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Select Poetry.

MARY, I BELIEVED THEE TRUE.

Mary, I believed thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving.

How the Preacher Raised the Devil.

IT WAS a dark and tempestuous night,
A night to fill the soul with fright;
And the lightning flashed, the wild
Beasts squealed, when a poor preacher
Of the gospel was wending his way
Through the dismal intricacies of a
Western forest many years ago.

The poor man felt anything but comfortable,
For he was wet through to the skin,
And almost tired to death.
He had been tramping about since morning,
Besides he had lost his way,
So the reader can imagine what state of mind he was in,
And also appreciate the sudden transition from despair to hope
Which he experienced on seeing the glimmer of a light ahead.

Remembering the scriptural injunction,
"Knock, and it shall be opened unto you,"
He did so, but without any response.
He wrapped again, louder than before,
And this time a rough female asked:

"Who's there?"

"It is I," was the indefinite reply of the rain-soaked parson.

"Well, who are you and what do you want?" asked the voice, gruffer than before.

"A poor benighted preacher of the gospel,
Who has lost his way, and who wishes to stay here all night,"
Answered the preacher, in a dolorous voice.

"Well, stay there—don't see what's to hinder you."

"But I am almost starved, and I will pay you liberally for some supper,"
He responded, his teeth chattering with cold,
Not at all appreciating the joke.

The words liberally pay acted like a charm,
And after a few moments of delay,
Caused by the unfastening of the door,
It was opened and our pastor entered.

He found himself in a rough apartment,
With a large fireplace at one end,
On which a log was blazing;
A rough deal table and three chairs,
Besides a box filled with dry flax composed the furniture.

But all the minor deficiencies seemed to be made up by the landlady of the house,
For she was full six feet in height,
And weighed nigh unto three hundred pounds.

After having placed some food on the table,
She turned to the parson, who stood shivering before the fire,
Making futile attempts to warm himself,
Alternately turning one side and then the other to the fire.

"Now, I want you to eat this grub as quick as you know how and then tramp,

as it is utterly impossible for me to keep you here over night."

"But, my good woman," said the parson, anxiously,
"I have been wandering in this fearful storm since morning,
And if you have any compassion or pity at all,
You will try and give me some place where I can be sheltered from the storm of the night,"
And he offered a five dollar bill.

"Well," said the woman, avariciously clutching the money,
"If you think you can stay in the garret, maybe you can stay;
But hurry up, for I expect my husband home every minute,
And it's as much as your life is worth if he should catch you here,
For he's a perfect devil incarnate;
Would think no more of murdering you than he would of shooting a grizzly bear."

The woman produced a small ladder as she spoke.

There was a small trap door in the ceiling which raised of its own accord on the parson's pressing it upward,
And not without some difficulty he managed to squeeze himself through the aperture.
After he was up, the woman told him to shut the trap,
And not make any noise for his life,
And then, taking the ladder away, the parson was left to his own reflections.

Wet and uncomfortable as he was, his fatigue was such that he had almost fallen asleep when he was disturbed by some one knocking at the door.

Being somewhat curious to know what kind of a man his unknown host was,
He rose and peeped through a small crack in the floor to the room underneath.
He saw the woman open the door cautiously,
And after admitting a short, thick set man in a heavy cloak,
Lock it again.

From the mysterious actions and whispering that ensued, our parson rightly concluded that the person who had just entered was not the woman's husband,
But her paramour, who had taken advantage of his absence to pay her a nocturnal visit.

After whispering together for a while the woman went to the cupboard and produced a bottle of whiskey and a plate of ham and bread,
Which she set on a table, and the twain were soon engaged in a loving repast.

While the parson was watching the guilty couple, there came a thundering knock at the door which caused them both to jump to their feet in the greatest consternation.
Without a moment's loss of time the woman ran to the box of flax and emptied in on the floor.
Then she bade the man, who was almost scared to death, to get into the box,
Which he was only too glad to do,
And when he was in she rapidly covered him with the flax.
The woman then ran to the door and unbolted it,
All the while rubbing her eyes as if she had been asleep.

