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JOB PRINTING executed with neatness,
cheapness and despatch.

MINNIE BLAKE.

"Now, father"—They were only two little
words, but they were said in soft, pleading
tones, which have more weight than a score
of arguments.

"I know just what you mean, Esther," ex-
claimed Jason Strong, as he slipped his right
arm into his workman's overalls, that spring
morning, set in low, dull clouds, "but there's
no use in wasting any more words between
us. It would be folly and madness for us
to think of adopting widow Blake's child,
when it's just as much as we can do, by
screwing and turning," to put bread into
the mouths of the three we've got at home. No
man has a better will than mine; but when
I'm laid up half the winter by rheumatism,
and can't earn but seventy-five cents a day
on the best jobs, it's high time to put down
notions about takin' other folks' children,
when the chances are our own'll have to
scatter afore long."

He was a large, heavy-limbed, stalwart
man—she was a small, shrinking, gentle-
faced and voiced woman, and now her tones
came like a minor key, after the gruff, pos-
itive voice, which half-concealed as honest
and true a heart as ever beat in a man's
bosom.

"I know, Jason, it's all true, that you've
a hard row to hoe, and it seems as you say,
a mighty hard tug to make two ends meet,
and take care of the children God has given
us; but I don't believe he'll forget us, if we
remember the widow and the fatherless in
their afflictions; and what if it were little
sis, now?"

Here Mr. Strong raised the key, and went
energetically to winding up the clock.

"You know," continued the little woman,
sitting a couple of chairs opposite each other,
and girdling their backs with a skein of
blue woollen yarn, "that the doctor says
Miss Blake can't stand it more'n this week
out, and I tell you, Jason, it fairly broke
me down, when I went in there, last night
and little Minnie's golden head was a shin-
in', and she was a bobbing around among
the chairs, where she was playin' singin'
school, till I could think of nothin' but the
butter-cups a twinklin' every May, amongst
the clover, and Miss Blake's eyes followed
her, with a longin', pityin', anxious look, and
then turned upon me.

"O Miss Strong, what'll become of her?"
she said.

"God'll take care of her, Miss Blake."

"But sometimes I forget this, and then it
seems as if I couldn't die in peace, and leave
her here, without a friend in the wide world
to look out for her, with her father a sleep-
in' away off under the deep waters, and her
mother a lying in a little corner of the vil-
lage churchyard—"

"Come, wife, come," here interrupted Mr.
Strong, in a quick, sharp voice, and he took
out his pocket handkerchief, and blew his
nose with a great deal of emphasis.

His wife did not observe it—she was very
intent, just at that moment, on shapping her
ball of yarn with her thumb and forefinger.
"Well, Jason, I haven't much more to say,
for Miss Blake broke right down here herself;
and I couldn't find a word to comfort her,
for somethin' away down in my heart kept
whispering, 'Suppose, now, it was poor little
Wealthy!'"

"It would be dreadful tough, wife, that's
a fact!" exclaimed the carpenter, and he
put one foot unceasingly before the other.

"And then suppose Miss Blake stood in
our case?"

"O, mother, I see now just what you're
coming to," interrupted Mr. Strong, in a
half-sarcastic, half-despairing tone.

"I aint comin' to anything but this, father,
that we've got all God's promises on our
side, and I don't believe he's going to let us
break down because we take that poor little
motherless thing under our roof, when she
would have to be put in the poor house or
among strangers that would abuse her—I
tell you," and here the tears flashed right
out into the little woman's eyes, and the
soft-spoken voice gathered new strength and
fervor, "every mouthful that I eat would
choke me, and my pillow, when I lay down

on it at night, would be full of thorns to me,
thinking of that poor little lamb among
cold-hearted, cruel strangers."

Mr. Strong muttered something that sound-
ed very much like "woman's nonsense,"
but somehow the words did not get fairly
out of his throat.

Mrs. Strong went up to her husband, and laid
her hand on his arm, and the pale, faded face
shone with something that was finer than the
lost beauty of her girlhood, as she said, "Now,
father, there's no use tryin'; you know you'll
never let that child suffer so long as you've
got a roof to cover you or a crust to eat."

"Well, wife, take your own way. I never
was good at arguvin' with a woman," and
the man turned abruptly and went out of
the house, ashamed to own that his warm
true heart endorsed every word that was
spoken.

In a minute, however, the kitchen door
opened again.

"Wife, I say!"

"Well, father?"

"You'd better go right over, and tell Miss
Blake that you've concluded to take the
child. It'll set her mind at rest like, and
just now she needs it enough."

"There, didn't I see?" murmured Mrs.
Strong to herself, after the door closed. "It
is well I know how to get on the right side
of father's heart."

"There, now, Johnnie, don't Minnie look
pretty?" and Wealthy Strong turned round
the dainty little creature, whose golden head
she had crowned with a wreath of white and
pink wood-blossoms.

"Yes, she does, that's a fact," answered
the very practical boy, as he slowly drew in
his fishing line.

It was a bright, still afternoon in the ear-
ly summer, and John Strong had brought
the two little girls over to the pond, and
while he hauled in, with shouts of triumph,
his prizes of pickerel and bass, Wealthy had
twined a wreath of blossoms, which she and
Minnie had gathered in the woods, a little
way off, and wound them in the child's tress-
es.

