

# THE TIMES

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### THE TIMES.

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FOR THE BLOOMFIELD TIMES.

#### WIND OF NIGHT.

Oh, full of benediction and delight,  
How gently, while the unfathomed heavens  
display

Their fires innumerable, thou lay  
Thy fingers on my forehead, wind of Night!  
Through her dim empire, with angelic flight  
Thou com'st to me, and for the hurts of day  
Bring'st balm, and, "Peace! peace!" thou dost  
sottly say.

And soothed am I in Memory's despite,  
Murmuring, thou glid'st through odoriferous, bloomy  
bowers:

Alike thou sway'st o'er lonely graves,  
And fan'st the fevered cheek and aching brow;  
Thou sing'st a lullaby to the drowsy flowers,  
And on the dark stream rousest the small  
waves:

To all a welcome visitant art thou.  
—W. L. Shoemaker.

#### TRUST BETRAYED.

"DID YOU ever see a sadder face? That, sir, is Mrs. Colby, and she has a deep trouble. It happened ten years ago, and she has never gotten over it, and never will; another case of 'trust betrayed.'"

So said mine host of the Bright Star, a neat little inn in one of our thriving towns in Illinois.

"Well, sir, ten years ago there was no more sociable fellow, or brighter or neater housewife than Frank Colby and his wife. They lived on the farm then, but have moved to town since their trouble. They never had but two children, Harry and Cora; but they raised a boy, took him a babe from his dying mother's arms, and done just as good a part by him as by their own son.

"They trusted and placed every confidence in John Williams, who was low-browed and dark complexioned, with eyes that always reminded one of snakes. But Harry Colby was the handsomest and bonniest young fellow you ever saw, and was liked by everybody.

"Williams, although respected and trusted, was not a general favorite like Harry. Mr. and Mrs. Colby just idolized their two children, and although John was fed and clothed as well as their own yet it was impossible for them to love him as well; it is not natural.—John seemed to resent this, and as soon as he reached his twenty-first year, he left them, going no one knew where.—Mr. Colby gave him a horse, and one hundred dollars in money, before starting.

"Harry was three years younger than Williams, and was never very strong, like him; he appeared never to have any taste for farm work, so his father never pressed him, but indulged his taste for reading and scribbling.

"Williams was absent six years, when he came back on a visit. He had grown into a fine looking man, and the girls around tried to outdo each other in showing him attention and getting up picnics for his enjoyment.

"Harry was 'at home from school, his health being so delicate that his physician advised him to remain out of school and travel.

"Cora had graduated the year before, and was a beautiful girl and had a score of admirers; but John Williams soon cut all the rest out; her parents liked and trusted him, and it was a plain case that there would be a wedding soon.

"After about four weeks' stay Williams commenced talking about returning to Texas, where, he said he had a store in the little town of M— and invited Harry to return with him. He had given such a bright and glowing description of Texas, its climate and facilities for making money, that Harry had been thinking of returning with him before Williams proposed it.

"At first Mr. and Mrs. Colby were much opposed to Harry's going; it was such a long way, they said, and he was

so delicate. What should he do were he to be taken sick away out there so far from home?

"John Williams laughed at their fears and reminded them that Harry was a man now, not a baby, and, as to getting sick, he would grow stronger and stronger every day he traveled. That it was the very thing for him, riding in a wagon and "camping out;" roughing it a while would do more toward making him a well man than all the medicine he could take.

"Well, they finally consented that he should go. Williams then proposed that Mr. Colby should put in one thousand dollars, and he would furnish a thousand, and together they would stop at St. Louis and lay in a stock of goods, and convey them in their wagon to Texas; that they should both double their money.

"Mr. Colby objected, saying he would rather Harry would have nothing to bother him, when Williams replied that Harry ought to have something to rouse him up; some aim in life; that taking an interest in his goods would prevent his getting homesick by keeping his mind employed.

