

# The Bradford Reporter.

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TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 4, 1880.

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VOLUME XL

NUMBER 40

## Poetry.

### BALLAD OF THE WORN-OUT SHOE.

This is the tale of a worn-out shoe—  
That ever told and a tale ever new—  
This shoe belonged to a little girl  
With sparkling eyes and a golden curl,  
And she was wont with a smile to come  
With this worn-out shoe to John Stevenson.

Oh, John, John, as you jog and go,  
To treat a fair young lady so,  
And when she comes to the door,  
It was "Please wait for a day or two."

John worked away with a studious face,  
And pondered much on the handsome grace  
Of the little girl, and how he loved  
To see her smile and her golden head.

So John took his time on the worn-out shoe,  
(It never was mended, 'twixt me and you)  
And sought the moment when she came,  
And sojourned to himself his name.

And often and often she came,  
And he used to say that she was lame,  
And once a customer asked on a reg  
If he'd seen John teaching her how to jog.

But this John I can tell her  
That when she came to the door,  
But he had mended her shoe,  
That she should ask the lady to be his wife.

For she was raised in the finest school,  
And he was raised in the coldest school,  
And he had mended her shoe,  
And made him a man in his leather place.

And he fixed a store for her sake,  
And he fixed himself with a brush and comb,  
And he fixed himself with a brush and comb,  
And he fixed himself with a brush and comb.

John, the collier, was now no more—  
"John Stevenson" graced the door—  
But the lady never the store came near,  
And she never the door would open.

"What shall the lady" thought John at last,  
As he saw her face as he hurried past,  
"Perhaps she has found when she would will,"  
And then John Stevenson bowed his head.

Long were the days till she came again,  
And she was now a woman,  
"If you please," she said, "Mr. Stevenson,  
I will take my shoe if you have it done."

He sadly took down the worn shoe,  
And he sadly took down the worn shoe,  
And he sadly took down the worn shoe,  
And he sadly took down the worn shoe.

And John, he thought, as he stood there then,  
If he should part and not meet again,  
That when a collier two years before,  
He had mended her shoe with his own hands.

"True," said John, "let me give you a pair  
That are strong and stout and certain to wear."  
"No, no," she said, "in a frightened way,  
I cannot wear any shoe but mine."

And then, as she lifted her hands he saw,  
That her gown was faded, her finger raw,  
And her eyes were dim with weeping,  
And her hair was thin and gray.

This was too much for John Stevenson,  
And down into his arms she fell,  
And into his arms she fell,  
And into his arms she fell.

"No, no," she cried, as she struggled wild,  
"That man whose portrait we have  
Just seen was both weak and obstinate,  
And would, after a quarrel, have  
Kept doggedly aloof from his father."

"But Miriam, then, would you do?" asked  
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"The estate has been left to us of  
the free will of the late Constable  
Vaughan," he said, "and is ours, but  
we are so rich that, should there be  
any dispute, it will go to the law."

"I will see the solicitor to-day,"  
he said, "and cause the most searching  
inquiries to be made."  
And after some further conversation,  
the subject dropped, and at the  
end of the meal the Squire went  
and rode to the county town, where  
the firm of solicitors he wished to  
consult resided. In the evening,  
after dinner, the subject was resumed.

"Have you any news?" asked  
Miriam, noting that her father was  
very serious.

"Yes, Constable Vaughan married two  
and twenty years ago a lady of some  
family but no means. The marriage  
was clandestine, and was only  
discovered when a child was  
born. Then came the explosion, and  
the young man went away to be  
heard of no more directly. The solicitors,  
knowing that he was still the heir,  
kept him in sight for some time; but  
for many years no tidings have come,  
and he is believed to be dead."

"But they are not sure, papa?" said  
Miriam.

"No; and I have ordered them to  
follow up the trace at no matter what  
cost, my dear," said the proud father.

"Right must be done," she replied,  
in a dreamy kind of way.

Later on in the evening, some  
young lady friends coming in Mr.  
Vaughan retired to his study to  
write. He had a letter to write to  
his cousin, and he was sitting at his  
desk, when he noticed a package  
necessarily a source of satisfaction.  
But chiefly was it so for the sake of  
his daughter Miriam—a girl of noble  
qualities, which had been restricted  
in a more humble sphere, but found  
an outlet in the region to which  
she was now elevated. She was a  
very beautiful girl, rather tall and  
slim, and remarkable for her elegance  
of manner and speech. Her tastes  
were eminently artistic and literary,  
and she was the admirer of the  
finest authors of her time. She was  
more than suspected she wrote for  
the magazines. But she was without any  
excessive pride, and as affable and  
agreeable as she was charitable and  
devoted in her intercourse with the  
poor.

