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From the American Sentinel.

THE WANDERER.

OR, LOST AND FOUND.

BY ELWOOD ARCHER.

On the banks of the Yuba river, in that land of golden memories, at the close of a mild beautiful summer's day of 18—, a group of hardy, well-stamped miners were leisurely reclining before a primitive hut, partaking with apparently an infinite gusto and appetites sharpened by a weary day's labor, of their evening meal.

There was nothing remarkable in the appearance of the trio of bearded, sun-browned specimens of California's early miners, to characterize them from many other collections of rough-looking gold seekers, that were gathered together in little knots of three and four, discussing their evening repast before the rudely constructed cabins that were scattered all along in social proximity up on the river borders. And yet, 'tis to this little party alone we wish to draw especial attention.

'Tis about time for Burley to return, isn't it?' said one, whose furrowed brow and iron-gray locks proclaimed him to be the elder and apparently the leader of the three, as he pushed aside the wooden bowl from which he had just been drinking and directed his gaze earnestly towards the mile path that wound far away among the mountains.

'He's been gone long enough, at any rate; ought to be here soon sure,' suggested his youthful associate, to whom the remark had been addressed, brushing away the hair from his mouth, and inserting therein the remains of an old black clay pipe.

'Yes, and he's never run beyond the time yet. He certainly'd ought to be here afore long; don't you think so, Doctor?'

The latter query was addressed to a middle-aged man—the remaining of the group—who was sitting on a boulder near by, seemingly busy with his own thoughts. There was a peculiarity of air and manner that distinguished him from the others.

Tall, dignified, and with an austerity that precluded any undue familiarity, he seemed a superior in intellect and worldly wisdom to those with whom he had united his destinies in the adventurous life which signified his present career. Who he was, or whether he had come from the cornfields knew not; his chilling reserve repudiated any inquiries that might otherwise have been instituted regarding his antecedents. Some months before, when the company was about being organized in San Francisco, he presented himself, and expressed a desire to become one of their number, and as his appearance betokened him to be a valuable accession, they unhesitatingly accepted him.

In mental capacity, bodily vigor and physical endurance, he was pre-eminent; and so skillful was he in treating and relieving the distresses of the afflicted, that, partly in just and partly as an honorary distinction, they bestowed upon him the cognomen of 'The Doctor.'

'Eh? What?' he asked arousing himself from his meditative mood at the old man's query; 'what did you Burley say?'

'I was saying that I thought Burley ought to be here by this time,' rejoined the other contentiously.

'Yes; where can he be I wonder?' the Doctor inquired, drawing a long breath, which ended in an audible sigh.

At this moment the form of the absent miner was descried, hastily spurring his mule around the bend of the mountain, which opened into the ravine path. As if electrified at the sight of the returning miner, the Doctor sprang spasmodically to his feet and watched the approaching man with an eager interest.

The rest had arisen from their recumbent attitudes at that announcement, and were waiting his coming with anxiety, their hearts meaningly fluttering with uncertainty at the good or evil news which the letters that they supposed him to be the bearer of, from absent friends, might contain. Others from the neighboring camps, too, joined them, for he was expected to bring despatches not only for his own party, but for numerous others

who had requested him to do them a like favor.

'Hallo, why don't ye drive that beast into a respectable walk; he'll be a cripple from old age afore he gets here, shouted the old man as Burley came within hearing distance.

'Easy, boys, easy; we'll be along directly if everything holds,' was the good natured response of the unruffled driver, patting the animal gently on the side.

'Any letters?' interrogated the old man, his eyes sparkling with hope.

'Y-a-a-s-e-w,' drawled out the rider with a comical look at his inquisitor.

'Any for me?'

'And me?'

'And me?'

'They all asked the question as if they felt there must be one for them, and to their manifest joy, they nearly all received an affirmative reply.

'By George, boys, I've had a tough time of it,' said Burley, reining in his mule before the camp, and leisurely dismounting.

'Eh! why? how?' queried the old man with solicitude.

'Injuns! Confound their pesky pictures; they came within one of adorning their war-pole with my top knot, an article which I should decidedly object to part with at present, and the young messenger shrugged his shoulders significantly.

'Then you had a scrub with the varmints did you?' asked the leader with animation, his eye kindled with the fire of youth, when as a boy and man he followed the Indian trail over the prairies of the far West.

'Cal'late I didn't get the worst of it, tho'; one red skin's got my mark on him, right aween the eyes.'

'Killed him?'

'Rather guess I did; but couldn't afford to lose vally'ble time by stopping to see,' added the intrepid youngster, with a recklessness that exhibited a total disregard to anything akin to fear.

The miners had all gathered around the young man, as, while narrating his adventures with the savages, he proceeded to draw forth and distribute the contents of his package.

As one by one the little missives were opened and read by the eager recipients, varied were the expressions that were transmitted, by some subtle agency, upon their countenances. Joy, hope, pleasure, uncertainty, care and sorrow, were all manifested.

Standing somewhat apart from the crowd, and gazing upon them with a moody, taciturn expression, was him whom they called the Doctor. His arms were crossed behind his back, his head slightly bowed, and his bearing that of a man who existed in a world of his own. His thoughts, whatever they were, could not have been of a pleasant nature, else the shadow that cast such a glow upon his countenance would never have been there.

The miners gradually dispersed, returning to their various cabins to pass the evening in boisterous amusement, or dreaming of the loved ones. All had gone but the young man Burley and the Doctor. For many minutes the youngster had been striding to and fro before the cabin, ever and anon glancing with a kind of nervous tremor towards the other. As if by some sudden impulse, he stopped abruptly in his walk, and after a little mental hesitation, approached the Doctor.

'The latter looked up and noticed him. "Ah, Burley, what news at the settlement?" he lightly inquired, striving to appear unconcerned, though at the same time manifesting by his tone the curiosity he felt to know.

'Nothing to speak of except that they hung, a sucker there last week without the benefit of a judge or jury,' answered the young man.

'Lynched him?'

'Yes.'

'And for what crime?'

'Murder and robbery,' was the brief reply.

'Then they've begun the work in earnest; may they never cease till every villain is driven from California,' the Doctor remarked spiritedly.

'You speak as though you'd suffered some from these devils,' the youth said, in a half questioning tone.

'I have,—but it matters not now,' he added musing to himself.

'May I ask how?' queried the young miner, emboldened by the freedom exhibited by his comrade, and which was so unusual to him.

'A year ago, Burley, I was the possessor of as much of the dross for which we are toiling our lives away, as I desired. I was about to return to the States—and but that was my own secret; at any rate, I had made up my mind to return, and was just on the eve of starting, when in one brief night I was stabbed, robbed of my all, and left as dead by the assassins. Do you think that a man who had been expending his life energies in trying to accumulate that which

would render him independent, and who, having become wearied of the vicissitudes of mining life, was joyfully preparing to return to the scenes of his youth,—do you think when he witnessed his cup of joy dashed madly from his lips, that he could ever forget or forgive the wrong? Haven't I cause to desire the speedy extermination of the criminal population of California?'

The Doctor spoke excitedly, with a trembling of voice, that evinced the deep feeling that convulsed him.

'Perhaps you may think me presuming, Doctor, but as you have given me a little of your history, can you not gratify me by giving me more? I am sure the information would be desirable.'

The youngster—he could not have been over twenty-five—was so earnest, yet so respectful in his request, that the countenance of the other, which had on the moment, assumed a most rigid expression gradually softened down into quiet placidity.

'You make a strange request, truly, and yet you are not the only one who would like to become acquainted with my antecedents. I generally keep my own counsel, and whatever of joy or sorrow I may have experienced, is kept safely secured in my own breast. I seldom say much to a stranger; the bitter lessons I have learned in confiding in false friends making me distrustful of all mankind. However, I don't think you have any malicious motive in wishing to know more of me, Burley, for I have always regarded you as the most honorable member of the company. Not that I haven't the utmost faith in the truth and fidelity of the others, but somehow I fancied there was something about you that resembled a loved one far away; and your open, frank manner won my respect and esteem. If you think I could interest you for a while by narrating some of the incidents of my life, I will try to oblige you.'

And the mysterious miner and his youthful comrade moved away, at the former's suggestion, where they could converse without fear of interruption.

'Burley,' commenced the doctor, in a low tone of voice, 'you are a young man yet, and perhaps have no definite idea of the moral depravity existing among those whom you are accustomed to look upon as almost immaculate; but believe me, ere you number as many years as I do, you will learn to be as suspicious of your fellow mortals as I am. I started out into life with as brilliant prospects as any young man might desire, the future being irradiated by the sunny beams of promised prosperity. I was placed as a student to one of the most celebrated and skillful physicians in my native city, determined, if close attention to study and proper cultivation could render me an adept in my profession, to ignore every thing and become among the first. With this great aim in view, I labored diligently day and night in studying, visiting the Doctor's patients, compounding drugs, arranging the pills and portions, and in dissecting such bodies as we could obtain from the resurrectionists. At the close of three years, I fulfilled the terms of agreement, and was free to act as my nature dictated. Removing to a distant city, I opened an office and assayed to practice my profession. Referring the public to such distinguished public characters as my old teacher, and others, high in social standing, I was soon gratified with a flourishing and profitable practice. I was flattered with my success; too much so, you may opine, as being promissive of more temptation than my yielding nature could remain impressible to.

My acquaintances were mostly young men of wealth, and with a proclivity for fast living. In time I became as one of them, but at the same time exercising such a restraining influence upon myself as to enable me to still give proper attention to my practice.

Years passed on, and many of my dissipated friends had, by their gross violation of nature's laws, filled premature graves. I still retained a successful practice, by maintaining externally an appearance of upright manhood. Some few distrusted me, but they were silenced by others, who would not believe the scandalous reports regarding my sobriety. About this time I was called to attend the daughter of a wealthy merchant. She was an only child, and the darling of the old man's heart. Days, weeks, ay, and months found me at the young lady's bedside, using my most potent skill to alleviate her suffering; young man, though 'tis a heart secret, I had conceived for her an affection akin to that which the poets call love.

