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ABEL T. NOYES, Agent in Portland

THE LADY'S DILEMMA.

BY MRS. SEWELL.

"My son is going suddenly to countries far
away.
And I must have his shirts cut out and made
without delay.
And get a set of stockings darned, and look
to all his clothes.
That every thing may be complete and nice
before he goes.
Maria, come here instantly, and tell me if
you know
Of any needle-women here, I could engage
to sew;
There's not a single day to spare, and there-
fore you may tell
That I will pay them handsomely, if they
will do it well."
"Why, Ma'am, I've heard repeatedly, that
not a woman here
Can make a shirt with work that's fit for
gentlemen to wear;
I'm sure I don't know where to ask, with
any hope to find
A person that can do the work according to
your mind."
"It can't be quite so bad as that—but bring
my bonnet down,
And I will go myself and make enquiry in
the town."
The Lady stopped before a house, and there
upon a line
Were children's garments hanging out—trim-
med round with crochet lace.
Maria was mistaken, I thought she could
not tell.
For people who do crochet work, of course
can sew as well.
The door was standing open, and there the
Lady spied
The children's bonnets gaily trimmed with
flowers and bows besides;
But lying on the table there, and hanging on
the chairs,
Were many other articles that wanted great
repairs;
The husband's shirt was cobbled up, his stock-
ing heels were out.
And, with a bunched and dirty gown, were
lying tossed about,
The Lady turned her quickly round, just say-
ing with a sigh,
"If husbands drink, and women beg, I see
the reason why."
The next house looked more promising, for
there were daughters four,
The eldest might be seventeen, the youngest
ten or more.
"Oh, here's a nest of workwomen," the Lady
thought and smiled.
"And can you make a shirt?" she said, un-
to the youngest child.
"No, Ma'am," replied the little girl, "but I
can crochet do;
And sisters they do 'broiders and can knit
borders too."
"But all your elder girls can work, I'm
sure?" the Lady said.
The mother looked uneasily, and rather
shook her head:—
"Well, Ma'am, they can't do work that's fine
they're little time to sew;
At school there are so many things to learn
besides, you know."
"To fail in that must ever be a woman's great
disgrace."
"Yes, Ma'am, indeed that's very true, 'tis
what I've always thought,
And I can't see the worth of all my children
have been taught.
I've always kept my girls to school, to do a
mother's part,
And sure enough, there's many things which
they can say by heart.
They've lessons in the Grammar rules, and
History, and Spshores.
And such a power of learned words, I'm fit
to stop my ears;
But still, I'm never quite content about this
education,
For now the girls are too genteel to fill an
humble station;
They get too proud for servant's work, but
few will learn to cook,
And at a place of all-work now, they're quite
too grand to look,—
The ladies object is this I'm certain in the
schools,
Which makes me think there may be some-
thing wrong about the rules.
By my experience, I should say, a poor man's
child should read,
Make out a bill, and write and spell, and sew
right well indeed.
Should darn and stitch, work button-holes,
and make and mend, you see;
But as for crochet, they may go to Jericho
for me.
Of course the maps and other things are use-
ful in their place,

But then, to fail in needlework, that is a
sore disgrace."
The mother cast an anxious eye upon her
eldest there,
Who wished a lady's maid to be, or else a
milliner.
A flush passed quickly o'er her cheek, a
cloud was on her brow:
"Young girls," she said, "were hard to keep
from bad companions now."
The lady still pursued the search, and found,
where'er she went,
The power to make a finished shirt, a rare
accomplishment.
At last she tried another house that she had
heard about,
And here she found a hand indeed, a seam-
stress out and out;
But when she told her pressing need, she
learned with great dismay,
That needlework had been bespoken for many
a coming day.
"I can assure you, Madam, I refuse it with
regret,
But many hands would fail to do the work
that I could get.
Now ladies do not work themselves, and poor
folks do not learn,
I find it is not difficult my livelihood to earn.
I often wonder how it is that such a thing
could grow,
That only fancy needlework should be in
fashion now;
Of course the gentry please themselves, but
for an humble station,
I think that needlework stands first in wo-
man's education—
To make the most of everything, and in the
neatest way,
And earn an honest shilling, too, against a
rainy day."

