

THE TIMES

NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA.

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Select Poetry.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Live for something; be not idle,
Look about you for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming—
Labor is the sweetest joy.

Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay,
Life for you has many duties—
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in your pathway,
Gentle words and cheerful smiles
Better are than gold and silver,
With their grief-dispelling wiles.

As the blessed sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened earth.

Hearts that are oppressed and weary,
Drop the tear of sympathy;
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Give and your reward shall be—

Joy unto thy soul returning
From this perfect fountain-head,
Freely, as thou freely givest
Shall the grateful light be shed.

THE CLERK'S CHOICE.

MR. JOHN SOMERS was a merchant, doing business in a thriving country village. He had two clerks in his employ, both of them faithful and industrious, but with some difference in minor points of character.

One day Mr. Somers called the two young men into his counting-room and closed the door after them. His countenance looked troubled, and it was some moments before he spoke.

"Boys," he said, at length, "I have been doing a very foolish thing. I have lent my name to those I thought my friends, and they have ruined me. I owe you about a hundred dollars each. Now I have just one hundred dollars in money, and the small piece of land on the side of the hill just back of the town-house. There are four acres of this land, and I have been offered a hundred dollars for it, repeatedly, by those who have land adjoining. If I could pay you both in money I would, but as I cannot, one of you must take this land. What say you? You, Walter, have been with me the longest, and you shall say first."

Walter Sturgis hesitated some moments, and he said:

"I'm sure I don't want the land, unless I could sell it right off."

"Ah, but that won't do," returned Mr. Somers. "If you take the land you must keep it. Were you to sell it, my creditors would say at once that you did it for me, and I pocketed the money."

"Then it is easily settled," rejoined Peter, "for I should prefer the land."

Walter was pleased with this, and before night he had the hundred-dollar bill in his pocket, and Peter had the warrant deed of the four acres of land upon the hillside.

Peter White's first object, after having got the deed of his land, was to hunt up some kind of work. A whole week he searched in vain for employment, but at the end of that time he found an old farmer who wanted a hand, though he could not afford to pay much. But Peter, finally, and with the advice of Mr. Somers, made an arrangement of this kind: He would work for the old farmer (Mr. Stevens) steadily until the ground was open, and then he should have half the time to devote upon his own land, and, in part payment for his services, Stevens was to help him about all the ox work that the youth might need.

Peter now worked early and late, and

much of the time he had help. The first thing he planted was about a quarter of an acre of watermelons. He then got in some early garden sauce—such as potatoes, sweet corn, peas, beans, radishes, cucumbers, tomatoes and so on. And he got his whole piece worked up and planted before Stevens' farm was free from snow.

He then planted an acre of corn, an acre of potatoes and the rest he had divided among all sorts of produce. Then he went to work for Stevens again, and in a few weeks he had more than paid for all the labor he had been obliged to hire on his own land.

In the meantime, again, Walter Sturgis had been looking after employment. His hundred dollars were used and he accepted a place in the village, at a salary of three hundred dollars a year. Peter used to be invited to all the little parties when he was clerk, but he was not invited now. Walter Sturgis went to these parties, and he was highly edified by them. When Peter was a clerk, there were several handsome damsels who loved to bask in the sunlight of his smiles, and one of them he fancied he loved. After he had got his hillside planted, he went to see Cordelia Henderson, and he asked her if she would become his wife at some future period when he was prepared to take such an article to his home. Three days afterward he received a letter from her, in which she stated that she could not think of uniting her destinies with a man who could only delve in the earth for a livelihood. Peter shed a few tears over the unexpected note, and finally blessed his fate, for he was sure that such a girl was not what he needed for a wife.

On the first of the next November he had cleared seven hundred dollars for the season over and above expenses.

One morning after the crops were all in Peter found a man walking about over the land, and as the young man came up the stranger asked him who owned the hillside.

"It is mine, sir," replied Peter.

The man looked about, and then went away, and the next day he came with two others. They looked over the place, and they seemed to be dividing it off into small lots. They remained about an hour and then went away.

On the next morning Peter went out upon his land, and as he reached the upper boundary and turned and looked down, the truth flashed upon him. His hillside had a gentle, easy slope, and the view from any part of it was delightful. A brook ran down through it, from an exhaustless spring up in the ledge, and the locality would be cool and agreeable in summer and warm in winter. At the foot of the hill, to the left, lay a small lake, while the river ran in sight for several miles."

"Of course," soliloquized Peter "they think this would make beautiful building spots. And wouldn't it? Curious that I never thought of it before. And then when the railroad comes here, people from the city want their dwellings here. But this land is valuable. It is worth—let me see—say six hundred dollars a year. I can easily get eight or nine hundred for what I can raise here, and I know that two hundred dollars will pay me a good round price for all the labor I perform on it. And then when my peach trees grow up, and my strawberry beds increase—ho—it's more valuable to me than it could be to any one else."

When Peter went home, he could not resist temptation to sit down and calculate how many house lots his land would make; and he found that his hillside would afford fifty building spots, with a good garden to each one. But he didn't think of selling.

