on 'change.'"

"It is perfectly true that I have," said Brookes.

"Then you must have the money to meet them."

"I have not," was the answer of Frederick—"I have a sister who believes herself rich, because she thinks I am so too. She is now talking with a friend who believes me to be worth a million—with a young lady also who loves me, and that I adore, and that supposes we shall soon be married. I could, if I liked, easily deceive her, and involve her in my embarrassments; but this I will not do."

"And this young lady is rich?" asked the robber.

"Yes, very rich; but I love her too much to bring her to ruin."

"That is very silly. And your friend?"

"My friend is worth very near a million of money. But now, sir," continued Brookes, "you have made a foolish attempt on my purse, and the sooner you leave the better. Unloose me, and go."

"But how," said the robber, "did you mean to get out of all your embarrassments?"

"Can you not guess, when you see

that these pistols were lying so near to my hand?"

"How is this?" When I surprised you on the sofa, where you appeared to me, to be asleep, were you then meditating suicide?"

"Yes; and I was just thinking whether I should finish the matter at once, while there was company in the house, or wait until they had retired. I believe I should have done it at once, in order that my poor sister, surrounded as she is by friends at the moment, might be saved from contemplating the horrid spectacle that I was preparing for her. Go, then, and give me back my pistols."

The tall, strong, and very fair young man put into his pocket the pistol that up to this time he had held in his hand.

"They are of little worth," remarked Frederick, "and I trust you will not take from me the only means that I possess of escaping from disgrace and despair."

"You are a good-natured fool," said the stranger, putting his hand into the pocket of the helpless Brookes. He was looking for his gloves, which were pure, spotless, and of the latest fashion. It must be said of Mr. Ikey Samuels, that he had a very handsome face, a remarkably fine figure, and that he was very neatly dressed, with two exceptions—his shirt was not of the whitest, and he had no gloves. He remedied the first defect by buttoning his well made coat up to the chin; and, for the second, he availed himself of the gloves of Frederick, which fitted him precisely. He also, it must be owned, took with him the gentleman's hat, and then arranging his fair silky hair on his white forehead, he left the room with the appearance, the bow, and the manner of an exquisite.

"Where are you going?" exclaimed Frederick. "My pistols, in the name of Heaven! or, at least, unloose me."

"You shall see me almost immediately," was the answer of Ikey Samuels, as he closed the doors carefully behind him.

It would appear that, under his present circumstances, all that Mr. Ikey Samuels had to do, was to go out of the house as he had entered it, and regretting that he had tried to despoil his neighbor of his goods, and failed in doing so. This would have been the proceeding of a common ordinary and vulgar thief; but Samuels was no such thing; for he was one of those extraordinary beings, who thought as little of doing a bad action as a good one. He had not taken a pair of French gloves to exhibit them at the Regent's Circus at one o'clock in the morning. He went straight to the drawing room; he rapped gently with his gloved hand on the door and then entered the apartment. As he did so, he perceived Miss Brookes standing up, Mrs. Chantry about to place a shawl upon her shoulders, and Mr. Williams about to offer her his arm.

"I beg your pardon, ladies," said Samuels, perfectly unembarrassed; "but I presume I have the honor of addressing Miss Brookes."

"Yes," replied the lady; "but I suppose, sir, your business is with my brother."

"Yes, yes; with Mr. Frederick Brookes I have most important business to transact."

"But then, sir, it is so very late."

"Yes, Miss Brookes; but it is so very pressing, and it concerns him as much as you, and this gentleman as well as this lady, for you are all the friends of Mr. Brookes."

This commencement of the conversation certainly surprised and agitated them all—ensuing, as it did, at such a time of night, and from an entire stranger, whose name they did not know, since he had not been announced. They seated themselves again, and Mr. Williams continued the conversation by saying:

"You have had, sir, business to do with Mr. Brookes?"

"Oh, yes, a very trifling matter, and I never saw him in all my life, but once."

"To whom have I the honor of addressing myself?"

"To Ikey Samuels, who has just done a great service to every one present."

"What to me too, sir?" said Mrs. Chantry, with the confidence of a pretty young widow.

"Yes, madam, to you also, if, as I suppose, it is you that Mr. Brookes was

about to have the happiness of being married."

"What can it be, then? what has happened?" asked Emily, greatly frightened.

"Oh, a mere trifle, Miss Brookes. It only comes to this; that your brother is ruined, smashed, used up, cleaned out!"

"Oh, Heaven!" returned Emily.

"It is impossible," remarked Mr. Williams.

"And is that all?" observed Cecilia, with an air of perfect indifference.

"No, madam, it is not all," coldly replied Ikey; "there is something more to be said; it is, that if ever there was an honest man living, Frederick Brookes is the individual."

"We know it, we know it—but continue."

"I came by the merest chance to his house this evening," continued Ikey; "I came to pay a visit as a friend, and I found him in his cabinet. I may indeed own that I surprised him there. He was lying on a sofa, and on the table beside him, I found, instead of pens and papers—these!"

And as he thus spoke, the intruder took from his pocket the pistols.

"Why, these are my brother's pistols!" exclaimed Emily.

"I know them well," said Mr. Williams; "for many is the time, as a boy, I have fired out of them, at sparrows."

"Mr. Brookes," replied Ikey, with very solemn dignity, "prepared them this day to shoot at something else. Look here, how strongly charged they are, and such big balls!"

"Where, oh, where is he?" exclaimed the two ladies, jumping up.

"Be calm, be calm," continued the robber; "I am responsible for his perfect safety. He is in his study, tied down to the sofa; you may be sure he can do himself no injury. It was I who tied the knots, and I can tell you I know something of the matter. But you understand me; you must console and comfort him; you must treat him with kindness, tenderness, forbearance, gentleness; you must pay him—"

Ikey Samuels could have talked on a very long time without being contradicted; for he was now speaking but to the table and chairs in the drawing room. He stopped, looked at himself in the glass, ran his fingers through his hair, and said to himself—

"Well done, Ikey! you can appear the gentleman, when you do choose to do so. Here are two pretty women who have mistaken you for a full quarter of an hour for a highly respectable stock-broker."

Meanwhile Miss Brookes, Mrs. Chantry, and Williams, had precipitated themselves into the study. They found the unhappy Frederick tied in the precise position in which Samuels had secured him; they saw that he could not raise a finger to do himself violence. The two ladies wept as they cast their arms around him.

"Ah, Frederick, Frederick," said the one "you do not love your sister."

"Cruel man!" cried the other, "do you not know that when a woman gives away her heart, she gives away all her fortune at the same time, and that the bargaining for pin-money is an insult to love?"

"What a villain you are," exclaimed Williams, "not to say a single word to me, when you know that all my fortune is at your command."

The widow Chantry wished to be married that very instant. Frederick requested they would unloose him. He consented to accept assistance from Williams—he promised to accept the fortune and the hand of the lovely Cecilia. It was not until he had sworn a hundred oaths, and given a thousand solemn promises that he was released. When they had at length recovered from their emotion, Emily said, "Let us go to the drawing-room; I must certainly kiss that dear, handsome, tall, fine-looking Mr. Samuels, who has performed such an essential service to us all."

"That is true," said Williams. "Who is that Mr. Samuels? I did not know you had such a friend?"

"He is not my friend," replied Frederick, casting his eyes to the ground.

"Then he must become a friend," remarked Emily.

"He is a robber," answered Frederick, who recounted the scene that had passed between them.

They determined at length to go to the