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Bridgton Reporter.

VOL. II.

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

Written for the Reporter.
**NED GRAYSON;
OR THE RECLAIMED.**

BY ADDIE AND SOPHIE.

CHAPTER I.
In a fashionable part of the city of New
Orleans, stood a princely mansion. Every-
thing connected with the establishment, in-
dicated the wealth of the owner. In one of
the luxuriant parlors, carelessly reclining
upon an elegant sofa, was Edward, or Ned
Grayson, as he is more frequently called by
his most intimate friends. The book, which
but a little while before, he had been atten-
tively perusing, had now fallen listlessly
from his hand, and he gazed dreamily up-
on the face of his young wife, as, seated at
the piano, her sweet voice floated through the
apartment, blending with the rich tones of
the instrument.

But a few short months before, he had
borne her from her Northern home, and
from the parental roof, where she had filled
with sunlight and happiness, the hearts
of those around her. Although gentle, yet
she possessed great firmness of character,
which exerted much influence over her im-
pulsive husband. He was of a genial tem-
perament, yet possessed all the impetuosity
which is characteristic of the southerner.

As the song died away, ere she had risen
from the piano, the door opened, and Arthur
Tracy entered; a young man, who, though
they had met but a few times before, had
by his skillful address, pleased the fancy of
Grayson.

He met with a kindly reception; and af-
ter conversing a while with that ease and
fluency that characterized a person accus-
tomed to fashionable society, he rose to de-
part, and proposed a short stroll to Gray-
son; who, pleased to enjoy the refreshing
breeze of evening, after the intense heat of
the day, gladly accepted. Turning to his
wife and saying "I shall not leave you long,
Minnie," they passed out.

After strolling about through the pleas-
ant streets for a short time, chatting gayly
the while, they met two young men, whom
Tracy introduced as his friends.

They proposed that, as they were on their
way to Weymouth's, Tracy and Grayson should
join them; which proposal was thoughtlessly
accepted.

They entered the saloon, seated themselves
at a table, and called for refreshments.
All except Grayson seemed inclined to tar-
ry long at the wine; but he remembering
his promise to his wife spoke of return-
ing; but all exclaimed "Why leave us so
soon? Do you fear a reproof from your
wife? Well, if you must go, let us drink
one glass to the health of the company
ere we separate."

After a little urging, he unsuspectingly
yielded, little thinking that by this one
glass, he would lose all self-control. Then
causing the refreshments to be removed, they
called for cards, which, being brought, it is
now no longer necessary to urge him to play;
but excited, he joins in the game, forgetting
that Minnie is anxiously waiting his return.

Not wishing to detain him so long as to
awaken the suspicions of his wife, after
making an appointment with him for another
evening, they propose returning.

The walk home in the cool night air,
calmed his excitement so that when he en-
tered the parlor, Minnie saw nothing un-
usual in his appearance. She rose to meet
him, saying, "I am glad you have come. I
have been waiting for you so long. I al-
most feared some accident had happened to
you."

"Is it then so late?" said he. "I did not
think to leave you so long, but I met some
friends on the street, who invited me to go
to Weymouth's; and in conversing with them,
time passed more rapidly than I was aware.
I must not leave you again, for so long a
time, since you are so lonely in my absence."

When then this promise was made, he in-
tended that it should be fulfilled; but the
engagement which he had just made, must
be met; and he firmly resolved that it should
be the last.

This met, another made and fulfilled, and
he had created such a taste for excitement,
that he was no longer able to resist. Many
times he promised his wife that this should
be the last; but as many times he yielded.
His companions had him now, completely
in their power. They knew he possessed
great wealth, and they determined to make
it their own. And well did they play their
part. He was a gambler! He would not
confess it to himself; he did not think this
to be the case. It was only an innocent
amusement in which he indulged; he would
not carry it too far; surely, he could stop
when he chose.

Minnie little thought how deeply involved
her husband had really become. She only
knew that he preferred the company of those
young men to her own; that home had lost
its attractions for him. It was indeed, a
bitter thought that the heart of her hus-
band should be thus estranged from her.—
She thought of every act and word of her
own, but remembered nothing that could
have offended him. Many a night she waited
and watched for him, till the morning light
began to dawn. When he came, his step
was hurried, his cheek flushed, and his whole
appearance that of a man laboring under
great excitement. He had continually some
petty excuse, and a promise of amendment,
which was ever a promise.

CHAPTER II.
One night entering his house as the hands
of the old clock in the niche pointed to the
hour of twelve, and noiselessly opening his
parlor door, the first object upon which his
eye rested was his wife, who wearied with
weeping and watching, was sleeping, half
buried among the cushions of the sofa where
we first found Grayson. Her face had now
lost its joyous expression of former days,
and upon her pale countenance rested a
troubled and careworn look. This Grayson
now noticed for the first time, and it pierced
him to the heart.

Not caring to awaken her, and dreading
to make known the bitter change, he re-
cklessly threw himself upon an ottoman near-
by, and gave himself up to the bitter thoughts
with which his mind was filled. By his
mad folly of the past few months, he had
not only destroyed her peace of mind, but
within the last few hours had reduced her
from wealth and luxury, to poverty and toil.

Yes, he was ruined! His artful compan-
ions had now accomplished their merciless
plot. He remained for some moments plung-
ed in agonizing thought.

At last, Minnie was suddenly startled
from her sleep by a deep drawn sigh, which
had escaped him unawares. Gazing wildly
around, she cries. "Do I still dream? Is
this you Ned, and why this sorrow?" It is
indeed, he replied, yet how tell the cause
of my grief to one so good and pure; who
has so faithfully warned me of my danger,
so earnestly entreated me to pause in my
reckless course, ere it should be too late?"

"Conceal nothing from me Ned, I am pre-
pared for the worst." Since you wish it, then
it must be told. It is not for myself that I
grieve, for I have deserved it all! My tears
flow only at the thought of the misery I
have brought upon you. How many hours
of pain and sorrow have I caused you! but
now, how is that misery increased! How
dark the future! All is lost! Madly at the
gaming table, have I this night staked
all! Tracy, who I thought my friend, has
proved my ruin. Gradually leading me on,
he has reduced me to beggary. His aim ac-
complished, he now scorns me. We can ex-
pect no pity from him. To-morrow we are
homeless, and where seek shelter? How
will you, reared in influence, be able to sus-
tain this change?"

"And is this all?" I had not expected so
favorable a termination! Grieve not for
me! Gladly would I endure poverty, cheer-
fully would I labor, could I again restore
you to the paths of innocence and virtue.—
Let us leave the scene of your ruin, and
seek some quiet retreat."

On the following day, their stately man-
sion passed into the hands of strangers.—
Minnie left her home without a sigh. Gray-
son encouraged by the cheerfulness and firm-
ness displayed by his wife, seemed inspired
with new energy. He obtained a humble
cottage in the country, far from his former
home. It was a lovely spot, which the
skillful hands of Minnie rendered still more
charming. Flowers of every hue were bloom-
ing about the door, tastefully arranged, and
carefully attended. Wide spreading trees
shaded the cottage from the burning rays
of the noon-day sun. There, busily employ-
ed, Grayson forgot the past with all its bit-
ter memories. The pale and care-worn look
had vanished from Minnie's brow. They
were happy now, and in their hearts there
remained no desire for their former life.

