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MOSAIC POETRY.

The following poetry is comprised of one line from each author, and reads as smoothly as though all written by one person:

I only know she came and went	Lowell.
Like troutlets in a pool;	Hood.
She was a phantom of delight,	Wordsworth.
And I was like a fool.	Eastman.
"One kiss, dear maid," I said, and sighed,	Coleridge.
"Out of those lips unshorn,"	Longfellow.
She shook her ringlets round her head,	Stoddard.
And laughed in merry scorn.	Tennyson.
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky!	Tennyson.
You hear them, oh! my heart!	Alice Cary.
'Tis twelve at night by the castle clock,	Coleridge.
Beloved, we must part!	Alice Cary.
"Come back! come back!" he cried, in grief,	Campbell.
"My eyes are dim with tears—"	Bayard Taylor.
How shall I live through all the days,	Mrs. Osgood.
All through a hundred years?"	T. S. Perry.
'Twas in the prime of summer-time,	Hood.
She blest me with her hand;	Hoyt.
We strayed together, deeply best,	Mrs. Edwards.
Into the Dreaming-land.	Cornwall.
The laughing bridal roses blow,	Patmore.
To dress her dark-brown hair;	Bayard Taylor.
No maid may with her compare,	Brailsford.
Most Beautiful, most rare!	Read.
I clasped it on her sweet, cold hand,	Browning.
The precious golden link;	Smith.
I calmed her fears, and she was calm,	Coleridge.
"Drink, pretty creature, drink!"	Wordsworth.
And so I won my Genevieve,	Coleridge.
And walked in Paradise;	Hervey.
The fairest thing that ever grew,	Wordsworth.
Between me and the skies.	

NELL'S LEAP-YEAR PARTY.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

WE WILL STATE, at the beginning of the story, that this is not a love story, so those who have no relish for any other need not waste their time in reading this.

"DEAR FAN: Come over this evening; I have a nice plan to unfold. Ask Grace to come with you. In haste,
NELL."

This was the note that Nellie Baldwin sent to her intimate friend, Fannie Brown. Grace was Fannie's sister.

"I wonder what new plan Nell has afoot now," was Fan's comment as she read the note aloud to her sister.

"There is no use in trying to guess—Nell is so odd," replied Grace from behind the last magazine.

We will not keep our readers in suspense any longer than is necessary, and so will pass over the time intervening between this and evening.

"Well," said Fan, as the three seated themselves in Nell's cosy little room, "we are prepared for any astonishing communication you have to make."

"Be patient then, for I have something to say before I come to my plan.

"We are all attention," was the reply.

"There is a matter that has been upon my mind for some time. Since Cousin Ned has been with us I have thought of it more than ever. He has become intimate with Harry Greenleaf and his associates. Now these young men are naturally the best hearted fellows in the world, and they have noble talents, but they do not realize to what the path on which they are walking leads. They have their wine suppers frequently, and I think that it is a shame to see such noble natures ruined, as they surely will be, unless they turn about, and we girls

have got to save them. I overheard a plan of theirs for next Thursday night. They are to hire a team, drive to N—, have a wine supper, play billiards, and get home about morning. Ned will be intoxicated, and will not get to the office till past noon; papa will be very angry and perhaps discharge him at once. I knew you girls would be interested in my plan, for your brother Will is of the number. Now, this is my plan. Let's get a dozen girls to join us and have a leap year party on that night."

"A leap year party!" exclaimed both the girls at once. And then Grace said, "Why a leap year party? Why would not an ordinary party answer the same purpose?"

"Why, you see, if we should issue invitations as to an ordinary party, they might prefer their own plan of spending the evening. If each young lady sends one of these gentlemen an invitation he will have too much gallantry to refuse. Then when we have them once enlisted in our service, we will invite them to sign a temperance pledge, which I shall have in readiness. I do not think they will refuse us this, and the pledge once signed they will have too much honor to break it."

