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ELEGY IN JUNE.

I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'T were pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain-turf should break.
BRYANT.

I.

Ah, no, I would not die when June
Charms all that breathes her blissful air;
When winds, birds, brooks are all in tune,
And all the landscape round is fair;
When lush, green leaves on every tree,
In sun and shade, dance merrily;
When bees their honied burdens bear
To numerous hives from myriad flowers,
And dream-like glide the golden hours!

II.

I would not then life's silver chord
Should loosen be—my breath should fall;
I would not that the emerald sward
Of breezy hill or tranquil vale
Should by the pick-axe and the spade
Be broken that a grave be made
For me laid silent, cold, and pale,
By June's transcendent scenes unstirred—
Her music all by me unheard.

III.

For I have seen the gold depart
When June's soft air was all perfume,
And secret grief has wrung my heart,
When bright her wild-rose waved its bloom—
Have felt how sad to hide away
A loved one from the eye of day,
To moulder in the darkness tomb,
When o'er her deep, blue heaven and all
Her gay, green world seemed stretched a pall.

IV.

From all that I have loved while here
Methinks I could more willing go,
When skies with clouds are dark and drear,
And through the woods the cold winds blow,
When dead leaves fall at every gust,
And seem to whisper, "Dust to dust";
When patters rain, or weaves the snow
A winding-sheet wide o'er the earth,
And hushed are sounds of joy and mirth.

V.

When to some fairer clime than ours
The birds that sang so sweet have flown:
When withered stalks, disrowned of flowers
Fill all the woodland pathway lone;
When rivulets are locked by frost,
And all their winsome music lost;
When trees, half-leaves, sigh and moan;
Ay, when the aged year to die
Lies down, then calmly so could I!

VI.

Ah, yes, I would my lowly grave,
When Nature sorrows, may be made,
But yet where leaves will murmuring wave
Above, and make a pleasant shade,
June after June; the mocking-wren
Call to his sweetheart in the glen;
The wood-thrush flute; and bloom and fade
Full many a flower, and wild-grass grow,
While I return to dust below!
Georgetown, D. C. W. L. SHOEMAKER.

TWO BOYS' ADVENTURE.

LONG stretch of barren, rocky shore; tall gray cliffs rising one above another, their solid bases washed by the moaning waves; sea-gulls screaming across the water, their beautiful plumage glancing in the sunlight. It was a spot on the Pacific coast—a wild, uninhabited spot, where deadly serpents, green lizards, and other hideous reptiles peeped from crevices, or glided over the baked earth.

On a bright morning in the year 18—, two young men sat in a natural recess among the rocks, overlooking the sea.—They were mere youths, neither being above twenty years of age, with fresh, boyish faces and certain school-boy airs, which still hung about them like a souvenir of other days. Their dress was neat and becoming, but would have seemed more in place in the crowded thoroughfares of a city than in this un-

frequented region. To all appearances they were unarmed, but each carried a brace of trusty revolvers in his belt, these being entirely hidden from view by their coats.

"It looks more and more like a wild-goose chase, Jack," observed one of the youths, gazing thoughtlessly out at sea. "We have been here just a week, almost forgetting to eat in our eagerness to find the buried gold; and yet we are as much mystified as ever."

"I hope you are not ready to give up the search?" returned his companion, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"N-no," was the hesitating rejoinder. "But isn't it like hunting for a needle in a haystack?"

"It is, I confess," laughed good-natured Jack; "but it won't do to give it up on that account, you know. We calculated the chances before starting, and even if we fail, there is no use in being despondent. The prizes, Harry—remember the prizes!"

"I do remember 'em," growled Harry. "That's what makes me feel so confounded blue. If we fail to find the treasure, we fall to win the prizes. The prospect is anything but pleasant."

"Cheer up, old fellow! Our failure is anything but a settled fact. We must sharpen our wits—that's all. Let us look at the map again."

"Bah! It tells nothing."

"The clue is vague enough, the Lord knows."

He drew from his pocket a folded paper, and spread it out on his knees.

