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LOST AND FOUND.

"YOUR village, dear aunt, is certainly a most picturesque and beautiful place," said George Murray, a young collegian, to his aunt, with whom he was spending a vacation. It was a bright summer morn, and George had loitered in the breakfast-room to have a chat with Aunt Mary, while she was "clearing away the breakfast things," aided by her little handmaid Rose, whose sable face and thick lips brightened with many a grin at "Massa George's fun."

The little village of B. was situated in a most picturesque portion of one of our Northern States. George had always resided far South, and the mountainous, beautiful scenery of his aunt's northern home, united to the high state of cultivation and air of comfort spread over the numerous surrounding farms, caused from him constant expressions of admiration. He stood at the window of the breakfast-room gazing on the romantic, beautiful view before him. All at once he exclaimed, "Come here, dear aunt, who is this beautiful girl? I met her yesterday as I was riding in the forest; she is now coming through the grove toward the back part of the house."

"That is little Ally Ray," said his aunt, "a great favorite with us. She is the village shoemaker's daughter, and a good, nice, industrious little girl is she."

"A shoemaker's daughter," cried the southern-bred youth, "you are jesting, dearest Aunt Mary, surely."

"Not at all, said his aunt, laughing merrily at his manner. "She is most truly the daughter of Job Ray, and a very excellent shoemaker is he, as Rose and I can testify, but your aristocratic notions are quite shocked, are they not, dear George? Is she not pretty—there—she has stopped to caress Carlo—see, that little plump hand and well rounded arm—the delicate little foot and ankle. Father Job has fitted the foot well if the shoe is heavy; and her form is pretty—so nicely proportioned. The morning breeze has blown down some little rebellious curls from the comb with which she so carefully confines them—see them 'stealing' as Irish Mary says, from under the bonnet—and that rosy cheek, George, and bright eye. Foolish fellow! I suppose you think a shoemaker's daughter should be coarse, rough, and uncouth. Why Ally—or Alice, as is her real name—is as gentle as a town bred girl, and infinitely better bred, for kindness and love have nurtured her. She is a notable little house-woman likewise, for her mother died some years past, and her poor father is an invalid."

"She takes care of the little garden, which produces most of their simple food, and your uncle sends one of the farm men once in a while 'to give,' as they say, 'little Ally a lift.' Job is able at times to work at his trade, and his work is so well done that he meets with a ready sale for his shoes—that money buys the few things economical little Ally and her father need. That plump little hand scrubs, washes, bakes and sews. She is a notable, industrious little body. And she is not ignorant either—during the winter she attends the country school, and when I visit the city I know that the most acceptable present I can bring to little Ally, will be some addition to her small collection of books. She does a great deal of sewing for me—all Rose's clothing is prepared by her neat hand, and my common dresses are witnesses of Ally's industry and excellent workmanship—in that way she assists her father, who

is so 'silling.' But I must not stop here chattering. Ally has come to bring home some work, undoubtedly, and Rose's new Sunday dress pattern came from the storekeeper's yesterday, and Ally must make it quickly. Come, Rose." And the lively, light-hearted Mrs. Mills hastened from the room, followed by the happy Rose, who, as she passed out of the door with the water and its efceteras, laughed outright at the prospect of a new Sunday dress.

The youth leaned against the window long after the pretty Alice had disappeared—then suddenly recalling his thoughts, he rang the bell for a servant, ordered his horse, and shortly after galloped off on his morning ride.

Two months had rolled by, and the country surrounding the little village of B. was even more beautiful than it had been during the summer. A slight frost had touched the foliage, giving it a rich autumnal hue. George Murray and sweet Ally Ray were wandering in the woods together. The boy lover gazed with passionate earnestness on the innocent face of the lovely child, while her bright eyes were cast down, that he might not see the tears which dimmed their violet beauty.

They were on the eve of parting. The next day and he would be far from her. His guardian had resolved he should finish his studies at a German university, and years might intervene ere they should again meet—possibly never.

"You must love me, dearest," murmured the youth, "believe me always true—in a few years I shall be master of my own actions, then will I return to claim my little Alice for my wife.—Remember, my own one, that you belong to me. Ah! Alice, do not, do not forget me."

The poor child, overcome with the thoughts of their separation, wept bitterly, and he soothed her grief with assurances of their happy future. She gazed with sad pleasure at the little locket he had purchased at the village watchmaker's, and which contained some of his hair, while he claimed one little curl in return, and bent over her to choose the silky lock—the sun was at its setting, and its brilliant rays shot through the trees, athwart the forest path, shedding golden light upon the lovers—was it a beam of hope as a type of the future?

He left his country with saddened feelings, but looked toward the future with the bright eye of youthful expectation. He never dreamed of how differently he and poor Ally might be situated toward each other in a few years. What sympathy and companionship could exist between the high bred, finished man of the world, that years' residence abroad might make the now impetuous youth, and lowly Ally Ray, the shoemaker's daughter and village seamstress. Poor Ally! one would almost have prayed that she might soon forget him—but no, her early training had strengthened her in confidence and truth. She had never met with insincerity.—Brought up in the quiet village, her little pious soul never dreamed of change or falsehood—hers was not a nature to forget.

