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JOHN PRINCE, executed with neatness
and despatch.
ABEL T. NOYES, Agent in Portland.

SAMUEL LOGWOOD'S REVENGE.
BY M. E. BRADDOCK.

From the first to the last we were rivals
and enemies. Perhaps it was on my part
that the hatred, which eventually became so
terrible a passion between us, first arose.—
Perhaps it was at any rate, he always said
that it was so. I am an old man, and the
past has much of it faded out; but that
period of my life which relates to him is as
fresh in my mind to-night as it was fifty
years ago, when his gracious majesty George
the third was king, and Christopher Weldon
and I were junior clerks together in the
great house of Tyndale and Tyndale, ship-
owners, Dockside, Willborough.

He was very handsome. It was hard for
a pale-faced, yellow-complexioned, hollow-
eyed insignificant lad as I was, to sit at the
same desk with Christopher Weldon, and
even the comparisons that every stranger
drawing the counting-house must involuntarily
make, as he looked at us—if he looked
at us—that is to say, and it was difficult
not to look at Christopher. Good heavens! I
must see him now, seated at the worn, old,
interlarded desk, with all the July
sunlight streaming through the dingy office-
windows, down upon his waving clusters of
pale golden hair, with his bright blue eyes
looking out through the smoky panes, at the
roses of masts, dangling roses, and grimy
sails in the dock outside; with one girlish
hand carelessly thrown upon the desk
before him, and the delicate fingers of the
other entwined in his flowing curls. He was
nearly one-and-twenty, the spoiled pet of a
widowed mother, the orphan son of a naval
officer, and the darling idol of half the
women in the neighborhood of Willborough. It
was not much to be wondered at then, that he
was a fop and a maccaroni, and that the pale
golden curls, which he brushed off his white
necked, were tied on his coat collar, with a
fine purple ribbon on Sundays and holidays.
His cravat and ruffles were always of doli-
ous lace, worked by his loving mother's
hands; his coats were made by a London
tailor who had once worked for Mr. George
Stym and Lord March; and he wore dandy
shoe-buckles and a slender court-sword
sometimes out of office hours.

I too, was an orphan; but I was doubly
orphan. My father and mother had both
died in my infancy. I had been reared in a
workhouse, had picked up chance waifs and
strays of education from the hardest mas-
ters, and had been drafted, at the age of ten
into the offices of Tyndale and Tyndale.—
A broad boy, light porter, office drudge, jun-
ior clerk—once by one I had mounted the
rungs in this troublesome ladder, which for
me could only be begun from the very bot-
tom; and, at the age of twenty-one, I found
myself—where? In a business character, I
was on a level with Christopher Weldon,
the son of a gentleman. How often I the
poor orphan of a bankrupt cornchandler,
had to bear this phrase—the son of a gen-
tleman. In a business character, I say, I
was on a level with Christopher Weldon,
and degraded, and been snubbed, and, in
spite of all, had become a clever account-
ant, and a thorough arithmetician—through-
out eleven years—was in the same rank as
Christopher Weldon, who had been in the of-
fice exactly four weeks, just to see, as his
mother said, whether it would suit him.

He was about as much good in the count-
ing-house as a wax doll would have been,
and, like a wax doll, he looked pretty; but
Christopher Weldon and Tyndale had known his
father, and Tyndale senior, knew his uncle,
and Tyndale junior, was acquainted with his
cousin, who lived at the court end of
London; so he was taken at once into the
confidence of the seniors, with every chance—
as the seniors told me, confidently—of
making much higher, if he took care of him-
self.

He knew about as much arithmetic as
I; but he was very clever with his
pencil, sketching pretty girls, with powdered
heads, flowing saques, and panier loops;
and he found plenty of amusement in doing
this, and reading Mr. Henry Fielding's novel
behind the ledger; and the head clerks
him to himself, and snubbed me for not
doing his work as well as my own.

I hated him. I hated his foppish ways

and his haughty manner. I hated his hand-
some, boyish, radiant face, radiant with its
golden frame of waving hair, and its blue,
beaming, hopeful eyes. I hated him for the
sword which swung across the stiff skirts of
his broadened coat; for the money he jingled
in his waistcoat pockets; for the two watch-
es he wore on high day and holidays; for his
merry laugh; for his melodious voice; for his
graceful walk; for his tall, slender fig-
ure; for his jovial, winning ways, which
won everybody else's friendship. I hated
him for all these; but, most of all, I hated
him for his influence over Lucy Malden.—
She was a poor dependent upon the bounty
of Tyndale and Tyndale, and she had the
care of the town-residence belonging to the
firm which communicated with the office.

