

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XIX.—NO. 19.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, October 14, 1888.

### Original Poetry.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)  
"IN THE DARK."

Ye scenes of beautiful repose,  
Revealed by the pale moonlight,  
Have ye no influence to restore  
A calm to my soul to-night?  
Ye tranquil skies, your majesty  
And beauty oft have given  
Visions of peace to my weary soul,  
And dreams of rest in Heaven.

I would dream to-night, but I cannot dream;  
I cannot feel secure—  
By the tempest tossed, in darkness lost,  
I long for something sure.  
Maker! to whom these feeble powers,  
This strange existence owe,  
How should I spend these aimless hours,  
What wouldst Thou have me do?

Why am I here in fetters vile?  
My destination where?  
Is there a world where the curse of sin  
Shall leave us pure and fair?  
Ye dead! who have entered the dark before,  
Why ne'er return to give  
Some sign, some token to assure  
That still your spirits live!

I long to know—how can I wait?  
Earth's pleasures turn to gall—  
There is sorrow and sin in my earthly path,  
And darkness over all.  
Friend of the friendless! herald of light!  
Oh! death, I come to thee!  
Boldly I leap in the dark abyss,  
And end uncertainty.

### Miscellaneous.

#### JOHN BOGG'S BARN DOOR; OR, THE EFFECTS OF PROCRASTINATION.

"It is too bad!" said John Boggs.

"What's too bad?" returned Matilda, his wife.

"Why—the cart's broken down; and now the hands must be idle while it's being mended."

"The cart!" repeated Mrs. Boggs, laying down the stocking she was darning, and regarding her husband with a peculiar look.—"Do you mean the large ox-cart?"

"Yes."

"What's the matter with it?"

"The hub is split right slap in two halves! But I thought it began to split a long time ago. I heard you say last week, that you must have a new iron band made for it."

"Yes—I know," said John Boggs, rather indignantly; "I did say something about it, but then I didn't think it was so bad."

"Yet you knew it needed mending, John; you said so yourself. I wish you would turn to be more prompt about these things. You lose more than you are aware of."

"O, no, Tiddy. I don't lose anything. Everything on my place is as well as things generally are."

"Not quite, John. I know you manage to keep things in pretty good order; but you must acknowledge that you are in the habit of procrastinating. It's only last week that you lost a valuable sheep just because you put off mending the floor in the shed. And now you must lose half a day's work of three hands just because you didn't mend your cart hub when it ought to have been mended. Ah—you do lose much; and there's no use trying to hide it."

"Well—complaining won't mend it, that's a mere case," muttered John.

"No, quickly but pleasantly returned Matilda; "but paying heed to your experience might mend the whole trouble."

"Pooh! You sit here in the house darning stockings; and I s'pose you think 'cause you can see where to run your needle, you could see everything in a barn at once."

"No, no, John," said the wife smiling. "You don't put it in the right shape. I can see the head of a stocking, and when I see a place where my needle needs to run, I run it there. I don't expect you to see but one thing at a time, and also to see that it needs mending, then a time to mend it."

John Boggs commenced to whistle a medley of spasmodic notes and at the same time drew on his coat. He had got to go five miles to a blacksmith's shop to have an iron ring made.

"John," said his wife, plying her darning needle as she spoke, "now mark my words; if you don't turn over a new leaf in this respect you'll have a lesson one of these days that'll cost you more than you can afford to pay."

John whistled with renewed energy, now striking fairly into "Yankee Doodle," and with a cautious shake of her head, his wife turned her attention to her work.

John Boggs had two men to work for him, and by this breaking of the cart they were obliged to be idle or go to work which was of little use. He had a large farm and an excellent one for producing vegetation; and he was quite "well to do" in the world. His children were all daughters, and hence the necessity of overlooking the affairs of the farm detracted upon him.

As we have seen, John Boggs had one fault. He would put off till to-morrow what could be done to-day. He contrived to keep his place looking clean and tidy, because at certain periods he would be seized with a fit of renovating fit, and would then roll up his sleeves and go at it. But this didn't work every day. Many a time very important things were left till "he felt like it." That was a great expression of his: "Well—when he felt like it."

