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Select Poetry.

DON'T SLAM THE GATE.

Now Harry, pray, don't laugh at me,
But when you go so late,
I wish you would be careful, dear,
To never slam the gate.

For Bessie listens every night,
And so does teasing Kate,
To tell me next day what o'clock
They heard you slam the gate.

'Twas nearly ten, last night, you know,
But now 'tis very late—
(We've talked about so many things)—
O, do not slam the gate.

For all the neighbors hearing it
Will say our future fate
We've been discussing, so I beg
You will not slam the gate.

For though it is all very true,
I wish that they would wait
To canvass our affairs—until—
Well—pray don't slam the gate.

At least not now. But by-and-by,
When in "our home" I wait
Your coming, I shall always like
To hear you slam the gate.

A Remarkable Soldier.

TOM KELLEY, a private in the Second Michigan infantry, was a remarkable man. He had arms a full hand longer than any man who could be found. He had no more backbone than a snake, and could almost tie himself in a knot. He could tell the date on a quarter silver held up twenty feet away, and he could hear every word of a conversation in a common tone of voice across an ordinary street. He could run a half mile as fast as any horse could gallop, and there was a standing offer of \$10 to any man who could hold him down. On a bet of a box of sardines he once passed six sentinels within an hour. On another occasion he entered the colonel's tent, and brought away that officer's boots.

When Tom's remarkable qualifications were discovered, he was detailed as a scout and spy, and was changed from one department to another. In the capacity of spy, he entered Richmond three times. He entered Vicksburg and preached a sermon to the soldiers a week before the surrender. He was in New Orleans five days before that city was taken. He was a man that firmly believed that he could not be killed by an enemy, and he governed his movements accordingly.

While under the orders of Gen. Hooker, Kelley proved on several occasions that he could see further with the naked eye than any officer could with a field glass. If he could get a place of concealment within fifty feet of a picket, he could catch the countersign. He visited Lookout Mountain, intending to spike as many of the Confederate guns as possible. His disguise was that of a farmer who had been driven from home by the Union forces. The enemy somehow got suspicious of him, and he was placed in the guard house for the night. There was a sentinel at the door, and others near by standing guard over guns and stores, but it was all the same to Kelley. With an old tin plate for use as shovel and scoop he burrowed out at the back end of the building, and walked up to two pieces of artillery and spiked both before any alarm was raised. When the sentinels began firing at him, he ran out of camp, but before he was clear of it he had been fired on fifty times.

Kelley was once captured when asleep by Missouri guerrillas. When he open-

ed his eyes he was surrounded by five or six men on foot and others in the saddle. It was under a tree in an open field, and he had been tracked by a dog. As he rose up at their command, he resorted to his wonderful skill as a gymnast. By dodging and twisting and jumping, he got out of the crowd, pulled a man off his saddle, and would have escaped had not the dog fastened to his leg. He was then put under guard in a log house with only one room. Two sentinels sat at the door with revolvers in their hands, and kept watch of his every movement. After an hour or two Kelley approached as if to offer them tobacco, and jumped clear over their heads like a deer. He had half a mile of open field to cross, and he crossed it under the fire of a score of muskets and revolvers without being hit.

During his three years and a half in the service Kelley captured fifty-two Confederates and turned them over as prisoners. He himself was captured and escaped five times. As a spy he entered more than thirty Confederate camps and forts. He was fired upon at least one thousand times, and yet was never wounded. He had said that he would never die by the hand of an enemy, and his prophecy came true. In the last year of the war, while bringing a captured Confederate scout into camp both were killed within forty rods of the Union lines by a bolt of lightning.

Bravery Among Women.

SOME time in 1871 a woman named Theresa Maria, dwelling in the village of Fratel, on the frontier of Portugal and Spain, on the way across the fields with her husband's dinner, was told by a shepherd boy that he had seen a wolf prowling about. Never having seen one in her life, she put down her basket, and, directed by the lad, climbed to a high place, and looking eagerly around described the animal in the act of devouring a lamb. Thinking to scare the brute from its prey, the boy shouted at it and pelted it with stones, so infuriating the wolf that it left its meal unfinished and made for its disturber, jumping up at the little fellow's face, tearing the flesh, and then pulling him to the ground. What did the horror-stricken on-looker do—run away? Not she. Picking up a large stone she rushed on the beast and seized hold of him. In vain he bit and tore her flesh; the undaunted woman contrived to keep his throat closely infolded by her left arm, while she battered his head with the stone, and at length killed him. Meanwhile the villagers had been alarmed and came hurrying to her aid, armed with guns, sticks and stones, meeting Theresa on her way home covered with blood, from terrible wounds in her face, arms and hands. They carried her to the hospital at Niza, where, pitiful to tell, she expired exactly a month afterward, consoled in her dying hours with believing that she had not sacrificed her life in vain. A false belief, alas! for the shepherd boy died of hydrophobia a day or two after his lamented deliverer.