The Lady left the seamstress there, with
many a sage reflection,
To try the school, submitted to the Govern-
ment inspection;
The hum of youthful voices, and the glance
of eager eyes,
Gave hopeful expectation, still, that they
were growing wise.
Her heart swelled with emotion, her eyes
were filled with tears,
To see those young ones gathering in a store
for after years,
To fit them for the toils and cares of work-
ing women's lives,
As skillful household servants, or as thrifty
workmen's wives.
The school was then in classes of children
great and small,
The eldest stood before a map that hung
against the wall;
All eyes were fixed intently as the pointer
flow about,
And darted here, and darted there, to point
the places out;
And one might almost smile to see the La-
dy's great surprise,
When children small repeated all the Princi-
palities,
The Duchies, and the Provinces, Danubian
and French,
In words almost as acute as those we gain
from French;
They told where all the rivers rise that feed
the Mississippi,
And where the famous sage was born, the
husband of Zootippe.
They posted then to Paraguay, and touched
at the Brazils,
Nor stopped till quite confounded on the
Nellyberry hills.
The Lady said, "This surely is an almost use-
less task."
"The Inspector's coming shortly, Ma'am—we
don't know what he'll ask,
And in the maps especially we wish them to
excel;
Lest when the make report of us, we should
not stand so well.
As other schools, and thus incur discourag-
ement and blame,
And bring a slur it may be, on the Govern-
ment's name."
The lady felt the reasoning, and turned her
to a class
That round a pupil teacher had arranged it-
self to parse,
She listened with astonishment to hear gram-
marians young
Anatomize the very roots of our fine Eng-
lish tongue;
They marshalled all the Parts of Speech, and
with no hesitation,
Of every kind of Verb they showed Mood,
Tense and Conjugation.
The Lady felt her ignorance, and was afraid
to show
To those triumphant, eager eyes, how little
ladies know;
So passed to where another class was then
in full display,
And here again she felt almost inclined to
run away.
Such miracles in Rules of Three! such men-
tal calculation!
Whilst Billions and Quintillions ran in easy
numeration.
But now at last she called to mind the thing
for which she came,
And straight went to the Governess, her
business there to name.
Could she have half a dozen shirts made by
the children there?
About her shirt work she must say she was
particular.
The mistress looked along the forms and
scanned her workers o'er,
But one might read upon her face she knew
they'd not the power.
"We've very few good workers now—our
time is very full—

So many other things have been put fore-
most in the school—
And little interest is felt about the sewing,
too,
Compared with many other things the chil-
dren have to do:
The learned gentlemen who come with Col-
lege education,
Of course consider needlework beneath their
observation,
But as we gain a grant of books, and money
for the schools,
The whole Committee think it best to carry
out the rules.
I wish that ladies competent were made in-
spectors too,
To give importance to the things that wo-
men ought to do;
We should not then be posed to find young
people who could sew;
'Tis nothing but encouragement that chil-
dren want, you know,
And were my own opinion asked, I certain-
ly should say,
The time that's spent in needlework is never
thrown away;
But 'tis with that as other things, in order to
excel,
There must be time, and practice too, before
they do it well."
The Lady looked at all the work, and sadly
shook her head,
She plainly saw that at the school her shirts
could not be made.
She went away—what next she did, I need
not now relate,
But I have heard it as a fact, that from that
very date
She reconciled her mind to what she had op-
posed before—
That we must have machines to sew, now
hands can sew no more.

AN AMUSING SKETCH.

KISSED BY MISTAKE.

"Will you be at home to night, Hetty?"
and the speaker, a tall, muscular well-look-
ing farmer, reddened to the roots of his hair,
as though he had committed some very wick-
ed act, instead of asking a simple question.
He was bashful, extremely so, was Josiah
Howley; at least, in the presence of ladies,
and most of all in the presence of the girl
he loved. No young farmer in the country
more confident among his compeers of stock
and crop, and on kindred subjects. But the
glimpses of some pretty face or foot coming
in his direction, affected him like a flash of
lightning. On such occasions he never knew
what to do with his hands and eyes, and al-
ways felt like screwing himself into a mouse
hole. How he ever contrived to approach
Hester Thomas on the subject of his prefer-
ence for her, probably remains as much a
mystery to himself as it is to others.
But the young lady had quite an amount of
tact and cleverness stowed away somewhere
in her pretty little head, albeit it was set on
the dimpled, inexperienced shoulders of sev-
enteen. Josiah was worth, in a worldly
way, more than any of her suitors; good-
looking and intelligent enough to satisfy
any one but an over fastidious; unexpec-
tionable, in short, barring his excessive bash-
fulness, which was a fruitful source of mer-
riment to the young in their little circle.
And so, when Josiah, in his awkward, blun-
dering way, began to exhibit his preference
for her in various little ways, such as wait-
ing on her to and from singing-school, con-
stituting himself her especial escort when
she rode on horseback to the solitary church
in the woods, and singing her out at quil-
ting parties, Hetty took it all in the easiest,
pleasantest manner possible. The girls
laughed, and the young men cracked sly
jokes at the expense of her timid suitor; but
Hetty stood up for him very independently
—encouraged him out of his shyness—never
noticed any unfortunate blunder, and
very likely helped him along considerably
when his feelings reached the "culminating
point," one moonlight autumn evening, as
they were walking home together from a
prayer-meeting.
That was a week ago. Hetty had said
"Yes," and agreed to "bring father and
mother round on the subject." Josiah had
not been to the house since—likely feeling
very much like a dog venturing upon the
premises of a person whose sheep-fold he
had just plundered. As yet, neither had
had to courage the speak to the "roigning
powers" on the subject; and Hetty, feeling
as if she wished to put the ordeal off as long
as possible, at any rate to have one more
confidential talk on the subject, with him
said:
"Mother is going over to Aunt Ruth's to
spend the evening, and wants me to go—but
I guess I won't. I've been working on father's
shirts all day, besides doing the dairy
work, and I am as tired as I can be—so I
guess they will have to go without me. Don't
come until eight o'clock. I shall be through
putting things to rights then, and will let
you in."

