

AUTUMN. BY H. G. STAGER. O sally pensive, lingering light, Which softens all the Western slope...

The wind which stirs with mournful cry The withered leaves along the clay, Is not so bitter as the sigh...

And we, too, yield with grasp and grief The gifts so firmly held to-day, For changing as the changing leaf...

How have we flourished? In our lot Do we in season fruit and leaves? Can blossom bearing yield to naught...

Miscellaneous.

A STORY OF CRIME.

About twenty years ago, the health of Mr. Edward L., an English clergyman, being in a precarious condition...

The Bradford Reporter

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., NOVEMBER 8, 1866. NUMBER 24. \$2 per Annum, in Advance.

VOLUME XXVII.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., NOVEMBER 8, 1866.

NUMBER 24.

"Diablo," said he, "a demoiselle, and crazy in the bargain...

"Well, so be it! So at one o'clock in the morning?"

"At one o'clock in the morning, Mr. L., was promening anxiously in the waiting room of the depot..."

"What a strong odor there is in there!" "It is nothing," said the doctor...

"Do you know that the lady is dead? It is more than four hours since she ceased to live..."

"You are mad!" said M. de Bo-- shrugging his shoulders, and drawing his interloper into his study...

"You are deceived, my brave man," said M. de Bo--, taking a pistol from the table...

"Take me to Rouen," said the prisoner, "I will unmask the wretch. He will not dare to deny it before me..."

"You have saved my life, doctor," said Mr. Edward, warmly.

advertised on the fourth page of the journals, one at Vanguard, the other at Passy. It was to those places that Mr. L.-- went with the officer.

He was presented to the mistress of the house, Madame la Comtesse de F.--, who received him very graciously...

Mr. L.-- soon heard the voice of the agent of Police--who was in citizens' dress in conversation with another person...

"Ah! here you are at last, M. de Bo--," said he; "it's a long time since we have seen you!"

"I have heard him," said he shivering-- "It is him--I recognized his voice."

"You must call on Mr. de Bo--," "Let us go on the instant."

"I will conduct you to the door, and you will go up alone. It is necessary for you to make up with him to-day."

"You are mad," said M. de Bo--, shrugging his shoulders, and drawing his interloper into his study...

"You are deceived, my brave man," said M. de Bo--, taking a pistol from the table...

SO IT IS IN RUSSIA. A CAPITAL SKETCH. I resided in Russia many years, and I must in justice say that I thoroughly enjoyed myself in its capital.

As the season was almost too far advanced for traveling, the young people petitioned that they might be married in England...

At first I thought he must have labored too long at the quarrel with the refreshment saloon, but then I remembered that they would hardly have been opened...

"I am astonished by the odd address. At first I thought he must have labored too long at the quarrel with the refreshment saloon...

"Oh I nonsense!" I answered; but the Count persisted. He reminded me that he had known and liked me for years...

"I found him holding, with difficulty, the startled and frightened animals, and inquired whether a fire would be practicable..."

"The best thing that can be done," said he; "get everything you can spare from the carriage, and if once you can get a black horse, take it..."

"I found him holding, with difficulty, the startled and frightened animals, and inquired whether a fire would be practicable..."

"I need scarcely say that Vladimir spoke English fluently, as compared with most of the Russians who acted the part of a host...

sian, "whilst I fasten the traces--the wolves are upon us."

"Yes, I think we are," he answered; "but load your pistols; if we do not reach the post-house before they overtake us..."

"I was a serf, born on his land," was his reply; "and my father was before me."

"I said I believed his master trusted him, and I would do the same. I wanted to know what I had best do, as I had no passports for two of my daughters...

"This plan I adopted, although the idea of leaving two young ladies at the mercy of strangers was repugnant to my feelings...

"The last plan would have taken too much time, so I told him we had full confidence in him, and promised him a handsome reward if we reached Paris in safety..."

"I found him holding, with difficulty, the startled and frightened animals, and inquired whether a fire would be practicable..."

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EVERY DAY LIFE OF GENERAL GRANT--HOW HE RECEIVED HIS COMMISSION AS GENERAL.

The Washington correspondent of the Providence Journal relates the following: "I have just been thinking of an incident related to me by one of two sons of General Grant, told me by an officer of his Staff...

A RICH MAN.--Governor Marcy of New York, used to relate an anecdote illustrating that riches do not depend upon the amount a man possesses...

Anner--Amber, so extensively employed as mastic for masonry, is believed to be a fossilized vegetable gum or resin...

It is found on the Baltic coast of Prussia, either washed ashore after a gale, or entangled in masses of seaweed...

QUEEN VICTORIA.--The London correspondent of the Presbyterian tells the following anecdote of the Queen of England...

When her eldest son was married, and had been several weeks on the continent, he sent a letter, saying that he expected to be home in a few days...

The Paris Charivari represents a Prussian general sitting on a marble bench in a public garden smoking a cigar. A pretty little girl whom he had been noticing says to him, "General, my papa likes you very much..."

How to make a hole in your income--pay a large rent.