

THE TIMES

NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA.

THE TIMES

VOL. XV.

NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1881.

NO. 37.

THE TIMES.
An Independent Family Newspaper,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
F. MORTIMER & CO.

TERMS:
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.
\$1.50 PER YEAR, POSTAGE FREE.
50 CTS. FOR 6 MONTHS.

To subscribers residing in this county, where we have no postage to pay, a discount of 25 cents from the above terms will be made if payment is made in advance.
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Select Poetry.

WE ARE NOT MISSED.

If you or I
To-day should die,
The birds would sing as sweet to-morrow,
The vernal spring
Her flowers would bring,
And few would think of us with sorrow.
Yes, he is dead
Would then be said;
The corn would floss, the grass yield hay,
The cattle low,
And summer go,
And few would heed us pass away.
How soon we pass!
How few, alas!
Remember those who turn to mold!
Whose faces fade
With autumn's shade,
Beneath the sodden church-yard cold!
Yes, it is so—
We come, we go—
They hail our birth, they mourn us dead;
A day or more,
The winter o'er,
Another takes our place instead.

MISS SMITH'S MONEY.

THE following story is told by John T. Morris, who is an experienced detective of Springfield, Ohio.

"Not long ago there resided in Franklin county a wealthy old maid, Miss Sabina Smith. By inheritance she was the possessor of a large farm, on which was an old-fashioned, though comfortable, dwelling house. She was reputed to have a good square bank account.

"How old is she?"

"Well, on the shady side of 80, but she had a weakness like all old maids, not for kittens, poodles or canaries, but for children. She had raised several orphan girls, who are now well settled in life. In 1865 she adopted a six-year-old black-eyed girl, bright as a button, named Mollie McCann, whose father had fallen in battle while fighting for his flag and country, while her mother, crazed with grief, pined and faded away. Mollie soon learned to love her new mother, and from a prattling maid in short clothes and pinafores she in due time bloomed forth into a gushing school girl, and at 18 was the belle of every rustic gathering—the pretty Miss Mollie McCann, over whom the boys revel while the girls envied. To all her admirers she turned a deaf ear, and with a pretty toss of the head, and a merry twinkle of her roguish eye, bade them 'be off, and not bother her.'"

"Miss Smith was sensible; knew Mollie would probably marry and have a home of her own some day, so she neither discouraged her fondness for society nor harped upon the miseries of wedded life in the maiden's ear, but when she came back from the State Fair at Columbus in 1878, and told her adopted mother of the gentleman that she had met, his attentions and good qualities, Miss Smith was not pleased, nor did she hesitate to frown her displeasure and advised her ward to turn a willing ear to the many suitors of the neighborhood instead of seeking in far-off fields that which was nearer home.

"But Mollie, like many another, was struck on a travelling man, and she carried on a secret correspondence with him through a lady friend for a long time, until at last they were engaged.

Miss Smith and Mollie were the sole occupants of the house. The bedrooms were four in number, two of which were used as spare rooms, one being occupied by Miss Smith containing two beds, Mollie occupying the one and Miss Smith the other. The

fourth bedroom was called Mollie's, but was only used by her when a lady friend was visiting her. In one of these spare bedrooms was an old-fashioned bureau and book case combined, the top drawer of which could be converted into a desk. The back part of this drawer was fitted up with small drawers. One of these small drawers had from time immemorial been used as a money drawer. In the summer of 1879 the sum of \$355 was missed from the drawer; in the summer of 1880 \$200 more mysteriously disappeared, together with a quantity of gold coins which had been in the family for over a century. On the 29th day of last May Miss Smith loaned to a neighbor \$500, giving him her check and he signing a note in her favor. Sickness prevented him from presenting the check at the bank at Columbus, and learning that Miss Smith was going to the city on the 30th, he requested her to get it cashed. She did so and returned with Mollie about dark on that day, having the money all in \$100 bills.