Courageous in another way was a woman at the Commune, who during that terrible rising had worked day and night in the hospital, assisting a certain surgeon, whose services were freely rendered to men with whose cause he had no sympathy. When the insurrection was quelled the doctor was arrested, and marched off to be tried by drumhead court-martial. As he approached the door of the tribunal he met his late female assistant coming out between two soldiers. "Why, Adele!" he exclaimed, "how came you here?" Looking hard at him, with unrecognizing eyes, she replied: "I don't know you, sir;" a denial he set down to a fear of acknowledging the acquaintance of a doomed man. Not a little to his surprise, he got off, and was set at liberty; to learn that Adele had been shot and was on her way to death when she had repudiated all knowledge of him, and forebore appealing for his aid, rather than compromise him, and render his chance a desperate one.

A poor servant girl of Noyon, in France, once proved herself a real heroine. A common sewer of great depth had been opened for repairs, the opening being covered at night with some plankling; but those in charge of the operations neglected to place any lights near, to warn wayfarers of the danger of their

path. Four men returning home from work stepped on the planks, which frail and rotten gave way under their weight and precipitated them to the bottom. It was some time before any one became aware of what had happened, and when the people had gathered around no man among the crowd was daring enough to respond to the frantic entreaties of the wives of the entombed men by descending that foul and loathsome depth. Presently a fragile-looking girl of seventeen, stepping to the front, said quietly: "I'll go down and try to save the poor fellows;" and creatures calling themselves men were not ashamed to stand by and see Catharine Vasseur let down on her valiant but fearful mission.

Then ensued a few long minutes of anxious suspense before the signal to haul up was felt, and two still breathing but unconscious men were, with the gallant girl, brought to the surface.—Nigh exhausted as the effort had left her the heroic maiden only stayed to gain breath before descending again, regardless of the risk she ran.

The second venture nearly proved fatal. Upon reaching the bottom of the sewer and fastening a rope around one prostrate form. Catharine felt as though she were being strangled by an invisible hand. Unfortunately the rope around her own waist had become unfastened; and when, after groping along the dripping, clammy wall her hand touched it, she had not strength sufficient to pull it down. Dazed as she was she still had her wits about her; and loosing her long hair twisted the luxuriant tresses with the rope. The rope was hauled up, and the horrified crowd beheld the inanimate form of the brave young girl swinging by her hair, and to all appearances dead. Fresh air and prompt administration of stimulants brought her to consciousness, and the happiness of knowing that, if she had failed in saving all, her brave endeavors had restored three of the bread-winners to their families.

A Troubled Dutchman.

THE Detroit Free Press says: Bright and early yesterday morning a middle-aged man of anxious look and much corporosity called at the City Hall and went for the Chief of Police with:

"Haf we some schmallbox in Detroit?"

"I believe we have a sporadic case or two," was the reply.

"Und doze somepody haf to get vaccinated to keep him away?"

"Every citizen should protect himself."

"How many dimes was I get vaccinated to keep dot schmallbox out of mein house and saloon?"

"Oh, I guess once will do."

"Vonce! Great shminy! No more as dot! Shust wait a minit!"

He jerked off his coat and pushed up his shirt sleeves and pointed to four spots on his left arm and five on his right, and said:

"Four und five makes nine dimes dot I vhas vaccinated in four days!"

"How is that?"

"How ish dot? Dot's what I likes myself to know! I vhas shust reading about dot schmallbox de odder day in der Sherman babers, when two men volks into my saloon und says: 'Sharley, dot schmallbox is all ofer down, und you must be vaccinated or der gomon council will close you oop!' So I vhas vaccinated for two shillings und zwi glass beer."

"Yes?"

"It vhas shust two hours more as a man comes in und say he vhas sent to vaccinate me on der odder arm, und I pays him two shillings und glass of beer."

"Yes?"

"Before night a man mit spectacles comes in und says he was sent by der healthy board to see oof I vhas vaccinated. I show him two blases, but he shakes his head und says: 'Dot vaccination am too high oop, und you vhill git der schmallbox in der hands.' Den he makes dot blase here, und I gif him twenty-five cents und glass beer."

"Yes?"

"Vell, in der course of four days six more men comes around to vaccinate me by order of der Mayor, der Gufernor, der President, der Poard of Public Vorks, und I doan' know what else, und

efery dime I bays two shillings und glass beer. When I vhas vaccinated nine times I pegins to pelleve I vas a greenhorn, und when der tenth man comes around I hit him on der head mit a pottle und vhalks oaf'er to see you apout it. Vas it all right?"

"I guess the boys were guying you."

"Vhat ish dot?"

"Why, you haven't really been vaccinated at all."

"No!"

"No, and you'd better be vaccinated again."

"Vaccinated again! Vaccinated den dimes! Nefor! Pefor I vhas vaccinated den dimes I catches der schmallbox und goes to ped mit him all zummer! Dot's some close pin like I am!"

Boy Inventors.

SOME of the most important inventions have been the work of mere boys.

The invention of the valve motion to the steam engine was made by a boy. Watts left the engine in a very incomplete condition, from the fact that he had no way to open or close the valves, except by levers operated by the hand. He set up a large engine at one of the mines, and a boy was hired to work these valve levers; although this was not hard work, yet it required his constant attention. As he was working these levers, he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction, and at the exact time that he had to open and close the valves. He procured a strong cord and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine, and the other end to the valve lever; the boy had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move off with perfect regularity of motion. A short time after, the foreman came around and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine he saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantages of so great an invention. Mr. Watts then carried out the boy's inventive genius in a practical form, and made the steam engine a perfect automatic working machine.