Of course Josiah was not too obtuse to
understand that, and so far forgot his
bashfulness as to petition for a good-by kiss,
which was peremptorily refused.
"No. I shan't. Think I didn't see you

adging around Sarah Jones at Deacon Ban-
ger's yesterday evening? I've not forgotten
that, sir?"

"Now, Hetty—"
But the appeal was broken off by a tan-
talizing little laugh; and as he sprang for-
ward to take a pleasant revenge on his tor-
mentress, she slipped away and ran up the
path to the house, where he saw her wave
her hand as she disappeared within the kitch-
en porch; and then he turned from the gate
and took the road homeward.

The things had been carried out, the
table set back against the wall, the crumbs
brushed off from the clean, home-made car-
pet, and Hetty's workstand drawn up in
front of the blazing fire. A beautiful piled
plate of great red apples and a plate of
cracked walnuts were on it, in close prox-
imity to Hetty's workbasket.

On one side of the fire sat Mrs. Thomas,
fat and fair, and at peace with all the world:
rocking and kuiting and refreshing herself
at sundry intervals with a bit from a half-
caken apple that lay on the corner of the
table, and touching every now and then, in
a carressing manner, with her foot, a sleek,
lazy looking cat that purled and worked on
the other side. Hetty was sewing and think-
ing how she should tell her mother she ex-
pected a visitor. She would have given the
world to be able to say, in an off-handed
manner, that she expected Mr. Howley to
drop in about eight. But she recollected,
with a twinge of consciousness, how hard
she had tried to get the old lady to accom-
pany her husband to Aunt Ruth's spite of
her warnings of a spell of neuralgia; how
she had also pleaded headache as an excuse
for not going herself. And she knew her
mother was quite sharp enough to draw her
own inference from these facts, and from her
being dressed with unusual care to spend an
evening at home.

"I shall not tell her now. She'll be sure
to think I wished to get her out of the way,
so I might have Josiah all to myself, and I
should never hear the last of it."

And like a wise little puss, she was si-
lent.

"I'll venture my word on it, you would not
if you could have seen Hetty's enthusiasm
at the fireside that cold November even-
ing."

Under pretext of being ready to go to her
uncle's, (a thing she had no idea of doing,)
she had just before tea, indulged in an indis-
criminate 'fixing up.' A neatly fitting dark
calico, with the store look still on it, a fresh
linen collar and tasteful black silk apron—
these were the chief items of Hetty's toilet;
but she looked sweet and dainty in her plain
dresses, as if hours had been spent in donning
lace and jewels. Her rich hair, of the dar-
kest tinge, fell in shining folds close to her
warm red cheek, and was caught up in a
curling net behind.

Eight o'clock and past; Mrs. Thomas
was dozing in her chair—her shadow on the
opposite wall hobbling about in grotesque
mimicry as she nodded to and fro—now
crushing the voluminous white satin bows
on her spruce cap against the back of her
chair; now almost falling forward, and her
fat hands lay listlessly in her lap, and her
ball of yarn had rolled out upon the hearth,
and puss was busy converting it into Gordian
knots. And just then came a double rap at
the door—so loud, so sudden and self-assured
that Hetty started up with a little shriek,
and set her foot on the cat's tail, who, in
turn, gave voice to her amazement, and dis-
pleasure.

The combined noise aroused Mrs. Thomas,
and starting into an erect position, she rub-
bed her eyes, settled her cap-border, and ex-
claimed:

"Bless my soul, Hetty, what was that?—
Somebody at the door? Who can be com-
ing at this time of night?"

"It is not late, mother—only a little past
eight. I'll go and see who it is," said Hetty,
demurely, taking the candle from the table.

"No. You wind up my ball, and sweep up
the hearth, while I go to the door," said the
old lady, whose feet were struggling in the
meshes of the unraveled yarn. Drat that
cat!"

And all this time Josiah was standing on
one foot on the cold porch, with his hands in
his overcoat pockets, wondering if Hetty had
fallen asleep, and every now and then giv-
ing the door a smart rap by way of varia-
tion.