The brother and sister were healthy, ro-
bust-looking children, with round limbs and
sun-browned faces, which tell their own tales
of country life; but Minnie Blake was one
of those children, the very sight of which
brought a new life into the eyes of those
who love beauty. She was small and deli-
cate, with eyes blue and deep as still lakes
looked beneath deep mountains, and her
hair had the golden ripeness of the harvest
pears that dropped every autumn on the
grass in Mr. Strong's back yard.

The bloom of two woodland roses were set
in her cheeks, and sweet smiles were forever
clustering over the dimples hidden about
her lips.

She had resided with the Strongs for more
than two years, and all this time the little
orphan, Minnie Blake, had been like a sweet
flower, filling their home with fragrance.

But it had been a home where went on
constantly a sharp, strong battle with pov-
erty—a battle that was lightened and sancti-
fied by faith in God, and sweet affections
and tender cares. But this summer had
opened more darkly than its predecessors,
for Mr. Strong's rheumatic attacks had
been longer and more serious than any of
the previous ones. He had lost several im-
portant jobs for that season, in consequence
of his illness; and his oldest son, who had
just crossed his fourteenth birthday, had been
obliged to leave the district school and let
himself out as a "chore boy," to a penurious
old farmer in the vicinity of Woodford.

So troubles thickened over the heads of
the carpenter's little family, and the face of
Mrs. Strong grew paler and more patient
day by day.

"You just get away from my father's pond,
if you know what is good for you."

The loud, harsh tones broke suddenly in
upon the children's voices, and looking up
hastily in the direction of the voice, John
saw Squire Morton's oldest son standing in
the field opposite the meadow, through whose
dark grass the little pond flashed the silver
embroidery of its waters.

Now, although the meadow in reality be-
longed to the Squire, it was regarded as
"public-property" by all the neighbors, and
the school-boys assembled here every Sat-
urday afternoon, for piscatory achievements,
amidst boisterous jests and frolic.

John Strong was a bold, out-spoken boy,
and the insolent tones of the Squire's son at
once aroused all his belligerent qualities.

"The pond belongs quite as much to me
as it does to you, sir, and I shall stay here
just as long as I like, for all your orders."

"You will, eh? I'd like to know what
right you, a poor beggar of a carpenter's
son, have to speak to me in that way," and
Robert Morton, whose naturally overbearing
disposition had been nurtured by the indul-
gence of most injudicious parents—for he
was an only son—advanced toward the boy,
whose senior he was by two or three years,
cauntingly cracking a small riding whip

which he carried in his hand. The angry
blood burned over the face of John Strong,
while the girls shrieked for fear.

"Come on," he cried, assuming a belli-
gerent attitude, and doubling his fist; "I'm
not afraid of you, Bob Morton, if you are the
Squire's son, and I'd like first rate to give
you a lickin' for that insult."

It was not the right action nor the right
answer; but the carpenter's son forgot, in
that hour of sore temptation, what many
older and wiser heads than his have done,
that it is neither money nor station which
makes the true gentleman, only the heart
that is gentle, and noble, and self-sustained;
and John Strong certainly decended when
he replied to the taunts of the Squire's son,
aggravating as they were.

Robert Morton had a handsome face, but
it was one of those, despite its dark, clearly
cut features, which your heart never clung
to—one which, the more it was studied the
less it was loved; and now an expression of
angry pride darkened and distorted every
lineament, as he stood still a moment before
John Strong, and then lifting his whip,
struck him a quick, sharp blow on the fore-
head. The next moment the two boys closed
in an angry struggle. John was the small-
er of the two, but exercise had developed his
muscles, and given him a degree of physical
power which one would scarcely have suspec-
ted from the first glance. He soon succeeded in
wrestling the whip from the Squire's son,
and after a brief struggle threw him on the
ground; and as John's temper had complete-
ly overmastered him, he gave his antagonist
a severer beating than he was himself aware
of.

"I'll make you pay for this, old fellow;
you'll see," growled the boy, as with bruised
face and stiff limbs, he limped away.

"Oh, father, my Johnnie sent to jail! I
shall never be able to lift my head again,"
and the mother wrung her hands, and the
tears scattered themselves over her pale
checks.

It was a dark day under the roof of the
little red house of the carpenter, Jason
Strong.

The Squire's son had executed his threat,
and so worked upon his father's sympathies
and indignation by the story of the wrongs
which he had received, that he had commened
a suit against the carpenter on account
of his son, and the latter was sent to jail,
because his father could not raise the hun-
dred dollars which would have paid the boy's
bonds.

Jason Strong leaned his head in his hard
hands and groaned, while Minnie and Wealthy,
who scarcely comprehended the fearful
tidings, crept close to each other in one
corner of the kitchen, and sidled their little
brown hands into each other's, and looked
with sorrowful faces upon the father and
mother.

"My boy in jail," murmured the poor
mother, as she paced, with locked hands, up
and down the room; "my boy, that I loved
so, and was so proud of, whose little brown
head I have rocked to sleep so many nights
in the cradle yonder—"

"O don't, wife," groaned the carpenter,
and his whole frame shuddered like a sob-
bing child's, while the two girls cried softly
in the corner.

And just at that moment the front gate
of the red house was opened, and a man
strode into the yard, and up to the front
door—a man, small and somewhat thin, but
having that rambling gait and sailors dress
which at once indicated his nautical occu-
pation.

