

# The Bradstreet Register.

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REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

\$2 per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME XXXVI.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 13, 1876.

NUMBER 30.

FRAS & ELLIOTT.

MARKED DOWN.

DRY GOODS.

EVANS & HILDRETH.

MARKED DOWN.

DRESS GOODS.

SHAWLS & SKIRTS.

CLOTH'S & CASSIMERES.

FLANNELS & UNDERWEAR.

CLOAK'S & CLOAKINGS.

EVANS & HILDRETH.

MARKED DOWN.

WHITE GOODS.

TABLE DAMASKS.

NAPKINS & DOYLIES.

EVANS & HILDRETH.

MARKED DOWN.

EMBROIDERIES & C. & C.

EVANS & HILDRETH.

MARKED DOWN.

NEW PRICES.

AT

KENT & BLISS.

FANCY DRESS GOODS.

BLACK GOODS.

BLACK GOODS STOCK.

BLACK GOODS.

FANCY GOODS.

TRIMMINGS.

KENT & BLISS.

Selected Poetry.

BLADES.

The air scarce stirred.

With the whistling wind.

Yes the pointer to the north.

Can it be?

That an hour ago.

That name was as high as the tower.

And friends were there.

And lovers were.

And the heart of hope was whirling clear.

By the chamber's door.

With sweet delight.

And every bit of the evening light.

Was yesterday.

With its tender signs and its laughter gay.

With its freedom.

By the chamber's door.

The deep-drawn of all hopes rung.

And the falling snow.

As they always do.

None caring to look to the true.

Alone!

The friends have flown—

How many have gone!

The laughter's dead.

Hearts are dead.

And crowded with sorrow the innocent head.

Never again.

Will to creep again.

He washed from the soul so crushed with pain.

The dust of this life.

His kinder saint.

And the poor heart that stop working.

Heaven send.

And this cruel life soon have an end!

And this cruel life soon have an end!

The girl's face had grown as white

as death, and she sat staring at him

with wide open, frigid eyes.

"Simon," he said, "I have a favor

to ask of you. I have a very

handsome object to look at, I admit,

but he is rich and a driving old

doctor, and the woman that marries

him can easily control both him and

his money, if she will."

"Beggs grinned and chuckled as he

had listened to the most glowing

panegyric possible. The girl made

no reply. Once while he spoke, she

turned her eyes toward the clerk at

his desk and then was motionless.

"Oh, said Flint, with a grim

attempt at jocularity, "he has but

half a dozen years in him at best,

and then—a rich young widow, eh,

Jessie?"

"I would rather die as my mother

did—thousand times over," said

Jessie, in a low, choked

voice, putting both trembling hands

upon her arm.

"Nonsense!" retorted her father,

harshly shaking her off.

"I don't know what you will do,"

said Flint, who was looking at her

and thinking that she might see his

glitter, and, feeling the longing it

expressed, return to them. But she

never came.

Avarice, in Roger Flint, had not

sapped and mined his noble feelings,

but when it was torn out of him, at

one fierce clutch, it left him weaker

than a child to bear his trouble.

When she was gone, the clerk, who

had been standing near his desk with

dreaded hands and flushed counte-

nance, hastily resumed his stool and

worked away harder than ever.

"Don't seem 'specially' touched to

me, do you?" growled Beggs.

"The imitation reply of Mr. Flint's

lips was interrupted by the

opening of the office door and the

entrance of a young lady, muffled

and furred against the weather. With

a bright little creature she was:

What eyes—now sharp and shy as a

bird's, now soft and gleaming as if

possible for woman's eyes to be!

What a firm little figure, carried

with an air of dignity that means

just nothing at all! What curls!

What lips! Gracious!

"How do you do, Mr. Jacobs?"

she said, addressing the clerk first

of all, and then bowing to Mr. Flint.

"And this is your friend?" she con-

tinued, looking straight into Mr.

Beggs' face, as he wriggled to his

feet to be introduced. "I can't say

that I am very much acquainted with

you, but I am sure you are a very

pleasant man. I am sure you are a

very good friend of Mr. Flint's."

"I will be glad to see you," said

Mr. Flint, who was looking at her

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"I have a favor to ask of you,"

said Flint, who was looking at her

and thinking that she might see his

glitter, and, feeling the longing it

she was? "Oh, poor, misled, ill-used

girl!"

"So crying out as if his heart were

broken, he stepped to a chair and

burst into tears."

For a long while the old man stood

silent, with a bewildered look in his

face, then he started toward the door

hastened as he was.

"I am going to find my child," he

said, brokenly. "I am going to

bring her back, and try, through all

the years of my worthless life, to

atone for the wrong I have done her."

For many days after this, people

wondered at two strange figures

who they encountered in the streets

—a haggard white-haired old man,

supported by a younger one, who

wandered hither and thither, on

bread crusts and in narrow

ways, peering with eager eyes into

the faces of all they met, but no

trace of her they sought so anxiously

was found. Night after night they

placed a light in the office window,

vaguely hoping that she might see

it, and, feeling the longing it

expressed, return to them. But she

never came.

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never came.

"I have a favor to ask of you,"

said Flint, who was looking at her

brought her back to you, this bright

and merry Christmas day, and never

wrong her so again."

What a beautiful, beautiful, beautiful

thing, thought Beggs, as he

turned about, pummed his pillow

until he was out of breath. "There

it was, I am going to find my child,"

he said, brokenly. "I am going to

bring her back, and try, through all

the years of my worthless life, to

atone for the wrong I have done her."

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