BRIDGTON ACADEMY.

A truthful grateful heart may not be able
to tell its gratitude, but it can feel, and love
and act.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

I am sure if I had known that uncle in-
tended to buy a haunted house I never would
have promised to be his housekeeper. Not
that I believe in such things, you know; but
somehow, there is something terrible in the
very idea of a disembodied spirit, and I can-
not understand how any one of uncle's sense
could purchase a dwelling which had such a
reputation. People, whose veracity you
could not doubt, had known other people,
who were church members, who had known
other people, who belonged to the first fam-
ilies who had seen, with their own eyes, the
spirit of the last owner of the property, who
had shot himself, walking through the empty
house and looking out of the windows. Oh,
goodness gracious! I shudder as I write it.
Of course they must have been mistaken;
but, still, I would not have moved into that
house for any earthly consideration.

My name is Beulah Laurence, and I am
at this moment just seventeen years old.—
A year ago I finished off at the — Semina-
ry, and went home for good. I had four
flower pieces framed, could play twelve waltzes
and four polkas, sing two Italian songs,
and talk French—to the French master. I
could make shell-work, and had embroidered
an ottoman-cover and a bead carl-basket: so
you see, my time had not been wasted. And
—well, please don't tell any one—I think I
was pretty. The music-master told me so
when he proposed to me. Of course I would
not have him—I could not bear him; but,
then, he must have thought I was good-look-
ing, or he would not have told me so, you
know. Poor fellow! he said he would shoot
himself if I did not say yes, but he didn't;
he eloped the next week with another school-
ar, whose father was very wealthy. She
was a very ugly girl, and of a very disagree-
able disposition. I hope I did not drive him
to it by my refusal. Dear me where am I
wandering to? I must come back to the
point at once.

When I left school and went home, the
first news which greeted me was that Uncle
Richard—who had been travelling every-
where ever since I could remember—had
come home, and was about to purchase a
house in New York, and settle down quietly
for the remainder of his days.

This surprised me; but, dear me, when
ma told me that he insisted that I should
live with him, and be his housekeeper, I was
perfectly astonished. I keep house, and for
such a particular man as uncle! I was sure
I could never undertake such a task. How-
ever, ma coaxed me into it—first, by explain-
ing to me how much easier it was to give
orders than to execute them, and then by
exciting my sympathy for uncle, who had
no wife or daughter, or any one but me to
live with him, and make his home pleasant.
So, after all, I agreed to the proposition, and
really felt quite noble and magnanimous.

"Poor uncle! I will sing those pieces from
"Norma" to him," I said to myself; "and I'll
make all sorts of quilt-paper baskets for his
centre-table, and embroider his name on all
his pocket-handkerchiefs. I will do every-
thing to make his life happy, as sure as my
name is Beulah Laurence."

While I was thinking thus, uncle arrived.
I had not seen him for years, and was not
prepared to find him such an old, stern-look-
ing man. I began to think that he would
scarcely care to have his name embroidered
on his handkerchiefs, or to look at the gilt-
paper baskets, or to hear the pieces from
"Norma"; and I knew that if he wanted me
to read to him it would be from some heavy,
tedious work—history, perhaps—and not
one of the dear, delicious novels which I had
so often smuggled under my pillow, and read
all night, at Madame B.'s school. Still, he
was very kind, and took my hand so softly,
and called me his little housekeeper in so
gentle a tone, that he quite won my heart;
and I was sure, as I looked into his strange
solemn eyes, that his history had been a ro-
mantic one, and that in his heart were gar-
nered up memories more thrilling than even
the entrancing pages of Bulwer or Dumas.

I had become very quiet and happy, when
suddenly, without preface, Uncle Richard
said:
"You will not be afraid to live in a haun-
ted house, will you, Beulah?"

"A haunted house?" I said, inquiringly.
"Yes a haunted house," laughed uncle.—
Ours has that reputation, you must know."
And then he told us the whole story of the
former owner, and repeated his question.
Of course I laughed, and said that I should
like to see an apparition; but, between you
and I, I was afraid that I should feel lone-
some at night, no one near me but the black
girl, Cissy, who was going with me from
home. Not, as I said before, that I believed
such stories; but the blood does curdle, some-
times, against our will, and I defy the strong-
est mind in the universe to assert that it has
never succumbed to a momentary feeling of
superstition.

"Of all things," I said to ma, "don't tell
Cissy that you have heard any strange stories
about the house, or she will never go with
me, and what should I do without her?"
Ma promised secrecy, and all the while
that we were packing up I am sure I never
let one word fall from my lips upon the sub-
ject; yet somehow, Cissy did discover just
what we wanted to hide from her, and came
to me the night before we were to start, with
the whites of her eyes displayed in the most
awful manner, to ask if she was to sleep alone
—for, if she did, she was sure she should die
of fright. I told her that she was to occupy
an apartment opening out of mine, and that
if the spirit came into her room it would
have to go through mine first. And you can-
not imagine how much good it did me to laugh
at her folly. I became very sceptical and
sensible, and felt exceedingly conscious of
my superior wisdom.

When we started in the carriage for our
new house, I am sure I felt twenty years old
at the very least.

The bustle of arrangement and prepara-
tion drove all thoughts of supernatural from
my mind for several days. And the presence
of a stout and exceedingly material Irish
girl in the kitchen dispelled the greater part
of Cissy's fears. We ate and slept without
nocturnal visitation, and, in fact, soon almost
forgot the ancient reputation of the haunted
house.

A month had passed, quietly and peace-
fully. I had striven to do my duty, and at
least succeeded in pleasing uncle. Above
all, I felt something within me, now that the
smothering atmosphere of a boarding-school
was no longer about me, which told me that
I was intended for something more than a
mere doll; and though yet very vain and
foolish, on the whole I believe I had improv-
ed.

I was thinking something like this, one
night, as, rocking myself backward and for-
ward in my little chair, I waited in my sleep-
ing apartment for Cissy, who always came
to brush out my hair before I retired, when
suddenly the whole house resounded with a
series of the most terrible screams which
I have ever heard to issue from human throats.
I started to my feet in horror, and rushed
to the door. On the stairs I met uncle, wrap-
ped in his dressing-gown, hurrying kitchen-
ward, and without a word I followed him
in the full expectation of finding either Cissy
or Bridget weltering in her blood.

Cissy, indeed, was lying upon the floor,
under the dresser, still making night hideous
with her screams, but she did not appear to
be injured in any serious manner, for she
scrambled up the moment she saw us, and
plunged down upon her knees before uncle.
"What is the matter, Cissy?" I said; "we
all thought you were being murdered."

"So I was with fright," answered Cissy.—
"Oh, massa!—oh, miss! I've seen him—
standing just where you do—looking straight
at me with that horrid ghastly face of his.
Just as true as I live, miss. Wish I may
die if it ain't true!"

"Whom have you seen, Cissy?" said uncle
coolly.
"The ghost!" said Cissy, with another howl.
"Him that shot himself in this very kitchen."
"Bah!" said uncle, turning on his heel,
"ghosts never revisit kitchens, child; they
confine themselves to churches and church-
yards. You must have been dreaming."

