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NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA.

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CONQUER, OR BE CONQUERED.

It's up hill work, this life of ours;
But the hill is rich with wreaths of flowers;
The journey is wearisome, though, and some
Shrink from it gloomily, overcome
By thought of its perils. Well-a-day!
Such travel backward the livelong way.

We may crush or gather the bloom at our feet—
May conquer or yield to the hills that we meet;
There's a fight to be fought, which we may not evade,
Though we turn from the forces against us arrayed,

And fly from the army. Our refuge is known,
The enemy follows; we fight, but alone.

To live, we must act. No mortal can shrink
His journey—his battle—his pre-ordained work.

Though travelling backward and traveling slow,
The road is the same he would otherwise go;
His fight must be fought, in the shadow or sun,

And his work, though postponed, must be finally done.

Bound to Win a Husband.

ABOUT the year 18—, business had called me to a remote part of B— county, Tennessee, and I was staying at the house of a Mr. Rubert. The family consisted of Mr. Rubert and wife, one son and two daughters. The son's name was Austin; he was about twenty years of age, and seemed to be very intelligent. The girls were no less intelligent than Austin. Adela, the eldest, was about seventeen, and Julia, the youngest, about fifteen.

Prettier girls I never saw. I loved them both as soon as I had seen them.

We were sitting by the blazing fire, talking and laughing as lively as if we had been acquainted for years; when a sudden noise, as if some large building was falling, interrupted us.

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!" said some one, as if frightened out of his senses.

All the family rushed to the door, except Julia who sat still, and simply remarked:

"It is Bill Jenkins running from the ghost again."

Scarcely had the words escaped from her lips, when in rushed a tall, gawky, awkward and almost beardless fellow, puffing and blowing like a locomotive.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Rubert.

"Matter enough!" said Bill, his eyes looking almost as large as the bottoms of two common sized teacups. "Out yonder," he continued, throwing himself down upon a chair; "out yonder, I heard a baby cryin', and then somebody groanin' and snuffin'; and I tell ye I jest got away from thar."

At this I could not suppress a laugh.

"You needn't laugh, old hoss," continued he, turning to me; "you needn't laugh, for I'll swear it's no fun: 'It's jest so, I'll swear it.'"

I turned to Austin and said:

"Let us accompany him back to the place where he heard the noise, and 'solve' the ghost for him."

Austin was silent.

"Will you go?" I asked.

Austin began to stammer out something.

"Darn me!" interrupted Bill, "darn me gentlemen, if you get me back thar any more, see if you do!"

"Then tell us where it was," said I, "and if we can hear it, we'll solve it sure."

"Austin don't care much about going, I believe," said Adela.

"You are not superstitious, are you?" I asked him.

"No," said he, "I am no superstitious, but I'm afraid of catching cold, that's all."

"I propose," said Julia, who had been silent till now, "that we all go, Mr. Marion, Austin, Adela and myself.—The moon is now up, and it would be a pleasant walk for us, besides, we might have some real fun."

After some hesitation on Austin's part, this proposition was accepted. Bill told us where he had heard the ghost, but would not go with us.

"Off we started. When we came to the spot, we found that Bill had knocked down about twenty panels of the fence. We had gone two or three hundred yards, talking very lively, when we entered a low, dark place in the road; the timber was very tall and thick, which caused it to be darker than anywhere else. When advanced a few paces into this place, our conversation stopped. Scarcely had we ceased speaking when—

"Boo-woo-woo-ugh!" went something near us.

"What's that?" said Austin, halting.

I advanced and Julia stepped to my side and said:

"It's Bill's ghost, sure."

"Ou boo-hoo-woo-ugh!" came forth again.

I could suppress my laughter no longer. It proved to be nothing more or less than a hog, which was not sleeping comfortably, and was thus complaining.

"What is it?" insisted Austin, who had not yet found out what it was.

Just then we came to the hogs' bed and the hogs all ran off as badly frightened as Bill had been.

"Hump!" said Austin; "it's hogs, I'll swear that caused Bill so much running."

We turned and went back to the house and had a fine laugh at Bill about his ghosts; but Bill would not give up but that his were real ghosts.

I learned that there were but few persons in this neighborhood who were not superstitious.

I was informed that the place where Bill had heard the ghost, was really haunted.

Among other stories that were told that night concerning the place was one as follows:

Some time ago a man was coming through this place; it was very dark; he heard something by the roadside; turning in the direction of the noise, he perceived something white. He spoke to her; she raised her arms above her head and said:

"John Kinsler, if you will be happy, you must marry Jane Merton, and have the Rubert family at the wedding. Remember, John Kinsler!"

So saying, she dropped her arms and ascended slowly upwards until she was out of sight.

John afterward married Jane and the Rubert family were at the wedding.

I expressed a desire to see or hear some such ghosts, but Austin thought I would repent of my wish when I saw them.

Bed-time came, and we retired as the clock struck twelve.

I lay awake in bed a long time thinking of the incidents of the day. I thought of Adela and Julia; which I loved best I could not tell.

Nothing else took place worth relating here during my stay at Mr. Rubert's. I left next morning "living and loving."

