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# The Bridgton Reporter.

VOL III.

BRIDGTON, ME., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1860.

NO. 2.

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is PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

BY S. H. NOYES.

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JOB PRINTING executed with neatness, cheapness and despatch.

ABIEL T. NOYES, Agent in Portland.

From Godey's Lady's Book for December.

THE OLD BROOK FARM.

BY VIRGINIA P. TOWNSEND.

She sat in the south room before her small spinning-wheel, for the time of which I write in the opening of the nineteenth century, and the æsthetic element occupied a comparatively inconspicuous position in the education of the daughters of Puritan men and women. Pianos had not supplanted the accomplishment of puddling-making and crinoline did not stand in the way of cheese-pressing or churning. It was a large cool room, and its two side windows looked out as a pleasant reach of pasture land, and beyond this to a grove of pines, rocking to and fro to the slow soft music of the winds; and still beyond these to the sea, stretching away and joining the horizon, blue and bright and tranquil as though no tempest had ever walked over its face in darkness, and anguished and wrath. You would hear from these south windows the soft playful splash of the waves on the sands, which mingled pleasantly with the sluggish wind in the pines, and the robin's song in the great, rambling apple-tree, whose every bough was fluted and ringed with blossoms; for it was in the latest days of May—the earth had put on her garments of praise.

So Charity Ames sat there with the sweet spring winds and the pleasant sunshine slipping through the south windows, with snatches of low psalm tunes fluttering out of her lips, and faltering back and forth in the air, picture to gladden the eyes of any man in her dress of homespun, plaid with the small blue ruffle running about her neck; and her sleeves tucked up a little above the wrist, with just the daintiest intimation of her round plump arms.

She was not beautiful, Charity Ames, but was a little, dainty, plump girl-woman, with soft full outlines, and cheeks where roses were going in and out, and blue eyes with a dimple of sunshine in them.

She was the daughter of a New England farmer; a man whose sole earthly possession was his little yellow-brown cottage, and the few acres of land around it. His wealth had been broken many years before the wars, for he had served in almost every important engagement. He was a staunch patriot; a deacon in the 'stone meeting house,' honest, conscientious, God-serving man. Of his family only three remained—Charity and her young brothers; for his wife and her four children, he humbly trusted, were in heaven.

Charity was the light of her father's eyes; she was like a spring bird in that little brown nest; always full of smiles and snatches of song, and pretty, graceful household help; for the whole domestic charge had fallen on her since her mother's death, six years before. Charity was twenty-two. Of course she had not blossomed into all these years without having her share of admirers; and singings-schools, and quiltings, and apple trees that bright, sweet, vivid face flashed in and out among the rusty beaux and maidens, but the fragrance and beauty of its bloom were still kept to gladden the old yellow-house on the Woodford turnpike.

But that afternoon, while the snatches of church airs and the drone of the spinning-wheel were woven into each other like bright wool and a gray warp, there went from the breast of Charity Ames a good deal of serious dubitation, somewhat after the fashion:—

'Isn't an offer to be snuffed at, now.—I don't think I might really be Squire Hemmings' lady, and live in the great white house on the hill, with all those elegant carriages and mahogany furniture! Then I'd have a carriage to ride in; and he so grand, what is more than all the rest, father growing old, and giving out all the time, I could be such a comfort and help to him. And send Joseph to school, for that was cut out for him; or parson or a lawyer, and his more than common folks;—I'd contrive some way to pay up the mortgage on the land without hurtin' father's feelings, and set his mind at ease, now he's fillin' into his seventies. The Squire's fifty, it's true, but he's a handsome fellow, though his hair's got a good deal gray; but he's a little pompous way, but I think it's natural. Mrs. Squire Hemmings'

way! That sounds well. And how every-body would open their eyes; but dear me! Something strong, and stout, and deep lay beyond that 'dear me!' for it crept out of the girl's lips with a deep sigh, and the roses hurried into her cheeks, and a sudden impetus seized the wheel, and the small feet did double duty on the treadle.

Just at that moment the small brown wicket opened, and a pair of feet came softly through the thick grass, and round by the side of the house; so softly that Charity Ames did not hear them, until she looked up suddenly and saw a somewhat slender figure, and a fine, honest sun-bronzed face standing in the door.

'Good afternoon, Miss Charity.' The tones were clear, brave, pleasant; somehow they suited the face.

The girl's head bridled a little. She had one of those heads that are never still, that are always restlessly awaying and fluttering about like leaves in sleepy winds.

'Good afternoon; won't you walk in, Mr. Taylor?' The voice was soft and steady enough, and so was Charity's face, for she was much engrossed just then in tying a 'head' of flax to the distaff, with fingers not quite so steady as the voice and face.

'Thank you; I can't stay to sit down,' answered the young man, as he crossed the door; 'but Miss Parson wanted me to step in, on my way to the mill, and see if you'd have her cheese ready this week.'

'O yes! I shall take it out of the press to-morrow.'

The errand was accomplished, but somehow the young man lingered; and finally walked to the window a little awkwardly, and broke one of the lilac boughs from the tress, though the small pink blossoms had scarcely begun to tuff it.

'What a pleasant view you have from this south window,' continued the visitor, looking out of the grove of pines, and off to the sea.

'Yes; I always bring my spinning here in the pleasant days.'

This time the girl looked up and smiled, a smile that would have done the heart of any man good, but that did more than this to Reuben Taylor, who would have laid down his life for Charity Ames.

He drew a little nearer the girl. 'The singin'-school's goin' to have a sail down to Rocky Beach, as soon as the moon gets large enough, which will happen by the last of next week; I should like to engage your company, if it's agreeable.' The speaker caught his breath a little at these last words; but he got bravely through them, after all.

The spinning-wheel suddenly paused in its revolutions. Charity tapped the board meditatively with her foot. 'I am much obliged to you, Mr. Taylor, and if I can be spared—'

She looked so sweet, gazing out with a lady-like self-possession at the distant sea, as composed as the sun on the carpet, though there were quick swellings and ebbings in the heart under that plaid dress; she looked so sweet that the bashful soul of Reuben Taylor was stirred within him, and before he knew it he had laid his hand on her shoulder, and broken out into an entreaty. 'Oh come now, Charity; do say you'll go!' The words were not much, but the tones were.

The roses hurried into the girl's cheeks now, and she made a half coquettish movement backward; but the answer came pretty readily.—'Well I'll go if I can, Mr. Taylor.'

The young man's deep brown eyes flashed with pleasure. 'Thank you, Charity. Truly I wish you'd call me Reuben, as you used to when we went to the old red school-house on the green.'

'Well, we've grown older since then, you know'—making tactile investigations of her flax.

'Yes, I know; but somehow you'll never seem anything to me but little Charity Ames.'

There was no mistaking the quiver in the voice now, no mistaking the blush in Charity's face either; but it fell back in a moment, and an arch light supplanted it, leaping up from her lips into her eyes, and she looked up with that little jingling laugh of hers. 'And you will seem to me anything but just the provoking, tormenting little rascal you used to be Reuben Taylor.'

The young man laughed heartily at this very uncertain compliment; and after chatting a few moments more in the same strain he put on his straw hat, bade Charity 'Good afternoon,' and got as far as the door, when he turned quickly back, with a face struck into sudden seriousness. 'Charity, it is not true that you are goin' to marry Squire Hemmings, as the neighbors say?'

'Poor Charity! the hot flushes came and went in her cheeks. She opened her lips to speak, but something rose up in her throat, and beat the words back, and at last she broke down in a sob. 'I shouldn't think you'd come here to insult me, Reuben Taylor!'

The young farmer was distressed beyond measure, especially as Charity buried her face in her little brown, dimpled hands, and continued to sob as though her feelings were aggrieved beyond measure. Reuben leaned over the girl, and laid his hand on the smooth, shining brown hair.

'Charity, won't you forgive me for asking that question? You know why I did it.'

'No, I don't, I'm sure'—sobbing and keeping her face in her hands.

'Look up then, and see.' There was something in the tones that would be likely to secure compliance.

Charity Ames did lift up her flushed, tear-stained face, and Reuben took her hands in his, and said, looking straight into her eyes, but with the muscles working about his mouth: 'I asked you, Charity Ames, because I loved you better than my own life, and because my happiness for all time was bound up in your answer.'

There was a mixture of tenderness and manly dignity in the young man's manner at this moment which no person could have been insensible to; his face was very pale with the struggle which it cost his brave heart to make this confession, but every feature was struck through with a light that made it beautiful. Charity's eyes did not drop until he concluded; there was something in that face which magnetized her gaze to it.

'O Reuben!'—the voice and the gaze fell together, but there was that in both which Reuben Taylor understood.

He bent down by her, for she was crying now, but very softly. 'I never meant to tell you this, Charity—though I've carried the knowledge in my heart for half a dozen years—until I had a home to offer you which should be worthy of you. But the truth has got out now, and there's no taking it back. It seems wrong to ask you to wait so long; but you know how it is—there's mother and Amy that I've got to look out for, and its slow work pullin' up hill; but the thought of you'll make my heart brave and my hands strong, and please God, I'll have a nest warmly lined for my singin'-bird yet. Will you wait, Charity, little Charity?'

There was such tenderness flickering in and out of her name—it had never sounded half so sweet to her before; and the woman's heart leaped out, and engulfed in one mighty wave all the girl's timidity, coquetry and pride.