"I was just as wide awake as I am now—
'pon my word, massa," replied the girl; and
he walked in from that door, just as if he
was alive!"

In a white sheet, with fiery mouth and
eyes, I suppose?" said uncle.
"No, sir, he had a brown coat and blue
trousers," answered Cissy—just like the man
that shot himself."

"Brown coat and blue trousers. I must
see to this apparition," said uncle; "he is alto-
gether too substantial." And, taking the
candle, he went to the doors and windows to
examine them; but everything was secure,
and no trace of human presence was visible
in dining-room or parlors. From room to
room we wandered, looking behind doors and
under tables, and, coming at last to Biddy's
room we knocked at the door.

Biddy announced from within, in a sleepy
voice, that her door was fastened, and that
she had heard no noise. Satisfied with the
answer, uncle returned to his own apartment
and Cissy and I locked ourselves into mine.

Poor child, what a time I had with her! I
was delighted when she fell asleep, at last
with her head wrapped up in the coverlid
of her little bed. I hoped that daylight
would convince Cissy that she had really
seen nothing, but she was only more resolute
in her assertion of the fact, and insisted upon
it that she would die within the year, for
that every one who saw a spirit always died.
In fact, her terror was so great that I was
obliged to send her home to ma, and hire a
young Scotch girl in her place.

Katharine, for such was her name, was a
smart, sensible, and pious girl, and I had no
fear on the score of her terror of the super-
natural. I know that no story would have
much influence upon her, and that she was

gifted with a good digestion and the power
of sleeping soundly. Consequently, I was
considerably startled when one evening, she
entered the parlor very suddenly, and asked
me to step out into the hall with her.

"I beg pardon, miss," she said, when we
were alone: "but is there any gentlemen
about the house besides the master?"
"No! why do you ask, Katharine?" I said.
"Because I met some one on the stairs, just
now," replied the girl; "and the way he passed
me, like a thief or a spirit, scared me."
"Where did he go?" I enquired. "Every
door in the house was fastened at seven
o'clock, to my certain knowledge."

"He went straight into the kitchen, miss,
said Katharine, with a strange shudder, and
a glance over her shoulder. "And—oh, miss!
I know it is foolish, but he look like some-
thing wrong. He might have been a wraith,
he went so softly."

I declare, when she said that, I did feel
nervous. However, I did not let her see
how I felt.

"Come let us go to the kitchen," I said. "If
any one went through the door, he must be
there."

As I spoke, I ran down the stairs, and
Katharine followed me. Biddy was in the
kitchen, stoning raisins for a cake, and
no one else was visible. The outer door (I
looked at that immediately) was locked and
barred, and so was the door leading to the
cellar.

"Who was that in the kitchen, just now,
Bridget?" I asked.

"Only myself, miss," answered Biddy. "No
one could come in without my seeing 'em."

I looked at Katharine, and Katharine
looked at me.

"I saw some one come through the door,"
said Katharine.

"A man?" inquired Bridget.

"Yes, a tall man," answered Katharine.

"In a brown coat?" again asked Bridget.

"I believe so," stammered Katharine.

"I've seen him myself," said Bridget, go-
ing on with the raisins; "and so did the
black girl, and so will every one who ever
lives in this house. He can't rest quiet,
poor soul!"

I gave one little scream—I could not help
it; and Katharine fell into a chair, and
looked as though she were about to faint.

"My grandfather used to see 'em," she
said. "But, oh! it's terrible!"

"Nonsense," I interposed. "I believe you
are all bereft of your senses. I am per-
fectly ashamed of you, I declare I am." And
with these words, I left the kitchen, and
went to uncle who was in the parlor, to tell
him what Katharine had said. Once more
the house was searched from garret to cell-
ar, and once more no aperture could be
discovered by which mortal man could make
entrance or exit. Uncle laughed, and I—
well, no matter what my thoughts were;
they were too foolish to record.

Again the alarm died away; nothing
more was heard of the mysterious figure,
and the daily routine of domestic life was
undisturbed by his unwelcome visitations.—
Katharine began to assert that she did not
believe in her own vision, and I had grown
as sceptical as Uncle Richard. One day, a
friend of Uncle Richard's—a captain in the
army—came to dine with us, and, the day
proving stormy, agreed to stay over night.
While I was giving Katharine the clean
linen for the spare bed-room, I said to her
with a laugh: "I hope, Katharine, that Cap-
tain T. will not be visited by our appa-
rition, to-night; that spectral brown coat
might disturb his slumbers." Katharine
made no answer, but looked at me implor-
ingly, as though she would have asked me
to say no more upon the subject; and I left
her in a few moments, thinking to myself
that if Captain T. should chance to see or
hear anything mysterious, I should begin to
place some confidence in the visions of Cissy
and Katharine.

It was midnight, and as I lay awake,
looking at the moon, which glittered through
the window upon my pillow, and kept me
from sleeping, Katharine was snoring loud-
ly in Cissy's little room, and the clock tick-
ed away upon the mantle, as though it
wished to keep me from being lonely. Above
the noise of its metallic tongue I soon began
to hear tread of unshod feet without my
door. Pat, pat, pat they went upon the oil-
cloth with a spectral sound. In another
moment, Captain T.'s voice resounded through
the house, crying: "Thieves! thieves! thieves!"

I heard my uncle's voice and step, and
hastily dressed myself. I had no dread of
thieves or housebreakers. I knew—how, I
cannot tell—that Captain T. had seen the
vision which had twice before alarmed the
inhabitants of that house.

Sure enough, when I reached the entry,
Uncle Richard was standing beside the cap-
tain, with a bewildered look upon his face,
which I could easily account for, while the
captain protested that a man in a brown
coat had passed him, and ascended to the
attic.

"But we have looked everywhere, said un-

cle. There is no hiding-place upon the
floor, and Bridget's room was locked upon
the inside."

"But I tell you I am not mad," replied the
captain. "I saw him plainly. The stealthy
patter of his footsteps caused me to look out
into the passage, and he had just reached
the top of the attic stairs. He wore a brown
coat, blue trousers, and had a knife in his
hand."

"But where is he?" said Uncle Richard.
"Hiding, somewhere, of course," replied
the captain.

"We have looked everywhere," said Uncle.
"Or he has jumped from some window, or
made his escape by some door," insisted the
captain.

"Doors and windows are all fastened on
the inside," said Uncle Richard.

The captain turned on his heel, and lock-
ed himself in his room, and I stole back to
mine; feeling, I must confess it, utterly
horried, and convinced of the truth of all
the stories I had heard about that haunted
house. The subject was discussed over the
breakfast table: even uncle acknowledged
that there was something mysterious in the
third appearance of this apparition, and
thought Cissy, Katharine, and the captain
must all have had the nightmare. Why the
nightmare should each time have worn a
brown coat and blue trousers was unaccount-
able.

Uncle Richard sent for a locksmith next
day, and had thief-proof locks added to all
the principal doors. At which precaution
Bridget shook her head wisely, and remark-
ed, that "the poor soul would walk in spite
of them."

Again the alarm subsided. My seven-
teenth birthday had arrived, and I was to
have a party of young friends on that oc-
casion. My new dress and the many pre-
parations occupied my thoughts, and those
of Katharine and Bridget, and we had no
time to spend on visions. I stood, on that
evening, within my room, the last curl ad-
justed, the last clasp fastened, looking ad-
miringly at a bouquet of exotics, and felt
no more fear of any spectre than I did of
the unknown.