Sometimes there would be a break-down that had to be attended to immediately; and while he had the hammer and nails in his hands he would fix up several other things that had been awaiting his coming. Very often an hour was squandered over something which would not have consumed five minutes of his time, had he taken it in hand when he first discovered it.

It did not only so, but he lost in two other ways

It required more nails to do the work at this late hour, and could never be made so good, at that, as it was before, nor as it would have been had he attended to it in season.

John had often promised his wife that he would reform, but he had not done it yet. He did not realize how much he lost; or if he did, the effect was momentary. When he lost his sheep he would never let such a thing go again. And yet there was at this very moment a bad place in the floor of his tie-up, where the cows were kept. He had noticed three days before. He saw one of the cows tread upon it and he knew that a heavy ox would break through there at once. But the floor was not mended yet, for all that.

When the ring, or the hub band came home, Mr. Boggs went to work and put it on. But it would not work. He had missed a figure in his calculations. The spokes had worn the sockets so much that all the straps in the world could never fit that broken hub on again. "Jerusalem!" muttered the disappointed man, as he found that he could not make the thing work. "If I had only fixed the thundering things when I ought to, this wouldn't have been! It's too bad—too thundering bad!"

But there was no help for it. A new hub must be made. He made out to find an old wheel which he could use while thewright was fixing his, and in this uncomfortable way he managed to get along without losing much over a day's time.

One morning about a week after the breaking of the hub, one of the little girls came running in while the family were at breakfast. "Papa! papa!—the white faced heifer's broke right through the floor!"

"What?" uttered Boggs, starting up. "Broken through?"

John Boggs knew that his wife was looking sharply at him, and he avoided that peculiar glance which he felt sure he should find there if turned that way. He called up the two men and hurried out. As good fortune would have it, the heifer was not seriously harmed; but John knew he could not claim credit for her safety. When he came back his wife said not a word upon the subject. At first John was afraid she would reprimand him; but when he found that she kept silence upon the subject, he felt worse than he would have felt had she just chided him a little. He knew she felt it—that she understood it—and her continued silence seemed to indicate that she considered him incorrigible. From that moment he resolved that he would reform. Ah—he had made just such resolutions before.

For two months no real accident happened, for John Boggs kept things pretty straight, but still there were some short-comings. The habit of procrastination was too firmly fixed upon him to be easily thrown off.

As autumn drew near, John Boggs began to look around for an opportunity to carry into execution a plan he had been considering for some time. He had a very choice stock of cattle, and having received an excellent offer for them, he could buy in the spring to good advantage. So he sold eight oxen for a price which might by some be considered almost fabulous. The same purchaser wanted horses and John sold his three heavy ones, keeping only a three year old colt, which he thought would answer for all his riding through the winter.

Very near John's farm was a large tract of land covered with heavy pine trees—most of them magnificent white pine; and he had partly contracted to cut those trees down, fashion the logs, and haul them the distance of three miles to the river. The contract would be a valuable one for him, besides he lived so near to the woods. He supposed he could find plenty of men who would be glad to come on and furnish teams if he would keep them. He had hay and grain in plenty, and of course wished to have most of it eaten on the place. By selling his oxen and horses he had made a clear profit of about one-half all he got for them; and now if he could get some one to come on and furnish teams, and in return, take one-half the proceeds of the job, and have their animals kept, he would do well. But he found it more difficult than he had expected, to obtain the help. He could find plenty of men who would gladly come with such teams as they owned; but he wanted heavier ones.

At length he hit upon the very man.

"I've found him," he said to his wife, one evening on his return from a visit to a neighboring town. "I've found just the man. He's got teams enough, and will come on as soon as wanted."

"Who is he?" asked Matilda, quite pleased at her husband's success.

"Aaron Rolf. You know him don't you?—He's got six yoke of oxen and four good horses; and he says if I will give him equal shares of what I am to have, and take care of his animals and men he'll come."