In hurry, Mrs. Thomas forgot to take the
candle, and as she stepped out into the little
front entry, the sitting-room door slammed
after her. She had her hand on the ban-
dle of the hall door at the moment, and op-
ening it, she found herself in the embrace of
a stout pair of arms, a whiskered face in
close proximity to her own, and before she
could think about the strangeness of her sit-
uation, she received a prolonged kiss—a
heartily smack—fell upon her virtuous mat-
ron lips.

"O, murder! 'Taint Obadiah, neither!"
She had by this time divested herself of
the impression that it was her usually sober

spouse who must have come home in an un-
usually excited condition thus to indulge in
such unwonted expression of affection.

"Get out! get out, I say! Who are you
anyhow? Murder, thieves! Hetty, come
here! Here's a man kissing me like mad!"
But the intruder had by this time discov-
ered his mistake—it did not need the indig-
nant pummelling and scratching of the la-
dy's vigorous fists to cause him to relinquish
his hold and fly as if pursued by some in-
dignant ghost.

Hetty, nearly choking with smothered
laughter, in spite of her trepidation, now
came to her rescue.

"I never was so frightened in all my life!
The mean scamp! Who could it be? Het-
ty, have you any idea?"

But that dutiful daughter was, to all ap-
pearances, innocent as a sucking dove. She
soothed the old lady by representing that it
might have been one of the neighbors, who
having drunk too much had mistaken the
house and the housewife. She searched the
entry for the missing spectacles, dropped in
the scuffle; re-arranged the rumpled cap-
border; wound up the tangled yarn; stirred
the fire—all in the most amiable man-
ner possible—and at length had the satisfac-
tion of seeing her mother subside into the
chair with her accustomed tranquility.

Mrs. Thomas was fully awake now. She
had a new idea in her head, instead of
settling her head for another nap, she pur-
sued the train of thought and her knitting,
both at the same time, with wonderful rap-
idity. At length, stopping and looking keen-
ly, at Hetty—

"I suppose it's a queer notion of mine,
Hetty, but I've a notion that man was 'Siah
Howley?"

"My! but if Hetty's face did not fire up
then! You might have lit a candle by it.
These inept symptoms did not escape the
wary inquisitor."

"Pears so to me. 'Cause those big whisk-
ers were so much like his'n, and the awk-
ward way he gripped me with his paws!"

Hetty was wonderfully busy. She bent
over her work, and drew the needle through
so quickly that the thread snapped, and then
she was so engaged in threading her needle

"I don't think that kiss was meant for me,
after all. Wonder who it was intended for,
and wonder if you don't know something ab-
out it, Hetty?"

"Me, mother?"

"Yes, you, Hetty! You was mighty anx-
ious to get me and Pa off to Aunt Ruth's
this evening, but I noticed you were sli-
cked up extraordinary, for all you weren't going.
Hetty, I'm getting old; I know it, but I haven't
quite lost my eyesight yet. I've heard
something about this between you and 'Siah
Howley. What are you playin' possum for?
Out with it, I say!"

Our little schemer, thus adjured, made a
clean breast of the matter; much relieved
to find that mother 'bada'd nothin' agin him,
and would give father a talk about it, and
bring him all round."

"But, Hetty, I want you to tell 'Siah I'd
rather he wouldn't make such a mistake ag-
in. I don't like the feel of his big whisk-
ers about my face, I don't approve of prom-
iscuous kissing."

"Siah never heard the last of that blun-
der. Old Squire Thomas used to delight in
rehearsing the story whenever all parties in-
terested happened to be present. He would
shake his fat sides at Joshua's discomfiture,
and his wife's tart replies, and Hetty would
join him, and both would laugh until the
tears ran down their cheeks.

"Never mind, 'Siah," Mrs. Thomas would
say, consolingly. "Let him laugh. He'd
have been only too glad to have been in your
place twenty years ago. He had hard work
to get a kiss from me, then. And I hope it
will be a lesson to you and Hetty agin the
impolicy of conceitment and underhand do-
ings of all sorts."

THE DAY AFTER MARRIAGE.

The departure of a son from beneath the
paternal roof does not present any spectacle
of desolation. Masculine life has, from in-
dividuality an independence, an exotism, so
to say, which is essentially vanishing in fe-
male existence. When a son abandons his
parents to create for himself a separate in-
terest, this separation causes but little in-
terruption in their mutual relations. A
man marries, and still retains his friend-
ships, his habits, and his filial affections.—
Nothing is changed in his life; it is only
an additional tie. His departure is conse-
quently a mere separation; while the de-
parture of a young girl, to become a wife in
a few hours, is a real desertion—a desertion
with all its duties and feelings still fresh
about it. In one word the son is a sapling
which has always grown apart from the
trunk, while the daughter has, on the con-
trary, formed an essential portion of it, and
to detach her from her place is to mutilate
the tree itself. You have surrounded her
youth with unspeakable tenderness—the ex-

