

THE TIMES

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Select Poetry.

FOOTSTEPS AT THE DOOR.

As we know familiar voices,
Every near and dear one's call,
Coming through the silent chambers,
Waking echoes in the hall;
So with instinct all unerring,
Ever strengthening, more and more,
We can read the varied language
Of the footsteps at the door.

Grandpa's faltering tread, now heavy
With the weight of fruitful years,
Nearing yonder golden city—
Almost through this vale of tears,
Steadfast feet that never tottered
Bravely going on before.

By-and-by we'll miss their music—
Precious footsteps at the door.

Then, the patter of the children,
Happy darlings! out and in,
Like the butterflies and sunbeams,
With no thought of care or sin.
Little feet that need sure guiding
Past the pitfalls on the shore,
Lest they turn aside to mischief!
Blessed footsteps at the door!

Then the matron, glad and cheery,
Hears her good man drawing nigh;
And the children hear the mother
As her busy footsteps fly;
Household music! We all hear it!
While we love it more and more,
And we hope to welcome with it
Angel footsteps at the door.

A Baptist Brother on Methodists and Presbyterians.

A LADY correspondent of the New York Independent gives a sketch of a sermon she had heard in Georgia nearly half a century ago, from which we give an extract:

The preacher was apparently about fifty years of age, large, muscular, and well proportioned. On entering the pulpit he took off his coat and hung it on a nail behind him, then opened his collar and wrist-bands, and wiped the perspiration from his face, neck and hands. He was clad in striped cotton homespun, and his shirt was of the same material. He had traveled several miles that morning, and seemed almost overcome by the heat. But the brethren sang a couple of hymns while he was cooling off, and when he rose he looked comfortable and good-natured.

He had preached there once or twice before, but to the most of the audience he was a stranger. Hence he thought it necessary to announce himself, which he did as "Old Club-Ax Davis, from Scriven county, a Half-hard and Half-soft Baptist."

"I have given myself that name," said he "because I believe the Lord elected me, from eternity to go ahead in the backwoods and grub out a path and blaze the way for another man to follow. After the thickest of it is cut away a good, warm Methodist brother will come along and take my trail, and make things a little smoother and a good deal noisier. After all the under brush is cleaned out, and the owls and wolves are skinned back, and rattlesnakes are killed off a Presbyterian brother, in broadcloth and white cravat, will come along and cry for decency and order.—And they'll both do good in their sphere. I don't despise a larnt man, even when he don't dress and think as I do. You couldn't pay me enough to wear broadcloth, summer nor winter, and you couldn't pay a Presbyterian brother enough to go without it in dogdays.

"God didn't make us all alike, my brethren; but every man has his own sphere. When God has a piece to fill he makes a man and puts him in it. When

he wanted General Jackson, he made him, and set him to fightin' Injuns and the English; when he wanted George Whitfield, he made him for to blow the gospel trumpet as no other man ever blowed it; and when he wanted Old Club-Ax Davis, he made him, and set him to grubbin' in the backwoods.

"But my shell isn't so hard but I can see good plints in everybody; and as for the Presbyterians they are a long way ahead of us Baptists and Methodists in some things. They raise their children better than any people on the face of the earth. Only a few days ago a Methodist class leader said to me: 'Brother Club-Ax, I was born a Methodist and by the grace of God I hope to die a Methodist; but, thank God, I've got a Presbyterian wife to raise my children.' And I believe, my brethren, if the Lord should open the way for me to marry again, I'd try my best to find a Presbyterian woman, and run my chances of breakin' her into the saving doctrines of feet washin' and immersion afterwards."

Just at this point he was interrupted by two spotted hounds that had been continually running up and down the pulpit stairs. One of them jumped up on the seat and began to gnaw his coat tail, in which was something he had brought along for lunch. He turned slowly around and took him by the ears and tail and threw him out the window behind him as easily as if it had been a young kitten. The other took warning and got out as quick as possible, though not without howling and yelling as if it had been half killed. He then turned to the audience and said, smilingly: "St. Paul exhorted the brethren to 'Beware of dogs.' I wonder what he would do if he were in my place this morning. It appears like 'I am 'compassed about with dogs,' as David says he was."

