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Select Poetry.

GOLD.

Gold lurks in every aim of life;
It sways the lofty and the lowly,
And shrouds beneath its sable pall
Each aspiration high and holy.
For it, we utter earnest prayer,
And solemn vows are made and broken,
And beauty bars faith and hope,
And bitter scathing words are spoken.
Gold cannot add one hour's life,
Or buy love's holiest caresses;
It cannot stay the silver streak
Time blends with beauty's auburn tresses;
It cannot bring the loved one back,
So rudely torn from our embraces;
It cannot smooth the wrinkled brow
Scored deep with grief's relentless traces.
Gold cannot bring youth's ruddy glow
Back to the cheek of fading beauty;
It cannot hush the still, small voice
That hints of long neglected duty;
It cannot heal the broken heart,
Throbbing with some unbounded sorrow;
For words that wring the soul to-day,
Gold cannot bring relief to-morrow.
Then let us spurn the glittering bribe,
Nor breath for it one sigh of sorrow;
Gold can at last but gild the bier,
Or buy the pall that want must borrow,
The lowliest heart in all the land
Is rich indeed beyond all treasure,
If truth and virtue, hand in hand,
Have been through life its rule and measure.

BURYING THE WRONG MAN.

"THERE'S no better fellow than Bob Lindsay," was the universal voice of his neighbors— "but for one failing" they felt in conscience bound to add.
His one failing, a proneness to indulge in strong drink, had been sufficient to counterbalance all Bob's good qualities. Active, industrious and energetic, he was a man to make his way in the world. Indeed, many times success seemed within his grasp. But just at the critical moment, and while his friends were hopefully saying, "If he'll only hold out,"—a sudden relapse would squander the fruits of a month of sober industry.
It was a sore trial to Mary Lindsay to see her husband the slave of a loathsome appetite. Her's was a proud as well as a loving heart; and it stung her to note the look of a suppressed triumph visible on the faces of certain friends, in opposition to whose counsels she had married handsome Bob Lindsay, in preference to rich, old and ugly Didymus Dodd.
Whatever of Bob's earnings had escaped the rum-seller's grip, had gone to buy a neat little home, which would have been a very happy one but for the one great drawback.
Bob had given a mortgage for a portion of the purchase money, and several times he had raked enough together to pay it; but just then his besetting temptation would overcome him, and the money, instead of going to cancel the debt which lay like a load on Mary's heart, and hung like a shadow over her home, would be worse than wasted.
In the course of time and business this mortgage came into the hands of Didymus Dodd. From him Bob knew it would be useless to seek indulgence, even had he felt free to ask a favor of Didymus Dodd—a humiliation at which his own, as well as Mary's pride revolted.
With that will and earnestness which had so often before carried Bob to the verge of success, and needed only per-

