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Selected Poetry.

GROWING OLD. They sat together at the door, Through which, long years ago, They passed, a newly-wedded pair, In youth's first rosy glow. Then her round cheek was red and warm, Her hair was rippling gold; Her form was stately as the oak— But now they both are old. The blooming cheek is wrinkled now, The sweet blue eyes are dim; But, full of love and holy trust, They ever turn to him. With the calm faith, and hope she felt Upon her bridal day, When the long future, dower-clad, Stretched out before her lay. Now, in the eventide of life, They watch the purple haze Grow on the hills, and hang above The land-locked chain of bays; They see the sun sink slowly down To gladden other lands; They feel night coming, and they sit, Serene, with close-clasped hands. They know that though the dusk is here They have not yet grown old, Or the dream, weeping night, They wait with patience for the call, To tread the darksome vale, Unto the height, before whose glow The morning sun would pale.

Select Tale.

The Station-Master's Daughter. I had lost sight of my old college chum, Fred Pepper, for several years, till I accepted of an invitation from him last summer to stay a week with him at his home in one of the midland counties. According to arrangement, he met me at Wallington Junction, a station about twenty miles from his house, the remainder of the journey having to be performed on a branch railway. "You will have to take a fresh ticket here," said Fred, after I had alighted from the train, and we had greeted each other with an hearty shake of the hand. "You will find the booking-office at the upper end of the platform." "I went to the window indicated by my friend, and obtained the needed ticket; nothing at the same time that I was waited upon by a young woman—rather an unusual case in England, I believe, though not so infrequent in Scotland; quite a mite of a young woman, so slenderly proportioned was she, so light of figure; with large, shy, brown eyes, and brown hair; with small, pale, clearly-cut features; hardly to be called pretty, but with an expression of candor and an hearty waywardness, that made her face the color of brick, and his shaggy red hair and long red beard, rudely trimmed by some country barber, did not add to the attractiveness of his appearance. His features were bold and sufficiently well-shaped; but the expression of his eyes was so thoroughly bad, that it was impossible to be mistaken as to the nature of the soul that gazed loweringly out of their treacherous depths. Madge could not help wondering to herself how it happened that laughing, careless Dick had come to choose such a man as this Kulp for his companion. "David went into the house, and presently returned with a jug of ale and some glasses; and Mr. Kulp having produced some cigars, the three sat down on one of the benches outside the station, and proceeded to enjoy themselves after their own fashion. "We had Lord Alfred's family here yesterday afternoon," said David, after a while. "There was three truck-load of luggage and things, besides eight horses, and a lot of dogs; and a rare lot of money it came to. Fact is, continued the old soldier, I never was so busy since I came here as this Kulp for his company. For Baylis, the cattle-drover, sent me word a week ago to get him twenty wagons ready by this morning; and sure enough by five o'clock he was here with a lot of stalling, half-mad bullocks; and rare and cold it was too at that hour; but we got them all safe into the trucks, and the engine fetched them at eight o'clock—quite a little train of themselves. And then Baylis came into the house, and had a bit of breakfast with me, and paid me for the carriage of the cattle. Why, lads, I shall have over a hundred and fifty pounds, to send to the bank in the morning. I'll warrant such a thing never happened before since Birkwood was a station; and the old man chuckled to himself as he emptied his glass, and seemed to look upon the whole matter as an excellent joke. "Shortly afterward Dick and Mr. Kulp took their leave, the former depositing on the window sill a little bunch of flowers for Madge, who still kept resolutely within doors. The two walked slowly down the road, conversing earnestly together. Mr. Kulp apparently endeavoring to impress some important point on the attention of the half-reticent Dick; and in a few moments the latter came hastily back, and going up to David, who was busy digging in his garden by this time, he said: "You'll be down to the Farriers to-night, won't you, governor? There's to be a bit of a dahlia-show among the villagers, and they'll be sure to want you to act as one of the judges." "I'll drop down, lad, after the eight o'clock train has gone, and that's as soon as I can leave; not that I know much about dahlias, but I can give my opinion, I dare say as well as another man." "So, with a renewed good-morning, Dick

