The New Bloomfield, Pa. Times

VOL. XIV. NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA., TUESDAY, APRIL 27, 1880. NO. 18.

THE TIMES.

An Independent Family Newspaper,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

F. MORTIMER & CO.

TERMS:

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One year (Postage Free) $1 50
Six Months " " 80

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Select Poetry.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

In speaking of another's faults,
Pray don't forget your own,
Remember those with homes of glass,
Should never throw a stone.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know this world is wide.

Some may have faults, and who has not,
The old as well as young,
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
That I find works full well,
To try my own defects to cure
Ere others faults to tell.

Then let us all when we begin
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know.

Remember, sometimes curses, like
Our chickens, roost at home.
Don't speak of others faults until
We have none of our own.

The Minister's Mistake.

MR. CARYL WAS only four-and-twenty, and had been in the Westbrook parish for three months. Not long, but long enough to discern, by the testimony of his own experience, that there were thorns, as well as roses, in a country pastor's life.

It had seemed so beautiful and ideal, when he looked at it, through the medium of his fancy, standing on the threshold of the Theological Seminary. It was beautiful still; but the ideality had all gone out of it.

His mother met him on the door-step of the parsonage—a brisk, spectacled little dame, in a turned black silk, with frills of neatly-darned lace, and violet ribbons in her cap.

"Well, Charles," she said, cheerily, "here's a whole slateful of calls for you."

Mr. Caryl's countenance rather fell. He had been anticipating an evening by the wood-fire, with the latest number of Blackwood's Magazine.

"Calls?" he repeated. "What are they? and where are they?"

He went into the little parlor as he spoke—the parlor where the coveted wood-fire was leaping and flashing on the bright andirons, and a shaded lamp was already burning on the table among his piled-up books and papers—and took up the slate.

"The widow Corsett," he read, adding *sotto voice:* "That woman again! She has died once a week, regularly, ever since I have been in Westbrook.',

"Charles!" mildly reproved his mother.

"It's a fact," asserted the young clergyman. "I don't think people ought to confound hypochondria and religion in this blindfold sort of way. She'd a deal better send for the doctor and leave off scolding that wretched adopted daughter of hers. I won't go — that's settled. What next? 'Meet Dercon Daley and old Captain Hartwick at the Fowlersville Four Corners at half-past nine to-morrow?' Now I wonder why people can't agree about their own boundary lines without calling in the clergyman of the parish as umpire between them."

"Dissension is such a dreadful thing among your flock, Charles," said his mother.

"So is scarlet fever, or smallpox," said Mr. Caryl, rather curtly; "but all the same I don't see how I can be held responsible for either the one or the other. 'Lend the manuscript of your last sermon to old Miss Dadd to read.' But I hadn't any manuscript to read—only half a dozen memoranda. I preached entirely ex tempore, last Sunday."

"Couldn't you just write it off from memory?" said Mrs. Caryl, piteously. "The poor old lady seems so anxious. She said the sermon impressed her so deeply."

"Really, mother, I think that's a little unreasonable," said the pastor. "Suppose every old lady in the parish were to require me to write out a twelve page sermon for her especial benefit! 'Give Miss Hitts a list of hymns for next Sunday.' Yes, I'll do that—as well now as any time. 'Speak to Mrs. Prune's Sarah?' Who *is* Mrs. Prune's Sarah? And what am I to speak to her about, I'd like to know?" demanded this young clergyman, in a sort of mild desperation.

"Don't you know?" explained Mrs. Caryl. "It's Mrs. Prune that lives down by the steam sawmill, in the big white house, with the poplar trees in front of it. And it's her step-daughter, that's come home from the third situation, all on account of the ribbons in her hat, and her pride in her own pretty face."

"And I am to speak to her, eh?" said the young pastor.

"Yes, you are to speak to her," said his mother.

"I shall do nothing of the sort," declared Mr. Caryl, with some emphasis.

"But you must, Charles!" pleaded the old lady. "It's in the line of your regular duty."

