

The Bradford Reporter

PUNS, FACT AND FABLETTE.
Milkmen papers—Milkmen.
First talk—“25 and costs.”
STANDARD business—Flag raising.
Hank leads many an honest man to doubt.
Why is a lawyer strongest? When he is feeblest.
Why should a lawyer care for a sitting in the church?
If playing archery young women don't mind his best, let them have a go at it.
The carrier-pigeon never travels with his cote on his arm.
A delicate parcel—A young lady wrapped up in herself.
As an old woman says that is always separating a pair of shears.
When gamblers fall to agree they pour Hoyle on the troubled waters.
It is beauty's privilege to kill time, and time's privilege to kill beauty.
“How is your stock in trade?” as the drummer said to the horse dealer.
STANCO anomaly. It is not, that a fall-out-over-shoulder should stand up on top of the world.
If a woman is to be perfect blank-like a sheet of paper—not even ruled.
When did the alphabet get into a row? “By Mike and leader!” out and in.
We heard the steamboat as it flowed.
And lo! and lo! the leader lo!
And every riddle made a do.
Ah, me, it was so sweet to hear.
The tickle in the morning gray.
We drove them in the morning gray.
Before the sun came up and kissed
Into warm rose the dewy lay.
That over all the pasture lay.
They would along the older road.
By Mike and leader; out and in.
We heard the steamboat as it flowed.
And lo! and lo! the leader lo!
And every riddle made a do.
Am, he, it was so sweet to hear.
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GOODRICH & HITCHCOCK, Publishers.
TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 18, 1879.
VOLUME XL. NUMBER 16
REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.
\$1.00 per Annum in Advance.

Booby.
Come to you, Isabel, without one word of explanation or farewell. Come to you with that of the generous men who only dared to offer his heart, when others forsake you the kind, noble husband, whom you told me yesterday you were really beginning to love, and never tell me you cannot sit at the table with those two men, and thank the mercy that has delivered you from the one's deceit, and given you to the other's tender, unfeeling affection?

BOON IN TEARS.
Call the air and hand the ground;
Not one ray of sunlight lingers;
O'er the meadow with hollow sound,
The cold wind whistles and sighs,
O'er the break the stubborn soil,
Lash in its furrows heaping,
Come not from the patient plow,
See the seed and wait the reaping.
Summer sunbeams on the green;
Birds on every tree sing straight;
Blows the wind with cold and strong;
Shouts the joy the soil is rich,
Come the harvest first and bring,
And the sower on the plain,
His long buried seed now finding,
Home the harvest first and bring,
Into golden sheaves to binding.
In the dark and narrow town,
Colder seek we busy weeping,
And wrapped in a gloom of pain,
Come the harvest first and bring,
To the end we cannot see,
Faintly heathen vision leading,
Till the cold moon shines on us,
We no more submission yielding,
On our lives a constant chill,
Like a winter landscape lying,
Ever last, we wait till the sun,
Earth shall melt with fervent heat,
Time be not an ended story,
We our buried treasure greet,
Born in tears, but reaped in glory.
—Fanny Downing.

DEPARTING AWAY.
Drifting away from each other,
Slightly drifting apart,
Nothing but the world's cold screen,
Nothing to love but a heart,
Only two lives drifting,
Slow and every day,
Only one soul from each other
Ready drifting away.
On my man's heart striving
“Bitterly hard with his doom;
Only a man's heart striving
Slipping away in the gloom.
Nothing of doubt or care,
Nothing that either can cure,
Nothing to shame, nothing to blame,
Nothing to lose, nothing to gain,
Nothing to stand, nothing still;
Tides ebb and wane a change,
Nothing that is worth a tear,
Nothing to love, nothing to hate,
Nothing to strive for,
Drifting and drifting apart,
Slightly drifting apart,
Nothing to love but a heart,
Nothing to lose but a world,
But all who had been in not;
Never, oh, never in the years to follow.

Selected Tale.
TRUE LOVE AND FALSE.
THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S INFATUATION.

“You make a very pretty picture, Isabel.”
Colonel Egerton smiled at his wife. She was sitting in a low chair, leaning against the open window-sill, one diamond-fashing hand supporting her head, and a kitten on her lap.
“Your rose as he spoke, and smiled his eyes on me.”
“You are home early to-day, are you not, Cecil?”
“About the usual time. I met an old friend of yours by chance, and I asked him to dinner; but for the life of me, I can't remember whether he said yes or no.”
“That is so like you. An old friend of mine? Tell me his name.”
“Mr. Sydney Carew. He spoke to me, or I should not have recognized him.”
“How did he speak?”
“As a man who is very kind to me, and whom I love very much. By Jove! Isabel, are you hurt?”
“Not at all.”
“What a careless eye it seemed exactly as if Mrs. Egerton had extended her hand and pulled over the whole plant, stand; and her husband told her so.”
“You did it yourself, my dear, deliberately. Will you have the gardener or a servant to put the mess right?”
“Can the gardener, perhaps; he can save some of my ferns, please?”
“That is all right. As to the plant, calling it ones, his wife rose, and leaning from the window in an unconscious, gasping state for air.”
“Framed in the roses that clustered everywhere around, Mrs. Egerton was more than a pretty picture. She was sweet and lovely as the buds that touched her cheek; and her eyes were lovely, large, almond-shaped, and shaded by a perfect weight of black lashes, and with a wistful, yearning depth in them that fascinated while it saddened a meeting glance.”
“As she quitted the window and passed slowly upstairs, her movements were gliding and graceful, her voice, as she spoke to her maid, sweet and low and pleasant as a lady's ever to an inferior.”
“Colonel Egerton had good reason to be proud, as he was, of his wife. Mrs. Egerton was nearly dressed—in soft gray silk, with cunningly mixed flecks of crimson—when, with a light tap at her door, entered a girl, very fair and very pretty, and laughing.”
“What have you been doing among your flowers, Isabel? I met poor Jones in such a dejected despair just now! All his flowers and all his ferns, all his pots and everything else of value that he possesses, smashed in the drawing-room. I hope it isn't quite so irreparably bad. My dear!”
“—her light tone changing rapidly—”
“Tell Cecil nothing of it, Isabel. He will be ill if he hears of anything of the kind, darling!”
“I'm not very well,” fingering nervously the trifles on the toilet table. Then, as the maid left the room, Isabel turned despondently to her friend.
“Tell Cecil nothing of it, Isabel. He will be ill if he hears of anything of the kind, darling!”
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“Tell Cecil nothing of it, Isabel. He will be ill if he hears of anything of the kind, darling!”

and, as she stood, her face flushed with the excitement of her speech for the moment, Carew's vanity filled up the pause.
“You are not!” returned Miss Holt, decisively. “You are only mad. It is just a wicked glare that ever and anon casts over you. She waited a moment; then, “You fancy you love Carew?”
“I do not,” she replied, “I do not love him, but I do not love you either. I do not love either of them, but I do not love you either. I do not love either of them, but I do not love you either. I do not love either of them, but I do not love you either.”

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