"I was asleep and did not hear you before," whimpered the woman.
"And don't for God's sake curse so much, for there is a Methodist minister in the garret."

"Who cares for a Methodist minister, I'd like to know.
But I'll soon have him out of his hole.
Here, you canting hypocrite, come out of this and show yourself, or I'll make you," he exclaimed, with many imprecations,
As he set the ladder before the trap door.

The poor parson, almost dead with fright, slowly descended the ladder,
Looking as white as a ghost, for, from the ruffian's manner, he would be a ghost soon.

"Don't hurt the poor man. See how sickly he looks!" exclaimed the woman pitying the poor creature's distress.

"You shut up and mind your own business, or it will be the worse for you," was the gracious reply of her lord;
Then turning to the trembling parson, he asked:

"Are you a Methodist minister, and do you believe in hell and the devil?"

The parson replied in the affirmative.
" Well, by the eternal, I don't, and if you believe in the devil, you'll either have to make him appear, or I'll cut your lying throat and make you appear before him," and he drew his bowie knife in a threatening manner.

The poor preacher was in anything but an enviable situation,
And thoughts of another world filled his mind with anxious foreboding;
For it is a remarkable fact that however much clergyman may preach and talk of the future world,

they prefer to have this go on and enjoy it.
This may be self-abnegation or pure selfishness; Heaven knows.

"Are you most ready?" asked the ruffian, raising his knife as he saw the other hesitate.
"I'll give you just three minutes, and if the devil is not here, you will be with the devil."

"My friend," said the pastor, into whose head a brilliant idea had popped,
"that there is a hell is a well established fact,
As I can prove by hundreds of writers;
And that the devil exists allows no contradiction;
And that I have the power to make him appear is also true;
But dreadful to you will be the consequences if he does.
Better for you had you never been born than see Satan face to face in the wicked state in which you are."

"D—n you, stop preaching and call the old boy.
I'll stand the consequences for the time's up."

The parson went to the fireplace and took a brand, which he applied to the box of flax.
It blazed up almost like gunpowder,
And the unearthly yell that issued from the poor devil in the box was truly appalling.
With acrobatic power, of the possession of which he was himself unaware, he leaped out of the box,
Covered from head to foot with burning flax.

With roars and howls of agony he made straight for the door,
But he was not so quick as the owner of the premises, for, with one look of terror at the burning figure, he fled out of the house,
Closely pursued by his Satanic Majesty.

When they were both gone, the parson gave his hostess a short but effective lecture on conjugal duties,
After which he seated himself before the fire.

When the husband returned he treated the parson with the greatest respect,
Fully convinced that he had the power to raise the devil at will.

A FURIOUS RIDE.

I NEVER told you about my first-ride from Albany to Kingston did I?—Well, I will.
It was—let me see—in 1840.
I was working at the old English tavern;
Had a couple of nice horses, and for a young man, was doing a fine business.
Those days there was neither railroads or telegraph;
The stage-coach was the only mode of public travel,
And it was the event of the day to see the coaches from the West and New York bustle up in the tavern.
Well, one cold morning in the middle of December, I was just stepping out from the office to the long wooden veranda,
When I noticed two well dressed gentlemen, each carrying a good-sized traveling satchel,
Hurrying toward the hotel.
One of them addressing me, said:

"Stage for New York gone yet?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long?"

"More'n two hours ago."