His eyes roamed a moment over the hum-
ble cottage, its mossy roof embroidered with
golden devices of the sunset; then he lifted
the heavy handle of the brass knocker, and
gave such a summons that it must have
reached the ears of any living soul under
the low roof.

Minnie put her small, sweet face out of
the front door, looked up eagerly at the man.
"Can you tell me, little one, if a man by
the name o'Strong hails from this craft?"

The blue eyes dilated with sweet wonder
at the strange language.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Aint used to sailor's yarns, eh, little sea
bird? Well, then, can you tell me who
lives inside?"

"His name's Jason Strong."

"The very man that I'm after," exclaimed
the sailor, setting his foot over the thresh-
old; then, as if a sudden thought had struck
him, he checked himself, and looking down
earnestly on the child, he asked, "Won't you
tell me your name?"

"I'm Minnie Blake."

He reached out the strong arm and lifted
the small figure, and folded it up closely, as
a mother her newly found child, to his heart,
and the words came in a sob to his lips,
"My, child, I'm your father!"

O, there was wonder and joy in the car-
penter's house that night, when it was dis-
covered that Minnie's father had returned
to them—he whose hair they thought had
been dragged by the salt sea waves for

more than three years. He had a long story
to tell of terrible misadventures by land
and sea—of miscarried letters, and years
of sickness in a strange land, and at last
of restored health of tidings that had reach-
ed him of the death of his wife, and of his
daughter's adoption by their neighbor and
his old playmate, Jason Strong.

And the carpenter, in his turn, had a
mournful tale to relate of sickness and pov-
erty, and hopes deferred; but the saddest
part of the story was its conclusion.

"A hundred dollars!" growled the sailor,
and he drew out his plethoric pocket-book—
"Ola friend, you took my child into your
craft when the storm came down the hard-
est. Your boy won't lie in jail two hours
longer."

There was double joy in the carpenter's
house that night. Johnny Strong was re-
moved from jail, for the sailor was as good
as his word, and a lawyer was procured to
plead the case of the carpenter's son, who
did it so ably and eloquently that the boy
was acquitted, to the great astonishment
and rage of Squire Morton.

"I'm tired of the seas, old friend," said
the sailor, one evening, a week after his re-
turn, as he sat in Jason Strong's little kitch-
en, with Minnie on his knee, and her small
brown fingers fluttering like the wings of
newly fledged birds in his iron-grey hair;
and when I lay out on an old raft, one
night at sea, and it seemed as though every
wave that went over us would be the last
that we could stand, I made a solemn pro-
mise with my own soul, that if God brought
me to see the shore again, I'd never leave it
to take another voyage for all the gold of
the East Indies.

"And I've got a thousand dollars, that the
old general gave me for tying his son to the
raft, and I've concluded to put it into some
acres of ground round here, and turn farm-
er; for I ain't quite forgot the old trade I
was brought up to, nor you either, I reckon,
Jason; so if you're a mind to go in business
with me, you shall have half the profits, and
it'll pay you better than jineriur."

Jason Strong cleared his throat twice to
answer, but the thoughts which rose up in
his throat choked back the words, and his
wife spoke for him.

"It's been the dream and hope o' father's
life, giving up his trade and gettin' hold of
a few acres o' land to cultivate, but we'd
given up all hope of it long afore this."

"Well, my friends, the Lord don't forget
them that remember the widow and the
fatherless," said the sailor, and he hugged
up Minnie close to his heart.

"That's what I said, father, that morning
don't you know," wound up the soft, eager
voice of the little pale-faced woman, as she
folded up her child's coat she had just men-
ded.

"Yes, I know, Esther; and I know, too,
that unto you belongs all the praise, for it
was God who put it into your heart to take
the child."

EXTRACTS FROM THE CHINESE ART OF
HEALTH. Let hunger regulate your food,
and never eat too much at once; excessive
eating tires the stomach and produces many
diseases.

Never think of drinking unless you are
thirsty, and then merely quench your thirst;
too much drink corrupts the blood and may
cause dropsy.

Take an early breakfast, and do not go
out of doors fasting, particularly when the
air is hot or foul.

Let your breakfast be moderate; do not
overload your stomach with meats in the
morning.

About noon eat a hearty meal of plain,
wholesome food, and let it be neither too
pungent or too salt.

Beware of pungent food; it burns the
palate, the stomach and the bowels.

Avoid also too much salted food; it in-
jures the blood and causes an unnatural
thirst for too much liquids, which drown
the stomach.

Some food is very improper; it produces
crudities, acidity, colics and indigestion.

Eat meat only when it is hot; when cold
it is of heavy digestion.

Eat slowly and chew your food well. To
eat in a hurry is to eat like a dog or a wolf.

Seldom gratify your appetite to its full
extent for you may overload your stomach,
and thus impair its digestive powers.

Eat no meats of hard digestion, and be
careful to avoid those that are half raw or
not well cooked.

Very fat meat, and that which is dress-
ed with much pepper and spices, is more
injurious than nourishing.

A tippler who had his load on, 'fetched up'
against the side of a house which had been
newly painted, shoving himself clear by a
vigorous effort, he took a glimpse at his
shoulder, another at the house, a third at
his hands and exclaimed: "Well, that is a
careless trick in whoever painted that house
to leave it standing out all night for people
to run against."

ASA KNOLLIN'S ADVENTURE.

BY AN OLD 'UN.

