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Old Loves.

Louise, have you forgotten yet
The corner of the flowery land,
The ancient garden where we met,
My hand that trembled in your hand?
Our lips found words scarce sweet enough,
As low beneath the willow trees
We sat;—Have you forgotten love?
Do you remember, love Louise?

"Marie, have you forgotten yet
The loving barter that we made?
The rings we changed, the sun that set,
The woods fulfilled with sun and shade?
The fountains that were musical
By many an ancient trysting-tree—
Marie, have you forgotten all?
Do you remember, love Marie?"

"Christine, do you remember yet
Your room with scents and roses gay!
My garret—near the sky 'twas set—
The April hours, the nights of May?
The clear calm nights, the stars above,
That whispered they were fairest seen
Through no cloud-veil? Remember love!
Do you remember, love Christine?"

"Louise is dead, and, well-a-day!
Marie a sadder path has taken;
And pale Christine has passed away
In Southern suns to bloom again.
Alas! for one and all of us—
Marie, Louise, Christine forget;
Our bower of love is ruinous,
And I alone remember, yet."

HARRY'S COMPACT.

A SCHOOLMISTRESS had been engaged in place of the outgoing master, who had been called to a professor's chair at — University.

She was to be in the little old school-house on the first Monday in May.

There had been some difference of opinion among the people—one party wishing for a gentleman; the other, from motives of economy, preferring a lady teacher. The latter faction had carried the day.

School opened with a full attendance. One class consisted of lads whose ages ranged from sixteen to twenty. They had been much attached to Mr. Osborne, and the idea of seeing a lady in his place was so distasteful to them that they had formed a league among themselves to make the place, as they said, "too hot" for her.

Taken singly, each would have been ashamed to annoy a woman, but one had urged another on until their views seemed right and justifiable.

Miss Brown was in happy ignorance of this unpleasant feeling, as she was a stranger in the place. An old friend had heard of the position, and, knowing her to be in search of one, had advised her to apply for it.

The school-house boasted but one room. A platform ran across the end; on it stood a desk, with a bible, a pen and a ferule, in close proximity to each other.

Of the two rows of seats ranged along the sides, those nearest the entrance were reserved for the older scholars, as they were provided with desks; the others, being without that convenience, were occupied by the primary class.

Between these benches, filled with children, watching her entrance with eager, curious eyes, lay Miss Brown's pathway to the desk.

As she came in, there were looks, first of surprise, then of amusement.

She was so *petite*, with a round, childish face, which flushed slightly as she saw the formidable class of boys, all taller, and some of them older than herself.

For a moment she was conscious of a feeling of dismay; but down deep in her heart lurked a trust in the innate nobleness of the manly nature, and of

its chivalrous respect for woman, so she soon rallied her courage.

Turning, as she reached the platform, she said pleasantly:

"I am glad to see so many bright, young faces here this morning. Our purpose is the same—to work. I to teach, you to learn. I shall give you very few rules, so there will be no temptation to break them, and I hope that the end of the season will find our school one to be proud of. Let us begin by saying the Lord's prayer."

The fresh, young voice had a charm peculiarly its own. She was so girlish-looking, it filled the scholars with surprise to hear her address them with such quiet dignity. A chapter from the Bible followed the prayer. Then she said:

"The older pupils will please take the books they have been accustomed to use, and prepare lessons. I will form the classes as soon as I have time to examine all, but it will be slow work. I feel sure that you will aid me in my duties by being as quiet as possible until we get into smooth, working order.—First, I will give the little ones an exercise."

She went to the blackboard, gave a few bold, free strokes with some colored crayons she had brought, and lo! a picture of a dog lying at the feet of a child stood out in fine relief. Smiling at the children's delighted faces, she told them a brief but engrossing story about the two, holding attention from first to last, then printed some short explanatory words underneath her sketch for them to say over in concert until memorized.