haustless tenderness of your paternal and
maternal hearts, and she, in return has ap-
peared to pour forth upon you both an e-
qually inexhaustible gratitude; you loved
her beyond all the world, and she seemed to
cling to you with a proportionable affection.
But one day, one ill-omened day a man
arrives invited and welcomed by yourselves,
and this man of your own choice carries off
to his domestic eyrie your gentle dove, far
from the soft nest which your love had made
for her, and to which hers had clung. On
the morrow you look around you, you wait,
you seek for something which you cannot
find. The cage is empty; the tuneful lin-
net has flown; silence has succeeded to its
melodious warblings; it does not come as it
did only on the previous morning, fluttering
its perfumed wings about your pillow, and
awakening you by its soft caresses. Noth-
ing remains but a painful calm, a painful
silence, a painful void.

WORDS.

No substance can be moulded into such a
ponderous variety of shapes as words; none
can be made to serve so many purposes. In
the furnace of the reformer, heated seven
times hotter than human nature is wont to
be heated, they are moulded into an iconoc-
lastic sledge, and the echoes of the heavy
blows wielded by his royal sense of right,
heralding the promise of better eras, stir
the languid blood of conservatism, while he
wields his convictions of broader principles
to the links that lengthen out the chain of
liberty and justice. A taste for sentimental
perfumery bids them into bouquets, picked
from the blossoms of fancy, to regale the
poetic sense with its pack of sweets. Some-
times they appear to the mental vision in
rhetorical comets, and sail high overhead with
long bushy tails of sparkling brilliancy.—
Then again they turn from the bow to wing
the arrow of truth, which shot with practised
skill, quivers and rankles in the right
place, piercing through obtruse sensibilities
and thick-skinned prejudices, into the core of
conscience. At another time they come
in the lightning which satire flashes from
the cloud of its indignation, smiting erubed
iniquity, and rooky selfishness, and the ranks
thunderbolt. On another occasion, they are
flung from the simple sling of a child's re-
buke, and they go where nothing else can
reach, sending their reproaches to the very
quick and marrow of the spirit, in sharp,
stinging marts. With them the orator sets
other brains on fire with the thoughts that
are burning coals in his own, and swells
other hearts with the billows of emotion
that are throbbing in his breast. They are
the fountains in which the merry twins of
wit and humor play and splash, exciting the
bystanders to peals of laughter at their a-
musing gyrations, as they spatter the spray
of ridicule, and spirit the jets of fun into the
face of complacent folly, and dignified self-
conceit. They wrap in their mystic folds
the destiny of the hottest lover, like a de-
gree of exile or adoption, and ravish him
with ecstatic hopes, or doom him to the
outer darkness of despair. They can pour
trouble into the bosom, so that it can neither
sleep or hunger. They can torture the pas-
sions into madness, or soothe them into
peace. They can burn the cheek with shame
for its deed of sin, and flush it with the hope
of virtue. They can take us the Mount
of Transfiguration to up communion with
departed saints. Strongly refuse, or strongly
consent, as we may, they take us along their
track of pain or pleasure, woe or joy. They
may be made to gild hypocrisies and lies;
to twist themselves into festoons of flattery;
to defend abuses and slanders; to betray art-
less innocence, and perpetuate wrong.—[Un-
iversalist Quarterly Review.

How IT CAME TO PASS. A lady asked a
silly Scotch workman, how it happened that
the Scotch who came out of their own coun-
try, were generally speaking, men of more
abilities than those who remained at home?

"Oh! madam," he said, "the reason is ob-
vious. At every outlet there are persons
stationed to examine all who pass, that for
the honor of the country no one be permit-
ted to leave it who is not a man of under-
standing."

"Then," said she, "I suppose your lordship
was smuggled."

We were amused at hearing the story of
an old lady whose only exclamation on hear-
ing of the execution of a man who had once
lived in the neighborhood, was, "Well I
know! he'd come to the gallows at last, for
the knot in his handkerchief was always
slipping round under his left ear."

"A beautiful day, Mr. Jenkins." "Yes, very
pleasant, indeed." "Good day for the race."
"Race, what race?" "The human race." "Oh,
go along with your stupid jokes; get up a
good one like the one which I sold Day."
"Day, what Day?" "The day we celebrate,"
said Jenkins, who went on his way rejoicing.

MISCELLANY.

THE MAN I LIKE.

I like the man in any sphere,
Who owns the password—"persevere,"
And struggles manfully away;
Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,
Or tossed upon the sea of fate;
I like the man whom trifles please,
Whose mighty love still conquers hate.

I like the man who never broke
A promise to the heart or ear;
I like the man who never spoke
A word unkind or insincere;
I like the man whose cautious skill
In channels of good work doth run;
I like the man whose iron will
Yields not till such good works are done.

I like the man who never paused
A low or slanderous tale to hear;
I like the man who never caused
A virgin's blush, a maiden's tear;
I like the man who ne'er belonged
To any vain or foolish creed;
I like the man who never wronged
A brother, even in thought or deed.