"Aaron Rolf?" repeated the wife. "I know him well. If he says he will come then you may depend upon him. He never makes a promise until he knows he can keep it; and he never undertakes to do a thing which he cannot do as it should be done. Some people call him odd; and I don't know but he is, in one sense of the word; for he minds his own business; has everything in its proper place; and will have no one about him, if he can help it, who will not follow his example."

"Why—you seem to know him well, Tiddy. And why shouldn't I? You forget that I lived in his father's family several years."

"Oh! Is he a son of old Ben Rolf?"

"Yes—his eldest boy."

"Aha—that's it eh? Well, I'm glad he's such a man. It'll make it good for me."

"I should like to have him here very well this coming fall and winter—that is if you must have some one."

So John Boggs gave himself no more uneasiness upon the subject of his fall's work. Mr. Rolf was coming over to look at the timber, before he closed the bargain; but then John had explained everything fully to him, and he was perfectly satisfied.

One day John went to tie the colt up in the stall, and he found that the edge of the trough was worn almost down to the hole through which the halter was tied. He knew that it

was not safe. A slight pull would break it out.

"I declare," said he to himself, "I must fix that when I get time."

He meant when he felt like it, for he had ample time then. All that was necessary was to step into the wagon-house, get an inch and a half augur, and bore a new hole. It would have taken him, perhaps, five minutes to have performed the whole operation. He led the colt into the next stall, and then went to the house and sat down.

Ah—the old habit was not gone yet. He would fix the tie-hole when he had time!—John Boggs hadn't quite reformed for all his place looked so well outside.

An evening or two afterwards, just as he was sitting down to supper one of his daughters came in and told him that the back barn door had tumbled down again.

"Why I set a log of wood up against it firmly only a little while ago," exclaimed John.

"Then I guess some of the sheep must have rubbed it down," said the girl.

"John Boggs," spoke the wife almost sternly, "haven't you fixed that door yet?"

"I declare. I'll fix that to-morrow," was John's response.

"But why haven't you fixed it before?" persisted Matilda.

"Why—I haven't had time."

John, held down his head as he made this remark.

"Haven't had time?" repeated the dame, elevating her eye brows in real astonishment.—"John Boggs, what do you mean?"

"Why—I did mean to fix it; but whenever I've thought of it, it has been when I was busy about something else."

"Ah, John—let me tell you that kind of work won't suit Aaron Rolf."

"Let Aaron Rolf mind his own business," returned John warmly; "and" he added with a bold look into his wife's face, "there's other folks, too; that might do the same to advantage."

Matilda Boggs smiled, for she saw that her husband was playing the brave—a thing which he seldom did in her presence. Not that she was the wearer of garments unmentionable, but she was one of those straight, forward, sound-sensated, stern virtuous women, who find it absolutely necessary to guide an easy husband sometimes. She had intended to ask her lord to go out and fix the door after supper; but as he was already chafed, she concluded to say no more at present.

The facts about the barn door were these: The lower hinge had been useless ever two weeks, but had been made to work by being careful in opening and closing the door. But some three days had elapsed since the upper one had become so loose that no dependence could be placed upon it. John had noticed, and he had said to himself: "It must be fixed; and he had resolved to do it when he felt like it."

The next day came; and in the morning John went out to the barn, and passed through to the yard. He set the back door up after him, and braced the stout cord against it to hold it in place.

"I declare, that must be fixed! I'll attend to that right off."

He went out into the field, and when he came back he went over to a neighbor to see about some help, and remained there till dinner time. Just as they were sitting down to dinner, Aaron Rolf drove up to the door. One of the hired men took his horse, and he came in, where he was warmly welcomed by John and his good wife.

In the afternoon the two men went out to the timber land, and it was nearly dark when they returned. They had seen the whole lot, and Mr. Rolf was much pleased with the proposed plan in every way. As near as they could calculate it would take them, with themselves and four other men, and six yoke of cattle and four horses, a hundred days. Perhaps more, but surely no less. Rolf found that his share of the proceeds would amount to eight hundred dollars. Then from this he must pay the two men whom he was to bring, leaving him six hundred dollars for his oxen, horses and himself. But as he was to be at no expense at all in feeding anybody or anything, he considered the remuneration just fair.

