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The Bridgton Reporter

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BY S. H. NOYES.

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ABIEL T. NOYES, Agent in Portland.

MAUD; OR, THE BEAUTY OF GLENTHORN.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

The mellow rays of a summer sunset danced and quivered across the neatly sanded floor of Reuben Brown's humble sitting-room. The farmer sat at the open window, inhaling the breath of the roses and jasmine, that clambered among the ivy to the very thatch. At intervals his ear was greeted with sweet patches of song from a robin-redbreast that had made its home in the noble old oak, under the broad branches of which the little homestead had nestled for three generations. There was a smile of contentment and peace in the farmer's sun-burnt countenance, as he wiped his ample forehead, and rested in his high-backed chair after the trials of the day, while the scented breeze lifted the locks, now wearing thin and bare, from his revered brow. It was with no thoughtless eye that he gazed out upon the fair scene before him. The waving fields that spread their golden treasures to his gaze were his. The mill beyond, its swift sails, now still and motionless, had no other owner than Reuben Brown. A comely matron approached from the dairy across the road, the lightness and grace of youth in her step, though youth itself had long since fled, and his heart receives a new emotion of pleasure, as his eyes follow the form of his dear wife Mary. And was not their sweet child, Maud, known far and wide as the "Beauty of Glenthorn?" Aye, happy indeed was Reuben Brown!

Our Maud lingers late this evening, remarked farmer Brown, as he drew near the board to partake of the tempting meal that had been prepared for some time.

The home-brewed ale foamed and frothed in the great tankard that had served his sire and grand-sire before him, and it gave an additional zest to his appetite to look at the ruddy cheese, dainty butter, snow-white bread, all prepared by the hands of his excellent wife.

She must have met Charles, and of course the young couple take no heed of the flight of time, she returned.

For a moment a shadow darkened the farmer's brow; he shook his head moodily, as he replied, "I fear that heavy hand the hours Maud spends in Charles's company now; she has as she used to be, singing like a lark from morning till night. She ever seems uneasy when Charles comes to the farm. But you must have noticed this change in her yourself!"

His wife said that she had observed a coldness between them, a lover's quarrel, which would end in a mutual reconciliation, and unite their hearts closer than ever.

The coldness is all on Maud's side, continued Reuben; a half glance might prove to you that Charles loves the very ground she stands on. Listen, Mary, I was led to speak of this on account of what I witnessed yesterday. When the people were coming out of church, Charles hastened to her, but with a cold salute, passed on and joined some of his companions. It grieved me to see the expression of pain that rested on his countenance. Seeing my eyes upon him, he tried to look indifferent, but it was easy to see that the arrow of disappointment had entered his heart. He soon after took his leave without casting a look at—

"Maud, Maud, what has happened?" burst simultaneously from the lips of Mary and Reuben, as Maud entered, accompanied by a stranger, while the garments of both bore evidence of having been recently in the water.

Maud hastened to relieve her parents' anxiety by explaining the cause of her present appearance. Returning from old blind Lucy's and lingering on the bank of the stream, at some distance from the mill, she had reached for a flower, fell in, and would inevitably have been drowned, but for the stranger, who plunged in and saved her.

Reuben grasped the young man by the hand, telling him to consider him as his best friend; and henceforth there was not a more welcome guest at farmer Brown's than William Howard. Tall, dark, with eyes deep blue, which had an expression so full of generous feeling that he instinctively won the confidence of all, while his graceful manners

made a most pleasing impression on the hearts of the parents.

"Dame Nature never intended you for a farmer, my boy!" said Reuben Brown, who had been noticing the white and delicate hands of William Howard, as some evenings subsequently, he was assisting Maud to tie up the broken trellis-work of her arbor.

"I am an artist," he smilingly returned.—"My art led me to visit the beautiful scenes of this favored country."

"You admire this part of the country, then?" interrupted Reuben, evidently much pleased at William's preference.

Many were the praises that the young painter bestowed on the scenery of Shropshire, but of it the surrounding neighborhood pleased him most and with the accuracy of one who had been brought up in the village, he described each charming landscape.

"On my word, you know the place better than I do myself. Have you never been here before?" inquired Reuben.

William said that he had been staying in the village for several weeks, taking sketches.

"Didn't you ever see my girl before the evening when you so nobly rescued her?"

It was not without a motive that farmer Brown asked this question; while Maud bent her head over the tangled flowers, and her cheek wore a brighter red than the sweet rose-bud which she was unconsciously picking to pieces.

William replied somewhat evasively that few would visit the neighborhood without the desire of seeing its fairest flower.

Weeks went on. William, who had not yet completed his sketches, was a daily but not an unwelcome visitor at farmer Brown's if we except the worthy host himself. He now perceived the cause of Maud's indifference to Charles Frost, her affianced husband, dating this change in her sentiments to the first appearance of the young painter in the village. Yet he would not deny the hospitality of his house to one who had been instrumental in saving the life of his child.

All this time Charles had not approached the cottage. It piqued the pride of the father that the young lover should appear an uninvited guest of the charms of his beautiful daughter, while he waited in daily expectation of seeing him coming to make overtures for a reconciliation.

Charles Frost was his own master, and the richest farmer in the place. There was not a maiden in the parish who would not be beside herself, if he had bestowed on her the love that thrilled no responsive chord in the heart of the village beauty.

Betrothed to Charles when a mere child, Maud had mistaken a sisterly affection for that deeper feeling that every woman should bear with her to the altar. With sorrowful anxiety she now felt she could not reciprocate his attachment. Love—first love—dawned upon her soul when, in one of her visits to old blind Lucy, she found her place occupied by a noble looking youth. He arose respectfully when she entered, and bowing to her as if she were "the lady of the land," with a look of silent and intense homage, he took his leave.