He had scarcely commenced preaching again before there was a terrible squealing and kicking among the mules and horses that were tied by trees close by. He put his head out of the window and said, "No harm done my brethren. Just a creatur with a side saddle on has broke loose. Will some brother head the animal? for no sister can walk home this hot day."

Quiet being restored he continued—
"Well, my brethren, I will now try to say what I allowed to about the Presbyterians."

"As I said before, they raise their children a heap better than we do.—They behave better in church, and keep Sunday better, and read the Bible and learn the Catechism better than ours do. I declare, my brethren, their children are larnt that Westminster Catechism by the time they begin to talk plain.

"It ain't three weeks since I was out a cattle huntin'—for two of my yearlin's has strayed off; and I stopped in at old Brother Harkey's, on Mud Creek, and took dinner. He's a deacon in the Presbyterian church over thar. Well, as sure as I stand here, my brethren, Sister Harkey had her little gal a-standin' right before her, with toes just even with the crack o' the floor and her hands was a-hangin' down by her side and her mouth turned up like a chicken when it drinks, and she was a puttin' this question to her out o' that Catechism.

"What are the benefits which in this life do either accompany or flow from justification, adoption, or sanctification?"

"Now, the question itself was enough to break the child down. But when she had to begin and say that question all over (for that's the way it was in the book) and then hiteh the answer to it, and which all put together made this:—The benefits which in this life do either accompany or flow from justification, adoption and sanctification are peace of conscience, joy in the Holy Ghost, increase of grace, and perseverance therein to the end—I thought the child was the greatest wonder I'd ever seen in all my life. She tuk it right, through without brakin' or missing the first word. And she spoke so sweet and she lookt so like a little angel that before I know'd it the tears was a-runnin' down my cheeks big as buckshot.—I've seen the day when I could have mauled an' split a thousand rails quicker and easier than I could larnt that thing and said it off like she did.

"Now, my brethren, that child didn't understand or know the meaning of one word o' that. It put me up to all I know to take it in myself. But just let that Presbyterian young un grow up, and every word of that catechism will come back to her, and her character will stiffen up under her, and she'll have the backbone of the matter in her for life.

"Now, I can't put things into my children that way. Nothin' don't stay, somehow. 'It's like drivin' a nail into a rotten log."

"This last remark I never forgot.—For thirty years afterward, as I would stand at the blackboard trying to fix rules and principals in the mind of a dull pupil, this remark would come back to me with its peculiar pertinency.

"I tell you, my brethren," he continued, "if our young 'uns studied the catechism more, and the Presbyterian a little less, it would be better for both."

"Then we don't pray in our families like they do. I know their prayers are mighty long, and they pray all over creation; but, after all, it's the right way. It's better than prayin' too little.

"Now, my father and mother was good Baptists, and raised their children to be honest and industrious; but I never heard one of them pray in my life, and I was most a grown man before I ever prayed a prayer myself, and it was on this wise:

"There was a big meetin' over in Elbert county and I know'd a pretty gal over thar that I wanted to go and see. So I borrowed a little Jersey wagin' which was a stylish thing in them days, and went over to her house and stayed all night, and engaged her to ride to meetin' with me the next day, which was Sunday.

"We went, and had a glorious time—and I may as well say right here that she was afterward my wife—but a comin' home I met with a powerful accident, that I've never got over to this day.—As I was comin' down a steep hill some part of the gearin' give way, and let me and the wagin' on my creturs' heels; and bein' young and skeery, and not much used to wheels, she wriggled and kicked and tore from one side of the road to the other, till I was pitched head foremost as much as ten foot, into a deep gully, and its a miracle of mercy that my neck was not broken on the spot.

"Expectin' to be killed every minit I thought I ought to ask the Lord for mercy; but as I had never prayed in my life I couldn't think of the first thing to say, but the blessin' my father used to ask before eatin' when we has company and which was this—'Lord, make us thankful for what we are about to receive."