'Twas not a sudden passion by any means; the result was unanticipated by me at first, but I soon felt that my interest in her was different from that I experienced toward my other patients. She was young, perhaps you might have called her girlish, though her mind was exceedingly well matured for one so youthful in years, and she displayed a power of thought rarely excelled in woman kind. You may think me extravagant in my speaking of her in such commendatory terms,

but had you seen her, you would have agreed with me that she merited it all.

But I am growing prolix. My patient recovered and after a brief courtship, we were married. Her father was not exactly opposed to the union, though I could see he did not regard it as a very advantageous one for his daughter. Yet in our mutual happiness we never looked at the parental distrust, and lived a life for a season of unalloyed pleasure. But accustomed as I had been to the wild freedom of a bachelor's life, I soon became wearied of this domestic monotony.

I sought my old companions; those with whom I had drained the cup of intoxication in by gone days. They welcomed me cordially, and we pledged each others health, and made ourselves merry over the wine.

As year by year was numbered with the past, I was sinking deeper and deeper into that immortal slough of degradation to which the drunkard is doomed. It became palpable to those that had employed me that I had become viciously dissipated and they deserted me. Like true woman that she was, my wife clung to me with a tenacity of affection that was inexplicable. If I had listened to her counsel, perhaps I should not now be telling her an exile from—'

'An exile?' interrupted Burley inquisitively, having until this moment remained an attentive listener to the Doctor's narrative.

'Ay, an exile; for I committed an act that has placed me in a position where every man's hand is against me, but—young man, are you my friend?'

The latter query was asked in a somewhat startling tone of alarm, as if he had been checked before divulging some important secret.

'I hope so,' was the reply.

'I thought so—I knew so; forgive me for harboring for a moment a contrary thought; I continued in a reserved manner.

'Yes I may as well tell you all, for I feel that in you I can confide,' he added after a brief hesitation. One night—it was a dull dreary night, too—I had been carousing with some of my false friends at the club-room, where we were wont to congregate. Glass after glass of the flippant liquor had been emptied until we were all in a most unnatural and excited state of mind. My temples throbbed with terrible vehemence; my whole being seemed on fire. The maddening conversation of my companions turned on woman. I was always peculiarly susceptible of having my wife's name mentioned by my bacchanalian friends, and well they knew it. But as their remarks became more personal in their application, one of them turned toward me, and winking with a drunken leer said:

'Boys, I'll bet the odds on Doc's woman.'

His frivolous tone incensed me, and the boisterous laugh of inebriation that followed this sally, irritated me still more. I muttered in a hoarse whisper, 'beware,' and forced back my indignation, conveying by my manner that such allusions were distasteful to me, and that I should resent them.

He saw this but it did not deter him from continuing in the same strain.

'She's prime stock and warranted, boys,' he said, derisively.

Inebriated as I was, I sprang to my feet and prepotently thundered.

'Stop!'

My companions looked at me with surprise. He merely grinned.

'Whatever you may be disposed to say of woman, drag not the name of my wife into your remarks,' I uttered between my clenched teeth.

'Is she any better than—'

I saw that he was about to use some insulting comparison, and quicker than a flash I raised my arm and struck him with all my concentrated strength full in the face.

He fell backward senseless upon the floor, with the blood gushing from his eyes, nose and mouth.

'Heavens, Doctor, you have killed him,' exclaimed one of his friends sobered by the excitement, as he stooped down and endeavored to raise the fallen man.

'I care not,' I answered indifferently, carelessly gazing at the object of my malice.

'You are a murderer,' he returned, emphasizing each word forcibly.

I gave a spasmodic laugh, scarce comprehending that such was indeed the terrible state of affairs, and I had become a murderer. My companions all looked at me with indignation, not unmingled with commiseration, for they knew that the provocation had been more than a sensitive mortal could bear, and after satisfying themselves that my antagonist was dead, they all turned and requested me to fly, and escape the penalty of my crime.

For some moments I remained as it were in a state of semi-stupefaction, and then there came a state of revulsion that nearly overpowered me. The knowledge that I had committed a crime against the laws of God and man, was brought home to my mind with all its startling enormity. I could hardly convince my self of a fact so paralyzing, so fearful and so heinous.

I was still urged to escape before the myriads of the law could have opportunity to arrest me. I was sane enough to understand the necessity of acting immediately, as the longer I delayed the less were the chances of my escape from a felon's doom.

'But I must see my wife; I cannot leave her,' I protested.

'If you value your life, you must leave everything as it is and fly,' was the response. 'Oh, I cannot do it, I cannot,' I urged persuasively, my sense of duty to her whose love I held sacred, being foremost in my thoughts.

'Then you'll meet a murderer's fate,' was fairly hissed in my ear.

I trembled at the thought. I glanced again at the prostrate form of my adversary and by a mighty effort of will, I relinquished friends, home all, and fled far from the scene of the tragedy—a murderer.

It matters not how I reached the Pacific shore and found myself in California; suffice it to say that it was not many months ere I was employed under an assumed name, in a flourishing business. By degrees I became rich, almost beyond my anticipation; and as I previously informed you, I was making arrangements to cross the ocean again, in hopes of being able to secure my wife by some indefinite means, and then remove to some distant land, when I was robbed of my all by the rascally cunning of some California scoundrels.

After this, being deprived of everything I had I wandered listlessly about until my connection with the company at San Francisco.

Burley, you know that I am a murderer; need I enjoin it upon you again to keep a secret.

'I have none to keep,' replied the youngster in a calm but forcible tone of voice.

'What?'

'Doctor, I can say truthfully, confidently and with a knowledge of the facts, that you are not a murderer.'

The unhappy man clutched the hand of his young friend with desperation, his eyes opened wide, his whole frame was convulsed with agitation, and he seemed suddenly transformed into a raving maniac.

'How know you that?' he gasped.

'No—yes—it isn't so; you are mocking me; I am—I am a murderer; you make light of my misery—you sport with my sorrow—you—you—oh, it's terrible! terrible! And the tears coursed copiously down over his face furrowed brow.

'It is so—you must believe it!' the youth uttered emphatically, striving to appease his sorrow.

'Don't don't trifle with me, Burley; I have burden enough to bear without that,' was the pleading remonstrance.

'I do not wish to, Lawrence Bowen, you are not the murderer of Stanley Gibson?'

Standing erect, with his eyes bent piteously upon the addressed man, the youth pronounced these words with solemn earnestness as carried conviction to the heart of him whose sorrows he was trying to alleviate.

The Doctor bowed his head and clasped his hands.

'God be praised!' he ejaculated almost incoherently.

'He doeth all things well,' added the other.

'And my sufferings of mind and body—'

'Have been productive, I think of incalculable good. You have seen the error of your profligate course, have felt the stings of a condemning conscience, have been humbled that you might be made better, and have gained a knowledge that a pure heart is better than a checkered life of profitless pleasure.'

'I have, I have; thank God for it all, rejoined the Doctor, the smiles of joy beaming through a mist of tears.

'But, Burley, tell me, for I see you are acquainted with my former life, how you came to know of these things,' he continued after his emotion had somewhat subsided.

'Lawrence?'

'Heavens—that voice! No, no; I am mistaken. Excuse me; I could almost have sworn that I had heard—though it does sound familiar; there, there, it's strange—strange.'

And again he relapsed into a confused state.

'Then you don't recognize me?'

The youth made this enquiry earnestly.

'I know you only as Burley the miner, was the hesitating reply, as though he were trying to penetrate some unsolved mystery.

'Husband?'

As if a shock of electricity had suddenly rent his frame the miner, sprang upward, and clasped the other in a most tender, and devoted embrace.

'Annie—wife—it is you; I knew it—I felt it; thank God, we have met again, dearest! Welcome—welcome! oh, I can shed tears of joy now, for I am happy; my heart is full—that we again have met. Thanks, thanks to the giver of all this happiness. There, dearest, there, don't cry don't.'

And now it was his turn to console her

who had braved the perils of land and ocean to seek the lost one, and who, with one aim in view, had encountered and passed through difficulties from which stouter hearts would shrink from testing.

They had been re-united at last; all was well with them now; no more would they part this side of eternity.

It was a happy scene—that on the banks of the Yuba river, and joyous hearts that had long been estranged, there beat in unison.

And so ends our picture, plain the outlines and rude the sketch, of The Wanderer; or Lost and Found.

LEADING EVENTS IN THE LIVES OF EMINENT AMERICANS.

Under this head the American Plaindealer is giving from time to time, brief sketches of eminent Americans, living and dead.

To the student these sketches must be particularly valuable, as there can be no doubt as to their reliability, and it might be well to cut them for future references:

WEBSTER, Daniel. Born of obscure parents in a poor but honest town in New Hampshire. Member of Congress several years, and author of Webster's Dictionary and Elementary Spelling Book. Was constitutionally oppressed to treating, and died at Marshfield on the Androscoggin River a few years since. He was a man of ability. Even the Old Line Whigs of Boston will admit that.

SCOTT, Winfield. Born in Ireland, in the interior of Germany, in 1776—which fact accounts for his passionate love for the sweet accent of the latter country, and the rich brogue of the former. Wrote Lady of the Lake, Ivanhoe, etc., and was in the Mexican War. Also participated in several prize fights, which secured for him the familiar appellation of 'Scotty.' In 1852 he ran against Gen. F. Pierce, of N. H., and was so seriously jarred by the collision, that he had to lay off for a while in one of the military hospitals he established just before the campaign commenced. He is at present in the army, and employs his leisure moments in writing for the New York Clipper and Atlantic Monthly.

BUCHANAN, J. Born in Pennsylvania. Has played many prominent parts on the political stage, and for the last two years has been playing a—l—w in Washington City. Unmarried and partial to rye.

PARKER, Theodore. Born in Maine, and keeps a drinking house in Boston, which is known as 'Parker's.' Mr. P.'s cock-tails are not excelled.

TAYLOR, Zachary. Born in Virginia, and was in the Mexican war. Founded Taylor's celebrated ice-cream saloon in New York, and also invented Taylor's Corn Shucker.

