

# The Trenton Reporter.

S. W. ALVORD, Publisher.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

\$2 per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME XXXVI.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 28, 1875.

NUMBER 21.

Hardware, Crockery, &c.

THE OLD AND POPULAR

HARDWARE STORE.

CODDING & RUSSELL,

Hardware Goods.

COOK STOVES.

RANGES.

PARLOR & HEATING STOVES.

BUILDING MATERIALS.

BOTTOM PRICES.

ICE CREAM FREEZERS.

SHEARS, SCISSORS, RAZORS,

POCKET CUTLERY.

CARPENTERS' TOOLS.

CHANDLERS, BRACKETS,

KEROSENE LAMPS.

LAMP CHIMNEYS & GLOBES.

TIN WARE.

GAS FITTING AND PLUMBING.

READY PAY!

BARGAINS IN STOVES!

TINWARE.

HARDWARE.

IRON AND PAIS.

CARPENTERS' TOOLS.

GLASS.

H. T. JONES

HARDWARE STORE.

TOWANDA, PA.

O. A. BLACK,

CROCKERY OF VARIOUS

PATTERNS.

AND AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

GLASSWARE.

TABLE CUTLERY.

SILVER PLATED WARE.

WOOD WARE.

STONE WARE.

BIRD CAGES.

BASKETS.

GLASS SHADES.

Regal & Co.

POWELL & CO.

Are now receiving their Second

large Stock of Fall and Winter goods,

and are prepared to Exhibit a

Greater variety of Goods, and at

More attractive prices than ever be-

Towanda, Oct. 13, 1875.

OCT. 11.

NEW GOODS.

OFFER THIS DAY,

ONE CASE BOSTON PLAID DRESS GOODS.

At package prices.

ALSO,

ONE CASE OF TWILLED CRASH,

to be sold

AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

OUR STOCK

Will be found more complete than ever.

KENT & BLISS,

OFFER THIS DAY,

ONE CASE OF SHIRTING PLAIDS

At wholesale price.

ALSO,

ONE CASE OF TWILLED CRASH,

to be sold

AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

OUR STOCK

Will be found more complete than ever.

KENT & BLISS,

OFFER THIS DAY,

ONE CASE OF SHIRTING PLAIDS

At wholesale price.

ALSO,

ONE CASE OF TWILLED CRASH,

to be sold

AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

OUR STOCK

Will be found more complete than ever.

KENT & BLISS,

OFFER THIS DAY,

ONE CASE OF SHIRTING PLAIDS

At wholesale price.

ALSO,

ONE CASE OF TWILLED CRASH,

Selected Poetry.

GOLDEN ROD.

The wooded uplands, in radiant dress,

And vale and river steeply descend,

And draped in Autumn's golden hair,

A radiant tangle of golden hair,

And yellow planes of regal gold.

And waving grass that winks the perfect day,

You keep the memory of another day,

When all the Autumn's languorous softness lay

Upon the fields, and over the woodland slopes;

When earth lay dreaming in the arms of God,

You saw the gift of that perfect day.

And some time with the ebb of sweetest hopes,

And dream's re-visited, that had fitted your life,

Of home's dear pressures and a well-loved wife,

And with love's fragrance glowing in your eyes,

And with the gift of that perfect day,

Spoke of sweet days, near, warm, Southern skies,

And years of trust in strange, foreign lands,

And I should have known that time had been mine,

Had I but kept the precious gift of mine,

And with the gift of that perfect day,

Spoke of sweet days, near, warm, Southern skies,

And years of trust in strange, foreign lands,

And I should have known that time had been mine,

Had I but kept the precious gift of mine,

And with the gift of that perfect day,

Spoke of sweet days, near, warm, Southern skies,

And years of trust in strange, foreign lands,

And I should have known that time had been mine,

Had I but kept the precious gift of mine,

And with the gift of that perfect day,

Spoke of sweet days, near, warm, Southern skies,

And years of trust in strange, foreign lands,

And I should have known that time had been mine,

Had I but kept the precious gift of mine,

And with the gift of that perfect day,

Spoke of sweet days, near, warm, Southern skies,

And years of trust in strange, foreign lands,

And I should have known that time had been mine,

Had I but kept the precious gift of mine,

And with the gift of that perfect day,

Spoke of sweet days, near, warm, Southern skies,

And years of trust in strange, foreign lands,

contrast with the bare, meagre room,

and desolate air surrounding her.

"I have brought your supper,"

she said, drawing a little table near

the arm-chair, and covering with a

white china dish was half a chicken

delicately browned, a potato roasted

in the ashes, and a slice of buttered

toast; and besides this, a delicate

cup full of fragrant tea.

