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Selected Poetry.

Over the silent way.
The pearl-white hands are pressed;
The lashes lie on her cheeks so thin;

Miscellaneous.

TWO WHO WAIT.

"There's rosemary—that's for remembrance."
I loved Robert as I never could love again.

The Bradford Reporter.

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walked about for awhile under the trees there in old Cambridge before we went back to town, and the moon poured down on us a flood of silver light.

That New-Year, however, the firm he worked for raised his salary, so that he saved the money we needed more than we had any hope, and we were married the next summer, a year after our betrothal.

Let me hurry over these few terrible weeks of suffering and suspense through which I nursed him. He died in the last of April.

"Their angels do always behold the face of the Father," and I know he was thinking of his little one, and what her lot would be when he was gone.

How beautiful it was, walking about in those lovely grounds, with the day just drawing to its close. There were flowers every where—flowers growing up joyously, and shaking odors out of their crimson and purple cups upon the still air.

THE WORKING.
The noblest men I know on earth
Are men whose hands are brown with toil;

UNDER LAKE MICHIGAN.
On the 16th of August I was in Chicago, and thought I ought to visit the tunnel.

On the other the stern fact that I did not love Dr. Grant—the holy, ever present memory that I had promised to belong to Robert Eden forever.

Then I thought further. Filled as my heart was with fond memories of the dead, thrilling to that remembered love as it never would to the strongest utterance of any living man's passion, should I not be wronging Dr. Grant's noble nature unpardonably if I gave him a hand which held no heart?

At last the end came. She had been growing more like an angel every day, and at length the angels called her home.

so shocked to hear an oath. I thought it strange. And yet I was informed that not long ago two men got to fighting here, and one killed the other!

Then we went back by the masons and those making mortar, and again I was on the car. I was glad to return. I was glad no accident happened.

Thousands of islands in the Eastern Ocean owe their origin entirely to this source, and particularly those in the Indian Archipelago and round New Holland.

These reefs have flat tops, and rise so perpendicularly from the bed of the sea that the officers of vessels, within only two ship's length of them, have found no bottom at the depth of 150 fathoms, or nine hundred feet!

After a long time, we came to a chamber dug out on each side, braced with timbers and plank; here mortar had been made and bricks deposited. We did not stop.

TEMPLE OF JUNO AT POMPEII.
Mention was lately made of the discovery made at Pompeii of a temple of Juno, with more than three hundred skeletons.

These remains, which crumbled to dust by degrees as they were brought to light, were those of woman and children, who had been buried beneath the burning ashes thrown out by the volcano at the moment in which a sacrifice was being offered up in the temple.

A GREAT CURIOSITY.—The Jacksonville (Oregon) Sentinel, gives the following particulars of the discovery of a great sunken lake.

THE MISERIES OF A RICH MAN.—The New York correspondent of the Rochester Democrat is responsible for the following:

SMALL BEGINNINGS.—Franklin had but little early education; yet look at what he became and how he is revered.

A correspondent of one of the Paris papers gives the following account of a sirocco in Algiers:

"Almost all the summer we have been congratulating ourselves on the coolness of the season, and when letters from France complained of the heat, we recommended our friends to come to Algiers for fresh air. But we reckoned without our host—the sirocco; and now that has come with a vengeance.

Now it is perfectly well known that over-drying causes the milk to be heated and feverish, especially in hot weather, and this milk is a healthy article of food either as milk or when made into butter or cheese.

WIFE AND SONS.—I heard an anecdote of Kaffiland to-day, which, though irrelevant to our adventures here, is so amusing that I must record it, particularly as my informant vouched for its truth.

NEW WAY OF APPLYING LEECHES.—"Well, my good woman," said the doctor, "how is your husband to-day? Better or no?"