BEACH, Moses Y. Established the New York Sun, for some time was called 'the son of a Beach,' and the phrase is now one of the most popular and common in our language.

SEWARD, W. H. Wholesale dealer in liquors, Auburn, N. Y. Author of the Irresponsible Conflict. Wants to lease the premises now occupied by James Buchanan, at Washington. Has been much in public life and always drew his salary promptly. Is a particular friend of Thurlow We d, whence arose the expression 'he uses the Weed.'

BYANT, Wm. C. Wrote Thanatopsis and several other favorite ballads, the success of which induced him to establish an Ethiopian Opera Troupe in New York, under the name of Byant's Minstrels. His essence of Old Virginia had a great run.

THE ROLING PASSION. A person having occasion to visit an old couple at Durham, of extremely penurious habits, found them holding counsel together upon a matter which apparently weighed heavily on the minds of both, and thinking it was respecting the probable dissolution of the wife, who was lying dangerously ill, proceeded to offer them all the consolation in his power; but was cut short by being informed that this was not exactly the subject that they were discussing, but one which afflicted them still more deeply—viz: the cost of the funeral; and, to his astonishment, they continued their ghastly calculations until every item in the catalogue, from coffin to nightcap, had been gone through, with much grumbling at the rapacity of 'the undertakers,' when a bright thought suddenly struck the husband and he exclaimed, 'Well, Janet, lass, you may not die after all, ye ken.' 'Deed, and I hope not, Robert,' replied his helpmate, in a low feeble voice, 'for I am quite sure that we cannot afford it.'—[Sunderland Herald.

A fellow in Great Barrington, lately contracted in writing with a wood dealer for a quantity of 'tip-top wood.' The man began to deliver it, but it was so full of limbs that the purchaser demurred, saying that it was not good. The woodman replied, 'It was just what I agreed to deliver, tip-top wood,' and I believe this grew on that part of the tree.

The Reporter.

FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 20, 1860.

PROPER PEOPLE.

Noah Webster said, in a large book which he left as a legacy to future generations of students, that propriety is, in behaviour, conformity to the established rules and laws of respectful conduct and decorum; and in a moral view, it is conformity to the moral law. Oh! Noah Webster—that you and your contemporaries were able to define that word, that your name is monument enough, that your review of language is the admiration of the student and will ever find favor with him—all may be true; and yet we fancy that it were better that you died when you did, and saved yourself the humility of personal recounter with, and mortal thrusts from modern critics. That your spirit has never paid visits to earth, at the request of some wanton medium, is another fortunate circumstance, and we can only say "Requies in pace."

Reader, do you fully understand the known rules of "propriety?" If you do, you can dwell with us in our day and generation;—if not "be wise in time." No matter what you are or would like to be—no matter whether you make boots and shoes, preach, teach or shovel on the sea-side for shell-fish—"propriety" respects no calling or person.—Dear reader, to be "proper," you must do certain things; you must do "certain" things in a "certain" way; you must do "certain" things in a "certain" way and to be "certain" that "certain" things are done in a "certain" way, you must consult "certain" persons. Now, you understand!

You may have a social nature that is free, and disposed to be generous, that is, hard to confine in the frame-work of some "latter-day saints," you may feel as though, in this pilgrimage of social highway-life that you are unwilling to suppress the artless and almost involuntary flushings of a nature heretofore free from the unnatural restraints of modern conventionalists.

You may love social intercourse so well, and have such a faith in that frankness and nobleness which can alone create a mutual confidence in and dependence on those around you, that you believe to encourage all these is not only your choice but duty, and yet, you are sure to lose caste, by it. You may feel that, in common with all of the animal creation, you are endowed with certain inalienable rights and liberties, and that the exercise of these is the especial prerogative of responsible beings—but after all, dear man, look well to the "propriety" of this—"Propriety" is your guiding star. You have no right to go outside of the books—to do anything on your own account—so long as there are certain rules to go by!

But reader what is "propriety" as revealed in our day? Perhaps we can better tell what it isn't. First, you should never laugh in presence of the deacon; it's improper.—You should never refuse to acknowledge the "divine right of kings;" it's improper. You should always hear patiently the pratings of every busy-body in town, though you are satisfied that it is not always duty; to refuse, is improper. You should always on entering a new place, consult the "first families" about what is expected of you; and if "they say" you must rise at seventeen minutes past six o'clock and take a short walk of four miles before breakfast, shave in cold water, shut your eyes during the singing in church, and when you leave it single out the company of some old fogey, masculine, or some garrulous feminine, and think of human depravity while she tells about the wheat and the chaff, the fig-tree and the lost sheep of the house of her next neighbor!—why, of course you will obey all these things; to refuse or neglect, is improper. But there's one particular subject to which we wish to call the readers attention, and that is, the etiquette of *dining*, among "proper" folks. A few plain directions alone will be necessary. When you go out to tea, sip your tea from a spoon. Eat custard-pie and preserves with your fork. Taste of the seventh kind of cake (n't say leaving on your plate a larger piece than you have eaten) to refuse to taste of the whole (though you are subject to colic) is very improper. Speaking about sweetenke, we are forcibly reminded of the importance of the subject and propose to linger awhile around it. It is a "peculiar institution," and unless persons are *au fait* in such matters, they cannot appreciate the awful solemnity of sitting down among strangers, to a table of sweetenke—especially if they are inclined to a vegetable diet. On a very trying occasion like the ones above named, we once had some observations which have been of great use since. There were five varieties of sweetenke on the table. Now, we don't love sweetenke, we don't think sweetenke is wholesome, we don't countenance sweetenke, we don't eat sweetenke; but one kind was offered, and we exoused ourselves on the ground that we have eaten "very heartily for us!" but it was no easy matter to get rid of it, and we ate a piece. Another kind (at least a piece from another plate) was passed; and we ate a piece. A fourth plate was passed; we looked at the cake, at the lady of the house, at the visitors, all put in a word of encouragement, (they were very "proper" folks) and we must eat a piece; we ate a piece.—Somebody then passed some *sweetenke*; we ate a piece, and quit the table with a pain beneath our vest, and less faith in the great central idea of constitutional liberty.

Now we should be willing to make affidavit before any Justice of the Peace and Quorum, that the only difference in the kinds of cake upon that table, was the difference in color; and that this difference in color, was caused by the different amount of molasses used in making said cake.

But we are afraid we are making this article too long. We must devote another to the consideration of this subject of "proper" people; and yet we cannot close this, without saying that we have always supposed, that the person who is considerate, ingenious, natural, friendly and polite, is the only "proper" person in the world. We can but believe that only those persons who recognize no arbitrary rules of conduct, to which they are bound on all occasions, can be truly pleasant and hospitable. We cannot see how it is possible for any one who has both pride, and a notion of refinement got out of the school of conventionalism, alone, can be "proper." You cannot divorce natural dignity and ease from social life without leaving it a heartless thing; and yet how many do!

Is there no way by which society can be better engaged, better understood, more useful? We say there surely must be. Let us but merely begin in these little beings, to undo that false system of pride, which makes feuds and jealousies in our every day life, that builds false notions of propriety, belittles natural ability and beauty, and sacrifices so many real social virtues at the nod of an unreal gentility, a heartless and illegitimate aristocracy. Let society be stripped of its little false notions of power and effects, its tinsel, and simplicity, truth and heart take the place, and propriety, will take care of itself.

THIN SHOES.

We have never, scarcely, been more touched with a very common, and yet apparently forgotten fact, or the mention of one, rather, than by the following, cut from an exchange. It is, indeed a sermon on the folly—aye the crime of insufficient clothing. Admit that woman disregards comfort, many times, is a very little inconstant as to styles of dress, we could forgive her—but the wearing of shoes that are no protection to health, no promoter of comfort, is something of which we all have a right to speak. We commend this extract to the candor of our lady friends.

"Thin Shoes—Thin Shoes." Yesterday at three o'clock a young lady of sixteen summers took final leave of father, mother and all earthly friends, including a husband to whom she had been married less than a year. A sad half-moon-moon has it been to her and her husband, as well as her parents who doted over this, their only child, for even a year ago the alarming hectic elicited the whisper of possible consumption. Like thousands of others, blooming in youth, she heeded not sufficiently the kind caution against the little violations against the laws of health, and admired little feet. Yesterday a fair dear friend about her age, who instinctively hovered about the dying bed of her youthful friend, was present when the interesting scene closed. During the leave-taking, which occupied considerable time on account of the shortness of breath, the dying bride looked earnestly at her young friend and said, "Mattie, come here," and then summoning her strength for an extra effort, added, "Thin shoes—thin shoes." At what a fearful cost was that lesson learned, and how few seem willing to learn it for less. To-morrow, in her full wedding robes, Lizzie passes to the silent tomb, leaving with the thousand pleasant recollections of her almost faultless life the eloquent sermon contained in these expressive words, "Thin shoes—thin shoes."—(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

Love is nowhere voluntary. LEOLETH. The man who wrote the above, either never loved deeply, or else he did not believe that virtue, character, or any of the more common elements of a truly lovable woman, never should be considered as worthy of love. A sudden fancy, or passion—some sudden fascination—may never be voluntary; but love, which is something more than these, is to a large extent, a matter of judgment, and is therefore voluntary. We believe the above sentiment as ungallant, as it is untrue.

Call at the store of B. Cleaves and Son, and see a new and improved cultivator for sale by them. Made by Miller & Brown, South Waterford. Every practical man, and especially every farmer, will see at a glance that it is a decided improvement upon the old-fashioned harrow, so long used.

Miss Barker has a splendid stock of millinery goods for the Spring trade, consisting of children's and misses' hats, bonnets of the latest style, and a thousand accompanying arrangements not familiar to a bachelor-editor. Give her a call if you want a "love of a ribbon" or a "duck of a bonnet"—Rooms in the Temperance building.

Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine for May has been received and is, as usual, full of entertaining matter.

Godey's Lady's Book for the same month is also received, and we fancy will be found unusually interesting to the ladies.

We are indebted to Hon. J. J. Perry and Hon. Stephen C. Foster for interesting public documents.