"All this seemed plausible enough, and as Harry seemed anxious to invest in the goods, his father finally gave him the thousand dollars. Ah, sir, if he had but known! But I'll not anticipate.

"Although Mrs. Colby gave her consent to Harry's going, yet it was with very unwilling fingers, and with a heavy heart that she prepared his outfit. Her mother had sent some fine blue jeans from Kentucky to make a suit of clothes. He never seemed to want it made up before, but now he told his mother that she could make up the blue jeans for his traveling suit. He had a fancy of having his blue suit trimmed in brass buttons—a very peculiar pattern, a round button with a snake coiled up on top.

"Mrs. Colby was a good cook, and she prepared enough of such things as would keep good to last them until they reached St. Louis.

"Harry was to drive his own faithful ponies, Mrs. Colby was so scary about horses that she would not permit them to have any others, well knowing those were safe and strong.

"It was with many misgivings and gloomy forebodings that the mother saw her loved one drive away; he looked so handsome and bright in his blue suit, and bade her good-by with many bright anticipations of future enjoyment. But his gayety and cheerfulness at parting only seemed to make her more gloomy. She could not throw off the deep weight that was pressing on her heart, she had a presentiment that she would never see her boy again.

"Cora laughed at her, and pointed out different boys in the neighborhood who had gone away from home, and whose mothers felt the same way when they started, and grieved over them, and thought sure something would happen to them; but they came back for all that, safe and sound.

"But it did no good. Then Cora would try reason her mother out of her gloomy forebodings, telling her there was nothing to harm him. John had come and gone over the route several times and had never been molested; she would chide her mother for her want of faith in the Great Father, reminding her that He was able, if it was for the best, to bring their loved ones home safely, and they must put their trust in Him who doeth all things well.

"The first letter received from Harry was mailed at St. Louis. They made the trip in less time than expected, and had enjoyed the traveling ever so much. They expected to purchase their goods and take a good look at the city before pursuing their journey.

"Well, Harry was faithful to write, and letters were received from different towns along the way.

"Finally there came one, in a cramped hand, saying that they had at last reached M—. That he had met with an accident injuring his forefinger—nothing very serious, but it was awkward writing. He was much pleased with the country and his trip—thought it had benefited him greatly. He was glad he had brought the goods along—they would keep him employed and he

would not have so much time to think of home.

"I have neglected to tell you that the boys were to be gone a year, and at the end of that time, and upon their return, there would be a wedding. John Williams was to wed Cora. He was of good family, and Mr. Colby had raised him, and thought he knew him well, and he would have trusted him with every dollar he had, so great was his confidence.

"So the days which dragged so slowly and wearily to Mrs. Colby fairly flew with Cora, who was very happily and busily engaged on her wedding finery, and also getting her things, sheets, pillow cases, and such like, you know, ready for keeping house.

"The boys left in the fall, so the winter passed away, spring came and went, and summer was almost gone, when, one evening, about sunset, the well-known ponies were seen coming up the lane. But there was only one man in the wagon, that they could see, and that was John Williams. Almost breathless with excitement Mrs. Colby ran out to meet him, inquiring for Harry. Williams begged her not to be alarmed; Harry was safe—had left him in Missouri; they had sold their goods sooner than they expected, and had started home.

"While coming through Missouri, they passed through a little town, where a herd of cattle was being sold for a mere song; so they, thinking it was a good investment, bought them, and, as one had to remain with them, Harry had very generously offered to stay while he came on for Cora, when they would relieve him in the spring.

"Mrs. Colby did not appear very well pleased over this. She thought Williams might have stayed and let Harry come home.

"Well, in due time, Williams and Cora were married and took a long bridal tour. There was no wedding given them.

"In the meantime, Mrs. Colby had received several letters from Harry, praising Missouri mightily; the grazing, where he was, was so much superior to that in Illinois, and there was but little mud; his father always hated mud so! Finally, he wound up by proposing that his father should sell out and move out in the latter part of winter or in the early part of the next spring, saying he did not know but what he would buy some land and remain there permanently.