Asa T. Knollin was a genuine specimen of
a down-east Yankee—a log-chopping, trad-
ing, fishing, sea-going, amphibious animal,
passing his time between the ocean, and the
main-land. In one of his voyages before the
mast he went to Porto Rico, and by some
chance it happened that his vessel sailed
without him. Asa felt somewhat homesick
when compelled to prolong his visit, and
eagerly watching for an opportunity of re-
turning to his native land.

One evening he was suddenly surrounded
by a gang of British sailors, belonging to the
sloop-of-war Terrible, commanded by Capt.
Bigshot, and then busy in taking in water,
and other stores, preparatory to a contin-
uance of her three years' cruise. Asa was
disposed to show fight, but as the press gang
were armed with cutlasses, he concluded his
policy was to submit quietly, and so he en-
tered the barge without opposition, and was
taken on board the sloop.

That night, as he lay awake brooding over
his misfortunes, he chalked out his conduct,
which was no other than to feign a simpli-
city, amounting almost to idiocy, and to dis-
play as little knowledge of seamanship as
possible.

He knew how to throw into his counten-
ance an air of complete vacancy and inno-
cence, calculated to throw the shrewdest ob-
server off his guard.

The next day a dish of boiled beans was
set before him without the "fixins." Our
friend flared up at the meagerness of his en-
tertainment.

"Biled beans and no pork!" he exclaimed.
"This is a little too mean I s'wore! 'Taint
fit for a dog."

"Havin' you better complain to the cap-
tain?" asked the black whiskered boatswain
with a sneer.

"That's a bright idee, cap'n—so I will."
And regardless of opposition he bolted into
the cabin where Capt. Bigshot sat at dinner
with three or four officers.

"Who the deuce are you?" asked the cap-
tain firmly fixing his savage eye upon the
Yankee.

"Who be I?" ejaculated Knollin; "why, I
am Asa T. Knollin; Captain, I hope your
well—and how's the folks to hum? pretty
spry, eh?"

"Your name's Jonathan, I guess," said the
captain, mimicking the usual tone of Knollin.

"No it ain't; it's Asa T. Knollin, captain."
"Well, what do you want of me?"

"Seems to me you live pretty well here,
captain," said Asa, looking over the table.

"Pretty tall fodder; chickens, hams, pine-
apples, and O be joyful. Your cook hadn'
did the clean thing by us, though. S'pose
you know nothing about it, so I'd stey up
here and let you know how they do us down
stairs. Why captain, they give us beans
without pork!"

"Beans without pork! Astonishing!" ex-
claimed the captain, willing to humor the
character.

"Yes, captain, beans without pork. Don't
that beat all nature?"

"What do you live on when you are at
home?" asked the captain.

"Pork and beans, biled chowder, flapjack
and doughnuts," answered Asa.

"What are flapjacks?" asked the captain.

"Don't you know what flapjacks are?"

"What, I thought every fool know'd that.—
They're made of flour, eggs, milk and water,
beaten up kerslap, and they'er slotted into
a frying pan and done brown, sarved up
with butter and molasses, whichever you
choose, and if they don't go down slick there's
no stones in Roxbury!"

"You seem to like molasses," said the
captain.

"Wal, I guess I do, said Asa. "But not
raw as you fellers eat it."

"How then?"

"Wal, I like to run a stick into the bung-
hole of a hoghead, and then pull it out
and drop it into my mouth. Ain't it good,
though?"

treated as a privileged buffoon by the offi-
cers.

Taking a cannon ball, one day he asked:
"What in the world is this yere, captain?"
"That's what we keep to pepper the Yan-
kees with," answered Captain Bigshot.

"Want to know," said Asa; "how do they
work it?"

"We put 'em into those big guns and fire
'em off."

"Swow! you don't say so. Do they travel
pretty fast, captain?"

"You can't see 'em."
"Hurt a body if they hit?"

"Yes, when fired out of a gun."
"Not other ways?"

"No."
"Then here goes!" cried Asa; and, hand-
ing the missile like a bowling-ball, he let it
drive among the legs of the officers and men
shouting, "Hurrah, let her rip!"

"Seems to me, captain," said Asa coolly,
"them 'ere things does hurt a feller if they
ain't fired out of a gun."

One day, Capt. Bigshot called Asa aft—
"Jonathan," said he, "there's a boat along
side; you may get your traps together and go
ashore. I think His majesty can do with
out you."

"Wal, captain," replied Asa, "fore you
spoke I had pretty much concluded to quit,
I kin make better wages fishin' by a great
sight. Besides, I want to go hum and see the
folks. Good by, cap'n—I'll see you again."

"I think not," said the captain.

"Guess I shall. Good by," said Asa, and
with a light heart he bade adieu to the Terri-
ble.

More than three years afterwards, during
the war of 1812, a British vessel, lying at
St. Johns, was boarded and carried, in a dark
night, by a band of Yankee privateersmen.
The leader of the expedition then sought the
commander and demanded his sword. Indig-
nant and confounded, Captain Bigshot
asked the name of his captor.

"Lord bless you, Captain," answered a
familiar voice, "don't you know me? I'm
Asa T. Knollin, that boarded along o'you, a
spell ba cat Porto Rico. I told you I gues-
sed I should see you again, and when a Yan-
kee guesses anything it's sure to happen. Make
yourself comfortable, captain, and excuse me
for a moment, 'cause I've got to haul down
your flag run up the stars and stripes and
work the vessel into Portland."