People knew very little about her, except
that she was the daughter of a supernatu-
ral old clerk, who had gone stone blind over
the ledgers of Tyndale and Tyndale, and
that she lived with her father in this dreary
old deserted, unoccupied town-house. Once
or twice in a year, the brothers would take
it into their heads to give a dinner party in
this disused dwelling, and then the great
oak furniture was polished, and clusters of
wax candles were lighted in the twisted sil-
ver sconces, and the dim pictures of the
Tyndales dead and gone, ship-owners and
merchants in the days of William and Mar-
ry, were uncovered; but, at other times, Lucy
Malden and her blind old father had the
great place, with its long, dark corridors
and its lofty chambers into which the light
rarely penetrated, all to themselves. The
house joined the offices, and the offices and
the house formed three sides of a square, the
dock-side forming the fourth. The counting-
house in which Christopher Weldon and I
sat was exactly opposite the house.

I watched him in the morning when he
first saw her—watched him without his be-
lieving aware of it. It was a blazing July day;
and, when she had arranged her father's
room, and her own, and the little sitting-
room which they shared together, which
formed a range of apartments on the second
story, she came to her window, and open-
ing it to its widest extent, sat down to her
needlework. She stood out the slender in-
come which the firm allowed her father, by
the sale of her needlework, which was very
beautiful. A screen of flowers, in the great
stone jars, sheltered the window, and behind
these she placed herself.

He saw her in a moment, and his pen fell
from his listless hand.
She was not beautiful—I know that she
was not beautiful. I think that many would
have scarcely called her a pretty girl; but to
me, from the first to the last, she was the
fairest, the dearest, and the loveliest of wo-
men, and it is so difficult to me to dispossess
myself of her image, as that image shone
upon me, that I doubt if I can describe her
as she really was.

His pen fell out of his hand, and he look-
ed up at her window, and began to hum the
air of a favorite song in the new opera about
thieves and ragamuffins, which had got Mr.
Gay and a beautiful duchess into such dis-
grace, up in London.

He was such a conceited beau and lady-
killer that he could not rest till she had
looked at the office-window by which he sat.
The song attracted her, and she looked
down at him.

She started, and blushed—blushed a beau-
tiful, rosy red, that lighted up her pale face
like the reflection of a fire; and then seeing
me at my desk, nodded and smiled to me.—
She and I had been friends for years, and I
only waited till I should rise one step higher
in the office, to tell her how much I loved her.

From that day, on some excuse or other,
Christopher Weldon was always dangling
about the house. He scraped acquaintance
with her blind old father. He was a pretty
musician, and he would put his flute in his
pocket, after office-hours, and stroll over to
the house, and sit there, in the twilight,
playing to the father and daughter for the
hour together, while I hid myself in the
shadow of the counting-house doorway, and
stood watching them. Oh! how I hated
him as I saw, across the screen of plants,
the two fair heads side by side, and the blind
old father nodding and smiling and applaud-
ing the music. How I hated that melodious
opera of Mr. Gay's! How I hated him, as
they stood on the step of the hall door, be-
tween the tall iron extinguishers under the
disused oil lamp, wishing each other good-
night! I thought I could see the little white
hand tremble, as it fluttered an adieu to him
as he strode away through the dusky even-
ing.

For months I watched him. Oh, misery!
what bitter pain what silent torture, what a
long fever of anguish and despair!

How could I do him some dire injury,
which should redress one atom of this mis-
tiny sum of wrong which he had done me?
—fancied wrong, perhaps; for if he had not
won her love, I might never have won it.—
But I prayed—I believe I was wicked and

mad enough even to pray for some means of
doing him as deadly an injury as I thought
he had done me.

He looked up to me one day, in his gay,
reckless fashion, and said, suddenly pushing
the ledger away from him, with a weary
sigh:—

'Samuel Lowgood, do you know what a
tailor's bill is?'

I cursed him in my heart for his insolence
in asking me the question; but I looked
down at my greasy, white coat sleeve, and
said:—

'I have worn this for five years, and I
bought it second-hand of a dealer on the
quay.'

