

B. Walker

Bridgton Reporter.

VOL. II. BRIDGTON, ME., FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1860. NO. 26.

Bridgton Reporter,
IS PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY
S. H. NOYES
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
BRIDGTON, ME.
ENOCH KNIGHT, Editor.

All letters must be addressed to the
Publisher. Communications intended for
publication should be accompanied by the
name of the author.

TERMS. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE; one dollar fifty-cents at the end of the year.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING. One square 16 lines, one insertion 75 cents, 3 insertions \$1.00; 3 months \$2.00; 6 months \$3.50; one year \$6.00; 1-4 column \$18.00; 1-2 column \$30.00; one column \$50.00

JOB PRINTING executed with neatness, cheapness and despatch.
Agent in Portland, **ABIEL T. NOYES.**

WIDOW COBB'S FIRST LOVE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

The fire cracked cheerfully on the broad hearth of the old farm-house kitchen, a cat and three kittens basked in the warmth, and a decreed yellow dog lying full in the reflection of the blaze, wrinkled his black nose approvingly, as he turned his hind feet where his fore feet had been. Over the chimney hung several fine hams and pieces of dried beef. Apples were fastened along the ceiling, and crooked necked squashes vied with red peppers and slips of dried pumpkins, in garnishing each window frame. There were plants, too, on the window ledges—horse-shoe geraniums, and dew plants, and a mouth-rose just budding, to say nothing of pots of violets that perfumed the whole place whenever they took into their purple heads to bloom. The floor was carefully swept—the chairs had not a speck of dust upon leg or round—the long settee near the fire-place shown as if it had been just newly varnished, and the eight day clock in the corner had had its white face newly washed, and seemed determined to tick louder for it. Two arm chairs were drawn up at a cosy distance from the hearth and each other, a candle, a newspaper, a pair of spectacles, a dish of red checked apples and a pitcher of cider, filled a little table between them. In one of these chairs sat a comfortable looking woman about forty-five, with cheeks as red as the apples, and eyes as dark and bright as they had ever been, resting her elbow on the table, and her head upon her hand, and looking thoughtfully into the fire. This was the Widow Cobb—relic of Deacon Levi Cobb, who had been mouldering into dust in the Bytown Churchyard, for more than seven years. She was thinking of her dead husband, possibly because—all her work being done, and the servants gone to bed—the sight of his empty chair at the other side of the table, and the silence of the room, made her a little lonely.

Seven years' so the widow's reverie ran. "It seems as if it was more than fifty—and yet I don't look so very old either. Perhaps it is not having any children to bother my life out as other people have. They may say what they like—children are more plague than profit—that's my opinion. Look at my sister Jerusha, with her six boys. She's worn to a shadow, and I'm sure they have done it, though she never will own it."

The widow took an apple from the dish and began to peel it.

"How dreadful fond Mr. Cobb used to be of these grafts. He never will eat any more of them, poor fellow, for I don't suppose they have apples where he has gone to. Heigho! I remember very well how I used to throw apple parings over my head when I was a girl, to see who I was going to marry."

Mrs. Cobb stopped short and blushed.—For in those days she did not know Mr. Cobb, and was always looking eagerly to see if the peed had formed a capital 'S.' Her meditations took a new turn.

"How handsome Sam Payson was! and how much I used to care about him. I wonder what has become of him! Jerusha says he went away from our village just after I did, and no one has ever heard from him since. And what a silly thing that quarrel was! If it had not been for that—"

Here came a long pause, during which the widow looked very steadfastly at the empty arm-chair of Levi Cobb, deceased. Her fingers played carelessly with the apple parings—she drew it softly towards her, and looked around the room.

"Upon my word it is very ridiculous, and I don't know what the neighbors would say if they saw me."

Bill the plump fingers drew the red peel nearer.

"But then they can't see me, that's a comfort, and the cat and Old Bowse never will know what it means. Of course I don't believe anything about it."

The paring hung gracefully from her hand.

"But then I should like to try it; it would seem like old times, and—"

Over her head it went and curled up quietly on the floor at a little distance. Old Bowse, who always slept with one eye open, saw it fall, and marched deliberately up to smell it.

"Bowse—Bowse—don't touch it!" cried his mistress, and bending over it with a beating heart, she turned as red as a fire. There was as handsome a capital 'S' as any one could wish to see.

A great knock came suddenly at the door. Bowse growled and the widow screamed, and snatched up the apple-paring.