"You must not scold if I have

anything wrong," said a clear, sweet

voice, "because Aunt Jane is too

busy to look after me. I cleaned the

table and spoon, for silver gets dread-

fully black." Then more tenderly as

she marked the painful effort to move

the loaded chair, she said: "Let me cut

the chicken, sir."

"Grimly wondering, the old man

suffered himself to be fed, finding ap-

petite as the well-prepared food was

eaten, and listening, well pleased to

the cherry voice so unfamiliar to his

lonely life.

"Jane," Margaret said, sitting

down the tray in the kitchen again,

"I don't wonder he is sick—no car-

pet, no curtains, that great hearse of

a bed, and nothing pretty near him."

"It's all clean," said Jane.

"Can it be so, old girl, so doleful,

Can't we fix up a cosy room?"

"There's no room enough; six on

that floor," said Jane, "and none used

but the one Mr. Franklin's in, and

Mr. Robert's, the little one next to it."

"Well, we'll see—how now. Can I

have a man to send to town if I want

anything?"

"There's men enough. Will you

sleep down here to-night, or in one

of the rooms up stairs?"

"Down here, in the next room to

you."

home!" she added slyly, slipping her

hand into Robert's. I don't want to

take Robert from you, Uncle James,

when he is all you have to love, but

if you will give me a place here, too,

I will try to be a good daughter to

you."

"Give you a place here?" the old man

cried. "I think no greater grief

could come to me now, Margaret,

than the thought of losing you. God

ever bless you, child! for few at

your age would have cared to so

kindly overcome so obstinate an old

man's studied prejudices."

"Thank you," she whispered,

touching her lips to his for the first

time; "you have made me very

happy."

As she presided over the care-

fully-appointed table, in a costly fur-

nished dining-room, Uncle James

grazed for spare harness and bits of

grain, but which was transformed

beyond recognition, there was no

cloud on the brightness of the face

of "Robert's wife."

HOW SHALL WE SLEEP.

Just how much fresh air shall be

admitted to sleeping apartments dur-

ing the night through open windows

is a question which especially in

practical science involves a wide range

of differing opinions. There are

those who carefully exclude every

breath of "night air," and depend

for their pure oxygen upon the air

freely admitted within their cham-

bers. There are those who hold that

the other extreme, sleep with

open windows when their thermome-

ters are among the eighties, and when

it sinks below zero, as usual, a

happy medium between these ex-

cesses should be taken, the fresh

al pride: "A true Hidalgo would

rather have his clothes torn than

ment!" and here a rap at hypocris-

is "You steal the pig, and then

give away the potatoes for God's

sake!" "And you're a hypocrite,"

and pig's tail will never make a good

arrow." It is quaint as any of our own;

and "Under a bad cloak there is of

ten a good tippler" reminds us of the

days of Cervantes, when gasconading

al sequences hung about every

word. The following are also

very full of dry humor: "You'll

find a bill by Easter and you'll find

lent very short." "As useless as

monkey's fat" is an old saying of the

times of Indian discovery. "The

bird of treachery" is of Roman

origin. The following are especially

Spanish: "The smith's dog sleeps

at the noise of the hammer and wakes

at the grinding of teeth." "In think-

ing of love, you begin when you like

and leave off when you can" is an

old truth very happily put. "Pro-

verbs form the basis of all wisdom"

is a fact very sternly put. Good

homely Spanish selfishness can often

find refuge in a proverb such as

"My life and soul are at your service,

but not my neck saddle," and "I found

the garlic, Pedro; while I grate the

cheese." "More than the savings of

certainty, the savings of a certain

proverbial type, like "The

unfortunate tailor of Campillo, who

worked for nothing and found threat."

To judge by the adages, Spain has

long been ripe for a reformation.

"The devil claims the hobby by fair

means." "It is a turn of the key

is better than a friar's promise." "A

church stone drops gold." "Don't

take a good friar for a friend or a

at twenty minutes past three, noticed

by me. I attempted to draw the

pencil through some portions of the

manuscript, and in despair threw the

whole at the clerk with an order to

insert it and run for the boat, to

save a nine-mile night walk.

The matter troubled me all night,

as an over-hasty thing, and I feared

to see the *Tribune*, and the probable

bill. Starting before daylight the

next morning I bought the first copy

in the hands of a newsboy, and

counted 136 lines, costing \$24.50. At

that time, when ordinary advertise-

ments were eight cents and specials

twelve and a half cents a line—a

terrible dose for a literary man, new

in the business and with a small cap-

ital. Hastening to the *Tribune* of-

fice, I laid the bill, and slowly and

sadly went down to my second-story

office, fully resolved to act more de-

liberately in the future.

The result: The bold advertise-

ment, conspicuously inserted, attract-

ed the attention of the editor, and