Two years after the above mentioned incident took place, I was passing through that part of the country again, and of course I called on my friend Mr. Rubert.

I found that the neighborhood was as superstitious as ever. The place where Bill Jenkins had heard the ghost was still haunted. Many things had been heard; sights had been seen from an Angel to Beelzebub himself.

I was very anxious to come across one of the ghosts, and during my stay at Mr. Rubert's I passed through the haunted place at all times of the night, but saw and heard nothing. I finally came to the conclusion that it was all imagination.

One dark night in July I was passing through this place and heard something make a noise in the dry leaves near me; turning towards the noise I beheld something that looked, I thought, very much like a ghost. It seemed to be the figure

of a woman. There was no waist in her dress, and it was very long. All this I could make out notwithstanding the darkness.

I stood still to see what she would do. I must acknowledge that I did not feel exactly cool just then, but I managed to appear so.

"Marion," said the ghost, "if you will be happy you marry Julia Rubert. Remember, Marion!"

Judge of my surprise and horror when the ghost spread out her arms and ascended upward, until she was lost in the timber! What could I do? Scared as I was, I did not run, knocking down the fence as Bill Jenkins did.

I started slowly towards Mr. Rubert's; after I had gone a few paces, I heard a distant roaring behind me that continued more than two minutes. I did not look back for I did not care about coming in contact with another ghost that night.

At an early hour I retired. Next morning, when I came into the parlor Julia was there alone. When I entered she greeted me blushing and trembling.

After I had looked around and convinced myself that no one was near, I said:

"Julia, at last I think I have seen a ghost."

When I said this, Julia again blushed and turned her head again from me.

"What kind of a ghost was it?" said she.

I told her all I had seen, but omitted what the ghost had said.

Julia told me that she had seen one just like it two or three nights before.

"I suppose," said she, "that you have become superstitious?"

I could not deny, yet I would not acknowledge that I was superstitious.

I implored Julia not to mention it until I could find out something more about the ghost, and she promised.

I determined to pass through this place every night during my stay at Rubert's which was to continue about two weeks from this time.

For several nights I heard nothing, nor did I see anything like a ghost until the night before my departure, when walking alone, I beheld the same ghost at the same place, standing about twenty feet from me when I first beheld it.—I stopped, and the ghost said:

"Marion, to-morrow you leave this place, and you have not asked Julia to be your wife. Go and ask her at once. Remember, Marion!"

Instantly I rushed forward and threw my arms around the ghost. She shrieked and started up: I held fast and up we went.

No pen can describe, no tongue can tell, in fact no one can imagine my feelings at this moment.

Up we went. Still I held on to the ghost. But I was becoming sick of the situation. I had my whole weight to hold up, by holding to the phantom.

"Let me down," I shouted.

"Promise me one thing," said the ghost. "Promise that you will leave the spot as soon as you touch the ground."

"I promise anything to get from here," said I.

"Let us down," she shouted as loud as I had.

Down we went. But as we went down I was very busy trying to find out something more about her. I found that she had a large rope around her and was drawn up by it.

A loop was made for her feet, then one for each hand; and she could stand upright with the greatest ease.

Just as we touched the ground, I took out my knife and cut the rope just above the head of the ghost.

She shrieked and fell to the earth: I raised her up.

"Oh!" said she, "Beelzebub will be here in a moment. See! there he comes now!"

Here she tried to leave me, but I held on to her. I heard a terrible noise in the dry leaves just behind me. I looked around, and something was approaching. As near as I could discern in the dark, it resembled a very large man.

It came up very close to me, and stood still for a moment; then it tapped me on the shoulder and said, in a rough, hoarse voice:

"Come!"

I put my hand down to the ground and as luck would have it, I put it on a stick about as large as a man's arm. I

snatched it up, and gave "Beelzebub" a blow with it which brought him to the ground.

My ghostly companion again shrieked and fell. I caught her up in my arms, and retreated as fast my legs could carry me. Presently I ran against the fence, and knocked as much of it down as Bill Jenkins did. But I did not stop, but went on into the house.

I sat the ghost upon a chair and called for a light. She here made a great effort to escape, but all was in vain.

A light was brought; a veil covered her face, and it was with great difficulty that I removed it. After a considerable struggle the veil was removed, and lo! it was Julia Rubert!

She shrieked and fell to the floor, and was then carried to her room.

Just here in came a negro girl, a slave of Mr. Rubert's, looking as though she was frightened out of her senses.

"Massa! massa! run in de kitchen, right quick, 'cause Sambo come in dar all bloody, an' am' a bleedin' yet; he says he got he head broke."

Austin and myself went into the kitchen to examine Sambo's head. There was a very large gash, cut to the bone, just above his left temple.

To be brief, Julia had employed a negro man, Sambo, to assist her. He had procured a long rope, and fastened it around Julia, as I have already described; and then climbing in a very large tree, put the rope through a fork, and then descended. By this he could raise Julia as high as the forks of the tree, where she would be entirely out of sight to any person below, owing to the thickness of the timber.

Julia was the ghost that told John Kinsler to marry Jane Merton; and Sambo had always acted "Beelzebub" when necessary. But after he had acted "Beelzebub" with me, he swore he "neber would be debbl again."