The power loom is the invention of a farmer boy who had never seen or heard of such a thing. He whittled one out with his jack-knife, and after he had got it all done, he, with great enthusiasm, showed it to his father, who at once kicked it all to pieces, saying he would have no boy about him that would spend his time on such foolish things. The boy gathered up the pieces and laid them away. Soon after that his father bound him out as an apprentice to a blacksmith, about twelve miles from home. The boy was delighted with the idea of learning a trade, and he soon found that his new master was kind and took a lively interest in him. He had made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up, which he showed to his master. The blacksmith saw he had no common boy as an apprentice, and that the invention was a very valuable one. He immediately had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy; it worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, the boy to receive one half the profits. In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he should be at his home at a given time and should bring him a wealthy gentleman who was the inventor of the celebrated power loom. You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when the son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that his loom was the same as the model he had kicked to pieces but a year before.

A Sailor's Description of a Piano.

A lady of New Bedford, Mass., whose husband is a sea captain, asked him to look at some pianos in Boston, as she wanted to buy one. He wrote home the following description:

"I saw one that I thought would suit you, black walnut hull, strong bulk heads, strengthened fore and aft with iron frame, sealed with white wood and maple. Rigging, steel wire—double on ratlines, and whipped wire on the lower stays, and heavier cordage. Belaying pins of steel and well driven home. Length of taffrail, over all, 6 feet 1 inch. Breadth of beam 38 inches, depth of hold 14 inches. Hatches can be batten-

ed down proof against ten-year old boys and commercial drummers, or can be clewed up, on occasion, and sheeted home for a first-class instrumental cyclone."

Watch Him Sell Dot Goat.

HERMAN," said a Poydras street merchant clothier, addressing his clerk, "haf ve sold all of dose overgoats vat vas left over from last vint'er?"

"No, sir; der is dree of dem left yet."

"Vell, ve must sell 'em right away, as de vint'er vill not last, you know, Herman. Pring me ons uf de goats und I vill show you somedings about de piness. I vill dell you how ve vill sell dem oud, und you must learn the piness, Herman; de vint'er vas gone, you know, und ve hev had dose goats in de store more es seex years."

An eight-dollar overcoat was handed him by the clerk, and smoothing it out, he took a buckskin money purse from the show case, and stuffing it full of papers, dropped it into one of the pockets.

"Now, Herman, my poy," he continued, "vatch me sell dat goat. I haf sold over dirty-five uf dem shust de same way, und I vant to deech you de piness. Ven de next gustomer comes in de shop I vill show de vay Rube Hoffenstein, mine broder in Detroit, sell his clothing und odder dings."

A few minutes later a negro, in quest of a suitable pair of cheap shoes entered the store. The proprietor advanced, smiling, and inquired:

"Vat is it you vish?"

"Yer got any cheap shoes hyar?" asked the negro.

"Blenty of dem, my frent, blenty; at any price you vant."

The negro stated that he wanted a pair of brogans, and soon his pedal extremities were encased in them and a bargain struck. As he was about to leave the proprietor called him back.

"I ain't gwine ter buy nuffin else. I see got all I want," said the negro sul- lenly.

"Dot may be so, my dear sir," replied the proprietor, "but I shust vants you to look at dis goat. It vas de pure Russian wool, und dis dime last year you doan' got dot same goat for dwenty-five dollars. Mine gracious, clothing vas down to nodding and der vas no money in de piness any longer. You vant someding dot will keep you from de vedder, und make you feel varm as summer dime. De gonsumption vas going round, und de doctors dell me it vas de vedder. More den nine beebles died round vere I lif last veek. Dink of dot. Mine frent, dat goat vas Russian wool, dick und hevvy. Vy, Misder Jones, who owns de pank on Canal streed, took dat goat home mit him yesterday, und vore it all day; but it vas a leedle dight agross de shoulders und he brought it pack shust a vile ago. Dry it on, my dear sir. Ah! dot vos all right. Mister Jones vas a rich man und he liked dot goat. How deep de pockets vas, but it vas a leedle dight agross de shoulders."

The negro buttoned up the coat, thrust his hands in the pockets and felt the purse. A peaceful smile played over his face when his touch disclosed to his mind the contents of the pockets, but he choked down his joy and inquired:

"Who did you say wore this hyar coat?"

"Vy Misder Jones vot owns de pank on Canal streed."

"What yer gwine to ax fur it?"

"Dwenty dollars."

"Well, I'll take it. Never mind tying it up, I'll keep it on." And he went around the corner as soon as possible to examine the pocket book, while the Jew fixed up another coat.

Possibly a Mistake.

"James," said a motherly woman to a young man whose first sermon she had just heard, "James, why did you enter the ministry?" "I had a call from the Lord," said the young man; then came the reply. "But are you sure it wasn't some other noise that you heard?"

People never attack religion but when they have an interest to attack it.