"The house was all securely locked down stairs and Miss Smith deposited the \$500 in the secretary drawer, locking it and placing the key in the bureau drawer beneath. She then locked the room containing the bureau and placed the key under some quilts that lay in a wardrobe in her bedroom. Before retiring she locked her bedroom door and she and Mollie retired for the night in separate beds in the same room. The next morning, April 1st, the neighbor who had borrowed the money, having a long journey to perform, during which he expected to make a payment on some land he had purchased, called as early as 5 o'clock, before Miss Smith and Mollie had arisen.

"Awakening Miss Smith, she took her key from the wardrobe, unlocked the bedroom, then taking the bureau drawer key from the under drawer of the secretary, opened this to find the money gone. She went down stairs; everything was locked and bolted as she had left it the night before.

"Who took that money?"

"That was the question that confronted me. There was no sign of burglary; no lock forced; windows and doors all right. No one else in the house but Miss Smith and Mollie. Of course, I at once examined the girl. She talked freely; said she always had a presentiment that the money would be stolen—in fact, had a presentiment that night, but feared to tell the old lady for fear of alarming her. I soon learned that Mollie had a key which fitted the bedroom containing the bureau, hence my suspicions were strengthened that Mollie had arisen in the night, either unlocked the door with her own key or taken the one in the wardrobe, and securing the money, hid it either in or about the house without awakening the old lady. I finally told Mollie that I should have to search her and make a thorough examination of the house.

"Well, she naively remarked, 'if you do find money about the house it won't prove that I stole it, will it?'"

"It will be prima facie evidence," I said.

"I locked her up in her bedroom, and began a thorough search; handboxes pried into, bureau drawers pulled out, cupboards ransacked, and finally went through her own room. Under the carpet under her bed I found in a compact wad twelve one hundred dollar bills. Now, the total amount known to be missing was only \$1,045. Where had the \$155 come from? Where had the gold coins gone to? Was the bureau drawer paying interest on its deposit?"

"Now I've got you Mollie," said I as I confronted her.

"Mollie faltered.

"A bottle of camphor and a little cold water brought her speedily to, yet she sturdily proclaimed her innocence.

"I didn't take Miss Smith's money; no, I did not," she conclusively exclaimed between her sobs.

"Miss Smith would not allow me to take her to jail, where I reasoned confinement would soon compel her to confess.

"My work, however, was but partially done, for the gold coins had not turned up.

"I determined that those coins must be in the house, and resolved upon a thorough search from cellar to garret. The cellar disclosed nothing; and at last

I stumbled upon a small stairway leading to the garret, the door of which was a common trap door, securely fastened by a padlock, to which was attached three links of a chain.

"Give me the key," I said to Miss Smith, "to that trap-door up in the attic."

"Oh, no use of looking there the keys have been lost for over five years, and no one has ever been up there since.

There were cobwebs on the door, but I noticed that over the crack of the door's edge they seemed to have been broken away, caused by the door having been recently opened. With an ax I speedily got the door open and saw large footsteps in the dust. By the aid of a lamp I followed the course of the tracks over the boards which lay across the shaky rafters, to the farthest part of the garret, where, over an old cross-beam, there hung a pair of old-fashioned saddle bags. The dust on the bags had been recently disturbed. In one of the pockets I found the five one-hundred dollar bills which disappeared on the night of the 30th of May, the \$355 that was missed in the summer of 1879, the \$200 that was lost in 1880, and, better than all, the rare old gold coins upon which Miss Smith set such a store as an heirloom. I found the money, but I found \$1200 too much. The mystery deepened. I resolved upon one thing and that was that Mollie must know something about the money that was hid under the carpet beneath her bed. I talked kindly to her, told her that Miss Smith's money had all been found, and urged her to tell me how the \$1200 came under the carpet of her bed.

"You will not believe me if I tell you, but if Miss Smith will go out I will explain. I put that money there; it was my lover's. He had saved it out of his wages and given it to me to keep. I destroyed his letters for fear my aunt would find it out. There's the story."

"But how did the old lady's money get into the garret?"

"She carried it there herself. She was a somnambulist and walked in her sleep."

"How did you prove it, Mr. Morris? Did the old lady let you occupy the bedroom and catch her?"