"It's Mr. Cobb—it's his spirit come back again, because I tried that silly trick," she thought fearfully to herself.

Another knock—louder than the first, and a man's voice exclaimed:

"Hillo, the house!"

"Who is it?" asked the widow somewhat relieved to find that the departed Levi was still safe in his grave upon the hill-side.

"A stranger," said the voice.

"What do you want?"

"To get a lodging for the night."

The widow deliberated.

Can't you go on—there's a house half a mile further, if you keep to the right hand side of the road—and turn to the left after you get by—"

"It's raining cats and dogs, and I'm very delicate," said the stranger coughing. I'm wet to the skin—don't think you can accommodate me—I don't mind sleeping on the floor."

"Raining is it? I didn't know that," and the kind-hearted little woman unbarred the door very quickly. "Come in who ever you be—I only asked you to go on because I am a lone woman, with only one servant in the house."

The stranger entered—shaking himself like a Newfoundland dog upon the step, and scattering a little shower of drops over his hostess and her nicely swept floor.

"Oh—that looks comfortable after a man has been out for hours in a storm," he said, as he caught the sight of the fire, and striding along towards the hearth, followed by Bowse, who sniffed suspiciously at his heels, he stationed himself in the arm-chair—Mr. Cobb's arm-chair, which had been kept sacred to his memory for seven years! The widow was horrified, but her guest looked so weary and worn, that she could not ask him to move, but busied herself in stirring up the blaze that he might the sooner dry his dripping clothes. A new thought struck her; Mr. Cobb had worn a comfortable dressing gown during his illness, which still hung in the closet at the right. She could not let this poor man catch his death, by sitting in his wet coat—if he was in Mr. Cobb's chair why not in Mr. Cobb's wrapper?—She went nimbly to the closet, took it down, fished out a pair of slippers from a boot-rack below, and brought them to him.

"I think you had better take off your coat and boots; you will have the rheumatic fever or something like it, if you don't. Here are some things for you to wear while they are drying. And you must be hungry, too; I will go into the pantry and get you something to eat."

She bustled away on hospitable thoughts intent, and the stranger made the exchange with a quizzical smile playing around his lips. He was a tall, well-formed man, with a bold but handsome face, sunburned and heavily bearded, and looked anything but delicate, though his blue eyes glanced out from under a forehead as white as snow. He looked around the kitchen with a mischievous air, and stretched out his feet before him, decorated with the defunct Deacon's slippers.

"Upon my word, this is stepping into the old man's shoes with a vengeance: And what a hearty, good-humored looking woman she is! Kind as a kitten," and he leaped forward and stroked the cat and her brood, and then patted old Bowse upon the head. The widow bringing in sundry good things, looked pleased at his attention to her dumb friends.

"It's a wonder Bowse does not growl; he generally does if strangers touch him. Dear me how stupid."

The last remark was neither addressed to the stranger nor to the dog, but to herself. She had forgotten that the little stand was not empty—and there was no room on it for the things she held.

"Oh, I'll manage it," said the guest, gathering up paper, candle, apples and spectacles—it was not without a little pang that she saw them in his hand, for they had been the Deacon's and were placed each night, like the arm-chair, beside her)—and depositing them on the settee.

"Give me the table cloth ma'am; I can spread it as well as any woman. I've learned that along with scores of other things in my wanderings. Now let me relieve you of those dishes; they are far too heavy for those little hands!" (the widow blushed) and now please sit down with me, or I cannot eat a morsel."

"I had supper long ago, but really I think I can take something more," said Mrs. Cobb, drawing her chair nearer to the table.

"Of course you can, my dear lady—in this cold autumn weather people ought to eat twice as much as they do in warm. Let me give you a piece of this ham—your own curing, I dare say."

"Yes; my poor husband was very fond of it. He used to say that no one understood curing ham and drying beef better than I."

"He was a sensible man, I am sure. I drink your health, madam in this cider."

He took a long draught, and set down his glass.

"It is like nectar."

The widow was feeding Bowse and the cat, (who thought they were entitled to a share of every meal eaten in the house), and did not quite hear what he said. I fancy she would hardly have known what 'nectar' was—so it was quite as well.

"Fine dog, ma'am—and a pretty cat." "They were my husband's favorites," and a sigh followed the answer.

"Ah—your husband must have been a very happy man."

The blue eyes looked at her so long that she grew flurried.

"Is there anything more I can get you sir?" she asked at last.