I bore no grudge on account of Julia's manner of courting me—on the contrary, I felt rather complimented. In about six months from that time we were married.

Years have since rolled by. A robust boy and a pretty little girl have blessed our union, and never have I repented for one moment that I saw the ghost, or that Julia became my wife.

A CONGRESSMAN'S ROMANCE.

MYSTERIOUS hints are circulated in Washington that the death of Representative John E. Leonard, of Louisiana, in Cuba, was not caused by yellow fever, but that he died from poison administered at the instigation of a rival or of the parents of a lady with whom he was in love.

Mr. Leonard was a widower with two children, who now reside in Germany, where he finished his education. He was born in Chester county, Pa., but removed to Louisiana, where he became a prominent lawyer and a Republican Congressman. The stories circulated after his recent departure to New York, that he was sent by the President to investigate the alleged kidnapping of American negroes for slaves, and that he was a messenger from the President to Gov. Nicholls in relation to the Returning Board prosecutions, were untrue. Mr. Leonard's visit to Havana was purely personal and private, and was of a peculiarly interesting and romantic character.

Some time ago, at New Orleans, he met a young lady, a native of Cuba, who was visiting this country with her parents, and between whom and Mr. Leonard a warm attachment sprang up, which ripened into love. A marriage engagement was the result, but the parents of the young lady, in consequence of her youth, opposed the match, and Mr. Leonard was not permitted to see the object of his affections except in the presence of her parents.

When the time arrived for the departure of the Cuban and his family from New Orleans, the young lady manifested some reluctance to return home, but an arrangement was finally made by which she and Mr. Leonard were to hold unrestricted correspondence through the mails. After her departure Mr. Leonard wrote her several letters, to which no answer was received, which gave rise to the suspicion that his letters had been intercepted. After a long interval he received a brief letter from the lady which simply stated that

she had not heard from him since her return to Cuba, and that she could not bear from him. This letter bore evidence of having been hurriedly written, and its broken and soiled condition led Mr. Leonard to suspect that it had been carried some distance by a negro to be secretly mailed. After writing other letters and waiting anxiously for replies, he became convinced that the parents of the lady were not acting in good faith, and he determined to visit Cuba. A week or two before his departure he called on the President, and, informing him of his trouble, requested the President to write a personal letter to the Consul-General, requesting him to ascertain, if possible, the situation and whereabouts of the lady. The President did so, and in due time Leonard received a cable dispatch from Havana which informed him that "Maria had been sent to a plantation in the country." This dispatch was not signed by the Consul-General, but bore the name of a party unknown to Leonard. This added to his perplexity, and he determined to set out at once for Cuba. He called on Senor Mantilla, the Spanish Minister at Washington, and making known to him his trouble, obtained a letter from that official to the Captain General of Cuba, recommending him to do whatever was proper to aid Mr. Leonard in his delicate mission. The sympathies of Mme. Mantilla were also enlisted in behalf of Mr. Leonard, and that lady wrote a letter urging the Captain General to do everything possible to unite the lovers. With these letters Mr. Leonard sailed for Havana, where he duly arrived.

Nothing has been heard from him directly until a few days ago, when a friend in Washington received a letter written by him from Havana, on March 7, in which he said he had seen the lady in presence of her parents. No details as to the success of his mission were furnished, but from the general tone of despondency pervading the letter his friend believes he failed to obtain the consent of her parents to his addresses to their daughter. The announcement of his death was a painful surprise, and those knowing the deadly vindictiveness of the Spanish nature do not hesitate to express the opinion that his sudden death was not caused by yellow fever, but that it is a matter that should have the strictest investigation.

A Rich Man on Riches.

The following story is told of Jacob Ridgeway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died many years ago, leaving a fortune of five or six million dollars.

"Mr. Ridgeway," said a young man with whom the millionaire was conversing, "you are to be more envied than any gentleman I know."

"Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgeway; "I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied."

"What, sir?" exclaimed the young man in astonishment. "Think of the thousands your income brings you every month."

"Well, what of that?" replied Mr. R. "All I get out of it is my victuals and clothes," and I can't eat more than one man's allowance or wear more than one suit of clothes at the same time. Pray can't you do as much?"

"But," said the youth, "think of the hundreds of fine houses you own, and of the rental they bring you."

"What better am I off for all that?" replied the rich man. "I can only live in one house at a time; and as for money I receive for rents, why, I can't eat it or wear it; I can only use it to buy other houses for others to live in. They are the beneficiaries, not I."

"But you can buy costly furniture and pictures, and fine carriages and horses; in fact anything you may desire."

"And after I have bought them," responded Mr. R., "what then? I can only look at the furniture and pictures. I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you can in an omnibus for five cents, with the trouble of attending to drivers, footmen and hostlers; and as to anything I desire, I tell you, young man, the less we desire in this world, the better and happier we shall be. All my wealth cannot purchase exemption from sickness and pain; cannot procure the power to keep afar off the hand of death; and what will it avail when in a few short years at most I leave it all forever? Young man, you have no cause to envy me."