

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOL. XXII.—NO. 27.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, December 5, 1861.

Selected Poetry.

THE COUNTERSIGN.

Alas! the weary hours pass slow, The night is very dark and still, And in the marshes far below...

Selected Tale.

Incident of Western Life.

On a distant prairie at nightfall, a way-worn and weary traveler was overtaken by a snow storm. When the first few flakes came softly dropping down...

a tribute to Heaven for this place of refuge in the desert of snow. In the large log cabin in the valley of the streamlet Milly Dean sat alone. Her husband had gone to a distant town...

ing with excitement, "What is it?" After having hid the pretty infant on its downy place of rest, she stood erect and waited the reply. "I am going to kill you!" said the man...

Don't Propose in the Dark. The pretty square farm house, standing at the corner near Kibes lane (for the first phrase, although giving by far the closest picture of the place, does, it must be confessed, look rather Irish) and where the aforesaid brook winds away by another lane...

Patty; she who jumped the stile, when her sister opened the gate, was Patty; she who chased the pigs from the garden, as merrily as if she was running a race, so that the pigs did not mind her, was Patty. On the other hand she that so carefully was making, with its own reeled threads, an invisible darn in her mother's handkerchief, and was hearing her sister read the while; she that so patiently was feeding, one by one, two broods of young turkeys; she, too, that so pensively was sitting on a bed of delicate and somewhat rare flowers...

dawn she was up, and peering with restless irritability the dewy grass walks of the garden and orchard. In less than half an hour, a light, elastic step—he knew the sound well—came rapidly behind her; a hand—oh, how often had she thrilled at the touch of that hand—tried to draw hers under his own; whilst a well known voice addressed her in the softest and sweetest accents...