"It is evident," said Jack scanning the map closely, "that the gold is buried in a cave. That is too plain to be doubted, for this spot is marked 'entrance to the cave.' This long line leading to it, indicates that it is seventy-two yards from some particular point, though what that point is, 'deponent sayeth not.'"

"I have already given you my theory," said Harry, "and I don't feel disposed to abandon it. I am still of the opinion that the crooked mark is intended to represent the sea-shore, and that the cave is seventy-two yards from the water."

"Very good; but we have searched diligently for a whole week, and have discovered no place where we can go that distance from the water's edge, without climbing straight up the rocks."

"Then I think we had better climb—Hello! what the deuce is that?"

"A shadow flitted across a patch of sunlight in front of the recess. Both boys started forward just in time to catch a glimpse of some dark object, as it whisked out of sight round the corner of an adjacent rock.

"A wild animal, I suppose," said Jack. "Let us give chase and pop the thing over. If he is worth eating, we will have fresh meat for dinner."

The map was put up and the young adventurers started in pursuit of the shadow—or whatever it might prove to be—their course being along the water's edge, at the base of the cliffs.—And while they were picking their way over rough places, where few human feet ever trod, we will seize the opportunity to introduce them more explicitly.

Their names were, respectively, Jack Sedley and Harry Chester, and their homes were in San Francisco. They were the sons of honorable and well-to-do parents, and had been close friends from their earliest childhood. Though only twenty years of age, both were deeply in love. The objects of their youthful passions were twin sisters—bright, sparkling girls, with the roses of seventeen summers blooming on their pathway. These girls, though enjoying the universal esteem and admiration which their excellent qualities and personal beauty justly won for them, were the daughters of a very eccentric and unpopular man—an old miser, whose chief ambition in life was to accumulate and hoard up money. Being an invalid, however, confined to the house by an incurable case of rheumatism, he had small chance to indulge his passion through his own individual efforts; in consequence whereof he was perpetually growling.

His name was Caspar Wolfe. He had been a sailor in his younger days, and there were those who strongly suspected him of having been a pirate on the high seas. Whether the suspicion was a baseless one or not, certain it was that a pirate, fleeing from justice, had one night sought shelter beneath his roof,

and died there. This wretched outlaw, with his last breath, had verbally bequeathed to Caspar an immense sum of money, in Spanish doubloons, which he averred was buried in a cave among "Bandore's Ledges," a well-known labyrinth of rocks on the lower coast.—How to secure this hidden treasure, without betraying his secret, puzzled the rheumatoid miser not a little. At last he confided in an old borderer, offering him a goodly sum if he would find the Spanish doubloons and bring them to him. But after searching for two months, the man came back to report a failure. Caspar then employed another agent, but with the same result. He kept it up until a dozen men had searched the rocks in vain. Then it became public known that old Caspar Wolfe was the unhappy owner of a legacy somewhere in Bandore's Ledges, which he could not find.

After awhile it was rumored that the miser had actually offered either or both of his daughters in marriage to the person or persons who would unearth the pirate's treasure and place it in his possession.

Ambitious young knights sprung at this offer, and plunged into the enterprise with a vim; but all to no purpose. They invariably returned from the search baffled and disheartened. Harry Chester and Jack Sedley, who not only loved the girls, but had every reason to believe the attachment was reciprocal, resolved to try their luck. It was like a romance to them—like an old-time fairy tale, in which an eccentric king offers the hand of his favorite daughter to the knight who will overcome certain unheard-of obstacles, for the attainment of a pet object. Perhaps they might be the fortunate heroes in this case—the *Boots*, as it were.

They first waited upon Caspar Wolfe, to learn if the report had any foundation in truth. He quickly satisfied them by promising to give them his daughters to wed the moment they brought him the coveted treasure. They then set out, armed with the crude and very unsatisfactory map which the dying hand of the pirate had traced. They preferred to go by water, as that mode of journeying promised fewer dangers and difficulties than any other; so they took their own sail-boat, in the management of which both were well skilled, and performed the voyage to Bandore's Ledge in safety. There they concealed the craft in a cove and spent a week in fruitless search among the rocks.

