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ATTRACTION.

Attraction is a curious power,
That none can understand;
Its influence is everywhere—
In water, air, and land;
It keeps the earth compact and tight,
As though strong bolts were through it,
And, what is more mysterious yet,
It binds us mortals to it.

You throw a stone up in the air,
And down it comes—ker-whack;
The centrifugal cast it up—
The centripetal—back.
My eyes! I can't discover how
One object 'tracts another;
Unless they love each other, like
A sister and a brother.

I know the compass always points
Directly to the pole;
Some say the North Star causes this,
And some say—*Symma's Hole!*
Perhaps it does—perhaps it don't;
Perhaps some other cause;
Keep on *perhaphing*—who can solve
Attraction's hidden laws?

A fly lights on a 'lasses cup—
Attraction bids him woo it;
And when he's in, attraction keeps
The chap from paddling through it.
Attraction lures the sot to drink,
To all his troubles down;
But when his legs give way, he falls,
And 'traction keeps him down.

Attraction is a curious power,
That none can understand;
Its influence is everywhere—
In water, air, and land.
It operates on everything—
The sea, the tides, the weather;
And sometimes draws the sexes up,
And binds them fast together.—
Scientific American.

The Battle for the Cedars.

BY PRESSLY W. MORRIS.

CONTINUED.

BUT consciousness returned. All was blackness to Barbara. It appeared to her that the weight of a world was pressing upon her. She realized that a terrible accident had occurred, and tried to scream, but could not.

However, she was not to die thus. Strong arms tore away the debris above her, and fresh air blew in upon her. She breathed it gratefully, freely. She was lifted up, and a hand placed over her head.

"I live!" whispered Barbara. A man raised her in his arms, and carried her swiftly away from the wrecked train. He placed her down upon a soft, grassy bank.

"Do you feel as though you were badly hurt?" asked a rich, musical voice.

That voice! Barbara knew it in a moment: and even in that moment her heart thrilled.

"O Mr. Victor!" she cried. Then she burst into tears. "I think I am not much hurt," she added, between her sobs.

Mr. Victor—for it was he—stood hesitating for a moment. Then he burst out.

"Is it possible? Miss Lindsey?"

"Yes, it is possible," Barbara murmured.

"How happy I am to be of service to you again," he exclaimed.

"O Mr. Victor! hasten yonder," cried the girl. "Probably you can aid some one else. I will remain here until you return. Indeed, I am feeling very well."

Humanity dictated that she should be obeyed, and Victor hastened back to the wrecked car. After an hour or so of hard labor, he returned to Barbara.

"All has been done that can be," he said. "The accident has been quite a

severe one. Some lives are lost, and several persons are injured."

Barbara was on her feet. "How do you feel by this time?" Mr. Victor asked.

"Very well," returned the girl. "All the injuries I have received are a few bruises not worth mentioning."

"Thank heaven for that!" muttered Victor, under his breath.

There was a time of waiting, weary and disagreeable enough, surely, and then a train thundered along to their relief. The dead and wounded were carried on board. Mr. Victor assisted Barbara into a car.

"All ready," was announced. And they were once more in motion.

After all, Barbara felt weary and sick. Victor saw this.

"Let me aid you," he said gently.

He caused Barbara's head to lean on his shoulder. The girl could do nothing but allow it to rest there.

"Railway accidents happen scarcely once in a lifetime to one," said Victor gently.

Barbara understood his delicacy, and in her heart she thanked him. However, the man was experiencing a strange pleasure. But he said nothing of that. If he felt that it would be joy to have this girl rest upon him forever, he realized that this was not the time to speak of it. He was too noble to take advantage of Barbara's situation to pour into her ears the story that was throbbing at his heart.

Barbara was better presently. "How did it happen, Mr. Victor," she asked, "that you were at hand to rescue me?"

"I was in a forward car of the train," he answered. "When the train was thrown from the track, the car in which I sat was not very badly damaged. I, like many others, was uninjured. I was but performing the part of humanity when Providence directed me to you. The rest you know, Miss Lindsey."