"Capital! Splendid!" exclaimed the girls. "Next Thursday, did you say?"

"Yes, next Thursday, and here at my house. I got mamma's consent this morning, and you to help me make out a list of girls to aid us in our scheme," said Nell, as she produced from her pocket a pencil and paper. "I have here the names of the young men. First Harry Greenleaf, Cousin Ned, your brother Will—"

"Three," said Fan, keeping count with her fingers.

"George and Arthur Gordon, Ernest Grant, Fred Robbins, Robert Stockbridge, Charlie Howe, and Herbert Harding, ten. Now," said she putting away the paper and supplying herself with a fresh sheet, "help me think of the girls."

"Here are three, to start with," said Grace.

"The Brigham girls," suggested Fan. "And May Ross," added Nell. "We have more than half our number already."

"Bell Doane and Jennie Weston," said Fan, "and we might ask Laura White and her cousin Dora."

"I am glad you thought of them," said Nell, at the same time writing rapidly.

And so these girls planned till late in the evening. When they separated for the night, it was arranged that the other young ladies should be consulted the next day, and each "choose their man."

The plan was received with great favor by these young ladies, who did not enter into it with any less enthusiasm because of the plan, or on account of the fun they hoped to get out of it. And so before the evening of the party arrived each young lady had sent one of these young men an invitation to this leap year party.

At length the evening arrived, and I am afraid that had it not been for the good motive underlying their strange projects, the girls would not have had the courage to defy the opinion of Mrs. Grundy; and hence it might have been given up. But Nell had infused a good share of her enthusiasm into the others, and they were determined to do everything in their power to stop their wayward brothers in their downward career, even at the risk of having their motives misjudged by the "old fogies."

The early part of the evening was spent in playing games and in social song, till at length supper was announced. They then passed to the dining-room where a well spread table awaited them. If the young men missed their choice wines, the deficiency was more than met by the abundance of good things before them, and by the delicate attention of their fair friends. After doing ample justice to the tempting viands set before them, and before they rose from the table, Nell rose to her feet, and in a serious tone said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am about to ask you to do me a favor. I have in my hand a paper which I will read and to which I shall ask all present to affix their names."

"We, the undersigned, do hereby pledge ourselves to abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks, from this

time forward. We also pledge ourselves to do all in our power to induce others to make and keep this pledge to which we now, in the presence of God and of each other affix our names."

Before she had finished reading there were tears in her voice, if not in her eyes, and before she offered the pledge to any one she wrote her own name at the head of the list. As for the young men, they at first looked at each other in a helpless sort of a way, but as the pledge was circulated among them, they all, moved by one impulse, looked to their leader, Harry Greenleaf, and what was their surprise to see him take the pledge and read it carefully as if to take in its full meaning, and then in a clear, bold hand write his name, after which he turned to the company and said in a manly tone:

"I have been your leader in less noble things—will you follow my example still?"

Before they left the table Nell's pledge had received twenty names.

"Why not call ourselves a temperance society?" asked Earnest Grant, "have regular meetings, and each member endeavor to bring in new recruits."

This suggestion was met with favor by all present, and before they separated for the night, arrangements had been made for a meeting to be held at an early date.

We will not linger longer here, but will pass over a period of nine years, and look again at some of our friends.

Earnest Grant, who it will be remembered, suggested the organization of the temperance society, has since then given his time and talents to the cause of temperance. Harry Greenleaf has for four years been a minister of the gospel and Ned Baldwin is now a partner in his uncle's business.

We will not follow each one into the business of life, but will only say that of the ten young men who nine years ago signed Nellie Baldwin's temperance pledge three are ministers of the gospel, and all are upright Christian men, occupying positions of trust in the community in which they reside.

Were it not for the fact that we promised in the beginning of our story that it was not to be a love story, we would whisper a little secret concerning the Rev. Henry Greenleaf and Miss Nellie Baldwin.

What is a story after all with no love in it?

An Angel, but no Melody in Her.