"I can have more than that for hauling goods for our new railroad company," said he; "but I should have to be away from home all the time, and I don't like it. I like this plan. I can go home as often as I please, and feel perfectly free to remain away a day if I wish."

During the evening the work was all planned; and before they retired, Aaron Rolf had made up his mind that they should sign the articles of agreement. It was arranged that they should go to the justices and have them legally drawn up. John Boggs thought there was no need of any such paper, but Mr. Rolf thought differently. Said he:—

"We may forget, but a written paper can't forget."

And upon that they retired for the night.

In the morning Mr. Rolf got up, and went out to sniff up the fresh air. Having washed and combed his hair, he thought he would go down and look at his horse; and perhaps give him some water. He saw one of the hired men and asked him if he had watered the animal. It had not been done. So he went on to the barn. He found the stable where he had seen the man hitch his horse the night before—but the horse was gone! He went through to the back of the barn, and found the door not open, but flat upon the ground! He went on into the yard—and there he found the bars down! He hunted up the hired man.

"Look ye, my man, have you seen anything of my horse?"

"No sir, was the answer.

"Just come here."

The man followed Rolf to the empty stall.

"Did you hitch my horse there last night?" the visitor asked, pointing to where the hole had been broken out.

"Yes, sir, you know that wouldn't hold a horse?"

"I suppose Mr. Boggs had fixed it, sir. I heard him say two or three days ago he must do it when he had time. It was kind o' dark when I hitched the horse, and I didn't notice"

"Fix it when he had time!" repeated Rolf, in surprise. "Hasn't he an auger?"

"Yes, sir."

"And hasn't he had five minutes to spare within three days?"

"Yes, sir—a good many of 'em, I should think."

"But how about this door out here?—didn't you know that was unsafe?"

"Yes, sir. It's been so a long while. But Mr. Boggs said he'd fix it when he had time, and so I never touched it."

"Who lugged that great log of wood around here to hold it with?"

"Mr. Boggs did, sir."

"He did, eh?—yes, yes. And now how do you suppose them bars came down?"

"Bars!" repeated the man somewhat startled, "are them bars down again?"

"They are down, sir."

"Well—I'm glad out! Mr. Boggs said he'd fix 'em. I asked him yesterday morning if I should fix 'em, and he said no. He said I might go to work and he'd attend to that.—Now the cows are all gone!"

"Ah—I understand," said Mr. Rolf. And as he spoke he turned away and followed the tracks of his horse to the road, and saw that it was turned towards home. He knew the nature of his horse, and he was sure he should find him in his own stall. So he returned to the barn; and having taken the bridle on his arm, and thrown the light saddle over his shoulder, said to the hired man:—

"You can tell Mr. Boggs that I have gone after my horse."

"But shan't I go with ye, sir?"

"No. I know just where to find him."

"So Aaron went away all "saddled and bridled."

When Mr. John Boggs came into breakfast he looked very "blue."

"Why—what's the matter John?" the wife asked, for he looked really sad.

He made no answer; and Matilda was upon the point of asking him again when one of the rosy-cheeked little girls came running in, with eagerness upon every round feature.

"O mamma!" she cried, "don't you think—Mr. Rolf's horse has run off! He broke out of the stall where the halter hole was worn off down to 'an almost nothing—and he run out through the barn door that was tumbled down—and he got through the bars where the cows look 'em down—and—don't you think—he's gone off to try and catch 'em! He went with the saddle on his back! My sakes, ain't it too bad?"

Matilda Boggs looked at John Boggs a full minute, and then she went back to her breakfast. She spoke not a word further upon the subject.

The next forenoon there was a letter left at the house of John Boggs. That individual received it from his wife when he came to dinner. He had been fixing up a door, and some bars, etc. He opened the letter and read as follows:—

OAK HILLS, Sept. 23, 18—.

