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# Bradford Reporter.

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TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., DECEMBER 25, 1879.

COETICAL:

CHRISTMAS.

N the Swiss mountains, when I was In the wild, awful passes, all alone, A little cross of iron, cold and bare. Rose oft before me from some wayside stone Strange, uncouth names they bore—a holy sign Traced by rude hands upon a rustle scroll,

and, blotted by the snows, a pitcous line, Begging our prayers for the sleeper's soul. ome traveler it was, perchance, whose doors The torrent of the avalanche had sped; Cayhap was buried there some peasa The annied chamois o'er the cliff had led. His simple thoughts had never crossed the sea From whose far borders to his grave I came,

for, as a brother, called he unto me, And my heart's echo gave him back the na Peace to thy spirit, Brother ! I had felt The quick'ning of the blood that wanderers fee At thought of home and country. I had knelt At alters where the nations came to kneel-But knew I never, in its depth, till when Thy lonely shrine besought me for my prayer, The sense of kindred with all sons of me

One love, one hope; God's pity everywhere ! and so thy scroll, thou gentle Christmas-tide. Speaks to earth's pilgrims in His name who died. Good will and peace and brotherbood sublime ! And, unto them that hall thee, chiefly worth Are the glad wreaths that twine around the year For that thou bidd'st our kindled hearts go forth, Wherever leve can warm or kindness cheer.

Up the bleak heights of daily toll we press. Too busy with our journey and our load. To heed the hurried grasp, the brief caress, The brother fainting on that weary road. then welcome be the hours and thoughts a

That win us from ourselves a little while To that sweet human fellowship which brings The only human joy unstained of guile !

For the blessed Christmas time,
May good-will on earth and peace, Newly come and never cease, Just as once the angels sang, When the Christmas chorus rang: Glory sing to God again, Peace on earth, good-will to men.

#### 45HECETTYKA!

**CHRISTMAS** AT NUMBER 1, CRAWLIN PLACE.

OST certainly, Number One Crawlin Place, was a dingy abode at any time, but as Carol came black ribbon on the worn-out bon- ly. I brought you up too many in sight of it, one bright afternoon net. in sight of it, one bright afternoon net. a few days before Christmas, with his mind full of much pleasanter places, he gave a little sigh of disapproval, and muttered, not gloomily, but honestly, as if he had been called upon suddenly to compare it candidly with brighter places he had | are you going?'

seen: "It looks meaner than ever!" A ray from the sun as he looked ATTORNET-AT-LAW AND U. S. COMMISSIONER, up at No. 1, seemed to contradict under that old shawl, said Caroline Can you sing another? asked the im, for it fell brightly upon a win-Jan. 1/1878. dow in the fourth story and lighted corner. it up wonderfully: or was it the bright, deep-set eyes of old Aunt Kizzy, as she looked down and nodded cheerfully? However that may trying to get something for me. Aunt Kizzy's heart beat joyfully. than any other place in the world, had n't been so proud!' if it is dingy. Besides, Carol-but

let him tell his own secrets. "Darn up the old stocking I saw dangling on the line, Aunt Kizzy," to the window where the old lady could find."

sat. "I'll make it strong enough to hold up two cents' worth of snuff," she said, cheerily.

"I feel sure this will be a lucky Christmas," said Carol. "I saw three stars shoot last night-a star apiece for us, Aunt Kizzy. Now quick, before mother comes,

count that, please!" "Massy! massy! Where did you get it, child?" as the coppers and bits of silver fell into her lap.

"You aint\_\_\_ "All right, Aunt Kizzy. Good, honest money. For mother's present. You go buy it, for I must get more or there can't be any snuff." She caught him by his worn jacket as he was flying past the door, and sat him dow in the old rocking-

chair. "Sit there, sir, and tell me where you got this money! A Christmas | Kizzy's make-up. present ought to be bought with money that don't need washing." "I won't tell."

Aunt Kizzy's back became very stiff and she handed him back the looked in the window. They must money.

"It's all right," he said, impatiently, waving away her extended hand. But if you must know," dropping his voice to a mysterious whisper, "I sang for it!"

"Where, child?" "In the street."

"I sang every song I knew—even down the grand steps." the one you sang to me the other

"Where? Anywhere about here?" folks live."

"Don't you do it again." who hangs up black stockings."

"Like a beggar ?"

money; they gave it to me."

her point in her curiosity.

