



TERMS:-\$1.25 Per Year,} IN ADVANCE.

## AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

(75 Cents for 6 Months; 40 Cts. for 3 months.

Vol. VIII.

New Bloomfield, Pa., Tuesday, May 26, 1874.

No. 21.

## The Bloomfield Cimes.

IN TUBLISHED EVERY TUBSDAY MORNING, BY

FRANK MORTIMER & CO.,

At New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.

Being provided with Steam Power, and large Cylinder and Job-Fresses, we are prepared to do all kinds of Job-Frinting in good style and at Low Prices.

ADVERTISING RATES: Transient-8 Cents per line for one insertion

12 " 's 'two insertions
15 " 'three insertions

Business Notices in Local Column 10 Cents

\*\* For longer yearly adv'ts terms will be given upon application.

## THE UNFAITHFUL GUARDIAN.

THE house in which my story opens was beautifully situated within a few miles -, and all the surof the City of Proundings showed that the owner was possessed of wealth and refinement.

At the time in which I call the readers attention to this residence, the front room on the second floor is occupied by a lady some seventeen or eighteen years of age, who seems bowed down with the deepest grief. There are not many women more beautiful than was Mrs. Lennox, the occupant of this room, at the date to which I refer, and even though you had seen her as she sat there stricken with grief, you could not kelp confessing that my opinion as to her personal appearance was correct.

On that morning she had parted from her husband, to whom she had only been married a few months, after an interview in which he had made charges against her that terribly shocked her moral sensibilities. And to add to this trouble she had only the day previous been forced to listen to infameus proposals from a trusted friend of her husband, and by her indignant refusal made him a mortal eremy.

The hurried tread of feet approaching her room aroused her, and before she could reach the door it was thrown rudely open and a stern looking man entered. With strong self control she extended her hand with a word of welcome.

He did not reply to her greeting, but stood looking at her with undinching

"Are you not well, Mr. Lennox?" she asked, as a chill seemed to strike to her very heart, "or have you come to setract the scandalous charges you made this

"Sit down again," he said, and his voice sounded as if it came from a form of stone; "I have a few words to say to you, and then-

"Mr. Lennox," she interrupted, with cold haughtiness, "this tone and manner

should admit of some explanation." "You shall have it, madam, never fear !" The words appeared to choke him, and he paused, looking into her face all the while, clenching and unclenching his hands with a nervous violence of which he was

unconscious "I await it, sir," she replied, coldly as before, and sitting down in her chair, repassionless for disdain, and too composed for fear.

"Do you know why I have returned to this house? Do you know what my errand is here ?"

She made no answer to his fierce interrogations, but her eyes never once wandered from his face, and the gesture with which she motioned him to proceed was a command.

You are a false, miserable woman in hody and soul-I wonder how you dare here with that face-but I should have known you were utterly shameless !"

"Mr. Lennox!" She was standing before him now-the dread which she had felt, subdued by the storm of indignation which rose in her soul. "Explain all this at ouce-what is the meaning of this language ?-do you address me-me ?"

"You, you !" he exclaimed, passionately. "Do not attempt these tragedy airs, they would be wasted; do not answer me, but listen, and if you have a human feeling left in you, blush at your own infamy."

"Are you mad, Mr. Lennox? Is---"Mad !" he interrupted, "not yet, not yet! You would be glad to drive me so, I do not doubt, but I have the use of my me?-oh, madam, you mistook the man- brought it from her town house.

you had no blind, doting husband to deal with! I have here-here in my possession proofs of your shame-proofs which will

disgrace you forever!" "Say that again," she gasped-"say that again !"

"Isn't it clear enough? Can you not comprehend? Itell you that you are an infamous, abandoned woman, unworthy to live-I tell you that I have in my possession the proofs of your faithlessness with another-of your love for him-your falsehood to me-now are you answered madam? now can you understand?"

"Mr. Lennox, you have lied!" She had not stirred, made no movement then, but no gesture could have portrayed the depth of scorn which pervaded her whole person as she spoke. "I do not know what you mean-I do not know if you be mad, or a cowardly, despicable villain, seeking to rid himself of a wife grown tiresome; but what you have said is a base calumny-a miserable falsehood, too contemptible even to deserve refutation."