"Now, my brethren, do you 'spose any Presbyterian raised boy was ever put to such a strait as that for a prayer? No. He would have prayed for himself and gone off after the Jews and heathens, whilst I was a huntin' up and gittin' off that blessin'."

Some Very Able Stories.

THE Carson City (Nev.) Appeal in a recent issue says: Yesterday afternoon, when the lawyers in Justice Cary's court were waiting for the verdict in a petty larceny case, Attorney Soderberg related an incident of his early childhood in Minnesota, illustrative of the peculiar customs in vogue in that State.

"I knew an old farmer there who owned ten acres of timber land where millions of pigeons came each year to roost. They devastated the wheat fields, and the old coon used to catch the birds in nets and thrash them out on the barn floor. Each bird had three ounces of wheat in his crop and it was a bad year for 'Old Thompson' when he couldn't ship a thousand bushels of wheat to market at \$2.60 a bushel, and it ranked A No. 1 when it reached the Chicago elevator. If there had been a few millions more of the pigeons he would have come pretty near getting a corner in the Minnesota wheat crop."

"I know a planter down in Alabama," said Kittrell, "who was fully as sharp as that. He trained an alligator to work up and down the river and catch the little peccaninies that played along the bank. The alligator would take the little kids in his jaws and swim back to the plantation. It was a dull day that he couldn't corral three or four. The planter raised 'em carefully,

and when they got big sold 'em in New Orleans at prices ranging from three to ten thousand apiece. He was rolling in wealth when Lincoln's emancipation proclamation was issued, and after that the alligator never did more work. The man is now barely keeping body and soul together in Washington, clerking in one of the government bureaus at eight thousand a year."

Judge Cary evidenced the greatest interest in these wierd tales, and edged up to the group.

"These are curious yarns, gentlemen, but I believe them all. I had a dog once back in Nebraska, that I kept to herd lumber."

"Beg pardon, judge: did you say the dog herded lumber?"

"Yes, sir, cottonwood boards. We always kept a dog there to bring in the lumber at night."

Everybody now paid the closest attention, as they knew that the boss was at work.

"It was this way. Cottonwood boards warp like thunder in the sun. A board would begin to hump its back up about nine in the morning, and in half an hour it would turn over. By eleven it would warp the other way by the heat and make another flop. Each time it turned it moved a couple of feet, always following the sun toward the west. The first summer I lived in Brownville over ten thousand feet of lumber skipped out to the hills the day before I had advertised a house raisin'. I went to the county seat to attend a law suit, and when I got back there wasn't a stick of timber left. It had strayed away into the uplands. An ordinary board would climb a two-mile hill during a hot week, and when it struck the timber it would keep wormin' in and out among the trees like a garter snake. Every farmer in the State had to keep shepherd dogs to follow his lumber around the country, keep it together, and show where it was in the morning. We didn't need any fumes there for lumber. We sawed it east of the place we wanted to use it, and let it warp itself to its destination; with men and dogs to head it off at the right time, we never lost a stick. Well, here comes the jury," continued the judge. "The witnesses lied so I guess they will disagree."

The Monkey in its Domestic Relations.

IN India, where the monkeys live among men, and are the playmates of their children, the Hindoos have grown fond of them, and the four handed folks participate in all their simple household rites. In the early morning, when the peasant goes out to yoke his oxen, and the cow wakes up, and the dog stretches himself and shakes off the dust in which he slept last night, the monkey creeps down from the peepul tree, only half awake, and yawns and looks about him, puts a straw in his mouth and scratches himself contemptingly. Then one by one the whole family come slipping down the tree trunk, and they all yawn and look about and scratch. But they are sleepy and peevish, and the youngsters get cuffed for nothing, and begin to think life dull. Yet the toilet has to be performed, and whether they like it or not, the young ones are sternly pulled up, one by one, to their mother to undergo the process. The scene, though repeated exactly every morning, loses nothing of its comicality, and the monkey-brats seem to be in the joke of "taking in" mamma. But mamma was young herself not very long ago and treats each ludicrous affectation of suffering with the profoundest unconcern, and as she dismisses one "cleansed" youngster with a cuff, stretches out her hand for the next one's tail or leg in the most business like and serious manner possible.