THE QUAKER'S WATCH. An eccentric qua-
ker once took his watch to the maker's, with
the following words:—

"Friend, I have once more brought my er-
roneous watch, which wants thy friendly
care and protection; the last time he was
at thy school he was in no ways benefitted
by thy instructions; I find by the index of
his tongue that he tells false, and that his
motions are wavering and unsettled; which
makes me believe that he is not right
in truth towards man—I mean the main
spring; I would have thee improve him with
thy adjusting tool of truth, that if possible
thou mayest drive him from the error of his
ways. Imagining his body to be foul, and
the whole mass corrupted, purge him with
thy cleansing stick from all pollution, so that
he may vibrate and circulate according to
truth. I will board him with thee a few
days, and I will pay thee when thou requir-
est it. In thy late bill thou chargest me
the one-eighth of a pound sterling, which I
will pay thee also. Friend, when thou cor-
rectest him do it without passion, unless by
severity thou drivest him to destruction. I
would have thee let him visit the sun's mo-
tions, and teach him his time calculation ta-
ble and equation, and when thou findest him
conformable to that send him home with a
just bill of moderation, and it shall be faith-
fully remitted to thee by thy true friend,
Broad Brim."

"A doctor, full of professional pomposity,"
says a late English paper, "was called upon
by a sailor patient to have a 'raging tooth'
extracted." "Well, mariner," said the doctor
looking very learned, and speaking very
slowly, "which tooth do you wish to have ex-
tracted? Is it the molar or the incisor?"

Jack replied, short and sharp, "It's the up-
per tier, larboard side; bear a hand, ye swab;
for its nipping my jaw like a bloody lobster!"

The doctor grinned and clapped on the for-
ceps.

"Has that cookery book any pictures?"
said Miss C. to a bookseller. "No, Miss,
none," was the answer. "Why?" exclaimed
the young lady, "what is the use of telling us
how to make a good dinner, if they give us
no plates?"

Evels in the journey of life are like the
hills which alarm the traveller upon the
road; they both appear great at a distance,
but when we approach them, we find that
they are far less insurmountable than we
had imagined.

Of what seems a trifle, a mere nothing by
itself, in some nice situations, turns the scale
of fate, and rules the most important actions.

BRIDGTON PRICES CURRENT.

COMPILED WEEKLY FOR THE REPORTER.

Table listing various commodities and their prices, including Flour, Corn, Oats, Beans, and other goods.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE,

SITUATED IN BRIDGTON CENTER VIL- LAGE. The Stand recently occupied by Dr. JOSHUA M. BLAKE, consisting of a con- veniently arranged HOUSE, WOOD-SHED, STABLE, and about Twelve Acres of Good Land.

For terms apply to MRS. H. P. BLAKE of Naples, or to T. S. PERRY, at Bridgton, February 10, 1860.

DOORS, Sashes, and Blinds.

THE Subscriber has removed his Factory to the LARGE NEW SHOP near the Cumberland Mills, and having fitted up in the best manner, is now prepared to supply customers, or will make at short notice, Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Door and Window Frames, Mouldings of all sizes, House Finish of any description, Pump-tub- ing, and all the various kinds of BUILDING MATERIAL that can be advantageously prepared by his Machinery.

Bridgton Academy.

THE Spring Term will commence WED- NESDAY, February 29th, 1860, and con- tinue eleven weeks. E. BEAN, A. H. G. STONE, A. D. Principals.

CHAS. J. WALKER & CO.,

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, SOLE LEATHER, WAX LEATHER, FRENCH AND AMERICAN CALF SKINS, Linings, Bindings, Kid and Goat Stock, Rubber, Goring, Shoe Duck, Pegs, Lasts, Shoe Nails, and SHOE TOOLS OF ALL KINDS.

WILSON & BURGESS,

Wholesale dealers in PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, JAPAN, WHITE LEAD, FRENCH ZINC, PUTTY, WINDOW GLASS, PURE FRENCH VERDIGRIS IN OIL, H. WOOD & CO'S COLORS, BURNING FLUID, CAMPHRE, &c.

HANSON & HILTON

Keep constantly on hand and for sale a good assortment of FAMILY GROCERIES, such as Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Apples, Potatoes, Butter and Cheese.

COPARTNERSHIP.

F. B. & J. H. CASWELL HAVE this day formed a Copartnership, and will continue the WATCH AND JEWELRY BUSINESS at the old stand occupied by F. B. CASWELL, where may be found a good Stock of CLOCKS, WATCHES, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Spoons, Butter Knives, Spectacles, Watch Keys, Hooks, Chains, and Guards; and a general assortment of goods usually kept in that line.

AMBROTYPES.

THE subscriber would respectfully an- nounce to the citizens of Bridgton and vicinity that he is now ready to execute LIKENESSES to the perfect satisfaction of all who favor him with their patronage.

For Fifty Cents

you can procure a GOOD PICTURE! put up in a good case. Who will not improve the opportunity. Rooms next door to the Post-office (up stairs) Bridgton Center. D. S. MITCHELL.

KEROSENE OIL,

can be had at HANSON'S.

A. & R. H. DAVIS

Would call the attention of purchasers to THEIR LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF Fall and Winter GOODS!