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frequently happened that David, rendered forgetful by the excitement of congenial company, and by the rude but genuine applause which always greeted his stories of warlike adventure; would imbibe more of the Farriers' heady home-brewed than he could conveniently carry, and would reach home at a late hour in a state which permitted no recollection next morning of how he got there. "It was hardly likely that such a girl as Madge Carliston could have reached the age of seventeen, even in a remote place like Birkwood, without having suitors for her hand. Of the unfortunate rejected ones who had been sent about their business, with no measure of hard words, but with a gentle refusal, uttered half-reluctantly, as though she were unwilling to inflict so much pain, the only one known to me by name was young Will Ferguson, a guard on the line. Will had tried his fortune, and had been rejected, like others before him; but whether there was something in Madge's soft refusal which would not permit him to despair of success, or whether it was owing to the consistency and true nature of his affection, he still went on loving as before, and would by no means take his rejection as final. 'It's a woman's privilege to change her mind,' he would say; 'and who knows but that Madge may change hers?' "Will's most formidable rival was handsome black-eyed Dick Carradus, son of Lord Alfred's own valet, and who had been turned out of doors by his father some years before; had then gone to Australia, and had come back after being five years away, quite as poor as he went, and was now living at home on sufferance, till something should turn up likely to suit his lazy habits. "Dick had not been back long before he singled out little Madge Carliston as the object of his attentions. He began by paying court to her father, and would lounge up to the station of a morning, having no work of his own to engage him, and smoke and chat with the old man between trains, but with respectful attention to his long-winded stories, retail the latest village news, and give him now and then a helping-hand with his garden; so that, after a time, the morning seemed long and dull which was not enlivened by a visit from laughing, good-tempered Dick. To Madge he had made no open confession of his love, being quick enough to perceive that she was one of those who are not to be won in a day; but he let her see in twenty different ways how he felt. He would come to her house, and would sit on the porch for long hours, and would look at her with an intently long time, but there was no movement, nor any sign of life, other than her own beating heart; so, with a sigh of relief, she at length wrenched her eyes away, and persuaded herself that, in the confusion of that first waking moment, her senses must have misled her. The hour was late, and her father could not be long now; so she would just make every thing secure below stairs, and then go and lie down on her bed with her head resting in readiness to run down at his first knock. "It was hardly pleasant going about the house after such strange movement of the door-handle; but she nerved herself to the effort, although the eyes of Mr. Kulp seemed to stare out at her with baleful intensity from every dusky corner, and to lie in wait for her behind every door. But the task, after all, was only a short one; and when she had seen that all the doors and windows were properly secured, and that there was nothing to be feared from the street, she took up her candle, and walked slowly and steadily up the short flight of stairs which led to her own and her father's bedrooms on the upper floor. After glancing into the latter room, and seeing that the cash-box was there as usual on the her own chamber, the window of which looked out at the back of the station, and down the road that led to the village. "It was David's custom, as an extra measure of precaution, to place the cash-box in his bedroom overnight. After the departure of the last train he made up his receipts for the day, and put the account into the box which traveled backward and forward between the bank and the station, ready for conveyance to headquarters; so that when Madge saw the box where it always stood overnight she felt quite satisfied as to its safety, and never once thought whether the amount it contained might be great or small. "Perfectly assured by this time that the movement of the door-handle was a pure piece of imagination on her part, and having quite recovered the steadiness of her nerves, now that she was safe in her own little chamber, she sat down in front of the glass, and leisurely proceeded to brush out her long brown hair, pausing now and then to smell at the bouquet left by Dick, and humming a familiar tune to herself, wondering how much later her father would be, and becoming more anxious, as the time verged on toward midnight, as to the condition in which he would reach home. She had sat thus for some time, when she was startled by the noise of something striking against the window. She got up, put the candle in the farthest corner of the room, drew aside the blind, and looked out. The moon was nearly at the full, but thick masses of cloud overshadowed the sky, leaving only a sort of dull half-light, in which nothing could be clearly discerned. There was, however, sufficient light for Madge to make out the familiar figure of Dick Carradus beckoning to her with one hand, as though he wished to speak to her. Her fears took alarm at once; something had happened to her father, and Dick had come to break the bad news to her. She drew up the blind and flung open the window with hands that trembled so much that they could scarcely do her bidding, dreading, yet longing, to know the worst. "Your father has been taken with a fit at the Farriers' Arms," said Dick, and I am come to fetch you. Make haste, and put on your things, and let us be off." "Dick was standing in an open space of ground about a dozen yards from the house, where his figure could be plainly made out; a little to his left, and a few yards further from the house, was an out-building belonging to the station; and Madge, while Dick was speaking to her, distinctly saw the head and shoulders of a man protruded for a moment from behind the gable of the building, as though in the act of listening, and then withdrawn; the man, whoever he might be, evidently thinking that, as the