Mr. Caryl hesitated, and wrinkled his brow in sore perplexity.

"Do you think so?" said he.

"I'm sure of it!" declared the old lady.

Conscientiousness was one of the strong points of Mr. Caryl's character. He took up his hat.

"If it's got to be done," said he, desperately, "the sooner the better!"

"But you'll stop for your tea first, Charles?" urged Mrs. Caryl. "Hot corn-bread and strawberry jam."

"I'll stop for nothing?" said Mr. Caryl. "Don't fret, little mother; "it won't take me long to speak to Sarah."

And he disappeared with a laugh.

As it happened, he never before had been called upon to practice this particular branch of his profession, pleading with the rebellious lambs of his flock who thought more of their bright eyes than they did of their hymn books; and he turned the matter over in his mind as he walked along the frosty woodland path, where the young moon cast a fitful, evanescent light, and the dead leaves sent up a faint odor beneath his feet.

"Speak to Sarah," he muttered to himself, not without a certain perception of the ridiculous side of the matter. "And what am I to say to her, I wonder?"

He knocked softly at the big front door of the Prune mansion. A shuffling, untidy girl of fourteen or fifteen opened it, hiding behind a shawl and a fringe of curl-papers.

"Is Mrs. Prune at home?" said he.

"No, she ain't," retorted the girl.

Mr. Caryl paused. He scarcely knew what question to ask next.

"Is Sarah at home?" he demanded, after a little.

"Miss Sarah?"

"Well I suppose it can hardly be 'Mr.' Sarah," said the young clergyman, half-smilingly. "Yes, Miss Sarah of course."

"*She's* at home," said the girl, ungraciously, opening the door a little wider. "Came this arternoon. Settin' in the parlor. Walk in, please."

And without further ceremony, Mr. Caryl found himself ushered into a semi-dark apartment, where a tall, slender young beauty of eighteen summers or so, sat before the fire, in a plain black dress, with the simplest of cuffs and collars, and a single pale blue ribbon fastened into the thick, dark braids of her hair—a person so entirely different from what he had expected to see that he stopped short in some perplexity.

"Is this—ahem!—Sarah?" he asked.

"I am Sarah Fielding," she responded.

"I have called — to speak to you," said he, with a desperate rallying of his verbal forces. "Perhaps, Sarah you may not know who I am?"

"No, I don't," said the girl, in some surprise.

"I am Mr. Caryl, the pastor of the parish."

"I am happy to make your acquaintance," said the girl, putting out one slim hand, in the easiest possible manner.

The pastor hesitated. This was not what he had looked for at all.

"Of course—of course," said he. "But how does it happen, Sarah, that you are at home again so soon?"

"Do you mean at Westbrook?"

"Where else should I mean?" retorted Mr. Caryl, crustily—for he felt that if he once abandoned his tone of authority he was lost. "Why didn't you stay where you were?"

Sarah colored up to the roots of the hair. He could preceive that, even in the uncertain rise and fall of the firelight.

"I did not like the position," said she in a low voice.

"But you *ought* to like it," said Mr. Caryl.

"You are not aware of all the circumstances," pleaded Sarah.

"I am quite aware," said Mr. Caryl severely, "that vanity is the root of all your evils!"

"Vanity?"

The crimson was deeper than ever now, on brow and temple, as she half rose.

"Yes vanity!" impressively reiterated the clergyman. "Be silent if you please, young woman, and hear me out. You have a certain amount of personal attractions, which appear to have turned your head. Remember that beauty is but skin deep. Call to mind frequently the ancient adage, that 'Handsome is that handsome does.' After all, you are neither Mary Queen of Scots nor Cleopatra. Now, take my advice, Sarah—"

"But I have not asked for it," she cried out, in choked accents.

