

The Reporter is published every Thursday Morning by E. O. GOODRICH, at \$2 per annum, in advance...

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Original Poetry.

For the Bradford Reporter. I had beneath the curling sky, the dawn's soft glow...

Matrimonial Ineligibilities.

The following extracts are from Barry Gray's book, entitled "Matrimonial Ineligibilities."...

Mrs. Gray's Morning.

Mrs. Gray one morning asks her husband for money. The children's dresses and the large gas bill account for the demand.

My Wife's Laugh.

"Oh, you needn't laugh," I continued; "it's a probable thing, as they are given to all kinds of mischief."

A Magnanimous Dane.

During the wars that raged from 1622 to 1660, between Frederick III of Denmark and Charles Gustav of Sweden...

The Coiners.

During the year of 1847 the West was flooded with a counterfeit coin. It was so well manufactured that it passed readily.

FUN, FACTS AND FACETIÆ.

APPOINTED lady who let her lips drop on being spoken to tenderly by a young gentleman, is anxious to recover them...

DIED OF TOO MUCH RUFFLING.

This is the epitaph which might truthfully be written on many a good woman's tombstone.

The Bradford Reporter.

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brush and a dusting cloth, and scatter the dust which has settled on the furniture over the floor again.

only have four a year, whereas most ladies have a dozen." "A dozen!" I exclaimed, astonished...

THE COINERS. FROM THE DIARY OF A DETECTIVE. During the year of 1847 the West was flooded with a counterfeit coin.

felt a heavy hand placed on my shoulder, and turning my head around, to my horror found myself in the grasp of an ill-looking scoundrel as ever escaped the gallows.

FUN, FACTS AND FACETIÆ. APPOINTED lady who let her lips drop on being spoken to tenderly by a young gentleman...

"If any one," said she, "has had the audacity to hide them, I shall never forget it as long as I live!" "I made no reply."

"Well, the fact is, my dear," I replied, "that we must economize somewhere; and I think we can best dispense with new bonnets."...

I began to grow discouraged, and really thought I should be obliged to return home without having achieved any result.

"Why, what's all this!" they exclaimed. "A later I found peepin' outside," said my captor.

AN editor in a neighboring city is charged with grossly misrepresenting the condition of its streets.

Here the lad made his appearance, struggling in Bridget's arms. He was thoroughly wet, and had apparently been thrown from his horse...

"What I do not mean to tell me those half dollars are counterfeit?" "I do."

And he placed one of them in the balance against a genuine half dollar, and the latter brought up the former.

"I did not move a muscle or utter a word. 'You have found out our secret, and dead men tell no tales.'"

Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like arrows—because they can't get without a beau and are in a quiver till they get one.

"But, my dear," she said, looking imploringly into my face, "I didn't send him into the yard."

"I compared the two and found that he was right. I supplied the place of the three counterfeiters with good coin, and returned the former to my pocket."

"I have frequently in the course of my life been obliged to put up with wretched accommodations, so I did not allow my equilibrium of temper to be destroyed...

"You may be certain of that. Ain't he the head of our profession?" "Well, then, I'm Ned."

REASON FOR MOVING.—An honest Hibernian, drawing a new cart containing all his valuables, was accosted with: "Well, Datney, you are moving again, I see!"...

"My dear," I said, "as it has ceased raining, I think I will take a walk, and while I am absent, you can let Bridget sweep and dust my room; but, I added, as I took up my hat and coat, 'if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is Friday's cleaning.'"

The chamber was of small size, and certainly well ventilated, for I could see the stars through the roof. The bed was simply a bag of straw thrown into one corner of the room, without sheet or covering of any kind.

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A YOUNG lady objected to a negro's carrying her across a mud hole, because she thought the smell of the counterfeiter's hands would be offensive.

"But you are not going without leaving me some money, I hope," she said. "There it is again!" I exclaimed; "money! money! it is always money with you women. Well, how much do you want? Come, don't keep me standing here forever, when you know I am in a hurry."

at last I began to grow weary, and throwing myself on my pallet I was soon plunged in deep slumber. How long I slept I know not, but I was awakened by a dull sound, which resembled some one hammering in the distance.

I put on my boots, the only article of attire I had discarded, and cautiously opened the door of my chamber and noisily descended the rickety staircase.

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AN IMPUDENT boy, waiting for a grist, said to the miller, 'Fould eat the meal as fast as the mill grinds it.' 'How long could you do so?' inquired the miller. 'Till I starved to death,' was the sarcastic reply.

"Can you spare me twenty dollars?" she asked. "No!" I answered. "Fifteen then?" she suggested. "Scarce!" I answered; "but there are twelve and now don't ask me for money again in a week."

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A WRITER in Blackwood says: "When people want to speak of a native of Holland they call him an Amsterdam Dutchman, but when they speak of the German race generally, they leave out the Amsterdam."

"But they look well enough to me," I said. "I don't see why their present clothes are not good enough for them to play around in, as they do; nor why it is necessary to buy anything new."

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