"She can't have it." " She must," Aunt Kizzy dropped the money slowly, piece by piece, into her lap.

"Seventy cents, Carol!"

and darted away. "Seventy cents! Well, well, was a little unsteady, III came well! may be you're not ashamed to ask if any of the ladies here would of your want o' faith, old Kizzy Hop- -would like to hear a little oldkins! No good comes o' twitting fashioned singing."
so I'll only say, faith's a good thing "I certainly should," said the always. Now step along, and see young lady, pleasantly; and I'm what you can buy. Seventy cents! sure grandmamma would.'
And ten away down in your pocket Open your eyes and take in all for him, that he could 'nt see. No, the style, old Kiz, to tell Car'line,' but start out and do your best. they walked up the broad handsome Straighten your wig, old Kizzy; stairs. But when she found hercount up your change and don't go self actually standing before a sofa, out with envious feelings in your where lay a proud-looking old lady, heavier purses! Seventy cents and her errand. ten is eighty; eighty cents ain't to be sneezed at. Did n't you expect old-fashioned music," explained the

not look a :little cheerful?" mother heard.

woman in the glass!' said she, com-

'She's orful ungrateful, Car'line. Instead of bein thankful for a bon- miss, as there's been years since I ing for a vail to hide her old bonnet.' they want, Aunt Kizzy. But where sense, Kizzy H.!"

Aunt Kizzy, proudly. 'Good-bye!' means to be despised, sang a simple 'There is a dear, strong heart ballad of 'ye olden time.'

'Only ten cents for both of 'em,' the narrow street. 'That boy is off same again.'

had n't been so proud!'

I would do anything now,' she forced her pride to say.

I sang ten songs, and two

turned, severely. 'Come in at the on em' he cried, as he came breathlessly up 'leventh hour and take what you A'dollar for a good concert is

world that I could that was honest, madam. said her pride, humbled now to the

very dust of self-reproach.
Would you sing for money? almost triumphantly, as if she had for my pleasure, said the young proved her pride now, and found it lady's grandmother, as with old-nothing but a vain boaster. A lit-school dignity she placed five doltle red spot was burning in each fad- lars in Aunt Kizzy's hand. ed cheek.

She had left Crawlin Place far behind her. The houses she now saw were beginning to wear a very wellto-do look. On she walked until the streets grew wide and the houses

very fine. What a contrast to Crawlin Place! 'If you get envious, back you'll go, Kizzy H, without a chance for present-money!

This was probably addressed to another weak spot in poor Aunt She went on without an idea

where to stop. A house with the curtains up attracted her attention. be made of gold and silver in there!' She walked up the steps and rang

the bell. 'If you please, miss,' she began, as the door opened.

servant, shortly. With a choking feeling in her that don't need washing!"

throat, Aunt Kizzy stood staring at "No, not quite. I did'nt ask for the closed door.

'You can't stare money enough out of a shut door to fill a stocking, "What did you sing, you scamp, you?" said Aunt Kizzy, forgetting unless a miracle takes place, Kizzy H,' she said cheerfully, as she went

> House after house was passed beore another struck her fancy.

Don't look quite so grand as "No; away up-town where the big t 'other,' she said, as she looked in this a lucky Christmas?' said Carol o' Christ blessing little children. It Aunt Kizzy, with her new bonnet on, "I have promised Santa Claus two makes me feel orful old. Dear lit- took snuff extravagantly, and his cents' worth of snuff for an old lady the creeters! I don't believe the mother stood with hands in the muff. grand brass images and flumjacks of this place.

And she went up the high steps. As her hand touched the bell, a "Get anything you feel sure and a pleasant voice behind her gloves from the long black stocking. rose. The summer had passed and she'll like," he whispered in her ear said: Whom did you wish to see? 'I came,'-Aunt Kizzy's voice

you can't get much for ten cents, said the old woman to herself, as heart because other old women carry she forgot 'Car'line,' and almost

She is going to sing us some to have to start out with only ten? young lady, as her grandmother You know you did! Then why stared at them both.

Aunt Kizzy closed her old hands This remark was evidently ad- nervously together, but though she dressed to the faded, patient face pressed them very hard, no song that looked out at her from the came to her mind. What would small looking-glass. But Carol's they think of her! Her breath came in little gasps, and the red Don't dare find fault with that spots brightened in her cheeks.