See advertisement of Mrs. L. E. Griswold in another column. She has—so the ladies say—a fine assortment of millinery goods.

PUBLIC LAWS. We send our subscribers in an extra to-day the Public Laws passed at the recent session of the Legislature.

Rurus Grins has this week received a desirable lot of new Spring Goods.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FRIEND KNIGHT:—I have taken my pen for the purpose of commencing a correspondence with yourself and your readers through the columns of the Reporter. I do this partly because of the high esteem in which I hold a long-lost friend, and partly for the satisfaction which it will afford me to call to mind, and place on record some of the scenes in which I was wont to participate during my academical life in the good old town of Bridgton.

Your fellow-citizens, and the ladies of your vicinity especially will wonder who this new correspondent is; but, as I don't intend to introduce anything offensive into my letters, it will never be necessary that my name should be known to any one save yourself, and I know you to be "true blue" in matters of secrecy.

Not that I am ashamed to have my name known to your subscribers, but, you know, there is considerable magic in the concealment of a writer's name, and in case there should be a little nonsense incorporated into these epistles, it will go with much better grace under the veil of secrecy.

Your readers will not—after what I have said—expect me to contribute articles which are to be "chewed and digested," but such as are to be simply glanced at.

As I begin to concentrate my thoughts upon the business which I have undertaken; as the hills and lakes, the woods and woodland streams of your romantic region pass in quick succession before my mind's vision; as the mountains of your neighboring towns of Denmark and Waterford, and the spires of your own busy village,

"Come to visit me once more,"—thoughts of the past rush upon me in rapidity so gloriously astonishing, as to make me marvel and, almost, dumb.

"Fond memory brings the light of younger days around me."

And though amidst the dire of busy life I have not time to

"Feel like one who treads alone, Some Banquet-Hall deserted," yet there is sadness mingled with the retrospect.

"No wonder that I sometimes sigh And dash a tear-drop from my eye To cast a look behind."

Years have rolled away since I, with yourself, was a student at North Bridgton Academy; years of toil and disappointment, as well as pleasure and partial success. Time has been working its changes; passing the Academy Boys of our day along to various stations in the conflict of life. Some of those who were our school mates, have taken "The fruit of the golden age."

Others have been called to buffet the storms of adversity; some have pressed their way through the ranks of envious opponents to positions honorable alike to themselves and to the professors who devoted their time and talents to give them culture, and others have passed from academical to street education, and taken a degree for indolence, if not yet for infamy; some are happy in the sweets of nuptial bliss;—others are weaving their way along the desolate paths of the bachelor's life; some are doing battle with the airy phantoms and stern realities of a relentless world, and some have wrapped their robes about them and lain down in the "nec tertium."

I seem to look in once more, and view the Hall of the old Academy. The first bell bidding us be ready has already rung. First in the Hall, I stand and watch the approach of students and teachers. As the second bell rings forth its summons I see the boys and girls come singly or in groups through the paths which bring them most quickly to the Hall of Science. All are gathered. The bell has tolled its last summons, the professor, with his accustomed dignity, has commanded silence, and a happy, smiling flock, we join in the morning exercises of devotion.—And now the good shepherd, knowing his lambs, calleth them all by name. The sweet tones of the merry, laughing girls, modestly answer, "present," and, anon, the deeper base notes of the boys are heard, as they give the monosyllabic, "here." That favored portion of the school to whom permission is given to "study out," now go to their boarding-houses—and I join the crowd.

How familiar the old routine still seems to me! How distinctly are the faces of special friends dagger-pointed upon the tablet of my memory! But can I forbear calling to mind the fact that the faces of those days are not the faces of these? The round, laughing face of that romping, rosy-cheeked girl (I don't mean any in particular) has given place to the colder, paler countenance of the mature lady. She seldom laughs now—she smiles. Now and then she gives unmistakable evidence of having seen human hollow-ness; now and then we see that sorrow has had a chastening influence upon her heart, and that cares are wearing furrows in the cheeks that, then, were plump and rosy, as if "Days and nights were full of joy."

Those school-days were the happiest of our lives, but they are gone. We will not sigh that this is so; we will not grow dull over the thought that youth has ripened into manhood and that the summer of life will pass much quicker than did its spring. Nay, let us be cheerful and active rather.

"Let the dead Past bury its dead, Act—Act in the living present.—Heart within, and God o'er head."

There must and will be the sober hours of review; there must and will be clouds obscuring our pathway. But let our Faith pierce the clouds and see the sun behind, and we may walk firmly and cheerily on. Look through life, up to the Giver of life.

Be cheerful ne'er repining Tho' clouds o'ershadow thy lot; There's silver 'neath the lining, Work on and murmur not.—Mass., April, 1860. PHILDS.

THE POLAR EXPEDITION. At a meeting of the Cooper Institute in New York on Tuesday evening, a resolution was adopted requesting the Arctic Committee of the Geographical Society to memorialize Congress for an appropriation of \$20,000 in aid of Dr. Hayes' Arctic Expedition, on condition that the same amount be raised by private subscription.—Only \$17,000 has yet been subscribed, whereas at least \$30,000 will be required. Letters from England say that should this enterprise fall through, a similar expedition will doubtless be sent from that country.

RESPECT TO MR. ASA WARREN.

At a Special Meeting of Oriental Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, held at Harrison, on Saturday, the 14th instant, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, and fifty copies ordered to be printed for the use of the Lodge:

WHEREAS, it hath pleased Almighty God, to remove from us, by a most sudden and afflictive Providence our highly esteemed and greatly beloved brother, ASA WARREN,

Now, therefore, be it Resolved, by the officers and brethren of Oriental Lodge of Free Masons, That we are hereby reminded of our rapid approach to that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns."

That by this sad calamity, this Lodge has lost a highly valued member, an efficient officer, a much esteemed and beloved brother.

That in the death of Brother Warren, the community in which he lived has also sustained a very great loss, for he was truly an ornament to society, being a man always ready to "Every good word and work."

That we deeply sympathize with the afflicted wife and mother, who in one hour was bereaved of both husband and child; and tender to her our warmest fraternal pity, with the assurance that our hearts bleed in unison with hers in this hour of her sore distress, and that our hands shall ever be ready to extend relief to a brother's widow in the hour of need.

NATHANIEL PEASE, GEORGE PIERCE, WASHINGTON BRAY, Committee.

BLACK RAIN. "A singular phenomenon," says the Syracuse Journal of the 6th instant, occurred in this city yesterday afternoon. At about four o'clock a dark cloud arose in the northwest, presenting the appearance of an approaching thunder shower. As the clouds passed over, a slight shower, the drops in appearance resembling faint ink, was quietly dispensed, giving to all white objects the appearance of having been spattered with small drops of black ink.—The people in the street were surprised to find their faces and hands, and even shirt-bosoms and collars, spotted over with this singularly colored rain. The sides of buildings and fences painted white, and the show-bills on the bulletin boards about the town, show traces of the same kind. We hear of several instances in which clothes hung out to dry were marked by the mysterious liquid. A resident of the Fifth ward, who had clothing discolored in this manner, had the garments washed out in clean water, and reports to us that he has preserved the sediment—nearly a tea-spoonful in quantity, for the purpose of analyzing it, to discover the cause of the singular phenomena.

A BRUTAL SON. A fellow named Joseph Shubart, an Ohio farmer in comfortable circumstances, recently sent his own mother, a woman eighty years old, to the poor house because she could not earn her own living. The heartlessness of the unnatural son is made still greater by the fact that the mother was once possessed of considerable property which she divided among her children.—Her husband stays with the individual who turned her out of doors. He is more than eighty years of age, but can make himself useful about his son's house; so he is allowed to stay. The old lady was in rather bad plight when she was found by the keeper of the poor house. Her under-clothing had not been washed for four months. We suggest to the society for the conversion of heathens that the brute who turned her out of doors is in need of the services of a missionary.—He ought to live among wild beasts for the balance of his natural life.

Martique papers of the 18th ult., state that the sugar crop of that island this year is expected to reach the enormous figure of 200,000, hhds. When it is considered that this crop, besides cocoa, cotton, and coffee, is produced with a population of 90,000, it must be regarded as very marvellous indeed. The Emperor is quietly and unostentatiously using all the means in his power to foster the industry and develop the resources of the French dependencies in these seas. Immigration from China is going on vigorously and preparations have been made to import laborers on a grander scale than any yet attempted. It is rumored in the West Indies—and the rumor is believed by many—that Napoleon will soon revive his claim to the sovereignty of Hayti. If he does, Cuba will have to look to her laurels. The present policy of the Empire is unquestionably to strengthen and enlarge its colonies. No one who has ever visited Hayti independent would hesitate to say that it would be a great day for the island when it once more became a French colony, governed by French laws and stimulated by French enterprise.

"I'LL TELL PA WHEN HE COMES HOME."—One of our citizens who has taken some pride for several years in cultivating a full crop of hair on his face, was called away from home on business some time since. While absent, an inexperienced barber spoiled his whiskers in trimming them, which so chagrined him that he directed the barber to make a clean job of it by shaving whiskers and mustaches both off. The barber obeyed and our friend's face was as smooth and delicate as when he was in his teens. He returned home in the night. Next morning his little girl did not recognize him on waking up. Looking over her mother, and seeing, as she supposed, a stranger in the bed, she remarked, in her childish simplicity:—"Mister, get out of here; I'll tell my pa on you when he comes home."—[Connersville Times.]

SHARP BUT JUST. At Dieppe, in France, a famous bathing place, there is a police established, whose duty it is to rescue persons from danger. The following notice was recently issued to them:—"The bathing police is requested, when a lady is in danger of drowning, to seize her by the dress, and not by the hair, which oftentimes remains in their grasp. Newfoundland dogs will also govern themselves accordingly."

Nature confers genius, education furnishes mind, but circumstances, divinely controlled, manifest their surprising powers, and invest their deeds with fame. God himself has formed earth's mighty men to fulfil his own commands, but they have commonly overlooked his hand and designs.