Two days afterward, six men came to look at the land, and after traveling over it, and sticking up some stakes, they went away. That evening Peter went down to the hotel, and the first thing he heard was:

"Aha, Pete, you've missed it."

"How so?" asked Pete.

"Why, how much did you get for your hillside?"

"What do you mean?"

"Haven't you sold it?"

"No, sir."

"Why, there was a man here looking at it a week or so ago, and to-day he came and brought five city merchants

with him, and I can take my oath, that each one of them engaged a building lot of him. One of 'em spoke to me about what a lovely spot it was; and I told him nobody would have thought of building there till you got the rocks off. But haven't you sold it, though?"

"No, not an inch of it."

"Why, that man told me he had engaged to pay four hundred dollars for a choice lot of twelve square rods."

"Then he will find his lot somewhere else, I guess, till I sell out."

Some more conversation was held, and then Peter went home. On the following forenoon, the very man who had been the first to come and look at the hillside, called to see Peter, introducing himself as Mr. Anderson.

"Let's see—I believe you own some two or three acres of land, up here on the hillside," he said, very carelessly.

"I own four acres there," said Peter, very exactly.

"Ah, yes—well; it doesn't make much difference. I didn't notice particularly how much there was. I thought I should like to build there, and if you would sell me land reasonable, I might like to purchase. It would be enough to afford me quite a garden; though I suppose it would cost about as much to till such land as the produce would be worth."

"That would depend upon how you worked it," said Peter, dryly.

"Oh, yes, I suppose. But you are willing to sell out, I suppose?"

"Certainly."

The man's eyes began to brighten.

"How much should you want for it?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know. What could you afford to pay?"

"Why, I suppose I could afford to pay a great deal more than it is worth. Rather than not get it I would pay—well, say—two hundred dollars, or two hundred and fifty at the outside."

"I don't think there is much use of our talking, sir."

"But—you paid one hundred, only, if I mistake not."

"I had my choice between one hundred dollars and the land, and I took the latter. But as you seem to labor in the dark, I will explain to you. In the first place, there is not another spot of land in this section of the country, that possesses the natural advantages which this one does. I can have my early peas and vines up and hoed before my neighbors get their ground plowed; so I have my early sauce in the market ahead of all others, save a few hot-house owners whose plants cannot compare with mine for strength and size. Then my soil is very rich, and yields fifty per cent. more than most other land. Now look at this: During the last season I have realized over eight hundred dollars from this land, and next season I can get much more than that, for my strawberry vines are flourishing finely. There are not any two farms in this town that can possibly be made to realize so much money as my hillside, for you see it is the time of my produce, and not quantity, that does the business. A bushel of my early peas on the twenty-second day of May, is worth ten times as much as my neighbor's bushel on the first of July and August. Two hundred dollars will more than pay me for my time and trouble in attending to my land; so you see I have this year over six hundred dollars interest."

"Then you wouldn't sell for less than six hundred dollars, I suppose?" said Mr. Anderson, carefully.

"Would you sell out a concern that was yielding you a net profit of six hundred dollars a year, for that sum, sir?" asked Peter.

"A-hem—well—ah—you put it rather curiously."

"Then I'll put it plainly. You may have the hillside for ten thousand dollars."

Mr. Anderson laughed; but he found that Peter was in earnest, and he commenced to curse and swear. At this, Peter simply turned and left his customer to himself and he saw nothing more of the speculator.

Two days afterward, however, one of the merchants came to see our hero, and when they had heard his simple story, they were ready to do justly by him.

The merchant went first to the man who owned the land above Peter's including the ledge and the spring, and he agreed to sell for two hundred dollars.

This, to builders, was a great bargain, for the stone of the ledge was excellent granite. Then they called a surveyor and made a plot of the hillside, whereby they found that they could have forty building lots, worth from two hundred and fifty to four hundred dollars each. They hesitated not a moment after the plot was made, but paid Peter his ten thousand dollars cheerfully.

Ere many days after this transaction Peter White received a very polite note from Cordelia Henderson, asking him to call and see her; but he did not call. He hunted up Mr. Somers, and went into business with him, and this very day Somers & White do business in the town, and Walter Sturgis is their bookkeeper. And in all the country there is not a prettier spot than the old hillside. The railroad depot is near its foot, and it is occupied by sumptuous dwellings, in which live merchants who do business in the adjacent city.

One thing Peter missed—that he did not reserve a building spot for himself. But his usual good fortune attended him, even here. A wealthy banker had occasion to move to another section of the country, and he sold out his house and garden to Peter, for just one-half what the building cost him. So Peter took a wife who had loved him when he dug in the earth, and found a home for her and himself upon the hillside.

And now, reader, where do you think the hillside is? Perhaps you know; for it is a veritable history I have been writing, and the place I have told you about is now one of the most select suburban residences in the country.

A SIGNIFICANT ADVERTISEMENT.