Many times did the stranger cross her path after that, yet he never offended her by lifting his eyes to her beautiful face. As he moved slowly along, apparently engaged in the study of nature her eyes involuntarily marked his dignified bearing and graceful carriage, which served as a dangerous contrast to the somewhat awkward air of her rustic lover.

Maud had received an education far superior to persons in her rank of life. She was not only a correct scholar in her own language, but she had made considerable progress in French, and played with taste and skill on the piano.

What a new delight it was for the young girl to meet with one who could sympathize with her! Every word of William's thrilled her to the heart; he opened to her glimpses of worlds which were unknown to her before. No wonder that when away from him, life seemed to have lost its sweetest charm.

Another week effected great change in the cottage. Charles stung with jealousy, and fearing that he might be supplanted by William, conquered his pride, and sought an interview with Maud. But she was absent when he called, having gone to visit the friends at whose school she had been educated.

An understanding followed between himself and the farmer, whose highest ambition was to see Maud the wife of the "uppermost farmer in the place," as he was described in his native village. Charles knew well the effect of addressing himself to the father's feelings, and he now aroused all his indignation against William.

"You are the talk of the village," he said, "people wonder at you for allowing a penniless adventurer to seek the hand of your daughter. Believe me, Reuben, he already thinks this farm securely his own."

Before Charles left the house, Reuben

promised him that in ten days more, Maud should be his.

"Next Sunday week will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of our wedding," he said, turning affectionately towards his wife, who with a troubled look on her face, faintly smiled, but remained silent. "That blessed day's sun will not sit without seeing Maud a happy bride."

Maud proceeded on her way. Many times did she cast a longing, lingering look behind her, but William, who had never failed to meet her in her rambles, did not make his appearance now. A shade of disappointment rested on her face, and hoping to meet him on her return, she hastened towards the school.

Her old friends greeted her with their usual kindness, entertaining her hospitably.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Montague, "you will come to the school-room and see the beautiful painting that was sent yesterday. We know not who the kind donor is. A note begging its acceptance was written in a bold vigorous hand. I doubt not that it is the handwriting of the painter, who, we think, must have sent us this charming present, as a kind of altar-piece, since during the rebuilding of the church, our vicar has used the room on Sundays as a chapel."

"It is the Madonna," she continued, approaching the picture; and drawing aside the veil that covered the painting, turned to Maud with an inquiring look.

With an exclamation of surprise, Maud beheld in the beautiful countenance of the Madonna, her own sweet resemblance. Mrs. Montague seemed to enjoy her surprise and confusion.

"We all said you must have sat for it," said she kissing her white brow; "yet if the painter wishes to preserve his incognito, we shall not ask you to reveal it." The lady went on to tell that Charles Frost her nephew, had called to see her some two hours previously, when on his way to the village.

"Did he see this painting?" asked Maud, unconsciously.

"I showed it to him," replied Mrs. Montague; "he regarded it long, but said not a word."

Her friends were anxious that Maud should remain longer; but, excusing herself, she took her departure, with a presentiment that some sorrow was about to befall her. She had passed through the wood that was situated between her home and the school, and where the rustle of every leaf made her heart throb with the hope that the loved one was near. She now stood leaning over the little rustic bridge that spanned the blue stream into whose depths she was gazing while her thoughts were occupied with one image that was enshrined in her heart.

A step at her side brought the crimson tide to her cheeks, and turning she beheld Charles Frost, regarding her with mingled sorrow and love. Surprise instantly gave way to disappointment, while her eyes fell beneath the earnest gaze of him whose happiness she sadly felt she was about to destroy.

"Have you no word of greeting for me, Maud?" he asked. "It is long since we met—to me it has been an age."

Maud would have spoken, but she knew not how to reply. He took her hand; this she did not refuse. He asked for a reconciliation, while he besought her to give him back the love which had blessed his existence.

"My own dear girl," he continued, "you will give me back that love?"

"Love!" she repeated, struggling in vain for resolution to breathe the fatal truth and tell him that she could never be his.

Her hand was still in his, her eyes down-drooped, and her cheek whiter than the trembling lily that kissed the wave at her feet.

"Yes, Maud," said the young man, "the love that was unchangeably bright between us until—no, I will not wrong you with the thought. It is not in you to bestow one encouraging look of fondness on a nameless wanderer."

He paused, for Maud lifted her flashing eyes to his face, her cheeks burning with indignation, yet her tongue refused to speak. He partly understood her look, though he little imagined the slight hold he had on her heart, and in his jealous excitement he was unsparing in his censures of William.

"If you have ought to say against my father's friend and the preserver of my life do so to his face," exclaimed Maud, turning away.

"Your father's friend," he repeated, with a look of triumph. "This very day your father forbids him his house, and more, Maud," he added, in a deeply tender tone, "he has said that on Sunday week we shall be united."

His words fell like a death-blow on poor Maud. She well knew the determined spirit of her father, and that moment she would have thrown herself on the generosity of Charles, acknowledging all, but she feared the effects of his resentment on William. With a breaking heart she hurried

towards her home, where she longed to throw herself on her mother's breast, that unfeeling fount of love and holy sympathy, for there she would find rest.

Charles was still at her side, nor did he leave her until he saw her enter the cottage; he then turned away, feeling that he would sooner be her husband, sharing her divided heart, than the possessor of the sole love of any other woman beside.

A painful scene followed. Sobbing with anguish on her mother's breast, Maud besought her father to release her from the engagement with Charles, but he was inexorable. Yet, while he reproached her with harsh words, the first he had ever uttered towards her, his heart sorrowed for her with all a father's fondness.