"They were much excited over the news and asked how they could get to New York speedily.
I told them I didn't know.
The boats had stopped running a month,
Although one of them still ran to Kingston, the river being open that far up.
She would leave that evening for New York,
And the stage-coach which left Albany a couple of hours before would transfer her passengers and mails to the steamer at Kingston Point.
Then the gentlemen said they must get that boat,
And asked if I knew of a couple of fast horses in the city,
And if they could hire or get a carriage to beat the stage in.
It was a matter of life and death they said they would pay any price.
I asked what price they would pay,
And they told me \$300 to beat the stage to Kingston.
It was a big sum and I whistled,
But told them I'd take them,
And off I ran.
I found a friend of mine, Hank Lewis—he hitched up the horses to a four-seated sleigh;
The two gentlemen bought a bottle of whiskey,
And away we went 'helter skelter' for Kingston.
Lord how we did go!—Two hours behind the stage,
And yet before we reached Athens we passed it.—Near Catskill the horses gave out completely and we had to hire a new team.
I didn't want to go any further on account of my horses,
But one of the gentlemen asked,
What is that team of yours worth?
Three hundred dollars, I said.
Drive on, he answered, I'll pay for them.
Once we tipped over,
And half an hour was spent in getting to rights.
Then we went it again,
And at 4:30 we drove up to Kingston Point,
Where the steamer

lay all loaded, but waiting for the Albany mail.

The two gentlemen went on board and asked for Captain Dean.
He came aft, and they told him what they told Lewis and me coming down.
How they resided in Canada,
But were the sons of an English nobleman, who had recently died, leaving a valuable estate.
And that their presence was needed immediately in London,
If they would save the estate from a designing relative.
The packet sailed from New York for Liverpool on the first tide next morning.
They must get it or wait thirty days for the next ship,
And so lose their fortune.
They offered the captain \$2,000 if he would leave then and there and make certain of catching the ship.

"Would like to make that \$2,000, gentlemen," said Captain Dean,
"but my orders are not to leave till I get the Albany mail,
And I cannot accept."

"They seemed much disappointed, but said it couldn't be expected,
And they made themselves agreeable to everybody about.
They paid me the \$900 promised,
And gave me \$300 for the lost horses and gave my driver and men over \$100 each.
We waited until the stage came in,
The mails and passengers were transferred;
Away went the boat in a hurry;
Then we rode leisurely back to Albany,
It being a fine night,
But before we got there we met mounted police furiously coming after our passengers,
Dead nobleman's bogus sons.
They were bank robbers,
And those two satchels they held, contained over \$200,000 in gold and Bank of England notes,
The proceeds of a big Montreal robbery."

"Did they catch them?"

"Catch 'em? No.
When the boat started that night they talked with Capt. Dean,
And offered him \$500 if he would put them on board of the outward bound ship before he landed,
As she would be lying in the channel.
Capt. Dean accepted,
At just at daylight the steamboat lay alongside the vessel,
And by the time Capt. Dean got to his pier,
And the passengers awoke,
The ship was sailing through the Narrows and away to England."

"And the robbers were never heard of?"

"Never.
Why they had a start of 30 days,
And being young men then, they are perhaps living in clover in some European country on their ill-gotten wealth.
They were smart enough to take us in by their smooth talk and gentlemanly address."

The story has the merit of being literally true.—Albany Express.

"They All Do It."

THERE are few books that comprise as much vicious teaching within a space of four or five hundred pages as is contained in this little phrase,
"they all do it,"
Which has been placarded on the bill-boards,
And called into the ears of the public for some time past.
This is the one sentence which takes the courage completely out of youth,
Searing their consciences as with a red-hot iron,
And permitting despair to carry them off bodily into the depths of crime.

"Oh, they all do it; why should not you?" That is the suggestion.
" That man there lies and cheats,
And will commit any crime which the law does not make dangerous.
So it is with all of them.
There is no use in your trying to be different from other people."
Such is the way the temptation comes to the young man thrown on the world with little knowledge of its ways,
And perhaps shielded only by the loose training of an over-fond mother.
" People are grossly immoral it is said."
Even temperance advocates get drunk in private;
Church deacons swindle Savings Banks;
All you see of morality is but a surface show.
Beneath, there is concealed wickedness.
You will find you must follow the multitude;
And the youth with the pleasure of the world thus held up before his glowing imagination,
And full of bodily health,
Plunges forthwith into what he believes to be "the world."