DURING the past month the following advertisement has appeared in a morning newspaper in Philadelphia:

A LADY WILL TAKE A SMALL CHILD TO BOARD. Apply for one week at 1338 Bancroft street, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth and below Wharton. *Cut this out.*

Bancroft street is a short street between Sixteenth and Seventeenth and runs from Wharton to Reed street. The West side of the street is lined with ordinary two-story brick houses, looking out on vacant lots covered with rank vegetation. No. 1338 is only distinguishable from the others by having a small tin sign on the window sill, on which are painted the words: "Small children taken to board." The shutters are always kept closed. The inmates rarely appear on the streets and are only seen by the neighbors when a carriage is driven to the door with a baby within.—It is then that Annie, alias Alice Forsyth, alias Williams, alias Brennon, alias Marshall, a medium sized woman, rather angular and about 28 years old, steps out to take the little one into the house. A sister of Forsyth's named Ida, about 16 or 18 years old, opens and closes the door, and she is also seen when the undertaker calls for the baby's body. These people have resided at 1338 Bancroft street for about six weeks, and in that time, it is said, five infants have been buried and two have mysteriously disappeared. They claim to have come from Easton.

It has been within the past week or two that the attention of the neighbors has been drawn to them. Two children were buried from the house the first two weeks they were there. This, followed by two more, both in one week, and the taking away of a fifth one on last Saturday week by back 128, under suspicious circumstances, aroused the neighbors' curiosity. The last child was wrapped in a lot of rags, and the woman Forsyth made a quasi-admission that it was dead. It had been taken to the house but a week or so previous, and was noticed to be a bright, healthy child. An old woman by the name of Kenny or Canning, a midwife and nurse, who is supposed to live at 1703 Tasker street, although a frightened-looking girl stammered and stammered while she denied it to a "Times" representative, is said to furnish the Forsyths with a majority of their babies.

She has been seen to enter there and also 1703 Tasker street a number of times. When the undertaker a very reputable man, who has had his office on South Thirteenth street, called at the Forsyths to make preparations for the burial of one of the children, he met the woman Kenny or Canning, who said the child's name was Minnie Martin,

and she also gave the name of the mother.

The name of McAllister was given as that of one of the babies. The last burial, a week ago, was that of the Martin child. The Forsyths told one of the neighbors that the name of another of the children was either Nicholson or Godey. For its keep they got \$25, with a promise of more. For another child they said they had received \$125.

A handsome piano was removed to a Chestnut street store from their house.—They claimed it was given them for taking care of a child. The handsome Brussels carpet and furniture that adorn the rooms of the house are, according to their admission, presents received for caring for another child.

When spoken to on the subject of their calling, they answered that they have always made their "living that way and it was none of anybody's business." There are but two children in the house now, a boy about ten weeks old and a girl about eighteen months old. They were taken there a short time ago and were apparently strong and hearty. A lady who saw them said that they had dwindled away to be mere skeletons, and have every appearance of being slowly starved or drugged to death. They occupied the same cot and paid no attention to the caresses bestowed on them by the visitor. She said "it is a terrible shame that such a state of affairs can exist in a large city. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children were notified some time ago of the baby farming carried on in the houses, but no action has yet been taken in the matter."

The children are but scantily clothed and bear evidence of neglect. Almost every day a carriage rolls up to the door. Last week a wagon, containing a man and woman, the latter with a child in her arms, stopped at the house, but probably no satisfactory arrangement could be made for the care of the little one, as they drove off.

It is understood that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children proposes taking the matter in hand.

Discontent.

Said Freeman Hunt, many years ago, "The other day I stood by a cooper who was playing a merry tune with his adze around a cask. 'Ah!' said he, 'mine is a hard lot—forever trotting round like a dog, driving away at a hoop.' 'Heigho!' sighed our neighbor, the blacksmith, in one of the hot days, as he wiped the drops of perspiration from his brow, while his red-hot iron glowed on the anvil, 'this is life with a vengeance, melting and frying one's self over the fire.' 'Oh that I were a carpenter,' ejaculated a shoemaker, as he bent over his lap-stone; 'here I am, day after day, working my soul away in making soles for others, cooped up in this little seven by nine room.' 'I am sick of this out-door work,' exclaims the carpenter, 'broiling and sweating under the sun, or exposed to the inclemency of the weather—if I were only a tailor!' 'This is too bad,' perpetually cries the tailor, 'to be compelled to sit perched up here, plying my needle—would that mine was a more active life!' 'Last day of grace—the banks won't discount—customers won't pay—what shall I do?' grumbles the merchant; 'I had rather be a dray horse—a dog—anything!' 'Happy fellows!' groans the lawyer, as he scratches his head over some perplexing case, or pores over some dry record—'happy fellows! I had rather hammer stone than cudgel my brain on this tedious, vexatious question.' And through all the ramifications of society, all complaining of their condition—finding fault with their particular calling. 'If I were only this or that or the other, I should be content,' is the universal cry—'anything but what I am.' So wags the world, so it has wagg'd, and so it will wag."

It is with glory as with beauty; for as a single fine lineament cannot make a handsome face, neither can a single good quality render a man accomplished; but a concurrence of many fine features and good qualities make true beauty and true honor.

Nature makes us poor only when we want necessities, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.