"Foolish girl!" he sighed, as she retired faint and weary. "She knows not how she would wreck her own and our happiness by wedding a man she knows nothing about. She will yet bless her father for what she considers his cruelty."

While Mary's heart was wrung with grief and piety for her child, she felt her husband acted according to the dictates of parental prudence. Maud's love for William she deemed a fleeting fancy, and regarded her future welfare of more moment than a short-lived regret, she passively concurred with Reuben in the stand he had taken against his child's inclinations.

Maud remained in her room during the following day. Deprived of her mother's sympathy, which would have been a blessed solace at such an hour, she felt nevertheless that love for her alone prompted her parents to disregard her sad appeal to their hearts.

Poor Maud. As she sat in her little chamber, she could hear her father making preparations to go to the next market town to obtain the license for the approaching wedding. She heard the unwelcome voice of Charles inquiring tenderly for herself speaking hopefully of the coming time, and with merry laughter, as if he could not restrain his happiness, he departed.

Soon afterwards a knock came to the door. Her heart seemed to cease its pulsations as the beloved tones of William thrilled through her soul. She opened the door, and there he stood, his face pale, his eyes full of tears, his hand outstretched to her.

Oh, burden of first-love disappointment! Oh, glory once fled—life has nothing more beyond. William had never given her any assurance of his love, otherwise the silent homage which his eyes ever expressed. Love has no need of words. Has it not a more potent language of its own? Where is the worshipping heart that cannot interpret that language when the beloved one returns a like devotion.

Another week has passed rapidly away, and the sun is sinking behind the hills. Maud sat at her open casement watching its trail of splendor fading away in the gloomy west, while she reflected that before another day had ended, her fate would be irrevocably sealed. Her mother entered and silently placed a snow-white dress on the couch, and Maud regarded her bridal dress with a shudder, as if it were her shroud.

Unable to witness the festive preparations that were making for the happy morning, to all but her, she wandered out into the green fields, where the fresh evening breeze pressed cool kisses on her cheeks, and flung back the neglected tresses from her fevered brow. A lark still lingered amid the clouds, and poured down its liquid melody: then Maud forgot her sorrow as she listened to the melody of the bird. Half unconsciously her steps led her toward a favorite walk, bordered with lofty elm trees. Here she had often wandered with William.

Thinking that William was no longer in the neighborhood, she did not hesitate to enter the retreat, for in the simplicity of her heart, she imagined that he would yield as implicit obedience to the will of her father as she did herself.

She proceeded but a few steps, when William was at her side. Trembling with vague apprehensions she did not wholly conceal her delight at seeing him once more. Yet she turned to leave him; whom she loved better than life. Dropping on his knee before her, he supplicated her to hear him, for on that moment depended his life-long happiness. Then, for the first time, Maud heard a love tale, to which every pulse of her heart was but too readily responsive. To her surprise William seemed acquainted with all that had transpired since their last meeting. He told her that he had witnessed her interview with Charles Frost on the bridge, and her father informed him of the immediate union with the young farmer.

"Maud," he continued, "far be it from me to counsel you to act in opposition to your parents, by wedding without their sanction. But, if through sordid motives they would wreck your happiness, then I shall be the first to tell you, that you would be blameless in refusing to submit to their tyranny. You surely would not kneel at the altar to

wed one whom you love not? It was in obedience to your father's wishes that you entered into an engagement with Charles Frost when a mere child. Your own judgment will absolve you from keeping such a promise, which was made before you knew the true state of your heart towards him whom your father forces you to marry."

"Wretch!" cried Reuben Brown rushing forward, "how would you misguide my child?"

With the heavy walking stick which he held in his hand, he would have felled William to the ground, but for the intercession of Maud, who flung her arms around her lover to protect him.

"Maud!" shrieked the old man, almost overpowered with rage, "you deserve my malediction for seeing you in such a situation."

"Stay, my father!" gasped the unhappy Maud, flinging herself at his feet. "Why would you make me miserable forever, by compelling me to wed one whom I can never love? Oh, bless my union with William. You have nothing to object in him, but his want of wealth."

"Cease, girl!" exclaimed her father. "I would sooner see you dead at my feet than married to him yonder. Prepare for to-morrow, you will be the wife of Charles Frost."

A new spirit seemed born within Maud at that moment—kneeling as she was, she called heaven to witness that she did right in vowing that she never would be the wife of Charles.

Mary who dreaded that some misfortune was hanging over them, hastened in search of her beloved ones. She appeared in time to hear Maud's last words.

"Father, I am ever your loving, dutiful child; but I cannot consent to wed against my will. I will part now from William to meet him no more, but I will never be the bride of another."

Maud had risen from her kneeling posture and stood before her parents like a beautiful statue.

"Girl, go your way, you are free to act as you please; but remember, when you are left desolate and sorrow-stricken, my doors will be closed upon you, as they are now."

Uttering these cruel words, Reuben Brown caught the fainting form of his poor wife in his arms, and bore her to her now lonely home.

Several minutes elapsed before William approached Maud, who appeared unconscious of his presence, as she stood mute and motionless, gazing with bewildered looks after her parents.

"Maud, my own sweet Maud," he said, taking her hand in his, and starting with alarm at its icy coldness.

She seemed as if suddenly awakened from a horrible dream, as she turned on him her despairing eyes.

"Do not look so sadly, my love," he cried, taking her to his heart. "Oh, my own Maud, this suffering is all for me. Hear me, beloved one, every thought of my life will be to render you happy. All will yet be well. Heaven will prosper our union—your father will before long open loving arms to you, and perhaps he will not reject the husband of his child."