severance to assure it, the required sum was once more accumulated.
"You may trust me this time, Mary," said Bob, with a parting kiss, the morning he started to town to carry the money to Didymus Dodd's lawyer, who had possession of the mortgage.
With a fervent prayer that he might not be led into temptation, Mary returned her husband's kiss, and went about her daily cares, filled with anxiety for what the day might bring forth.
Bob felt brave and strong till he came in sight of the cross-roads tavern. Old Roan, from the force of habit, turned his head toward his accustomed hitching place. Bob urged him on, and in a moment more would have been out of danger. But then the demon of irresolution took possession of his soul.
"It's a sultry day," Bob soliloquized, "and a glass of something cool—just one—can do no harm."
Old Roan, given his head, was soon rubbing his nose, in friendly recognition, against the sign-post, while his master was exchanging salutations with the host within.
"A cold whisky toddy, Mr. Spigott," said Bob; "a pair of 'em, I mean, for I hope you'll do me the honor of your company; and you, friend," turning to a seedy-looking stranger in the corner, "won't you join us?"
He of the seedy looks 'didn't care if he did,' and stepped forward into line without more words.
The toddies appeared and disappeared in a twinkling. Then a three handed chat was struck up, and the toddies were repeated—all at Bob's expense, for there wasn't a stiny drop in his blood.
The seedy stranger made himself so pleasant that Bob was glad to learn they were going the same road. He even offered to share old Roan with his new friend, on the old fashioned plan of 'ride and tie;' but the latter declined politely, saying, as they were only going a short way together, he would manage to keep up afoot if Bob didn't ride too fast.—Another round of drinks, and Bob and the stranger took their departure in "right merrie' humor."
"Here," said the latter, when they had reached the heart of the forest, where a foot-path branched from the main road; "we must part, for my way is by this path."
Bob expressed his regret at the enforced separation, and was on the point of reluctantly resuming his journey, when the stranger begged him to alight for a short rest.
"Here's a nice cool place among the bushes," added the stranger, "and here is a little something for refreshment," producing a flat bottle from his pocket; "our chat has been so pleasant that I would like to enjoy half an hour more of it."
Bob was in no mood to be unsociable, and he and his companion were soon seated side by side on a log, as cosily as General Marion and the British officer the day they dined on sweet potatoes served on a piece of bark.
The stranger uncorked the bottle and handed it to Bob.
"What is it?" inquired the latter.
"Brandy," the other answered.
"Health and happiness," said Bob, by way of preface to a good gulp.
A gurgling groan escaped him. The flask dropped from his hand. His throat burned as though scorched with fire.—His temples throbbled. A confused buzzing filled his ears. A sense of numbness pervaded his brain, and he fell to the ground unconscious.
In a trice the stranger dragged him into a thicket, and stripping him of his outer clothing, replaced his own therewith and mounted Roan, rode off into the woods with Bob's clothes and money.
The robber was afraid to venture far till night set in. Then, under cover of the darkness, he hurried forward, hoping, before daylight, to be well out of reach.
Soon a river intercepted his flight. It was swollen by recent rains, and the rapid current made its passage dangerous to those unaccustomed to the ford.
"Surely, this must be the right place," muttered the robber; "I observed it closely yesterday; yes, this is the spot."
Poor Roan recoiled and shied, but his rider spurred him on.
A headlong plunge buried horse and

rider beneath the surging waters. The two came up again and separated. With a violent struggle the horse clambered up the bank; but the man was swept swiftly down, vainly contending against the dark and angry flood!
Days after, the body of a drowned man was found where it had been borne by the current. The features were past recognition, but it was identified by the garments as that of Bob Lindsay.
Poor Mary was heart-broken. With all Bob's faults—or rather in spite of his one fault—she loved him dearly. And when the funeral was over, she sat down in her desolate home, and mourned and would not be comforted.
When Bob awoke from his stupor and discovered the plight he was in—money, horse and raiment all gone—it is impossible to describe his remorse and shame.
"I can never look Mary in the face again," he exclaimed. "Dodd will be pitiless. Her home, which she loves so well, will be sold over her head. No! I can never look her in the face again."
Clothing himself, perforce, in the rags left by the robber, he wandered on aimlessly, and for many days lived like any other tramp.
But at last a change came over his spirit. It was cowardly to desert Mary thus. He would go back and bear his share of the trouble, and as much of hers as he could. Once for all he would be a man, and this time there should be no slip.
And he turned again towards his home. At length he reached the river, and as he walked along the margin of the river to find the ford, which lay somewhere above, his eyes fell on an object partly imbedded in the mud. He caught it up eagerly and examined it.—An exclamation of joy burst from his lips, and he pressed forward with redoubled speed.
He soon reached the ford which he passed without difficulty—for the water had fallen considerably—and at nightfall was at his own door. At the sound of words within, he paused on the threshold.
"If I could ever love another after poor Bob," said Mary's broken voice, "it would never be you, Didymus Dodd, who ought to be ashamed to choose my hour of sorrow to insult me."
"You shall either marry me or leave this house!" returned the harsh voice of Didymus Dodd.
"She'll do neither, villain!" thundered Bob, bursting in like a shot.
Didymus started at the sight of a ghost; but in an instant Mary's arms were around Bob's neck.
"Oh, Bob! Bob!" she cried, "I thought you were dead and buried. First old Roan came without you; then they found a man drowned in your clothes, and we buried him in your clothes."
Bob's story soon dispelled the mystery.
Didymus Dodd ground his teeth with fury.
"I'll sell you out all the same," he growled, spitefully.
"Not so fast," answered Bob, "I've got the money to pay your paltry mortgage."
"Why, I thought you were robbed?"
"So I was, but I found my pocket-book all right to-day where it was washed from the thief's pocket."
Bob paid off the mortgage and never drank again; and now he and Mary are the happiest couple, and one of the best-to-do in all that country.

