

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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Selected Poetry. TO THE SOLDIER. Do you think that we forget you, That our hearts to self are sealed.

Do you think our greatest care is That we win a party crest, While the fever stills your pulses,

Do you think our children say at evening, "Years to-day our father fought?" While our children blush beside them

Do you think our hearts are full of you, And in death we wish one moment, In love's anguish we for aye.

Miscellaneous. SPECIAL SERVICE. "Boys, do any of you feel like volunteering on a special service of considerable risk?"

"What is it, Captain?" inquired Jackson. "Don't know any more about it than that the General intends to send a detachment of volunteers, under the command of Lieutenant Bradford, the Tennesseean, whom you must all know pretty well by this time, on some particular mission."

"I'm his man, for one!" exclaimed Jackson, jumping up with great alacrity. "Jackson was a wiry specimen of the genus Hoosier, and measured nearly six feet without his army-shoes."

"And I'm another!" "Count me in!" "I don't want to be left out in that deal!"

The Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

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ble—probably at both. He was vain of his wealth, and delighted in flashy parades of it in the way of dress. Among his other notions, he had a black velvet dress adorned with buttons made of gold quarter-eagles, and a blue dress-coat with gold half-circles for buttons, and a massive foil-chain of gold dollars.

It was on such a wild night as this that a group of men, women, and children were covering beneath a cleft in the rocks to shield themselves, as much as possible, from the fury of the storm, which they had chosen to encounter rather than trust themselves to the mercy of their own race.

The fire had not been burning much over an hour before they were surrounded by a body of soldiers. The smoke had revealed their hiding-places.

The poor hunted fugitives now gave themselves up for lost; their number was too small to think of offering any resistance which, if offered, would only aggravate the cruelty that would be practiced toward the women and children.

It would be needless, for the purpose of this sketch, to trace Wharton and his partisans in all their outrageous acts upon a set of defenseless people. He took care in the regions which he passed through, to avoid a conflict with Union troops, if their numbers were nearly equal with his own.

This action on the part of Emma chafed Wharton terribly. He determined to make her his wife, whether she was willing or not, and would hesitate at no means, however violent, to accomplish that object.

In the struggle to preserve her daughter from the ruffians, Mrs. H— was so severely injured that, in conjunction with the shock caused by her daughter's abduction, she died in a few days after. Her last moments were tenderly watched by Mrs. Bradford and her widowed daughter-in-law, from whom young Bradford learned the particulars a short time after, he having succeeded in removing the remains of a once happy family to a relative in Kentucky who had kindly offered them a home.

When night came a number of the partisans were grouped together in the main room of the house to witness the wedding of their leader; the others, being encamped a short distance off, were regaling themselves with stolen whisky, which was liberally supplied them to celebrate the occasion.

Reader, were you ever in the mountains at night? Not on a clear, balmy night, when the air is fragrant with choicest incense and bright with stars?

The old man arose, and approaching the center of the room, which was of considerable size, offered up a prayer that the Almighty might guide him that night. He then gazed hesitatingly at Emma, who stood near the woman, not knowing what to make of the strange scene.

This aroused the minister from his reverie and he told Wharton to take the lady's hand. It required considerable effort on Wharton's part to do this; and Emma, looking intently at the clergyman, exclaimed: "In Heaven's name, old man, what mockery is this?"

"Release me, ruffian!" shrieked Emma, as with a desperate effort she withdrew her hand from Wharton's hold.

"Yes, what, oh! what are they? Did you see any?" ejaculated Jackson. "That gang is pretty offensively wiped out," replied one of the Tennesseans who had joined the command in the mountains.

TABLE MANNERS.—Some little folks are not polite at their meals. The following lines are so simple, practical, comprehensive and directly to the point, we take pleasure in placing them before our readers:

In silence I must take my seat, And give God thanks before I eat; Must for my food in patience wait; Till I am asked to hand my plate;

BILLINGS ON DRAFTING.—There are some nice points in drafting operations which are extensively discussed in the red-ribbon circles. The most lucid explanation of a few of these is given by Josh Billings:

Once more; if a man should run away with his draft, he probably wouldn't ever be allowed to stand the draft again; this looks severe at first site but the more you look at it, the more you can see the wisdom into it.