"Nothing, thank you, I have finished." She rose to clear the things away. He assisted her, and somehow their hands had a queer knack of touching as they carried the dishes to the pantry shelves. Coming back to the kitchen, she put the apples and cider in their old places, and brought out a clean pipe and a box of tobacco from an arched recess near the chimney.

"My husband always said he could not sleep after eating supper late, unless he smoked," she said. "Perhaps you would like to try it."

"Not if it is to drive you away," he answered, for she had her candle in her hand.

"Oh, no—I do not object to smoke at all!" She put the candle down—some faint suggestion about 'propriety' troubled her, but she glanced at the clock and felt reassured. It was only half past nine.

The stranger pushed the stand back after the pipe was lit and drew her easy chair a little nearer the fire—and his own.

"Come, sit down," he said, pleadingly. "It's not late—and when a man has been knocking about in California and all sorts of places, for a berth like this—and to have a pretty woman to speak to once again."

"California! Have you been in California?" she exclaimed, dropping into her chair at once. Unconsciously she had long cherished the idea that Sam Payson—the lover of her youth—with whom she had so foolishly quarrelled, had pitched his tent, after many wanderings, in that far-off land. Her heart warmed to one who, with something of Sam's look and ways about him—had also been sojourning in that country—and who very possibly had met him—perhaps had known him intimately! At that thought her heart beat quick, and she looked very graciously at the bearded stranger, who, wrapped in Mr. Cobb's dressing-gown, wearing Mr. Cobb's slippers, and sitting in Mr. Cobb's chair, beside Mr. Cobb's wife, smoked Mr. Cobb's pipe with such an air of feeling most thoroughly and comfortably at home!

"Yes, ma'am—I've been in California for the last six years. And before that I went quite round the world—in a whaling ship."

"Good gracious!"

The stranger sent a puff of smoke curling gracefully over his head.

"It's very strange, my dear lady, how often you see one thing as you go wandering about the world after that fashion."

"And what is that?"

"Men, without houses or home above their heads, roving here and there, and turning up in all sorts of odd places, caring very little for life as a general thing, away again—and all for one reason. You don't ask me what that is? No doubt you know already very well."

"I think not, sir."

"Because a woman has jilted them?"

Here was a long pause, and Mr. Cobb's pipe emitted long puffs with surprising rapidity. A guilty conscience needs no accuser, and the widow's cheek was dyed with blushes as she thought of the absent Sam.

"I wonder how women manage when they get served in the same way," said the stranger musingly. "You don't meet them roaming up and down in that style."

"No," said Mrs. Cobb, with some spirit—if a woman is in trouble she must stay at home and bear it the best she can. And there's more women bearing such things than we know of, I dare say."

"Like enough. We never know whose hand gets pinched in the trap unless they scream. And women are too shy or too sensible, which you choose, for that."

"Did you ever, in all your wanderings, meet any one by the name of Samuel Payson?" asked the widow unconcernedly. The stranger looked towards her—she was rummaging the draw for her knitting work, and did not notice him. When it was found and the needles in motion, he answered her.

"Payson? Sam Payson? Why he was

my intimate friend! Do you know him?"

A little—that is, I used to, when I was a girl. Where did you meet him?"

"He went with me on the whaling voyage I told you of, and afterwards to California. We had a tent together, and some fellows with us, and we dug in the same claim for more than six months."

"I suppose he is quite well?"

"Strong as an ox, my dear lady."

"And—and happy?" said the widow, bending closer over her knitting.

"Hum—the less said about that the better, perhaps. But he seemed to enjoy life after a fashion of his own. And he got rich out there, or rather, I will say well off."

Mrs. Cobb did not pay much attention to that part of the story. Evidently she had not finished asking questions. But she was puzzled about her next one. At last she brought it out beautifully.

"Was his wife with him in California?"

The stranger looked at her with a twinkling eye.

"His wife, ma'am? Why, bless you, he has not got one!"

"Oh, I thought—I mean I heard!—here the little widow remembered the fate of Ananias and Sapphira, and stopped short before she told such a tremendous fib.

"Whatever you heard of his marrying was all nonsense, I can assure you. I know him well, and he had no thought of the kind about him. Some of the boys used to tease him about it but he soon made them stop."

"How?"

"He just told them frankly that the only woman he ever loved had jilted him years before, and married another man. After that no one ever mentioned the subject to him again except me."

Mrs. Cobb laid her knitting aside and looked thoughtfully into the fire.