On the landing of the lower flight stands
an old-fashioned clock, reaching nearly to
the ceiling, and containing a long looking-
glass. As I passed this I chanced to catch
a glimpse of my own form, and paused to
take a peep. The light came up from the
hall below, but the gas had not been turn-
ed on in the upper entry; there all was
dark and shadowy, and there I saw reflect-
ed in the mirror a man's form, dimly vi-
sible, standing at the door of my own room.
I did not faint or scream, but I turned as I
did so. The vision seemed to move toward
the upper stairs. Impelled by a feeling I
can never account for, I followed, gliding af-
ter it toward the attic. At the head of the
stairs it stopped again. I stopped before it.

"Why do you come here? What are you?
Do you come to warn or to alarm us?" I
said, wondering all the while at my own
boldness. Do you stand before me now, on
my birth-night, when I have the flowers he
gave me in my hand, and am dreaming of
long life and happiness, to tell me of sor-
row or death? Speak!"

The vision was silent, but it was there
still. I put out my hand and touched it.—
The touch restored me to my senses. This
was no spectre, or, at least, it had a bodily
form and substantial coat-tails. These last
I seized, screaming for help as I did so, and
holding them by main force. In a moment
lights and footstep approached, and Uncle
Richard's strong arms pinioned the spectre
to the wall. It was tall and stout, and had
on a brown coat and blue continuations.

"So, we have caught you at last," said uncle
"now give an account of yourself, or I shall
have you taken into custody. What are you
doing here?"

"No harm, your honor. I'm the honestest
man in the world," whimpered he of the
brown coat. "I'm not the boy to stale a
ha'porth."

"But how do you happen to be here, then?"
said Uncle Richard. "This is a suspicious
position for an honest man."

"I came to see me wife," replied the spirit.

"Your wife?" said uncle.

"Yis, yer honor," sobbed Biddy, going down
upon her knees: "he's me lawful wedded hus-
band, and it's the truth he's spakin'; and if
folk would take him for a ghost, how could
he help their doin' of that same. Barrin a
bit of mate and bread, he's touched nothing
in it; and that and a cup of tay I gave him
meself."

"But why did not you tell me that you
were married, Biddy?" said uncle.

"I thought I'd lose me place, maybe," re-
plied Biddy; "and it takes more for two-ty

to live than one, so I couldn't afford it. And begging parties, I said, I don't want to be bed when the captain was away. And let him out of the door when Katherine caught sight of him; and when the singer got into account of him, he was just getting a bit of the crowd turned out by for him from dinner."

Uncle let go of the brown coat-collar, and pointed to the stairs. "You had better go down there as soon as possible," said he, "and, hark you, don't come up again, if you please. You can visit your wife in the kitchen when you like."

"Yes, yer honor. Thank ye," said Biddy's husband, beginning to descend.

"And—by the way, do you want work?" continued uncle.

"Yes, come, sir," replied Pat.

"Then come to me to-morrow, and I will see what I can find for you," continued Uncle Richard.

"Your honor is a rare gentleman," said Biddy. "He'll come in the morn, for certain."

The spectre took off its hat, made a bow, uttered words of Irish commendation and blessing, and vanished, while I retreated to my room to arrange my disordered toilette.

Biddy is still in our employ, and the spectre is engaged in the performance of what he calls odd jobs and errands."

The last owner, poor man! has never yet been seen within our walls; and the dwelling is rapidly losing the designation of The Haunted House.

The Reporter.

FRIDAY MORNING JUNE 22, 1860.

OUR AMUSEMENTS.

When the long summer-days come on, when the tide of business lulls away and leaves us little to think of but ourselves, our friends and our happiness, it naturally occurs to us all that we should be justified, perhaps called upon, to invent some means of guarding our health and spirits from the common and inevitable results of too close confinement within doors, and generally, to find some salutary and culminating occupation and pastime.

To do this, we who live in the country, need not take long and tedious journeys to the mountains and watering-places, we need not, ought not ape the fashions of city-life and indulge in the expense of protracted journeyings among hills and streams which can boast of no purer air nor sweeter influences than float round those we live amongst.

All around us, within our reach, are little worlds of social enjoyment, if our social qualities were what they should be. Is there one who would not join a picnic to some island in our own lake? Yes, because it is so common! That person, apparently does not remember that human lives are full of things much more common-place than a day's recreation in the field and grove.

The fact is that generally speaking, but few things are more common than these little social amusements, which may be more grateful and pleasing. But the simple reason why we do not enjoy ourselves as we might, is because if we attempt to plan a pleasure-party, there arise at once, about a dozen separate and distinct notions of "propriety," and at least three separate classes of individuals who are all very properly labelled "human," and between whom, a casual observer would see little cause of difference. Perhaps one person hardly dares go in a party, although fond of social life, because it's hardly a respectable company enough. We will tell you just the course to pursue. Go yourself and make it respectable. You are a very unreasonable person to suppose that the world was made for you; and you are very un-Christian to be content to let it wag on and you do nothing towards raising it to your standard. Such a course, too, is absolutely a wrong to yourself, as well as community. You are more securely surrounding yourself with selfishness which will sooner or later become an armor strong enough to resist the noblest and best influences of other minds and souls. We say here, as we have before, that our education has been wrong, if we really find differences in social life, which are the cause of our not mingling together. If we are differently constituted and educated, so much the more need of our finding some social level. It strengthens the bashful and retiring, and softens into quiet dignity what has often been called haughtiness. In our own community, we have the material for many a free and easy, and valuable social gathering—many rides and sails and picnics. Shall we enjoy any of these? Let none say that such amusements are not rational and dignified; for there's no such dignity as that of the truly social man.

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THE HAND-ORGAN.

Under our window now is an olive-complexioned, dreamy-eyed, free-soil Neapolitan, turning a crank with a listlessness that ill-becomes the precision of its motion, with a curious cast of features

"And a weary look of care."

and straightway there floats one of those melancholy airs which an Italian might sing over the grave of his country's long-buried liberties. A minute more and you hear how a swain, whose lot is cast upon the ocean, sings:

"Fare-ye-well, my own Mary-Ann, Fare-ye-well, for awhile; For the ship is ready and the wind is fair, And I am off for the sea Mary-Ann."

Another turn of a mysterious "collateral security," and there's another flow of melody, to our ears familiar as household words. We do not know it's history, but we love it; for it was one of the first we learned in childhood. Now comes a regular current of electricity in the shape of "Fisher's Morn-pipe,"—"Down the outside and back—cast off—swing six—down the center and back—right and left, four." How come on the memories of the village fiddler in that kitchen "long and low," where twenty pairs of thick boots swung fearfully amongst "eight-cent calico," and where the old clock in the corner was often stopped by the "irrepressible conflict" might go on. And then the refreshments!—dough-nuts, (nut-cakes) pumpkin-pie, cut into pyramid shaped pieces and passed round by some "angel of the household" who stood five feet, four, in—somebody's estimation!

"Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine, Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine!"

And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express, Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less!"

Once more is a "thumping process" and "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning" comes rattling forth. It is ended now. Our olive-colored friend is "played out!"