Sit down and rest yourself a liting in and smoothing the rusty the while, said the young lady, kind-

There was n't so many stairs, net to cover her old wig, she's wish- sung afore folks,' said Aunt Kizzy, then adding mentally, Don't act The more people have, the more like a fool if you've got common

She stood respectfully before After Christmas presents, said them, and in a voice, not by any

as Aunt Kizzy turned the dismal young lady, as the last note died the money.

away. I don't wish another yet, said muttered the old woman, as she left her grandmother. 'I want the

be, little Carol forgot that Crawlin Aint you ashamed of yourself, Kizzy She had forgotten money; there Place was dingy as he darted up the H?" she continued, falling into her was happiness in the thought of beold stairs. The faded face of Aunt favorite mode of addressing herself, ing able to give pleasure, She Kizzy, her bright eyes and worn wig, which she called giving a dose to her sang until her old voice sounded were a part of his home; and when pride. "Think of the times you weary, and they declared she should Christmas is near, home is dearer might have earned a little, if you sing no more. The young lady

forced her pride to say.

No doubt you would, she recents apiece is high enough to reck-

cheap enough, and I have not en-I would do anything in the joyed one so much for many a day,

If you insist on it, I can't help it, said Aunt Kizzy, with shining eyes, as she thought of Carol's stocking. Aunt Kizzy said this abruptly, I do not consider that I half pay

> think I'm dreaming now, and 'll wake up without a cent for Carol's stock-

She held out the money to the young lady, who took it, saying :are some pieces of silk for a new Number One, Crawlin Place. lining. In site a site of the site of the

"Tell me all about it!" cried Carol, on Christmas morning as he Massy!' she exclaimed, as she stood with a full stocking by the fire-place in the sitting-room on the fourth story of Number One, Crawlin Place. The Property Land

"I wont?" " The state of Sit right there, Aunt Kizzy, till you tell me where you got so much Back gate for beggars, said the money. A Christmas present ought to be bought with money

Well, in a whisper, 'if you must know, boy, I sang for it. 'Sang for it!' Carol's surprise was as genuine as Aunt Kizzy's had been

but he recovered himself and said: 'Like a beggar?' 'No,' said Aunt Kizzy, demurely.

I didn't ask for money; they gave it to me without. Dear Aunt Kizzy, don't you call

at a window. There's a picter as he pulled on new boots, while

'Nothin' to do with luck,' said have pushed everything good out Aunt Kizzy. We worked for something and 't aint no sense to expect when you work for something that LITTLE way up one of the Rhæns you'll get n-othin'.' With a merry light step was heard behind her, jerk she pulled out a pair of warm an old black pine, grew a Christmas

ers, old Kizzy H. Give Car'line an wind blows and the snow flies, and old muff, and get new gloves from the hardy little mountain rose had Santa Claus!'

'I shall not allow you to give me this muff, said Car'line. 'It is just other plants do. There would be what you have wanted for so long; and a new lining will make it just

as good as ever.' 'Massy, Car'line! the silk for it is in my pocket. Plenty of it you see.' As she unrolled it, she gasped: Carol, hand me the campfire bottle!' for, carefully folded in the little bundle of pieces, lay the rejected five- and I will admire you. You were dollar bill.

'It must be a mistake,' said Carol's mother. Of course I shall take it back,

Car'line.' 'If it makes you feel so sick Aunt Kizzy H., I will take it, and you shall never se it again,' said

Carol, kindly. It was n't a mistake, though, Car'line."

'What makes you think so?' ·Well, I tell you how it was; I

I'll take it back!' 'Come now, Aunt Kizzy,' said Carol, laughing, 'bet you can't tell

what street it was.' 'Hey?' said the old woman with blank expression on her pale face. Massy, if I know any more than a

old woman led by a dog!' Carol's mother touched Aunt Kizzy's arm. 'Tell me, Aunt, how you earned

'I did what Carol did.' 'What did he do?' 'There's your stockin' just burst you go 'tend to it?'

You care more for the stocking than for me, Aunt Kizzy, for I am in almost as sad a state.' 'Would you tell, Carol ?'

He grinned and said: Make her tell first how she got

I'd just as soon tell, said his mother. I wish I had the chance every day. 'I sang for it.' For a full minute, Aunt Kizzy and Carol stared at each other, but is no one to care whether we live or then exclaimed as if they had and one mind between them: Like a

beggar? Oh no, said Caroline, laughing. I did n't ask for anything, but they gave me something. I sang last Sunday in church.'