"While Williams and his fair young bride were on their tour, there was no letter came from Harry and Mrs. Colby was getting very anxious indeed, when they returned, and, shortly after, John received a letter, saying that he, Harry, had not heard from home for some time. Harry always wrote in a cramped hand; sometimes they could not make out near all the words.

"Cora and Williams joined their entreaties to the urgent appeals that appeared in every letter Harry wrote, so that Mr. Colby finally began to talk of going. His wife did not want to go; they were too old, she said, to be transplanted; they had made themselves a home for their old age, and there was no use in leaving it.

"But Williams represented Missouri as being a much older country than this and that they could buy a nice farm already improved, and they would be with their children.

"Harry was too delicate for the changeable climate of Illinois, and so they kept on until the old lady gave up to go, the main reason being the hope of seeing Harry sooner by moving out.—Oh, sir! no mortal knows what that poor mother suffered in the separation from her only son.

"So, directly after Christmas the farm was advertised for sale, with all of its stock, household and kitchen furniture, to come off the 10th of February. We were sorry to have them go, and felt that it was a very foolish trip for old people like them.

"Mr. Colby had five thousand dollars in the bank, which he often talked of as his wife's portion; she should not be bothered with farms, he said, after he was gone, but could live on the interest of her money—he would just leave it in the bank; it was as safe there as anywhere.

"By the way, though, Cora, who al-

ways confided everything to her mother, told her that John acted very strangely in his sleep; would start up in bed and mutter and talk, and one night he said:

"Oh, Harry! if I could only bring you back!"

"Next morning, when told of it, he said he was uneasy about the cattle.—But somehow this made an impression on Mrs. Colby; she was fearful, and she could give no reason for that feeling.

"Harry's letters came regularly, and she would often chide herself for being so troubled and gloomy; but she could not throw off the unhappy feeling. So she hastened the preparations; she was anxious to be on the road, although the weather was cold; the sooner they started, the quicker they would be with their boy.

"One day, just three days before the sale, Mr. Colby stepped into the bank to deposit some money, when the cashier said:

"I thought you always intended to let that five thousand remain with us."

"Well," replied Mr. Colby, "and so I shall."

"Why, you talk strangely; if you are intending to replace, it why did you take it out?"

"Take it out! I have never drawn a dollar of it!"

"Why, sir, you are surely very forgetful! The money was drawn yesterday by John Williams, according to your written order, and here, sir, is the check!"

"This was a stunner to Mr. Colby.—As soon as he could regain his speech, he pronounced it a forgery and a very clever one at that.

"Well, the old farmer was so indignant that he had Williams arrested on the spot, and brought before the magistrate. Williams put on a bold face, and declared the order was genuine; there were no witnesses, and Mr. Colby swore solemnly it was a forgery, and held him under arrest until further developments.

"Everyone was greatly astonished, for Williams was highly honored, and many thought there must be some mistake.—Mr. Colby was well known and honored also for his truth and sterling worth. He would bring his own son to justice if he had done wrong, so of course there was great excitement about it.

"About this time, a young man living in our town had gone out to the little place in Missouri where Harry was supposed to be, on a visit to relatives, and returned about the time the forgery was committed, and upon being questioned by Mrs. Colby concerning Harry, said that he could hear of no one of that name around there; there was no cattle being fed there; that it was as poor a country as ever he saw.

"Here was another surprise and mystery. Why should Harry want to deceive them so? They wrote to him about it, but received no answer, and again, and still no reply. Williams being in jail during the time, was waiting for Court to convene; so Mr. Colby grew so uneasy that he hired a detective to go out and hunt Harry up. His wife was so troubled and anxious that she could neither eat nor sleep; the sale did not go off as advertised, and the whole family were in grief.