"There, children, that is your first lesson in reading and spelling. Now sit down. You shall have slates and pencils to copy—"

Just then a large spit ball whizzed past, escaping her cheek and lodging on the blackboard. She glanced around in search of the sender, whose look of preternatural innocence at once betrayed him.

"The boy who is studying so very industriously may come to me."

A pair of merry brown eyes glanced up from his book. Their owner saw he was found out, and looking rather shame-faced, went forward, amid a subdued giggle from the rest of the pupils.

"What is your name?—Jack? Well, Jack, I see you have an active temperament and are happiest when busy.—Please take these slate pencils and sharpen them nicely. We want good materials to work with, don't we, chicks?" with a bright look at the little ones.

So on, through the long day, with many experiences calculated to vex her; but she bore them all with imperturbable good-humor.

A lecture by an experienced instructor, to which she had once listened, had impressed her with its good sense; and one of the maxims was, "Never lose command of your own temper, if you wish to control others."

When the oldest class was called for examination, she felt, as the stalwart, ruddy-faced boys towered up in front of her, that it was almost presumption to think of teaching them. But she soon found the benefit of her thorough drill in the Normal College. Though the tall pupils were good in their studies as far as they went, they had as yet only paddled their boats on the edge of the ocean of knowledge, while she had breasted some of the breakers.

She worked patiently and perseveringly on, and after a time, succeeded in making the school a marvel of order and industry.

One among the larger boys—Harry Chisholm—had always led in every kind of frolic and mischief. He was a little past his sixteenth birthday; handsome and sunburned, with curly hair and merry blue eyes.

Before Miss Brown took up her "mimic scepter," he had been one of her predecessor's most ardent adherents and had pledged himself to his mates to annoy the teacher in whatever way they should suggest.

Now he would gladly have been absolved from his promise, as Miss Brown had also become a great favorite with him; but it was too good an opportunity for fun to be lost, and the boys insisted that he should fulfill his compact, and—kiss the teacher.

As they made known their views, Harry's face clouded, until a happy thought struck him.

"All right, fellows, I'll do it; but I'll not promise when," and with this the boys had to rest content.

It is the custom in some country places for the teacher to board around; first spending a portion of her time with one, then with another of the pupils' parents, until all have done their share of entertaining.

Miss Brown was at Harry Chisholm's during the month of June, and found her stay there very pleasant. Harry despoiled the woods of treasures of moss and flowers to decorate the rooms in her honor, and his mother spared no pains in compounding marvels of delicious cookery to tempt her to "eat and grow fat," as she said in her homely but cordial way.

There was now but one thing wanting to make Harry perfectly happy, and that was to have his former friend and teacher, Mr. Osborne, pay them a visit. So with his mother's consent he wrote and invited him to spend Saturday and Sunday with them.

The young teacher came home from the half-day Saturday session feeling tired and dispirited. As she entered into the shady east parlor, which was the favorite sitting-room of the family, her eyes, unused to the subdued light, failed to notice that it was already occupied.

She sank into an inviting looking easy chair, and giving her sun bonnet a toss to the table leaned wearily back and closed her eyes.

The rattle of a newspaper caused her to open them again suddenly, and find that she had intruded thus unceremoniously upon another visitor. As she rose confusedly the gentleman came forward and held out his hand. After one surprised glance she gave a little cry of pleasure.

"Mr. Osborne! am I dreaming? or is it a ghost instead of your very own self?"

"No ghost I assure you; but I feel like echoing your question. How is it I find you here in this quiet-out-of-the-way place?"

Just then Rose Brown recollected herself. She must not let this man, who had for a few brief months brought such happiness into her life, and then had dropped out so suddenly, and for a time had caused even the sunlight to seem a mockery to her—she must not let him see how her heart throbbed at the familiar music of his voice. The answer was given with a sudden change of manner.

"I am Harry's teacher, and am staying here for the present."

"You! teaching a district school!—What does it mean? I thought you were married, and on your way to Europe months ago."