'Yes, Reuben, I will wait for you with a heart as brave and as patient as yours, no matter how long the time is.'

You should have seen her face then; it looked to Reuben like the face of an angel, with the tears held in check in the blue eyes, and the light sifting through them as it sifts through vapors at sunrise. So they sat together in their first dream of love, and talked hopefully of the future—Reuben Taylor and Charity Ames. And the soft wind rumbled and tossed the apple-blossoms, and sighed and quivered among the pines, and the slow sound of the waves on the beach came in through the south windows which looked out on the sea.

At last there was a little click of the back gate latch, and Charity gathered away her hands quickly from Reuben's, and the color deepened in her cheeks.

'O Reuben! that's Joe comin' from school!'

And this remark aroused the young farmer to the consciousness that it wanted but two hours of sundown, and the mill was three miles off, and if he got the two bags of corn that day which were now lying at the bottom of the old farm cart it wouldn't do to let the grass grow under his horses' feet.'

Charity stood at the window and watched her lover as he went down to the gate, and O how small to the heart of the true, loving woman looked Squire Hemmings' great house on the hill, with its handsome carpets and its rich, old-fashioned furniture, and the new family carriage, and the fiery black ponies!

Reuben Taylor and she had been playmates from their early childhood, for their families were neighbors. The first morning she went to school she had been placed under Reuben's special charge, and from that time the boy seemed to feel that little Charity Ames' had large claims on his good offices. He brought her the first ripe berries in summer and the earliest nuts in autumn; he carried her over the hills to school in winter on his sled; and so their lives grew and blossomed into youth and maidenhood in the quiet little village which sat betwixt the hills and the sea.

Then a terrible blow fell upon the house of Reuben Taylor. A neighbor of his father's, a hard, gripping man, rich in fields and pastures, discovered a flaw in the title-deed which had given the old 'Brook property' to the Taylors for three quarters of a century. Farmer Taylor was a plain, honest industrious man, though by no means an acute business one, and this late discovery of a flaw in the title-deed of the old homestead which had been his father's and his father's

before him fell with crushing force on his spirits.

The matter was sharply contested in law. Public sympathy was of course entirely with the Taylors, but that did not help the decision being rendered against them. The excitement and suffering which he had undergone threw farmer Taylor in a fever, from which he never recovered. Reuben was at that time only sixteen years of age, a bright intelligent, industrious boy. His mother was a shrinking, fragile woman; and Amy, his sister, was not yet in her tenth year.—The family were obliged to leave the old homestead, which almost broke Mrs. Taylor's heart. She held in her own right a few acres of wood and pasture land; and this, with the help of Reuben, was all the doubly stricken family had to depend upon for their subsistence. But the boy was brave and energetic, and there were many disposed, for his father's sake to employ him. And as he grew older the pasture lands were converted into thriving wheat fields; and Reuben commenced farming on a small scale for himself.

But it was hard, slow work, though the sweet face of Charity Ames, now blossomed into early womanhood, extending afar off on the mountains of his future, seemed to lend new strength to his energies—new courage to his heart. But Reuben kept his secret as a girl would hers; and only occasionally waited on Charity home from meeting or singings-schools. He never by a word or look signified to the girl of his love what lay so deep and tender in his heart, but Charity was a woman, and guessed it.

'Oh, I am so glad, Reuben! You must go right off with me.'

'Go where, Pussy?' And he caught the child in his arms as she sprang towards him. She was a pretty creature, Amy Taylor, just in her twelfth summer, with brown hair, with a flicker of gold in it, and eyes like Reuben's, and cheeks and lips like clover-blossoms.

'Oh, just over to the store! Mr. Mathews said he should get back from town before sundown, and he'd bring the new calico dress mother's got for me.'

'Wait until after tea. I've been pullin' stumps all day.'

'Oh, I can't, Reuben!' shaking her head around so that the touch of gold struck out vividly; 'besides it will be too late to see the dress to-night, for Mr. Mathews shuts up at dark.'

'I'm afraid, daughter, that supper'll grow cold afore you can go there and back,' interposed the voice of Mrs. Taylor, as she broke several freshly laid eggs into the spider.

'No it won't, mother; Dobbin can go fast, and get back in half an hour.'

Amy ran up to her mother, and wound her arms about her neck in a way that was irresistible. It was quite evident she was a spoiled child.

'Get your bonnet in a hurry, then!' exclaimed Reuben, as he took down his coat from the peg on which it was hanging. 'I reckon you wouldn't feel quite so set on a ride if you'd been pullin' stumps and buildin' stone fence to-day.'

'Don't go with her, Reuben,' said Mrs. Taylor in an undertone. She was a little pale-faced, sorrowful-voiced woman.

'Well, I shan't have a moment's peace until bed-time,' rejoined the indulgent brother. And the next moment Amy was at his side.

'I'm ready, Reuben.'

The young man pinched her dimpled chin, pronounced her the torment of his life, and they set out together.

They had gone about a mile in the rumbling old vehicle, which had to perform the three-fold duty of carriage, wagon and cart, when a horse suddenly rushed wildly past them. Every muscle of the noble animal was instinct with terror; his nostrils were dilated; and with his long brown mane caught and tangled in the wind as he swept by, he presented that half-dribbling, half-appalling spectacle which a thoroughly frightened horse always does.

'O my Reuben!' exclaimed Amy, drawing in a long breath. 'Wasn't that kinder grand though?'

Reuben shook his head. 'I'm afraid he's done some mischief. He's broken away from a carriage; and them shafts must bruise his legs afore long, so he'll come to his senses.'

About half a mile farther down the road, they came upon a carriage overturned and broken near a pile of stones, over which the frightened animal had evidently attempted to leap, and shattered the vehicle. And close by this lay a man with his face to the earth, and the life apparently struck out of him.

'Is he dead? Oh, is he dead?' Amy whispered the question with white lips.

'I don't know, little sister.' Reuben was quietly dismounting. He had those strong, steady nerves which are so invaluable in case of any sudden catastrophe.

The young farmer went up to the prostrate man and lifted his head. Amy saw his face suddenly grow white as the dead, and his hands shake as leaves do when sudden gales ride through the trees.

'God in Heaven, have mercy upon us!' ejaculated Reuben Taylor. And he did not say these words lightly, but humbly and reverently, as a Christian should; for in the face of that prostrate man he had recognized him who had laid his father's head, in the prime of his years, under the grass—the man who had broken his mother's heart, and driven the widow and the orphans from their home, and filled his own youth with toil, and patient longing and waiting.

'Who is it, Reuben?' cried Amy.

'It's Abel Ross!'

A little cry went out of Amy's lips, for that name had been a source of terror and grief to her ever since her earliest remembrance.

And looking on the prostrate man, there came, for the moment, over the soul of Reuben Taylor, a feeling of intense, unutterable loathing mingled with something of triumph that his old enemy at last lay at his feet. And then through the feeling crept the solemn words of the prayer which his mother taught him before he could remember, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.'

'Amy, there is a tin pail in the cart; run to the spring, quick, and fill it with water.' And the farmer lifted the unconscious man's head and laid it on his knee, and stroked away the iron-gray locks from his face tenderly as his own mother could have done it.

Amy was frightened into unquestioning obedience. Her brother bathed the white rugged features, and she stood still looking on with long shivering sighs—all the brightness and vividness gone out of her face in its stark terror.

At last a long convulsive shiver went over the man; he opened his eyes and stared wildly a moment at Reuben; he attempted to rise, but his right arm fell down helplessly—it was broken. He groaned out sharply, and shut his eyes. In a moment he had fallen back into unconsciousness.

'What shall we do with him? O dear! cried Amy, wringing her hands.

Reuben meditated a moment. They were on a lonely, little frequented road; there was not a house in sight.

'We will carry him home,' said the young farmer, decidedly.

'Oh, Reuben, what will mother say?' ejaculated Amy, for she could not get over her old, childish associations with the name of Abel Ross, or her terror lest some evil should befall them when brought in contact with its owner.

'Mother will say I did jest right,' answered Reuben, simply. And he lifted the wounded man into the cart, and held his head on his knee, and chafed his temples with cold water; while Amy took the reins into her shaking hands, and drove slowly towards home. Once during that slow drive the man opened his eyes with a convulsive start.

'Are you in much pain, sir?' asked the farmer.

'Yes, in my shoulder'—and he writhed and groaned fearfully; and then suddenly fastened his eyes on Reuben. 'What is your name?' he muttered.

'Reuben Taylor.' The young man had the name and face of his father.

There was another loud groan, and a movement as though the sufferer would have writhed himself away; but he fainted again.

At last they drew up before the little yellow story and a half house.

'Amy,' said her brother, 'go in and tell mother who is here; but you're a sensible little girl when you've a mind to be; tell her in a quiet sort of way.'

Amy understood, and executed her work very well, considering her own agitation. In a moment, Mrs. Taylor presented herself at the door, with a face which seemed fairly death-struck; it was so white and strained.

'O Reuben!' she gasped.

He answered her with a look—I must bring him right into the house, mother, and lay him on your bed. Then I must run for a doctor, for I fear that the life's nearly out of him.'

They carried the sufferer into Mrs. Taylor's little bedroom. The window was curtained all summer with a trumpet vine, through which the sunshine filtered down on the striped carpet, or wound its golden threads among the thick shadows. So they laid the sick man under the low roof to which he had driven the widow and orphan; and then Reuben started off for a physician, and dispatched a messenger to inform Farmer Ross's family of what had transpired.