"And you say this to me when I hold written evidence of your treachery? Do you suppose that I am to be duped by arts

"If you have evidence, produce it, said she-let me hear your accusation, but I will listen no longer to this language. I am innocent of any charge that you can bring -heaven and my own conscience acquits me of any sin except that of bestowing a single kindly feeling upon a man so cow-

"I wonder," continued he, the heaven you call upon does not strike you dead! I cannot understand how you dare-

"I have already said, interrupted his wife, that I will not hear such languageaccuse me before an open court, and in the sight of all who choose to witness the outrage, but you shall never again have the power to insult me thus-Mr. Lennox, farewell !"

She moved toward the door without casting another glance upon him, very pale, but composed and cold, growing more beautiful in her stern indignation, with a power and majesty in face and mien beyond the might of words to describe. Even the tumult raging in that man's breast was stilled for a moment as he looked upon her.

"Step," he said, in a changed tone, "do not go yet-we must have farther explanation.

"No more is necessary," she replied, "do what you will, but at least I can protect myself from farther insult."

He threw himself between her and the entrance, his passion reviving fiercer and more terrible than before.

"You shall not go till you have heard all then wear that look if you can."

"Let me pass, sir."

He caught her arm with a muttered curse and drew from his coat a letter.

"Read that !" he exclaimed, thrusting it before her eyes, "and explain it if you can.

She released herself from his grasp, and her arm fell almost helpless to her side from the violence with which he had seized it, but she uttered no sound of complaint, and gave no evidence of suffering. She unfolded the paper and glanced over its contents-it was a letter apparently in her own handwriting, and signed with the turned his gaze with a look which was too playful name that her husband had once given her.

"My God !" broke from her white lipsthe paper fell from her nerveless hand and gustled to the floor-she followed it with her wild eyes but uttered no other word.

"Are you satisfied now, madam? Did I not say I had proof! Look at this, and if you can, deny that it is yours," he said, with a hoarse laugh, snatching up the paper and striking it with his clenched hand. You are silenced at tast-will you reject this evidence ?"

"I never saw that letter before, so help

me heaven!" she replied. " Fool ! And the writing-the signature

-bah !" "True, true !" she muttered, "my God, help me, for I believe I am going mad." She put her hand to her head and stagger-

ed to a seat—a thousand voices seemed to hall and told her that the little girl had not echo her busband's frenzied laugh. "Believe me, oh, do believe me-that letter is already a confused suspicion of something not mine !"

"Not yours !" exclaimed the husband. stamping the letter under his feet, and looking flercely around as if in search of something. "Nor this, nor these per-

He strode toward a table in one corner of tically. sonses still. I have brought with me the the room, on which a small writing-desk proofs of your guit! Did you think to dupe was placed, still locked as its owner had

"You will disavow doubtless that this is yours, or that it contains darker proofs of your guilt. That key upon your chatelaine, madam-it was not tortured into a charm for nothing-you were wise to keep it chained to your person ! Take off your watch, madam, I want that key !"

The lady started to her feet lost in wonder-gazing upon him with her wild, questioning eyes

"The desk-my key," she said, striving to unlock her chatelaine with both hands, but they trembled so violently that she could only drop them belplessly down again. "It is-it is a master-key-a little golden trinket that gave me on my birthday."

The haughty man stamped with rage! "But this lock, give me something that

will open this lock, or I will wrench it to atoms," he cried, seizing the little ebony desk and dashing it down upon the table once or twice, and then actually tearing it open with his hands.

A quantity of papers fell out, pretty tinted notes, seals and rings, that rolled flashing over the carpet. Amid this bright litter was a package of letters, at which the lady looked in mute surprise. These the enraged husband seized, tore away the band of blue ribbon which bound them together and began to read. She looked on in silence, terrified by the pallor of rage which settled about his mouth.

"There, madam," he hissed out, dashing some of the letters to her feet, " read them again, then look in my face if you dare and repeat that infamous denial! How came these in your desk? This is your name on the envelope-the hand-writing is that of a man, a crafty man, who gives a name false as your own soul! How came these letters there, and that one lying upon the floor of your own room?"

"I do not know-my brain is so dizzy I cannot think. They were placed theresome enemy-great heavens! I do not know, but I am innecent."

