

TERMS OF PUBLICATION. The Towanda Reporter is published every week, except on Sundays and public holidays. The subscription price is \$2 per annum in advance, and \$1 per quarter. Single copies are sold for five cents. The office is at No. 101 North Second Street, Towanda, Pa.

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RAILROADS.	
TIMING TABLE OF THE SULLY VAN & FINE RAILROAD.	
STATION.	STATION.
TOWANDA	TOWANDA
12:00	12:00
1:00	1:00
2:00	2:00
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4:00	4:00
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3:00	3:00
4:00	4:00
5:00	5:00
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11:00	11:00
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11:00	11:00
12:00	12:00

NEW ROUTE TO PHILADELPHIA.
SOUTH PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
Leave Towanda for Philadelphia, Pa., Monday, Sept. 7, 1871, at 10:00 A.M. Arrive Philadelphia at 10:00 P.M.

Selected Poetry.
THE SMALL BIRDS' APPEAL.
BY RICHARD WILSON, M. A.
All day we sit across your view,
Brown, black, or crimson-crested,
Yellow or blue, or spotted hue,
Purple or gold-crested.
We do our best to please your eye,
With colors glistening blending,
With fair motion gliding by,
Or simple ascending.
All day we strive to charm your ear
With concert of sweet singing;
And even when the stars appear
We keep the concert ringing.
At times we waken in your heart
A thrill of soft emotion,
And into your warm spirit dart
An impulse of devotion.
Faithful we stay the winter through,
Although the snow storms blower,
And freezing winds are so true,
Around your homes we cluster.
Or to the south winds' wail,
Soon as the Spring is blossoming,
Back to the sea we wing our way—
We know our time of coming.
We wail forth our music sweet,
We twitter, chirp and chatter,
Or one poor note all day repeat—
It is our work, no matter!
Or if we cease our songs, to do
Insects from flowers we clear you,
The canker from the roses.
We guard the growth of tree and weed,
Or soon their place will hold;
Seeking our food on leaf and bud,
Still doing fatherly, happy toil.
Oh spare our useful, happy toil—
The worms we clear for them you,
And we are not an ungrateful crew,
With little that can harm you.

THE GREAT PICKEREL.
I have a great hobby, Mr. Editor, to tell you and your readers, a fish story, or rather a story about fish. I believe I will. So, then, some forty years ago, and more, I was living in the country of Chesapeake, and State of New York. I was a young man, and I was a fisherman. I was living, there was a beautiful lake or sheet of water, covering about a hundred acres. In this lake or pond were all sorts of fish, except pickerel. Eels, mud cats, shiners, sunfish, and minnows, could be caught by thousands. It was rare sport, for boys like myself at that time, to go with hook and line or a bunch of worms called a bob, and haul out in the course of two or three hours, nearly or quite a half a bushel of the kind of fish which I have been speaking of. Our backs and arms would fairly ache with the loads we had to carry home, and it made us puff and blow like a porpoise, or a stage horse when he has a heavy load to draw up hill. But we liked the fun, and many have looked upon those fishing, happy hours, none, alas! to return no more. What would I not give of all I have since acquired, of wisdom, honor, wealth or love, for one more sail upon the summer sea of my childhood days. But I am wandering from the story. I began to fish, and I was a fisherman. I said there were no pickerel in this pond, where we used to have such rare sport at fishing. Pickerel were plenty in all the other ponds or lakes about us, and why not in this one? The reason given by some was, that the water had a blackish tinge, and was of such a nature that pickerel could not live there. But this explanation did not satisfy everybody, for some one caught a pickerel in another pond, and put them in this turned them loose to take care of themselves, and as the sequel will show, they did this nobly. Well, though everybody knew that pickerel had been put in the pond, nobody thought of fishing for them. The black water had killed them, and so three years and more had passed away, when all at once, it was found out that something unusual had been going on. A fish near the shore had disappeared, and was to be seen where hundreds and thousands had been seen but three years or so before, and fish out in deep water, were getting scarce, and what we did get, had all at once wonderfully improved in size and quality. These fish would be readily outlived, and a part of them had been killed by the water. What in the world had happened to them? Now I might say the work of the water, but I think it was the work of the pickerel, and that they were the work of the water, and that they were the work of the water, and that they were the work of the water.

THE BEST WOMAN.
I think old lady—I don't quite like the word "oldy" because it doesn't sound so good. I think the most beautiful and lovable things in the world. They are so near Heaven that they catch the glow and brightness which radiate from the pearly gates and illumine their faces. When a woman has given me the most beautiful and lovable things in the world, they are so near Heaven that they catch the glow and brightness which radiate from the pearly gates and illumine their faces. When a woman has given me the most beautiful and lovable things in the world, they are so near Heaven that they catch the glow and brightness which radiate from the pearly gates and illumine their faces.

THE LITTLE LOAF.
In a time of famine a rich man sent for the poorest children in the town, and he said to them, "There is a basket full of bread, you may each come every day and take a loaf until it pleases God to send better times." The children attacked the basket, and disputed as to which should have the largest loaf, and when they had returned thanks and went home quietly. One day the children behaved very badly indeed, and poor Frances received a loaf very much smaller than the rest; but, when she took it home, and her mother cut it open, a man of pieces of silver fell on the floor. The poor woman was astonished and said, "Go and return this money immediately; it must have been put in the basket by mistake." "Frances went directly with it to the gentleman, who said, "My dear child, it was no mistake. I had the money put into the loaf to reward you. Remain always as peaceable and contented as these who are satisfied with a little always bring blessings upon themselves and family, and will pass happily through the world. Do not think me, but thank God, who put into your heart the treasure of a contented and grateful spirit. It is a good thing to have an opportunity to be useful to those who are in need of assistance."

SAVINGS OF JOHN BULL.
I don't think that Fortune hit you very fair. She was born blind, and I notice that you win the ofttest game it has ever played. (The heart iz it) all know, how purswiv the wif iz, especially when she wants stumblin'. I consider a weak man more dangerous than a malicious one; malicious men are more crafty, but weak ones don't have any. I have noticed one thing, that the most virtuous and discreet folks we have among us are those who have either no passions at all, or very tame ones; it is a great deal easier to be good than to be a decent serpent. Hunting after health is like hunting after fleas, the more you hunt them the more they flea. Take the selfishness out of this world, and there would be no more mischief than we should know what to do with.