He had three sons, but the oldest was not twenty, and their mother had died several years before. They all hurried over with the 'hired men,' in great alarm, when they heard the tidings; the physician, however, preceded them, and he pronounced Farmer Ross to be in a most critical situation, and that he would not answer for his life if he was removed to his house, that being distant nearly six miles.

It was evident that he had sustained seri-

ous internal injuries, for the large stalwart frame would quiver every time it was moved and great beads of perspiration gathered on the rugged brow. The broken arm, too, was much inflamed, and required constant care. Mrs. Taylor had that most invaluable gift in woman—a 'skilful hand'; and, though one of the 'hired women' from the 'Ross Farm' was sent over to take charge of the invalid, her ignorance and awkwardness gave him so much pain that she was glad to relinquish her task to the gentle, soothing fingers of Mrs. Taylor.

It was two weeks before the physician gave his consent to the removal of Farmer Ross. What passed through his mind during this time was never known. He was naturally a reticent man, and then he was brought so near to the grave that he could almost feel the cool waving of the banner of the King of Death over his temples. Much of the time he lay in a heavy stupor, but there were moments when the dark eyes under those shaggy eyebrow would follow Mrs. Taylor with a look of conscious intelligence round the room, and it seemed to her there was something more in them—something of regret and pain. Several times, too, he muttered the name of 'Reuben Taylor,' in his drowsiness, uneasily, and he would groan out when Reuben entered the room, and close his eyes.

At last, however, he seemed eagerly desirous to return home, and the physician gave his consent, though the recovery of his patient was still doubtful. He conversed but little, except on the subject of returning home; but on the morning that he was to be removed he summoned his hostess to his bedside, and said to her:—

'Mrs. Taylor, I know all that you and your son have done for me; and, whether I live or die, I shall not forget it.' That was all he said; all the thanks they received, saving from the farmer's oldest son.

A month had gone by. It was just in the opening of July; one of those vivid, affluent, tropical days that hang like rubies in the thread of the year. Reuben Taylor came in at noon from cutting hay, wiping the thick perspiration from his bronzed forehead.

'Who do you think has sent for you to come right over there, after dinner?' asked Mrs. Taylor.

'I can't tell I'm sure'—throwing himself down on a chair by the window. 'It's too hot to go anywhere afore night.'

'Abel Ross has sent for you, Reuben.—The hired man says he's able to set up two or three hours every day, and the doctor says he's out of danger, though he'll never be the man he was afore his fall.'

'I calculated on getting through with the south field this afternoon,' said Reuben, irresolutely.

'Haden't you better let it lie over, my dear boy?' timidly interposed Mrs. Taylor, as she placed a platter of young corn on the dinner table.

The young man pondered awhile, and at last audibly concluded.—'Well I reckon I may as well risk it.'

Farmer Ross sat by the window of his great white farm house, so that the sluggish wind from the sea, which cooled a little the hot heart of the afternoon, could wave to and fro through his iron gray locks. The strong muscular frame had fallen away greatly, and the sunken cheeks and the deep rings around the eyes told their own story of long, slow, physical suffering.

The farmer nodded to Reuben as he entered, and motioned him to a chair; he had always been a man of deeds rather than words, and those hard, selfish, grinding, cruel deeds to many who were in his power.

'Reuben Taylor,' said Farmer Ross, looking with his deep set eyes full in the young man's face, 'do you know that you saved my life the other day?'

'I think I did, sir,' answered Reuben, in his straightforward, outspoken way.

'And do you know that I probably laid your father in his grave?' And this time a smart color crept slowly up into the glistly cheeks of the old man.



be smart enough to get it from ye, or cry  
heirs, this time, I reckon !

Then the truth dazzled and broke into  
Reuben's heart. He thought of his old  
child-home with its low, pleasant, dear old  
room, of the great garden at the back, with  
its plum-trees and currant bushes ; he thought  
of his mother at her favorite seat by the  
kitchen window, just over which the white  
doves cooed all summer ; he thought of Amy's  
brown head with the flicker of gold in it  
flashing in and out of the old rooms ; and  
he thought of another sweet face, dearer than  
all the others, flitting from room to room,  
the blue eyes full of smiles, and the small  
lips full of snatches of old tunes—the face that  
would make the joy, and crown, and sanctify  
his home. He thought of all this, and it  
was too much—he bowed his head on his  
hands, and burst into tears.

"Reuben"—the voice of Farmer Ross cer-  
tainly had a quiver of feeling in it, and the  
hard scrawny hand was laid tremulously  
on the youth's thick hair—"are you sorry to  
get the old place back ?"

"Sorry ?" he answered when Reuben  
lifted up his face, "Oh, Farmer Ross, how  
can I thank you !"

"You needn't try. It's only makin' a-  
mends, you know, for, though the law was  
on my side, the Lord's shown me that I never  
had any right to the old Brook Farm ; and  
I hope you'll forgive me for takin' it  
from you."

And Reuben Taylor took the old farmer's  
hand, and answered solemnly, "The Lord  
God is my witness that I do from this  
hour."

It was an evening full of the glory of  
stars, and the crystal lustre of moonlight.  
The full, clear, silver light lay in rivers  
and lakes, over the meadows, and sheathed  
the limbs of the orchard trees, and slept in  
long glittering spears on the low roof of the  
yellow-brown cottage. Charity Ames sat  
under the small porch, on the low sill of the  
front door, and her sweet face looked out  
sally on the night.

No wonder her heart was somewhat heavy  
as her thoughts slipped their cable and  
went out sadly to the future. She thought  
of her father who had complained that very  
afternoon that the crops didn't promise over-  
smart this year, and he didn't see his way  
clear to pay a dollar on the mortgage. She  
thought how old age was beginning to  
creep more heavily upon him, and deepening  
the cares and burdens which only his  
strong manhood could bear. She thought  
too of the years of "patient waiting" which  
would elapse before the lover of her youth  
could take her to his heart and home ; and  
the tears came up softly into her throat and  
eyes as she sat in the moonlight on the low  
sill, that summer evening. A quick step  
came along the grass. "Charity, little Char-  
ity !" exclaimed a voice which always made  
her heart leap. She sprang up, but not be-  
fore he had seen the tears she thought she  
had hidden.

"I've got good news for you, Charity, glo-  
rious news !" The triumphant ring of the  
voice cut through the still night air.

"What is it, Reuben ?"

"I've got back the old Brook Farm !"

"Oh, Reuben, I must be dreaming !" And  
she put her hand to her eyes, just as he had  
done that afternoon.

He slipped his arm around her waist.  
"No, it's true, every word of it, Charity. I've  
got the deed safe at home. I'll tell you all  
about it." And he seated her back on the  
door-sill, and knelt by her side, and related  
the story of his interview with Farmer  
Ross to the bewildered, delighted girl.  
"You ought to have seen how mother took  
it," he concluded. "I actually thought she  
was gone raving mad. She cried one min-  
ute, and laughed the next, and tossed her  
arms round, and it was a long time afore I  
could get her anything like quieted."

"Oh, Reuben, I am so glad, so glad !" Her  
joyful tears said the rest.

"I've got a few repairs to put on the old  
place, and by next fall it'll be all ready  
for you, Charity, little Charity."

Her face fell in a burning blush on his  
shoulder, but in a moment it was lifted  
again, and the faith of her fathers broke  
triumphantly from her lips, in that grand  
old Hebrew chant, "O that men would praise  
the Lord for His goodness, and for His won-  
derful works to the children of men !"

"AXING FOR HER."—Colonel Dick Nash  
tells a rich story about "axing for her," in  
his earlier days. He was deeply smitten  
with the daughter of a wealthy old skin-  
flint residing in Alabama. The Colonel  
self-confident of success, arrayed himself in  
his best suit, and proceeded to call on the  
"patient," for the purpose of obtaining his  
consent to the consummation he devoutly  
wished. Matters had all along gone on  
smoothly. Colonel Nash had every ground  
to hope for success. Finally a convenient  
season arrived for him to approach the old  
"un." Says the Colonel :

"Squire, my business to-day, is to ask for  
your daughter's hand."

"It is, is it ? What ! you marry my gal ?  
Look here, young man, leave my premises  
instantly, and if you ever set foot here a-  
gain, I'll make my niggers skin you. Marry  
my daughter, indeed ! You—"

The Colonel had left. He saw that the  
old gentleman was angry. After getting  
off to a safe place, he thought he would  
turn and take a last fond look at the home  
of his lost idol—when he spied the old man  
busy, with spade in hand, shoveling up his  
tracks from the yard and throwing them  
over the fence ! Colonel Nash imagined he  
was an unwelcome visitor at that home.

## The Bridgton Reporter.

BRIDGTON, FRIDAY, NOV. 16, 1860.

AMERICAN LADIES. From a Southern pa-  
per, we clip the following outspoken declar-  
ations concerning the manners of our women.  
The extract is sharp enough almost to carry  
the idea of some bitterness on the subject.—  
We do think that many ladies presume a  
great deal upon their relations to society and  
take liberties that are not, to say the least,  
always in good taste. We do not have to  
follow a Prince or a "Tommy" about the  
country to find this out ; but we have occa-  
sion oftentimes to see this in our more com-  
mon walks of life. A well-bred woman is  
one of the sweetest creatures in the world,  
according to the verdict of all communities ;  
but a rude, inconsistent "strong-minded fe-  
male" is one of the most inconsistent bodies  
in the world. We think this extract is more  
than half right.