With these words did William seek to comfort the distressed girl. He informed her that trusting that she loved him, and anticipating the result, he obtained the consent of a clergyman to unite them, if her parents placed no prohibition of their union. As her father put no further restraint upon her, he entreated her to become his bride on the morrow. The clergyman to whom he referred was formerly acquainted with William's family.

"He has spoken to Mrs. Montague, Maud," he went on to say, "and you will find shelter under her roof until I can offer you a home."

He now accompanied her to the school, where that lady was waiting to receive her. The next morning they were united by license which William had procured. Strange and sweet, despite the sorrow that afflicted her, were the sensations that thrilled Maud's soul, when William, pressing her to his heart, called her by the holy name of wife. Yet he was forced to leave her on the spot. That very morning he had received intelligence which he hoped would be the forerunner of good fortune. In a neighboring county the young Lord B—— was expected home with his beautiful bride. Through the intervention of a friend, William received employment at the castle for an indefinite period. As the young Lord B—— was a patron of the arts, he looked with confidence to the dawning of a brighter future, and, parting from Maud, he hastened thither to prepare a home for her reception.

A week passed before they were again united—oh, what a weary time it was to poor Maud! Mrs. Montague had sent to Maud's mother to let her know where her daughter was. The messenger returned with her clothes, but there came not a word to cheer the drooping spirit of the sorrowing bride. She would have gone and begged on bended

knees for their forgiveness, had not her husband exacted a promise from her that she would leave it to time to soften her father's heart, for until then, she could not hope to see her mother.

Maud left Mrs. Montague's in the dawn of a lovely morning, that amiable lady blessing her with tearful eyes, and kissing her tenderly, offered up a prayer for the united happiness of the young couple.

Silent tears bedewed Maud's cheek as her native Glenthorn faded in the misty distance—a spot endeared to her by all sweet associations, and hallowed remembrances.

About noon on the following day, their humble conveyance stopped at a private entrance to the castle. William told Maud that as the young lord and his bride were not expected to arrive until the afternoon, and for whose reception grand preparations were going on in the village, he would show her through the castle and grounds. She accepted his invitation with pleasure. They entered the demesne; there, reposing beneath the shade of stately oaks, they saw the finest deer in all England. Long did the delighted Maud linger in the beautiful gardens, where she said she should never tire of walking. At length they entered the castle—more pleased than ever each moment Maud saw something new to admire in the elegance and luxury that surrounded her. They had now entered the gallery where hung the portraits of by-gone generations.

"Here I shall pass many a pleasant hour," said William, "restoring the old family portraits. You see around you, Maud, the works of such masters as Holbein and Van-dyke."

She inquired for the portrait of his noble patron, the young Lord B——. It had been taken down, he said, until that of his lovely bride should hang beside it.

"Oh, William!" exclaimed Maud, "how happy she must be as the mistress of this delightful place!"

"Is happiness dependent on wealth?" asked William, kissing the white brow of his young bride.

Maud turned her sweet eyes upon him, eloquent with love, as she replied that she

the wife of the wealthiest noble in the land.

William drew her close to him, and leaving the gallery, he led her down the grand staircase. Entering the stately hall, the next moment Maud stood in the midst of a brilliant assembly, composed of the beauty and wealth of the surrounding neighborhood. All eyes were upon her. Blushing and confused, in a low voice she entreated her husband to take her from a place where she was regarded as an humble intruder.

"Maud," said he, "this castle is yours. A love of adventure prompted me to adopt the disguise of a painter. Destiny, or rather my good angel, led me to Glenthorn. Maud, I am the Lord B——."

He had taken her by the hand to present her to his relatives and friends, but she fainted in his arms, overcome by the suddenness of the disclosure.

When Maud recovered, she found herself in a beautiful apartment, her anxious parents hanging over her couch, and her husband regarding them with moistened eyes.

Blest in the presence of her beloved ones, Maud heard from the lips of her mother the sweet explanation of events, which seemed to her but the illusion of a dream.

On the evening when she had parted from her parents under such circumstances, Reuben had scarcely entered the cottage with his insensible Mary in his arms, when Charles called, elated with the hope of meeting with a foud reception from his bride of the morrow. A glance at the scene before him, a few inarticulate words from the wretched father, revealed all, and grasping the old man's hand sympathetically, he rushed from that house. Two days passed drearily over them. Reuben and Mary sat by their lonely hearthstone, the mother pleading for her child; and the heart of the father yearned in secret for his absent darling, William appeared at the open door. Reuben arose, and Mary sat breathless, fearing the result; but tears, sweet, refreshing tears, the first she had shed since she last beheld Maud, gushed from her eyes when the old man extended a welcoming hand to his son-in-law.

The parents were almost as overpowered as Maud was herself when William made known the secret of his rank. That evening they accompanied him to B—— to welcome the bride on her arrival.

Three years afterwards Charles Frost wedded the fair girl who was to have been Maud's bridesmaid; and it was the boast of Mr. and Mrs. Frost that their eldest darling was named after the brightest ornament of her majesty's court—MAUD, THE BEAUTY OF GLENTHORN.

"Heroine" is perhaps as peculiar a word as any in our language; the first two letters of it are male, the first three female, the first four a brave man, and the whole word a brave woman.


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earth for her sake.

LOSS OF SLEEP. IF THERE IS ANY.
thing more wearing to both mind and body
than loss of sleep, or if any difficulty or
disease can be often traced to other than
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Physiologist, is not to be relied upon. Of
this, let the experience of thousands answer
and try the Pulu Anodyne, and they will be
ready to endorse the remark of one of the
friends of the proprietor, who writes, "were
the directions to be covered with sovereigns
to purchase, I would not be without it." This
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tisement, and call for pamphlets. 4w13

DENTISTRY.
DR. HASKELL is in town for a season
call on him early.