'Happy devil!' he said, with a laugh: 'if
you want to see a tailor's bill, then, look at
that!'

He tossed me over a long slip of paper,
and I looked at the sum total.

It seemed to me something so prodigious,
that I had to look at it ever so many times
before I could believe my eyes.

'Thirty-seven pounds thirteen and four-
pence-halfpenny. I like the fourpence-half-
penny,' he said; 'it looks honest. Samuel
Lowgood, my mother's heart would break if
she saw that bill. I must pay it in a fort-
night from to-day, or it will come to her
ears.'

'How much have you got towards paying
it?' I asked.

My heart beat faster at the thought of his
trouble, and my face flushed up crimson;—
but he was leaning his forehead gloomily
upon his hand, and he never looked at me.

'How much have I got towards it?' he
said, bitterly. 'This! And he turned his
waistcoat pockets inside out, one after the
other. 'Never mind,' he added, in his old
reckless way, 'I may be a rich man before
the fortnight's out!'

That evening he was darning over at the
house as usual, and heard 'Cease your
funning!' on the flute, and saw the two fair
heads across the dark foliage of Lucy Mal-
den's little flower garden.

I was glad of his trouble! It was small
indeed, to the sorrow and despair which I
wished him; but it was trouble, and the
bright fair-haired, blue-eyed boy knew what
it was to suffer.

The days passed, and the fortnight was
nearly gone, but he said no more about the
tailor's bill. So one day as we sat as usual
at the desk, I working hard at a difficult
row of figures, he chewing the end of his
pen, and looking rather moodily across the
court-yard, I asked him:

'Well, have you got rid of your difficulty?'

'What difficulty?' he asked sharply.

'Your tailor's bill. The thirty-seven thir-
teen and fourpence-halfpenny?'

He looked at me very much as if he would
have liked to have knocked me off the office
stool; but he said, presently: 'Oh, yes, that's
been settled, ever so long!' and he began
to whistle one of his favorite songs.

'Ever so long!' His trouble lasted a very
little time, I thought.

But in spite of this, he was by no means
himself. He sat at his desk with his head
buried in his hands; he was shaggy and short
in his answers when anybody spoke to him,
and we heard a great deal less of the 'Beg-
gar's Opera' and 'Polly.'

All of a sudden, too, he grew very indus-
trious, and took to writing a great deal;—
but he contrived to sit in such a manner
that I could never find out what he was
writing.

Love-letters, perhaps; letters to her!
A foolish curiosity took possession of me,
and I determined to fathom his secret.

I left the counting-house on some pretence,
and after a short absence, returned so softly
that he could not hear me, and, stealing be-
hind him, lifted myself upon tip-toe, and
looked over his shoulder.

He was writing over and over again, across
and across, upon half a sheet of letter-pa-
per, the signature of the firm—Tyndale &
Tyndale.

What could it mean? Was it pre-occu-
pation? mere absence of mind? little trilling
with his pen? The fop had a little pocket-
mirror hanging over his desk. I looked into
it, and saw his face.

I knew then what it meant. My hatred
of him gave me such a hideous joy in the
thought of what I had discovered, that I
laughed aloud. He turned round, and asked
me savagely what I was doing? and, as he
turned, he crumpled the paper in his hand,
inking his pretty white fingers with the
wet page.

'Spy! sneak! sycophant!' he said, 'what
are you crawling about here for?'

'I was only trying to startle you, Mister
Weldon,' I answered. 'What are you writ-
ing, that you're so frightened of my seeing?'

o'clock in the afternoon, Christopher Weldon
asked one of the senior clerks for a quarter
of an hour's leave of absence. He wanted
to see a fellow round in the High street, he
said, and he could not see him after four
o'clock.

I felt my sallow face flame up into a scar-
let flush, as my fellow-clerk made this re-
quest. Could it be as I thought?

He had been four months in the office, and
it was the end of November. The end of
November, and almost dark at half-past
three o'clock in the afternoon!

They had his request without the
slightest hesitation. He left his desk, took
his hat up, and walked slowly to the door;
at the door he stopped, turned back to his
desk, and throwing his hat down, leaned
moodily upon his folded arms.

'I don't know that I care much about see-
ing the fellow now,' he said.

'Why, Chris,' cried one of the clerks, 'what's
the matter with you, man? Are you in love
or in debt, that you're so unlike yourself?'

'Neither,' he said, with a short laugh.