On the platform opposite, he has filled his pipe from Luther's cheap tobacco, and as the smoke goes upward, perhaps he sees in its varying hues some likeness to the vapory clouds of his own sunny clime!

The Circus is coming Friday June 29th, being a combined entertainment of Menagerie and Circus. It will bring out a crowd, for the reason—if none other—that we have had no such entertainment here for a number of years. The circus is the most democratic institution in the country. It costs all alike, and there is no favoritism in it. The ragged boy who gets his "quarter" by selling molasses candy in the crowd, gets just as good a seat as he who comes in a carriage. There is no division of the audience according to caste. There is no drawn line, where a man of one class meets the poor and rich. We go in for the circus. Everything may not be just as it should be perhaps, and yet a good circus (and we are assured this one is such) is a valuable entertainment, and one which is not half so full of mischievous tendencies as many other places of popular amusement. We do not look upon such a show as a thing at war with morals. We do not believe in that morbid fear and sensitiveness which always shut a certain class out. We cannot believe that it is essentially opposed to a rational enjoyment of life, and we are quite sure that a large part of the programme is at once pleasing and instructive.

From the Home Journal we clip the following gem of poetry. It is rarely beautiful.

Waiting for health and strength— Counting each flickering pulse and passing hour, And sighing when my weary frame at length Sinks like a drooping flower.

Waiting for rest and peace, Rest from life's perplexing woe: Peace from the doubts that couch like hidden foes, And glare at me aloof.

Waiting for absent eyes, Brighter than sunrise to the lonesome sea, Lovely as life to youth's expectant gaze, And dear as heaven to me.

Thou who didst watch and pray, Quickened the pulse, bid doubt and weeping cease, Or, if these must abide, still let me cry, Bring back the loved to me!

Wrong Teachings. We always objected to the teachings of the Puritans so far as they affected the heart and the happiness of children. Even the catechism many of us can well remember, was a very dark and mysterious guide to the present or future happiness of children, who will always rely upon a literal version of what they read. The following incident will illustrate our meaning.

Child's Question. Mrs. F. D. Gage gives the following question, as propounded by a little daughter of a Puritan mother, who had been taught that Heaven would be one long Sabbath; and little girls who had played, and sung, and laughed, and danced on Sunday, would be sent to Hell: "Mamma, said this young child, if I am good when I go to Heaven, and learn my Sabbath-school lesson and don't play or make any noise for a good long while, don't you think God will let me go to Hell some afternoon, and have a good play?"

Last Friday we had the severest thunder storm of the season. The lightning was unusually powerful. We learn that hail fell in vast quantities in Sweden and that portion of this town known as the "Whitney neighborhood" doing great damage to glass, fruit-trees &c. We passed over the road which crosses part of the territory, the next day, and saw abundant evidences of its fury.

Where are you going Fourth of July?

He is richest who is contented.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Jacob D.—When you wait upon a lady to the table, you should take a seat with her, and always upon the right side.

Johnny.—Isaac V. Fowler married a Skillings.

Antiquary.—You are wrong. The saying, "Straws show which way the current runs," was first suggested when the Mississippi overran its banks and washed away some grain stacked in a field. It was a very happy and forcible remark.

Farmer.—The difference between Ivy or Mercury, and Sarsaparilla, may be easily told by tasting of the former; for there's some doubt about the poisonous quality of the latter. Beer made from the first, may be wholesome in a long-run, but it has an unpleasant way of taking the skin from the lips, and making swellings of doubtful benefit, about the eyes, at first.

Patient.—Don't believe all you hear about the bad effects of calomel and kindred drugs. They do not affect the teeth much, nor destroy all your blood. They merely rot your bones; but that is about the extent of damage they will do you.

Tourist.—You can see the Great Eastern by going to New York in about four years.—Gotham is getting desperate and no doubt will in due season, construct a horse railroad to bring her in on. We advise you to see her by all means, for the chances are that you will never look upon her like again.

Several letters must lie over to next week.

Frederick Bridges, a noted Phrenologist of England, gives the following chart of the head of Tom Sayers, the celebrated English Champion of the Prize Ring. As the whole Yankee nation has felt a deep interest in the qualities of this formidable "opposing force" to Yankee enterprise, we give it to our readers:

The excitement that Sayers has caused by his visit to this town shows that brute courage has a great number of admirers.—In a scientific point of view I felt anxious to see whether he came up to the true zoological rank of the professional fighting man. For many years I have made this class a special study, and I have invariably found that those who were the most noted for brute courage had a configuration of brain of a special type. Tom Sayers' development shows how faithful nature is to herself, not only in the formation of his brain but in that of his physical system. His temperament shows a close, compact, dense, tough, enduring, elastic organization; not ways bulky, but indicating that compactness and texture of muscle which so distinguish the fine compact muscle of the race-horse from that of the draught horse. Indeed, his physiological characteristics show mingled vivacity and capability for continued exertion. His complexion is very uncommon, except amongst the Gipsies—it is a kind of red-olive color. The expression of his features is lively, showing animal vivacity; the eye quick and keen, and the nose straight and well proportioned in his face. The formation of his head is strikingly marked. It is narrow in the regions of the reflective faculties and gradually grows wider backward to combativeness, and rose high in the region of firmness, self-esteem and love of approbation. Indeed, his very large combativeness, self-esteem, love of approbation and firmness, give place and bull-dog courage, and the ambition to the most distinguished in the display of those qualities.

The peculiar courage displayed by Sayers appears to be much admired by persons in all ranks of life, but a moments reflection will show that the courage he manifested in the late fight was nothing more than the same kind of pluck and courage which is displayed by the bull dog and game-cock.—There is nothing moral in it, because those qualities of mind that distinguish a human being from the brute are adverse to all such conflicts.

On our first page is the communication referred to last week, from the young lady-student of No. Bridgton Academy. It was written as a school exercise, only. As a grammatical composition, it is a commendable effort, and as a moral sentiment, is correct and elevating, although as a romance it is not of an exciting character. We are always glad to publish all such for the mutual advantage of all interested in them.—When the composition-writer can see his or her own efforts in print and compare them with contemporary matter, they can or ought to form pretty correct judgements of their value.

MAINE TEACHER. The July number commences the third year of this periodical.—It is now under the management of Edward P. Weston, Esq., Portland. Published by B. Thurston, at the low price of one dollar per year.

The new Portland Daily, the "Evening Courier" has come upon our list and is welcomed right heartily to a place on our table. It is neatly printed and ably conducted, and we hope it may be prospered.

The rain has come, and is now promising to the farmers a supply of moisture that will materially improve his prospects for the hay-crop.

Peterson's Magazine for July has arrived. This publication still retains its former popularity.

Arthur's Home Magazine has been received for July and fully sustains its reputation.

A new paper has come to our table called The World, printed in New York. It promises to be a valuable news-medium.

Persons should not write on the margin of newspapers, unless they expect to pay better postage on the same.

He is richest who is contented.

I WOULD NOT.

I would not kiss the sweetest lip Unless it kissed me on the forehead and the morning's dew, cold dew.

Not clasp a hand, though soft and warm, Unless it pressed mine own; I'd rather love the perfect form Carved out of Parian stone.

I would not worship eyes, though bright And beautiful they be, Unless they bend their living light On me—and only me.

I would not love a form that Heaven Itself had stamped divine, If I but dreamed his love was given To other hearts than mine.

It seems to us that that girl is mighty particular!

Not Kendall, the famous bugler, who has delighted millions of people with his music, now lies at the point of death with consumption, and his friends have arranged a grand concert for his benefit, to take place at the Tremont Temple, Boston, on the evening of the 26th inst.—[Exchange.]

The Gardiner Journal announced a few days since that he was to play at a cotillon party at Kennebec Hall, in that city.

Moral Fortune Telling. Despicable as the practice which goes by the name of fortune-telling is, we believe there is a kind of fortune-telling which is not only possible but easily practised upon correct principles. Thus, to begin with the young, when we see a child obedient to his or her parents or teachers, or any one else towards whom the subordinate relation has become necessary, we have no hesitation in predicting that good fortune will accompany such a child into early manhood or womanhood, and ensure a fair start in adult life. If the case be that of an honest, energetic young man, who has successfully advanced from the position of apprentice and journeyman into that of a master mechanic or boss, we can tell his fortune without much difficulty.—So with regard to those who have chosen a profession as the means of livelihood. Let us see how they do in their business. If they do this intelligently, industriously, and honestly at the start, they will be very apt to continue to do so, and success will be sure to continue in the long run. Unprincipled men, in the same line may get ahead of them at the beginning, but they will fare best in the end, and so illustrate the truth of the maxim, that honesty is the best policy. We will confess that we are no fortune teller, if it does not turn out.

A genuine Yankee boy is an institution the like of which the world, outside of Brother Jonathan's limits, cannot boast. John Stevens, a lad of thirteen years of age, is a specimen of such a "writer." Having been brutally whipped by his drunken father, in Worcester Mass., he obtained fifty cents from his mother, and resolved to join his sister, who lived in Rock county, Wisconsin. He started on his journey as only a Yankee boy would start—with half a dollar in his pocket, some fifteen hundred miles before him, and a brave heart under his vest. By riding on freight cars he reached Syracuse in due time, having spent twenty cents for provisions on the route. At Syracuse he obtained a situation as driver on the canal. At Rochester he got on the cars, where he soon managed to lose his hat—and ticket, of course—to receive a cap and check drawn to Buffalo, from the conductor, and at the latter place he took passage on board a boat bound to Chicago, acting as cabin-boy. At Milwaukee he inquired his way to the depot, and concluded to go to Janesville, where he arrived with five shillings in his pocket. After inquiry, not being able to find his sister, he wrote a notice to his whereabouts, and paid fifty cents for its insertion in a Janesville paper, and before sundown has \$1.24 in his pocket, which he had earned by manufacturing gum shellac cement. We incline to the opinion that Johnny Stevens will not only do to travel, but will, when he grows up, be competent to keep a hotel.—[Albany Argus.]

The Star Trade. Bullness reigns everywhere. Here in Lynn there is barely enough doing to call it business, and about the same condition of things exist in other places.—It is just now the dull season of a very dull year. The hopes of improvement which some so fondly anticipated from the "strike" have all been dashed, and the blow which was inflicted then has recoiled sadly upon labor itself. The prospect of anything like a fair trade until after election is very slim, and another winter must pass before we can reasonably expect a return of "good times." However, with the prospect of a full harvest, and fair returns to the husbandman, the real producer of wealth, there is every reason to be hopeful.—[Lynn Reporter.]

HOARD THE MINUTES. Try what you can make of the broken fragments of time.—Glean up its golden dust—those raspings and pairings of previous duration, those leavings of days and remnants of hours which so many sweep out into the waste of existence. Perhaps, if you are a miser of moments, if you be frugal and hoard up old minutes, and unexpected holidays, your careful gleanings may eke out a long and useful life, and you may die at last, richer in existence than multitudes whose time is all their own.

The late heavy rains, says the St. Croix Herald, have not only refreshed the parched earth, but the streams have been swollen sufficiently to forward log driving considerably. It is said that more acres have been put in crop in this neighborhood this year than for many years past, owing doubtless to the very dry and favorable weather.

Norcross & Co. have their annual drive of logs from the White Mountain section, floating in the Merrimack on their way to Lowell. The logs are now a little above Concord, N. H., and will be at Manchester in a few days. The amount of the logs is twelve million feet; 125 men are engaged in the drive.

Between Thursday noon and Saturday morning of last week, says the Farmington Chronicle, \$3,000 was paid over in this village and vicinity for Franklin County horses. The number sold and taken away was eighteen, averaging upwards of one hundred and sixty dollars for each horse.

According to the Mechanics Union, the mills now have plenty of water, and the late successive rains have enabled lumbermen to turn their logs out of many of the branches into the main river. The weather for the last week or two has been very favorable to agricultural interests as well as lumbermen.

STRANGE WOMEN WANTED. Mrs. Dr. Lydia Sayer Hasbrouck advertises as follows in her last Sibyl:—

Wanted.—An intended bride who is willing to begin house keeping in the same style in which her parents began.

Twenty fashionable young ladies who dare to be seen wielding the dusting brush or darning their brother's stockings, if a gentleman should happen to make an early morning call.

Ten independent young ladies of "good families," who dare to wear their last winter's bonnet to church on a fine Sunday.

Fourteen young ladies, "who are anybody" who dare to be seen in the street wearing shoes with soles thick enough to keep their feet warm.

Fifty young ladies of sufficient age "to go in company," who dare to confess they have made a loaf of bread or a putting.

ALL THE SERMONS OF THE WORLD IN TWENTY LINES. The following abridgement contains the pith and marrow, sum and substance, of a sermon which occupied an hour in delivery, and tells us all that any person can tell us—which by the way, is just nothing at all—about that "bourne from whence no traveler returns."

"Man is born to trouble."

The subject my hearers, is naturally divisible into four heads:

1. Man's entrance into the world; 2. His progress through the world; 3. His exit from the world. And 4. Practical reflections from what may be said.

First, then:

1. Man's ingress into life is naked and bare; 2. His progress through life is trouble and care; 3. His egress from it, none can tell where; 4. But doing well here we will be well there.

Now, on this subject, brethren dear, I could not tell more by preaching a year.

A WHITE NEGRO. At Lewisburg, Va., recently the town was thrown into some commotion by the arrival in its midst of two gentlemen in pursuit of a man, whom they had been informed had been living here for some four years, and had passed himself off as a white man, marrying a white woman, and now the father of two children. The man was found and claimed by the parties in pursuit, as a slave. He acknowledged the charge to be true, and was accordingly tied and taken away to one of the adjoining counties, from which it is said he made his escape. Well might his arrest created some excitement, for it is said that he has lived amongst the white people as a white citizen, eaten, slept, partaken of the hospitality extended to white men, and also deposited his vote at the ballot box time and again, and so far as the color of his skin was concerned we presume would hardly have been taken as one of the offscapings an advocate of amalgamation.

A letter from Buenos Ayres dated April, 10th, says—One of the most deplorable events that may occur in an ago, has just transpired in Patagonia. The Patagonian Missionary Society has taken one of the islands east of Terra del Fuego by a lease, and they occupy it as their capital while they endeavor to extend their influence gradually over the natives of Terra del Fuego and Patagonia.

A short time ago the mission ship Allen Gardner was on the coast and the catechist and Capt. Fell, who was a Baptist preacher, and six of the crew being on shore for service, were attacked by about 200 Indians, and all were cruelly killed with clubs and stones. The cook only escaped by being on board. This is the second fatal catastrophe to the society employed, as in 1851 Capt. Gardner and six others died of starvation near the same spot, as they were planting the mission.

THE MEANNESS OF SOME MEN. A woman in Detroit has brought an action

MISCELLANY.

A BACHELOR'S LEGACY.

Full forty years I've single dwelt,
And scarcely know a sorrow,
Fortune with me has kindly dealt,
And now I never borrow.
For gold nor silver do the realms, sir,
I've bank notes by the reams, sir,
Of mortgages I have a stack,
And drive a double team, sir,
I've lived a solitary life,
Along with my old valet
But now I mean to take a wife—
Some one down in the valley;
And so, as I no more shall need
My bachelor enjoyments,
I'll let my wild oats run to seed,
And follow grave employments.

To Pompey I bequeath my hat,
My stockings, boots and collars,
My boxing gloves, my ball and bat,
And fifty golden dollars.
To Mrs. Axy and all her tribe,
I leave my hen and chickens,
The kitchen stove—'tis somewhat worn—
The cupboard, with its pickings.

To Parson Wright, who never wrong
To man or beast intended,
I leave the burden of a song,
That never can be ended—
A grateful one of thanks and praise:
And eke some sermon musty,
Preached by my father in the days
When he was old and crusty.

To my good old friend the Doctor, who
Likes Timothy's direction—
A cask of brandy, marked old Q,"
I leave for his inspection;
One cask of sparkling Champagne wine,
A box of choice Havanas,
The table off of which I dine,
My work on "social manners."

I leave my various games of chance,
A cooking book by Soyer,
My slightly list of "wines of France,"
Unto our rising lawyer;
My patent corkscrew, too,
A jar of piccalilli,
My hatch-key, just as good as new,
But not my gentle Lilly.

To Fred, the rascal! I bequeath
My silver mug, and sundials,
My MS poems, styled "The Wreath,"
And half a dozen candles.
My story-books of fairy lore,
With cuts of dwarf and giant,
And portraits, too, of little Jack,
And others as defiant.

I leave to Paul my diamond ring,
And Lilly White to tend him,
Each evening must she play and sing,
And while I'm gone befriend him;
And oh! my friend of other days,
To you I do bequeath, sir,
That you will follow in my ways,
And find your woe or weal sir.

OLD MADS. Many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tells more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person, "she will certainly die an old maid." Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns, "she is cut out for an old maid." And if she is kind and humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of "old maid." In short we have always found that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity are the never-failing characteristics of "an old maid."

A minister's wife says—"The first time I took my oldest boy to church, when he was two years and a half old, I managed, with caresses, frowns and candy, to keep him very still till the sermon was half done. By this time his patience was exhausted, and he climbed to his feet, and stood on the seat looking at the preacher (his father) quite intently. Then, as if he had hit upon a certain relief for his troubles, he pulled me by the chin to attract my attention, and exclaimed in a distinct voice, 'Mamma, make papa say Amen!'

A few days since an attorney presented a bill of \$2.50 to a humerus chap for legal advice. The latter admitted the correctness of the bill, but pleaded a set-off. When asked what it was, he said the lawyer has given the advice while standing on a vacant lot of the client, and he charged \$2.75 for the use of the ground. The lawyer left, remarking that "language wouldn't do the subject justice."

In Dunkirk, the friends of a deceased aunt intended to have upon her tombstone, "Let her rest in peace," but space upon the stone gave out at the close of the word "her." The ready witted sculptor, however, inserted the initials, and now the dear old lady sleeps under the laconic but inelegant epitaph:—"Let her r. i. p."

FARM SCENERY AND BROOK. A Wisconsin paper, after describing a farm which the advertiser wants to sell, adds:—"The surrounding country is the most beautiful the God of nature ever made. The scenery is celestial—divine; also, two wagons to sell, and a yoke of steers."

"Oh, an what's yer honor goin' to give secin' as its myself that saved yer house?"
"How so, Pat?"
"And sure, when it cotched a fire, wasn't I the second that hollered first!"

The Boston Transcript says, that a young lady, after reading attentively the title of a novel called "The Last Man," exclaimed, "Bless me, if such a thing were ever to happen, what would become of the women?"—We think a more pertinent inquiry is, what would become of the poor "man?"

"Why does father call mother honey?" asked a boy of his elder brother. "Can't think, except it's 'cause she wears a large comb in her head."

When we inquired of a friend a few days since what business he now followed, replied, "Dentistry—the insertion of teeth in, roast beef and bread and butter!"

The Ellsworth American states that the first newspaper printed in Maine east of Portland, was the Castine.

CHAS. J. WALKER & CO.

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

BOOTS, SHOES,

AND

RUBBERS,

SOLE LEATHER,

WAX LEATHER,

FRENCH AND AMERICAN

CALF SKINS,

Linings, Bindings,

Kid and Goat Stock, Rubber,

Goring, Shoe Duck, Pegs,

Lasts, Shoe Nails, and

SHOE TOOLS

OF ALL KINDS,

No. 48 Union street,

PORTLAND, ME.

CHARLES J. WALKER,
EDMUND LIBBY.

Gml5

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 Shooks, in exchange for Groceries. Bridgton Center. 16tr

Take Them and Live.

NEGLECT THEM AND DIE.



HERRICK'S SUGAR COATED PILL,

AND KID STRENGTHENING PLASTER.

These unsurpassed remedies have, by the common consent of mankind, been placed at the head of all similar preparations.

Herrick's Vegetable Pills, in universal goodness, safety and certainty in the cure of the various diseases of man, excel all others, and their sale unquestionably is treble that of all other kinds.

In full doses they are active Cathartics, in smaller doses Tonic, and cleansing in all Bilious Complaints, Sick Headache, Liver Diseases, Kidney Derangements, Stomach Disorders, and Skin Affections, they cure as if by magic.

The Pills are purely vegetable, can be taken at any time by old or young, without change in employment or diet.

Mercury is a good medicine when properly used, but when compounded in a Pill for universal use it destroys, instead of benefiting the patient.

Herrick's Sugar Coated Pills have never been known to produce sore mouth and churning joints, as have some others.

Therefore, persons in want of a family Pill, pleasant to take, certain to cure, and used by millions, will certainly look for no other.

These Pills are covered with a coating of pure white sugar, no taste of medicine about them, but are as easily taken as bits of confectiary.

FAMILY BOXES, 25 CENTS, 5 BOXES, \$1.

Herrick's Kid Strengthening Plaster.

These renowned Plasters cure pains, weakness and distress in the back, sides & breast, in five hours.

Indeed, so certain are they to do this, that the Proprietor warrants them. Spread from resins, balsams and gums, or beautiful Kid leather, renders them peculiarly adapted to the wants of Females and others.

Each plaster will wear from one to four months, and in rheumatic complaints, sprains and bruises, frequently effect cures, while all other remedies fail.

Full directions will be found on the back of each box. Public officers, vocalists, ministers of the Gospel and others, will strengthen their lungs and improve their voices by wearing them on the breast.