"Married!" began Rosie, in bewilderment. Then her lips commenced to tremble, and before she could summon pride to her aid the tears came and she was sobbing bitterly.

Jamie Osborne's face was a study. He made a movement forward—longing to gather her to his heart and kiss away the tears; but he restrained himself.

"Rose," he said, after a moment's troubled silence, did you receive a letter from me soon after I went away?"

"No," she said, wiping her eyes and looking wonderingly in his agitated face.

"I wrote to you as soon as I had secured my professorship, and asked you—oh, Rosie! do you not know what my question was?"

Rosie's pretty head dropped beneath her lover's gaze, but she had no more tears to hide. Her face shone with a sudden sunlight of joy. She had been right after all in her intuitions. Jamie Osborne had loved her, and she had not misconstrued his meaning when he had whispered at the parting:

"As soon as my future is decided upon I am going to write and ask my little friend a question. Until then I must keep silence."

Her heart had thrilled as she listened to the low tender tones, and for weeks the postman's arrival had been awaited with eager eyes. Then the dreary interval of disappointment, and at last the feeling that she had been cruelly deceived—that he whom she had thought so noble and true had been trifling with

her heart's deepest and holiest emotions.

"I will tell you," her lover continued. "It was a call to little Rosie to come and held him decorate the pretty home—the writer was at last in circumstances to build, and to be its loved and honored mistress. But no answer came and soon after I read in the *Times* a notice of the marriage of Miss Rosalind Brown—"

Rosie interrupted him impetuously. "I see it all now. That was my cousin Rosie, and—and you thought it was I?"

"Then, Rosie, will you answer my question now? Will you be my wife?"

Rosie looked up. Smiles and tears were contending for the mastery, but smiles carried the day. A little of her old archness came into the face lately so grave and quiet.

"Don't it seem like a dangerous experiment when you think of it? I have of late developed a faculty for governing, and I might try my powers upon you."

Her lover answered in the same spirit.

"In that case it would be 'diamond cut diamond,' for I am a teacher too, you know."

N. B.—Harry carried out his contract with his schoolmates. He did kiss the teacher; but it was not until he officiated as "best man" at her wedding.

JOSHUA'S EXPERIENCE WITH A HOG.

IT was about midnight when Maria Ann thrust her elbow cleverly between two of my ribs, and whispered in ghostly accent: "Joshua; there is a hog in the garden." I have lived with Maria long enough to know that she expected me to catch her idea instantly, and although she had not said anything about it, I knew that she anticipated that I would immediately rise in my might and go for that hog. I accordingly arose and began a careful search for my pantaloons. I felt certain that without them I could not appear to that advantage that would command the respect of the hog. I had no idea we possessed so much wearing apparel until I began to inventory it, in the dark, while looking for my pantaloons. I got hold of articles with edging, and articles with flounces, and with embroidery, and with strings, while Maria kept whispering through the gloom: "That hog will eat up all our potatoes before you get down stairs. You are slow." I suppose she whispered for fear the hog would hear her and become offended. She never could bear to give any offense, not even to a hog, excepting me. All this time I was trying on things that did not fit me, but finally I lit on some sort of a garment that had what was intended for a row of buttons on it, and I buttoned it up, although there was a lightness and cheerfulness about it that did not seem entirely familiar. I got half down stairs, when it suddenly occurred to me that the hog was not in the garden, for the very reason that we had no garden for a hog to get into, still we had a cistern, and the hog might get into that. It would just be like a hog. This thought so startled me that I rolled down to the bottom of the stairs, a feat made easier from the fact that I seemed to be pretty well tangled up in the garment I had adopted. Maria Ann, who always proves equal to the emergency, soothed me a good deal by coming to the top of the stairs and calling me an idiot and other pet titles she is in the way of applying in moments of tenderness.