"He was another specimen of the class of men I was speaking of. I have seen him face death a score of times as quietly as I face the fire. 'It matters very little what takes me off,' he used to say; 'I've nothing to live for and there's no one that will shed a tear when I am gone.' It's a sad thought for a man to have isn't it?"

Mrs. Cobb sighed as she said she thought it was.

"But did he ever tell you the name of the lady who jilted him?"

"I know her first name."

"What was it?"

"Maria."

The plump little widow almost started out of her chair; the name was spoken so exactly as Sam would have said it.

"Did you know her?" he asked, looking keenly at her.

"Yes."

"Intimately?"

"Yes."

"And where is she now? Still happy with her husband, I suppose, and never giving a thought to the poor fellow she drove out into the world?"

"No," said Mrs. Cobb, shading her face with her hand, and speaking unsteady. "No, her husband is dead."

"Ah. But still she never thinks of Sam. There was a dead silence."

"Does she?"

"How can I tell?"

"Are you still friends?"

"Yes."

"Then you ought to know, and you do—Tell me."

"I'm sure I don't know why I should. But if I do you must promise me, on your honor, never to tell him if you ever meet him again."

"Madam, what you say to me never shall be repeated to any mortal man, upon my honor."

"Well, then, she does remember him."

"But how?"

"As kindly, I think, as he could wish."

"I am glad to hear it for his sake. You and I are the friends of both parties; we can rejoice with each other."

pleasantly together. There never was a harsh word between them."

"Still—might she not have been happier with Sam? Be honest, now, and say just what you think."

"Yes."

"Bravo! that is what I wanted to come at. And now I have a secret to tell you, and you must break it to her."

Mrs. Cobb looked rather scared.

"What is it?"

"I want you to go and see her, wherever she may be, and say to her, 'Maria!—what makes you start so?'"

"Nothing—only you speak so like some one I used to know, once in a while."

"Do I? Well, take the rest of the message. Tell her that Sam loved her through the whole; that when he heard she was free he began to work hard at making a fortune; he has got it, and he is coming to share it with her, if she will let him. Will you tell her this?"

The widow did not answer. She had freed her hand from his, and covered her face with it. By and by she looked up again. He was waiting patiently.

"Well!"

"I will tell her."

He rose from his seat and walked up and down the room. Then he came back, and leaning on the mantelpiece, stroked the yellow hide of Bowse with his slipper.

"Make her quite understand that he wants her for his wife. She may live where she likes, and how she likes, only it must be with him."

"I will tell her."

"Say he has grown old, but not cold; that he loves her now perhaps better than he did twenty years ago; that he has been faithful to her all through his life; and that he will be faithful till he dies—"

The Californian broke off suddenly. The widow answered still:

"I will tell her."

"And what do you think she will say?"—he asked, in an altered tone.

"What can she say but—Come!"

"Hurrah!"

The stranger caught her out of her chair as if she had been a child, and kissed her.

"Don't—oh, don't," she cried out. "I am Sam's Maria!"

"Well—I am Maria's Sam!"

Off went the dark wig, and the black whiskers—there smiled the dear face she had never forgotten! I leave you to imagine the tableau—even the cat got up to look, and Bowse sat on his stump of a tail, and wondered if he was on his heels or his head. The widow gave one little scream and then she—

But stop! Quiet people like you and me dear reader, who have got over all the follies, and can do nothing but turn up their noses at them, have no business here. I will only add that two hearts were very happy, that Bowse concluded after a while that all was right, and so laid down to sleep again; and that one week afterwards there was a wedding at the house that made the neighboring farmers stare. The widow Cobb had married her First Love!—[N. Y. Ledger.]

THE LADY AND THE ROBBER.

A REMARKABLE STORY.

In a large lonely house, situated in the south of England, there once lived a lady and her two maid servants. They were far away from all human habitation, but they seemed to have felt no fear, but to have dwelt there peacefully and happily. It was the lady's custom to go round the house with her maids every evening, to see that all the windows and doors were properly secured. One night she had accompanied them as usual, and ascertained that all was safe. They left her in the passage close to her room, and then went to their own which was quite at the other side of the house. As the lady opened the door, she distinctly saw a man underneath her bed. What could she do? Her servants were far away, and could not hear her if she screamed for help and even if they had come to her assistance, these three weak women were no match for a desperate house breaker. How then did she act? She trusted in God. Quietly she closed the door, and locked it on the inside, which she was always in the habit of doing. She then leisurely brushed her hair, and putting on her dressing gown, she took her bible and sat down to read. She read aloud, and chose a chapter that had peculiar reference to God's watchfulness over us, and constant care of us by night and day. When it was finished she knelt and prayed at great length, still uttering her words aloud, especially commending herself and servants to God's protection, and dwelling upon their utter helplessness, and dependence upon him to preserve them from all dangers. At last she rose from her knees, put out her candle, and laid down in bed; but she did not sleep. After a few minutes had elapsed, she was conscious that the man was standing by her bedside. He begged of her not to be alarmed. "I came here to rob you, but after the