The first letter George received from his Aunt Mary told him of poor Job Ray's dangerous illness—he was near dying when she wrote, and Ally's uncle, who lived in the "far west," was to come on for her in case of her father's death.

"I would adopt her myself," wrote the kind-hearted Aunt Mary—"dear little creature, I am exceedingly attached to her, and I would bring her up as my daughter; my boys already love her as a sister, and you, dear George, would not, I think, object to her as a cousin—but her father wishes she should go with her uncle."

Poor George was almost frantic at the news, and when he again heard from B., Ally's father was dead, and she, poor girl, had left with her uncle for her new home in the then wild west. He could gain no certain information as to Ally's residence. She had promised to let Aunt Mary know, when she was settled, but if she wrote, the letter must have been lost, for they never heard from her.

Many changes took place before George Murray returned from Europe. Sweet

Aunt Mary was dead, and when he visited B., on his return to this country, he found many things to sigh over. Uncle Mill had supplied his gentle, thrifty wife's place with another spouse—a stately, dignified maiden lady he had wooed and brought to his home. The village had much increased. A large hotel had sprung up where Father Job's neat little cottage had stood.—Scarcely a spot remained as in those happy days when he and Ally wandered through the forest.

To do him justice he still remained unchanged in his love for Ally—it was true that he expected to find her far distant from him in point of mental culture, but then he comforted himself with the anticipation of taking her to a lovely Italian home, and by patient love-lessons soon making her a suitable companion. But no Alice was to be found—the villagers had even forgotten her, and he left the place with deeper, heavier sadness than he had years before. Then hope danced merrily before him—now the future contained no anticipations of a sweet wife, Alice and home happiness. His uncle, who had been his guardian, was a bachelor, and resided on a large plantation at the South. He and his nephew were very much attached to each other, and to his home did George repair, and so readily did he fall into the solitary habits of his uncle's bachelor life, that there seemed little possibility of his heart ever owning another love—but who will answer even for their own constancy?

"I wish you would marry, George," said his uncle one day after dinner. They had just arrived in Washington, in which they intended staying a short time during "the season." "A sweet little wife," his uncle continued, "would cheer up our lonely plantation. I wonder you have never married—handsome, wealthy, nothing to prevent you."

"Why, my dear uncle," exclaimed George laughing, "you should have set me the example yourself, why did you never marry?"

"I should have done so, George," replied his uncle sadly, "but the only woman I ever loved died suddenly on the eve of our marriage. Helgho! had she lived, I should not now be the lonely creature I am. I visited my friend Morton this morning, while you were lazily resting after your journey—the one whose political course you so much admire—he looked so happy—he was stretched out on a lounge reading, while his daughter, a beautiful witch, was singing and playing away merrily, to cheer her old father—how I wished she belonged to me—and then I thought she would make such a glorious wife for you."

"What! Miss Mary Morton?" exclaimed George, "why she is the acknowledged belle of Washington, nay, of every place, and she is noted for rejecting every one—they accuse her of possessing neither ambition nor heart. Young Smiley bored me for an hour this morning with her peerless charms and accomplishments."

But George did not find himself so bored when he met Miss Morton. He found her indeed beautiful and accomplished, but at the same time there was an air of frank cordiality in her greeting that made him forget she was a belle and a stranger. Her bright eye danced most roguishly as she returned his ceremonious salutation, and noticed his uncle's gratified look.

He was soon her favored attendant. She rode, drove, danced and waltzed constantly with him, until every one pronounced it a match. George was deeply fascinated with her, but at the same time felt a keen remorse for his bad faith to Ally, and a feeling of dissatisfaction would come over him when he caught himself contrasting his high bred beautiful creature with the lowly Ally Ray.

"I never could love but once," said the belle one evening in a brilliant circle, as one talked of love, and first and second loves. "A fig for your second loves—there is no such thing as second love," and she extended her hand to George, with a strange look of mingled confidence and mischief combined, as the band struck up a waltz—his brain whirled as her soft breath played on his cheek during the bewitching measure of the music—he scarcely knew how he

moved. "I will tell her all," he murmured to himself—"she may refuse me, but still she shall know that there can be a wild, devoted second love." And he told her all the next morning as she was arranging some new flowers the gardener had brought for her tiny conservatory. George dwelt on the fervency of his love for Ally—he described with manly sincerity her girlish beauty, and confessed nobly his deep affection for even her memory—the maiden blushed, and tears trembled in her bright eyes as he dwelt on the sad years after they parted.

"But why did you not write to her?" she said, in low tones, as she bent over a fragrant plant.

"I did, over and again, but in utter desperation, for I knew not even where she lived."

"She never received your letters," said Miss Morton, turning toward him—he gazed at her wildly—"George! George!" whispered she, as she drew from her breast the little locket, "and have you not recognized your little Ally?"

It was indeed sweet Ally Ray. But we will leave our hero and heroine to enjoy their delirium of love, while we explain in sober language how the little Ally Ray was thus metamorphosed into the brilliant Mary Morton.