Ladies Dress Goods

FOR THE SEASON. Consisting in part of— Thibet, Lyonese, Alpaccas, De Laines, Colton and all Wool Plaids, Cotton and all Wool Ladies' and Childrens' SHAWLS, Gents Mufflers, Beavers, BROADCLOTHS; Plain and Fancy Doeskins, Cassimeres, Sateinets, BOOTS, SHOES, GLOVES AND HOSIERY, DOMESTIC GOODS; GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS—

WHOLESALE BOOT, SHOE AND LEATHER STORE.

The subscribers have removed to the SPACIOUS NEW STORE (which we have leased for a term of years), No. 50 Union Street, Portland, four doors from Middle Street, and directly opposite the rooms we have occupied for the past few months.

HAIR DRESSING

HAS opened a Shaving Room under the Odd Fellows' Hall, BRIDGTON CENTER, where he will attend to barbering in all its branches—as Shaving, Hair-Cutting, and Hair-Dressing.

E. T. STUART,

MERCHANT TAILOR RESPECTFULLY calls the attention of the public to his choice stock of Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Fancy Doeskins, and Vestings, which he is prepared to manufacture in a style and manner calculated to compare favorably with the best.

S. M. HAYDEN,

DEALER IN BOOKS, STATIONERY, FANCY GOODS AND CUTLERY. Also, DRUGS, CHEMICALS, and most of the POPULAR MEDICINES of the day.

J. W. PERKINS & CO.,

Wholesale Dealers in DRUGS, PAINTS & OILS.

E. E. WILDER,

HARNESS MAKER AND CARTRIDGE PAINTER. Harnesses, Carriage Trimmings, Halters, Surchingles, Bridles, Horse Blankets, Whips, &c, constantly on hand and for sale.

Ground Plaster.

150 TONS GROUND PLASTER, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, at the Brick Mill of JOSEPH P. BILLINGS.

ENOCH KNIGHT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BRIDGTON, ME. OFFICE—Over N. Cleaves's Store.

LARGE STOCK OF NEW FALL GOODS!

The best assortment of Goods, consisting of all Wool De Laines, and the best Winter English Merinoes, Plaids, and

LUTHER BILLINGS'

DRESS GOODS! MAY BE FOUND AT

LADIES APPAREL,

Every way suitable for the season. Such as Brown & Bleached Cottons, of every kind. Best quality of LADIES KID GLOVES, Skeleton Skirts, LADIES APPAREL, CALF BOOTS!

CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES

Ready-Made Clothing, HATS & CAPS, Groceries, BLACK AND GREEN TEAS, FLOUR AND FISH, CROCKERY, WOODEN WARE, NAILS, AND WINDOW GLASS

NEATS FOOT OIL

BOYS' GUNS, DAY & MARTIN'S BLACKING, GERMAN COLOGNE!

Ladies--Attention!

ALLEY & BILLINGS Ladies' Boots and Shoes, at their Manufactory in this Village, at the following prices, viz:— Ladies' Kid and Serge Congress Boots, \$1.05

Pondicherry House.

THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public that he is ready to entertain, at the above House, travellers in a good and substantial manner, and for a reasonable compensation.

ARTISTS SUPPLY STORE.

No. 69 Exchange Street, Portland, Me. R. J. D. LARABEE Wholesale and Retail dealer in FRENCH, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ENGRAVINGS, PICTURE FRAMES, LOOKING GLASSES, &c. GILT AND ROSEWOOD MOUNTINGS, Also, New and Standard Sheet MUSIC!

YOU CAN HAVE BILL HEADS

Printed and Bound at the Bridgton Reporter Office. HAVE YOU GOT A BAD COUGH? IF SO, YOU HAD BETTER BUY A BOX OF I BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, for they will give you instant relief.

NEW GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED BY DIXEY STONE & SON, We have in store, and now offer for sale a NEW AND ASSORTED STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS, consisting of—

Thibet, Lyoneses, Alpaccas, all Wool De Laines, Persian Twills, Plaids, Cotton and Wool De Laines, Plain and Figured; Long & Square Shawls, Balmoral and Hoop Skirts, Flannels, Gloves, and Hosiery, &c. &c.

ROADCLOTHS, BEAVERS, DOESKINS, CASSIMERES, SATINETTS, &c.

HATS, CAPS AND FURS!

We, too, have just received a new stock of CROCKERY & GLASS WARE! ALL of which are FRESH, and direct from market, and which we shall sell at Extremely low prices.

GROCERIES

of all kinds constantly on hand. DIXEY STONE, & SON, Bridgton, Oct. 20, 1859.

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENT.

To Strangers Visiting Portland: TIME AND MONEY SAVED BY KNOWING WHERE THE BARGAINS ARE.

ROBINSON & CO.,

CHEAP STORE. WE purchase Bankrupt Stocks, attend the Auction and Sheriff's sales, therefore get Goods at the lowest prices. We have usually on hand a full assortment of BOOTS, SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, CROCKERY, JEWELRY, besides a variety of other Goods, which we get from Auction, which we shall sell at about 20 PER CENT LESS than can be obtained of dealers who purchase on credit. We have but One Price, and sell for Cash Only. That you may have an idea of our prices we will mention a few articles.

HATS AND CAPS, at Great Bargains.

Clothing at unusually low prices. Goods ordered that do not answer, may be returned and money will be refunded.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO LADIES.