words you have read, and the prayers you have uttered, no power on earth could induce me to hurt you, or to touch a thing in your house. But you must remain perfectly quiet and not attempt to interfere with me. I shall now give my signal to my companions, which they will understand, and then we will go away and you may sleep in peace, for I give you my solemn word that no one shall harm you, and not the smallest thing belonging to you shall be disturbed." He then went to the window, opened it, and whistled softly—returning to the lady's side (who had not spoken or moved) he said,—

"Now I am going. Your prayer has been heard, and no disaster will befall you." He left the room, and soon all was quiet, and the lady fell asleep, still upheld by that calm and beautiful faith and trust. When the morning dawned and she awoke, we may feel sure she poured out her thanksgiving and praises to him who had "defended" her "under his wings" and "kept her safe under his feathers," so that she was not "afraid of any terror by night." The man was true to his word, and not a thing in the house had been taken. Oh! shall we not hope that his heart was changed from that day forth, that he forsook his evil courses, and cried to that Saviour "Who came to seek and to save that which is lost," and even on the cross did not reject the penitent thief. From this story let us learn to put our whole trust and confidence in God. This lady's courage was indeed wonderful; but "the Lord was her defense upon her right hand," and "with him all things are possible."—[London Packet.]

We have received an extract from a letter fully corroborating the remarkable anecdote of "The Lady and the Robber" in our October number, and adding some facts that enhance the wonder and mercy of her escape. We quote the words of the letter: "In the first place the robber told her if she had given the slightest alarm or token of resistance, he had fully determined to murder her; so that it was God's good guidance that told her to follow the course she took. Then before he went away, he said: 'I never heard such words before, I must have the book you read out of,' and carried off her Bible, willingly enough given, you may be sure. "This happened many years ago, and only comparatively recently did the lady hear any more of him. She was attending a religious meeting in Yorkshire, where, after several noted clergy and others had spoken, a man arose stating that he was employed as one of the book-hawkers of the society, and told the midnight adventure, as a testimony of the wonderful power of the word of God. He concluded with, 'I was the man.'" The lady rose from her seat in the hall, and said quietly, "It is all quite true; I was the lady," and sat down again."—[London Packet.]

The State of Indiana has recently lost by death one of its citizens—Mr. James Bangs. We find an obituary notice of him in a Hoosier paper:

"Mr. Edatur: Jem bangs, we are sorry to stait has desized. He departed this life last munday. Jem was generally considered a gud fellow. He died at the age of 23 years old. He went forth without airy struggle; and such is life. To Da we are as pepper grass—mighty smart—to Morrey, we are cut down like a cucumber of the ground. Jem kept a nice store, which his wife now wates on. His warchews was numerous. Menny things we bot at his growcery, and we are happy to state that he never cheeted, spechully in the wate of mackrel, which was nice and smelt sweet, and his survivin wife is the same wa. We never new him to put sand in his shugr, tho he had a big sand bar in front of his house; nur water in his Lickers, tho the ohio river run past his dore. Pices to his remains."

"I Don't Dance." A plain, unlettered man from the back country in the State of Alabama, came to Tuscaloosa, and on the Sabbath went early to church. He selected a seat in a convenient slip, and awaited patiently the assembling of the congregation. The services commenced. Presently the music of a full toned organ burst upon his astonished ear; he had never heard one before. At the same time the gentleman who owned the slip came up the aisle, with his lady leaning upon his arm. As he approached the door of the slip, he motioned to give place to the lady. This movement the countryman did not understand, and from the situation of the gentleman and lady, associated as it was in his mind with the music, he immediately concluded that a cotillion, or a French contra dance, or some other dance was intended. Rising partly from his seat, he said to him; "Excuse me, sir—excuse me, if you please, I don't dance!"

