

The Bradford Reporter.

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TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., APRIL 13, 1871.

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NUMBER 46.

VOLUME XXXI.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAMES WOOD, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa.

HENRY PEET, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa.

W. M. POYLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa.

GEORGE D. MONTAGNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST, Towanda, Pa.

DR. H. WESTON, DENTIST, Towanda, Pa.

L. P. WILLISTON, Towanda, Pa.

H. B. McKEAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa.

W. H. CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa.

J. D. C. DEWITT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa.

JOHN N. CALIFF, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa.

G. W. WARNER, Physician and Surgeon, Towanda, Pa.

GEORGE SANDERSON, JR., Towanda, Pa.

L. U. BACH, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Towanda, Pa.

OVERTON & ELSBREE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Towanda, Pa.

MERCUR & DAVIES, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Towanda, Pa.

W. A. B. M. PECK'S LAW OFFICE, Towanda, Pa.

BEN. MOODY, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Towanda, Pa.

JOHN W. MINN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa.

DR. DUSENBERRY, would announce that in compliance with the request of the undersigned, he has removed his office to the corner of the main street and the street leading to the public square.

A. A. KENEY, COUNTY SURGEON, Towanda, Pa.

DOCTOR O. LEWIS, A GRADUATE of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Towanda, Pa.

DR. D. SMITH, DENTIST, Towanda, Pa.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.

DINING ROOMS

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.

RUIMERFIELD CREEK HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.

MEANS HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.

AMERICAN HOTEL, TOWANDA, PA.

GOOD INVESTMENT—FOR SALE—Ninety acres of land, heavily timbered, with a large mill race, and a fine view of the lake.

NEW PLANNING MILL!

NOTICE TO CARPENTERS!

REMEMBER THAT FOX & MER-

GOOD MOLASSES FOR 50

RAIL-ROADS.

TIME TABLE OF THE SULLY & ELITE RAILROAD—Taking effect on Monday, Jan. 23, 1871.

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Selected Poetry.

THE REVELL.

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,

And of armed men the hum;

Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered

Round the quick alarm bell.

Saying, "Come, Freemen, come!

Free your heritage, and take the quick alarm bell."

"Let me of my heart take counsel;

What of profit springs therefrom?"

Who shall say and reap the harvest

When the autumn days shall come?"

But the drum

Answered, "Come!"

"Death shall reap the harvest," said the solemn sounding drum.

"But when we come the battle,

What of profit springs therefrom?"

What if conquest, subjugation,

Even greater ill become?"

But the drum

Answered, "Come!"

You must do the sum to prove it," said the drum answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannon's thunder,

Whistling shot and hurrying bomb,

When my brothers fall around me,

Should my heart grow cold and dumb?"

But the drum

Answered, "Come!"

Better there in death, than in life, a recreant—come!"

They answered, hoping, fearing,

Some in faith—and doubting some,

"Till a trumpet voice proclaiming,

"My chosen people, come!"

The drum

Answered, "Come!"

For the great heart of the nation, throbbing,

Answered, "Lord, we come!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

BERTIE'S PLEDGE.

BY STELLA.

"Three poor toppers have signed my pledge in one month," said Bertie Evans to himself, as he walked along thoughtfully.

"If I had hard work to get them to do it, but I don't mind that, if they will keep sober; and here is the miserable slant in which Luke Martin lives. He is the hardest of all, and the temperance men have given him up. I wonder if it is worth while to ask him to sign."

Bertie was only twelve; but he thought himself quite old enough to do some good, so he asked his Sabbath school teacher to write him a pledge. The large boys laughed at him, and said he would soon get tired of hunting up drunkards, and even some grown people made sport of him; but he was a brave boy, and did not care for any of this, and had already persuaded three of his friends to sign.

As Bertie stood nearly opposite the house, a little girl came out and sat down on the dirty doorstep. She held a large black bottle in her arms, which she rocked back and forth, singing a ditty—by which she told the land, angry voice of her father was heard calling:

"Where is my bottle?"

The child tried to hide the bottle under the skirt of her ragged dress, but the man spied it, and came toward her with a dreadful oath.

"Don't take Mamma's dolly," pleaded the little one; but he snatched it from her, telling her to get out of his way, or he would kick her out.

She ran out on the side-walk, and with tears of anger shining in her black eyes, she stamped her dirty little foot, defiantly, exclaiming, "Naughty papa! take Mamma's dolly—talk cross—gets drunk and falls down. Ugly papa!"

The enraged man raised the bottle, Bertie sprang forward and seized the child, and then there was a crash, a pile of broken glass and a puddle of whisky in the very spot where she had stood the moment before.

"Oh, Mr. Martin! suppose you had killed little Mamma!" and Bertie was as pale as he could be, as he thought of the dreadful danger she had escaped.

"What did she stand there for, and sass her father?" said the man sullenly; "but I'm glad I did not hurt her," he continued in a changed tone, "I didn't use to be so fiery and crazy-like; it's only since I got too fond of whisky that I treat the widow Evans like that."

"Now's my chance," thought young Bertie; and then he spoke out boldly, "Yes, sir, and I came here for the very purpose of asking you to give up this whisky that is making you so much trouble. I've brought my pledge along for you to sign."

And he took it from the envelope in which he kept it carefully folded.

"Sign the pledge? Now that is a good joke. How long do you think I'll be able to do that?" And Martin laughed heartily.

"If you'd try very hard, I think you might keep it always. Just look at these names I've got already; perhaps you know them."

The man took the paper and looked at it a moment. "Yes, I know Jack Hastings and Phil Ransom; but having their names here don't do me much good. I'll bet a dollar they're both drunk now."

"They have been sober and hard at work for two weeks, for I have seen them every day," said Bertie triumphantly; "and you ought to see how glad and happy their wives and children are."

"Well, it won't last long. I've tried often to keep sober; but this first restaurant I pass knocks over all my good intentions, and in I go. Besides, I must drink to drown my trouble; there's nothing in the house to eat but some cold potatoes, and all the money I've got is ten cents to buy my next drink."

"Mr. Martin, you know we are poor ourselves; but if you will try all your might to keep it, I am sure mother will give you all something to eat, till you can make some money."

"If I thought it was any use, I'd do it; for had as I, I hate to see Kate and the children suffer; but I should be drunk before night. I tell you I can't keep sober."

"But you must try once more," said Bertie, getting terribly in earnest.

THE REVELL.

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And of armed men the hum;

Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered

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