The Manor house was a large and  
rather rambling building, furnished  
in excellent taste, and having a noble  
library as well as a picture gallery.  
The father, who had been  
four years in possession, the latter  
being now nineteen years of age; and  
both were already exceedingly popular  
in the county.

The Squire had determined a few  
days before to clear out some lumber  
rooms and get rid of a lot of rubbish  
which had accumulated during some  
twenty years, and which was gradually  
becoming a nuisance. Father and  
daughter were in the picture  
gallery, looking at the portraits of  
their ancestors, and enjoying as well  
as they could the breeze from the park,  
when the butler entered with a work-  
man bearing a picture.

"Sir," said the butler, "we have  
found this portrait in the lumber room,  
and as it clearly is a family likeness,  
we have brought it here to know  
what is to be done with it."

The picture was at the same moment  
restored to Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan,  
and they examined it. Both strangely  
enough felt a little shiver as they  
saw that handsome face, which  
seemed to pierce the very marrow of  
their bones.

"You don't know who it is?" asked  
the Squire.

"No, sir," replied the butler; "but  
I dare say Mrs. Graves will."

"Send for her at once," was the  
command.

A few minutes later the house-  
keeper entered, a staid woman of  
sixty, still active, with white hair  
and a very dignified aspect. At the  
sight of the portrait she turned pale,  
and with a deep sigh she fell upon a  
sofa.

"You are agitated, Mrs. Graves,"  
said the Squire kindly.

"Yes, sir, pardon me, but the sight  
of that picture unnerves me. It is  
the portrait of Mr. Constable's only  
son, the late Mr. Vaughan."

"Why put it in the lumber room?"  
continued the Squire gravely.

"Ah, sir, it's the old story," she  
answered. "He was wished, and loved  
where his father wished him not."  
Both squire and son looked at each  
other, and separated. Young Mr.  
Constable went away, and never was  
seen again. The father ordered the  
picture to the lumber room, and then  
never mentioned his name again.

"What shall I do with the picture?"  
said the Squire, quietly.

"Where it was taken from?" cried  
the woman, who had been thirty years  
in the family service.

"And, sir," the butler went on,  
"there is a very painful story con-  
nected with the picture. What shall I  
do with them?"

"Take them to my study," observed  
the Squire; "I will examine them  
by-and-by. And now, Miriam, go  
to your room, and get ready for  
bed."

They went down, thinking of the  
stern old man who had sacrificed his  
son to a whim, or at best a whim,  
and wondering how different matters  
might have been but for this estrange-  
ment.

"Miriam," said the father, when they  
were alone, "I feel as if we were  
very much like usurers and inter-  
lopers."

"How so?" asked his daughter, in  
astonishment.

"Suppose this young Constable  
left children or a child? He or they  
or her are the rightful heirs," he re-  
marked thoughtfully.

"But surely something would have  
been done to prevent that," he said.  
"That man whose portrait we have  
just seen was both weak and ob-  
stinate," and would, after a quarrel,  
have kept doggedly aloof from his father."

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as they could the breeze from the park,  
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man bearing a picture.

man, but the possible prospect before  
him was a terrible one. Four years  
of possession had made him not only  
love the old place, but during that  
time he had acquired habits of luxury  
and ease which it would be hard to  
give up. He glanced at the docu-  
ments, the lamp, the empty fireplace,  
and knew how much depended on a  
quarter of an hour's blaze.

As the suggestion arose in his  
mind, he rose sternly, rang the  
bell, and sent for his daughter. She  
came, and he handed her the study,  
he handed her a chair, and in very  
brief words told her the facts of his  
discovery.

"Well, papa," she answered, not  
knowing in her ignorance of the law,  
the full force of his meaning, "what  
then?"

"My child, if there be a male heir  
nearer than myself, we must give up  
all and go back to our old life at  
Brompton. There may be no living  
male heir, but I must reserve the  
right to search for him, we must retire in  
his favor, unless—"

"Unless what, father?" she asked.

"Unless we now destroy these docu-  
ments, which alone prove his  
existence, and then, if we find him,  
rather die," she said. "No, father!  
As you said before, let justice be  
done. I would not hold one penny  
through fraud."

"You are right. I will see the  
solicitor to-day, and move heaven  
and earth to find him."

On the following morning Mr.  
Vaughan rode over and stated his  
case to the lawyers, handing them all  
the documents found in so strange  
and unexpected a manner. They look-  
ed at him in unfeigned admiration.

"This is a most serious matter,"  
observed the elder partner, "for be-  
tween ourselves, I knew of the pre-  
vious existence of this document,  
and I have been endeavoring to find  
it, but in vain. It is a very pain-  
ful ring—'wine at once!'"

"No more," said Constable faintly.  
"I have been without food too  
long to drink."

The amazed lawyer, and then  
proceeded to explain everything.

"So you see, sir, you have been  
owner for four years, but from no  
fault of these people. Few persons—  
I have added."