I like the man whose thoughts are pure,
Who wears within a double breast
A noble heart trained to endure,
And e'en in sorrow hope the best;
Who promptly, heartily forgives,
E'en as he hopes to be forgiven,
An earnest, holy life who lives
At peace with man, at peace with Heaven.

HOW TO SPOIL GIRLS.

If any person wishes a recipe how to spoil daughters, it can be easily and readily given and can be proved by the experience of hundreds to be certain and efficacious.

1. Be always telling her from her earliest childhood, what a beautiful creature she is. It is a beautiful way of inducing the vanity of a little girl, to be constantly exclaiming, "How pretty!" Children understand such flattery even when in the nurse's arms, and the evil is done to the character in its earliest formation.

2. Begin, as soon as she can toddle around, to rig her up in fashionable clothes and rich dresses. Put a hoop upon her at once, with all the artificial adornments of flounces, and feathers, and flowers, and curls. Fondness for dress will thus become a prominent characteristic, and will usurp the whole attention of the young mortal, and be a long step toward spoiling her.

3. Let her visit so much that she finds no happiness at home, and therefore will not be apt to stay there and learn home duties. It is a capital thing for a spoiled daughter to seek all her happiness in visiting and change of place and associates. She will thus grow as useless as modern fashionable parents delight that their daughters should be.

4. Let her reading consist of novels of the nauseatingly sentimental kind. She will be spoiled sooner than if she perused history or science. Her heart will be occupied by fictitious scenes and feelings; her mind filled with unrealities; and her aims placed on fashions and dress, and romantic attachments.

5. Be careful that her education gives her a smattering of all the accomplishments, without the slightest knowledge of things really useful in life. Your daughter won't be spoiled so long as she has real desire to be useful in the world, and aims at its accomplishments. If her mind and time are occupied in modern accomplishments, there will be no thought of necessity and virtue of being of some real use to somebody, perceiving her heart, and she will be soon ready as a spoiled daughter.

6. As a consequence, keep her in profound ignorance of all the useful arts of house-keeping, impressing upon her mind that it is vulgar to do any thing for yourself, or learn how anything is done in the house. A spoiled daughter should never be taught the mysteries of the kitchen; such things as lady always leaves to the servants. It would be "vulgar" for her to know how to dress trout or salad, to bake, to wash, to iron, to sweep, to wring the neck of a live chicken, pluck it and prepare it for breakfast, or to do any thing that servants are hired to do. As a mistress of a house, it is her duty to sit on a velvet sofa all day, in the midst of a pyramid of silk and flounces, reading the last fashion novel, while her domestics are performing the labors of the house.

To complete the happiness of your spoiled daughter, marry her to a boresome youth with soft hands, who knows as little how to earn money as she does how to save it. Her happiness will be finished for her lifetime.

Mrs. Partington says that when she was a girl she used to go to parties, and always had a beau to escort her home. But now, says she, "the gals undergo all sorts of difficulties; the task of escorting them home revolves on their dear selves."

An Irishman just from the sod, was eating some old cheese, when he found to his dismay, that it contained living inhabitants. "Be jabbers," said he, "does your chaze in this country have children?"

A widow lady sitting by a cheerful fire, in a meditative mood, shortly after her husband's decease, sighed: "Poor fellow—how he did like a good fire! I hope he has gone where they keep good fires."

Old Anglers say that when you want to catch a sea fish, you must not throw the bait exactly at him; but a little one side. Ladies will undoubtedly take the hint.

Ladies, don't raise your voices. Your ones are naturally several octaves higher than ours.

Health and Happiness SECURED.

THE CONCENTRATED CURE FOR WEAKNESS, THE CONCENTRATED CURE FOR EARLY INDISCRETION, THE CONCENTRATED CURE FOR EARLY INDISCRETION.

TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT!

The Concentrated Cure!
A CERTAIN AND POWERFUL REMEDY FOR WEAKNESS OF THE PROCREATIVE ORGANS.

It is prepared by AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN OF THIS CITY, And has long been known here as THE ONLY REMEDY.

That would surely and permanently restore to a Natural State of Health and Vigor, persons weakened by excess, or by THE INDISCRETIONS OF EARLY YOUTH. Although not many months have elapsed since it was first generally introduced by means of extensive advertising, it is now curing a vast number of.

THE UNFORTUNATE!
Who have been led to MAKE A TRIAL OF ITS VIRTUES, are rapidly recovering their wasted HEALTH AND STRENGTH. This preparation is NOT A STIMULANT, BUT A PURELY MEDICINAL REMEDY. The afflicted are invited to try it.

IT WILL SURELY CURE. Send for a Circular first, read it carefully, and then you will send for the medicine.