I got out of the front door as soon as possible, and the hog, who was looking at the house, from the front yard, apparently with a view to renting it, stood appalled. I did not wonder at this. In my haste in dressing I had inadvertently put on Maria Ann's polonaise, and it stands to reason that a man arrayed in a white shirt and a blue polonaise, rushing from the front door of a house at the solemn hour of midnight, must present an appalling spectacle to any hog. After recovering from his momentary astonishment, the hog took three more kinks in his tail, and scooted three times around the yard. The front gate was wide open, but he never thought of going through that. He seemed to be looking for a good place to jump over the fence. I tangled myself up in the polonaise again and took a flying leap

into the yard, landing on my left eyebrow. We don't give women half the credit they deserve. I am convinced that it requires more downright genius to pilot a polonaise, cut with darts in the back, and trimmed with knife-pleating, than it does to manage a national Presidential convention. The hog ran around the yard three times more in the opposite direction with four kinks in his tail. I am slow to wrath, but I am afraid I was beginning to get mad, and when I went around behind the house and got a hatchet, I am obliged to confess that it was with a firm purpose to kill the hog or die trying to. I don't think the hog had noticed the woodshed until I went there for the hatchet, but when I returned to the front yard, he immediately retired to the woodshed, and then I knew I had him cornered.

Maria had by this time recovered her presence of mind, and got her head out of a front window up stairs, and was yelling "Fire!" with all her might and in a way calculated to be of inestimable service to me. All I needed to spur me on to glory was some one to yell "Fire." I entered the woodshed cautiously and found the hog completely at my mercy unless he made a hole through the kitchen door, and escaped that way. He did not do that. On the contrary, he rushed at me. I stepped back rather hastily, not because he scared me any, but to prevent him from tearing my polonaise. I am always careful to keep hogs off my polonaise, so far as possible. There was a wash-tub full of suds behind me, and as I stepped back out of the way of the hog, in a fit of absent mindedness, I sat down in the tub. It may seem curious, but my recollection now is that the tub fitted me a good deal more snugly than the polonaise had, and yet I had never tried the tub on before in all my born days. The only way out of the tub was to slip it over and float out on the suds, and that I at once did.

Maria, still true to me in my affliction, opened the kitchen door, and with her face full of wifely anxiety, and surrounded by a nightcap frill, and her mouth wide open, she really looked like a saint or something, but she was remarking "Murder!" at the time, and her voice so startled the hog that he ran over me before I could get out of the suds. How he managed to step on me thirty-two times in running over me once, is a mystery to both Maria Ann and myself, but he did, because we counted the spots his hoofs made. After running over me he walked out the front gate as solemnly as though he were on his way to church, and it is my sober belief that he came into the yard on purpose to run over me, and for nothing else. Maria Ann declares she won't wear that polonaise any more, and I am tolerably sure I shall not; not if I know it.

Not Scared, Oh, No!

A coffin-box was placed in the baggage car of Conductor Little's train, which leaves Elizabeth at 1:10 P. M.—We do not say what day for obvious reasons. At Elizabeth a cage containing a poll-parrot was received. The cage was wrapped around with paper, hiding pretty quite of sight and mind. Shortly after leaving the Port, Conductor Little and his baggage-master, Kirk, began to regard the coffin-box with mingled awe and curiosity.

"Wonder if its occupied?" remarked the conductor.

"I guess so," said Kirk; "it was rather heavy in getting in."

"We can tell by lifting," suggested the conductor, suiting the action to the word. The two took hold of one end of the funeral-case, proceeded to raise it a bit without disturbing the parrot cage that rested on top. As they lifted polly whined out in a low sepulchral tone:

"Lemme out! lemme out!"

Kirk looked at Little—Little looked at Kirk. One saw that the other's face was very pale—each attempted a ghastly smile—"Lemme out!" Both let go of the box simultaneously and hastily left the car to find the brakeman. The brakeman said that it was the parrot.

The discouraged collector again presents that little matter. "Well," says his friend, "you are round again?" "Yes," says the fellow with the account in his hand, "but I want to get square."