"Yes," assented Barbara.

Baltimore was reached finally. "You have friends here?" Mr. Victor asked, when he had procured a cab.

"I have," Barbara returned. Then she gave Victor the necessary directions. Shortly he gave her into the charge of her friends.

"I will call in the morning, and see how you are getting along," he said, as he bade her good-night.

Barbara retired to rest, and slept reasonably well. When she came down to breakfast, in the morning, she was slightly pale, but not looking very ill.

"Why, Barbara!" cried Mrs. Holland, her hostess, "I am very glad to see that you are not much the worse for your terrible accident."

Other members of the family expressed their sympathy.

It was eleven o'clock when Victor called. He reiterated Mrs. Holland's remark.

"I have been a great deal of trouble to you, Mr. Victor," Barbara said, during the course of the conversation. "I owe you a debt of gratitude that I can never repay. You have saved my life twice."

"Never mind," said Victor gayly. "You overrate my services."

But the words that he spoke soon afterwards were not uttered gayly, but seriously instead.

"I shall be repaid a thousand times," he said, "if I can only feel that you think of me occasionally, Miss Lindsey."

"I should be very ungrateful if I did not do so, Mr. Victor," Barbara murmured, in a low tone.

When Victor rose to depart, he said:

"Miss Lindsey, I take the train for Richmond at five o'clock this evening."

He reached out his hand, and Barbara gave him hers.

"Good-by," he said.

"Good-by," she returned.

He held her hand in his for a moment, then lifted it suddenly to his lips, and was gone.

"Does fate throw us together?" mused Barbara. "Is he indeed to be my knight, my hero, always at hand in time of need?"

Barbara remembered that the friends whom she had left behind would be uneasy on her account, so she telegraphed to them that she was safe.

And she called on Mr. Wylie.

"You are looking badly, Mr. Cashel," said Mr. Arthur Evans.

"I am feeling bad enough here lately, the mischief knows," returned the master of The Cedars. "I believe that this cursed suit is wearing on my mind."

"Very probable," answered Evans. "I suppose you have scarcely recovered from the accident of yours yet; and of course you cannot avoid a certain share of uneasiness about the suit. The two cause you to look haggard, when there is really nothing serious the matter with you."

This conversation occurred in the library of The Cedars. The two men had been conversing about business affairs, but, having finished, had time to think of something else. It was a few days previous to the time of the great suit of Cashel versus Cashel.

The two continued to converse. Their subjects were unimportant, however. The library door had been locked; but after the business conversation was ended the master of The Cedars unfastened it, and left it open.

"Dinner is ready, Massa Cashel," announced the servant, appearing at the door presently.

"Come, Evans," said the master of The Cedars.

It was a table groaning with dainties to which the two men sat down. The meal seemed lonesome enough, truly, with only the two to eat; but the meals at The Cedars were generally more lonely still,—solitary ones, with only the master sitting down to partake. He spoke this sentiment:

"I get to feeling devilishly lonesome sometimes, Evans," he said.

"You might marry," suggested Evans. "In fact, Mr. Cashel, I am surprised that you do not. I dare say that any young lady in the country would be delighted to be mistress of The Cedars."

A frown darkened the brow of Evan's host.

"Satan take the women?" he cried angrily. "I do not wish to be bothered with any of them here, I'm positive.—One of them would have everything in confusion in less than a week."

"Mr. Arthur Evans said no more in that line. He was quite acute enough to perceive that the subject was disagreeable."

"I believe Cashel has been disappointed in love," was his thought. "That seems strange, in faith! I should think most any woman would rejoice at the chance of getting Cashel, and becoming mistress of this grand old place."

But Evans had no measure by which to estimate the character of such a woman as Barbara Lindsey.

"Have wine, Evans," said the master of The Cedars.