"You have behaved so nobly,"  
he cried, listening in a daze. "I can  
scarcely believe my own good for-  
tune, or that your generous self-denial.  
It was a great temptation."

"Yes, sir, bravely overcome. And  
now, if you can give me  
your instructions after."

Constable ate and drank in a  
dream, but at last, he awoke to re-  
ality.

"I had forgotten," he said wildly,  
"I must be going. I will see you  
to-morrow."

"I have no check book," observed  
the lawyer, "but if a hundred pounds  
in cash is of any use to you, I will  
bring it to you to-day."

"Now, my dear sir, I am wholly  
in your power. You are master of  
Bardley Manor—will you give me  
at some future time as your heir,  
and, in the meantime, let me take  
my carriage and my trunk home."

"Cousin Charles," observed Miriam,  
a little later in the day, "it is  
clear you were not to be outdone."

"No, my darling. I loved you  
before I saw you for your noble  
generosity. I saw you for the first  
time for yourself, and determined to  
win you. Have I done so?" he asked.

"Yes, my lord and master," she  
replied, with a smile, "you have con-  
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"I have won a prize fit for an em-  
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It was indeed a gala day when  
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"I have five years and four  
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"Mamma," said a little boy of six,  
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"Hash, my dear; He never has din-  
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relationship became more intimate.  
Miriam listened to his footsteps  
her heart beat wildly at the sound of  
his voice. Without a spoken word  
they were engaged by that sympathy  
of the soul which requires no words.

"Mr. Vaughan," said the young  
man to the lawyer, "I am something  
more than a mere student. I have  
ample means to support a wife, and  
my family is good. If you will only  
give your consent, you shall have  
every reference, and you shall be in-  
troduced to my relations."

"My dear boy, if you can satisfy  
me on that point," replied Mr. Van-  
ghan, "I cannot wish for a better  
son-in-law. We are not so rich as  
we might have been, but Miriam is  
treasure to me."

"She is. Then I have your con-  
sent?" he said, gleefully, and hurried  
away to Miriam.

Now, as both loved deeply and sin-  
cerely, it is needless to say that  
they were married in a few days.  
The next day they were to go to the  
Royal Academy Exhibition to see  
the picture in its place. Mr. Van-  
ghan and M. Dubois accompanied them,  
and after some delay contrived to  
reach the gallery and returned home.

"You seem very much amused,"  
said the young artist. "May I ask  
why?"

"It is unnecessary to explain,"  
said Miriam, "but that gentleman's  
name is associated with a very pain-  
ful epoch in our lives, and why he  
should buy my portrait is indeed a  
mystery."

"Because he painted it," said the  
artist in a voice of deep emotion,  
"and would allow no other man on  
earth to possess either the copy or  
the original."

"Sir," cried Mr. Vaughan, "what  
do you mean?"

"That I am Charles Constable  
Vaughan—your son-in-law," he said,  
clasping Miriam to his heart.

"Sir," said the young man, "this is  
too bad. You ought to know how I  
despise that man."

"And I came to make you love  
him," he answered. "And now, sir,  
he added, "you and I are the only  
parties interested in the entail."

"The only ones," replied the con-  
sule, "our joint consent  
must be obtained."

"I can, but I shall not consent."  
But before he could finish the sen-  
tence he had torn the deed and thrust  
it into a fire, which he had cunningly  
ordered, and by dint of a diligent  
search he had recovered the deed.

"Now, my dear sir, I am wholly  
in your power. You are master of  
Bardley Manor—will you give me  
at some future time as your heir,  
and, in the meantime, let me take  
my carriage and my trunk home."

"Cousin Charles," observed Miriam,  
a little later in the day, "it is  
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The Buddhist Solomon.

We shall give as a small specimen  
of what Schiefner has brought to  
light from the canonical books of the  
Buddhists two stories, both in the  
spirit of the story of Solomon's judg-  
ment—the one in a more rudimentary  
form, the other in a more developed  
form.

A man took off his hat and boots  
and left them on the shore before he  
went to bathe in the river. While  
he was bathing another man came,  
took the boots, tied them around his  
neck, and plunged into the river.

When the first had bathed, he went  
on shore and looked for his boots.  
"What are you looking for?" said  
the man in the water. "My boots,"  
he replied. "Where are your boots?"  
he asked.

"If you have any, you should then  
return your neck before you go into  
the water, as I have done. Then the  
man in the water said, 'But the boots  
you have round your neck are my boots.'  
Soon a light arose, and they went  
before the King.

The King commanded his Ministers  
to saddle his dispute, but the King  
remained sitting in judgment. The  
man who had bathed in the evening  
could not settle anything. Then a  
clever woman, Visakha by name,  
when she heard of the lawsuit, said,  
"I made no reserve," replied Mr.