'Carol,' whispered Aunt Kizzy is my head on?' Looks to be. Is mine?"

lars in Aunt Kizzy's hand.

'I could n't sleep to-night if I took looks like a head. Is my wig that!' she cried. 'Don't make me straight?'

'Straight as usual, Miss Hopkins. How 's mine?' "Pears to have the right pitch boy, so let's tune up. Here's faith for the future forever! and three grate-the failing moss, into a tall, white vase. You shall not be overpaid, but ful voices rang out clearly with a let me give you a muff; your hands song of praise to Him, who, in sendwill be cold going home. This is ing His Christmas blessings down, an old one, but it is warm, and here forgot not even so humble a spot as

-From St Nicholas for December.

WISH I knew my letters well, So I might learn to read and spell; I'd find them on my pretty card, If they were not so very hard.

ow S is crooked—don't you see?
And G is making mouths at me,
And O is something like a ball,
It has n't any end at all.

They look like crooked sticks—oh dear!

Ma counted six, and twenty more; What do they have so many for?

HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING.

ANG up the baby's stocking; Be sure you don't forget The dear little dimpled darling! She no'er saw Christmas yet; But I've told her all about it, And she opened her big blue eyes. And I'm sure she understood it, She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!

It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then, for the baby's Christms
To will manus do at all. It will never do at all; Why, Santa wouldn't be looking For anything half so small.

I know what will do for the haby, I've thought of the very best plan I'll borrow a stocking of grandma, The longest that ever I can; And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother Right here in the corner, so! And write a letter to Santa,

And fasten it on to the toe. Write, "This is baby's stocking That hangs in the corner here You never seen her, Sants, For she only came this year; But she's just the blessedest baby-And now, before you go; Just cram her stockings with goodies, From the top clean down to the toe."

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE

tian Alps, beneath the shade of

\*Cast your bread upon the wat- the short days had come, when the two buds. 'Dear me,' fretted the rose, 'I wish I could blossom when some pleasure in displaying one's self for the dainty blue gentian or the pretty eyebright; but with no one to admire me, I see no use in blooming at all,"

'Ho! ho!' laughed the old pine. waving his shaggy arms. 'Ho! ho! what a little grumbler! The snow named after the blessed Christ-child, and ought to be happy and contented. Push up through the deepening snow, little friend, and expand your buds into perfect blossoms; we were all made for a holy purpose, and we shall know what it is when the time comes, if—

Just then the north wind blew so hard the old pine was quite out of breath, and for some reason he never renewed the conversation.

All the world is dead except the did something for-for two ladies | pine and I, murmured the rose, and away up town, and they offered me perhaps I had better follow his adthat bill, and I would n't lay a fing- vice. If I was made for a holy purer to it, and that pretty creeter put pose the Christ-child will not forit in the silk; but I'll take it back, get me.' So she took good care of her round green buds, and the day before Christmas the black pine saw her blossoms, white and perfect, peering up through the white snow.

Now there were two little ones, chidren of Klotz, the wood-cutter, who were nearly heart-broken, for their mother was sick, and that morning the kind neighbor who had nursed her through the night had said: (God pity this home! I fear your mother will die before night.' Their father sat by the fire-place, speechless with grief, and answered them neither with word in' to see you, Car'line. Why don't or look when they crept up to him for comfort; so at last they stole out of the door, and hand in hand wandered a short way up the mountain side, following the forester's tracks till they came in sight of the old black pine.

'If all the mothers in the world were dying, that hard black pine would not care, said the boy, bitterly; let us go back into the valley, sister; there we will at least find human hearts, while here there There is one who cares for us

even here, cried the sister, spying the Christmas roses, and in a moment she had scraped away the snow and secured them. We had forgot-ten the Christ-child, and that tomorrow is his blessed birthday. Let us take these roses to the church, dear brother, and pray the all-merciful One for whom they were named to spare mother's life.

So they hastened down the mountain to the village church, where they found the good priest, busy trimming the altar for the Christ-Then he knelt with the children and prayed to God that if it might be consistent with His holy will, He would spare the mother's life, and they forgot not to thank Him for the sweet, silent witnesses that brought the resemblance of his beloved Son to comfort and encourage them in time of trouble. When they ireturned home their father met them at the door and exclaimed joyously, 'The fever has turned, and your mother is better. Praise God.'

The Christmas rose had fulfilled its destiny. Ah, mel the black pine was right. We were all made for a holy purpose, and we shall learn what it is in God's own time.