MR. JOHN BOGGS—DEAR SIR: You may consider that all business relations between us are at an end. But it will not thus abruptly break off our plans without giving any reason. It is this: I am by nature very nervous, and I could not trust my interests in the hands of a man who could not take care of his own. Were I not assured that the accident of last night was the result of what has become a confirmed habit with you, I might hesitate; but I understand it all. This will remain a secret with me; and, trusting you may overcome an evil which cannot but result in harm to you if you follow it up.

I remain yours, etc.,

AARON ROLF.

John Boggs read this letter, and then rushed from the house. Matilda picked it up and read it. A cloud passed over her face, and then a ray of sunshine came. In a few moments she looked happy and contented.

But the dinner was getting cold, and she sent one of the children after him. He came in, looking sad and dejected. His wife went up to him and placed her hand upon his shoulder.

"John," she said kindly, "cannot you buy some oxen?"

"Yes," he returned moodily.

"And can you not buy them and still have much of the money left which you received for those you sold?"

"Yes."

"Then go and buy oxen, and hire your men, and do that work yourself. I'll do all I can towards taking care of your heads. And I am sure you'll make much more than you would have a partner. Come—we can do our duty without the help of any man who does not want to assist you."

John Boggs was dumb with grateful emotion. He understood his wife perfectly. He knew how noble she was; and he now realized that if he had only given heed to her advice before, he might have been spared his shame. But he soon gazed up; and his only answer was to draw the faithful woman down and kiss her.

That very afternoon he commenced upon a rule of life which he resolved not to deviate from. He posted off at once, and before night he was the owner of eight yokes of oxen. They were not such beauties as those he had sold, but they were stout working-oxen. Next he engaged his men. And when the season for work came he went at it with a will: The logs were all menced out and deposited in the river, and he was the clear, net gainer of one thousand dollars by the operation.

But that was not all he gained from that fallen barn-door. He gained the life lesson he so much needed; and from the rule it gave him he never after deviated. He never again saw a thing upon his place that needed attention without bestowing that attention at once. And the result was soon manifest. Everything was in its place, and everything was safe. His wife was happy, for she had no more occasion to perform that most unpleasant of all domestic duties to the true wife—the chiding of a husband. And there was one more thing: He could put a friend's horse into his stall without the danger of the animal's making off during the night, through a hole that should have been, but was not, stopped by a BAR.

THOSE WHO NEVER COMPLAIN.—We reverence the stout of heart. We admire the man, whatever fortune betide, who can still expand his face with a bland and unwrinkled smile.

The intemperance, the owner which will laugh while others cry—the man who can still elicit thoughts for congratulation in situations that would bring forth only growlings and reprimands from others, is the true philosopher—the man for the "times." What are hard times to him? He is not cast from his equilibrium though banks break, debtors become insolvent, or all the kings and emperors of earth suspend. He still finds cause for rejoicing, and is still happy. He has never to eat and drink—enough to wear—he never did, never could make use of more.

Not this, however, the apathy of indifference, far from it. His soul is awake, he sees ruin around, in the midst, impending, but it hurts not until it hits—why should it? He never complains.

Suffering may come, he bears it with a stout heart, like a man. Starvation—but he wastes not his declining strength in vain repinings that serve only to make bad worse. How benignant the rays of happiness that beam from his jolly, rubicund face. How delighted, weaker morals love to ask in the superabundant magnetic emanations that radiate, in the full knowledge of their strength, from his over-flowing soul-battery.

All around are happy. He never complains. He talks, but the sunny side alone appears to find congenial resting place in imagination—bright pictures alone suit him. He alone is the true philosopher. How can it be otherwise? Why, must life be passed through, and flowers and thorns bestrew the path, why not pick the former and eschew the latter? There is time enough for this, and it might be done, if mankind only had the disposition. And were such the case, how soon therefore would come the "good time coming." It would be at our doors—in the midst of our families—in our hearts.

Man is weak, pitiably weak—he has not the strength to follow that which he knows is for his own good. But let him not grumble, for it is as bad for his digestion; let him not habitually seek pleasure in growling, for it will work an injury to his stomach and conscience; let him not accustom himself to contemplate the somber and the shady, for it will spoil his good looks, and render him repulsive and disgusting. Hasten, then, the "good time," and never complain.