keys under the bed. Her next proceeding was to secure the frail door at the foot of the staircase as well as she was able, by inserting a small wooden peg above the latch, so as to hinder any one from opening it in the ordinary way; and then by piling against it several chairs and other light articles of bedroom furniture, such as her limited strength permitted her to lift. She was well aware that even then it was a protection which a few minutes would suffice to demolish; but every minute was a gain in her desperate strait; her only hope lay in prolonging the struggle as much as possible—help might come, she knew not how or whence, when least expected. "Outside, everything remained quiet.—Could it be possible that they would, after all, go away without attacking the house? With this blessed hope beating warmly in her heart, Madge ran back to the window of her own room, and peeped through the glass—no—both of them were still there. They were standing over a heap of sleepers, and pushing the stranger back out of sight, and came forward himself, and took up his first position, close to the house, waiting for Madge to come out. "Madge stood up in a maze of doubt and fear. Why had not Dick come alone? And who was that other man hidden away behind the gable with Dick's connivance? Why, in fact if Dick's story were true, need there any concealment at all? "Are you ready?" called Dick; and then there came a sharp imperative summons with his knuckles on the door below; and then the door itself was tried; but it was locked. "Madge started out of her reverie, opened her bedroom window, and looked out for the second time. "Do make haste!" exclaimed Dick the moment her head was protruded from the window. "How long are you going to be?" "Answer me one question," said Madge. "Did you come up from the village alone? Is there any one here besides yourself? You know, Dick, that I am easily frightened—and the hour is late—and we'll take care." "Before Dick could reply the hidden man burst into the moonlight, revealing Mr. Kulp to Madge's straining eyes. "Come, stop all that jabber!" exclaimed Kulp, brutally. "If you had been guided by me—this to Dick—"we should have had what we came for before now; but you must needs go to work in your own idiotic way; and see the result—all this precious time wasted, and nothing done! Look you here young women! turning to Madge; "you must not expect your father home just at present; he's disordered, and will trouble nobody for some time to come. There's not a soul within a mile of you, except us two—two fellows who don't stick at trifles, against a wisp of a girl who gives tongue if she sees a mouse suddenly. Now we've nothing against you yourself; we don't wish to do you any harm. What we've come for is the money we know there's in the house—not the old man's own money, but the money belonging to the railway.—If you can drop it quietly out of the window, if you like, we'll know within a quid or two how much there is; and we'll take our leave at once; and you'll be none the wiser—it will only be the railway that will suffer, and they can afford it. But offer any resistance, or try on any of your tricks, and we'll not only have the money, but your life into the bargain." "The idea of any one thinking it worth while to rob the station had never entered the head of Madge; but as Kulp spoke, she remembered that there was that night a much larger sum of money in the house than had ever been there before. Dick, you'll be honest, what mad notion was it that he should have had? He had doubtless well aware that old David was in the habit of keeping the cash in his bedroom, as a security against thieves. All these thoughts passed through her brain while Kulp was speaking. When he had done, she gave one great despairing sob, wrung from her by the thought of her lover's treachery, and her heart for the moment seemed to wither up within her. But the necessity for immediate action was passing—she would have time enough in the dark future before her to brood over her sweet heart's baseness. What mad idea? If her father was not ill, as these men had first averred, then why had he not come home? He had never, even when most overcome, staid out till this hour. Was it not possible—nay, probable—that they had murdered him first, to get him out of the way, and had then come on to the station to complete their work by robbery, and perhaps murder, too? "A rude summons from Kulp cut short her brief reverie. "Now, young women, what are you about? Do you expect us to wait here all night?" "Oh, Dick, for pity's sake, tell me what has become of my father?" she said, still speaking through the window, and heedless for the moment of Kulp. "Dick rose from his seat as if he were going to reply, but Kulp waved his hand. "Your father's disposed of where he'll trouble nobody, as I told you before. And now let us have your answer at once. Do you mean to give us that money quietly or not?" "No—a thousand times no!" exclaimed Madge, passionately. "Cowards that you are, come and take it, if you dare! and she shut down the window with a bang, and without dissuading further parley. "The thought of her father lying wounded, perhaps dead, in some lonely spot, lent her a courage, a reckless audacity, that made her for the time almost indifferent to any thing that could happen to herself.—What means of defense had she? was her first question. Scarcely any. The doors and windows, indeed, down stairs were fastened; but she knew well that they would not stand long against the assaults of two men determined on effecting an entrance. There was no arms of any kind in the house. There was the door at the bottom of the stairs opening into the kitchen—she might, perhaps, do a little toward securing that. The candle was still burning where she had left it; and as she went into the room, the cash-box containing the cause of all these misfortunes stared her in the face.—Her father's keys lay beside it, together with a bag containing the silver and copper retained by David as change. A flash of inspiration came to her as she looked at these things. She opened the cash-box, and took out the bag containing the day's receipts, in notes, checks, and gold, and concealed it in the bosom of her dress. She then put the bag containing the silver and copper into the box, locked it, and threw