"Oh, no. I got the old lady to take off her shoe and stocking and place her No. 6 foot down on a piece of white paper. With a lead pencil I marked out her foot on that sheet of paper. With a pair of scissors I carefully cut out the exact shape of the old lady's foot, which fitted exactly in the tracks in the dust on the garret boards. Besides that Mollie's foot was much smaller, she only wearing a No. 2½ shoe, and would not fit the track. I also on careful examination found tracks of cob webs in the fringe of the old lady's night-cap, while Mollie wore no night-cap. So you see I proved it by both ends—the old lady's head and by her feet. I explained all to the satisfaction of the old lady, she paid me my money, and I predict a wedding soon at the Smith mansion, with Mollie McCann as the bride."

Wedding Anecdotes.

IT is not more than twenty-five or thirty years since the rich pineries of the Chippewa, in Wisconsin, drew scores of young men from the older settled portions of the country, to work out their fortunes in a then almost unbroken wilderness. A few venturesome spirits brought their families and settled here, and now then a fair white maiden came along, or, it may be, that in other regions, she would have been considered only passably fair, but here with only dusky maidens for her rivals, the few pale-faced girls have no lack of admirers, or of suitors for their hearts and hands.

In those days there came from civilized regions, a family having in their care an adopted daughter called Mary. Though she lived in a log cabin and wore moccasins, no city belle could have asked, for lovers more numerous or more ardent. At last after as many difficulties as would furnish a modern novelist with a dozen thrilling chapters, she was won by a young man whose name we will call Jim, "for short," (shortness of names being a prevailing characteristic of the early pioneers,) and the twain were anxious to become one.—At the risk of offending some who would like to hear of the courtship, I will pass at once to the wedding. A

wedding! How could one be had when no minister had yet found his way there, and in all that region no officer of the law known? At last, on learning of the difficulty, a queer chap, named Jack B., announced himself competent of performing the ceremony. Being duly prepared (the principal part of which preparation consisted in providing that indispensable accompaniment of pioneer life a jug of whisky,) the questions and responses, as "Will you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?" "Will you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?" etc., were gone through satisfactorily, when the presiding officer announced: "That according to the laws which ought to be, I now pronounce you man and wife—and what God Almighty and Jack B. has joined together, let no man put asunder, and now pass that jug of whisky." The latter part of the injunction was speedily obeyed and all hands partook, even the bride, in spite of all remonstrances, being forced to place the fiery fluid to her lips.

It is related as a fact that in early days a hardy backwoodsman was elected Justice of the Peace. He was credited to know more of hunting, fishing and trapping than of the law, but being deemed honest, and in lack of better material he was elected to the office.—His statute-book had not yet arrived, when an anxious couple visited his house for the purpose of being married. In vain he plead ignorance of any knowledge of the wedding ceremony.—They would not take "no" for an answer. "Well, then, I will do the best I can," said the officer, and the couple stood up before him. There the wits of the backwoodsman forsook him, and he tried in vain to recall some words that he had heard on like occasions.—At last in sheer desperation he blurted out: "Take her by God! She's yours—she's yours for life and I am Justice of the Peace." He managed to bring in the name of the Deity in the only way with which he was at all familiar. The marriage was considered legal.

A Notable Chaplain.

EDWARD EGGLESTON, who has a keen eye for originality of character or humanity of soul, recalled some time since in his vivid way, a figure worth remembering amid the throng of actors in the troubled war-time:

Dear Chaplain Joe Little, where are you? It is years since I met you, filled as you were with philanthropic schemes for educating the poor whites of the South. There may be men more capable of carrying through a practical enterprise, but there never was a more enthusiastic, unselfish, and hardy spirit. A college, a theological seminary, and a musical academy, all graduated Chaplain Little, but not altogether could take the oddity of his genius out of him.

When spiritual adviser to a regiment of wild West Virginians, he told them stories, sang them funny songs, adopted their dialect, and won their open hearts by manly open-heartedness.

When Mosby captured Little, it was an unlucky time. Orders had been issued on the Federal side by General Pope, I believe that bushwhackers should have no quarter, and Mosby prepared to retaliate by shooting prisoners.