The youngsters know their turns quite well. As each feels the moment arrive it throws itself on its stomach, as if overwhelmed with apprehension, the others meanwhile stifling their satisfaction at the way "So and so is doing it," and the instant the maternal paw is extended to grasp the tail, the subject of the next experiment utters a piercing shriek, and throwing its arms forward in the dust, allows itself to be dragged along a limp and helpless carcass, winking all the time, no doubt, at its brothers and sisters at the way it is imposing on the old lady.

But the old lady will stand no non-

sense, and turning the child right side up, proceeds to put it to rights, takes the kinks out of its tail and the knots out of its fur, pokes her fingers into its ears and looks at each of its toes, the irrepressible brat all the time wearing on its face an absurd expression of hopelessness and ineurable grief, those who have already been cleansed looking on with delight at the screaming farce, and those who are waiting wearing a becoming aspect of enormous gravity.

The old lady, however, has her joke, which is to cuff each youngster before she lets it go, and nimble as her off-springs are, she generally, to her credit be it said, manages to "fetch them one on the ear" before they are out of reach. The father, meanwhile, sits gravely with his back to all these domestic matters, waiting for breakfast. Presently the mats before the hut doors are pushed down, and the women, with brass vessels in their hands, come out, and while they scour pots with dust, exchange, between songs, the compliments of the morning.

The monkeys by this time have come closer to the preparation for food, and sit solemnly, household by household, watching every movement. Hindoos do not hurry themselves in anything they do, but the monkey has a great patience, and in the end when the crowd has stolen a little, and the dog has his morsel, and the children are all satisfied, the fragments of the meal are thrown out on the ground for the "blunder orgue," the monkey people, and it is soon discussed, the mother feeding the baby before she herself eats.

A Set of Teeth on their Travels.

From Middletown, Orange county, N. Y., comes a most remarkable story. On the 6th of January, 1868, a maiden lady at that place swallowed a new set of false teeth, which became separated from the rubber mould in which they had been set, while masitigating her food. Before she could eject the food from her mouth the teeth had gone down into her stomach. The family physician was summoned, but all his efforts were unavailing. The teeth caused her no discomfort and in a short time the matter was entirely forgotten. A few days ago Miss Cole, the lady in question, felt a sharp pain near her left shoulder, and upon examining the spot found what appeared to be a wen under the skin. With the aid of a penknife she extracted a hard substance, which proved to be a tooth. She was at a loss to know how the tooth came to be in such an unusual spot till she suddenly recollected that she had, twelve years ago, swallowed her set of teeth. During the past four days the lady has been cutting teeth all over her body and at last accounts recovered twelve of the fourteen teeth that had formerly constituted her full set. She is anxiously awaiting the arrival of the other two. She has placed the teeth in a glass case and will keep them as mementoes.

Did not imitate.

Down in Berks county, Penn'a., they have a game called the "Hutchinson Family." It consists in beguiling some unsuspecting person into a room in which the "family" is stationed—the members of which imitate in word and action every thing done by the victim, and the amount of amusement that can be extracted from a nervous young man of bashful proclivities can easily be imagined. At a social gathering held in a village a short time ago a young newspaper man was introduced into the room and the "Hutchinson Family" began its imitations, to the intense delight of everybody present—except the victim. It didn't take the young man long to appreciate the situation, and then he calmly walked to the center of the room and stood on his head. The "Hutchinson Family" at that moment was composed of two ladies and a gentleman, and it is needless to remark that the lady members immediately lost all interest in further proceedings and did not imitate.

The man who will not work and has no means of intellectual pleasure, is as sure to become an instrument of evil as if he had sold himself bodily to Satan.

Love, faith, patience,—the three essentials to a happy life.