"No matter whether you have or have not," said Mr. Caryl, calmly. "It is my mission to volunteer good counsel, and yours to receive it. I repeat, Sarah, take my advice; and go back to your last place. Apologize humbly for your shortcomings; tell the woman of the house that you will strive to amend your conduct for the future, and endeavor to deserve her approval. Put away your silly ribbon bows and brooches"—with a stern glance at a poor little agate breast-pin that glistened at the girl's throat—"and leave the vain accessories of dress to your betters, always remembering that the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit—"

But just at this point the young clergyman's oration was abruptly checked by the entrance of Mrs. Prune herself, shawled and bonneted, and breathing fast, from the haste she had made. In one hand she held a prodigious brown cotton umbrella; with the other she dragged forward the untidy damsel of the shawl and curl-papers.

"Here she is Mr. Caryl—here she is!" bawled Mrs. Prune, who did not possess that most excellent thing in woman, "a low and gentle voice." "A lazy, good-for-nothing, stuck-up, vain minx, as needn't suppose as I'm going to do for her no longer! You needn't hang back, Sarah; it ain't no good! Here she is, Mr. Caryl—here's Sarah!"

The young pastor stared in amazement.

"Is *that* Sarah?" said he.

"That's Sarah," panted Mrs. Prune.

"And who's this?" he demanded, turning to the slim, dark-eyed girl, with blue ribbon and the agate brooch.

"That's my niece, Sallie Fielding, as has been governess to a family up in Maine, for three years," said Mrs. Prune. "And she's down here on a visit now—came this very afternoon: Hain't you been introduced yet? Mr. Caryl, my niece Sallie! Sallie, this ere's—

But before she could finish the words of her formal introduction, the clergyman had made a nervous grasp at his hat.

"I—I have been the victim of a misunderstanding," stammered he. "This young person told me that *she* was Sarah."

"So she is," said Mrs. Prune. "But she ain't the Sarah as is to be spoken to."

"I beg a thousand pardons," said Mr. Caryl, feeling the cold sweat drip from every pore.

Miss Fielding burst out laughing.

"They are cheerfully granted," said she. "No, don't go away, Mr. Caryl," holding out her hand as he was turning to depart. "I have learned that you possess at least the virtue of frankness. Shall we not be friends?"

And Mr. Caryl looked into the dark-blue eyes, and said:

"Yes."

He forgot all about the hot corn-bread and strawberry-jam at home, and stayed to tea at Mrs. Prune's, while the right Sarah escaped the intended lecture, and the wrong Sarah presided, in a most graceful and winning manner, behind the cups and saucers; and old Mrs. Caryl laughed heartily when her son explained the curious *recontre* to her, later in the evening.

"But why did she leave her situation—the wrong Sarah, I mean?" said she.

"Because the young heir of the house made love to her," said Mr. Caryl; "and I don't wonder at it. She's the prettiest little creature I ever saw in my life."

"Perhaps, then," said Mrs. Caryl, doubtfully, "your advice wasn't so very much amiss, after all.

"Certainly it was," said Mr. Caryl, with spirit.

The old lady looked sharply at him.

"Charles," said she, "I do believe you're struck with her."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Caryl, turning red.

But, just three months later, when the moon was at the full, and sleighing parties *en regle*, Mr. Caryl brought Miss Fielding home from singing-school, in his new cutter, and told her a secret on the way—that he loved her.

And so the wrong Sarah was the right Sarah, after all.

TRACING A MURDER.

A GENTLEMAN who is now a Judge of the Supreme Court, in one of the western States, not long since related to a friend the following story which shows how hard it is for a murderer to destroy some trace of crime:

"Some few years ago, when I held the office of District Attorney in the interior of the State of New York, a man came to my office one day, and stated that he and his brother were engaged in the business of hawking or peddling jewelry, and that they had always been accustomed to meet at certain points on their route, to compare notes and exchange goods. For the first time since they had begun to travel, his brother had failed to keep his appointment; and, as he could find no trace of him in their customary round, he had reason to fear that he was murdered.

"After gathering all the information from him I could, I collected a large posse of citizens and proceeded to make a thorough search of the whole region.