Mr. Kulp gave a yell of mingled rage and pain, and being obliged to let go his hold, came to the floor with a terrific crash. He was on his feet in an instant, swearing horribly that he would have Madge's blood; but just as he was preparing to mount the stairs again, Dick, with a joyful cry, burst out of David's room, exclaiming that he had found the cash-box. Even then, Mr. Kulp was half inclined to stay at all risk, and have his revenge for his hand hurt him terribly; but Dick hurried down stairs with the box under his arm, and Mr. Kulp's cupidly rendering him fearful that unless he quickly followed he might perhaps never see Dick or the box again, he postponed the consideration of his revenge till a future period, and hurried after his friend, threatening Madge with what he would do to her if she stirred out of the loft, or made any alarm, for a full hour at least. "Madge's ruse had succeeded. Deceived by the weight of the box, they had hurried out, and she was evidently incompetent, it was only to lapse into a brain-fever, from which she did not thoroughly recover for several months. "Old David turned up in the morning haggard and penitent. He had been lying dead-drunk under a hedge all night, where Kulp and Carradus had purposely left him. Carradus himself got clear away, and has never been heard of from that day to this. The railway company made Madge a handsome present as soon as she got well again; but they removed her father from a situation for which he was evidently incompetent, and made him ticket-collector at Wallington Junction; at which station Madge was, at her own request, installed as booking-clerk; but I hear that she and Will Ferguson are about to be married; so that next time you come this way, perhaps, there will be no Madge Carliston to serve you with a ticket."

