

The Bradford Reporter.

W. ALVORD, Publisher.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., DECEMBER 3, 1874.

\$2 per Annum in Advance.

NUMBER 27.

Powell & Co.

POWELL & CO.

Are now receiving their large stock of Fall goods, which will be sold at cheaper rates than

over before since the war. It is impossible for

them to enumerate all the articles in their large

stock of goods. They would however call public

attention to great bargains

In DRESS GOODS,

In TABLE LINENS & TOWELING

In BLEACHED AND BROWN SHEETINGS AND

SHIRTINGS.

In PLAIN, WHITE, RED, CHECKED AND OPERA

FLANNEL.

In CLOTHES AND CASIMERE, SUITING, DIAGONAL

COTTONS, FLANNELS, JEANS, HEAVY

COTTONS, WATERPROOF, &c., &c.

To their great stock of New Ribbons

just received, Hosiery, Gloves, Laces,

Jet Buttons and Trimmings Rich-

ings, the best One Dollar Kid Gloves

ever shown by them, and a full line

of Notions.

A very large stock of Shawls, to

which they ask especial attention, of

the new Fall Styles and at very low

prices.

Their Boot & Shoe stock cannot

be surpassed. An inspection of the

stock will satisfy all.

New Carpets in great variety; also

all widths of Oil Cloths, Window

Shades, &c. New stock of Wall and

Wind-w paper.

Their Grocery Department is now

fully stocked with new and fresh

goods.

They invite everybody to call,

promising them a splendid assort-

ment of goods in each department of

their business, and at prices which

must satisfy all.

POWELL & CO.

Oct. 1, 1874

Selected Poetry.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

By JOHN C. WHITTIER.

O Friends! with whom my feet have trod

The quiet aisles of prayer,

Glad witness to your zeal for God

And love of man I bear.

I trace your lives of earnestness,

Yours for the lowly and the poor;

I see you in the quietude of prayer,

And in the midst of your career.

But still my heart is sad to think

That you are not all here.

Who follows the Eternal Thought?

Who walks the path of prayer?

The Lord is God! He needs not

The poor device of man.

I walk with him, he leads me on

Yea, he leads me on.

I see him in the quietude of prayer,

And in the midst of your career.

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THE SANDSTONE HOUSE OF FORMER TIMES.

Proceeding west fifteen miles

and descending some 5,000 feet, we strike

the Rio Manos, four miles down

where we began to come upon mounds

of earth which had accumulated over

fallen houses, and about which were

strewn an abundance of fragments

of pottery variously painted in col-

ors, often glazed with an impres-

sion in various designs. Then the

perpendicular walls that hemmed in

the valley began to contract, and for

the next ten miles the trail led

over rocks which were anything but

easy to traverse. That night we

camped under some lofty cedars,

just beneath a bluff a thousand or so

feet high, which for the upper half

was absolutely vertical. This was

the edge of the tableland, or mesa,

which stretched over hundreds of

square miles hereabouts, and in the

valley these great cracks or canyons thro'

which the drainage of the country

finds its way into the great Colorado.

In wandering about after supper we

thought we saw something like a

house away up on this bluff, and two

of us, running the risk of being over-

taken by darkness, clambered over

the talus of loose debris, across a

great stratum of pure coal, and by

dint of much pushing and hauling

up to the ledge upon which it stood,

we came down, abundantly satisfied,

and next morning carried up our

photographic kit and got some superb

negatives. There, 700 measured feet

above the valley, perched on a little

ledge, only just large enough to hold

it, was a two-story house made of

finely cut sandstone, each block 14

by 6 inches, accurately fitted and set

in mortar, no harder than the stone

itself. The floor was the ledge upon

which it rested, and the roof the

overhanging rock. There were three

rooms upon the ground floor, each

one 6 by 9 feet, with partition walls

of faced stone. Between the stories

was originally a wood floor, traces of

which still remained, as did also the

adorned sides of the chimney, and

the windows and doors; but this was

over the front room only, the height

of the rocky roof behind not being

by the two great stone towers that

stood near by and the fragments of

heavy walls that were defended every

approach to the habitations about

the chertstone. Climbing carefully to

the top of the cliff, mapping out the

plan of the ancient fortifications, lis-

tening to the fearful conception of a

barred from the top, feeling

how absolutely safe a garrison could

be there so long as they could hold

out hunger and thirst, it required but

little faith to believe the tradition of

the valley of death, whose broad

slopes of white sandstone were once

crisscrossed and recrimsoned with

human blood.

THE TRADITION OF THE VALLEY.

The story is this: Formerly the

aborigines inhabited all this country

had been over as far west as the

head waters of the San Juan, as far

north as the Rio Dolores, west some

distance to the north, and south and

southwest to the Gulf of California

on down into Mexico. They had

lived there from time immemorial—

since the earth was a small island,

which augmented as its inhabitants

multiplied. They cultivated the val-

ley, fashioned whatever utensils and

tools they needed very newly and

handsoemly out of clay and wood

and stone, not knowing any of the

useful metals, built their houses and

their fortifications, and herds in the

valley, and they were a peaceful

people, and they were a peaceful

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(For the Reporter.)

"GOOD BYE."

What a train of thoughts these

sad, sweet words bring to each heart

—thoughts that take the mind back

through the varied scenes of life, as

silently and softly as the evening

shadows close about.

First, they revert to our vanished

childhood, bringing up the forms of

those we loved in the youthful school

days. We remember when we parted

at the close of those blissful days,

with tearful eyes, when all the past

came to us, and the grasp of the

deep sigh, spoke the words that well-

ed up from our hearts. We knew

that we would never all meet again

under the same circumstances—that

one by one they would drift from us,

fill one was here, another there,

some married, some gone forever.

All are changed from the gay, care-

less boys and girls to thoughtful

men and women. Some of us have

grown old while yet young, for sore

disappointments come to us though

we be young, and we realize how our

youthful days are passing away. The

songs of our childhood are silent, but

their echoes still come drifting from

the lonely shore of the past, making

us feel very sad at times.

We have had teachers, too, kind,

patient, faithful ones, who have in-

duced us to the study of the great

scholar's way. We remember when

these said "good-bye" to us,—

some to go to new fields of labor,—

others passed to the Beautiful Be-

havior from the North, to solve

the mysteries of the unknown world.

Our thoughts glide very swiftly

down the surging tide of Time, and

we next find ourselves grown to wo-

manhood. And with our advent to

manhood we had formed new ac-

quaintances, dearer than those of our

youth. We remember how happy

we were, how peacefully our life

passed along, undisturbed by any

rough hands until circumstances

changed, and we were separated

from those we loved. We loved

one another, and we loved our

country, and we loved our

country, and we loved our

WEDDINGS.

As the semi-annual bridal season

is at hand, it is time to plead for a

reform in weddings. Every year this

sacred of all occasions is turned

into a mere opportunity of dis-

play and dissipation to some of the

most influential members of the

community. Instead of the time

when a few of the closest

friends gather to witness the solemn

contract human beings can frame,

it is chosen as the moment for bring-

ing together the largest number of

the social circle, to show the bride

in her bridal garments, to prove how

many flowers and refreshments the

family can afford; and, with shame

to it said, to exhibit to criticism and

light comment the previous labors

that should have come with tender

regard to the maid on the eve of her

new life. A wedding must be

uncheerful, but it must certainly be

conducive to all who realize what it is

on the one side it is recognizing old

ties, promising to the young a new

and hope and love, a new and wholly

unfettered life. On the other, it is

the acceptance of a sacred trust,

the covenant to order life anew in