With this explanation we will return to our heroes, whom we left hurrying along the shore in pursuit of what they supposed to be a wild animal.

They were in the act of passing round a jutting point, that extended almost into the water, when Jack, who was in the lead, suddenly recoiled, with a low exclamation of surprise.

"What is it?" asked Harry.

"Sh-h-h!" whispered Jack.

Harry pressed forward and looked over his companion's shoulder, and was startled half out of his wits at the sight of—not a wild beast, but a man, scarcely ten feet ahead of them. He was a desperate looking character, huge and muscular, and swarthy as a Moor. He was armed to the teeth, and his queer, fantastical dress had something unmistakably Spanish about it, not to say brigandish. At the moment he appeared so unexpectedly to the young adventurers, he was kneeling on the ground in a stealthy, cautious way, peering up through a dark crevice between the cliffs.

Presently, he placed a small silver whistle to his lips, and blew a low, tremulous blast that reverberated dolefully among the crags.

Then he rose to his feet, and stood as if waiting.

Instead of retreating, Jack and Harry crouched upon the ground, where no chance glance could discover them, and watched the actions of the man.

In a few moments, just as they expected, a second man appeared, coming down from the dark crevice aforementioned. He was descending a long flight of natural steps—a rude freak of nature, in the shape of a gigantic staircase, whose upper and ulterior extremity was lost in the deep gloom between the towering walls that rose on either side.—The new-comer was a tall, dark-skinned, but exceedingly handsome individual, clad somewhat after the fashion of

his conferree, and similarly armed.

"What is it, Pedro?" he said, in a gruff voice.

The man addressed as Pedro at once began to talk in low, excited tones, gesticulating earnestly the while. The eavesdroppers could not make out what he was saying, but they observed that his words awakened the interest of the new-comer, who finally interrupted him with an oath.

"You are mad, Pedro! Two men you say—looking for gold among these ledges—buried gold! Did you see them, Pedro?"

"Don't I tell you that I saw them, and overheard their conversation?" returned the other, now speaking quite audibly.

"What did they look like?"

"They are mere boys, fresh from the city, as their dress shows, and precious green. They were consulting a sort of map, which rather puzzled them. I heard enough to learn that the gold is concealed in a cave, at a distance of seventy-two yards from the sea-shore.—Now, *el capitaine*, isn't our cave about that distance from the shore?"

"*Caramba!* you are right. It can be no other. Pedro, this is a stroke of good luck! Did the strangers see you?"

"No; I'm going back now to spy on their movements further."

"Never mind—no need of that. Come up to the den with me, and we'll look for the gold at once. It must be there, and it may be a fortune. Plenty of time to look for the young devils afterwards, and strip them of their plumage.—Come!"

And the two rascals disappeared up the giant stairway.

Jack and Harry rose to their feet and stared at each other with a variety of expressions on their faces.

"Well, we've found the cave," smiled Jack, with a comical look.

"Yes," growled Harry, with a dubious air; "and it is occupied by a band of robbers."

"I guess you are right," said Jack.

"And that isn't the worst," continued Harry. "They will have the gold in their possession before night, and we will have to streak it back home to save our heads."

"Not so bad as that, I hope."

"As bad or worse. They spoke as if they intended to hunt us down to murder or rob us."

"Yes; but robbing us is one thing, and catching us another."

"I don't see how you can be so cool over it, Jack. Remember what we have lost. Old Wolfe will never let us look at his daughters again."

"I forget nothing," returned Jack, quietly; "but there is really no use in getting excited, you know. Cheer up, Harry. Our case may not be as hopeless as it looks. We are both of the opinion that this cave is the abode of a band of robbers—that the two chaps we saw are members thereof—that they will find the gold we are searching for. With all that, I think there is still a possibility of gaining our object. We were fools for permitting that scoundrel to overhear our conversation, but it can't be helped now. Harry, by the Lord, we must get possession of that gold if we hang around here ten years to do it."

"Here's my hand on that, Jack."

"Good! Now, let us get away from here. Those prying robbers may see us. We'll go to the boat, eat our dinner, and hold a consultation."