MILLINERY AND DRESS-MAKING. D. E. & M. E. BARKER. Have, and are constantly receiving a NEW supply of Fall and Winter Millinery and DRESS TRIMMINGS! which they are positively selling very low.

PARIS STAGE.

A STAGE leaves Bridgton Center, from the Bridgton House, Daily, at 7 o'clock A. M., passing through North Bridgton, Harrison, and Norway, connecting at South Portland with the CARR for Portland, which arrive in Portland at 2 o'clock, P. M. Returning, leaves South Portland on arrival of the 11 o'clock P. M. train from Portland, and arrives in Bridgton at 7 o'clock, P. M.

Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!

THE following is an exhibit of the stand- ing of the Belknap County M. F. I. Co. on the first day of October, 1859.

FARMERS' CLASS.—No. of Policies 2430; Amount of property at risk, \$1,727,361 00; Premium notes in force, \$77,932 26.

GENERAL CLASS.—No. of Policies 1270; Amount of property at risk, \$1,025,403 00; Premium notes in force, \$110,253 24.

The Company is conducted on the most economical principles, and is as sound and reliable as any Insurance Company in New England. Applications received by W. H. POWERS, Agent, Bridgton July 15, 1859.

MISCELLANY.

MARRIED.

BY F. L. FOND.

Before the altar standing
Is a young and happy pair,
Their hands together joining
As the words are spoken there.

PEW TALK FOR SUNDAY.

That tall young fellow's here to-day!
I wonder what his name is!
His eyes are fixed upon our pew—
Do look at Sally Jane.

A western correspondent sends us the following capital anecdote of Arkansas political life:

About a dozen years ago Governor Y and Judge W were candidates for Congress in this district.

The Judge had conscientious scruples as to shooting-matches, and did not participate, but stood by, conversing with the more sober of the crowd.

Here again the Judge had scruples and did not participate; but had it been otherwise it would have availed nothing.

For either men, women or children.
Work respectfully solicited.
Bridgton Center, Sept 2, 1859.

From that moment," said the Judge, "I gave up all hopes. I tell you I tell you Sir—a man that's good for a campaigning and shooting-match can't be beat for Congress; it can't be done sir!"

Pure truth, like pure gold, has been found unfit for circulation; because men have discovered that it is far more convenient to adulterate the truth than to refine themselves.

It is worthy of notice that, while second thoughts are best in the matters of judgment, first thoughts are always best in the matters that relate to mortality.

A farmer who had employed a green Irishman, ordered him to give the mule some corn in the ear.

"Well, Pat, did you give him the corn?"
"Ye sure I did."
"Ye sure you give it?"

"What are you looking at my dear?" said a very affectionate mother to her daughter.

Libraries are the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and repose.

Contentment is a pearl of great price. Every person who procures it, be it at the expense of ten thousand desires, makes a wise and happy purchase.

We wouldn't intimate that wives ever pull hair, yet few persons can have failed to observe that, as a general rule, married men get bald much sooner than bachelors.

Sentimental Youth.—"My dear girl, will you share my lot for life?"

Practical girl.—"How many acres is your lot, sir?"

A synchal Frenchman once said there are two parties to love affairs, the party who loves, and the party who consents to be so treated.

It is well that the youths of our country should get high—but they should do as the oaks do—by drinking water.

We should give as we would receive, cheerfully, quietly, and without hesitation; for there is no benefit that sticks to the fingers.

When a man dies, men ask what property he leaves—angels, what good deed he has sent before him.

The hand of Diligence defeateth Want, but Prosperity and Success are the industrious man's attendants.

For a pretty woman to wear too many jewels, is as foolish as to put three feet of gilt frame to one foot of picture.

G. H. BROWN,
Manufacturer, wholesale and retail dealer in
FURNITURE
of all descriptions.

Extension, Center and Card Tables.
BEDSTEADS, of the latest and most improved style, with Spring Bottoms.

J. F. & J. D. WOODBURY,
Manufacturers of
FURNITURE, BEDSTEADS, & C.
JOBGING
attended to with promptness and dispatch.

ROBERT I. ROBISON,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
SPERM, WHALE, AND LARD OIL
LOW FOR CASH.

TOWELS. Royal Turkish Bathing Towels, at
BILLINGS'
WASHING SPRING SKELETON SKIRTS
FOR ONE DOLLAR, at BILLINGS'.

RUFUS GIBBS,
Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of
BED BLANKETS
FLANNELS,

CRIB AND BERTH BLANKETS.
4.4 SHAKER AND DOMET FLANNELS.
Horse Blankets
AND
YANKEE BROADCLOTH.

GROCERIES.
of every description
All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted in exchange for Goods.

ADAMS & WALKER,
Manufacturers, Wholesale & Retail dealers in
FURNITURE,
of all descriptions.

West India Goods, &c.
PAINTS AND OIL.
J. R. ADAMS,
C. B. WALKER, 1 BRIDGTON CENTER.

PISCATAQUA
MAINE FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE CO.
OF SOUTH BERWICK, ME.

GUARANTEE CASH CAPITAL, . . . \$150,000.
Hon. JOHN N. GOODWIN, President.
OBED P. MILLER, Vice Pres't.

BOOTS & SHOES.
THE subscriber hereby gives notice that he continues to manufacture Boots & Shoes of every description, at his old stand at North Bridgton.

Metalic Tip Boots and Shoes,
for the towns of Bridgton, Harrison, Naples Waterford, Sweden, Lovell and Fryeburg and will be happy to furnish those in want of anything in his line.

