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Selected Poetry.

THE OPEN DOOR.

Within a town of Holland, once A widow dwelt, 'tis said, So poor alas! her children asked One night, in vain, for bread.

Political.

TO J. DEWITT, ESQ.

DEAR SIR:—I had no idea when replying to your address to the Whigs, that it would lead to a controversy; and still, I am not averse to a friendly talk on politics, so long as it remains friendly.

The Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. \$2 per Annum, in Advance. VOLUME XXV. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., DECEMBER 22, 1864. NUMBER 30.

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THE HESPERIDES.

We seek it in our glowing youth— That wondrous garden far away; We deem its golden fruit still waits For us alone each passing day.

Miscellaneous.

OUR ECONOMICAL SOIREE.

Economy in household expenses has come to be the leading idea of terrestrial existence in the minds of Mrs. Dobb and myself. We calculate closely. We never did before since we were married that I can remember. But when butter costs at the rate of five cents a dab, and everything else in proportion, housekeeping expenses become a serious matter.

"I like everything good, dear. Why do you ask?" "Because we're going to have all the girls kiss you to-night."

"They won't be big enough, Nell—not half. I prefer big girls to little ones." "James!" said Mrs. Dobb, reprovingly.

"Oh, Mary Ann Smith is a great big girl," said Nell. "Her dresses almost come down to the ground."

"Bring the nuts when you come to dinner, James," was my wife's parting injunction. "All right, my dear."

The next arrival was a cluster of little girls, looking as sweet as June roses. "I went out to tea, and when I looked in again, the room was filled with the neighbors' progeny, including Mary Ann Smith and two other big girls."

"Such a staid old fellow I never saw before in my life. There they all sat, as bashful as mice, never uttering a loud word, and scarcely caring to look each other in the face. It was vastly amusing to me to observe the conventional awe under which those boys, especially, labored; the very boys that had been saluting each other roughly in the street an hour before, perhaps pulling each other's hair.

"The ice was broken in this way: One of the big girls, by way of opening the ball, said to a youngster of some eight summers, named Joey Perry."

"It's a pleasant evening, Mr. Perry." "Oh, how are you, Mr. Perry?" burst forth our Fred, derisively, at the top of his voice.

"And then such a broadside of laughter! In less than time it takes me to write it the youngsters were in a hubbub as noisy as the meeting had before been sedate.

you, dear?" I said in a tone of intense irony. "As for the painting, seems to me you might need it in some way, James, since you make those things yourself."

"Those things! That's a wife for an artist." "The piano and music I will see what I can do with; and as for the carpet, we can get a rug for the centre of the room, and the spot will never show."

"Another expense, my dear." "James, I have wanted a rug for that room this long time. For my part, I don't show as I am very sorry. At least, it can't be helped now; and there are no more birthdays in the family this year."

A CHILD'S EXPERIMENT.—A little girl about four years old trotted down to Atlantic Dock the other day, says a New York correspondent, to buy some corn for her mother's chickens. She had a pail in her hand in which to put the corn, but before she reached the spot where she was accustomed to find it, she came to a cask of honey.

LIFE'S AUTUMN.—Like the leaf, life has its fading. We speak and think of it with sadness, just as we think of the autumn sea-sons. But there should be no sadness at the fading of a life that has done its work well. If we rejoice at the advent of a new pilgrim to the uncertainties of this world's way, why should there be so much gloom when all these uncertainties are past, and life at its waning wears the glory of a completed task?

It is the beauty of a thing completed; and, as men come together to congratulate each other when some great work has been achieved, and see in its concluding nothing but gladness, so ought we feel when the setting sun flings back its beams upon a life that has answered well life's purpose.

FASHIONABLE CALL.—Enter Miss Lucy, nearly out of breath with the exertion of walking from her papa's carriage in the street to the door of her friend.

USE JUST SAM.—During the last winter a "contraband" came in to the Federal lines in North Carolina, and was marching up to the officer of the day to give an account of himself whereupon the following soliloquy ensued:

It is temper which makes the bliss of home or disturbs its comfort. The home is in the forbearing temper, in the yielding spirit, in the calm pleasures of a mild disposition, anxious to give and receive happiness.

HUNTING THE TIGER WITH ELEPHANTS.

In parts of the country where good shikaris were not to be obtained, I used to find tigers by fastening a bullock near some ravine or thicket known to be frequented by them; the poor animal was generally carried off in the course of the night, nothing further was necessary than to follow up the trail of the tiger to some neighboring cover, where we are sure to find him gorged. Tigers are also found when returning at daybreak on their nightly prowls by men stationed upon trees, who hem them into the first cover they enter.

Having found our tiger, we must, before proceeding to action, devote a few words to that most useful auxiliary, the elephant. A really good sporting elephant is invaluable. He beats for the game like a pointer; and carries his rider in safety over the most dangerous ground, and through the thickest covers, which he searches inch by inch, with a degree of patience and sagacity that makes instant almost amount to reason.

On finding the tiger, the elephant gives warning of his proximity by throwing up his trunk and trumpeting; and, if well trained, should remain perfectly steady, ready to obey every command of his mahout.

A worst fault an elephant can have, is a propensity to charge the tiger. In so doing, the violence of his motion is apt to unseat the riders, rendering it impossible to take aim; and what is still worse, he generally throws himself upon his knees at the moment of attack, pitching the men out of howdah by the violence of the shock.

I have had occasion to use nervous, timid elephants, and they are bad enough; but I would rather ride a determined runaway than a savage brute who insists on killing the tiger himself. It is, no doubt, a severe trial to the nerves to find yourself hurried away by a huge ungovernable monster, with the prospect of being either smashed against a tree or rolled into a ravine; but this is nothing to the risk you incur on a fighting elephant of being pitched into the jaws of an enraged tiger, or pounded into jelly under an elephant's knees.

On a really good elephant the sportsman is exposed to little danger; less perhaps than in most Indian field sports. He is raised from ten to twelve feet from the ground, on a comfortable seat, from whence he can fire in all directions, and he must be a bad shot indeed if he fails to stop a tiger in his charge. But even supposing that he does miss, which has no business to do—and allows a savage tiger to spring upon the elephant, still the man is seldom the object of attack, and he ought to be able to blow the brute's brains out before he does much mischief.

DIMPLES.—Dimples are the perpetual smiles of Nature—the very cunningest devices and lurking places of Love. When each is dimpled by dells and valleys, it always seems to laugh, when the ocean is dimpled by the breeze, it speaks with joy beneath the sunshiny of heaven.

WHOM TO MARRY.—When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly affectionate and respectful, from principle, or from habit, there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her, in whatever condition she may be placed. Were I to advise a friend as to his choice, would be, "look out for a pious girl, distinguished for her attention and love to her parents. The fund of worth and affection indicated by such behavior, joined to the habits and duty of consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail, as a rule, to render her a mild, obliging, and invaluable companion for life."

Let there be plenty of sunlight in your house. Don't be afraid of it. God floods the world with light, and it costs you an effort to keep it out. You want it as much as plants, which grow sickly without it. It is necessary to the healthy spirits, good nature and happy influence. Let the sunlight stream freely in.

A GRAY winter says—I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride for fear the horse might run away; afraid to sail for fear the boat might capsize; afraid to walk for fear the dew might fall; but I never saw one afraid to get married.

GREAT books are dead men, yet glorified ones; and their pupils will ever hold themselves as their living relatives.