If the devil had concentrated all his cunning during the centuries which have elapsed since his ejection from Paradise,
He could not have produced a more powerful argument with which to conquer the soul of man than this,
" They all do it."

But young man, listen.
That sentence is a lie;
As base and foul a lie as ever was

conceived in the mind of man or devil.
They don't "all do it."
There are thousands upon thousands of good, pure men and women in this world,
Bad as it may seem, who are leading upright lives.
They believe in God,
And in the commands of virtue,
And are going along with the happiest results to themselves and their neighbors.
There are men who think that they are put into this world not to gratify their own base appetites,
But, to be true and noble and high-minded men.
There are men who would disdain to tell a lie.
There are men who would disdain to be accessory to a woman's fall.
There are men who would disdain to take an advantage in trade,
Or to do any other selfish or mean action.
There are men who try to be just, always, and kindly both in words and feelings to all.
There are men who lead humble, unpretentious lives,
And who without making it known to the world are daily doing a vast amount of good among their fellowmen.

And, is it strange to say?
These men lead very happy lives and as a rule very successful lives.
While the unprincipled man may enjoy temporary success, sooner or later he will suffer for his lack of honesty.
There are a thousand ways in which Virtue revenges herself upon him.
But in one way or another he gets his deserts.
There are plenty of criminals around you, it is true.
But they are to be pitied, not imitated.
Never believe that what some do, all do;
Make in your own person a standing example of the falsity of "They all do it."

A Puzzled Sea Captain.

Whale-ships carry no doctor.
The captain adds the doctorship to his own duties.
He not only gives medicines, but sets broken limbs after notions of his own,
Or saws them off and sears the stump when amputation seems best.
The captain is provided with a medicine-chest,
With the medicines numbered instead of named.
A book of directions goes with this.
It describes diseases and symptoms,
And says, "Give a teaspoonful of No. 9 once an hour,"
Or "Give ten grains of No. 12 every half hour,"
Etc.
One of our sea captains came across a skipper in the North Pacific who was in a state of great surprise and perplexity.
Said he:

"There's something rotten about this medicine-chest business.
One of my men was sick,—nothing much the matter.
I looked in the book:
It said, give him a teaspoonful of No. 15.
I went to the medicine-chest,
And I see I was out of No. 15.
I judged I'd got to get up a combination somehow that would fill the bill;
So I hoisted into the fellow half a teaspoonful of No. 8 and half a teaspoonful of No. 7,
And I'll be hanged if it didn't kill him in fifteen minutes!
There's something about this medicine-chest system that's too many for me!"

Judge Hilton was recently asked how many people were employed in the Stewart store at the corner of Broadway and Tenth street, New York,
And replied, "Three thousand, all told."
In reply to an inquiry as to how the female employees lunch,
He led the way to an immense loft,
At one side of which were two long lines of tables.
Young girls were busy arranging them.
" There," said he, "we accommodate five hundred at a time.
We furnish tea and coffee,
And they bring for lunch whatever they like.
They have half an hour for their meal,
And seem to like it.
We are rather proud of our work-women,
And take good care of them."
Judge Hilton also said that lace curtains made by machinery,
And durable for a lifetime, are sold at \$16 a pair,
That in other days, when made by hand, would have cost \$400,
And that a pair used by Mrs. Stewart, at Saratoga,
Costing at retail \$25 were valued by experts at \$500.

Where He Wore His Shirt.

Rev. Dr. K. was a little careless about his personal appearance,
And some of his parishioners were suspicious that his salary was inadequate.
Finally, a lady delicately broached the subject,
And he said he hadn't a whole shirt to his back.
A dozen were soon made and presented to him.
He expressed surprise at the gift,
When the lady replied that she understood he hadn't a whole shirt to his back.
" True," said he, "I did say so;
But in my seventy years' experience I have never been able to wear more than half a shirt to my back;
The other half always comes on the front side."