Courtesy Exemplified.

WHILE at Providence, R. I., says a writer in the Springfield "Republican," I met Mrs. Mary A. Livermore at the house of a friend. At table the conversation fell upon the subject of politeness. The hostess told of a friend of hers, a little antiseptic in her manners, for whom a reception was given by one of the Beacon street aristocracy of Boston. At dinner the guest poured out her tea in her saucer to cool it—a method of refrigeration which was quite *en fait* thirty years ago.
The guests looked surprised, and some were inclined to smile at her simplicity and ignorance of high-toned propriety, but the lady of the house poured some tea into her saucer and drank it therefrom. This was considered a hint to all

and the guest was immediately placed at her ease.
Mrs. Livermore said:
"I was once the recipient of a very marked politeness of a similar sort.— When I was in London my husband and I received a verbal invitation from Lady Vilas, whom I had met once or twice pleasantly, to come to come to her house next evening and meet a few friends of hers. We accepted and went. But I was deceived by the informality of the invitation, and supposed it was merely to meet half a dozen neighbors or intimate friends. So we went out riding in the afternoon, stopping there on the way back to the hotel.
"Judge of my amazement to find the house illuminated and a large and brilliant party assembled in full dress in my honor.
"There I was in a plain carriage dress, bonnet and black gloves!"
"What in the world did you do?" inquired a young girl.
"Why, I went right into the house and to the ladies' dressing-room, whence I sent a note to the hostess saying that I had misapprehended her invitation and was not in appropriate costume.— She ran up and reassured me by telling me they had come to see me and didn't care about the dress, and carried me right down with her.
"All in full dress and the ladies without hats and hair elaborately dressed; I with brown dress, bare hands, bonnet on. I soon recovered the self-possession which the faux pas somewhat disturbed and was greeted with splendid cordiality. In a few minutes Mr. Livermore edged around behind me and whispered:
"Didn't you think, Mary, all these ladies had on white kids when you came in?"
"I looked around and they were all bare-handed. Moreover, I observed that a half-dozen had bonnets on. This half-dozen rapidly increased, till we were in majority, and soon discovered that no lady who arrived after I did had removed her hat. Now that is what I call politeness!"
It Doesn't Pay to be too Shrewd.
It doesn't pay to take advantage of another's necessities. It is done, however, and by men who pride themselves on their shrewdness. Causeur, of the Boston "Transcript," says he knows a case in point. A well known business man in Boston wanted certain work done. It required special professional skill which but few ever attained. But he found a young man who possessed it in a high degree, who was greatly in need of work, and consented to work for very small pay. The employer chuckled. The young man went to work and worked on a definite plan.— He put the very best skill he had into his work. His employer's customers were delighted. They not only liked what he did, but they liked it so well that they would have no other. Again the employer chuckled. His business was growing in proportions and in profit.— One day the young man asked for higher pay. His employer said he couldn't afford it. The young man knew that that was a lie, but he didn't say so. He kept on working, doing better and better. Again his employer chuckled, not alone over his gains, but over the fact that he had, as he thought, deceived the young man. His confidence in his own sagacity had a rude awakening one morning he learned that his "dupe" had set up in business for himself. The customers who liked his work would have no other. The employer has not been able to find any one who could just match it, at any price.
It doesn't pay to be too shrewd. You may buy things for less than they are worth for some time, but the balance has got to be paid in the end.
Life in Siberia.
Siberia has long been not merely the political, but universal prison of Russia, capital punishment being now reserved for cases of high treason and murder punishment with transportation for life. But in this transportation there are many grades. Banishment to one of the border fortresses is its mildest form, usually inflicted upon military offenders. Next comes Western Siberia, which, traversed by several commercial highways, containing many large towns, and