"One thing is determined by the recent  
visits to this country of Princes from the  
East and from the West of the Old World,  
American women have worse manners than  
the men. It was the women who at Wash-  
ington intruded upon diplomatic receptions,  
and sat upon the mantels in the President's  
mansion ; it was the women who insisted  
upon going to a ball at Gen. Cass' house, so  
that the venerable Secretary declared he  
dared not give a dinner or a matinee ; it  
was the women who thrust their noses upon  
Tommy. So, also, it was the women who  
jostled and crowded upon the Prince at the  
ball at the Academy ; it was the women  
who got upon the seats in Trinity Church to  
look at him, notwithstanding the clergymen  
had first requested them not to do so. These  
are women of all grades ; not only such as  
might be supposed ignorant of good breeding,  
but such as would be invited to the balls of  
the Secretary of State, or could get access to  
the Academy of Music last Friday. They  
were alike in Washington and New York ;  
they have displayed this behavior before  
now, at the crowded operatic matinees ; they  
do so in the omnibuses and in the railway  
cars where they demand the places of the  
men, and never dream of thanking them. At  
the North and South, the East and West, the  
rule is that the American women are rude  
—the contrary is the exception."

ANOTHER PROMINENT CITIZEN GONE. We  
have to announce the decease of another of  
our citizens, Mr. Algenon S. Howe of North  
Bridgton, who died last Thursday night.

Up to a year and a half ago, he was an  
active business man, widely known as an  
enterprising and worthy citizen. Since about  
that period, he has failed gradually but sure-  
ly, and the cause was not known even to  
the most skillful of his many physicians.  
Deep and anxious expressions of sorrow  
have been felt through the large circle of  
his friends, when they have seen the strong  
man bowed at times, in childish helplessness,  
and been unable even to know the cause.

During the last few days preceding his  
death, he failed rapidly and much of the  
time was unconscious. A post-mortem ex-  
amination disclosed several large tumors  
upon the brain, of an aggravated character,  
any one of which was severe enough to  
cause death from mental derangement. His  
age was 51.

In a recent number of the daily  
Boston Journal, is the following important  
notice among the "wants."

WANTED. Wives, by two young gentle-  
men, both of whom are wealthy, good look-  
ing and of highly respectable families.—  
Young ladies under twenty or, wealthy  
young widows under twenty-five, wishing to  
enter a speedy matrimonial engagement will  
please address Geo. Warren Henshaw, or J.  
Will Carney, Box 562, Old Cambridge, Mass.,  
and give a minute description of themselves  
with their address in full.

Remember, girls, this means you, although  
you have no money, if you are "under twenty-  
five," and you widows under twenty-five, if  
you are "wealthy." There is deep philoso-  
phy in that. Do you mind ? These young  
men are "wealthy, good looking and of high-  
ly respectable families"—almost all the  
qualifications you could ask for.

One important particular they seem to  
have omitted—whether they want more than  
one apiece—but that, probably, depends on  
future events.

Bro. Elwell of the Portland Transcript,  
says he was the only editor in the State that  
was not disturbed by the earthquake. Nobody  
doubts his word, but if an earthquake will  
not wake him what will ?

We forgot to state that just before going  
to sleep we had been reading one of Bro.  
Tenney's editorials.—[Transcript.]

Your going to sleep from reading "one of  
Bro. Tenney's editorials" we suppose Free  
Lovers would call a common illustration of  
"sympathy."

We would inform the editor of the Bridg-  
ton Reporter, that our weight is one hundred  
and sixty, but as the fellow said, when we  
are mad we weigh a ton.—[Transcript.]

That frog in the fable, while he admired  
the proportions of the ox, fancied that by  
"proper development" HE might "weigh a  
ton." Don't you remember further, that a  
"fatal accident" happened to him ?

Our little public space, that, through-  
out the political campaign just ended has  
been adorned with flag-staffs and bunting, is  
now shorn of them, the ropes put away and  
the "red, white and blue" consigned to some  
store-garret, there to rest in obscure folds  
till that "fierce gray bird" of Freedom  
shrieks again for war. Let all the attend-  
ant thoughts and duties of men so far as  
the spice or bitterness of such political strifes  
go, be put away too.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has re-  
ceived five hundred invitations for this win-  
ter's lecturing tour.

LIFE INSURANCE. In another column will  
be found an advertisement of Mr. W. D. Lit-  
tle's agency, Portland. We would respect-  
fully call attention to it, believing as we do  
that it is really an important matter, and  
which cannot fail to commend itself to the  
good judgment of every business man. Our  
own community furnishes examples of its  
good results.

Only a few days ago, Mr. Little paid to  
the daughters of our late townsman, Mr.  
Andrews the amount of his policy, upon  
which the sums paid as premiums were com-  
paratively insignificant.

Our readers may deem our interest in this  
a selfish one ; but at least they cannot ob-  
ject to such enquiries as will satisfy them of  
the merits of reliable companies. We  
shall be pleased to furnish any information  
concerning this and other companies, and al-  
so any papers for perusal, free of cost.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE. We are in receipt  
of this popular Lady's Magazine for Decem-  
ber. It is a splendid number. "Peterson"  
has a circulation of 100,000. It will be  
greatly improved in 1861. It will contain  
1000 pages of double column reading mat-  
ter ; 14 steel plates ; 12 colored steel fashion  
plates ; 12 colored patterns in Berlin work,  
embroidery or crochet, and 800 wood engrav-  
ings—proportionately more than any other  
periodical gives. Its stories and novelets are  
by the best writers. Its fashions are al-  
ways the latest and prettiest. Every neigh-  
borhood ought to make up a club. Its price  
is but Two Dollars a year, or a dollar less  
than Magazines of its class. *Subscribe for  
it and save a Dollar.* To clubs, it is cheaper  
still—viz : three copies for \$5, or eight for  
\$10. To every person getting up a club, the  
Publisher will send a magnificent premium.  
Specimens sent gratis to those wishing to  
get up clubs.

Address, post-paid, Charles J. Peterson,  
306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Some person, who, as it would seem  
would almost "spoil" if he couldn't once in  
a while do something handsome, left, to-day  
on our table, a fine lot of apples that taste  
like So. Bridgton growth. We didn't see  
him, but we have almost a conviction that  
it was that little short Fessenden "feller."  
He'll save.

ROBERTS' CATCH. The Lewiston Journal  
says Sheriff Clark has recently succeeded in  
catching and lodging in jail a desperate  
thief named Michael Connor, and a well  
known receiver of stolen goods, named Eliza  
J. McMullen. Michael is an Irish youth,  
about 17 years of age, and is one of the  
most dangerous thieves of any age that has  
ever been in these parts. He resides in  
Portland, but for some time past has been  
committing his depredations in this place.

A GOOD TIME TO SUBSCRIBE. Persons who  
may wish to subscribe for the Reporter, will  
find this a good opportunity to begin. Those  
intending to commence on the first of Janu-  
ary next, by paying the subscription price  
for a year in advance, will be furnished with  
the paper gratuitously during the remain-  
der of 1860.

The Bethel Courier man says he always  
sends his old clothes to the poor editors  
down east.—[Exchange.]

Still, he never seems to be out of them !  
We always supposed, before, that two bodies  
could not occupy the same space at the  
same time.

Bro. Tenney generously proposes to "try  
and make something of us." He forgets  
that "charity should begin at home."—  
Transcript.

In either case he can't deny that he has  
got a field broad enough.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW. The October num-  
ber of Leonard Scott & Co's New York re-  
print is received. Contents :—Neo Christian-  
ity ; North American Indians ; Robert Owen ;  
The Organization of Italy ; The Antiquity  
of the Human Race ; Russia—Present and  
Future ; Our National Deities ; Thackeray  
as a novelist ; Contemporary Literature.

The claims of Mr. Ralph Farnham to be  
considered the oldest revolutionary veteran  
are contested. Nathan Dean of Georgia,  
who was a soldier in 1776 and fought  
through the war, is now living in his 110th  
year.

A barn owned by Jacob B. Baker, of Port-  
land, containing three new wagons owned  
by Geo. Patrick, and a small quantity of  
hay in Gorham, was set on fire and consum-  
ed on Friday night last.

Mrs. Blaney's barn in Bristol was burned  
together with two cows and twelve tons  
hay recently. Supposed to have been fired  
by an incendiary. Loss probably \$350, on  
which there is insurance in the York Mutual  
of \$200.

CAUSE AND EFFECT. A widder, aged 68,  
was lately wedded in Kingston, N. C., to a  
young man of 25 years, for \$750,000, con-  
siderable reasons—possessed by the former.

Mr. Tolman's barn, in Augusta on the  
east side of the river was consumed with its  
contents recently.

A day of national thanksgiving for the  
abundant harvest is to be proclaimed in  
Canada.

William P. Haines, Esq., of Biddeford, has  
been elected a Trustee of Harvard College  
in place of Judge Joel Parker, resigned.