"Sir," said a burly fellow of no enviable character, "I have the largest neck of any man in the city." "Very likely," said his neighbor; and I saw yesterday the largest rope in the city—put that and that together."

MEXICAN NEWS. Washington, April 27.—Accounts from Mexico state that Miramon arrived at that capital on the 7th, and was received by the firing of cannon, ringing of bells, &c. There was no question that his government were suffering for the want of money, forced loans being levied in every direction for immediate necessities of the treasury.

The minister of Finance has ordered that no Treasury drafts be paid for the present. The British and French Ministers are busy with plans of a compromise, and seeking to draw McLane into the government at Vera Cruz. This has greatly embarrassed the exhausted condition of the treasury.

The New Orleans Picayune says the troops of Tansulipas, Coahuila, and Nueva Leon, were about to unite with those of other States, and make a descent upon Mexico, which, it is believed, will be consummated by July.

A LOVER OF WHISKY. Recently a man was arraigned for stealing a demijohn of whisky. "Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk. "Well, you can call it what you like I took the whisky, that I admit, and drank it, too." "You took it without leave, did you not?" "I never wait to be asked when that article's around."

Stephen M. Marble, senior landlord of the Elm House in Portland, died very suddenly on Thursday. He was seated at the dinner table Thursday noon, when, in the act of passing some dessert to a friend near, his head inclined towards his wife at his side, and falling upon her shoulder he expired without a struggle.

Late news from Denver City Kansas, announces the death of Jack O'Neil, a person long noted for his cruelties, and feared by all who knew him. He was shot by a man named Hooker, who was acquitted after a sham trial, the community being glad to get rid of the deceased.

Mary Singleton, a handsome girl, was seduced in Cincinnati a few years since, and her father shot the seducer. Poor Mary has since become an abandoned character, and has just married a negro named Winston, over seventy years of age, a very low character.

Mrs. Reuben Walker of Dummerston, Vt., was returning home from Brattleboro' on the 21st inst, when the horse took fright and ran away, throwing her from the wagon in such a manner that her neck was broken by the fall. She was sixty-six years of age.

We have no desire to be acquainted with the bachelor who perpetrated the following: "Nature, impartial in her ends, When she made man the strongest, In justice, tried to make amends, Made woman's tongue the longest."

An editor in Iowa has become so hollow from depending upon the printing business alone for bread, that he proposes to sell himself for stove pipe at three cents a foot.

The wasp attacks the ripest fruit first; so will slander attempt to wound the most honest fame.

The reason why whales frequent the Arctic Seas is, probably, because they supply the "Northern lights" with oil.

BRIDGTON PRICES CURRENT. CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE REPORTER.

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.

MANFIELD, TROGA 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. WATTS, M. D.

ACBURN, 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, M. D.

Prepared by Seth W. Fowler & Co., Boston, and for sale by S. M. Hayden, Bridgton; J. D. Freeman, No. 5, Bridgton; E. H. Staples, So. Bridgton; F. S. Chandler, Bethel; C. & D. H. Mason, Bethel Hill; Silas Hlake, Harrison; J. Hanson So. Windham; George W. Davis, Windham Hill; and by dealers everywhere. 4W34

A CHANGE OF THE SEASON, PRODUCES A CHANGE IN THE Wants of the People!

WE have just returned from market with A NEW STOCK OF SPRING & SUMMER GOODS!

Something New, Consisting of all the different varieties of LADIES' DRESS GOODS!

SHAWLS, PARASOLS, FANS, Gloves and Hosiery, HOOP SKIRTS, &c. &c. ROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, CASHMEREETS, ERMINETS, AND SUMMER STUFFS Generally.

Also—A large assortment of HATS & CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, CROCKERY AND HARD WARE!

We also have a GOOD STOCK of GROCERIES, PAINTS AND OIL, &c. &c.

Intending to keep on hand a full supply of ALL KINDS of GOODS usually wanted, we hope by attention to the wants of our customers, and fair dealing, to retain our share of the public patronage.

DIXEY STONE, & SON, Bridgton, May 3, 1860. tf 26

THE STANDARD OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE Throughout THE WORLD. WORCESTER'S Royal Quarto Dictionary, ILLUSTRATED.

"The lapse of a few months will be sufficient to establish 'Worcester's Dictionary' as the acknowledged standard of reference among the scholars of England and America." [London Literary Gazette, Feb. 11, 1860.]