MARRIAGES.
In this town, 25th ult., by Rev. J. T. Hawes,
Mr. Uriah Senter to Miss Sarah E. Fessen-
den, both of Bridgton.
In this town, Jan. 31st, by Rev. J. T. Hawes,
Col. John Kilborn, to Miss Harriet S. Paine.
In Bowdoinham, 25th ult., by Nathan
Cleaveland, Esq., Mr. Charles E. Anderson
to Miss Rebecca A. Williams, both of Bath.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE
IN BRIDGTON,
AT PUBLIC AUCTION!
WILL be sold at Public Auction, (unless previously dis-
posed of at private sale) on SAT-
URDAY, March 20, 1881, at 2
o'clock, P. M., at the "Bridgton
House," all the REAL ESTATE, owned
at his death, by the late Theodore Ingalls,
deceased, consisting of the Brick HOUSE
and lot (about two acres) in Bridgton village
called the "Andrews house."
A valuable house lot in Bridgton Center
about one acre, situated near the house of
Peter McKee.
About 30 acres of valuable land, part of
lot No. 8, Range 12, in Bridgton.
A parcel of land, supposed to be about 25
acres, part of lot No. 3, Range 12, in Bridg-
ton.
Terms liberal, and made known at the sale
or before that time, on enquiry of the un-
der-sig-ned.

DARWIN INGALLS, Agent,
for Heirs of Theodore Ingalls,
Bridgton, February 27, 1881. 17-4w*

Farm for Sale.
WILL be sold at Public Auction, at 10 o'clock,
A. M., the Farm owned by B. F. Whitcomb,
and occupied by him for a few years past,
situated in the town of Sweden, near the
North-West Meeting House.
Said Farm contains 70 acres, is well wood-
ed and watered, and has a good orchard of
grafted fruit; also, some pine timber, and
is well fenced with stone wall.
Also, the Stock and some Hay, together
with the FARMING TOOLS, such as Carts,
Ploughs and other implements. 1 Wagon,
1 three years old Colt, 6 Sheep, if not disposed
of before. Conditions of sale made known
at the time and place of sale.
BENJ. F. WHITCOMB,
Sweden, Feb. 27, 1881. 3w*17

IMPORTANT TO MARRIED PEOPLE:
Married People and those about to be
married, will be sent FREE
Address Dr. J. R. Anderson,
Sail Box No. 111 Boston Post Office.

Bridgton Academy
AND NORMAL SCHOOL,
AT NORTH BRIDGTON, ME.

THE SPRING TERM will commence on
WEDNESDAY, February, 27th, 1881,
and continue eleven weeks.
C. E. HILTON, A. B., Principal,
MISS ELIZABETH ABBOTT, Teacher of
Music.
MISS L. K. GIBB, Teacher of Drawing
and Painting.
Such other competent teachers will be se-
cured as the interest of the School may de-
mand.
A NORMAL CLASS will be formed at the
commencement of the term, in accordance
with the Legislative Act of 1869, for which
request instruction will be furnished.
This Class will be under the care of Mr. O.
B. STONE, a graduate of a State Normal
School in Massachusetts, and an experi-
enced teacher.
Board near the Academy can be obtained
for \$1.00 per week, wood and lights extra.
Students can reduce their expenses by
boarding themselves.
No pains will be spared to render the
School pleasant and profitable to all who at-
tend.
Text Books supplied at Portland prices.
T. H. MEAD, Secy.,
North Bridgton, Feb. 9, 1881. 3w13

Rare Chance.
THE subscriber will sell his rich and ex-
tensive assortment of English, French
and American

DRY GOODS
Also an invoice of
Ready Made Clothing.
Over Coats \$3.00, and upwards.
Suits \$2.00.
Vests 75 cts.
Pants 75 cts.
Which must and will be sold if low prices
will do it.
N. S. GOOD,
No. Bridgton, July 15, 1881. 15w3

At a Court of Probate, held at Portland,
Maine, and for the County of Cumberland
on the first Tuesday of February, in the
year of our Lord eighteen hundred and
eighty-one.

**VALUABLE SMITH, Widow of BENJA-
MIN F. SMITH, late of Bridgton, in said
County, deceased, having presented her pe-
tition for the assignment of her Dower in
the Real Estate, of which he died seized, and
her petition for an allowance out of the
Personal Estate of which said Benjamin F.
Smith, died possessed.**

It was Ordered, That the said Petitioner
give notice to all persons interested, by caus-
ing a copy of this order to be published three weeks
successively, in the Bridgton Reporter, printed
at Bridgton, that they may appear at a Pro-
bate Court, to be held at said Portland, on the
first Tuesday of March next, at ten
o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause
why they have, why the same should not
be granted.

WILLIAM G. BARROWS, Judge.
A true copy. Attest,
EUGENE HUMPHREY, Register.