A VINE WORTH HAVING. A poor woman in the county of Santa Barbara, California, has but one grape-vine. This vine in 1857, five thousand bunches of grapes, each bunch weighing over a pound, yielding her the handsome sum of four thousand dollars.—When a girl, on leaving Monterey for her present home, she picked up a vine-cutting to drive her mule. This cutting she planted on her arrival, and after the lapse of seven years, such is the result.

The above paragraph reminds us of a very large vine in the town of Barre, Mass., which, although it does not yield a great revenue, furnishes yearly a large quantity of excellent grapes, and whose history is similar to the one of Santa Barbara. About forty five years ago, a Barre farmer's daughter, of some ten summers, paid a visit to a friend in the neighboring town of Hardwick, and being about to return plucked from a roadside grape vine a branch some three or four feet long, which there was a small portion of root. This branch the young miss planted with her own hands at the foot of an apple tree in her father's orchard, and without much care or tending it grew and flourished finely, until at the present time it covers three large apple trees, besides a number of sumachs and several rods of fence. The vine began to bear fruit at the age of three or four years, and has never failed to yield bountifully of a very excellent quality of grape, not equal of course, to the cultivated varieties, but still of fine flavor and large size. Of the quantity of grapes produced by this large vine we are uninformed, but we do know that the very worthy lady who planted it is now a resident of this city, and all her relatives and friends are largely supplied with the fruit, and that the shade of the old vine is gratefully sought by country cousins on their annual summer visits to the old homestead.

It is a very easy matter to propagate a grape vine, and any one who has even the smallest patch of ground in a sunny situation, may sit under his own vine and partake of fruits of his own raising.—[Boston Jour.]

How TO MAKE WHITEWASH. The season for renovating houses has arrived, and whitewash brushes are beginning to be in motion. Some of our readers may be compelled to make their own whitewash, and use the brush themselves. A receipt for a nice article may not, therefore, come amiss. We find one in the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, which appears to be the thing desired. It is as follows:—Slack quicklime in boiling water, stirring it until slacked. Then dissolve in water white vitriol, (sulphate of zinc) which you get at the druggists, at the rate of two pounds of zinc to half a barrel of whitewash, making it of the consistency of rich milk. The sulphate of zinc will cause the wash to harden, and prevent the lime from rubbing off. A pound of fine salt should be thrown into it.

ANOTHER MURDER AT GRAND FALLS. A man named Murphy was shot at Grand Falls on Thursday night, March 20th by one Millet of that place. It appears that Murphy made an attempt to enter the house of a French woman where Millet was spending the night. While Murphy was in the act of raising the window, the woman loaded the gun, and Millet shot him. The ball passed near the heart. He was found dead a few rods from the house. The following morning, the woman gave herself up to the magistrate, said she shot him in self defence. The woman and Millet are in jail awaiting their trial, which will be next September. This is one of the results of intemperance.—Aroostook Pioneer.

FATAL ACCIDENT. A lad of sixteen, named Jerome Price, killed himself near Kendallville, Noble County, Indiana, last week, by carelessly handling his gun while hunting. He laid it down on a log with the breech on the ground, while he was resting, and when he took it up he caught the muzzle with his hand, and dragged it toward him, striking the lock against the log, and discharging the load into his breast. He died in a few moments. This mode of self-murder is nearly as certain as lifting the hammer of a gun with the foot while blowing into the muzzle to see if it is loaded.

BRUTALITY. A few days ago a sailor was sent to the Charity Hospital in New Orleans, who reported that he had been dreadfully beaten by the master and mate of the ship Essex, on the passage from Boston. The sailor, whose name is Peter Shields, says that on the day after leaving Boston he went down into the fore-cabin to get some tobacco, when the captain called him up, and charged him with wanting to get liquor; that the captain, assisted by the mate, beat and kicked him so badly that he was obliged to take his berth, and remain there the whole voyage which lasted twenty-seven days.

A CASE OF TOTAL DEPRIVITY. David Gerald of Canaan, an old man of seventy with hair whitened and blossoming for the grave, was taken through this place to jail on Friday last, having been bound over by J. W. Johnson, Esq., to appear before the Supreme Court, for ravishing the person of his own granddaughter, a child only 10 years of age.—This charge if sustained will send this poor old sinner to the State Prison for the remainder of his life.—[Somerset Telegraph.]

SMART BUSINESS. We understand that the Kansas Legislature has granted one hundred and fifty bills of divorce in forty days.—Finally the Legislature quit the retail business, and the House concluded to do a wholesale operation, and immediately passed a bill divorcing all married people in the Territory.—[St. Joseph West.]

More than four years ago Plato said:—"We must not separate the physical from the intellectual and moral training, but let them draw together like horses harnessed to a coach;" and Montaigne: "It is not enough that our education does not spoil us, it should alter us for the better."

No DODGERS. The new code of Maryland provides, "That if any person belonging to this State, shall go out of this State, and there marry with any person belonging to this State, without license or publication, each of the said parties, on conviction, shall be fined one hundred dollars."

It is estimated that 3000 white men and 2000 Chinamen are engaged in mining on Frazer River. Mining accounts are very encouraging. New diggings were being discovered in various places.

RICH TESTIMONIAL. The employees on the G. T. Railroad have presented the Superintendent, S. T. Corser, Esq., with a splendid Silver Tea Service which cost \$721.86.

Wisconsin has abolished the system of collecting debts by execution.

The census of the world has been taken, and is not likely to be yet taken. The latest computation make the population 1075 million. Europe, 275 Asia, 570 millions; Africa, 120 America, 80 millions; Australia, 20.

The aggregate vote of the whole States in 1828 was but 1,103,000. In North-western States now poll number. The entire vote of the Union exceeds 4,000,000! There are more in the Union now than there were in the days of the Revolution.

A conspiracy has been discovered that had for its objects the overthrow of present government, and the formation of a distinct nationality of intense Mexican sympathies. It will be crushed, as was a similar movement in 1825, when Mexico assumed power.

Prentice thinks if a young lady has acres of valuable land, she is apt to consider that there are grounds for attachment.

The Deputy Marshals commenced the census on the first of June, and complete it by the first of November.

It is said that the Massachusetts have spent as much money in musical collections, meetings, &c., as their wages would have amounted to.

Stewart's famous marble on Broadway, in New York, is valued at \$100,000, and the tax on it last year was \$4.

The proposed treaty of peace between Morocco and the United States, will give to the former territorial acquisitions, twenty dollars to pay expenses of the war for future trade, and the United States Catholic religion in the empire.

A woman in Woburn on Thursday overhauled a villain who had seduced her and ruined her daughter of 15 or 16 years.

It would be curious to see two each other in the street without about to see what the other has on.

The cost of taking the United States this year will reach fifty thousand dollars.

The Mormons now number 130,000, and are indifferent. In Utah is put down at \$5,000. 617 men have 16,519 wives. The colors of New England use this sum for their not having wives? We think there are "a few more left."

An old preacher once took for "Adam, where art thou?" and subject into three parts. First, where they were somewhere; second, some where they ought not to be; and less they take care, they would themselves where they would rather be.

A manufactory of friction matches recently been put in operation at a high cost for buildings and machinery. It will turn out 6000 gross per day.

There were nearly a thousand worth of gold used on the coffin of ward Shippin Bird, who was buried in Philadelphia last Tuesday with much plate, handles, and heads of screws solid gold.

The worst feature on a man's person—when stuck into other persons.

The number of arrests in Boston last year was 673, of which 229 drunkenness, 229 prostitution, male. The profits of the city \$3,376,26.

The house of Wm. B. Taylor entered one night last week, and taken from his bed room which was in a pocket of the pants was a containing a small sum of money, and a watch was afterwards found on Beacon street church.

One of the late discoveries in relation of the daguerrian art is the transfer of photographic pictures from surfaces. A lady may have on all her cups and saucers if she would the pictures of from her own eyes with a straw.

There are 1317 scholars in the Sabbath Schools in Louisiana.

On a winter's night, when the bright, and the snow was crusty, a mail as fair as seraphs are, fell from lower. Ere we reached (like a horse on a race) our equaled careened, and with tremendous back on the air, sweet fall over end.

There are in Iowa, 39,000 females. Girls, go cut these folks!

Abel Potter of Greenfield, who about a fortnight since by his death on Friday night. His son has been in jail since crime was committed.

Mr. Davis of the Lyman Mills has just returned from Canada, where he had been engaged in obtaining for factory labor.

At the Orphan Asylum for the children recently by arsenic prepared for the destruction of twenty-one of the victims of the were seriously poisoned, but 12 were saved from death.

A lady who had read of the manufacture of odometers, to tell rings had been run, said she Connecticut genius would invent to tell how far her husband had driven the evening when they "just in to the post office" or "went out caucusing."

The police force of Chicago is so small and the members so disinclined to being too poor to pay their salaries.

A pretty little girl, ten years old, was taken to a Rochester, broken in by kicks from his injuries, it is supposed, will be State Fair. The next State at Portland on the 25th, 26th of September.

William's kerosene oil works at C. W. J. were burnt on Saturday seven thousand gallons of oil.

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HOUSE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING. A Young Lady Instantly Killed. We learn from the Lafayette (Ind.) Journal, April 10th, that on Monday last, about 12 o'clock, the dwelling house of J. H. Newton, in Wabash township, five miles from that city, was struck by lightning, instantly killing a young lady, Miss Isabella Pogue, who was sitting by a window in company with Mrs. Newton, who was working in his garden near by, was not aware that the bolt had struck the house until called in by his wife, when he found the young lady lying on the floor. Every possible effort was made to restore her to consciousness, but without avail—life was extinct. In the excitement of the moment they did not observe that the house was on fire, and only discovered it in time to save themselves and the body of the young woman.

FRESHET DAMAGES. CINCINNATI, April 13. Advice from the interior state the injuries sustained by the railroad and canals in the central portions of the State by the freshet are much greater than reported. The damage to the public works is estimated at \$50,000. The Central Ohio Railroad, east of Newark, is overflowed for miles. Yesterday, at Marietta, the water was six feet deep on Harmon street, and still rising three inches per hour.