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warn him of the fate before him, but beyond a dry husky whisper she had lost all power of speech. The light from the lamp above her shone obliquely on his shaggy head, his cruel wolfish eyes staring ferociously at her, and the bare knife held between his teeth. Half a minute more he would have seized her, when, yielding to her last desperate effort, the knot gave way; the rope fell to the ground; and the ladder, no longer held in its place, and already trembling under the weight of Kulp, shrank slowly along the smooth edge of the grating, till it slipped over the end, and fell swiftly through the air, with the terrified wretch clinging to it; and coming down with a terrible crash on the coping-stone at the edge of the platform, rolled over with its burden on to the line, just as the wildly-shrieking train forged into the station, and came to a dead stand a few feet from the lifeless body lying across its path. "I, who tell you this, happened to be traveling by the mail that night, and was quickly out of the train, followed by several of the passengers, to ascertain the reason of a stopping so unusual. "It was Will Ferguson who picked up the body of Kulp from before the engine. A medical man, one of the passengers, pronounced him to be dead. "Some time elapsed before Madge, lying insensible so far above our heads, was discovered; and then it was a task of considerable difficulty to get her down, but it was managed after a time, and the poor girl was laid on her bed unconscious of all that was being done for her; and when she did awake from her state of insensibility, it was only to lapse into a brain-fever, from which she did not thoroughly recover for several months. "Old David turned up in the morning haggard and penitent. He had been lying dead-drunk under a hedge all night, where Kulp and Carradus had purposely left him. Carradus himself got clear away, and has never been heard of from that day to this. The railway company made Madge a handsome present as soon as she got well again; but they removed her father from a situation for which he was evidently incompetent, and made him ticket-collector at Wallington Junction; at which station Madge was, at her own request, installed as booking-clerk; but I hear that she and Will Ferguson are about to be married; so that next time you come this way, perhaps, there will be no Madge Carliston to serve you with a ticket."

REVOLUTIONARY PENSIONERS.

On the first day of January 1863 there were but twelve Revolutionary Pensioners surviving. On the 4th of March, 1864, Congress unanimously adopted a resolution tendering thanks to these surviving patriots of the Revolution for their services in that struggle, whereby our independence was achieved, rejoicing that their lives had been prolonged beyond the time usually allotted by man, and also resolved that a sum be voted them that would smooth the rugged path of life during their remaining days. An act of April 1864, provided an additional hundred dollars to be paid to each of these pensioners. Since that time seven of these men have died. The following are the names and residences of the five now remaining: LEMUEL COOK, enlisted in Litchfield, Ct. He now lives in Clarendon, Orleans Co., N. Y. Mr. Cook says he was born in Plymouth, Litchfield county Ct., but cannot give the year of his birth. He also states that he enlisted in that town; that he marched the same year with the army to Yorktown, and was present at the surrender of Cornwallis, Oct. 19, 1781. According to his recollection he was seventeen years of age at that time, which would make the year of his birth 1764. He has in his possession a copy of his discharge papers, signed by Geo. Washington, which state that he was a private in the Second Light Dragoons, Connecticut; field officers, Col. Sheldon, Lieut. Col. Jenkinson and Major Tallmadge. His discharge concludes with the following certificate:—"The above named Lemuel Cook has been honored with the badge of merit for three years faithful service." Mr. Cook rides out occasionally, and still writes his name quite legibly. He thinks it a little singular, however, that he should be obliged to take an oath of allegiance—swear that he has not given aid and comfort to rebels—whenever he makes application for his pension. "May he and his compatriots live to see the end of this rebellion and the re-establishment of the Union upon a firm and enduring basis. SAMUEL DOWLING, enlisted in Carroll county, N. H.; is about ninety-eight years of age, and lives in Edinburg, Saratoga county, N. Y. WILLIAM HITCHINGS, enlisted at Newcastle, Me. (then Massachusetts) is now one hundred years old, and resides in Penobscot, Hancock county, Me. ALEXANDER MARONEY, enlisted at Lake George, N. Y., as a drummer boy; is now about ninety-four years of age. His residence is Yates, Orleans county, N. Y. JAMES BARHAM, substitute for a drafted man in Southampton county, Va.; lives in the State of Missouri, and is in the one hundred and first year of his age. "PAPA," said a little urchin to his father the other day, "I saw a printer go down street just now." "Did you, sonny? How did you know that the person was a printer?" "Cause I do, papa." "But he might have been a carpenter, blacksmith or a shoemaker." "Oh no, papa, he was a printer; for he was gnawing a bone, he had no stockings on, the crow was out of his hat, and his coat was all torn. I'm certain that he was a printer, papa."