The Twentieth thousand in Press. Price—In Sheep - - - \$7.50 In Half Turkey Morocco 8.00 In Turkey Morocco - - - 11.00 In Half Russia - - - 8.00 In Russia - - - 10.50

RECENT TESTIMONY. United States House of Representatives. Clerk's Office, U. States House of Representatives, March 15, 1860.

Worcester's New Quarto Dictionary is the standard work of reference in this office, and the system of orthography therein represented is that adopted in the official records and documents of the House of Representatives of the United States. J. W. FORNEY, Clerk House of Representatives, U. S.

SWAN, BREWER & TILESTON, 131 Washington Street, Boston, and for sale by Booksellers generally. may 3

MARRETT, POOR & CO., Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in CARPETS, Paper Hangings, Feathers, Mattresses, UPHOLSTERY GOODS.

85 & 87 Middle St. (up Stairs,) PORTLAND, ME. 26

New Millinery Goods! D. E. & M. E. BARKER

WOULD respectfully call the attention of the Ladies of Bridgton and vicinity to a choice selection of Bonnets, Flowers, and MILLINERY GOODS. Also, Gloves, Hosiery, Head Dresses, Veils, choice B.B.O.S., Ribbons, Bands, Caps, Hoop Skirts, and a variety of other articles which we would be pleased to show you at any time you may favor us with a call.

Our goods are new and will be sold cheap for Cash. MILLINERY in all its branches will be carried on under our special direction. We would solicit as early a call as convenient. A choice selection of READY MADE AND TRIMMED HATS, constantly kept on hand.

Call and examine our goods before purchasing elsewhere, and by doing so save both time and money. BONNETS BLEACHED AND DRESSED. Rooms under Temperance Hall, BRIDGTON CENTER. 25

At a Court of Probate held at Portland, within and for the County of Cumberland, on the third Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty HARRIET C. SEAVEY Administratrix of the Estate of JONATHAN SEAVEY, late of Bridgton, in said County, deceased, having presented her first account of Administration of said Estate for probate:

! 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.

our increasing business will enable us to nearly double the amount in 1860. DO NOT BE 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 selection 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

MRS. L. E. GRISWOLD 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, Ribbons, Gloves, Hosiery, DRESS TRIMMINGS, &c.

Bonnets and Hats Bleached & Pressed, Rooms opposite L. Billings' Store. Bridgton Center, April 13, 1860. tf 23

Attention is called to a prime lot of FAMILY GROCERIES, NOW in store which will be sold for the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES, for Cash or Produce. I shall henceforth keep a 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. 23tf

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last will and testament of HENRY DAY,

late of Bridgton, in the County of Cumberland, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs; and he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same for settlement to CALEB A. CHAPLIN, 24 Bridgton, March 6, 1860.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. SITUATED IN BRIDGTON CENTER VILLAGE. The Stand recently occupied by Dr. JOSHUA 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. 15tf

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 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. 45 CORNHILL & TUKEY, November 24, 1859. 6m3

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

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS; all widths. STRAW MATTINGS, RUGS, MATS, &c. Gold Bordered Window Shades and Fixtures, Drapery Materials of Damasks and Muslins, Feathers and Mattresses, Bought at Reduced Rates and will be sold very Cheap for Cash.

EDWARD H. BURGIN, FREE STREET CARPET WARE HOUSE Chambers No. 1 and 2 Free Street Block, OVER H. J. LIBBY & CO.'S, PORTLAND, ME. tf

Grass Seeds! J. & R. H. DAVIS offer for sale STATE OF MAINE CLOVER SEED, WESTERN HERDS GRASS, RED TOP

Bridgton Center, March 22, 1860.

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.

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 JOBING 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

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, \$1.25 Ladies' " " " Heel, 1 to 1.25 Ladies' Kid Peg Buskins, 85 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. tf 35

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. KEROSENE OIL, Lamps, Wicks, and Chimneys, for sale by DIXEY STONE & SON. 50

HAIR DRESSING AND Shaving Room. H. W. LEWIS.

HAS opened a Shaving Room under the Odd Fellows' Hall, BRIDGTON CENTER, where he will attend to barbering in all its branches—as Shaving, Hair-Cutting, and Hair-dyeing. Particular pains taken in Cutting Ladies' and Children's hair. Razors also Honed and put in order. Bridgton Center, Nov. 19, 1859.