The Muskingum River, at Zanesville, is higher than was ever known. West Zanesville is entirely overflowed, and the lower parts of Zanesville are the same.

The Central Ohio road is very much damaged, and several warehouses on the line were also washed away.

HORRIBLE. At the poor house in Geneva, Ill., last week, an old and infirm pauper who had been assigned a shabby outhouse as his abode for several years, was found with one foot literally eaten to the bone by rats. He was removed to the large building, and his leg amputated below the knee; but his recovery is doubtful. A few moments after his removal more than a dozen large rats, invited to the feast, were seen scampering about the vacant bed.

The new census will cut down the electoral vote of New England from 41 to 33 votes.

BRIDGTON PRICES CURRENT.
CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE REPORTER.

Round Hogs, 7 to 8	Woolskins, 40 to \$1
Flour, \$5 50 to 8 00	Beans, 1 33 to 1 50
Corn, 1 00	Apples, bus. 33 to 87
Rye, 1 00	Apples, bl. 1 25 to 2 25
Oats, 50	Dried Apples, 5 to 8
Beef, 5 00 to 6 00	Chickens, 8 to 10
Pork, 12 to 14	Turkeys, 8 to 10
Lams, 8 to 10	Wood, 1 50 to 2 00
Shoulders, 7 to 8	Dark, 4 50
Bacon chops, 5 to 6	Northern Clover, 12
Butter, 17 to 18	Red Top, \$1 to 1 25
Cheese, 8 to 12	Hens Grass, \$4 00
Eggs, 12	Potatoes, 30 to 33
Hay, \$10 to 13 00	Wool, 25 to 30

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
The qualities of this medicine have placed it upon an imperishable foundation. In destroying disease, and inducing health it has no parallel.

For the following Complaints these Bitters are a Specific, viz:—Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Heart Burn, Acidity, Costiveness, Loss of Appetite, Headache, and General Debility.

In many sections of our country this preparation is extensively used by physicians in their practice, and it seems to have restored many to health who were apparently beyond the reach of the healing art.

Subjoined are few tributes from well-known physicians:

MANFIELD, TIOGA CO., AUG. 26, 1858.
I have used the Oxygenated Bitters in my practice with decided success in debility and general prostration, &c., and confidently recommend it in General Debility, and diseases of the digestive organs. F. H. WHITE, M. D.

AUBURN, N. Y., Sept. 6, 1858.
Gentlemen:—I have been in the drug business the last fifteen years, and have never sold a medicine which has given such great satisfaction in cases of Dyspepsia as the Oxygenated Bitters, and in this disease I always recommend it. H. G. FOWLER.

BURLINGTON, VT., Nov. 12, 1854.
Gentlemen:—I am pleased to state that I have tried the Oxygenated Bitters for Indigestion and Debility, and found immediate relief from using only a part of a bottle. I have the greatest confidence in it as a cure for Dyspepsia and General Debility, and recommend it with much pleasure. Yours, &c., JAMES LEWIS.

Prepared by Seth W. Fowler & Co., Boston, and for sale in Bridgton, by J. D. Freeman, No. 8, Main Street; E. R. Staples, No. 10, Main Street; F. S. Chandler, Bethel, O.; D. H. Mason, Bethel Hill, Silas Blake, Harrison; J. Hanson, So. Windham; George W. Davis, Windham Hill; and by dealers everywhere. 4w34

DEATHS.

In Naples, April 9, Mr. Benjamin Larabee, aged 69 years 11 months. Mr. L. was a man of marked piety, and lived and died a Christian life. He leaves behind him a wife and a large and respectable family of children to mourn the loss of a kind husband and father. We can say of Mr. Larabee what we cannot but of few, he had no enemies to live by, and he has none to hate him in the grave. His death has been anticipated for some time since, as he has been very low and feeble in health; but now he is gone and is at rest. Com.

SHERIFF SALE.

CUMBERLAND, SS.
TAKEN on a writ—Peter H. Gordan vs. John W. Stockman, and by consent of parties, will be sold at Public Auction at the store of said Stockman in Ouisfield, on WEDNESDAY, the 21st inst. at nine o'clock, A. M., a large assortment of

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES, such as are usually kept in country retail stores, consisting of Pork, Fish, Molasses, Sugars, Teas, Coffee, &c.

A large variety of Prints, Delaines, Ladies' Skirts, Hosiery, Suspenders, Cottons and Woolen Fannels, Hosiery, Doekins, Cassimeres, &c. Also, a variety of Glass Ware, Cutlery and Crockery Ware.

LYMAN HALL, Deputy Sheriff.
Naples, April 17, 1860.

!! UNEQUALED !!
!! THE ORIGINAL !!
!! The Most Liberal !!
!! THE MOST EXTENSIVE !!
THE GREAT
GIFT BOOK ESTABLISHMENT
—OF—
Geo. G. Evans & Co.,
Nos. 43 and 45 Cornhill, BOSTON.

BEWARE OF
Obscure and Irresponsible Concerns !
CARD.

The extensive and increasing business of the Original Gift Book Establishment of GEO. G. EVANS & CO. is a convincing proof that the public are able to discriminate between the bona fide offers we make and the specious promises glaringly offered by parties who have no standing whatever in the book trade, whose experience is as measure as their catalogues, and whose facilities for filling orders are on a par with both.

GEO. G. EVANS & CO.,
do not extort a tariff of 25 per cent on each book sold by them. All books are sold at the publishers' regular retail price, and

A VALUABLE PRESENT.
Worth from Fifty Cents to One Hundred Dollars,

is given with each book at the time of sale.

YOU ARE NOT REQUIRED TO BUY 12 BOOKS TO GET A WATCH.

Send for a Classified Catalogue & Circular. By purchasing ONE BOOK you may get

A SPLENDID GOLD OR SILVER WATCH.

Over 500 Gold and Silver Watches,
AND OVER \$50,000 WORTH OF
Other Valuable Presents

were given away to purchasers of books during the year 1859, by the Gift Book House of

GEO. G. EVANS & CO.,
and our increasing business will enable us to nearly double the amount in 1860.

BE NOT DECEIVED.
Do not send \$1.25 to other parties for a book when you can obtain the same book at our establishment for \$1.00, and receive a much

SUPERIOR GIFT.
BEAR IN MIND
that it is not necessary to make your selections entirely from our Catalogue, to avail yourselves of our offers. We furnish any book to be obtained in the United States, of a moral character, the retail price of which is one dollar and upwards.

REMEMBER
that ours is the only Original Gift Book Store in New England. Our Catalogues are sent free on application.

SEND FOR A CATALOGUE
and if you wish prompt returns, and satisfactory treatment, send your orders to the

Original Gift Book Store,
Nos. 43 and 45 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

GEO. G. EVANS & CO.
April 13, 1860. 8w23

Attention
Is called to a prime lot of

FAMILY GROCERIES,
NOTED POSSIBLE PRICES,
For Cash or Produce. I shall henceforth keep first class quality and a prime assortment of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
STATIONERY,
AND PATENT MEDICINES,
which will be sold for a small advance on the cost. Also, a large quantity and prime assortment of

CONFECTION
AND FANCY GOODS.
REUBEN BALL,
Bridgton Center, April 13, 1860. 23ct

MRS. L. E. CRISWOLD
WOULD respectfully invite the attention of the Ladies to her NEW and SPLENDID assortment of the latest and most fashionable styles of

MILLINERY
AND
FANCY GOODS,
—consisting of—

HATS, BONNETS, BONNET SILKS,
AND RIBBONS ;
French and American Flowers,
Ruches, Gloves, Hosiery,

DRESS TRIMMINGS, &c.
Bonnets and Hats Bleached & Pressed,
Rooms opposite L. Billings' Store.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.
BY virtue of a license from the Judge of Probate for the County of Cumberland, the undersigned will sell after thirty days from the 27th of January, instant, at private sale, ALL THE REAL ESTATE of Obediah Brown, late of Bridgton, in said County deceased, being all the right, title and interest of said Brown at the time of his death, in and to the Land and Buildings thereon in said Bridgton, then occupied by him as a Homestead, subject to the Widow's right of Dower.

And if not otherwise disposed of, the same will be sold at Public Auction, on the premises, on FRIDAY, the 27th day of April next, at 3 o'clock, P. M. For further particulars enquiry may be made of the subscriber at North Bridgton.

M. GOULD, Administrator.
January 26, 1860. 3w23

At a Court of Probate, held at Portland, within and for the County of Cumberland, on the First Tuesday of April in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and sixty.

MARY BURNHAM widow of Erns BURNHAM, late of Bridgton, in said County, deceased, having presented her petition that Administration on the Estate of said deceased, may be granted to WILLIAM H. POWERS, of Bridgton:

It was Ordered, That the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing notice to be published three weeks successively in the Bridgton Reporter printed at Bridgton, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Portland, on the First Tuesday of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

WILLIAM G. BARROWS, Judge.
A true copy, attest:

AARON B. HOLDEN, Register.

Assessors Notice.
To the Inhabitants of the Town of Bridgton, and persons liable to be Assessed thereon: **YOU** are hereby notified, that the subscribers will be in session at the TOWN HOUSE, in said Town, on MONDAY, the twenty-third day of April, instant, at nine o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of receiving true and perfect lists of the polls, and all the estates, real and personal, not by law exempted from taxation, which you are possessed of in said Town of Bridgton, on the first day of April, A. D. 1860; which list you are required to make and bring in.

LUTHER BILLINGS, Assessors of Bridgton. 3w22
CALEB A. CHAPLIN,
ISAAC WEBB,
Bridgton, April 4, 1860.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.
SITUATED IN BRIDGTON CENTER VILLAGE. The Stand recently occupied by Dr. JOSIAH M. BLAKE, consisting of a conveniently arranged

HOUSE, WOOD-SHED, STABLE,
and about Twelve Acres of Good Land.

The Land is inclosed, is subdivided by permanent stone walls; a never failing fountain supplies the house, and a well supplies the stable with excellent water.