THE BIGOTRY OF FANATICAL PREACHERS, AND  
THE FOLLY OF A SUPERSTITIOUS PEOPLE. The  
heading hereof indicates a subject demand-  
ing more attention and space than we have  
the time or room to devote to it, and we will  
be unable therefore to inflict but a few short  
paragraphs upon the reader.

As long ago as when we were first distin-  
guished by the habiliments of jacket and  
trousers, we were taught to entertain pecu-  
liar notions of the "preacher"—we were edu-  
cated to believe that he was the "all and  
within all" of everything pertaining to the  
morality of our temporal existence—to look  
upon him with "fear and trembling." Hun-  
dreds of people have imbibed the same no-  
tions, and we will find those in every com-  
munity who are unwilling to dispute any  
sentiments entertained by their preacher, or  
question any lesson of his calculated by him  
for their instruction. This is all well and  
right to a certain extent. No men are de-  
serving of more respect and confidence from  
the hands of the people, than those who de-  
vote their lives and energies to the advance-  
ment of the moral interests of their fellow  
men ; worshipping God, praying for the er-  
ring and sick, watching by the pillow of the  
dying and affording comfort to the soul a-  
bout to take its flight into eternity, and ad-  
ministering the last rights of earthly respect  
and love over the graves of the dead. But  
preachers are only mortal after all, and  
sometimes as likely to err as the less devo-  
tional portion of humanity.

It is but a short time since that we heard  
a clerical gentleman, who is an acknowl-  
edged scholar, thinker, orator, and philan-  
thropist, exhort, yea, pray, his congregation  
to discard and disbelieve all religious no-  
tions or doctrines not incorporated in his  
church, and to look upon their devotees as  
ignorant fools and the teachers as imposters.  
The language and sentiment was no less em-  
phatic than this. No mind, not bigoted to  
an extent which makes it dangerous to an-  
other in proximity to it, would originate or  
promulgate such fanatical notions, such an  
embodiment of party phrenzy, such an ex-  
ample of lunacy. Much better would it be  
for such men to become missionaries upon  
the broad face of the earth, and preach  
prayer and the simple truth without em-  
bellishment or the mere hypothetical as-  
sumptions of sectional belief—teach human-  
ity to love God and their neighbor—and by  
an observance of the moral and physical  
laws of nature, to become true specimens of  
the man created in the image of God—much  
better would be so.

It is not those who defend their doctrines  
with the greatest power of mind, the bright-  
est genius, the most labor, who always en-  
joy the sweet solace of contentment and re-  
alize the true spirit of bliss. Yet, if we are  
to believe what is assumed by these party  
preachers, constitutes the greater portion of  
religion. Movable sincerity, pious devotion  
to God, and a strict observance of the com-  
mandments, are of but a secondary consid-  
eration. And according to such doctrine the  
many good and pious people, who are happy  
in their love for truth and goodness, and  
spend their lives in an humble religious de-  
votion, without acknowledging the peculiari-  
ties incorporated in sectional strifes—these  
good and pious souls will be lost. Out upon  
such preaching, and pity for all those who  
have confidence in it.

Next a kin to those who believe such ab-  
surdities, are the people who attribute all  
their griefs and misfortunes to a mysterious  
Providence. They are taught that the Al-  
mighty "delighteth not in the death of the  
wicked," yet they will assert, if a husband,  
or wife, or child, has been carried to the  
grave by an abuse of the physical functions  
of life, by a suicidal course of living and  
consequent premature and unnatural death,  
that Providence did it. They relieve them-  
selves of their own sins which they throw  
into the face of their Creator. Now we can-  
not help but look upon such a course of life  
as blasphemous.

Death by the act of God, or the will of  
God, except in unusual and extraordinary  
instances of natural phenomena, has passed  
under the ban of science, along with the num-  
berless superstitions that degraded and im-  
peded the human mind, previous to the era  
of printing and steam. The theory of chance  
is no longer accepted in the conduct of hu-  
man affairs—choice has been substituted—  
deliberate calculation—the sagacious appli-  
cation of natural law, based on a scientific  
knowledge of the relations of cause and ef-  
fect, justly impose upon mankind a respon-  
sibility which we are bound to understand  
and sustain, or we will suffer the penalties  
attached for the violation of these laws.

These people, when misfortune overtakes  
them, will sit down and fold their hands and  
waive, because the Almighty has visited  
them, in the mysterious dispensation of his  
offices, with a state of being that does not  
conduce to their comfort and happiness. They  
forget they have will and energy, life, motion,  
vigor, ingenuity, which only requires to be  
brought into action to relieve them of their  
embarrassment ; and forget, too, to be thank-  
ful for these faculties of power and progress.  
Let them get up and fight the battle of life  
with renewed force, and they will find the  
world full of sunshine and happiness.—  
Spunk, mirth, and genuine love and honesty  
are magic ingredients of prosperity, and we  
advise the desponding to embrace and cher-  
ish them.

SALT LAKE. This is probably the saltiest  
body of water on the globe. Three barrels  
of salt water are said to yield a barrel of  
salt. The water is of a light green color  
for about twenty rods, and then a dark blue.  
No fish can live in it, no frogs abide in it,  
and but a few birds are seen dipping in it.

FROM EUROPE. The steamship Bremen,  
from Southampton arrived at New York,  
Nov. 12.

The North Briton from Quebec is ashore  
near Bally Castle, and throwing over grain  
and other merchandise. Assistance has been  
sent from Londonderry. No anxiety is felt  
about the safety of the passengers.

There is much speculation in the English  
papers concerning the abrupt termination of  
the Warsaw Conference. The London Times  
insists that it was owing to the antagonistic  
elements of the Convention.

The Neapolitan Royalists have again been  
defeated in an action with Garibaldi near  
Tessano. Many prisoners were taken by  
the latter.

Victor Emmanuel has joined Garibaldi at  
Sessa, and was making preparations for a  
decisive battle.

Austria explains her immense armament  
as only a preparation for defence against  
aggression.

The vote in the province of Naples was  
almost unanimous in favor of annexation.  
The Canadian steamship North American  
from Liverpool 1st inst., and Londonderry  
2d inst., arrived at Quebec, Nov. 12.

Her advices are two days later than those  
by the Bremen.  
It is confirmed that France had interfered  
to prevent the bombardment of Gaeta by  
the Sardinian fleet.

GREAT BRITAIN. Admiral Sir Charles  
Napier had been seized with a sudden severe  
illness, and there was considerable anxiety  
as to his recovery.  
FRANCE. Formidable naval and military  
operations are going on, and some writers  
construe the recent council of war at St.  
Cloud as a palpable indication of an event-  
ful campaign.

ITALY. NAPLES.—On the 27th, the Sar-  
diania flotilla cannonaded the Royalists near  
Gaeta. The French Admiral dispatched a  
frigate to stop the firing, when the Sardinian  
Admiral retired, and returned to Naples,  
expressing regret at the conduct of the  
French.

Count Reichburg had given an explana-  
tion to the Diplomatic Corps relative to the  
three following questions to Russia and  
Prussia : Will your Government recognize  
the facts which have been or may be ac-  
complished in Italy ? should Austria be at-  
tacked by Sardinia, and the latter be sup-  
ported by another great Power, what would  
be your attitude ? and in the event of an-  
other war, and its being transferred to German  
territory, what would Prussia do ? An-  
swers were not given, but Reichburg says  
that Austria was about to issue a circular  
note to its Representatives abroad, giving  
the results.

FROM CALIFORNIA. St. Joseph, Nov. 7.—  
The Pony Express with San Francisco dates  
to October 27th, arrived at noon to-day.

Steamer Uncle Sam was three days over  
due from Panama.  
Apprehensions were felt that the rioters  
on the isthmus had damaged the railroad  
and otherwise stopped communication be-  
tween Aspinwall and Panama. If the Un-  
cle Sam did not arrive before the first prox-  
imo, the old steamer Washington would be  
the only one available to take the next East-  
ern mail to Panama.

Steamer Moses Taylor, advertised to sail  
from Panama Nov. 19, to connect Aspinwall  
with steamer Centauros for New York, thus  
forming what is called the People's Line be-  
tween San Francisco and New York. Not  
much confidence is expressed that this line  
will go into operation, but its agent pro-  
tests that his principals are in earnest for  
a prominent opposition to Commodore Van-  
derbilt. Price of first cabin passage to be  
\$150.

Senator Baker had addressed an immense  
meeting at San Francisco, declaring his  
intention to abide by the doctrine of non-in-  
tervention with slavery in the territories, not  
as a principle but as a policy.

Two men were dreadfully lacerated in  
Eruco Valley, 25th, by the premature dis-  
charge of a cannon while firing salutes in  
honor of the Republican victories in Penn-  
sylvania, Ohio and Indiana. One will lose  
both eyes.

The great New Almaden quicksilver mine  
case is pending in the U. S. Circuit Court.—  
The argument was opened by T. C. Peachy  
for the claimants, in a speech lasting a week.  
He was followed by Edmund Randolph, for  
the government, who spoke during the en-  
tire session of another week. Senator Ben-  
jamin then spoke for three days for the  
claimants. Randolph will then make the  
closing argument for the government. As  
an intellectual struggle this case has sel-  
dom been equaled.

The 29th of November has been appoint-  
ed as a day of Thanksgiving.  
Recent intelligence from Oregon says the  
account of the late massacre by the Snake  
Indians is greatly exaggerated. Col. Wright  
had received information that all but eleven  
of the train had arrived at the settlement  
in safety, and strong hopes were entertained  
of the escape of the eleven who had become  
separated from the main body.