Once more; if a man should be drafted into the army, he should be drafted into the army, he should be drafted into the army, he should be drafted into the army.

At the earliest possible moment after camp had been pitched, a hunt was set on foot, and Captain Grant, myself, and some attendants were soon making our way to "the patch." There were no animals there when we arrived, except a few hippopotami, and we were, therefore, obliged to wait the coming of some more palatable game.

Our patience, however, was severely taxed, and after a long delay, we were about to bag a hippopotamus, when an attendant perched in a tree about half a mile distant began waving his blanket. This was a signal that game was approaching.

At this juncture, however, occurred an unexpected adventure, that finished our sport, at least for that day. I had sprung forward immediately after firing in order to obtain a fair shot at a huge elephant that I wanted to bring down on account of his immense tusks.

The desperado had uttered his last oath. Several other shots followed in rapid succession, and the bodies of half a dozen of the gang were writhing in death-agonies upon the floor.

A few weeks after the battle of Missionary Ridge private Jackson, who, with several of his comrades, was en route for home on furlough, stopped at a hotel in Louisville, and, claiming the privilege of the first treat, said:

"Boys, here's to Major Bradford, and his bride! May Old Abe appoint him commander of the gorilla districts, and we be with him on all splendid services!"

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CAPT. SPEKE'S ADVENTURE WITH A BOA CONSTRUCTOR.

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AN OSSIFIED MAN.

There was a strange spectacle at the depot yesterday—a man, of whom accounts were published years ago in newspapers in this country, and in medical journals in England, who has been in a state of almost complete ossification for thirty years. His name is Valentine Perkins. He was born fifty-two years since in Henrietta, Monroe county, New York, but has been a resident for the last twelve years of Mantua, Portage county, Ohio.

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THE MYSTERIOUS QUARTER OF MUTTON.

The following incident, said to have occurred "Out West," proves that it is not always safe to judge from appearances. In a district adjoining a large forest, wolves were so plenty that it was impossible to keep sheep, and only now and then a "coarse" was raised as a pet. A good shepherd had reared one with much trouble, and as it became rather troublesome, he killed it—Mutton was a great treat in those parts, so he reserved one quarter for himself, one for the minister, and divided the remainder into small portions and distributed it among his neighbors. The minister's portion was placed in an out-building for safe keeping until the next day, but in the morning it was nowhere to be found; some one had stolen it, and the pelt in which it was wrapped. Greatly disappointed, the Deacon and his wife resolved to make some search for the loss to the minister, and afterwards selected their nicest cheese, placed it in a covered basket, and sent it with a polite note by their two boys. It was berrying time, and the boys made frequent stops both going and coming. When they returned, great was the surprise of the deacon to find a note from the minister cordially thanking him for the present of a quarter of mutton, and asking him to accept the gift contained in the basket as an expression of his regard. "Mutton?" Mutton!" said the Deacon, "I was probably thinking of the sheep I killed yesterday, when I wrote the note; but let us examine the basket." He opened it and there was a flat stone! The Deacon was a good man, but this aroused his indignation, and he could not refrain from speaking harshly of such treatment from one he had always considered his friend. By the advice of his wife, in the afternoon he called on the minister for an explanation, taking with him a small out of mutton for a peace offering. The minister and his wife had just gone out, and as the deacon was talking with their little girl, he happened to look into an open parlor, and there spied the very quarter of mutton stolen from him the night before—he knew it by the marks he had made in dressing it. Without another word he seized it, and went home in great wrath, convinced that the minister was a thief, and determined to have nothing more to do with him.