"In the course of two or three days we came to a retired spot, far from any human habitation, where the appearances were such as to indicate that the ground had been recently disturbed; and, on digging down a few feet, we found the body of the missing peddler. Raising it to the surface, I observed one or more small black bugs crawling about, which I knew to be such as are produced by animal decomposition; but as the dead body before me had not begun to decay, I knew they could not have originated here. There also fell from the pockets and crevises of the dead man's clothing, a little sand, while the sod from which we had taken the body was of a clayey nature, with no sand mixed with it. I, therefore, came at once to the conclusion that this was not the place where the body was originally deposited; and we accordingly renewed our explorations.

"In process of time we lighted upon a sandy region, just on the outskirts of a little village, where again it was observed that the surface of the ground, although slightly frozen, had been not long before dug over. At the depth of a few feet, we came upon the decayed body of a horse, teeming with the same species of bug that I had before detected, which led me to believe that this was probaby the spot where the poor peddler had been first buried. I was confirmed in this suspicion by the fact that in the earth thrown out of the pit we found a tallow candle partly consumed. The presumption now was that the criminal lived in the adjacent village; and I thought it very likely that the half-burned candle, of which I took possession, might funish the clue to his detection. It was what is known as the old-fashioned dip, not much used in these days; and my first steps were directed to finding out in what families in the village such candles were burned. It was not long before I was able to identify the locality; and ascertained that the family occupying the house consisted of an aged couple, feeble and bed-ridden, and three sons. I also learned that the young women of the village had received from these boys presents of jewelry, which upon examination were identified as having been a part of the murdered man's stock.

"I next proceeded to search the house and premises where the young men lived, and after tumbling the hay out of the barn we found, concealed, the pack which had belonged to the peddler. It was very certain that one or more of these boys had committed the murder, and I submitted each of them to a scrutiny in private. The result of this was such as to satisfy me that while the two younger had received a portion of the plunder from the elder brother, he alone was responsible for the murder. He was accordingly tried, convicted and sentenced to the gallows. On the morning of his execution he acknowledged his guilt, adding, with an oath, that he would die game."

It would seem as though this criminal had at first effectually concealed the traces of his crime, but a farthing candle revealed his footsteps, and lighted the way to his death.

How an Elephant Was Weighed.

AN INDIAN writer relates an interesting anecdote concerning Shahjee, the father of the first ruling Prince of the Mahrattas of Hindoostan, who lived at about the beginning of the seventeenth century. On one occasion a certain high official made a vow that he would distribute to the poor the weight of his own elephant in silver money, but the great difficulty that at first presented itself was the mode of ascertaining what this weight really was, and all the learned and clever men of the court seemed to have endeavored in vain to construct a machine of sufficient power to weigh the elephant. At length it is said that Shahjee came forward and suggested a plan which was simple and yet ingenious in the highest degree. He caused the unwieldly animal to be conducted along a stage, specially made for the purpose by the water-side, into a flat bottomed boat, and then, having marked on the boat the height to which the water reached after the elephant had weighed it down, the latter was taken out, and stones substituted in sufficient quantity to load the boat to the same line. The stones were then taken to the scales, and thus to the amazement of the court, was ascertained the true weight of the elephant.

A Singular Recovery.

The steamer Florida, on her way to Savannah, was caught in a storm off Cape Romane, and had to put into one of the many bays on the coast of Florida. She cast her anchor and made everything snug, but the storm continued to increase until her cable parted, and she drifted about a mile out. As soon as steam sufficient was raised to force her against the wind, she put back, and again cast anchor. After the storm was all over, they hauled in the anchor, and brought up with it, hanging to one of the flukes, the one lost the day before, showing that the second anchor was cast in identically the same spot, something which could not have been done intentionally once in a thousand trials, having nothing to guide them except landmarks.—*Columbia (Ga.) Enquirer.*

☞ A man went into a store the other day and asked to look at a revolver, and the weapon was shown him. Then he asked to see a cartridge and one was handed him. Then he placed the muzzle to his head and scattered his brains over the store. "Well," ejaculated the astonished storekeeper, glancing at the soiled walls, "a man who will do such a thing deserves to be sent to jail for two years."