JOHN MEAD,
Carriage, Sign and Ornamental
PAINTER,

NORTH BRIDGTON, ME.
Signs, Banners and all kinds of Lettering
neatly executed.
Carriages, Steigals, and Furniture Painted
and Ornamented in the best style.
Orders from neighboring towns solicited.
North Bridgton, Dec. 14, 1880 6

TOWN WARRANT, MARCH 5, 1881.
To JOHN KILBORN, Jr., Constable of the
Town of Bridgton,
Greeting:
In the name of the State of Maine, you
are hereby requested to notify and warn the
inhabitants of the town of Bridgton, qual-
ified to vote in town affairs, to meet and as-
semble at the Town House, in said town, on
Tuesday, the fifth day of March, next, at ten
o'clock in the forenoon, to act on the follow-
ing articles, to wit:

1st.—To choose a Moderator to preside at
said meeting.
2d.—To choose a Clerk of said town for the
ensuing year.
3d.—To choose Selectmen, Assessors and
Overseers of the Poor for the ensuing year.
4th.—To choose a Treasurer of said town for
the ensuing year.
5th.—To choose a Trustee of the School Fund.
6th.—To choose an Agent for said Town for
the ensuing year.
7th.—To choose a Superintendent School
Committee, or a Supervisor of Schools
in lieu thereof, as the town may direct.
8th.—In what manner the taxes shall
be collected the ensuing year, and choose
a Collector of Taxes.
9th.—To choose one or more Constables for
the ensuing year.
10th.—To choose such other Town Officers, as
the law requires to be chosen for the en-
suing year.

11th.—To raise money to defray Town
charges.
12th.—To raise money for the support of the
Poor.
13th.—To raise money for the support of
Schools.
14th.—To determine the price of labor and
material in what manner and repairing
highways and bridges for the ensuing
year.
15th.—To raise money for making and re-
pairing highways and bridges for the en-
suing year.

16th.—To see if the town will approve of the
list of Jurors for said town, as prepared
by the Selectmen, Treasurer and Clerk
of said town.
17th.—To see if the town will vote to have
next cattle run at large.
The Selectmen will be in session at the
Town House, on Monday, March 4th, 1881,
at 2 o'clock, P. M., to revise and correct the
list of voters of the town, and also on Tues-
day, March 5th, 1881, at 9 A. M.

LUTHER BILLINGS, } Selectmen
CALEB A. CHAPLIN, } of Bridgton.
ISAAC WEBB, }

At a Court of Probate, held at Portland,
Maine, and for the County of Cumberland
on the first Tuesday of February, in the
year of our Lord eighteen hundred and
eighty-one.

**SILAS BLAKE, Administrator of the es-
tate of JOSEPH M. BLAKE, late of Bridg-
ton, in said County, deceased, having pre-
sented his Final account of administration
of said estate for probate:**

It was Ordered, That the said Administrator
give notice to all persons interested, by caus-
ing a copy of this order to be published three weeks
successively, in the Bridgton Reporter, printed
at Bridgton, that they may appear at a Pro-
bate Court to be held at said Portland, on the
first Tuesday of March next, at ten o'clock
in the forenoon, and show cause, if any
they have, why the same should not be
allowed.

WILLIAM G. BARROWS, Judge.
A true copy, attest:
EUGENE HUMPHREY, Register.

JONATHAN SEAVEY'S ESTATE.
PURSUANT to a license from the Judge
of Probate for the County of Cumber-
land, I shall sell at Public Auction at the of-
fice of N. S. & F. Littlefield in Bridgton,
on SATURDAY, the 5th day of April, 1881,
at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, so much of
the real estate of JONATHAN SEAVEY
late of said Bridgton, deceased, including the
reversion of the widow's dower therein, if
necessary, as will produce the sum of three
hundred and fifty dollars for the payment of
the debts of said deceased, charges of Ad-
ministration and incidental charges. Said
real estate consists of the homestead farm of
said Jonathan Seavey, owned and occupied
by him at the time of his death, situated in
said County of Cumberland.

Dated at Bridgton, this 15th day of February
A. D. 1881.

HARRIET C. SEAVEY,
Administratrix.

NOTICE.
BY virtue of license from the Hon. Judge
of Probate for the County of Cumber-
land, I shall sell at private sale at my place
of residence on the premises on SATURDAY,
the 16th day of March next, at ten o'clock,
A. M., so much of the real estate of CALVIN
RUSSELL, late of Harrison, in said County
deceased, subject to the widow's right of
dower therein, as shall produce the sum of
three hundred and eighty five dollars, for the
payment of his just debts, charge of Ad-
ministration and incidental expenses.
HULDAH S. RUSSELL,
Administratrix.
Harrison, Feb. 11, 1881. 3w15

GUARDIAN'S SALE.
THE subscriber, duly authorized by license
from the Judge of Probate for the County
of Cumberland, will sell at private sale,
part or whole of the real estate of MELVILLE
WEBB, minor son of Joseph Webb late of
Bridgton, in said County, deceased, at the
time and place herein specified. Said estate consists
of the interest of said minor in the homestead
farm of said deceased.

M. GOULD, Guardian.
Bridgton, Feb. 15, 1881.

Especial Notice!
THE subscribers, being about to close up
their present business, offer the remain-
der of their LARGE and VARIED

STOCK OF GOODS
AT COST—FOR CASH!

RARE BARGAINS can be bought
for a few days.
ADAMS & WALKER.
Bridgton, Jan. 11, 1881. 10w1

THE ORIGINAL
T. B. BURNHAM,
—OF—
BURNHAM & BROTHERS,

Take this method to inform the citizens of
this County of the quality that he has fitted up
a new suit of Rooms for the purpose of mak-
ing Daguerotypes, Ambrotypes, and Pho-
tographs, in all their branches, at
NO. 90 MIDDLE STREET,
(Opposite J. E. Fernald's Tailoring Establish-
ment.)

These Rooms have been fitted up expres-
sly for the purpose, and entirely without re-
gard to expense—having two large Sky
Light Rooms for the convenience of the dif-
ferent kinds of Pictures, and so arranged as
to open into one large Room for large Groups,
to be taken in this section.

CARD PICTURES, \$3.00 per dozen.
SMALL PHOTOGRAPHS, \$1.00 for 24.
A Miniature Album for holding fifty of
these little pictures. Price only one dollar,
bound in Turkey Morocco.