For terms apply to **MRS. H. F. BLAKE** of Naples, or to **T. S. PERRY**, at Bridgton. February 16, 1860. 15ct

Grass Seeds!

A. & R. H. DAVIS offer for sale **STATE OF MAINE CLOVER SEED,**
WESTERN " "
HERDS GRASS " "
RED TOP " "

Bridgton Center, March 22, 1860.

FREEDOM NOTICE.
THIS certifies that I have given to my son, ALBERT B. KILBORN, his time during his minority, to trade and act for himself. I shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date. **JESSE G. KILBORN.**
Witness—A. F. BURNHAM.
Bridgton, April 2, 1860. 8w22

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.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY REPAIRED, and a variety of other **JOBBING** done at short notice.

They hope by diligence and careful attention to business, to merit a large share of public patronage.

FRANCIS B. CASWELL,
JOHN H. CASWELL.
Bridgton Center, Feb. 13, 1860. 6m15

GRASS SEEDS!
State of Maine Clover Seed ;
Western Clover Seed ;
Herds Grass Seed ;
Red Top Seed ;
For sale by **L. BILLINGS.**
Bridgton Center, March 22, 1860.

ASTHMA. For the INSTANT RELIEF and PERMANENT CURE of this distressing complaint use

FENDT'S
BRONCHIAL CIGARETTES,
Made by C. B. SEYMOUR & CO.

107 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.
Price, \$1 per box; sent free by post.

31 FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS. 6m
PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENT.

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

BARGAINS ARE.
Please cut out this and when in town call on us.

ROBINSON & CO.,
CHEAP STORE.
43, 45 & 47 UNION ST., PORTLAND.

WE purchase Bankrupt Stocks, attend the Auction and Sheriff 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.

Ladies Rubbers and Sandals, 60.
Gaiters 80.
Boots 3 50.

Ladies Kid Congress " 85 to 1 00.
Sirge " 1 00 to 1 10.
Kid Slippers worth 80 to 50.

Mens Brogans, 90 to 1 00.
A Calf Boot, 2 75 to 3 00.
A Calf Congress " 1 50 to 1 75.

Ladies lasting laced, " worth 1 00 for 50.
A Calf " 1 12 to 50.
Gold Finger Rings, 37 to 1 00.

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.

ROBINSON & CO.

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 FRAMES,

of all sizes, both oval and square, always on hand, and made to order. Directions and materials for the Grecian Painting, with 3 engravings furnished for \$5.00. All patterns of

GILT AND ROSEWOOD MOULDINGS,
Also, New and Standard Sheet MUSIC 1c y2

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.

We shall keep constantly on hand a good assortment of such Goods as are required for supplying

RETAIL SHOE STORES,
and for **SHOE MANUFACTURERS USE,** especially adapted to the MAINE TRADE.—Particular attention will be paid to our

MANUFACTURING DEPARTMENT,
and none but the best of stock will be used, and the most faithful workmen employed.—Sizes will always be filled up for regular customers, of all kinds we make.

Both of us, and our Clerks, have had many years experience, and all thoroughly understand our business, and no pains will be spared to meet the wants of the trade in every respect.

We have the agency for a new article of **Elastic Webbing for Congress Boots,** superior in every respect to any heretofore offered, and is coming into general use.

Particular attention will be paid to filling orders received by mail, and any goods so sent that are not satisfactory, may be returned at our expense.

We have the best facilities for obtaining Kid and other stock, and using large quantities ourselves, are as well prepared to fill orders for Custom Shops, as any other parties in Maine.

N. B.—We are Manufacturers and Wholesale dealers in Mitchell's Patent Metallic Tipped Boots and Shoes.

BREED & TUKEY.
November 24, 1859. 6m3

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.

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

Also—A large assortment of

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. tf50

Ladies—Attention!
ALLEY & BILLINGS
Have come to the conclusion to RETAIL

Ladies' Boots and Shoes,
at their *Manufactory in this Village*, at the following prices, viz:—

Ladies' Kid and Serge Congress Boots, \$1.05
Ladies' " " " " " " " " Heel, 1 to 1 25
Ladies' Kid Peg Busskins, 1 00
Ladies' Goat Peg Boots, 1 00
Ladies' Slippers, from 50 to 1 00
Children's Boots, from 17 to 50
Misses' Boots from 50 to 1 00

Bridgton, July 8, 1859. tf35

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,

Also, Corned and Fresh BEEF, MUTTON and clear Northern PORK, packed in store.

FLOUR,
of the best brands for sale low for Cash, or in exchange for Grain or Bacon Hams.

BEST CURED HAMS can be had at our store for 10 cents per pound.

Wanted, all kinds of Produce, Wood, Hoops and Shoeks, in exchange for Groceries. Bridgton Center. 16ct

S. M. HARMON,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law.
BRIDGTON, MAINE. 17t

FURS!
WANTED! **WANTED!**
CASH and the highest price paid for Furs by **HANSON & HILTON.**

PROGRAMMES AND TICKETS.
THE Bridgton Reporter Office has facilities for furnishing Programmes and Tickets for Concerts, &c., at low prices.

WATCHSPRING SKELETON SKIRTS
FOR ONE DOLLAR, at BILLINGS.

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

No. 48 Union street,
PORTLAND, ME.

CHARLES J. WALKER,
EDMUND LIBBY. 6m15

LARGE STOCK OF NEW
FALL GOODS!

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

Morinos, Plaids, and

LUTHER BILLINGS,
DRESS GOODS!
MAY BE FOUND AT

Every way suitable for the season. Such as

Brown & Bleached Cottons

MISCELLANY.

MATRIMONY.

BY BOMEDDY.

Matrimony is a nut
Every man's digestion;
When the shell is fairly cracked,
Pop goes the question.

Prentiss will sigh and blush—
Sigh! can they can sir—
Till, without their pointing lips,
Pop goes the answer.

Cupid fans the holy flame—
Rankest kind of arson—
When it gains a certain height,
Pop! goes the parson.

Quite throughout the honeymoon—
Made of rose colors—
Into sundry dry goods' tills,
Pop! goes the dollars.

When a year has shown its tail,
Round the corners, may be,
Out upon the party world,
Pop! goes the baby.

Mother gives it out to tea,
Father gives it out to tea,
Down its gastric tube,
Pop! goes the cake.

Mother lets her husband scold,
She must be the whipper,
And above the youngster's heels,
Pop! goes the slipper.

Each other, who lives next door,
Stand it for a season,
But before the year is out,
Pop! goes the reason.

Mother laid up the stairs,
Stamps with moment faster,
Till, for a moment faster,
Pop! goes the plaster.

Early, early in the boy,
With the window lingers,
Thence, pulled into his nose,
Pop! goes the fingers.

All around the neighborhood
Sound and snoring,
And while mamma is scolding him,
Pop! goes the dissonance.

COUNTRY MEETING.

An Illinois editor, who sometimes has an
"attack of phonography," where he took down
the different topics of conversation at the
same time:

"Vote for Lovejoy!" exclaimed a politician
aspirant indignantly, "I'd soon vote for
Wm. Lloyd Garrison himself, loaded down as
he is with—"

"That's the fattest beef critter you ever
set your eyes on," interrupted a dealer in
fat—

"That's a fine old dress again," exclaimed
Miss Sprague, "what might have been on the
other side of the waist, half an inch
thick, and weighs—"

"Teeth and too-nails to get the office,"
broke in another politician, "but people will
not trust him again; besides he is—"

"Spavined in both hind legs, wind broken
and foundered to boot, as I told Mr. Jarvis
at the time—"

"Oae tea-cup full of butter, two of sugar
three of flour, four eggs, and a sprinkle of
nutmeg, makes—"

"Both ends meet, when the year comes
round, poor woman! for she has got six chil-
dren, the oldest one blind, and—"

"No saddle or bridle to ride him with;
somebody stole it, while I was gone to Chi-
cago after—"

"The long promised millennial day, which
we have no doubt is to be brought out
through the ministrations of—"

"Two Dutchmen, a monkey, and a hand-
organ to grind it; and oh! it made the fun-
niest music, and the little figures danced
about like—"

"Nine thousand miles of railroad track,
and this at an estimated cost of—"

"Five cents a dozen, I sold four hens to
Mrs. Wilson, and the hawks carried off three
besides any number of chickens, and—"

"Such a handsome young man; and he
dances so beautiful. Did you ever see a hand-
somer pair of whiskers, or a more insinua-
ting—"

"Handle to my new tea-pot, and Tom de-
clared he had not touched it at all, and knew
Emily hadn't for she had been all the time—"

"Running at the rate of twenty-five miles
an hour with no head-lights on; and around
a curve at that, when the locomotive broke
the bridge over—"

"That young Miss Browne that had the
small pox last spring. They do say she is
going to marry—"

"Two pointer dogs and the best gun in the
town. I wanted the gun the worst kind and
offered him—"

"The scarlet fever and the whooping cough,
and I don't know what he hasn't had, poor
little darling! This is the first time I have
taken him out since—"

"The Mexican war, which I consider per-
fectly unjustifiable, unless it is on the ground
that—"

"The preacher has come," exclaimed a boy
and depositing my report in my pocket I pro-
ceeded into the school-house to muse upon
the utility of phonography.

In Boston there are one hundred and
twenty persons, firms or corporations that
are taxed for a quarter of a million dollars
or upwards.

"I'll give that fellow a piece of my mind,"
said a young lady.

"I wouldn't," replied her uncle; "you have
none to spare."

A man once asked a company of little
boys what they were good for? One little
fellow very promptly answered: "We are
good to make men of."

How to make people acknowledge the corn
—Tread on their toes!

MANSION HOUSE.

The subscribers having leased the
MANSION HOUSE, pleasantly situated
at Morris's Corner, for a term of
years, have refitted and refurnished
it in the best of style for the accom-
modation of Pleasure Parties and others
from the city. They desire that their friends
and the public generally should favor them
with their visits, and no pains will be spared
to render their stay pleasant. The house
contains a

SPACIOUS HALL

for Dancing and Cotillon Parties, and its
close proximity to the city, will render it a
pleasant resort for seigh-ride parties during
the winter.