"Some enemy! We are not acting a play-people in real life don't have enemies who find means to put letters into their writing-desks in order to ruin them."

She stood for a moment in despairing silence, striving in vain to collect her thoughts. "Do you refuse to believe me?" she

said, almost in a whisper, "do you think me guilty ?" Think !" he repeated, with sudden

fury, then springing to her side he whispered a single word in her ear. She pushed him away and rose to her feet-all her strength came back, and with it her scorn.

"Where is my sister?" she said : "we will leave your house."

last time."

"You cannot do this-oh, no, thank heaven, that is beyond your power-you cannot separate me from my sister."

"When I married you," he answered, I became that child's guardian-I promised your father to adopt her-I have done soyou cannot touch her. Are you a fit protector for an innocent creature like her? Go forth to the sin and misery you have had been the same-rather shunning sowrought for yourself, but do not think to drag her with you."

"No, no, not that! That child-my sister could never believe me guilty-I will added perplexity and doubt.

see her-she shall go with me." "She is beyond your reach, woman, re-

linquish that hope at once," "My accuser-bring him to me," she replied.

"These letters are a damning accusation, I have sought no other! I had suspected you for some time-your sudden visit to the city last week, all, all told against you. The servant found this letter, without address, in the hall where you had dropped it-it was given to me last night-do you see how you have betrayed yourself?"

She rushed wildly from the chamber, shricking the child's name with insane

There was no response, but when her voice aroused the servants with its frenzied doors. tone, the housekeeper met her in the lower returned. The woman spoke quickly, for wrong had gone through the house.

"Not here," she moaned, "not here! Nellie, little Nellie !

one of the women.

"Where, where?" she questioned, frau-"I couldn't say, ma'am, but she hasn't

left there."

"You don't know that," said the housekeeper, angrily, "but any way, she isn't here-if madam would question Mr. Lennox, it is nothing that concerns the ser-

The lady did not heed the covert insult offered by her menial-she heard nothing -comprehended nothing, only that her sister was gone! She hurried past the wondering group up to her own chamber, incapable of thought or reflection, her white lips murmuring still,

"My sister! my sister!"

Pausing only to catch up a mantle and throw it about her form, she rushed again through the long passages, her lips moving yet in a faint attempt to ejaculate that name which died unutterable in a moan. There was no effort made to stay her, for her husband had not stirred from the chamber which witnessed their interview, and she rushed out of the house, disappearing rapidly down the broad avenue grown dismal with the coming night.

Mr. Lennox stood motionless in that silent room, holding one of the fatal letters crushed in his hand. It had become so dark that he could distinguish nothing, save when the embers of the expiring fire sent up a lurid gleam and crumbled into reddened ashes upon the hearth. At length he roused himself, took a lamp from the table and lighted it by the coals. His face grew even more livid when he saw the shattered writing-desk lying upon the floor, with its contents strewed in confusion over the room, where he had scattered them in his passion. He stooped, collected everything, even to the most minute bauble or scrap of paper, and seating himself began to examine them one by one.

There were only the pretty trinkets which he had himself presented to his wife -two or three brief notes in his own handwriting-a few cards of invitation-one or two scraps of poetry-but nothing to excite suspicion save that little packet of letters which he had previously discovered. He read them all, setting his lips firmly together, but evincing no emotion, and perusing slowly those burning words which seemed to establish the guilt of the woman to whom they were addressed. He scruti nized the handwriting, but it afforded no clue—the name attached appeared only an appellation of fondness, which the woman herself had bestowed upon the writer.

He rose after a time and began a rigid inspection of everything in the room, but there was nothing to corroborate the terrible evidence of those letters-even the fragmentary journal which he found in a drawer, was made up of the small details which composed her daily life.

Even passion like that man's must know "Go when you please, but the child a change, and upon its lowering tide stays with me-you have seen her for the swept in doubts and reflections which filled him with terrible depression. If she were not guilty? But that was impossible-be could not be blind enough to credit, for a a single moment, her innocence. He walked hurriedly up and down the room, striving to recall events of their married life seeking for some one moment an object upon which to fix suspicion-nothing! Her manner at all times, and to all persons, ciety-fond of solitude! All was darkness and confusion-he looked again at the letters, for the instant they seemed only an

> Suddenly he opened the door and called her name-" Mrs. Lennox."