"Cora was almost inconsolable at first, but, putting many little things together that had not been noticed at the time, she was forced to believe something was wrong with Harry. She believed he had died, and Williams, in order to keep the one thousand, had concealed his death. All this she kept to herself, and urged her father to send some one to hunt him up; but yet they received letters all the time from him, and surely he must have been at P—, in Missouri, for there were letters directly from him. So reasoned Mr. Colby.

"The detective was a very shrewd man, and had his own views about the matter; he called for all the letters received from Harry, and, after reading them over, took his departure, and in a short time started for P— or near there; it was, as had been stated by the other young man, a very poor country around P—; the town or village was a very small place, and the people were all, with a few exceptions, of the common order.

"When he could find no trace of

Harry he went to the postoffice and the postmaster was questioned; he said he remembered frequently mailing letters addressed to Frank Colby, and letters came to the office addressed to Harry Colby, and they had always been received by a young lady; he remembered her, because she always hesitated when calling for a letter. In a small place like that many things and people are noticed that would be passed in a larger place; he did not know who mailed the letters to Frank Colby, as they were generally found in the letter-box.

"The detective then related to the postmaster as much of Harry's history as he thought necessary, and asked his aid in helping him find the woman who called for the letters. The postmaster replied that she would likely come in for the afternoon mail, and he could come inside and watch for her.

"That afternoon he was on hand, and, sure enough, she came, and called for a letter for Harry Colby. Receiving a negative answer she walked out, and the officer followed to a small but very neat-looking cottage and boldly knocked on the door, and as she opened it walked in, without waiting to be invited. He found her to be a really pretty, young-looking lady, with a child about eighteen months old playing on the floor.—She seemed surprised at the intrusion, but he hastened to tell her he was trying to find a young man by the name of Colby. Could she tell him of his whereabouts? She seemed a little startled at first, but soon regained her composure and replied that she knew of no such person.

"Then," replied the officer, "why do you receive letters addressed to him?"

"How did you know that?" she asked, quietly, forgetting herself in her surprise.

"I know that you do and that is sufficient. See here," displaying a badge, "I am a detective, and unless you desire to board a while in the county jail, you had better tell all you know concerning this matter. The young man is missing and it is believed that he has been foully dealt with."

"The woman was frightened, and said that she had but little to tell; her name was Johnson; her husband was a carpenter, and had a friend named Williams, who lived in Illinois; that he had given her ten dollars to watch the mail and receive all letters addressed to Harry Colby, which she enclosed in other envelopes and returned to Williams; that he would then send a letter all ready to be put in the post-office there, to go back to Illinois. The letter to be re-mailed was always addressed to Frank Colby, and in a cramped hand.

"Her husband, she said, had often speculated about these letters, and was afraid there was something wrong, but she said they had every confidence in Williams, and he told them it was a joke they were playing on a young man. But they were suspicious, and thought he paid rather dear for a little fun; they were poor, and the money received did them a great deal of good, so they made no fuss about the letters.

"This was all she knew about it; the detective had hoped, for Mrs. Colby's sake, that Harry would be found around there somewhere; but this exchange of letters was proof positive that he had never been there. He returned to P— as quickly as possible and related all that he had discovered.—Mrs. Colby was almost frantic with grief; she knew he was dead—had felt all the time that something was wrong—and, attended by the detective, visited the jail, and begged John to tell her where her boy was, if he was living or dead.

"Oh, John!" she said, "where is my boy? Think what a mother I have been to you and tell me, if you have a spark of human feeling in your heart—tell me where my boy is."

"But the fiend in human form only turned up his nose and told her she had a detective employed to go and find him; he had nothing to tell; that her husband had imprisoned him on a false charge; now she had better go and look for her boy till she found him.

"The detective started the next day and traced them as far as St. Louis, and from there on through Missouri, and clear on into Texas about one hundred miles. The route they had taken was through such a very thinly settled, tim-