in constant communication with Russia, offers so many advantages that more than one criminal whose term has expired has remained there in preference to returning home. Eastern Siberia, called by the Russians "Za-Baikalski," (beyond Lake Baikal,) is dreaded by the convicts for its remoteness and sterility, it being a common saying among them that "one year in the East is worse than two in the West." More terrible than all, however, is the sentence of hard labor in the mines, especially those of quicksilver, which by its corrosive action upon the bones, makes a certain and horrible death the inevitable climax of the penalty. Escape is all but impossible, from the countless military pickets, and the strictness of their surveillance; but as if to make assurance doubly sure, the Russian government is sending many of its political prisoners to the new acquired Island of Saghalin, lying between the Siberian coast and Japan. In the reign of Nicholas, prisoners were often compelled to march the whole distance with chains on their ankles; but happily this barbarity has become rare of late years, though there seems reason to fear that it may be revived before long.
Prize Essay on Woman.
After man came woman.
And she has been after him ever since. She is a person of free extraction, being made of man's rib.
I don't know why Adam wanted to fool away his ribs in that way, but I suppose he was not accountable for all he did.
It costs more to keep a woman than three dogs and a shot gun.
But she pays you back with interest— by giving you a house full of children to keep you awake at night and smear molasses candy over your Sunday coat.
Besides, a wife is a very convenient article to have around the house.
She is handy to swear at whenever you cut yourself with a razor and don't feel like blaming yourself.
Woman is the superior being in Massachusetts.
There are about 60,000 more of her sex than males in that state.
This accounts for the terrified, hunted-down expression of the single men who emigrate from the east.
Woman is not created perfect.
She has her faults—such as false hair, false complexion, and so on.
But she is a great deal better than her neighbor, and she knows it.
Eve was a woman.
She must have been a model wife, too; for it cost Adam nothing to keep her in clothes.
Still I don't think she was happy.
She couldn't go to sewing circles and air her information about everybody she knew, nor excite the envy of other ladies by wearing her new winter bonnet to church.
Neither could she hang over the back fence and gossip with her neighbor.
All these blessed privileges were denied her.
Poor Eve! she's dead.— *Agents Herald.*
"Ready and Willing."
Being in a confidential mood, the other evening, lawyer Pleadwell was induced to tell why he didn't marry young Miss Tenderheat, to whom he had formerly paid attention. "Well," he began, "one Sunday evening I called upon her with the intention of bringing things to a focus. I had thought of nothing else for a week, till my mind had got into such a state of agitation that I hardly knew what I was about. We were sitting opposite each other, talking on casual matters, when I suddenly brood up, and looking Mary in the eye, (rather sternly, I suspect,) said I, "Now answer me without equivocation—mind, you're on oath—tell me, whether or not, to the best of your knowledge and belief, you are ready and willing to become Mrs. Pleadwell?" Well, gentlemen, she showed a spirit I had little suspected, and which thoroughly awakened me to an appreciation of the fool I had made of myself. Mary was on her feet in an instant, raised herself to her full height—she had never seemed so tall before—and with "Mr. Pleadwell, when I am ready and willing, I will send you word, sir!" she flounced out of the room. And I—well, I thought I'd be going. Now gentlemen, this is not to be repeated," added Pleadwell, half repenting his burst of confidence. All promised not to tell, and that is how we heard of it.