Miss Burnham will wait upon visitors
as usual. Please call and see for yourselves
a large collection of finished Photographs.
Yours respectfully,
T. B. BURNHAM.
Portland, Feb. 6, 1881.

EYE, EAR AND CATARRH.

DR. LIGHTHILL, Surgeon
to Dr. Lighthill's Institute for the
treatment of diseases of the Eye,
Ear and Throat, No. 34 St. Mark's Place,
New York, for one month, commencing
February 4th, where he can be consulted
by those afflicted with diseases of the Eye,
Ear and Catarrh in its various forms, and
diseases of the Throat.

Deafness, Noise in the Head, Discharges
from the Ear, Etc., Catarrh in its various
forms and diseases of the Throat permanent-
ly removed. All the various diseases of the
Eye successfully treated. Operations for
Cross Eyes, Cataract, etc., performed to the
entire satisfaction of the patient.

Patients are requested to call at as
early a date as convenient, that in case per-
sonal attention should be required, they
may have the full benefit of the Doctor's
treatment.

REMOVAL.
The undersigned would inform the public of
their removal to

NO. 80 COMMERCIAL STREET,
(THOMAS'S BLOCK),

and avail ourselves of this opportunity to
call attention to our present large and
well assorted Stock of

Drugs, Paints, Oils, Leads, &c.
&c.

Having increased facilities and accommoda-
tions in our New Store, we feel confident
of our ability to give satisfaction to all who
may favor us with their patronage.
We would also call attention to our

WHITE LEAD & COLOR
MANUFACTORY.

On Munjoy Street, where we are manufac-
turing all kinds of COLORS, White Lead,
Japan, Putty, &c. &c. Giving our personal
attention to this branch of our business, and
using the best stock in their preparation, we
are enabled to offer to the public articles in
this line equal to any in the Market, at Man-
ufacturers' Prices.

WILSON & BURGESS.
Portland, Jan. 16, 1881. 11w1

HOUSE KEEPERS.
Barnet's "Excelsior" Baking Powders.

Cannot be surpassed for the immediate
production of BREAD, BRICKWAT
CAKES, and every description of PAST-
RY without YEAST, in less time than
any other process.

Saves 35 pr. ct. in use of Butter & Eggs.
These powders are more economical
and healthier than any in use. One
trial will convince the most skeptical.

Increases the weight in Bread 15 Pr. Ct.
Dyspeptics can eat HOT BREAD,
BISCUITS, &c., with impunity if made
with these POWDERS.
For Sale Everywhere.

Barnet's Celebrated Washing Powders!
Bleaches clothes beautifully white,
and softens the HARDEST WATER.

SAVES ONE HALF THE SOAP.
Does not injure the texture of the finest
LINES, LACES, or CAMBRICS.

Saves One Half the Labor in Washing.
Washes all Clothing superior to the
best Washing Machine in the world,
without injury, particularly Flannels,
which are washed soft, without shrink-
ing.

Cost of a Large Washing 2 Cents.
Manufactured only by
WILLIAM BURNET,
46 & 48 Pine Street, NEW YORK CITY.
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.
Cash Orders promptly executed. 6m9

PICTURES!
BENNETT IS IN BRIDGTON,
AND would respectfully inform the public
that he would be happy to execute

AMBROTYPES
At his SALOON, near the Bridgton House,
in all styles, and insert them in CASES,
PINS, RINGS, LOCKETS &c., at the lowest
possible prices.
Bridgton, Jan. 30th, 1881.

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
AND
JEWELRY!
—Consisting of—
Hunting and Open Faced LEVERS,
LADIES GOLD & SILVER WATCHES,
Ladies Watch and Neck Chains, Gents
Vest Chains, Ladies and Gents

Breast Pins,
Belt 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!
CLOCKS,
A large variety. Also

Gilt Picture Frames,
all sizes made to order.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY
REPAIRED.

FRANCIS B. CASWELL,
JOHN H. CASWELL.
Bridgton Center, May 10, 1880. 27

F. C. FARINGTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LOVELL, Oxford County, Maine.

Particular attention paid to collecting.

ARE YOU INSURED?
EVERY prudent man will forthwith put
himself in a condition to answer in the
affirmative, if he cannot already do so.

THE BELKNAP COUNTY M. F. I. CO.,
continues through the subscriber as their
Agent, to take good Fire Risks on the most
favorable terms.

THE SPRINGFIELD FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE CO., one of the most reliable
and safe Stock Companies in New England,
insure country Dwellings and their contents
at one to one and a half per cent. for five
years, making the cost from 20 to 30 cents a
year on a \$100 and no assessments.

Applications received by
W. H. POWERS, Agent.
July 12, 1880. 1y35

BRIDGTON HOUSE,
BRIDGTON, Maine,

KEPT BY
MIAL 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, 1885

ATTRACTION
EXTRAORDINARY.

DIXEY STONE & SON,
—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS!
WEST INDIA GOODS

—AND—
GROCERIES.

Would respectfully invite the attention of
the citizens of Bridgton and vicinity to their

New Stock
OF
FALL AND WINTER
GOODS,

Which have just been purchased, and are
NOW OFFERED FOR SALE!

The Stock consists of the different varieties
of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS!
WOOLENS, AND

Tailor's Trimmings!!
For Gents, all styles.

Shawls, Flannels, Shirts and Drawers,
Hoods, Gloves, and Hosiery, Scarfs and
Scarf Trimming, White Linens, Lin-
en Handkerchiefs.

DOMESTICS
OF ALL KINDS.

Thread, Pins, Buttons, Needles, and
too numerous to mention.

A large and well selected Stock of
Hats, Caps, and Furs,

Buffalo Robes, &c., &c.
Also, a new line of

BOOTS AND SHOES,
for Ladies and Gents.