He started as if the word had already grown unfamiliar, but there was no answer. Then a change came over him-a quick fear of something terrible as her pale face rose before his sight. He rang the bell.

"Your mistress?" he said, to the servant, who obeyed in frightened haste the imperious summons. "Quick-where is she ?"

"Gone, sir ?"

"Gone, where?" The man could not tell-she had left the

house, that was all he knew. Mr. Lennox pushed him violently away, bounded down the stairs and rushed bare-headed out of

A hard, driving rain had come up, which drenched him in an instant, but frantic with that sudden terror, he flew down the path which she had taken, while the wind which chilled him to the heart seemed uttering an audible confirmation of his undefined fears. He rushed wildly through the "She was left in the city," interposed dense night and polting rain, but there was no trace-the gates leading from the grounds to the highway were open and he went through, on down the silent road, but of his folly in choosing that method for visitor. The boy-for be seemed little else come back, and I'm very certain she was search, yet unable to pause or turn back.

An hour after, the servants were collected in wondering groups in the great hall, when the door was pushed open and their master entered. The sight of them recalled him somewhat to himself, and he uttered an angry command for them to leave the passage. When there was no one left but the old housekeeper, he gasped,

"You have not seen her?" When she shook her head in denial, he strove to speak, but the words died in his throat-he pressed his hands suddenly to his head-strove to command himself, fell heavily forward and lay motionless upon the floor.

## CHAPTER II.

The reader will now accompany me to another house and we will enter a lofty apartment, fitted up for a library with a severe simplicity, which betokened it the retirement of a student or professional man. Massive book-cases lined the walls, and upon the tables, and desks were arranged with scrupulous care heaps of papers and pamphlets.

The wind and rain beat against the closed shutters, but the loosened curtains and cheerful fire gave an air of comfort to the room, which the sound of the storm without only heightened.

At a table in the centre of the room was seated a man engaged in writing. His pen moved swiftly across the paper, but in spite of his haste every character was formed with the utmost precision, and a rare delicacy almost equal to copper-plate. He seemed hardly to have reached middle age, and his face was of that type which scarcely changed for long years-indeed those calm, cold features might have been a mask, they betrayed so little of what passed within his nature. A lofty, commanding forehead, with heavy brows shading the piercing eyes, which had great power in their unwavering glance, and a mouth which revealed by the compressed lips the indomitable will and resolution of his char-

He was a man difficult to describe, more difficult to understand, but as he isto take quite a prominent place in this story, I have tried to give the reader a good idea of his appearance. Whatever his past had been there was no revealing in those fea-

It was late when he paused in his occupation and laid down his pen. He sat for a time with his eyes fixed upon the closelywritten pages, but his thoughts had evidently wandered to some other theme. At length he took up the papers, and folding them carefully placed them in a drawer of the table. As he raised his eyes, they fell upon a small box of some foreign-looking wood enriously wrought in an antique pattern, and with a half smile, which gave his face an almost sinister expression, he drew it toward him. He pressed his finger upon a secret spring, and the lid flew open with a quick sound, giving to view several packages of old letters and a pile of manuscript, written in a hurried, impetuous hand, very unlike the writing which he had just put away. With the same unpleasant smile he turned over the pages for a moment, then restored them to their

"All very well," he said, in an undertone.

He closed the lid, took up the box and crossed the room to an old cabinet, in which he placed the casket.

"It is better there," he added, locking the cabinet and taking out the key, "we have no use for it now-lie quiet, little fellow !"

As he turned away there was a knock at the door, and before he could speak it opened suddenly, and a young man entered, exclaiming,

"I beg your pardon-the servant told me he thought you were not in, and I had better wait for you here." "I am very happy to see you at all

times," he replied, taking the youth's extended hand.

"But rather surprised to see me just now, Mr. James." "You know I am never surprised at any-

thing, but it certainly is an unexpected "I was not well, and obtained permission to leave college for a week or so-naturally

my first visit was to you." "Your indisposition is nothing serious, I

"Oh, no, I am tired, that's all-a little

rest will set me up again." Mr. James courteously motioned him to

a seat by the fire, and resumed the chair finding no trace of her he sought, conscious he had left just before the entrance of his -threw himself into the seat, brushing his