He led the way, and a half hour later they were seated on the deck of their little vessel, endeavoring to hit upon some feasible plan by which to overcome this new obstacle. They concluded that nothing decisive could be done at present, but agreed to make a reconnaissance that night, with a view to finding out whether the outlaws had succeeded in bringing to light the hidden treasure.

They remained very near the boat until nightfall; then they set out boldly on their adventurous errand. They soon arrived at the spot where they had witnessed the interview between the two robbers. Here they paused to perfect their plans.

"Harry," whispered Jack, "you stop here while I go up these steps and see if I can get a peep into the cave. Keep well hid if any one comes down before I do, and if you hear a whistle, that is a signal to join me."

Harry agreed, and boldly but cautiously Jack began to climb up the rude, irregular steps, which led into the darkness of the defile above. All was dark and still. Not a glimmer of light appeared to guide his footsteps, and the deep, sullen roar of the sea, as it lashed the rock-bound coast, was the only sound that disturbed the stillness. Still, Jack kept bravely on, till he finally reached the top of the natural staircase, and found himself on a smooth, level surface of rock. Here an encouraging sight met his gaze. Straight ahead, at a distance of some twenty yards, he saw a dim ray of light, apparently coming out of the solid face of the wall on the left.

"The mouth of the cave," he muttered confidently; and loosening the revolvers in his belt, he moved forward with stealthy steps.

But before he could reach the point aimed at, the sound of gruff voices, coarse laughter and oaths, reached his ear, and caused him to stop abruptly.—Then, to his dismay, about a dozen men came filing out of the opening in the rock, the light from within striking upon their wild, picturesque attire and dark, savage-looking features with remarkable effect.

For an instant Jack's heart was in his throat; but glancing quickly around for a place to hide, he observed a dark niche in the rock, and immediately dodged in.

"We'll have you here to guard our new discovery, Pedro," one man was saying, in a jovial tone. "You are not afraid to stay alone, I hope. Ha! ha! ha! I guess nobody will harm you.—Come, men!"

And the outlaw band moved away.—They passed so close to Jack that he could have touched them by reaching out his hand, but luckily he was not discovered. He heard enough of their fragmentary conversation to understand that their destination was a stock-farm, some miles away, where they intended committing a robbery. The next minute they were gone, and all was still again. Jack's resolution was quickly formed.—Stepping out of his hiding-place, he made his way back to the spot where he had left Harry.

"You saw the robbers come down?" he asked, as his friend joined him.

"Yes," replied Harry, eagerly. "How many men have they left behind?"

"Only one, and I am confident that they have found the treasure. Harry, we must have that gold to-night. Go get the boat, as quickly as you can, and bring it right here to this spot. Trust me to the other work. There; don't stop to ask questions, but do as I tell you. Go!"

Though dumb with amazement, Harry saw that there was no time to indulge in unnecessary remarks, and without waiting for a second bidding he bounded away to get the boat.

Jack turned, and again hurried up the steps, this time with a fierce determination written on his handsome face. Arriving at the top, he once more advanced cautiously toward the cave-entrance, through which the light was still streaming. Reaching it unmolested, he dropped upon all-fours and took a stealthy peep at the interior.

The entrance was very narrow, but at least six feet in height. It revealed a short passage, not over ten feet in length, which opened abruptly into a spacious apartment beyond. The room was brilliantly lighted with torches, arranged in crevices of the wall, and one man was visible—only one. This individual was seated at a table in the centre of the apartment, mixing a glass of grog with the dignified composure of a prince.

Jack at once recognized Pedro, the wretch who had spied upon his and Harry's movements. On the table stood two massive earthen jars, and the youth's eyes fairly snapped as he gazed at them, for he believed they contained the lost treasure.

"Now is my time," thought Jack.—"I am going to do it or die, and may the Lord help me!"

He drew both of his revolvers and examined them critically, to see that nothing was wrong. Then, clutching one in each hand, he rose to his feet and walked boldly into the cave, as if he were a privileged character.

"Pedro, you are my prisoner."
The astonished outlaw sprang to his