HARD-WARE CROCKERY,
Kerosene Lamps and "Fixings"

In all the new styles, and varieties as usual;
and finally a nice stock of

FAMILY GROCERIES!
In which as to quality, and general assort-
ment, we think we cannot be surpassed.—
We feel confident we are now offering one of
the best assortments of Goods ever brought
into this vicinity, and are constantly making
additions to the same.

Please give us a call, and satisfy your-
selves.
DIXEY STONE & SON.
Bridgton, Oct. 11, 1880. 1749

SAM'L ADLAM, Jr.,
—DEALER IN—
PARLOR, CHAMBER
—AND—
PLAIN
FURNITURE,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
CHINA, CROCKERY AND
Glass Ware, TABLE CUTLERY,
PLATED WARE,
And a general assortment of
House FURNISHING Goods

The attention of purchasers
is invited to the large
stock of HOUSE KEEPING
GOODS now in Store as above,
comprising as it does nearly every article
usually needed in the FURNITURE AND
CROCKERY department. Being one of the
largest stocks in the State, purchasers can
find almost any variety of rich, medium and
low priced Goods, suited to their different
wants.

Those commencing House keeping can ob-
tain a complete outfit at this establishment,
without the trouble and loss of time usually
attending a selection of this kind; and the
subscriber is confident that, combining as he
does the various branches of the House Fur-
nishing business, he can offer goods at prices
that will not fail of proving satisfactory on
examination.

138 and 140 Middle Street,
jy12 PORTLAND. 1736

GRANT'S
COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS.
Original Establishment.

J. GRANT,
Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of
COFFEE, SPICES, SALERATUS
AND CREAM TARTER,
New Coffee and Spice Mills, No. 13 and 15
Union Street, PORTLAND, Me.

Coffee and Spices put up for the trade, with
any address, in all varieties of Packages, and
Warranted in every instance as represented.
Pea-Nuts, and Coffee Roasted and Ground
for the Trade, at short notice. 1y

All Goods entrusted at the owner's risk.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMALGAMATION OF LANGUAGES.
There is a growing tendency in this age to
amalgamate the most expressive words of
other languages, and after a while to incor-
porate them into our own; thus the word
Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying
"for the head," is now becoming popu-
larized in connection with Mr. Spalding's
great Headache remedy, but it will soon be
used in a more general way, and the word
Cephalic will become as common as Electro-
type and many others whose distinction as
foreign words has been worn away by com-
mon usage until they seem "native and to the
manor born."

'ARDLY REALIZED.
Hi! ad' terrible 'eadache this afternoon
hand I stepped into the hypotheoric hand
sake to the man; "Can you-hearse me of
an 'eadache?" "Does it hache 'ard," says
he. "Hexedingly!" says hi, hand upon
that 'e gave me a Cephalic Pill, hand pon
me 'onor it cured me so quick that I 'ardly
realized I 'ad an 'eadache.

HEADACHE is the favorite sign by
which nature makes known any deviation
whatever from the natural state of the brain
and viewed in this light it may be looked on
as a safeguard intended to give notice of
disease which might otherwise escape atten-
tion, till too late to be remedied; and its in-
dications should never be neglected. Head-
aches may be classified under two names,
viz., Symptomatic and Idiopathic. Sym-
ptomatic Headache is exceedingly common
and is the precursor of a great variety of
diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout,
Rheumatism and all febrile diseases. In its
nervous form it is sympathetic of disease of
the stomach constituting sick headache, of
hepatic disease constituting bilious headache,
of worms, constipation and other disorders
of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine
affections. Diseases of the heart are very
frequently attended with Headaches; Aneu-
rysm and plethoria are also affections which
frequently occasion headache. Idiopathic
Headache is also very common, being usual-
ly distinguished by the name of nervous
headache, sometimes coming on suddenly in
a state of apparently sound health and pro-
strating at once the mental and physical en-
ergies, and in other instances it comes on
slowly heralded by depression of spirits, ir-
regularity of the bowels, and a general sen-
sibility of temper. In most instances the
pain is in the front of the head, over one or
both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomit-
ing; under this class may also be named
Neuralgia.

Real treatment of either class of Head-
ache the Cephalic Pills have been found a
sure and safe remedy, relieving the most ac-
ute pains in a few minutes, and by its subtle
power eradicating the diseases of which
Headache is the unerring index.

BRIDGTON—Missus wants you to send her a
box of Cephalic Pills, no, a bottle of Prepara-
ed Pills,—but I'm thinking that's not just it
nuther; but perhaps you'll be after know-
ing what it is. I see she's night dead and
gone with the Sick Headache, and was
some more of the same as relieved her before.

Druggist—You must mean Spalding's Ce-
phalic Pills.
Bridget—Och! sure now and you've sed
it, here's the quarter and give me the Pills
and don't be all day about it after.

CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.
No one of the "many ills flesh is heir to"
is so prevalent, so little understood, and so
neglected as costiveness. Often origi-
nating in carelessness, or sedentary habits;
it is regarded as a slight disorder of too
little consequence to excite anxiety, while
in reality it is the precursor and companion
of many of the most fatal and dangerous
diseases, and unless early eradicated it will
bring the sufferer to an untimely grave.
Among the lighter evils of which costiveness
is the usual attendant are Headache, Colic,
Rheumatism, Foul Breath, Biles and
others of like nature, while a long train
of frightful diseases, such as malignant
Fever, Abscesses, Dysentery, Diarrhea, Dys-
pepsia, Apoplexy, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Hys-
teria, Hypochondriasis, Melancholy and In-
sanity, first indicate their presence in the
system by this alarming symptom. Not un-<