REUBEN BALL
K EEP'S constantly on hand for sale a good assortment of
Family Groceries,

BOURBON ELIXIR.
The proprietor introduces his Elixir to the public with a positive knowledge that it will perform all that he claims for it.

S. M. HARMON,
Attorney & Counselor at Law.
BRIDGTON, MAINE.

CONGRESS HELL GAITERS! Cheap at BILLING'S
K EROSENE OIL, Lamps, Wicks, and Chimneys, for sale at
DIXEY STONE & SON.

Scrofula, or King's Evil
Is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which the fluid becomes irritated, weak and poor.

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter which reaches the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles, in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores.

AYER'S
Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,
the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this every where prevailing and fatal malady.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,
For all the purposes of a Family Physic, are so composed that disease within the range of their action can rarely withstand or evade them.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
FOR THE RAPID CURE OF
Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease.

MANHOOD,
HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.
ON THE NATURE, TREATMENT AND RADICAL CURE OF SPERMATORRHOEA, or Seminal Weakness, Sexual Debility, Nervousness, Sexual Depletion, Nervousness and Involuntary Emission, Incurable Impotency and Mental and Physical Incapacity.

BURNHAM BROTHERS,
DAGUERRETYPE,
Ambrotype and Photograph ROOMS,

F. A. BOYD,
PAINTER, GLAZIER, PAPER-HANGING, AND GRAINER.
Orders in his line of business are respectfully solicited.

HERRICK'S SUGAR COATED PILL
AND KID STRENGTHENING PLASTERS.—These unsurpassed remedies have been the common consent of mankind, been placed at the head of all similar preparations.

HARRIS'S CONDITION POWDERS.
These old established Powders, so well known at the Long Island Race Course, N. Y., and sold in immense quantities through the Middle and Eastern States for the past seven years, continue to excel all other kinds.

GRANT'S
COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS.
Original Establishment.
J. GRANT,
Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of COFFEE, SPICES, SALERATUS AND CREAM TARTAR.

GRANT'S
COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS.
New Coffee and Spice Mills, No. 13 and 15 Uxton Street, PORTLAND, ME.

H. H. HAY & CO.
Wholesale dealers in
Drugs, Medicines, & Chemicals,
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,

W. I. GOODS,
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES
Foreign & Domestic Fruits,
CHOICE CIGARS AND TOBACCO, IMPORTED ALES, & C.

CONFECTIONERY,
Manufactured from the best Stock.
Also, Agent for the Star Brewery, for PALE AND AMBER ALES.

BYRON GREENOUGH & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
Fur Goods, Hats, Caps, Gloves, BUFFALO AND FANCY ROBES,

J. W. MANSFIELD,
Wholesale and Retail
Saddle, Harness, Trunk, Valise,
AND—
CARPET BAG MANUFACTORY,

HORACE BILLINGS,
Commission Merchant,
AND DEALER IN—
HIDES, LEATHER AND OIL,

Take Them and Live.
NEGLECT THEM AND DIE.
HERRICK'S SUGAR COATED PILL
AND KID STRENGTHENING PLASTERS.—These unsurpassed remedies have been the common consent of mankind, been placed at the head of all similar preparations.

HERRICK'S VEGETABLE PILLS, in universal good repute, as a safe and certain in the cure of the various diseases of man, excel all others, and their sale unquestionably is treble that of all other kinds.

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HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.
ON THE NATURE, TREATMENT AND RADICAL CURE OF SPERMATORRHOEA, or Seminal Weakness, Sexual Debility, Nervousness, Sexual Depletion, Nervousness and Involuntary Emission, Incurable Impotency and Mental and Physical Incapacity.

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SAMUEL ADLAM, JR.,
Dealer in every description of
PARLOR, CHAMBER AND COMMON
FURNITURE,
MATTRESSES,

H. PACKARD,
NO. 61 EXCHANGE STREET,
PORTLAND, ME.
Offers for sale MISCELLANEOUS and
School Books,

SABBATH SCHOOL LIBRARIES
AND QUESTION BOOKS.
CENTRAL HOUSE,

BY E. CRAM,
CORNER MIDDLE AND LIME STS.,
(Opposite the Post Office.)
MANSION HOUSE,

SPACIOUS HALL
for Dancing and Cotillon Parties, and in close proximity to the city, will render it a pleasant resort for sleigh-ride parties during the winter.

English and American Carpeting
—LATEST STYLES—
In Velvets, Brussels, Three-Plys, Tapestry, Ingrain, Superfine and Stair!

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS;
all widths.
STRAW MATTINGS, RUGS, MATS, & C.
Gold Bordered Window Shades and Fixtures

EDWARD H. BURGIN,
FREE STREET CARPET WARE HOUSE,
Chambers No. 1 and 2 Free Street Block,
OVER H. J. LIBBY & Co.'s,

JOHN E. DOW
Auctioneer and Real Estate Broker
Also Agent for the
ETNA LIFE INS. CO., of Hartford, Conn. Capital and Surplus, \$308,000.

HUNT & JEWETT
WISH to call public attention to the large stock of
MARBLE,

DAGUERRETYPE LIKENESSES.
We have the exclusive right to call Wm. T. Hunt's improved Patent for inserting or attaching Daguerretype Likenesses to Mounts and Grave Stones.

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