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Selected Poetry.

KNITTING. The fire burns low; no other light but the shades of coming night.

Original Sketch. For the Bradford Reporter. A REMINISCENCE OF TOWANDA.

Some years ago when business for the first time called me to Northern Pennsylvania, I came by a stage route along the Susquehanna river.

There were but three passengers beside myself; a young lady with a child, four years old, and a scowling old man.

Where is grandma, Nannie? She replied: "Grandma got sick and could not eat, so she went to Heaven where folks live without eating."

"No Sir," without removing her eyes from her plate, "He will see me early tomorrow, I hope."

"Yes Sir." This was all; my manner was so icily cold that I made no effort at conversation.

While I stood at the coach door I observed that the rain was beating in upon the opposite cushion, there and I disposed my long coat around him to keep his legs dry.

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gruffly from beneath his high coat collar. I proceeded about two yards in advance of the horses.

We reached Wyalusing in a short time, and remained there all night. The morning was glorious, and the journey to Towanda was enjoyed by all.

My father-in-law, Mr. M., was a young man who had been brought up in his home. The change from service to position affected her unfavorably; she became austere and imperious to himself, and cruel to his child.

This singular man had invited me to his house to receive pay for a week's work. I had read Washington Irving's mysterious Knickerbocker stories, and began to imagine myself a hero.

The windows in the library were so high that I could not reach them; they were perfectly square, and ranged along over the book-shelves close to the ceiling.

"I hope your father is not seriously ill," I ventured. "No Sir," without removing her eyes from her plate, "He will see me early tomorrow, I hope."

"Yes Sir." This was all; my manner was so icily cold that I made no effort at conversation.

While I stood at the coach door I observed that the rain was beating in upon the opposite cushion, there and I disposed my long coat around him to keep his legs dry.

to be run off by a sigh. I sank upon a leather-covered lounge and ruminated upon the peculiarity of my situation.

though I had heard noises for which I could not account. Night however was just ahead; I must wait for the revelations of midnight.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me if Mr. M. is at home?" inquired a voice which I immediately identified as that of the young widow who had ridden with me in the stage-coach.

"This was where my father and sister live," said Mrs. Banc. "I did not know the former was still alive until to-day, as my mother never referred to him."

I stood in blank astonishment during this recital of Mrs. Banc, not once recurring to the fact of her little daughter being with a stranger at the gate.

The old man lay prone upon his bed, but turned his face toward me when his daughter whispered that I was present.

"I did not see the meeting of the long separated sisters nor that of the father and daughter. It was a place of family sacredness which I felt that I had no right to invade."

I spent part of the last day in unraveling the mystery of the library. I had the windows thrown open wide and the carpet removed. The floor had become uneven and the boards loose beneath one of the book shelves which had sprung from its fastenings.

departure and learned that her father survived until the opening of the following Spring, when he died, leaving his property equally divided between his two children.

CLOVER BLOSSOMS. There's a modest little blossom, blooming closely to the ground.

In the rich man's terraced garden Many a fair exotic twines; Many a gay tinted flower.

Little care my hilly flowers, Though the soil be poor and dry, Blooming by the dirty wayside.

Blessing all who pass thereby, Let me learn the gentle lesson, Even in my lowly way, Working bravely, like the clover, In the sultry summer day.

A TURKISH BATH IN NEW-YORK. A lady in New-York who had just for the first time taken a Turkish bath in that city, writes to a friend as follows:

Fresh from the bath. Did you ever take a Turkish bath, Nell? I fancy not. They are scarce luxuries in the country.

We go down a flight of stairs, open a door to the right, and enter the Frigidarium, which, to translate to you unaccustomed ears, means a nice, comfortable room filled with easy chairs, and lined around with little curtained apartments which are dressing rooms, ten in number.

Then you are laid upon the shampooing bench in the middle of the room, and your limbs and body rubbed your eyes feel as if it would be the easiest thing in the world to go to sleep.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SNAKE BITE.—One of the most extraordinary cases of the effects of a snake bite of which we have heard, occurred last Saturday at Balls Prairie in the northern part of this county.

TIGER FIGHTED BY A MOUSE.—A traveler gives the following anecdote of a tiger kept at the British Residency at Calcutta: "But what annoyed him far more than our poking him with a stick, or tantalizing him with shins of beef or legs of mutton, was a mouse introduced into the cage."

MOUSE POWER. A gentleman in Scotland has trained a couple of mice, and invented a machinery for enabling them to spin cotton yarn.

FORCE OF HABIT. Persons who use snuff soon deaden the sensibility of smell, so that a pinch is taken unconsciously, and without any sensation being exerted thereby, sharp though the stimulus may be.

After a series of years winding up a watch at a certain hour, it becomes so much a routine as to be done in utter unconsciousness; meanwhile the mind and body are engaged in something entirely different.

An old man is reported to have scolded his maid-servant very severely for not having placed his glass in the proper position for shaving.

We are all creatures of habit, and the doing of disagreeable things may become more pleasant than omissions; showing to the young the importance of forming correct habits in early life, to the end that they may be carried out without an effort, even although at first it may have required some self-denial, some considerable resolution to have fallen into them.

But if doing disagreeable things does by custom become more pleasurable than the omission, then the doing right, because we love to do what is right, becomes a double pleasure to the performer in the consciousness that while he is yielding allegiance to his Maker, he benefits his fellow-man, and cannot get out of the habit of well-doing without an effort and a pang.

THE HORRORS OF ANDERSONVILLE. The bower of slavery is Albany, Ga., only a few miles south of that plague spot of civilization, that Golgotha of horror, Andersonville, which I passed on my way.

What's his name, and where does he live? "I insisted." "What's his name, and where does he live?" "I insisted."

Does he keep his dogs yet? "Yes," said he, "I was employed by one of General Wilson's agents to collect the State supplies, and I saw his dogs there with him."

As I saw and heard these things on the fatal spot, I was pointed to a place over the hill, beyond where were fourteen thousand and some graves, the awful damning proof of the truth of these otherwise incredible rumors of horror.—Cor. Cincinnati Commercial.

HINTS TO BATHERS.—At this warm season, when bathing is so popular, it will be well to observe the following hints: On first plunging into the cold water there comes a shock which drives the blood to the central parts of the system.

Certain precautions are necessary. Moderate exercise, by summoning into action the powers of the system, and quickening the circulation, is better than inactivity. We should never go into water immediately after a meal nor while the process of digestion is going forward.

are proper seasons for bathing. The heats of the day are to be avoided, but in very hot weather a bath is useful, cool in the blood and secure refreshing sleep.

AN ABSENT-MINDED OBERLYMAN. Dr. Samuel West of Dartmouth, Mass., was one of the celebrities of New England during the latter half of the last century.

When he spent six months in preparing for College, and in 1750 started for Harvard College bare footed, carrying his shoes and stockings under his arms.

Dr. West was remarkable for absence of mind. During the session of the Convention to adopt the Constitution of the United States, he spent many of his evenings abroad, and generally returned with his pockets filled with handkerchiefs, silk gloves, silk stockings, and other small articles, and was greatly distressed in finding there thinking of the handkerchiefs taken out and slipped down into his pocket.

Once, upon a Saturday afternoon, when on his way home from Boston, he was overtaken by a violent shower as he was riding on horseback.

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It is said the prettiest girls in Utah generally marry young.