M-als furnished at all hours, and good
conveyances to and from the city by railroad
and omnibus. W. M. CUSHMAN & CO.
Westbrook, Jan. 26, 1880.

CENTRAL HOUSE,

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

441y PORTLAND, ME.

CARPETING!

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

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS;

all widths.
STRAW MATTINGS, RUGS, MATS, & C.
Gold Bordered Window Shades and Fixtures,
Drapery Materials of Danvers,
Hills, Feathers and Mattresses, Bought
at Reduced Rates and will be
sold very cheap for Cash.

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

Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!

THE following is an exhibit of the stand-
ards of the Belpknap County M. F. I. Co.
on the 2nd day of October, 1880:

"FARMER'S CLASS.—No. of Policies 2430;
Amount of property at risk, \$1,727,361 00;
Premium notes in force, \$77,932 46

"GENERAL CLASS.—No. of Policies 1270;
Amount of property at risk, \$1,026,403 00;
Premium notes in force, \$119,283 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, 1880.

GRANT'S
COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS.

Original Establishment.

J. GRANT,
Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of
COFF. E. SPICES, SALERATUS
AND CREAM TARTER.

New Coffee and Spice Mills, No. 13 and 15
UNION STREET, PORTLAND, ME.
Coffee and Spices put up for the trade, with
any address in all variety of Packages, and
Warranted in every instance as represented.
Pea-Nuts, and Coffee Roasted and Ground
5c for the Trade, at short notice.

All Goods entrusted at the owner's risk.

PARIS STAGE.

A STAGE leaves Bridgton Center, from
the Bridgton Horse, Daily, at 7 o'clock,
A. M., passing through North Bridgton, Har-
rison, and Norway, connecting at South
Bridgton with the CARS for Port-

land, which arrive in Portland
at 2 o'clock, P. M. Returning,
leaves South Paris on arrival thereof at 12
o'clock, P. M. train from Portland, and
arrives in Bridgton at 7 o'clock, P. M.

The above Stage runs to Seaburg, Mon-
days, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
Down tickets to be had of the Driver; up
tickets for Harrison, Bridgton and Fryeburg,
sold at the Grand Trunk Depot, Portland.
1y6 J. W. FOWLER, Driver.

J. F. & J. D. WOODBURY,

Manufacturers of
FURNITURE, BEDSTEADS, & C.

JOBGING
attended to with promptness and dispatch.

Please give us a call.
Shop next door to Adams & Walker's Store.
BRIDGTON CENTER 1

ROBERT I. ROBISON,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
SPERM, WHALE, AND LARD OIL.

LOW FOR CASH.
No. 17, Exchange Street,
PORTLAND, ME. 11y

SAMUEL ADLAW, JR.,

Dealer in every description of
PARLOR, CHAMBER AND COMMON
FURNITURE,

MATTRESSES,
China, Crockery and Glass Ware,
Table Cutlery, Britannia and Plated Ware,
and a general assortment of
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS!

Those commencing Housekeeping can ob-
tain at this establishment a complete outfit
of Rich, Medium, or Low Price Goods, suited
to their different wants without the trouble
and loss of time usually attending a selection
of this kind; and the subscriber is con-
fident that, combining as he does the vari-
ous departments of the House Furnishing
Business, he can offer goods at prices that
cannot fail of proving satisfactory on exam-
ination. These Goods are offered for sale in
Chambers, and will be sold 10 to 15 per cent.
lower than goods are usually sold for on the
Lower Floor.

Chambers 138 & 140 Middle Street.
6m PORTLAND. 51

H. PACKARD,

NO. 61 EXCHANGE STREET,
PORTLAND, ME.

Offers for sale MISCELLANEOUS and
SCHOOL BOOKS,

—ALSO—
SABBATH SCHOOL LIBRARIES

AND QUESTION BOOKS. 44

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.

We also Plane and Saw all kinds of Lum-
ber; Joint and Match Boards; Plane, Joint,
and Square Clapboards in the best manner.
Builders and others in want of such
articles are invited to call and examine our
work. S. HOPKINSON,
Bridgton Center, Feb. 16, 1880. 3m*15

G. H. BROWN,

Manufacturer, wholesale and retail dealer in
FURNITURE

of all descriptions.
LOOKING GLASSES, MATTRESSES,
PICTURE FRAMES, FEATHERS,
CHAMBER SETTS.

Extension, Centre and Card Tables.
BEDSTEADS, of the latest and most im-
proved style, with Spring Bottoms.
ALSO, READY-MADE COFFINS.
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Scrofula, or King's Evil

Is a constitutional disease, a corruption
of the blood, by which the fluid becomes
irritated, weak and poor. Being in the cir-
culation, it pervades the whole body, and
may burst out in disease on any part of it.
No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there
one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous
taint is variously caused by mercurial dis-
ease, low living, disordered or unhealthy
food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the
depressing vices, and above all, by the ven-
ereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is
hereditary in the constitution, descending
from parents "to children unto the third and
fourth generation." Indeed, it seems to be the
rod of him who says, "I will visit the in-
iquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from
the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter which
in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is
termed tubercles, in the glands, swellings,
on the surface, eruptions or sores. This
foul corruption, which renders the blood
depresses the energies of life, so that scrofu-
lous constitutions not only suffer from scrofu-
lous complaints, but they have far less pow-
er to withstand the attacks of other diseases;
consequently, vast numbers perish by disor-
ders which, in healthy constitutions, would be
nature are still rendered fatal by this taint
in the system. Most of the consumption
which decimates the human family has its or-
igin directly in this scrofulous contamina-
tion and many destructive diseases of the
liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the
organs, arise from or are aggravated by the
scrofulous taint.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous
their persons are invaded by this lurking
infection, and their health is undermined
by it. To cleanse it from the system we must
renovate the blood by an alternative medi-
cine, and invigorate it by healthy food and
exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

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. It is
combined from the most active remedies that
have been discovered for the expurgation of
this foul disorder from the blood, and the
result of the system from its deleterious con-
sequences. Hence it should be employed for
the cure of not only scrofula, but also those
other affections which arise from it, such as
ERUPTIVE AND SKIN DISEASES, ST. ANTHONY'S
FIRE, ROSE, OR ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES,
PUSTULES, BLOTCHES, BLAINS AND BOILS,
TUMORS, TETTER AND SALT RHEUM, SCALD
HEAD, RINGWORM, AND ALL THE SCALDS,
TIC AND MERCURIAL DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA,
DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY, and, indeed, ALL COM-
PLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIATED OR IMPURE
BLOOD. The popular belief in "Impurity of
the blood" is founded in truth, for scrofula is
a degeneration of the blood. The particular
purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to
purify the system, cleanse this vitiated blood,
which would health is impossible in con-
taminated constitutions.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For all the purposes of a Family Physic,
are so composed that disease within the
range of action can rarely be avoided, and
evade them. Their penetrating properties
search and cleanse, and invigorate every
portion of the human organism, correcting
its diseased action, and restoring its healthy
vitalities. As a consequence of these prop-
erties, the invalid who is bowed down with
pain or physical debility is astonished to
find his health or vigor restored by a remedy
at once so simple and inviting.

Not only do they cure the every-day com-
plaints of every body, but also many morbid
and dangerous diseases. The agents be-
low named is pleased to furnish gratis my
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of their cures and directions for their use in
the following complaints: Costiveness,
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Stomach, and Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, Flatu-
lency, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, and other
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of the body or obstructions of its functions.

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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.

So wide is the field of its usefulness, and
so numerous are the cases of its cures, that
almost every portion of our country abounds in
persons fully known, who have been re-
lieved of their suffering, and cured of their
diseases of the lungs by its use. When once
tried, its superiority over every other medi-
cine of its kind is too apparent to escape
observation, and where its virtues are known,
the public no longer hesitate what antidote
to employ for the distressing and dangerous
affections of the pulmonary organs that are
infectious to our climate. While many in-
ferior remedies thrust upon the community
have failed and been discarded, this has gained
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on the afflicted they can never forget, and
produced cures too numerous and too re-
markable to be forgotten.

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MANUFACTURED BY
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The art of chilling cast iron we admit has
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en them, we claim has but recently been
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that it can be chilled, thereby making the
wearing portion harder and much more dur-
able than steel. The teeth are made in con-
struction, and peculiarly adapted to do the
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fectly than any other of the kind ever before
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We are enabled in the above tooth to offer
to agriculturists one of the greatest improve-
ments, and best farming implements ever
before introduced to the farmer. It has been
thoroughly tested by some of the best farm-
ers of Maine, N. H., Mass., N. Y., and finally
in all the N. E. States, with perfect success,
besides having taken the first premium in
every State and County fair where it has
been on exhibition.

Having tested the Harrow ourselves the
past season, we are satisfied that it is just
what every farmer needs, and will not do
without after testing it.

CERTIFICATE.

We the undersigned having used Ford's
Patent Cultivator and Harrow with the most
perfect satisfaction, take pleasure in calling
the attention of the farming community to
the peculiar merits and scientific principles
involved in the construction of this tooth.

It works admirably for a harrow in more
effectually pulverizing and rendering light
the soil, than any other implement of hus-
bandry now in use.

From its scientific construction it is pecu-
liarly adapted to sward land, the curving
blade of the tooth going forward holds the
sod down while the afterpart cuts it through
thereby thoroughly pulverizing it without
turning it over, and rendering it as easy to
hoe as old and light ground.

One great advantage in this tooth is, it
never clogs or hitches and twice over the
ground will put it in better condition to
plant or sow, than four times over with the
common harrow.

It is much lighter of draught, leaves the
surface level, and at the same time, to the
depth of the tooth, fine mellow and light,
which is indispensable to the health and
thrifty growth of vegetation.

Another great improvement is that it gets
in grain even with one half the work, and
better than any other harrow or cultivator
we have ever used.

In fine, it succeeds beyond all expectation,
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And we say to all farmers, try it, and after a
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These renowned Plasters cure pains, weak-
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