HE was a country-looking chap with an odd mixture of sorrow and resignation on his lean countenance, and he dropped upon the startled advertising clerk of the *Bangtown Patriot* with the mysterious whisper of:

"She's gone."
"Who's gone?" asked the clerk.
"Maria."
"Who in thunder's Maria?"
"My wife; she's gone."
"Gone where?"
"Up above—died last night—want you to put it in your next issue."

"What ailed her?"
"Lockjaw; she lay for three weeks and couldn't speak. Never had such a quiet time in the house before. Just do the notice up fine, will you, an' I'll see that everything's fixed up all right."

Accordingly, the clerk scribbled away for a moment, handed out what he had written for inspection, and curtly remarked:

"Dollar thirty-five."

The bereaved husband read it over carefully, and finally, gave a sigh of satisfaction.

"That's all right," said he, handing over the required specie, "but I 'spose you could put a verse on the end couldn't you?"

"Well, yes," ruminated the clerk, "I guess so what kind of a verse do you want?"

"Somethin' tender-like an' sorrowful."

"How would this do?" asked the clerk, scratching his head with the end of his penholder:

"A perfect female, folks did consider her,
She's gone and left a weepin' widower."
"That's kinder melancholy," reflected the stranger, "but I reckon it's a little—jest a little—too personal. Jest you try it again. I don't mind puttin' up hansom' for sumthin' that'll rake folk's heart-strings."

The clerk gazed at the ceiling for a moment and then suggested:

"The husband's lost a wife,
The children a ma,
Died on Friday night,
From the lock-jaw."

"Yes," broke out the mourner, "wiping his nose with a black-bordered handkerchief, "but you see I don't own any young 'uns."

"What do you think of this, then?"
"She always was contented;
At life she'd never carp,
Gone to be an angel,
And play on a golden harp."

"Don't believe that'll suit. You see Marlar couldn't even play on a planner, an' I know a harp would stump her, sure. Poor woman; she had a tender heart, though, and made the most elegant biscuit you ever saw."

"Hanged if I won't have to charge you extra," growled the clerk. "I ain't a Longfellow or Tennyson."

"I know," meekly replied the 'weepin' widower, "Jest try once more, won't you?"

So the clerk did try, and at last ground out the following:

"On earth could not stay Marlar,
So she died and went up higher."
"Sorter irreverent 'arn't it?" anxiously asked Maria's relative. "I reckon I wouldn't grudge a couple of dollars for a bang-up verse."

Thus stimulated, the machine poet became suddenly inspired, and exultingly produced:

"Cry for Maria!
Alas! she is no more—
Joined the singing seraphs
Upon the other shore."

The afflicted one uneasily took a chew of tobacco, and whispered:

"Beautiful; but there's one thing that spiles it, Marlar hadn't any more melody in her than an old plow, an' it's delibrit lyin' to speak of her as a vocalist. None of them other syrups (seraphs) you alluded to could keep time with her."

"Well," thoughtfully remarked the discomfited clerk, "if this ain't all O. K. you'll have to hire a special poet; I'm all played out!"

"Affliction sore
Long time she bore,
Physicians were in vain!
Lock-jaw ketcher her,
Death it fetched her,
Gone—to rise again."

"Tell you what," enthusiastically exclaimed the widower, "that's tip-top! Here's your two dollars; you've aint them. A young man that kin make up sich affctin' verses as them has got a glorious future before him!"

And squeezing the exhausted poet's hand the elated speaker left in search of a pair of black kid gloves.

A Lesson for Boys.

A BOY went and lived with a man who was counted a hard master. He never kept his boys. They ran away, or gave him notice they meant to quit; so he was half his time without or in search of a boy.

The work was not very hard—opening and sweeping out the shop, chopping wood, running errands, and helping around. At last Sam Fisher went to live with him.

"Sam's a good boy," said his mother.

"I should like to see a boy now-a-days that has a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master.