Price per Vial, One Dollar. Can be sent by mail. One vial will last a month.

R. CRUGER, AGENT. No. 742 Broadway N. Y. A PLEASANT STIMULANT. For the GENERAL ORGANS can be obtained by sending \$5 to the Agent as above.

SENT FREE BY MAIL. Circulars or medicines can be procured of Druggists everywhere. ALDEN & CO., Boston, June 29th 34.

ARE YOU INSURED?

The attention of those contemplating LIFE INSURANCE is requested to the system and advantages of this Company. Insurance may be obtained at reduced rates of premium, with the STATE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, OF WORCESTER, MASS.

Chartered in 1844—Cash fund, June 1, 1880, nearly \$500,000.

THIS old and successful company, conducted with rigid economy, having accumulated a large cash fund, has been enabled to reduce the rates of premium about twenty-five per cent below the ordinary rates of most other companies, and invites all who propose to provide for a family or friends by insurance, to look into the system of this company before insuring elsewhere. Premiums may be paid annually, semi-annually or quarterly.

HON. ISAAC DAVIS, President. HON. EMERY WASHBURN, Vice President. CLARENDON HARRIS, Secretary.

Within a short time, I have paid \$25,000 to parties in this city and vicinity, on lives of persons insured at this Agency, some of whom had been insured but a short time.

Having been agent for this excellent institution for the last fifteen years, I have seen and known something of the advantages of Life Insurance to families and friends in the hour of distress. Let no one neglect it while within reach.

Apply to W. D. LITTLE, General Agent, Portland, or to ENOCH KNIGHT, Bridgeport.

CARPETING!

English and American Carpetings

—LATEST STYLES—

In Velvets, Brussels, Three-Plys, Tapestry

Ingrain, Superfine and Stair!

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS;

all widths.

STRAW MATTINGS, RUGS, MATS, &c.

Gold Bordered Window Shades and Pictures, Drapery Materials of Damasks and Muslins, Feathers and Mattresses, Bought at Reduced Rates and will be sold very Cheap for Cash.

EDWARD H. BURGIN,

FREE STREET CARPET WAREHOUSE

Chambers No. 1 and 2 Free Street Block,

OVER H. J. LIBBY & Co.'s,

1 PORTLAND, ME.

J. L. & S. M. BOOTHBY,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

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TEAS,

West India Goods, Groceries,

LUMBER AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,

Head Commercial Wharf,

36 PORTLAND, ME.

\$1200 A YEAR made by any one with \$10 Patent Stencil Tools; etc. 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 Manufacturing in the World, located at Springfield, Vt., 13 Merchants Exchange, Boston, and Springfield, Vt. A beautiful photograph of the American Stencil Tool Works and surrounding 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 affording 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 universally known to be the only perfect cutting Tools made. Address or apply to J. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt., 13 Merchants Exchange, Boston, or 212 Broadway, New York. 42.

BEST LONDON PORTER for the sick.

BURNETT'S TOILET ARTICLES, for sale at HAYDEN'S.

PRINTED at the Reporter Office with new and showy type, at fair living prices.

BOOTS & SHOES.

THE subscriber hereby gives notice that he continues to manufacture Boots & Shoes of every description, at his old stand at North Bridgeport, 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, Waterville, Sweden, Lovell and Fryeburg, and will be happy to furnish those who want of anything in his line.

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

JAMES WEBB.

No. Bridgeport, Nov. 10, 1883.

Custom Work.

A. BENTON would announce to his former customers and the citizens of Bridgton generally, that he has recommenced making CUSTOM 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, 1883.

DR. MOTT'S CHALYBEATE RESTORATIVE PILLS OF IRON.

An aperient and Stomachic preparation of IRON purified of Oxygen and Carbon by combustion in Hydrogen. Sanctioned by the highest Medical Authorities, both in Europe and the United States and prescribed in

The experience of thousands daily proves that no preparation of Iron can be compared with it. Impurities of the blood, depression of vital energy, pale and other sickly complexion, indicate its necessity in almost every conceivable case.

It is a tonic in all maladies in which it has been tried, it has proved absolutely curative in each of the following complaints, viz:

In Debility, Nervous Affections, Anaemia, Dyspepsia, Consumption, Diarrhoea, Dropsy, Leucorrhoea, Catarrhs, Strangury, Hemorrhoids, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Writings, Chlorosis, Liver Complaints, Chronic Headaches, Rheumatism, Intermittent Fevers, Pimples on the Face, &c.

In cases of General Debility, whether the result of acute disease, or of the continued diminution of nervous and muscular energy from chronic complaints, one trial of this restorative has proved successful to an extent which no description nor written testimonials can adequately describe. Invalids long bed-ridden as to have become forgotten in their own neighborhoods, have suddenly re-appeared in the busy world as if just returned from protracted travel in a distant land. Some very signal instances of this kind are attested of female Sufferers, emaciated victims of apparent marasmus, sanguineous exhaustion, critical changes, and that complication of nervous and dyspeptic aversion to air and exercise for which the physician has no name.