The St. Louis papers tell a strange story  
of one John Hardwick, a Pittsburg mechan-  
ic. In 1853 he went to California, leaving  
a wife and two children behind. Reaching  
the land of gold, he dug a pile, which his  
partner stole from him. Then he fell sick,  
and recovered only to find himself impoverished,  
feeble, discouraged. He wrote frequently  
to his wife ; she did not receive his letters,  
nor did any from her reach him. He con-  
cluded that she was glad to be rid of him,  
so he began to dig again. In the meantime,  
the wife mourned for him as for one dead,  
then naturally married again and removed  
to St. Louis. Her first children died, and  
she bore two more to the second husband,  
who after a time died also. Within a month  
Hardwick, the California adventurer, having  
accumulated a fortune, came toward the  
East, travelling by the overland route. Stop-  
ping in St. Louis, he walked about the city,  
looking at the town. While so engaged, he  
met his wife. "Mutual explanations" fol-  
lowed. The dead children received the tri-  
bute of paternal tears, and the new ones  
were welcomed with affection. Then a clergy-  
man united the pair for the second time, and  
all parties soon left St. Louis.

The railway desecration of the Sabbath,  
in England, says a letter writer, is complete  
and absolute. I presume there are five times  
as much travel in this country by railway  
on the Sabbath as on any other day. Excur-  
sion trains go out of London in almost every  
direction, especially towards the sea coast,  
at very low fares on Sabbath morning, and  
they are advertised all over the metropolis  
by enormous handbills or posters, and the  
utmost capacity of the roads is taxed to con-  
vey all who flock to the termini.

It must be a good deal of trouble for peo-  
ple to be always exhibiting ill-nature, and  
they don't make anything by it. Why be  
such fools as to work for nothing ?

RAILROAD ACCIDENT. The Lenox

has an account of an accident which  
occurred on the Boston and Lowell rail-  
road, in that city, on Thurs-  
day, by which one man and a boy  
were injured.

The brakeman, Don Carlos Heston,  
on the train which comes down the  
main street depot, ran down the  
track and was looking out for the engine  
which was unshaken, and was head-  
ed by a car which was standing  
main down track, and knocked  
the car. He was picked up and  
his residence, but was unconscious  
the night. Among the passengers  
was a boy named Frank G. G.  
parents reside in Winchester.  
noise outside, he left his seat in  
and reaching the platform just as  
shackled cars struck them, and  
the iron railing, breaking his  
thigh in two places, and a piece of  
entered his right leg below the  
knee.

Young Gordon underwent the  
setting the broken leg with great  
While under the operation he was  
faint, and a glass of brandy was  
to drink ; but he refused to take  
told that he might die under the  
he did not drink it, he said he was  
as he had signed a pledge not to  
toxicating liquors.—He did not  
during the operation, nor at the  
accident happened, although the  
be moved before he could be get-  
doctors say that they never knew  
person who manifested so much  
and bravery."

A BRAVE WESTERN BOY. E. B.  
about fifteen, was left at home to  
visit of his father and mother  
friends in the vicinity of New  
every night slept alone in the  
was situated in a piece of wood  
two from Fort Des Moines. One  
week, Ned, who slept in a room  
and floor, at the head of the  
awakened by a noise in the  
Listening a moment, and all  
went to sleep again. After  
again awakened, and listening  
soft step on the carpeted stairs  
his room. He sprang up, and  
gun, which he always kept in  
springing to the head of the  
on "stand, or I'll fire." All  
but a noise on the stairway told  
some one was not standing but  
he aimed the gun down the stairs  
Almost immediately he heard  
something falling in the parlour  
to the window saw a man run  
through the woods. He then  
and went down stairs. The door  
at the foot of the stairs was  
with the shot ; and in the par-  
thing of any value in the house  
dies ready for removal. All  
silver, linen, cutlery, and every-  
able, had been packed up in pan-

SHINGLE BOTTOMS FOR SHOPS. The  
and Leather Reporter says : The  
shingles in the bottoms of shop-  
ped about thirteen years ago, the  
ing out in New Hampshire ; the  
upper and straw board began about  
time. To give some idea of the  
this branch of the business the  
five or six acres of heavy pine  
been used for wood filling, near  
the manufacturers of Natick, Mass.,  
adjoining towns, in the soles of

A census man in Sullivan coun-  
ty, Indiana, came to the house of Mrs.  
son. He was not at home, but his  
She is not as reserved as women gen-  
and in course of his inquiries asked  
to which she replied : "I was ten  
years old when I was married. He  
ried two years old when Bill was  
was four years old when Ann was  
Ann was ten years old when Char-  
born. Now you tell me how old I

An Irishman fights before he is  
Scottishman reasons before he fights.  
He is not particular—will do  
his customers.

Mr. Geo. W. Pierson, of Biddeford,  
committed suicide on Wednesday  
stroke. He had lately given  
of insanity.

STATE OF MAINE.  
CUMBERLAND, SS.  
To Samuel F. Perley of Naples, N. Y.,  
A. Chapin and William W. Chapin,  
all in said County, deceased, dis-  
in said County, deceased, dis-  
P

are hereby appointed and authorized  
whereof ERIC BURNHAM, of said  
ton, in said County, deceased, dis-  
said State, each piece and part of  
in the present value thereof, in  
in words at length ; and you shall  
praise the annual rents and profits  
piece and parcel aforesaid, and you  
your appraisement of the Real Estate  
you are also to give notice to  
said deceased, to all other persons  
in said Estate, before you present  
your appraisement as aforesaid.  
When you have completed your  
ment, and ascertained the annual  
the whole Estate, you are to set  
out to MARY BURNHAM, the wife  
said Estate, such part of the same  
will yield her one-third of the  
rents and profits of the same, and  
to assign the same equally and  
and without favor and without  
shall be most for the interest of  
if it can be done without prej-  
whole Estate ; the same to be  
her during her natural life. You  
scribe the Estate assigned as a  
plain and lasting terms, and let  
and that confusion may be pre-  
the reversion of the Dower shall  
vision can be conveniently made  
and bonds, you are to assign her  
a special manner, by assigning her  
of the rents and profits, by  
and ascertained in manner aforesaid  
to be held and reserved by her  
for and during her life as aforesaid.  
You are to be under Oath in  
form this service, and when you  
formed it, make return of the same  
your doings, into the Probate  
County.

Given under my hand and seal of  
a Probate Court held at Portland,  
and for said County, the 15th day  
September in the year of our Lord  
hundred and sixty.</



**BYRON GREENOUGH & CO.,**  
**HAT, CAP & FUR**  
**WAREHOUSE,**  
Portland, ..... Established in 1821.

**WE beg to call your attention to our**  
**Fall and Winter Goods !**  
comprising the largest and best selected  
Stock we ever offered.

**HATS.** Our superior advantages of man-  
ufacturing, and contracts with leading Man-  
ufacturers, enable us at all times to offer one  
the most complete assortments of these  
goods, to be found in any Jobbing House in  
New England.

**CAPS.** In Fur, Plush, Cloth, Glazed, &c.,  
in great variety of styles for Fall and  
Winter Wear. Price from \$3 to \$72 per  
dozen.

**LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FURS.**  
In this department, our Stock is unequalled,  
consisting of Hudson Bay, Swedish and Afri-  
can Sables, Stone Martins, Fitch, River  
Beaver, Siberian Squirrel, &c., &c., in Cloaks,  
Muffs, Mantillas, Victrola Boas, Muffs,  
&c., &c. Ladies' Fur Hoods, Gloves and  
 Mittens, any particular style made to order,  
old Furs altered and repaired; (Gentle-  
man's) Wolf, Coon, Grey Fox and Buffalo  
t's; Otter, Beaver and Nutria Collars,  
Gloves and Mittens.

**LEIGH ROBES.** Wolf, Coon, Grey Fox  
and Centre Robes, Shawls and Fancy  
Mittens. These Goods are of our own man-  
ufacture—of superior quality, size, style, &c.

**BUFFALO ROBES—**By the bale, at New  
York and Boston prices.

It is our endeavor to offer to Purchasers,  
most complete assortment of the above  
goods, ever presented by any House in the  
City.

We take this time to thank our Customers  
for their patronage and to solicit its continu-  
ance, and those who have not been ac-  
customed to buy of us, we shall be happy to  
try our goods in comparison with any.

We hope to have the pleasure of seeing  
you when in our City, or to receive your Or-  
ders, which shall have our personal attention.

**BYRON GREENOUGH & CO.,**  
No. 148 & 150 Middle Street, — Portland.  
Sept. 28. 3m47

---

**BRIDGTON HOUSE,**  
BRIDGTON, Maine,  
KEPT BY  
**EMIL DAVIS & SON.**

This House is entirely refitted and  
furnished in the most approved  
style, and the Proprietors respect-  
fully solicit a renewal of patronage  
so generously bestowed in former  
years. Sept. 14. 1865

---

**WHOLESALE**  
**RUBBER STORE.**

THE attention of Dealers is called to our  
large stock of

**RUBBERS !**  
which we offer at the **LOWEST POSSIBLE**  
**PRICES for CASH.** Our sales are so large  
to give us the

**Best Facilities for Buying.**  
We have on hand a large supply of some of  
the leading kinds, purchased before the ad-  
vance in price, which we are selling at a  
large discount than is given at the Boston  
agencies. We have, as usual, a large and  
superior stock of

**Boots, Shoes, and Shoe Stock,**  
imported to the Maine trade, and feel sure  
that we can make it for the advantage of  
Purchasers to examine.