Pondicherry House. THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public that he is ready to entertain at the above House, travellers in a good and substantial manner, and for a reasonable compensation. The Pondicherry House is kept on strictly temperance principles and travellers will find it a quiet resting place. My House is also fitted up for boarding, and all who see fit to take board with me, will find a comfortable home.

I have also, good stabling for Horses. MARSHAL BAGON. Bridgton Center, Nov. 19, 1858. 2tf

NEW VOLUMES Of the Four Reviews & Blackwood COMMENCE JANUARY, 1860.

TERMS, Per ann. For any one of the four Reviews, \$3 00 For any two of the four Reviews, 5 00 For any three of the four Reviews, 7 00 For all four of the Reviews, 8 00 For Blackwood's Magazine, 3 00 For Blackwood and one Review, 5 00 For Blackwood and two Reviews, 7 00 For Blackwood and three Reviews, 9 00 For Blackwood and the four Reviews, 10 00

Money current in the State where issued will be received at par. CLUBBING: A discount of twenty-five per cent. from the above price will be allowed to CLUBS ordering four or more copies of any one or more of the above works. Thus: Four copies of Blackwood, or of one Review, will be sent to an address for \$9; four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for \$30; and so on.

Remittances should always be addressed to the Publishers, LEONARD SCOTT & CO., No. 54 Gold Street, New York. 17

ARTISTS SUPPLY STORE No. 69 Exchange Street, Portland, Me., R. J. D. LARRABEE Wholesale and Retail Dealer in FRENCH, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ENGRAVINGS, PICTURE FRAMES, LOOKING GLASSES, GILT AND ROSEWOOD FRAMES,

of all sizes, both oval and square, always on hand, and made to order. Pictures 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 1y2

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

A. & R. H. DAVIS Would call the attention of purchasers to THEIR LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF Fall and Winter GOODS!

Comprising all the varieties of Ladies Dress Goods FOR THE SEASON. —Consisting in part of—

Thibet, Lyonese, Alpaccas, De Laines, Cotton and all Wool Plaids, Cotton and all Wool Ladies' and Childrens' SHAWLS,

Gents Mullers, Beavers, BROADCLOTHS; Plain and Fancy Doeskins, Cassimeres, Satinets,

BOOTS, SHOES, GLOVES AND HOSIERY, DOMESTIC GOODS;

GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS—Paints, Oils, Varnishes, and Hard-Ware; CROCKERY

—and— GLASS-WARE. Kerosene Lamps, Chimneys, Shades & Wicks. Also, KEROSENE OIL.

Iron, Steel, Grindstones and Fixtures. We are prepared to offer to the public in quality and price to suit. CASH AND PRODUCE taken as usual in exchange for Goods. 51 tf A. & R. H. DAVIS.

CHAS. J. WALKER & CO. Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in BOOTS, SHOES, AND RUBBERS,

SOLE LEATHER, WAX LEATHER, FRENCH AND AMERICAN GOLF 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, EDWARD LIBBY. 6m15

LARGE STOCK OF NEW FALL GOODS! The best assortment of Goods, consisting of all Wool De Laines, and the best Winter English Merinoes, Plaids, and

LUTHER BILLINGS, MAY BE FOUND AT

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

In a word, every conceivable article used in making up LADIES APPAREL, Gentleman can be accommodated with the best of CALF BOOTS!

CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES —AND WITH— Ready-Made Clothing, HATS & CAPS!

In the tip of fashion. It is useless, perhaps to make a minute specification of what can be had at my Store. I shall keep on hand the best of GROCERIES, BLACK AND GREEN TEAS, FLOUR AND FISH,

CROCKERY, WOODEN WARE, NAILS, AND WINDOW GLASS, Lamp Oil, Fluid & Camphene, Paints, and Oils, Leads, Varnish, Japan & Spirits.

NEATS FOOT OIL BOYS' GUNS. DAY & MARTIN'S BLACKING. GERMAN COLOGNE!

In a word, everything within the circle of real or imaginary wants of things purchasable. Bridgton Center, Oct. 20, 1859.

Lamps! Lamps! KEROSENE Lamps of all sizes and qualities, and Kerosene Oil for the same, for sale by L. BILLINGS. 47

BILL HEADS! YOU can have Bill Heads Printed and Ruled at the Bridgton Reporter Office. HAVE YOU GOT A BAD COUGH? IF SO, you had better buy a Box of BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, they will give you instant relief. For sale by HAYDEN S. 17

DUCK WHEAT AND FLOUR. A fresh lot just received by HANSON & HILTON. 19