It is always bad to begin with a man who has no confidence in you, because, do your best, you are likely to have little credit for it. However, Sam thought he would try; the wages were good, and his mother wanted him to go.

Sam had been with Mr. Jones but three days before, in sawing a cross-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was careful, and he knew he was a pretty good sawyer too, for a boy of his age; nevertheless the saw broke in his hands.

"And Mr. Jones will thrash you for it," said another boy who was in the woodshed with him.

"Why, of course, I didn't mean it, and accidents will happen to the best of folks," said Sam, looking with a very sorrowful air at the broken saw.

"Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said the other boy; "I never saw anything like him. That Bill might have stayed, only he jumped into a hen's nest and broke her eggs. He dared not tell of it; but Mr. Jones kept suspecting and suspecting, and laid everything out of the way to Bill, whether he was to blame

or not, till Bill couldn't stand it, and wouldn't."

"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam.

"No," said the other boy; "he was afraid; Mr. Jones has got such a temper."

"I think he'd better owned up at once," said Sam.

"I suspect you'll find it better to preach than to practice," said the boy. "I would run away before I'd tell him." And he turned on his heel and left poor Sam alone with his broken saw.

The poor boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the wood house, walked out into the garden, and then went up into his little chamber under the eaves. He wished he could tell Mrs. Jones; but she wasn't sociable, and he had rather not. "O my God," said Sam, falling on his knees, "help me to do the thing that's right."

I do not know what time it was, but when Mr. Jones came into the house the boy heard him. He got up, crept down stairs, and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen.

"Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and I thought I'd come and tell you 'fore you saw it in the morning."

"What did you get up to tell me for?" asked Mr. Jones; "I should think morning would be time enough to tell of your carelessness."

"Because," said Sam, "I was afraid if I put it off I might be tempted to lie about it. I'm sorry I broke it, but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot, then stretched out his hand.

"There, Sam," he said heartily, "give me your hand. Shake hands. That's right. Go to bed, boy. Never fear. I'm glad the saw broke; it shows the mettle's in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that than Sam and he. Sam thinks justice has not been done Mr. Jones. If the boys had treated him honestly and "above board" he would have been a good man to live with. It was their conduct that soured and made him suspicious. I do not know how that is. I only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind master and a faithful friend.

To a Young Girl.

You think you love the man who is coming this Saturday night to visit you. And he acts as if he loves you. Suppose he 'declares himself,' and asks you to be his wife? Are you prepared to say to him, "I love and trust you through life with the happiness, and the lives and weal of our children?"

He is jolly, gay and handsome, and the darts of Cupid are twinkling and sparkling in his eyes; but will those eyes always find expression from the love of a true soul?

To-night he says many pleasant things and draws pretty pictures for the future.

Does he go to-morrow to work which gives promise to the fulfillment of your desires of life?

Do his ambitions and achievements satisfy you?

Does his every-day life shine with the noble endeavors of a trustworthy man?

If you think and desire a companion in your thinking—one who can unlock the deepest depths of your mind, to what strata of humanity does he belong in the scale of excellence and mortality? Is he doing all he can to build up for the future usefulness and happiness in which you can share and feel blessed? These are questions which the experience of after years make many women weep in bitterness that they were not thought of before they answered "Yes."

A Short Courtship.

The Kingston, (N. Y.) *Courier* gives the following account of a speedy marriage in Chichesterville: "The bridegroom was A. Borthwick, and was fifty-five years old, while the bride, Miss S. Van Valkenburgh, is fifty-six years of age. Mr. Borthwick came from Schoharie county on the 25th of April, and was introduced to Miss Van Valkenburgh by the pastor at the church that evening.—Mr. Borthwick at once made known his errand, saying he came from Schoharie by reference from his pastor, and now I have seen you," he said, "I am satisfied you will make me a suitable companion. Will you marry me to-morrow morning?" "Isn't that most too soon?" Now or never," said the wooer. The couple were married the next morning and started for their new home in Schoharie."