In Scrophulous Tendencies, and in persons for whom this preparation of Iron must necessarily be salutary, for, unlike the old ex-citator, it is vigorously tonic, without being exciting and overheating, and gently, regularly, and uniformly, even in the most obstinate cases of costiveness without ever being a gastric purgative, or inflicting a disagreeable sensation.

It is this latter property, among others, which makes it so remarkably effective in the treatment of Dyspepsia, upon which it also appears to exert a distinct and specific action, by dispersing the local tendency which forms them.

In Dyspepsia innumerable as are its causes, a single box of these Chalybeate Pills is usually sufficient for the most habitually cases, including the attendant Costiveness.

In unbroken Diarrhoea, even when advanced to Dysentery, confirmed, emaciating, and apparently malignant, the effects have been equally decisive and astonishing.

In the local pains, loss of Sleep and strength, debilitating cough, and remittent hectic, which generally indicate INFESTED CONSUMPTION, this remedy has allayed the alarm of friends and physicians, in several very gratifying and interesting instances.

In Scrophulous Tendencies, the indicated iron has had far more than the good effect of the most cautiously balanced preparations of iodine, without any of their well known liabilities.

The attention of females cannot be too confidentially invited to the ready and restorative, in the cases peculiarly affecting them.

In RHEUMATISM, both Chronic and inflammatory, in the latter, however, more decidedly it has been invariably well reported, both in alleviating pain and relieving the swellings and stiffness of the joints and muscles.

In INTERMITTENT FEVERS it must necessarily be a great remedy and energetic restorative, and its progress in the new settlements of the West, will probably be one of high renown and usefulness.

No remedy has ever been discovered in the whole history of medicine, which exerts such prompt, happy, and fully restorative effect. Good appetite, complete digestion, rapid accumulation of strength, with unusual disposition for active and cheerful exercise, immediately follow its use.

Put up in neat flat metal boxes containing 50 pills, price 50 cents per box; for sale by druggists and dealers. Will be sent free to any address on receipt of the price. All letters, orders, etc., should be addressed to

R. B. LOCKE & CO., General Agents, 152

N. 20 CROSBY ST., N. Y.

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 Dyspepsia, and Sore Throat, of years standing. He succeeded completely in doing so, and now, after having established its remarkable curative power beyond a doubt, by its use in a great variety of other cases, with equal success, he offers it to the public for the relief of 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 does so much good, that adds so much healthy nutrition to the blood and Vital Forces of the system as the Bourbon Elixir.

For sale in Bridgton by S. M. Hayden.

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

POSTERS AND HAND BILLS

PRINTED at the Reporter Office with new and showy type, at fair living prices.

Take Them and Live. NEGLECT THEM AND DIE.

HERRICK'S SUGAR COATED PILLS FOR THE TOWNS OF BRIDGTON, HARRISON, NAPLES, WATERVILLE, SWEDEN, LOVELL AND FRYEBURG, AND WILL BE HAPPY TO FURNISH THOSE WHO WANT OF ANYTHING IN HIS LINE.

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

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POSTERS AND HAND BILLS

PRINTED at the Reporter Office with new and showy type, at fair living prices.

Cephalic Pills CURE Sick Headache. CURE Nervous Headache. CURE All kinds of Headache.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of Nervous or Sick Headache may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the Nausea and Headache to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels, removing Costiveness.

For Literary men, Students, Delicate Females, and all persons of sedentary habits, they are valuable as a Laxative, improving the appetite, giving tone and vigor to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from headache, whether originating in the nervous system or from a deranged state of the stomach.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety without making any change of diet, and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.

Sold by Druggists and all other Dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail prepaid on receipt of the

PRICE 25 CENTS.

All orders should be addressed to

HENRY C. SPALDING,

48 Cedar Street New York, or to WEEKS & POTTER, Boston sole Wholesale Agents, for New England.

THE FOLLOWING ENDORSEMENTS OF SPALDING'S CEPHALIC PILLS, WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM HEADACHE, THAT A SPEEDY AND SURE CURE IS WITHIN THEIR REACH.

As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. Spalding, they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.

MASONVILLE, Conn. Feb. 5, 1861.

Mr. SPALDING, Sir:

I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and I like them so well that I want you to send me two dollars worth more.

Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.

Send the Pills by mail, and oblige Your obt. Servant,

JAMES KENNEDY.

HAVERFORD, Pa., Feb. 6, 1861.

Mr. SPALDING, Sir:

I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills, I have received a great deal of benefit from them.

Yours respectfully,

MARY ANN STOLKHOUSE.

SPRING CREEK, HUNTINGTON Co., Pa., January 18, 1861.

H. C. SPALDING, Sir: