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## TO PARENTS.

There is a world of good counsel to parents in the thrilling incidents below, for which we are indebted to an excellent lady:

About a half a century ago Mrs. Manvers lived in a small country town in one of the Northern States.

She had several small children, and lived in a large three-story house. There was a scuttle-door in the roof of the house, with a convenient stairway leading to it, and this door was often left open in pleasant manner.

Mrs. Manvers had a good old neighbor living opposite, or nearly opposite, in just such a position, however, as to command a good view of Mrs. Manvers's garret windows.

One beautiful summer afternoon, as Mrs. Manvers was seated in the large cool hall rocking her babe to sleep, neighbor Green came running in out of breath and pale with affright: "Oh, Mrs. Manvers! poor Willie and Georgia are a-teetering out o' the garret window! they have put out a long board and one is on the outside and I t'other—"

Mrs. Manvers waited to hear no more, but made her way as best as she could up those long, long stairs, and putting on an appearance of calmness as she entered the garret, said, "Sit still, Georgia; I only want Willie." And taking hold of the end of the board where Georgia was sitting, "Come in, Willie; mother wants you, now."

What she did with the boys when she had them safe, I won't say; but she was an excellent woman, and whatever she did was right.

It might have been two or three years afterward, the same Mrs. Manvers was once again at Mrs. Manvers's door, in the same way, only with a face rather more terror-stricken:

"The Lord have mercy upon us, Miss Madvers! little Annie (who, by-the-way, was a special favorite with the good neighbor), your little Annie is walking on the top of the house; I saw her just now walk out to the end, lean her hand against the chimney and look over!"

"Merciful God, preserve my child!" said Mrs. Manvers.

"What shall we do? what shall we do, Mrs. Manvers?"

Mrs. Manvers stepped to the door where the child could hear without seeing her, and called as nearly in her usual voice as she could.

"Annie, come in now, dear! Mother wants you."

You could almost see the throbbing of her heart as she listened.

"Thank God!"

"Thank God!" echoed Mrs. Green, "and don't let's be too hard upon the dear child, Miss Manvers."

I don't recollect whether Annie was very severely punished for her temerity, but I do know that she never ventured to take walks upon the top of the house again.

These facts I can avouch for, as the little Annie of fifty years ago now occupies the same chair and writes with the same hand that I do.—[Harper's Mag.]

**SOLD AT HALF PRICE.** A storekeeper in a small town in Massachusetts, one day marked some handkerchiefs in his window with the tempting words:

Selling off at half price!

Shortly after a lady who had traded with him before entered his establishment and having examined the handkerchiefs, inquired the price.

"Fifty cents a piece," politely replied the shopkeeper.

"Very well," said the lady, "you may do me up a dozen."

The handkerchiefs were cut off and delivered to the lady, who gave the shopkeeper a three dollar bill.

"Beg pardon, ma'am but I—ah—told you the handkerchiefs were fifty cents a piece, that is—ah six dollars per dozen."

"To be sure, sir; I understand as much arithmetic as that. Six dollars is the price; half of six three that is half price. I think they are cheap enough. Good day, sir."

The lady shut the door; the shopkeeper opened his eyes. For five minutes he stood still as a stump, gazing vacantly at the window; then biting his lips, and coloring very red, he gently removed the card pinned to the handkerchiefs, and resolved to sell no more goods at half price.

## Original Story.

Written for the Reporter.  
"FIRST LOVE."

BY LEAH LEE.

Bettie Alton and Annie Selmer sit at opposite sides of the glowing grate in the parlor of Madam Tomkins' boarding-school establishment of which they have been inmates for the last three months, but which they are to leave the following day.

The particular friends of the boarders, who have called to take leave and exchange vows of eternal friendship at the least, if not of more tender sentiments, are all departed, and a lull in the clang of tongues succeeds, when the two young ladies who have the honor of heading this veracious story, simultaneously arise and leave the apartment at different doors, but presently meet in the dimly lighted hall and approaching the hooks on the wall from which depend their respective hats and shawls.

"Where now?" says Bettie, just as Annie says "whither away?"

Then each begins a confused explanation of many objects in view, all merging into the very natural and commonplace one, that "it is such a lovely evening they cannot resist the impulse to go out and take a last look at their pleasant haunts in the garden," so each donning her out door habiliments, they glide to the street door which they stealthily open and as noiselessly close after them, and stand irresolutely on the piazza, neither seeming inclined to take the lead.

"Which way shall we go?" says Bettie.

"It is immaterial to me," says Annie.

"Then we will take the path to the right that leads down to the big willows by the brook," says Bettie.

"Oh no, not there, but the left that goes up to the grape bower," says Annie, nervously.

"No, never!" says Bettie with a start, let's take a turn through the locust grove, and then go back to the house. It is getting late and we shall be missed soon."

Both took the direction indicated and walked on hurriedly as though on some pressing errand. "I have a compliment for you, Annie," to which Annie replies, "so have I for you," and Bettie proceeds to say, "well I heard a gentleman say he thought you one of Madam Tomkins' most interesting young ladies and did not blame Orrin Scammon for loving you. He might himself did not his affections already point in another direction."

"Orrin Scammon!" says Annie scornfully. "Well, I heard a gentleman say he considered you one of the finest girls he ever knew and there was but one that stood above you in the catalogue of his favorites, and that Morris Cotton had secured to himself a treasure in your love."

"Morris Cotton!" says Bettie, copying Annie's manner of repeating a lover's name.

"Who was your author?"

"Mr. St. Farlan," says Annie, "who was yours?"

"Why, mine was Mr. St. Farlan!" says Bettie, striking an attitude.

"The wretch! Did he say that?" says Annie striking another attitude.

"To be sure he did, but I'll never believe he said what you tell me. Pray, did he say in what direction his affections did point?"

"He did, and I'd like to know if he confided to you the name of her who stands above me in his catalogue of favorites."

"To be sure he did, and I'd like to know also if you can tell me the direction of what he is pleased to term his affections."

"Of course he did."

"And will you be so kind as to inform me?"

"If you will be equally frank with me and give the name of her who heads this nice catalogue of favorites."

Blushing and hanging her head Bettie says "agreed."

Annie gives a tug at the bridle of her hat which brings the edge of its broad brim to the dimple in her pretty chin as she says in a subdued voice, "he called me the pole-star of his life, to which all his hopes and aspirations did tend."

"And that I," says Bettie "was ever upmost in his thoughts, and all his hopes for happiness had centered in me since the light of my smile had dawned on his rap't vision."

"Has he asked you to be his wife?" queries Annie.

"Not yet," stammers Bettie, "but he wished me to meet him in the grape-bower at eight this evening, that the pale stars might witness his protestations of eternal love."

"And of me," says Annie, while she nervously picks at the bridle of her hat, "he begged an audience under the willows by the brook where, free from the scrutiny of prying curiosity he might pour out the impassioned sentiments that were burning in his heart for utterance, and named the hour

of nine as the time he would be in waiting by the willows to hear his destiny from my lips.

"But you are tardy to your appointment as it is nearly half past eight now, and I guess Mr. St. Farlan was more than half right in his assertion, when Morris Cotton could beguile you from this tryst at the grape-bower."

"And from the billing and cooing I saw over the tea-rose this evening, I should judge, he might have been equally correct in his conclusion with regard to Orrin Scammon. But he may now be exposing himself to catarth and bronchitis by awaiting for you under the willows, so don't let me detain you longer."

"Oh, the artful deceiver! I meet him under the willow, indeed! O, I hate him, I'm sure I do."

Then the ridiculousness of the thing seems to usurp the place of their indignation, and both burst into a hearty laugh and finally agree to creep noiselessly through the clamber to the grape-bower and if Mr. St. Farlan is there, Bettie is to give him an audience with Annie for a secret witness, if he is not there, they are to proceed to the willows where Bettie is to be an unseen listener to the fine things he shall say to Annie.

Accordingly the two glide along to the grape-bower, which, as they anticipate, is vacant, but lying on the ground at the entrance they find a delicate rose-tinted and rose-scented kid glove of such exquisite proportion and manufacture as to convince them it can fit none but the patrician hand of Mr. St. Farlan. This Bettie carefully deposits in her pocket and they take the path that leads through a double row of lilacs down to the willows whose drooping branches wave over the trout-brook.

They are however arrested on their course by a subdued murmur of voices in the direction of a temporary bower of horticultural beams which has furnished the young ladies of Madam Tomkins' select boarding school, many a delicious dish through the autumn, and cautiously approaching the umbrageous retreat, they distinguish the silver tones of Nellie Dorman's voice like the sighing of the wind in the leaves of a tree. "I wish I knew how to find myself in my persecutions without giving him an open affront, as I have already done all in my power to discourage his advances."

Bettie and Annie nudge and pinch each other as visions of the sentimental leave-taking they have witnessed in the parlor rise before their mind's eye, but each give a nervous start that well nigh reveals their presence at the sound of a manly voice in reply: "Then am I no longer restrained by considerations of honor from disclosing to you my real sentiments, which, earnestly as I have striven to do so, I may not always have succeeded in concealing while in your dear presence, and your condescension in granting me this interview, emboldens me to hope you will pardon, if you cannot reciprocate the love with which your beauty and goodness has inspired me and made me your captive forever."

Oh, dearest, best of your sex, you who alone, of all women I ever saw, possess the power to call into action in my bosom, the God-like emotion of pure, disinterested love, am I to you an object of indifference? and shall my existence fade from your memory and die out before the coming of some more favored suitor, like the crisp foliage by which we are surrounded before the mighty frost-kings?"

"Oh, I shall always remember and bless you, I am sure," sobs out Nellie.

"And will you give the blissful assurance that I may hope to occupy a higher place in your esteem than any other? that you will one day give me the right to devote my life to the sole object of promoting your happiness, and the privilege to care for, and protect my darling Nellie?"

No audible response to this touching appeal, reaches the ears of the listening train, but a sound very much resembling the sudden explosion of a great bottle mingling with the rustle of the crisp bean leaves.

"God bless you, my angel, for this assurance of your love."

But how thoughtless of me, thus to endanger your precious health by such exposure to the night air. Allow me to conduct you to the house,—or, no," as if the speaker were struck by a sudden thought, "such a proceeding, if witnessed by any one ignorant of the relation we sustain to each other, might unpleasantly affect a reputation dearer to me than my own. I came around by the way of the grape-bower and through the lilac avenue, to avoid observation from these very considerations, and will now take the path that leads by the brook. To me all paths are now rain-bow spanned and flower strewn, cheered with thoughts of thee."

The happy pair are at this juncture electrified by a peal of merry laughter mingling with the solemn chimes of the chapel clock, as it slowly tolls out its three times three.

The speaker makes a rush through the side of the arbor, to the manifest damage of ripened bean-pods which his unseemly haste scatters in all directions, and Mr. St. Farlan stands face to face with her he had misad at the grape-bower, and her he was hurrying to meet under the willows, who are presently joined by the companion of his tale in the lower of beans, the last, albeit in thought of leaving her hearts so earnestly and maliciously observed; and she casts an appealing glance at him which has just made such protestations of regard, to shield her from reproach. But he, poor wight, is utterly confounded by this culmination of cross purposes.

Bettie is first to break the silence, by presenting to him the fellow of the rose-colored kid he holds in his hand, which she says is proof that he was punctual to his engagement to meet her at the grape-bower an hour before, and feels amply indemnified for any neglect, by the display of his retoric in the love-making she has witnessed on the present occasion.

Annie saucily informs him she has been more punctual to her appointment and is now on her way to the willow with Miss Alton for a witness of his proficiency in the "art of love," which he has brought to such a state of perfection as, in her opinion, to entitle it to a place among the sciences, that their progress was arrested by the speciousness of his eloquence to which they have just been unexpected, as unrecognized auditors. That such an effort at elocution must have exhausted his vocabulary of tender epithets and a repetition of them under the willow is not necessary to convince her of his genius and ability.

Before this highly eulogistic harangue is completed, however, the ensnared and crestfallen Mr. St. Farlan makes a grand rush for the palling of the enclosure which, aided by a low-boughed sumac growing near it, he leaps at a bound and speeds along to the grape-bower. She is so overwhelmed with the complicated emotions that assail her—the disappointment of securing the beau of the season whose lighted favors have been to the young ladies of Madam Tomkins' select boarding-school, paramount to the highest commendations of their teachers, the duplicity and cowardice he has just manifested,—the scandal which will attach to her name when the adventure becomes known, as she has no reason to expect it will remain a secret with those whose inferior position in society has induced her to treat with *hauteur* and uniform neglect, and the poor girl sinks to the ground with a piteous moan, paralyzed by the terrible array of her morbid imaginings.

"Poor Nellie," says Bettie, kneeling by her side and raising the drooping head from its cold hard pillow, "yours is the most grievous awakening of us all, and God so deal with me if I use the knowledge, so surreptitiously obtained, to your disadvantage."

"You have a guarantee of my silence on the subject," says Annie, "in the confession I have already made, of being on my way to the willow for a similar tryst, and I further confess that the knowledge which caused it to be not in good faith on my part, was accidentally obtained," and with these assurances Nellie suffers herself to be raised from the ground and, supported by the sweet tempered and generous girls, is led by them in the direction of the house, the door of which, as they approach, is suddenly opened and the excited voice of Madam Tomkins rings out on the night air,—"Miss Alton! Miss Selmer! Pray, where those young ladies?"

"Here,—Here," responds both as they come up the gravel path almost bearing between them the half fainting Nellie, and taking her into the parlor, after seating her on the sofa, commence manipulating her head, and chest in the region where it is generally understood that the organ romantically dominated the heart is to be found.

"Non dieu!" cries Madam Tomkins who prides herself on her knowledge of French, "what has happened to Miss Dorman who I supposed in her room an hour ago packing her trunks."

"She has had a terrible fall from a high place," says Bettie.

"When?" "Where?" "How?" exclaims half-a-dozen voices.

"In the garden near the bean-arbor," replies Bettie.

"She was struck by a limb, tripped and it would have been worse for her, had not Annie and I have happened along in season to break the fall and assist her to the house."

"What limb? and what high place are you talking of?" says Bella Moore, "I can

think of no high place in that vicinity where such an accident could have happened."

"(A limb of Satan," says Annie to Bettie aside, but to the bystanders,) "don't you know how low the sumac bough hang?"

Bettie and I have both been struck by the same limb, though not so severely as Miss Dorman. I don't know what she means about the high place. I suppose in the confusion of the accident it seemed high to her."

Madam Tomkins here succeeds in making a direct interrogation comprehended and attended to. "Pray tell me how you all came out there, when it is strictly against the rules of this establishment for any of the young ladies to leave the house after dark, without my knowledge and consent. And as I said before, I thought Miss Dorman in her chamber packing her trunks, as she took a night-lamp and left the parlor more than an hour ago and I have not thought of her since as she is always such a pattern of propriety."

The other young ladies I know to be giddy creatures who sometimes need looking after and I was just going to ascertain their whereabouts."

"Dear Madam Tomkins," says Bettie, deprecatingly, "we must have been a severe tax on your patience and love of good order, but I hope your judicious teachings have not been wholly lost on us. I feel quite sure all of us who have participated in this disobedience have learned a lesson of caution that will make us wiser for life. But you have made our stay here so agreeable, and so many pleasant associations are connected with your grounds that Annie and I could not resist the desire to visit once more some of our favorite haunts, for which purpose we took the liberty of going out without your permission and I presume Miss Dorman was similarly beguiled, and, like all infringers, in view of which, I hope you will graciously accord us your forgiveness."

Annie bows her acquiescence to this apology and Madam Tomkins, mollified by such a humble and flattering acknowledgment, desires to know if they have any abrasions or contusions to which they will have the exhibition applied, with which they reply with many thanks for her kindness.

laughter, which brighten all about her except the two who hold the clue to the cause of this exciting scene, and they suggest that she is hysterical and propose her being taken immediately to her own room, proposition Nellie ardently seconds, saying she is sure she will be better in the morning. Accordingly the inmates of Madam Tomkins' select boarding-school for young ladies, betake themselves to their respective dormitories.

Nellie is the first to present herself at the breakfast-table the next morning, and laughingly replies to the many anxious enquiries concerning her health, that she has quite recovered from the effects of her fall,—has nothing to regret but the trouble she has occasioned Madam Tomkins and the young ladies, though much to be ashamed of in her own stupidity,—thinks she must have been moon-struck or bewildered, that hereafter she will never venture out in the evening alone without first consulting some experienced person, or at least thinking of good Madam Tomkins' admonitions and her own silly adventure in the garden, and begs Bettie and Annie to accept, the one an emerald ring,—the other a ruby cross as mementoes of her gratitude for their prompt assistance and considerate kindness to her on that occasion.

While the bustle of successive departures is going on, but before the stage arrives that is to take Bettie and Annie to their homes or the father of Nellie comes in his carriage for her, the Misses Torney, cousins to Mr. St. Farlan, to visit whom his worthy school of southern chivalry had come north, call to pay their devours to Miss Dorman, whose favor they especially desire to retain.

Bettie and Annie, habited for their journey, sit in a remote corner of the parlor awaiting the arrival of the stage-coach, unnoticed and unrecognized by the aristocratic cutlers, by whom the former have ever been considered as interlopers in an establishment intended to be particularly select, the advantages of which have no doubt cost their parents, who are persons in moderate circumstances, many a sacrifice and the exercise of much economy to obtain for their daughters this crowning privilege which is to fit them for procuring the living they are to carve out for themselves, by the labor of their brains instead of their muscles. But despised as are the poor by the rich, the two classes differ less in physical and mental developments than might have been expected, and while bright eyes and quick ears are seemingly intent on nothing but the appearance of the coach and the rumble of its wheels, they are by no means indifferent to sights and sounds more immediate.

"How much we shall miss you," lips Miss Amanda Torney.

"Yes," adds Miss Emma, "and now that cousin James has gone, and you are to leave us, we shall positively die of ennui. Don't you think our cousin a very agreeable and interesting young man Miss Dorman?"

Bettie and Annie sit directly behind the sisters, but *vis-a-vis* to Nellie, who casts a furtive glance at them and blushing like a piony replies, "exceedingly so; and he has left you then?"

"O yes, papa carried him to the station this morning. He would not allow papa to call any of the family, as he said a parting scene with certain of its members, would unfit him for his journey, but left a volume of Moore's poems for one of us, on the fly leaf of which was written, 'James St. Farlan, to his dearly beloved cousin,' telling papa that the girls would understand it.—Yet strangely enough we do not at all understand it, as my sister is very certain the book was intended for her, though for my own part I fancy she will entertain a different opinion when we get a reply to the letter we are going to write him on the subject immediately."

At this point in the conversation the public conveyance arrives and the distance is anon being increased between the passengers it is bearing away, and Madam Tomkins' institution for the education of young ladies.

A little before Christmas on the year succeeding that in which our story commences, Bettie and Annie receive each a neat and artistic letter enclosing a gilt-edged and finely embossed bridal card bearing the inscription of, "Mr. & Mrs. Ansel Gardner," and in the left hand nether corner, "Miss Nellie Dorman," accompanying which was a note in a bold, manly hand, "Mr. & Mrs. Ansel Gardner at home Dec. 25th, and in delicate ladylike characters, a postscript to the effect that Mrs. Gardner desires as a particular favor, that the young ladies will accept the above joint invitation in memory of their school-days at Madam Tomkins'."

As this is a by no means to be slighted opportunity for the obscure girls to get a footing in the charmed upper circles of society they are punctual in presenting themselves.

It wanes, like a lost Pleiades star in an eternal darkness, whose presence, Ansel assures Bettie and Annie, radiating with past increasing splendor o'er *loves first sweet dream*, he and Nellie always having had a preference for each other since the days of their childhood. (He has, no doubt, so thoroughly forgotten the bewitching actress to whom his father gave a hundred dollars to refuse his sons attentions, and a threat if she persisted in keeping up the intimacy, to disinheritor "the young scape-grace," as to be entirely oblivious of his own antics on that occasion, and the assertion that he should "surely die if he could not have the beautiful Terpsichorean.")

Among the first to recognize the young ladies who figure most conspicuously in this veritable story, are Morris Cotton and Orrin Scammon, it being to them an unexpected meeting, but which, perhaps, and the circumstance of seeing them treated with such respect by Mr. Gardner who is *top of the ton*, they might have forgotten the school-day flirtations which elicited those vows of eternal regard and has since kept up such a brisk newspaper correspondence, by which a contraband intercourse of sentimentality has been smuggled through the mails in shape of love passages enclosed in peculiar marks or underlined.

Morris Cotton attaches himself to Bettie all the evening telling her how she has been the subject of his dreams by night and his thoughts by day ever since that evening of their last interview at Madam Tomkins,—how his spirit has constantly pined for its counterpart, recognizing it in none but her, but refrained to tell her how he has tried to beguile the weary separation in the ardent pursuit of the little village school-teacher who was glad enough to receive his attentions while he was the greatest catch in her of admirers, just to jilt him at the close of the term and marry a tall, rough-looking, returned Californian whose *pile* is reported to be commensurate with his monstache.—Morris who is still smarting under the disappointment is in a fit frame of mind for love-making and so bestows the fortress of poor Bettie's unsophisticated heart, that there is nothing for her but to surrender, and they become affianced before the party breaks up.

Orrin Scammon plays shy of Annie for a time, but soon gives himself up to the fascination of her smiles, forgetful of the engagement he has made to wed Bella Moore in the spring, talks of nothing but that first Saturday afternoon on which he rescued her green veil from a mischievous spaniel-puppy that had caught it up when she dropped it as she was returning from a half holiday excursion to Madam Tomkins' select











# MISCELLANY.

## For the Reporter. BLOWING.

The wind came sweeping round the house,  
And slammed the outside door;  
The work-box on the window sill  
Was dashed upon the floor;  
The spoils went rolling here and there,  
The kitten scampered after,  
While Tommy clapped his hands, and filled  
The house with peals of laughter.

The pails of ashes in the yard  
Tipped over in the flurry;  
The ashes flew—the empty pail  
Rolled off as in a hurry,  
The cherries scattered from the trees,  
The turkeys flew to pick them,  
The house-maid ran to drive them back,  
The dog went barking at them.

The smoke came puffing from the stove  
With jets of flame, and cinders;  
The well-sweep banged against the curb;  
The vines flapped 'gainst the windows,  
Grandma stepped out to look, for Frank,  
And bring the pans from drying,  
It blew her cap across the yard,  
And set her hair a flying.

It broke a limb from the maple tree,  
And round the barn it chased it;  
It strewed the hay all round the rack  
Where Sam had nicely placed it.  
It tore a board from the small pig's pen,  
And out he came a rooting.  
It chased Frank's hat across the field  
And he ran after—howling.

Once more it swept around the house,  
And slam-bang went the doors.  
Then threatened at the chimney-top  
With wild and weird-like roars.  
It shrieked and clattered through the blinds  
And whistled loud and shrill;  
The "whew" was o'er at even-tide  
For winds were hushed and still.

BELL RINKUM.

## IN THE MEADOWS.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

I lie in the Summer Meadows,  
In the meadows all alone,  
With the infinite sky above me  
And the sun on his mid-day throne.

The smell of the flowering grasses  
Is sweeter than any rose,  
And a million of happy insects  
Sing in the warm repose.

The mother lark that is brooding,  
Feels the sun on her wings,  
And the deeps of the noon-day glitter  
With the swarms of the fairy things.

From the billowy green beneath me  
To the fathomless blue above,  
The creatures of God are happy  
In the warmth of their summer love.

The infinite bliss of Nature,  
I feel in every vein;  
The life and the light of Summer  
Blossom in heart and brain.

But darker than any shadow,  
Than thunder cloud unfurled,  
The awful truth arises,  
That Death is in the World!

Out of the deep of sunshine  
The invisible bolt is hurled;  
There's life in the Summer Meadows,  
But Death is in the World!

THEY'RE LEOS. A son of the Granite  
State went down to the city of Memphis  
To seek his fortune. He found instead, a diarrhoea,  
which gradually saps life in a chronic form.

It was with that poor Jim Bagley  
was picked up. And, month after month it tug-  
ged until at length he was but the outline of  
his former self, a perfect skeleton.

A worthy minister saw the poor fellow, and  
seeing that the king of terrors had spotted  
him, determined to call on him and offer spir-  
itual consolation. He broached the important  
subject somewhat thus:

"My dear Mr. Bagley, in view of your rela-  
tions with this life, how do you feel?"  
"D—d sick!" was the prompt reply.

"Don't swear, my poor friend," said the par-  
son, "and let me ask you if you ever think of  
your latter end?"

"Lord!" said Bagley, "I haint thought on  
anything else for more'n three months."  
"Not, I'm afraid in the right way, Mr. Bag-  
ley. I beg you pause and reflect. It is time  
you began to wrestle with the Lord!"

The sick man looked down at his miserable  
porker legs, extending before him, and with  
an expression of amazement in his counte-  
nance, exclaimed—

"Rattle with the Lord! what with them  
'ere legs?' pointing to his own,—"Why par-  
son, he'd flip me into h—l the very first pass."

The parson gave him up as a hardened  
sinner.

"Pa," said a young urchin of tender years,  
to his parent "does the Lord take the papers?"  
"Why do you ask such a question?" "Be-  
cause our preacher, when he prays, is so long  
telling Him everyting, I thought he wasn't  
posted."

Did the man who ploughed the sea, and  
afterward planted his feet on his native soil  
ever harvest the crops?

An Irish judge said, when addressing a  
prisoner, "You are to be hanged, and I hope  
it will prove a warning to you."

Mrs. Partington asks, very indignantly,  
if the bills before Congress are not counter-  
feit, why should there be such difficulty in  
passing them?

Parus. The devil's stratagem, who, like  
an expert wrestler, usually gives a man a  
lift before he gives him a throw.—[South.

Dobbs thinks that instead of giving credit  
to whom credit is due, the cash had better be  
paid. Dobbs should not be impertinent.

# RUFUS GIBBS,

Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of

## BED BLANKETS

—AND—

## FLANNELS,

SUCH AS

12, 11 & 10-4 Extra Superfine WITNEY  
BLANKETS;  
12, 11 & 10-4 Extra Witney BLANKETS;  
12, 11, 10 & 9-4 Swiss Blankets.

CRIB AND BERTH BLANKETS.  
4-4 SHAKER AND DOMET FLANNELS.

## Horse Blankets

AND

## YANKEE BROADCLOTH.

Also, dealer in

## Dry Goods,

## WEST INDIA GOODS.

—AND—

## GROCERIES.

of every description

All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE wan-  
ted in exchange for Goods.

CHAS. E. GIBBS, Agent.

Bridgton, Dec. 10, 1858.

## 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

Metalic Tip Boots and Shoes,

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

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

No. Bridgton, Nov. 10, 1858.

## 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 BAILL.

Bridgton Center, April 13, 1860.

## E. T. STUART,

## MERCHANT TAILOR

RESPECTFULLY calls the attention of

the public to his choice stock of  
Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Fancy  
Doeskins, and Vestings,

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

## FURNISHING GOODS.

Customers wishing a good article of Cloth-  
ing 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 introduces 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 Dys-  
pepsia, 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 suc-  
cess, he offers it to the public for the relief of  
the suffering.

Try it ye gloomy and desponding, there is  
Health and happiness in store for you yet.

IT CURES DYSPEPSIA;

IT CURES CONSUMPTION;

IT CURES SORE THROAT;

IT CURES A SLUGGISH LIVER;

It strengthens and regenerates the Enfeebled  
System; And there is no medicine known that  
sooner 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. Steeper, Nash-  
ua, N. H.

## Custom Work.

A. BENTON would an-  
nounce to his former custom-  
ers and the citizens of Bridg-  
ton generally, that he has  
recommenced making CUS-  
TOM WORK, and is now ready to attend  
to all orders in the line of

## BOOT AND SHOEMAKING,

for other men, women or children.  
Work respectfully solicited.  
Bridgton Center, Sept. 2, 1859.

# DOORS,

## Sashes, and Blinds.

THE Subscriber has removed his 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 every description, Pump-tub-  
ing, and all the various kinds of

## BUILDING MATERIAL

that can be advantageously prepared by his  
Machinery.

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

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

J. S. HOPKINSON.

Bridgton Center, Feb. 16, 1860.

## 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.

BEDSTADS, of the latest and most im-  
proved style, with Spring Bottoms.

Also, READY-MADE COFFINS.

PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.  
LOOKING - GLASSES REPAIRED.

NORTH BRIDGTON, ME.

## 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,  
Gloves, and MILLINERY  
GOODS. Also, Gloves, Ho-  
sery, Head Dresses, Vails,  
choice RIBBONS, Ruches,  
Blonds, Caps, Hoop Skirts,  
and a variety of other arti-  
cles which we would be pleased to show you  
at any time, and at a very low price.

Our goods are new and will be sold cheap  
for Cash. MILLINERY in all its branches  
will be carried on under our special direc-  
tion. 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 pur-  
chasing elsewhere, and by doing so save both  
time and money.

BONNETS BLEACHED AND DRESSED.  
Rooms under Temperance Hall,

25 BRIDGTON CENTER.

## Pendicherry House.

THE subscriber would inform his  
friends and the public that he is  
ready to entertain at the above  
House, travellers in a cool and  
substantial manner, and for a rea-  
sonable compensation. The Pendicherry  
House is kept on strictly temperance prin-  
ciples, and travellers will find it a quiet rest-  
ing place. My House is also fitted up for board-  
ing, and all who see fit to take board with  
me, will find a comfortable home.

I have also, good stabling for Horses.  
MARSHAL BACON.

Bridgton Center, Nov. 19, 1858.

## H. H. HAY & CO.

Wholesale dealers in

Drugs, Medicines, & Chemicals,  
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES.

Artists' Materials, Apothecaries' Glass Ware,  
Swedish Leeches, Cigars,  
MINERAL TEETH, GOLD FOIL, & C  
Burning Fluid and Camphene.

Pure Wines and Liquors, for Medicinal  
and Mechanical purposes only.

STANDARD FAMILY MEDICINES, etc  
Always at lowest market Prices.  
Junction of Free and Middle Street.

PORTLAND, ME.

## U. C. R. & T. A.

HUNNEWELL'S

## UNIVERSAL

## COUGH REMEDY

For all Throat and Lung Complaints, from  
Common Coughs to Actual Consumption.

HUNNEWELL'S

## JUSTLY CELEBRATED

## TOLU ANODYNE

The Natural and Sure Remedy for all

## NERVOUS COMPLAINTS

From Neuralgia through all cases where Opium  
was ever used to that of Delirium Tre-  
mens, and the common chief cause of Disease.

## LOSS OF SLEEP.

The Great Central Active Principle of the  
Tolu Anodyne is a true development of the  
Original Natural Opium. In all cases where  
ever Opium has been used and its baneful ef-  
fects witnessed, no remark of ours can ade-  
quately compare the difference, and no deci-  
sive is equal to a trial. The Anodyne con-  
tains not a particle of Opium, and the most  
delicate constitution can use it with safety.  
The perfectly natural state it keeps and  
leaves the Patient should recommend it to  
Physicians who have long sought the true de-  
velopment, and to Patients who want natural  
results.

The basis of the universal Cough Remedy  
is that freedom from all components which  
by the great error in compounding, produce  
complex mixtures instead of real cures. We  
place no restraint on its use every hour in  
the day, and ask all Patients to make it the  
natural enemy to all Coughs, Throat or Lung  
Complaints by a perfect freedom of applica-  
tion. For Inflammatory Sore Throat it is a  
perfect remedy, and for Whooping Cough  
checks the Paroxysm, and allows the Cough  
to have its run in a quiet way.

With the spirit that we count all investiga-  
tion, and readiness to answer all inquiries,  
may we in return ask all to be cautious to  
purchase only of those they can rely upon.

"Price within the reach of all."

GENERAL AGENTS

J. W. HUNNEWELL & CO.

7 & 8 Commercial Wharf, Boston.

GEO. HUNNEWELL,

145 Water Street, New York.

Under the special supervision of JOHN L.  
HUNNEWELL, Chemist and Pharmaceuti-  
cal, Boston, Mass., whose signature covers  
the corks of the genuine duly, and to whom  
address all communications.

Sold by all respectable dealers everywhere.  
S. M. HAYDEN, Bridgton; S. H. Blake,  
Harrison; D. F. Noyes, Norway, Agents.

W. F. Phelps, Portland; W. L. Alden & Co.  
Bangor, Wholesale Agents.

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# CARPETING!

English and American Carpetings

—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 Mus-  
lins, Feathers and Mattresses, Bought  
at Reduced Rates and will be  
sold very cheap for Cash.

EDWARD H. BURGIN,

FREE STREET CARPET WAREHOUSE  
Chambers No. 1 and 2 Free Street Block,  
Over H. J. Lamy & Co's,

PORTLAND, ME.

## GRANT'S

## COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS.

Original Establishment.

J. GRANT,

Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of  
COFFEE, SPICES, SALERATUS  
AND CREAM TARTAR.

New Coffee and Spice Mills, No. 13 and 15  
Union Street, PORTLAND, ME.

Coffee and Spices put up for the trade, with  
any address, in all variety of Packages, and  
Warranted in every instance as represented.  
Pea-Nuts, and Coffee Roasted and Ground  
for the Trade, at short notice.

All Goods entrusted at the owner's risk.

## PARIS STAGE.

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

Paris with the CARS for Port-  
land, which arrive in Portland  
at 2 o'clock P. M. Returning,  
leaves South Paris on arrival thereof at the  
1 o'clock P. M. train from Portland, and ar-  
rives in Bridgton at 7 o'clock P. M.

The above Stage runs to Fryburg, Mon-  
days, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Returns  
Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Down tickets to be had of the Driver; up  
tickets for Harrison, Bridgton and Fryburg,  
sold at the Grand Trunk Depot, Portland.

J. W. FOWLER, Driver.

## MANSION HOUSE.

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

## SPACIOUS HALL

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

Meals furnished at all hours, and good  
conveyances to and from the city by rail-road  
and omnibus. W. M. CUSHMAN & CO.  
Westbrook, Jan. 26, 1860.

## BYRONGREENOUGH & CO.

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

Fur Goods, Hats, Caps, Gloves,  
BUFFALO AND FANCY ROBES,

NOS. 148 & 150 MIDDLE ST.,

PORTLAND, ME.

B. Greenough,  
J. K. Morse,  
A. L. Gilkey,

Particular attention is invited to our Stock  
of Goods, (it being by far the largest and most  
complete in the market