**BREED & TUKEY,**  
No. 50 Union Street, Portland, Me.  
Sept. 28. 3m27

---

**NEW STOCK !**

  
**F. B. & J. H. CASWELL**  
would call the attention of those wishing to  
purchase to their new and well selected  
Stock of  
**WATCHES**  
(LARGELY)  
**JEWELRY !**  
—Consisting of—  
Importing and Open Faced LEVERs,  
LADIES' GOLD & SILVER WATCHES,  
Ladies Watch and Neck Chains, Gents  
Vest Chains, Ladies and Gents  
**Breast Pins,**  
Hat Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Shirt Studs, Lock-  
ets, Bracelets, Silver Thimbles.  
A larger and better Stock than ever before  
offered in this place.  
**SILVER AND PLATED SPOONS.**  
A large stock of Silver, Plated and Steel  
**SPECTACLES !**  
**GILT PICTURE FRAMES,**  
A large variety. Also,  
sizes made to order.  
**LOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY**  
**REPAIRED.**  
FRANCIS B. CASWELL,  
JOHN H. CASWELL.  
Bridgton Center, May 10, 1866. 27

---

**BYRON GREENOUGH & CO.,**  
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in  
our Goods, Hats, Caps, Gloves,  
**BUFFALO AND FANCY ROBES,**  
Nos. 148 & 150 MIDDLE ST.,  
PORTLAND, ME.

Particular attention is invited to our Stock  
Goods, it being by far the largest and most  
complete in the market, comprising every va-  
riety of Style, made of the best materials,  
and in a superior manner. 2 ly

**E. E. WILDER,**  
**SADDLERY, HARNESS-MAKER AND CARRIAGE**  
**TRIMMER.**  
Harnesses, Carriage Trimmings, Halters, Sur-  
ginals, Bridles, Horse Blankets, Whips, &c.  
constantly on hand and for sale.  
Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1865. \*1yl,  
NEW Lot of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers  
for sale by DIXEY STONE & SON.



MISCELLANY.  
GONE AWAY.

I see the farm house red and old,  
Above the roof its maples sway;  
The hills behind are bleak and cold,  
The wind comes up and dies away.

I gaze into each empty room,  
And as I gaze a knowing pain  
Is at my heart, of thought of those  
Who never will pass the door again.

And strolling down the orchard slope  
(So wide a likeness grief will crave)  
Each dead leaf seems a withered hope,  
Each mossy hillock looks a grave.

They will not hear me if I call:  
They will not see these things that start;  
'Tis autumn—autumn with its fall—  
And worse than autumn is my heart.

O leaves, so dry, and dead, and sore!  
I can recall some happier hours,  
When summer's glory linger'd there,  
And summer's beauty touch'd the dowers.

Adown the slope a slender shape  
Danced lightly, with her flying curls,  
And manhood's deeper tones were bleat  
With the gay laugh of happy girls.

O stolen meetings at the gate!  
O lingerings at the open door!  
O moonlight rambles long and late!  
My heart can scarce believe them o'er.

And yet the silence strange and still,  
The air of sadness and decay,  
The moss that grows upon the sill—  
Yes, love and hope have gone away!

So like, so like a worn-out heart!  
Which the tall tenant finds too cold,  
And leaves forever as they  
Have left this homestead, red and old.

Poor empty house! poor lonely heart!  
'Tis well if bravely side by side,  
You waited, till the hand of Time  
Each ruin's mossy wreath supplied.

I lean upon the gate, and sigh;  
Some bitter tears will show their way,  
And then I bid the place good-by  
For many a long and weary day.

I cross the little ice-bound brook,  
(In summer 'tis a noisy stream)  
Turn round, to take a last fond look,  
And all has faded like a dream.

MEMORY.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Oh, memory, how coldly  
Thou paintest joy gone by;  
Like rainbows, thy pictures  
But mournfully shine and die.  
Or, if some tints thou keep'st  
That former days recall,  
As o'er each line thou wepest,  
Thy tears efface them all.

But Memory, too truly  
Thou paintest grief that's past  
Joy's colors are floating,  
But those of Sorrow last.  
And while thou bring'st before us  
Dark pictures of past ill,  
Life's evening closing o'er us,  
But makes them darker still.

ROUGH BEGINNING OF THE HONEYMOON.

On last Friday morning an athletic young  
farmer of the town of Winesburg took a  
fair girl, "all bathed in blushes" from her  
parents, and started for the first town across  
the Pennsylvania line to be married, where  
the ceremony could be performed without a  
license. The happy pair were accompanied  
by a sister of the girl—a tall, gaunt and  
sharp featured female of some thirty-seven  
summers. The pair crossed the line, were  
married, and returned to Wellsville to pass  
the night. People at the hotel where the  
wedding party stopped observed that they  
conducted themselves in a rather singular  
manner. The husband would take his sister-  
in-law, the tall female aforesaid, into one  
corner of the parlor and talk earnestly  
with her, gestulating wildly the while.

Then the tall female would "put her foot  
down," and talk to him in an angry and ex-  
cited manner. Then the husband would  
take his fair young bride into a corner, but  
he could no sooner commence talking to her  
than the gaunt sister would rush in between  
them and angrily join in the conversation.

The people in the hotel ascertained what all  
this meant about 9 o'clock in the evening.  
There was an uproar in the room which had  
been assigned to the newly married couple.  
Female shrieks and masculine "swears"  
started the people of the hotel and they  
rushed to the spot. The gaunt female was  
pressing and kicking against the door of the  
room and the newly married man, mostly un-  
dressed, was barring her out with all his  
might. Occasionally she would kick the stal-  
wart husband, in his gentleman Cockeye Slave  
apparel. It appeared that the tall female  
insisted upon occupying the same room with  
the newly wedded pair; that her sister  
was favorably disposed to the arrange-  
ment, and that the husband had agreed to it  
before the wedding took place, and was  
now indignantly repudiating the contract.

"Won't you go away, now, Susan, peace-  
fully?" said the newly married man, soft-  
ening his voice.

"No," said she, "I won't—so there?"

"Don't you budge an inch!" cried the  
married sister within the room.

"Now—now, Maria," said the young man  
to his wife, in a piteous tone, "don't go for to  
cuttin, up in this way, now don't!"

"I'll cut up's much as I waster!" she  
sharply replied.

"Well," roared the desperate man, throw-  
ing the door wide open, and stalking out  
among the crowd, "well, jest you two win-  
nim put on your duds and go right straight  
home and bring back the old man and wo-  
man and your old granddaddy, who is nigh  
on to a hundred; bring them all here, and I'll  
marry the whole d-d caboodle of 'em, and we'll  
all sleep together."

The difficulty was finally adjusted by the  
tall female taking a room alone. Wellsville  
is enjoying itself over the "sensation."

HUNNEWELL'S  
UNIVERSAL  
COUGH REMEDY.

This valuable preparation, freed of all the  
common components, such as Opium, or  
Expectorants, which not only run down the  
system, but destroy all chance of cure, will  
be found on trial to possess the following prop-  
erties, and to which the most valuable tes-  
timonials may be found in the pamphlets.

For Whooping Cough, and as a soothing  
Syrup it meets every want, and by early use  
will save the largest proportion of ruptures in  
children which can be traced to Whooping  
Cough.

In ordinary Coughs and Bronchial Com-  
plaints, the forerunners of Consumption, its  
splendid tonic properties make it not only  
the most perfect enemy to disease, but builds  
up and sustains the system against a recur-  
rence of the Complaint. No nursery should  
be without it, nor should parents fail to get  
a pamphlet, to be found with all dealers as  
the only way to do justice to its value.

HUNNEWELL'S  
CELEBRATED  
TOLU ANODYNE.

This great Neuralgic Remedy and Natural  
Opium calls for special attention and inter-  
est, being free of Opium, or preparations of  
Opium, or of any but its strictly vegetable  
and medicinal properties. For Neuralgia, Rheu-  
matism, Gout, Tooth and Ear Ache, Spinal  
Complaints, Bleeding at the Lungs or Stomach,  
Rose or Hay Fever, Catarrh, and all  
minor Nervous Complaints.

For Loss of Sleep, Chronic or Nervous  
Head Ache, Sick Head Ache, it has no equal,  
and to which we offer testimonials from un-  
doubted sources.

For Delirium Tremens is a Sure Remedy.  
For Bowel Complaints, including Cholera  
Morbus, it is splendidly adapted, in not only  
removing the pains but acting as physic, a  
great contrast with Opium, which not only  
constipates and drugs the system, but makes  
the remedy worse than the disease.

From Physicians we ask attention, and on  
demand Formulas or Trial Bottles will be  
sent, developing in the Anodyne an Opium  
which has long been wanted, and in the  
Cough Remedy such as rest entirely on one  
central principle.

From invalids we ask correspondence for  
Pamphlets or explanation, without "postage-  
stamps."

Large Cough Remedy, 50 cents per bottle.  
Small " 25 " "  
Tolu Anodyne, 50 " "  
JOHN L. HUNNEWELL, Proprietor,  
CHEMIST AND PHARMACEUTIST,  
No. 9 Commercial Wharf, Boston, Mass.