However, Mr. Arthur Evans drank wine very lightly. He was all the more dangerous a rascal from the fact that he kept his head clear, cool, and steady. It was a sacrifice on his part too; for he liked wine. He noticed that the master of The Cedars drank deeply and frequently; he had noticed that fact before.

Dinner was over at last, and the two returned to the library.

"Have a cigar, Evans," said the host, producing a box of fragrant Havanas.

Evans did not drink much wine, but he delighted in smoking. He considered himself a judge of a good cigar.

An hour or two passed, and then Mr. Evans said:

"It is time for me to be off," Mr. Cashel.

"Can't you stay all night, Evans?"

"No; I must return to Fairmount."

Evans' horse was brought out, and he rode away. The master of The Cedars saw him off, and then returned to the library. He had ordered in wine. He poured out a glass, and swallowed it at a gulp.

"I am terribly thirsty this afternoon," he muttered.

The master of The Cedars did look badly. There was reason for it, for fever was coursing through his veins. This was even a better reason than the weight of the "cursed suit," upon his mind.—And a great quantity of wine, swallowed in large draughts, is not beneficial to a man threatened with fever. But the man was not aware of the fact that he was so threatened. However, if he had been aware of it, he might not have drunk any the less wine.

He poured out another glass, and swallowed it: another and other followed.—It was the fever in his veins that made him so very thirsty. Presently he went to pour, and there was no wine remaining. He reached the bell-rope and pulled it furiously.

"You are devilish slow," he cried, when Sant appeared. "Bring!"

He paused, and turned around suddenly. His gaze became fixed, resting on the wall apparently.

"Who are you?" he muttered, his voice hoarse and strange.

Then, as though his question had been answered, he cried:

"It is false! I say it is false! You are an interloper, an imposter! Ha, ha! You must get out, or I will have you thrown from my door."

He turned to Sant, who stood listening in astonishment.

"Sant, show that man out," he said hurriedly.

"But, Massa Cashel, dar a n't no man dar," Sant replied, beginning to tremble.

"No man there! Ha, ha! are you blind? Look there!"

The master of The Cedars raised his hand, and pointed at vacancy.

"Now do you see him?" he asked.—

"Show him out, I tell you."

"But, Massa Cashel, I don't see no man dar," protested Sant, in frightened tones.

"Villain, you lie!" screamed the man, in a rage. "Ha, ha! You are leagued with him devil! Begone, or I will kill you!"

He seized a glass, and hurled it at Sant, who sprang out into the hall. The glass struck the wall of the library, and was shattered to fragments.

The master of The Cedars turned again.

"Now, base impostor," he shrieked, "you shall go, or I will choke the life from you. You will not? Then you shall die!"

He sprang forward with a wild laugh, only to fall prostrate on the floor. He laid there, moaning piteously.

Meantime, Sant had called help, and ventured back. The man was powerless to do harm now, and he was lifted into bed. A physician was summoned as soon as possible. It was Dr. Gower. When he arrived he found the master of The Cedars in a raging fever.

"A bad case," Dr. Gower muttered, as he examined him.

Then he had the sick man undressed. The master of The Cedars struggled frantically, but the task was finally accomplished.

A night, a day, passed. The sick man tossed, muttered and groaned. He veined flowed liquid fire, as it were. On the night of the fifth day the fever was the highest, and the ravings of the sick man were wild and strange.

"Ah, ha!" he would moan; "the deep sea tells no tales."

No answering sound save the tick of the long clock in the apartment.

"A shark! a shark to devour you, Cashel," the masters of The Cedars cried.

Dr. Gower was present in attendance.

"Be calm, Cashel," he said soothingly. "You are not on the sea, but in your bed; and it is impossible the sharks should harm you."

The sick man seemed to catch but one idea.

"The sea?" he said. "Ay! far down in the depths of the sea."

Then he lay for a time silent save for his groans.

"What! another claimant for The Cedars?" he shouted. "Another beside that woman? Who are you? A Cashel? It is not so; you lie!"