The minister on his return was equally indignant at the conduct of the Deacon, but prudently resolved to say nothing of the matter. For three weeks after, the deacon and his family were absent from the church. Everybody wondered why, but he would make no explanations, neither would the minister. Finally a meeting of the church members was held, with the determination of having the strange actions of the deacon explained, and he resolved to let the whole story out. He told the circumstances, and expressed great grief at what he considered the shameful conduct of the minister. The latter gentleman then made his statement. He said that the deacon's boys had brought him a quarter of mutton, in a basket, and that in return he had placed there a neat Family Bible. Everybody now looked at his neighbor wondering what it could mean; some thought them both crazy, others thought of witchcraft. All was still as the grave for some minutes, when there arose a man, formerly known as Wicked Will, who had lately reformed and joined the church. "Brethren," said he in a trembling voice, "I stole the quarter of mutton. On my way home in the night, I was chased by wolves, and climbed a tree for safety, where I had to stay until they went away in the morning. Being afraid to take the meat home by daylight, I hid it in the woods, but to make sure of it, I stayed near the place, intending to carry it away early in the evening. While there, the Deacon's boys came along, and from my hiding place I heard them speaking of what had happened. I also found that it was warm for the meat to keep through the day, and so when they were busy gathering berries, I slipped the cheese out of the basket, and put in the meat. When they returned, they stopped again, and hearing them speak of a present for the deacon, I examined the basket, and finding a nice package there, I thought it might be valuable, so I took it out, and put in the stone. But that is not all. On reaching home safely, I opened my package to examine the prize.

While carelessly turning over the leaves, my eye fell on the passage, "Thou shalt not steal," and from that moment I found my name until I became a changed man." Thus the whole mystery was solved, and the Deacon and the Minister were not only reconciled, but they both heartily rejoiced together that their temporary loss of peace had resulted in so great a good as the reformation of Wicked Will.

"THYRIN' TO THE BASTE."—A Hibernian fresh from the green isle, having sufficient means to provide himself with a horse and cart, (the latter a kind he never saw before) went to work on a public road. Being directed by the overseer to move a lot of stones near by and deposit them in a gully on the other side of the road, he forthwith loaded his cart, drove up to the place, and had nearly finished throwing off his load by hand, when the overseer told him to wait a moment until he became a changed man. Thus the whole mystery was solved, and the Deacon and the Minister were not only reconciled, but they both heartily rejoiced together that their temporary loss of peace had resulted in so great a good as the reformation of Wicked Will.

YOUNG MEN, PAY ATTENTION.—Don't be a loafer. Don't call yourself a loafer, don't keep loafers' company. Don't hang about about loafing places. Better work hard for nothing and board yourself, than to sit around day after day, or stand around corners with your hands in your pockets. Better for your own mind, better for your own respect. Bustle about, if you mean to have anything to bustle about for. Many a poor physician has obtained a real patient by riding hard to attend an imaginary one. A quire of paper tied with red tape, carried under a lawyer's arm may procure him his first case and make his fortune. Such is the world; to him that hath shall be given. Quit droning and complaining; keep busy and mind your chance.

A CHAPLAIN IN ARKANSAS says that a man buying furs was conversing with a woman at whose house he called, and asked her "if there were any Presbyterians around there?" She hesitated a moment and said she "guessed not, her husband hadn't killed any since they'd lived there."

To have been "to the wars" is a life long honor, increasing with advancing years, while to have died in the defence of your country, will be the boast and the glory of your children's children.—Hall's Journal of Health.

RESENTANCE is the key that unlocks the gate wherein sin keeps man a prisoner. It is the aque vitae to fetch again to itself the fainting soul.

The World Can Go On Without Us.—A branch, broken from the tree by the tempest, rode on the rapid current of the swollen stream. "See how I lead the waters," he cried to the banks. "See how I command and carry the stream with me," he cried again. A jutting rocky ledge, over which the torrent dashed, caught the branch, and kept it shattered and imprisoned while the waters flowed on.