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Selected Poetry.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

BY WILLIAM ROSE WALLACE.

Blessings on the hand of woman!

Angels guard its strength and grace

In the palace, cottage, hotel,

On no matter where the place!

Worlds that never cease to build;

For the hand that rocks the cradle

Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's tender founting;

Power may with beauty flow;

Mothers first to guide the streamlet;

Always to keep the young heart open

Always to keep the young heart open

All true trophies of the Ages

Are from mother love imperiled;

For the hand that rocks the cradle

Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman!

Angels, sons, and daughters cry,

And the world is glad to hear

With the worship in the sky;

Mingles where no trumpet darsken.

Thinkers evermore are hark!

For the hand that rocks the cradle

Is the hand that rocks the world.

HOW EVA STANLEY BOARDED

AROUND.

In the thriving village of Holly-

thorne there was (as is common to

such places) a church, post-office, a

number of stores, and a district

school, the said school being taught

by a young lady had a widowed

mother and brothers and sisters to

assist in supporting.

For the sake of economy Miss Eva

Stanley "boarded around" among

the scholars, and was considered a

paragon among the teachers. Her

father and her respectable man-

aged, but died after about two years

of illness, which he had impoverished

the family. Eva had, however, (she

being the eldest), received a good

plain education before the great ca-

lamity came upon them, and nobly

hearted and unselfish, began her

work of assisting in the support.

The last week previous to the hol-

iday vacation had been boarding

with Mrs. Carpenter, who was

making gigantic preparations for

guests she was expecting from New

York city.

"You never met my brothers, Eva,"

said she, and then began to give

the pretty young teacher a description

of them; "there's Sam, George and

John, the youngest; and such

handsome lads as they ever met out

here and rustic, as they call it.

But, dear me, I don't get much rest

or peace when they are here, for

they are like a lot of boys out of

school. Such tricks and pranks no

one ever saw, and they say they

do all together, John and Sam

and Jim cut a piece of glass from

the window and pelted George out of

my bedroom window. You see there

is always a regular strife for that

particular room, for the bed is a

spring one, and they say they don't

sleep on any other in the city. But

they don't get it this time, that's cer-

tain, for I intend to keep you in that

room, and end the controversy. I am

so afraid they will break or ruin

something that I may get that you

and John will keep them in check

a little."

"I had just come so occupy some

other room, Mrs. Carpenter, and do

not wish to inconvenience your bro-

thers—have no right to do so."

"No, you shan't," Eva, peremp-

torily exclaimed her hostess, "and

what is the use of your going home

vacation week? You can stay here

just as well as not, and do up your

sewing on my machine. Your moth-

er has got enough money to feed, I

guess, and I can't see why you

wonder if she had taken her death-

bed, being dragged out of a warm

bed this time of night and dropped

into a snow-drift in that fashion. No

wonder that she cried, poor thing."

"Oried, did she?" repeated Geor-

ge, with a groan.

"I should think she did. I just

took her in my arms and let her

have her cry out, while I explained

to her how she happened to be mis-

taken for Sam, and became the victim

of my mad pranks."

"That was next to you, Han. I'm

awful glad you hugged the poor

thing. I wish you had given her a

brotherly squeeze for me—upon my

honors I do. O dear! I'm in such

both a sorry and a sorry state, and

forth and for ever," replied Geor-

ge, with another dismal groan.

"And how on earth do you expect

us to stay and take the consequen-

ces?" asked John, beginning to look

sour. "I am for taking myself off

instantly. I had rather face a masked

bat than a brotherly squeeze, after

making such fools of ourselves."

"I don't care if you had," answer-

ed his sister, indignantly. "The

only way is to brave it out, both of

you, and apologize for your rudeness.

She is not a bit stupid, but please

don't let Sam see you, and he will

have a jolly laugh over the affair."

"But Sam? How the deuce are you

to get along with him? You know

well enough, Han, we shall

never hear the last of it from him,

and that it will be brought up at all

times and in all places, and he will

find a way to torment me."

"If you two can keep the secret,

I'll find a way to silence Bridget, and

it is a subject Eva will not care to

have discussed, and fortunately my

husband is away. So go to bed and

rest contented."

She showed them to the room she

had intended them to occupy, and

soon all was quiet.

Meanwhile their brother Sam had

reached the depot a few minutes too

late. He found the train he was to

have taken gone, but upon consulting

a time-table he ascertained that the

next train started two hours later,

and so he decided to take it. He

figured to himself, as he impatiently

crowded into an empty seat and was

being whirled along at a rapid rate,

how sorry his brothers had en-

joyed themselves in the best room,

which by right belonged to him, he

being the eldest, and commiserated

every day and with the boys and

Somehow, late at night, he was

deposited at Hollythorne, and reach-

ing his sister's house he scouted

around until he found a way of en-

trance into the kitchen, where he de-

posited his luggage and removed his

boots, and then he quietly stole up

stairs and opened the door of the

best room. Sure enough, thought he,

"my fine chaps, you are in clover!"

For there were not to be mis-

taken signs of the room being occu-

pied. Garments were lying upon

chairs, and the first was pressed by

stumbling forth.

To think of coping with their un-

ited strength by dragging them forth,

was not practicable, but there stood

the pitcher of water, and he knew

that with that and the iron field

would bring them out quick enough.

"If I can't have my old quarters,"

he chuckled, "you shan't, that I am

determined on. So here goes."

He lifted the pitcher, approached

the bed, raised it high, and suddenly

flashed the entire contents upon the

sleepers.

Such a torrent of screams as he

had never before heard rang through

the house, and before Sam could col-

lect his scattered senses door after

door banged, and Hannah, George

and John rushed in—in a rusty ap-

parel—Hannah with a frightened

look on her face, and a lamp in her

hand that revealed the entire scene.

There, sitting up in bed, with her

hair dripping like a mermaid, her

eyes staring, and her face pale, less

and looking terrified, was the

schoolmistress, and there was Sam,

with the empty pitcher in his hand,

the very picture of imbecility, staring

about like an idiot at Miss Eva and

at the boys and their mother.

Hannah, George and John instan-

tly comprehended the situation, and

the latter, at the command of their

sister, dragged Sam away, while she

assisted the drenched and terrified

girl to dry her clothing, and then

checked her delirium, and began ex-

plaining for the second time the

misdeeds of the night.

"I'll keep you with me now, my

child," she said, though with diffi-

culty keeping back her laughter. "Those

girls and boys, they are so full of

rage; and if it wasn't for you having

been so terribly frightened, and the

way my best bed has been used, I

wouldn't care. They do nothing

when they come home but staid up

and try to play upon each other,"

and continued to pour forth her

apology, as she was so confided in by

her faces and stores during most of

the year, that they let entirely lose

when they are out here; but you are safe

now."

Hannah kissed her charge and

went down to see about the boys,

as, so soon as they were fairly shut

up in the region below, began to

thoroughly appreciate the joke; and

now that Sam was as deep in the

quarrel, they, in the mire, gave no

quarter.

"I'll be blamed if I know what it

all means," said Sam, looking at his

brothers who were rolling and kick-

ing in convulsions of laughter.

"Wait," replied George, "until

Hannah has had time to wash her

face, and he gave way to another

peal.

Sam had not smiled, and sat look-

ing the very picture of discomfort

and perplexity, but answered:

"Has she recovered?" questioned

John, vainly endeavoring to restrain

his laughter at the way his bro-

ther was making.

"Yes, I soon brought her to; but

I don't believe the poor girl will ever

get over the fright. She said that

she was so much alarmed that she

couldn't utter a sound; but the mo-

ment she was being abducted, or

something of the kind, and she was

time enough to utter a scream when