DESCRIPTION OF GREAT SALT LAKE.—As the great Salt Lake of the Mormons has of late years become a place of interest to the people of this country, I send you an extract of a letter from a resident of that place, giving some description of it.

The Lake is on the west side of the valley, 80 miles long 40 miles wide, without strait or outlet. The deepest water is 41 feet, interspersed with islands, mostly at the north end, two at the south end, one twenty miles long, the other fifteen; on the east island brother Parr keeps a herd of some fine cattle, a fine ranch, plenty of water, plenty of wood. The best island (Stanbury's) has very little wood and fresh water, but fine grass; cattle summer and winter on these islands, making the fattest beef I ever saw. I have boiled salt at the south end of the lake, called Black Rock, for five years. There is on a mountain some forty miles north, bordering on the Lake any amount of copperas and alum.

Three years ago, (51) three pairs of water made one of salt. The lake has risen seven feet in five years! It now takes nearly five pairs of water to make one of salt; so that not much salt makes on the beach now. Four years ago I loaded a wagon in two hours, of as handsome coarse salt as you ever saw, and as good quality. The water is impregnated with glauber salts, lime, copperas, alum, muriatic acid, &c. The salt springs issue from the foot of the mountains. There is not a pure fresh water spring on the whole of the south end. The spring which we use from is too much flavored to suit strangers. It is a wild romantic place, but I love it, it is my home—we were driven from our homes by a band of ruffians, that would give us no rest day or night. Here we can sleep sweetly amid the dashing of waves, the howling of the wolf, and the grizzly bear, and the yell of the savage.—*Lime (N. Y.) Sentinel.*

SPEAKING OUT IN DREAMS.—A correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch—a remarkably good paper for its size, by the way—tells the following in a letter from one of the Springs:

An amusing incident occurred on the cars of the Virginia and Tennessee road, which must be preserved in print. It is too good to be lost. As the train entered the Big Tunnel, near this place, in accordance with the usual custom a lamp was lit. A servant girl, accompanying her mistress, had sunk into a profound slumber, but just as the lamp was lit she awoke, and, half asleep, imagined herself in the infernal regions. Frantic with fright, she implored her Maker to have mercy on her, remarking, at the same time, "the devil has got me at last." Her mistress, sitting on the seat in front of the terrified negro, was deeply mortified, and called upon her—"Mollie, don't make such a noise, it is I, be not afraid."—The poor African immediately exclaimed, "Oh, missus, dat you; jest what I spected; I always thought if eber I got to de bad place, I would see you dar." These remarks were uttered with such vehemence, that not a word was lost and the whole coach became convulsed with laughter.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—In Berks county, says an exchange, one of political parties had for twenty years been in the habit of holding their nominating conventions at the house of Mr. G.

He happened on a recent occasion, for the first time, to be in when they had finished their business, and heard a little delegate move that "this convention adjourn sine die."

"Sine die!" said Mr. G., to a person standing near, "where's that?"

"Why, that's way in the northern part of the county," said his neighbor.

"Hold on, if you please Mr. Cheeman, said the landlord, with great emphasis and earnestness, "hold on, Sir, I'd like to be heard on that that question. I have kept a public house for now twenty years. I'm a poor man. I have always belonged to the party and never split in my life. This is the most central location in the country, and it's the place where we've always met. I've never had nor asked an officer, and have worked night and day for the party, and now I think Sir, it is contemptible to go, to adjourn this convention way up to sine die?"

CURE FOR MOSQUITO BITES.—According to an exchange, spirits of hartshorn if applied immediately, constitutes a thorough antidote for the bites of mosquitos, or any poisonous insect or animal. Travelers should govern themselves accordingly, while every summer resort that is liable to a visitation of mosquitos, gnats, and other offensive and annoying insects, should keep constantly on hand a liberal supply of the antidote. Lime water is also believed to produce the same salutary effect, and if neither of the articles named can be obtained, any strong lye of wood ashes and water, may be resorted to with advantage.

WE may set down as an axiom that young ladies cannot know everybody's names, when it is utterly impossible for them to know what their own may be a twelve-month afterward.