The master of The Cedars clutched the pillows, while his face grew livid.

"Begone!" he screamed; "go back to your home in the ocean's caves. You think to frighten me; but I fear you not, Begone, I tell you! Away! and haunt me no longer."

The physician took the sick man's hands, and held them in his grasp. For a time he was quieted; but not long could he be kept calm.

"Hark, Cashel!" he muttered; "listen to the wash of the waters about the ship's bows. How we are rushing on! There is no sound to disturb the solitude of the sea but what our ship is making. Did you see that? I dare say it was the gleam of the white belly of a shark. Ugly! ugly monster."

The voice of the master of The Cedars rose to a shriek.

"Man overboard?" he cried. "Ay it is true; but he fell overboard. Ha, ha, Cashel! you bade farewell to the fair Italian skies; but you will never shout greeting to American shores. Ha, ha! a queer choice; you wanted to search for sharks, ugly, slimy, creeping things. How the ocean roars above you!"

His ravings changed.

"A wife, Evans?" he said, with a mocking laugh. "In truth, I had been thinking something of that myself; but the queen of women—now, Evans, you need not look surprised. Ah! where was I?"

"Of course, Evans, it is something to be mistress of The Cedars," he continued, after a moment's pause; "but then methinks she has heard of the great suit of Cashel versus Cashel. Wait till I win that, and I shall woo too a different tune. Evans, bend close; she shall be my wife. Oh, ho! those glorious eyes shall beam on me. Ay! I will conquer her yet, by some means or other. Evans I never fall in what I undertake; and I swear,—ha—ha—I swear she shall be mine."

Such were the ravings of the master of The Cedars; but they could not last always. At last he sank into a slumber that seemed almost as deep as that of the grave. Dr. Gower sat counting the minutes, for the crisis of the disease was at hand. The gates of death were open, as it were, and the master of The Cedars would either pass through or wake in his right senses. He was so very close to those gates that the dark wings of the angel within were almost overshadowing him.

Hours passed. Far in the night the man opened his eyes.

He spoke.

"Dr. Gower," he said feebly.

"You have been very ill, Cashel," said the physicians soothingly. "You are better now. Close your eyes and sleep, and all will be well with you."

The master of The Cedars kept his eyes on Dr. Gower for a moment; then he sighed, closed his eyes, and was asleep again.

His breathing was easy and regular.—The unnatural flush had gone from his face, leaving it very pale, however. The master of The Cedars had been down to the gates of death, but was returning therefrom. Morning dawned, and still he slept. At length he awoke. Reason still held her sway. The change in the disease was indeed greatly for the better.

"Sant, come here!"

It was the master of The Cedars speaking to his slave.

"What am wanted, Massa Cashel?" asked Sant, obeying.

"Sant, how long have I been ill?"

"Deed, Massa Cashel, about eight or 'leben days, I 'speat," was the answer.—

"You see, I don't know, 'cisely, for I habn't kept berry close count ob de time. Ef you had asked the doctor, he could tell you, I s'pose."

It was a few days after the change in the disease of the master of The Cedars. During these passing days, he had been in a feeble condition, content to lie at ease, and make no mental effort whatever. His business cares had not harassed him. His hold on life had been too slender for him to take an interest in anything.

But he was growing stronger.

"I suppose the doctor does know," he returned to Sant, in a tone of annoyance. "Can you tell me, then, what day of the week it is?"

Sant hung his head. He was still puzzled.

"Deed I can't, Massa Cashel. You see, I done keep no 'count of such tings."

"Be off, then, you villain, and ask somebody who does know something."

Evidently, the master of The Cedars was recovering rapidly. Sant started to leave the apartment. At that moment, however, Dr. Gower entered.

"Doctor, is this August?" cried the master of The Cedars eagerly.

"This is August," was the doctor's reply.

"What day?"

"The fifth?"

"Doctor, are you acquainted with Evans, a Fairmount lawyer?"—To be continued.