"It looked pretty solemn," said the chaplain, "when they cast lots to see who should inherit my horse."

But he took his little nondescript harmonium, and began to sing for dear life. All the droll songs that ever were invented this doomed captive sang to the bushwhackers there in the mountains.

"I think I ought to shoot you," said Mosby, at length. "A fellow that keeps up men's spirits as you do is too valuable to the Yankees for me to let off."

But let him off he did. Nobody could shoot such a union of goodness and drollery as Chaplain Little. Once after a battle, a certain church was turned into a hospital, and wounded and dying lay all up and down the floor. It was a blue time, when men were dying not of wounds alone, but of despair, which was like an epidemic in the atmosphere. A severe chaplain added to the terror by passing about exhorting the poor groaning fellows to prepare for death. Chaplain Little, seeing how fatal this despondency must prove, walked

up into the pulpit, planted his little melodeon on his knees, and struck up a ridiculous song known as "The Ohio Girl." Sunlight came in with the rich melody of the chaplain's voice and the humor of his song. The surgeons took heart, and life seemed to come back to the battered and homesick men. But the austere chaplain in the middle of the house called out, "Chaplain Little, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to sing such stuff to men who ought to be preparing for death." Whereupon a colonel, who had just had a leg amputated, raised his head and addressed the last speaker "Chaplain Blank, I wish I had two legs, so that I could kick you out of doors."

A Singular Will.

A singular will was left by Charles Elliott, a wealthy farmer of Knox, Me., who died there on July 15. Among the legatees are two grandsons who share equally with the children, but who are hampered with the following provision: "I further bequeath and say that if Charles or George B. Elliott, legatees above named, or any one of my grandchildren (though yet unborn) or their children, shall use tobacco in any form, either to smoke or chew, or drink any ardent spirits or alcoholic liquors in any way unless prescribed by a physician under oath that it is necessary (and that not to last but thirty days) after this my will is approved by the court, and for each offence of using tobacco or alcoholic drinks as aforesaid, to be cut off from their dower in my property for six months for the first offense, and one year for each subsequent offense, and for one year of total abstinence of its use, his or their dower to be restored as before provided. Their said share or shares so cut off to be disposed of and divided the same as provided in case of their decease." A codicil provides that gambling or betting money or other valuable consideration shall carry the same penalty as the use of tobacco and ardent spirits.

Alderman Jerome Visits English Relatives.

Mr. Lawrence Jerome, of New York, has a niece who is the wife of Lord Randolph Churchill. Not long since Uncle Larry being in London, called at his niece's house, and thereby astonished the stately footman who answered his ring:

"Is Mr. Churchill at home?"
(The footman shivers.)
"Me Lud is in Ireland."
"Humph! What's he doing in Ireland."
(The footman is silent with horror.)

"Is Mrs. Churchill in?"
(The footman quivers with indignation.)
"Me Lady, sir is not down stairs yet."
"Not up? Humph! A pretty time of day to be in bed! Well, you just tell Mrs. Churchill—"

(The footman pales and is about to summon assistance to eject the audacious intruder, when a silvery laugh and a voice float down from over the banisters. "I hear you, Uncle Larry! Come right in!")

The footman, bowing low, "O, sir, me Lud! pardon me. If you please me Lud, this way."

The arrest and fining of C. A. Cook for knocking down a man for saying "he hoped to God Garfield would die," recalls an incident that took place in Cleveland sixteen years ago. On the morning after Lincoln was shot a knot of men were expressing their sympathy with the victim, when an architect named Husband broke out with: "I am glad Lincoln is shot, and I hope he is dead by this time." The words nearly cost him his life. It was only by the most strenuous exertions he was saved from the fury of a mob; he was severely handled, despite the efforts of friends to protect him. He was a prominent architect, and had built the county Court House. On the corner stone of this building can be seen the following engraved:

ERECTED A. D. 1858.
F. Branch, G. F. Smith,
E. Everett, J. Fannell,
W. W. Richards, Contractors.
Co. Commissioners.

The — is where the words "G. A. Husband" had been, but they were cut out the day after Husband was mobbed.