For sale by all usual wholesale and retail  
dealers in every town and city.  
S. M. HAYDEN, Bridgton; Silas Blake,  
Harrison; D. P. Noyes, Norway, Agents—  
W. F. Phillips, Portland; W. L. Alden & Co  
Bangor, Wholesale Agents. 1y29

MANHOOD.  
HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.

Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope,  
A LECTURE ON THE NATURE, TREAT-  
MENT AND RADICAL CURE OF SPERM-  
ATORRHOEA, or Seminal Weakness, Sex-  
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Emissions, producing Impotency, Consump-  
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By ROB. J. CULVERWELL, M. D.  
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ment as adopted by the celebrated author  
fully explained, by means of which every one  
is enabled to cure himself, and at the least  
possible cost, thereby avoiding all the adver-  
sities and tortures of the day.

This Lecture will prove a boon to thou-  
sands and thousands.  
Sent under seal to any address, post paid  
on receipt of two postage stamps, by address  
ing Dr. C. J. C. KLINE, 480 First Avenue,  
New York, Post Box 4588. 1y6

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 medicinal 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 his 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  
causes 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, Nash-  
ua, N. H. 51 ly.

Attention  
Is called to a prime lot of  
FAMILY GROCERIES,

NOW in store which will be sold for the  
lowest possible prices, for  
Cash or Produce. I shall henceforth keep a  
first class quality and a prime assortment of  
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,  
STATIONERY,  
AND PATENT MEDICINES,  
which will be sold for a small advance on the  
cost. Also, a large quantity and  
prime assortment of  
Confection  
AND FANCY GOODS.

REUBEN BALL,  
Bridgton Center, April 13, 1860. 23tf

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REUBEN BALL,  
Bridgton Center, April 13, 1860. 23tf

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 Fryburg  
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. 1f

Custom Work.

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

BOOT AND SHOEMAKING,  
for either men, women or children.  
Work respectfully solicited.  
Bridgton Center, Sept. 2, 1859. 1y

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 & 10-4 Witney " "  
12, 11, 10 & 8-4 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. 1f5

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This Lecture will prove a boon to thou-  
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and most of the  
POPULAR MEDICINES  
of the day.

PURE WINES  
for medicinal 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 his 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  
causes 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, Nash-  
ua, N. H. 51 ly.

Attention  
Is called to a prime lot of  
FAMILY GROCERIES,

NOW in store which will be sold for the  
lowest possible prices, for  
Cash or Produce. I shall henceforth keep a  
first class quality and a prime assortment of  
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,  
STATIONERY,  
AND PATENT MEDICINES,  
which will be sold for a small advance on the  
cost. Also, a large quantity and  
prime assortment of  
Confection  
AND FANCY GOODS.

REUBEN BALL,  
Bridgton Center, April 13, 1860. 23tf

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Confection  
AND FANCY GOODS.

REUBEN BALL,  
Bridgton Center, April 13, 1860. 23tf

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.  
BEDSTEPS, 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. 8

HOOD'S LINIMENT for sale at Hayden's  
ESSENTIAL OILS, for sale at Hayden's.

GENUINE LONDON PORTER, at Hayden's  
FLAVORING EXTRACTS, at Hayden's.  
BEST COLOGNE, for sale at Hayden's.  
CANARY SEED, for sale at Hayden's.  
BAY RUM, for sale at Hayden's.

WHITES PULMONARY ELIXIR, for sale  
at Hayden's.  
FLY PAPER, for sale at Hayden's.  
HERRICK'S MEDICINES, at Hayden's.

PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, for sale at Hayden's  
DRUGS AND CHEMICALS, at Hayden's.  
DYE STUFFS, for sale at Hayden's.  
BATH OF BEAUTY, for removing Tan,  
Freckles and beautifying the Skin for sale  
at Hayden's.

BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS, and ex-  
cellent Cosmetic, for sale at Hayden's.  
AYER'S COUGH PECTORAL, at Hayden's  
SWEET'S LINIMENT, for sale at Hayden's.  
GRAPE BRANDY, for sale at Hayden's.

OPORTO WINE, for sale by S. M. HAYDEN  
Bridgton, July 20, 1860. 37

DOORS,  
Sashes, and Blinds.

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

We also Plane and Saw all kinds of Lum-  
ber, Joint and Match Boards; Plane, Joint,  
and other work of every kind in the  
building line, and 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

\$1200 A YEAR made by any one with  
\$10 Patent Stencil Tools; etc.

enough included to retail for \$150. With  
activity this amount may be realized in two  
weeks time. The only reliable source for  
these Tools is at Fullam's American Stencil  
Tool Works, the largest and only permanent  
Manufacture in the World, located at Spring-  
field, Vt., Salesrooms 212 Broadway, New  
York, 13 Merchants' Exchange, Boston, and  
Springfield, Vt. A beautiful photograph of  
the American Stencil Tool Works and sur-  
rounding scenery, on Black River, sent on  
receipt of 25 cents. These Works command  
the exclusive and entire control of the whole  
River, at all seasons, and the machinery for  
manufacturing Stencil Tools is driven by a  
water wheel of seventy-five horse power af-  
forded immense and unlimited advantages,  
which no other concern can pretend to claim.  
The \$10 outfit is for cutting small name  
plates and business cards. Tools for cutting  
large work of all sizes furnished for \$25—  
No experience is necessary in using any of  
these Tools. Do not fail to send for samples  
and circular. And if you buy Stencil Tools,  
be sure to get Fullam's, as they are univer-  
sally known to be the only perfect cutting  
Tools made. Address or apply to  
A. J. FULLAM,  
Springfield, Vt., 13 Merchants' Exchange,  
Boston, or 212 Broadway, New York. 42.

Safety Burning Oil,  
TO BURN IN FLUID LAMPS.

THE SAFETY BURNING OIL will burn  
in Fluid Lamps without any alteration  
whatever. It is utterly inexplosive, and may  
be used with the most perfect confidence.  
Also, for sale, WATER OIL

To Burn in Kerosene Lamps  
Manufactured and for sale Wholesale and  
Retail by the  
WATER OIL COMPANY,  
NO. 208 FINE STREET,  
PORTLAND, Me. 45

DIMOND OIL CO.,  
13 Market Square, PORTLAND, ME.

THE DIMOND OIL is a Pure, Safe and  
valuable article, warranted to burn in  
any kind of lamps. Will burn ten  
per cent longer than any other Oil.

BURNING FLUID, CHANDELIERS,  
LAMPS, &c., at Wholesale and Retail.  
Old Lamps altered to burn Dimond Oil.  
Sept. 22. 6m46

Pondicherry House.

THE subscriber would inform his  
friends and the public that he is  
ready to entertain, at the above  
House, travellers in a good and  
substantial manner, and for a rea-  
sonable compensation. The Pondicherry  
House is kept on strictly temperate prin-  
ciple, 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.  
MARTIN BACON.  
Bridgton Center, Nov. 19, 1858. 2tf

H. H. HAY & CO.  
Wholesale dealers in  
Drugs, Medicines, & Chemicals,  
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,  
Artists' Materials, Apocryphic Glass Ware  
Swedish Leeches, Cigars,  
MINERAL TEETH, GOLD FOIL, &c  
Burning Fluid and Camphene.  
Pure Wines and Liquors, for Medicinal and  
Miscellaneous purposes only.  
STANDARD FAMILY MEDICINES, etc  
Always at lowest market Prices.  
Junction of Free and Middle Street.  
PORTLAND, ME. 20tf

FRUIT AND CONFECTIONARY, for all  
kinds at  
BALL'S.

Take Them and Live.  
NEGLECT THEM AND DIE.

HERRICK'S SUGAR COATED PILLS  
AND KID STRENGTHENING PILLS  
These unsurpassed remedies have  
by the common consent of mankind, been pla-  
ced at the head of all similar preparations.  
Herrick's Vegetable Pills, in universal good-  
ness, safety and certainty in the cure of the  
various diseases of man, excel all others.  
In all cases of indigestion, flatulency, and  
other ailments of the stomach, these pills are  
other kinds. In full doses they are active Ca-  
thartics, in smaller doses Tonic, and cleans-  
ing in all Bilious Complaints, Sick Head-  
ache, Liver Diseases, Kidney Derangements,  
Stomach Disorders, and Skin Affections, they  
cure as if by magic. These 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 pro-  
perly used, but when compound in a Pill for  
universal use it destroys, instead of benefit-  
ing the patient. Herrick's Sugar Coated Pills  
have never been known to produce sore mouth  
and aching 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 con-  
fectionary. FAMILY BOXES, 25 CENTS,  
5 BOXES, \$1.  
Herrick's Kid Strengthening Plaster.

These renowned Plasters cure pains, weak-  
ness 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, a  
beautiful Kid leather, renders them peculiarly  
adapted to the wants of Females and chil-  
dren, and in rheumatic complaints, sprains  
and bruises, frequently effect cures, which all  
other remedies failed. Full directions will  
be found on the back of each. Public speak-  
ers, vocalists, ministers of the Gospel and  
others, will strengthen their lungs and im-  
prove 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, Wat-  
ery and Inflamed Eyes, and those disas-  
trous noises, resembling the whizzing of  
steam, distant waterfalls, etc