Her uncle had become a distinguished man. The Eastern and Northern States send many such men as Elder Morton out into the far west, to seek their fortunes, and the habits of self dependence they are early taught, make them strong the strife and struggle of life.

Ally Ray's name at her christening had been Mary Alice. Uncle Eldred loved better to call her Mary, for the only daughter he ever had, and who died in her childhood, had been named Mary, after Alice's mother, his only sister. Many forgot at last that Ally was not his daughter, and the old man wished that the world should think her his child. Through his indulgence and care she had every opportunity of education. Keen natural abilities, united to the earnest desire of fitting herself as an equal bride for George when they should meet, accomplished much; and at five-and-twenty the brilliant belle Mary Morton would never have been taken for the modest, gentle little Ally Ray. Life has many such changes, reader.

A Two Cent Christian From Boston.

ONE of the travelers for a new fresh drygoods house recently arrived in a town in the interior of the State to find that one of his best customers was about to transfer his custom to a Boston house.

"Didn't we always do well by you?" asked the New Yorker, as he sat down for an explanation.

"Yes, I believe so."

"Didn't we ship goods promptly?"

"Yes."

"And did we ever press you in a pinch?"

"No."

"Did you get lower prices of the Boston house?"

"No, I can't say as I did."

"Then I can't understand why you should leave our house all of a sudden after buying of us for several years."

"I know that some explanation is due, and I will make one," replied the merchant. "You know that I attend church."

"Yes, and so do I."

"Do you? I didn't know that. I am looked upon as a Christian."

"So am I. I have got the date of my baptism right here in my note book."

"Is that so? Well, our church is in need of repairs. We were talking it over the other day when the Boston drummer was in here, and he at once subscribed ten dollars."

"Ten dollars! Why, that's only two kegs of nails! Put me down for thirty dollars cash, a new silk hat for every season, and a full suit of clothes for the minister."

"Do you really mean it?"

"Of course I do, and if that two-cent Christian from Boston dares sign another five I'll send you down a \$600 church organ and pay a man \$500 per year to play it. We are a house which never

makes any great display of gospel hymns and religious tracts, but when a Boston drummer bluffs we show our religious hand and rake in the pot every time."

The merchant will still continue to deal with the New York house.

Travel in Old Times.

People who are accustomed to travel by rail nowadays will read with interest the following diary of a journey from New York to New Orleans in the year 1800: In 1800—April 3, left New York in a ferryboat for Jersey City. Took a two horse coach and got to Philadelphia the fourth day at 4 P. M. Left Philadelphia next morning in a one horse chaise, with mail-bag behind, for Lancaster, where we arrived the third day. At Lancaster bought a horse, and after nine days' journey through the forests, reached Pittsburgh. Here, with some others, I bought for \$18 a flatboat, in which we took our departure for New Orleans, floating with the current.—After divers adventures and escapes from great peril by land and water, we reached Natchez the fifty-seventh day after leaving Pittsburgh, and New Orleans city in thirteen days thereafter, having been from New York on the journey eighty-four days, which our friends in New Orleans say was an expeditious voyage. My own personal cost on the way was, in sum total, £27, 11s., 4d. (About \$130).

The Work of Six Centuries.

That cathedral over in Cologne, which has just been finished after six or seven hundred years of building, was the subject of a popular superstition that it would never be completed. This is the only way in which the superstition is accounted for: The legend is that the plan of the cathedral as it stands to-day was suggested by the devil, who appeared on the bank of the Rhine to a young architect, who was about to drown himself because the archbishop wouldn't accept his design for the structure. The devil offered the architect the present plan in exchange for his soul. He asked for twenty-four hours to consider the proposition, and consulted his confessor, who told him when the devil showed him the design again the next day, to snatch it with his left hand, at the same time drawing a relic of St. Ursula from under his robe with his right hand, and striking the devil on the brow with it. The architect carried out the instructions, but Satan did not give up the design so easily, and snatched at it to get it back, tearing off the upper part of it, and saying, "that's a cunning trick of the Church, but the design which you seize shall never be finished, and your name shall remain unknown." The architect got his piece of the design adopted, but died of a broken heart from disappointed ambition. This legend has been firmly believed for centuries, and may be believed by some yet, though the cathedral has actually been finished.

A General Break.

Rev. Mr. Genulfus fell down stairs last Sunday morning, with a flower vase in one hand, a pitcher of water in the other, a lamp globe under his arm, and a China saucer tucked in his coat pocket. He was trying to carry all these things down stairs and he succeeded. But when he got them to the bottom and his anxious wife screamed from the head of the stairs to know if he had broken anything, he took an account of stock and calmly reported that "he had broken everything but the Sabbath."

Found a Place to Hang 'Em.

A family residing in Greenville hired a young greenhorn girl a few days ago. When she was about to perform the chamber work on the following morning she asked her mistress what she should do with the night clothes, and was told to hang them up. Seeing nothing in the room for that purpose, and remembering that there was something in the hall with hooks on it, she took the articles down and hung them upon the hat rack until the attention of the mistress was called to them by some lady visitors who dropped in during the afternoon.