PRICE 18 3/4 CENTS.

Dr. Castle's Magnolia Catarrh Snuff

Has obtained an enviable reputation in the cure of Catarrh, Loss of Voice, Deafness, Watery and Inflamed Eyes, and those distressing noises, resembling the whizzing of steam, distant waterfalls, etc., purely vegetable comes with full directions, & delights all that use it, as a sneezing snuff it cannot be equalled.

BOXES 25 CENTS.

HARVEL'S CONDITION POWDERS.

These old established Powders, so well known at the Long Island Race Course, N. Y., and sold in immense quantities through seven States, continue to excel all other kinds in diseases of Horses and Cattle, their excellence is acknowledged everywhere.

They contain nothing injurious, the animal can be worked while feeding them; ample directions go with each package, and good horsemen are invited to test their virtues and judge of their goodness.

LARGE PACKAGE, 25 CENTS.

The above articles are sold by 27,000 agents throughout the United States Canada and South America, at wholesale by all large Druggists in the principal cities.

HERRICK & BRO.

Practical Chemists Albany, N. Y.

Sold in Bridgton by S. M. Hayden. 1y42

NEW Lot of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers

for sale by DIXEY STONE & SON.

FLOOR! Choice brands selling low at 29

BUCK WHEAT AND FLOUR. A fresh lot just received by

HANSON & HILTON.

ORANGES AND LEMONS! A splendid lot just received at BALL'S.

PROGRAMMES AND TICKETS.

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

WATCH SPRING SKELETON SKIRTS

FOR ONE DOLLAR, at BILLINGS.

TOWN AND SCHOOL REPORTS.

PRINTED on new and beautiful type, and promptly delivered to order, at as low rates as will afford a living profit.

8 H. NOYE.

BOOTS & SHOES.

THE subscriber hereby gives notice that he continues to manufacture Boots & Shoes of every description, at his old stand at North Bridgton, where may be found a general assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.

He also has the right, and manufactures MITCHELL'S PATENT

Metallic Tip Boots and Shoes,

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

Orders filled with as much dispatch as the nature of the business will admit.

JAMES WEBB.

No. Bridgton, Nov. 10, 1868. tr

ADAMS & WALKER,

Manufacturers, Wholesale & Retail dealers in

FURNITURE,

of all descriptions.

LOOKING GLASSES, FEATHER BEDS,

Mattresses, Carpetings and

PAPER HANGINGS.

ALSO, DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,

CROCKERY, GLASS WARE, GROCERIES

West India Goods, &c.

PAINTS AND OIL.

J. R. ADAMS, 1 BRIDGTON CENTER.

C. B. WALKER,

RUFUS GIBBS,

Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of

BED BLANKETS

—AND—

FLANNELS,

SUCH AS

12, 11 & 10-4 Extra Superfine WINNEY BLANKETS;

12, 11 & 10-4 Extra Winney BLANKETS;

12, 11 & 10-4 Winney " "

12, 11, 10 & 9-4 Swiss Blankets.

CRIB AND BERTH BLANKETS.

4-4 SHAKER AND DOME FLANNELS.

Horse Blankets

—AND—

YANKEE BROADCLOTH.

Also, dealer in

Dry Goods,

WEST INDIA GOODS.

—AND—

GROCERIES.

of every description

All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted in exchange for Goods.

CHAS. E. GIBBS, Agent.

Bridgton, Dec. 10, 1868. 115

E. T. STUART,

MERCHANT TAILOR

RESPECTFULLY calls the attention of the public to his choice stock of

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Fancy

Doekskins, and Vestings,

which he is prepared to manufacture in a style and manner calculated to compare favorably with the best. Also on hand a choice assortment of

FURNISHING GOODS.

Customers wishing a good article of Clothing made to fit in the newest and best style, will find this place a desirable one to leave their orders.

READY MADE CLOTHING

Also for sale at STUART'S.

Terms, Positively Cash.

Bridgton Center

S. M. HAYDEN,

—DEALER IN—

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

FANCY GOODS

—AND—

CUTLERY.

Also, DRUGS, CHEMICALS,

and most of the

POPULAR MEDICINES

of the day.

PURE WINES

for mechanical and medicinal purposes.

BRIDGTON CENTER.

BOURBON ELIXIR.

THE proprietor intrudes his Elixir to the public with a positive knowledge that it will perform all that he claims for it. He did not originate it for the sake of having something to sell, but to cure himself of Dyspepsia, and Sore Throat, of years standing, he succeeded completely in doing so, and, now, after having established its remarkable curative power beyond a doubt, by its use in a great variety of other cases, with equal success, he offers it to the public for the relief of the suffering.

Try it ye gloomy and desponding, there is something to sell, but to cure himself of Dyspepsia, and Sore Throat, of years standing, he succeeded completely in doing so, and, now, after having established its remarkable curative power beyond a doubt, by its use in a great variety of other cases, with equal success, he offers it to the public for the relief of the suffering.

Health and happiness in store for you yet.

IT CURES DYSPEPSIA;

IT CURES CONSTIPATION;

IT CURES SORE THROAT;

IT CURES A SLUGGISH LIVER;

It strengthens and regenerates the Enfeebled System; And there is no medicine known that secures food to do so much good, that adds so much healthy nutrition to the Blood and Vital Forces of the system as the Bourbon Elixir.

For sale in Bridgton by S. M. Hayden.

Prepared and sold by W. A. Sleeper, Nashua, N. H.

51 ly.

Custom Work.

A. BENTON would announce to his former customers, that he has removed to Bridgton generally, that he has recommenced making CUTLERY, and is now ready to attend to

BOOT AND SHOEMAKING, for either men, women or children.

Work respectfully solicited.

Bridgton Center, Sept. 2, 1859.

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-fitting, and all the various kinds of

BUILDING MATERIAL

that can be advantageously prepared by his Machinery.

We also Plane and Saw all kinds of Lumber; Joint and Match Boards; Pine, Joint, and Square Clapboards in the best manner.

Builders and others in want of such articles are invited to call and examine our work.

I. S. HOPKINSON.

Bridgton Center, Feb. 16, 1860. 3m*15

G. H. BROWN,

Manufacturer, wholesale and retail dealer in

FURNITURE

of all descriptions.

LOOKING GLASSES, MATTRESSES,

PICTURE FRAMES, FEATHERS,

CHAMBER SETTS.

Extension, Center and Card Tables.

REDS, of the latest and most improved style, with Spring Bottoms.

ALSO, READY-MADE COFFINS.

PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.

LOOKING - GLASSES REPAIRED.

NORTH BRIDGTON, ME. 8

A. P. OSBORNE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

W. I. GOODS,

—AND—

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

Foreign & Domestic Fruits,

CHOICE CIGARS AND TOBACCO,

IMPORTED ALES, &c.

CONFECTIONERY,

Manufactured from the best Stock.

Also, Agent for the Star Brewery, for

PALE AND AMBER ALES.

PORTLAND DISTILLERY.

N. E. Rum, Alcohol & Burning Fluid,

W. C. OSBORNE,

DISTILLER AND MANUFACTURER,

All orders for the above to be forwarded to

A. P. OSBORNE, Agent,

No. 10 Market Square, Portland, Me. 1y32

BYRON GREENOUGH, &