'What, not in love, Chris? How about the
pretty fair-haired girl over the way?'

'How about her?' he said, savagely. 'She's
a cold-hearted little coquette, and she may go
to—'

I slapped the ledger on which I was at
work violently on the desk, and looked up
at him.

'Christopher Weldon—!'

'Your humble servant,' he said mock-
ingly. 'There's a face! Have I been preach-
ing upon you, manor, Samuel?'

'If you want to see your friend before four
o'clock, you'd better be off, Chris,' said
the clerk.

He took his hat up once more, twirled it
slowly round for a few moments, then put it
on his head, and, without saying a word to
any one, hurried out of the office and across
the courtyard.

She was standing at her window opposite
with her forehead leaning against the dingy
framework of the panes, and I watched her
start and tremble as she saw him.

'If I'm to take these accounts into the
market-place, I'd better take them now,
hadn't I sir?' I asked of the senior clerk.

'Yes, may as well.'

There was a buck way through some nar-
row courts and squares which led from the
dock-side to the High street, in which the
house Tyndale & Tyndale banked with was
situated. I was hurrying off this way, when
I stopped and changed my mind.

'He'll go the back way,' I thought; 'I'll
out across the market-place by the most pub-
lic road.'

In five minutes I was in the High street.
Opposite the bank there was a little tobacco-
nist's, at which our clerks were accustomed
to buy their pennyworths of snuff. I strolled
in, and asked the girl to fill my box. I
was quite an old man in most of my ways,
and snuff-taking was a confirmed habit with
me.

As she weighed the snuff, I stood looking
through the low window at the great doors
of the bank opposite.

One of the doors swung back upon its
hinges. An old man, a stranger to me,
came out.

Three minutes more.

'I am waiting for a friend,' I said to the
girl at the counter.

Two minutes more. The doors opened a-
gain. I was right, and I was not surpris-
ed. Christopher Weldon came out of the
bank, and walked quickly down the street.

It was too dark for me to see his face; but
I knew the tall, slender figure and the dash-
ing walk.

'I am not surprised; I am only glad,' I
said.

During my long service in the house of
Tyndale & Tyndale, I had lived so hard as
to have been able to save money from my
scanty earnings. I had scraped together,
from year to year, the sum of forty-eight
pounds fifteen shillings.

'I will save a hundred,' I had said, 'and
then I will ask her to marry me.'

As you think my request a strange one, I'll
put it in another way. Will you be so good
as to look at the check yourself?

'Yes, certainly. Here it is,' he added, se-
lecting a paper from the draw, 'a check for
forty.' Payable to bearer.

'Look at the signature of the firm.'

'Well, it's right enough, I think. I ought
to know the signature pretty well.'

'Look at the y in Tyndale.'

He scrutinized the signature more close-
ly, and lifted his eyebrows with a strange,
perplexed expression.

'It's rather stiff, isn't it?' I said. 'Not
quite old Tyndale's flowing calligraphy.—
Very near it, you know, and a very creditable
imitation; but not quite the real thing.'

'It's a forgery!' he said.

'It is.'

'How did you come to know of it?'

'Never mind that,' I answered. 'Mr. Sim-
monds, have you any sons?'

'Three.'

'One about the age of Christopher Weldon,
perhaps?'

'One pretty nearly his age.'

'Then you'll help me to save this young
man, won't you?'

'How is it to be done?'

'Cancel the check, and replace the money.'

'My good young man, who's to find the
money?'

I drew a little canvas bag out of my pocket,
and turned out a heap of one-pound notes
and spade guineas upon the clerk's desk.

'Here's the exact sum,' I said, 'forty
pounds, ready money, for the slip of paper
Christopher Weldon presented here at ten
minutes to four yesterday evening.'

'But who finds this money?'

'I do. Christopher Weldon and I have
been fellow-clerks for four months and up-
wards. I have seen his mother. I know
how much she loves her handsome, fair-haired
only son. I know a girl who loves him,
and I don't mind forty pounds out of my
savings to keep this matter a secret. Mr.
Simmonds, for the sake of your own sons,
let me have that slip of paper, and cancel
the check.'

The old man caught my hand in his and
shook it heartily.

'Young Lowgood,' he said, 'there's not a
noble lad in Willborough capable of such
generous action. If I were not a poor old
fellow, with a hard fight to get a living, I'd
be twenty pounds in this transaction; but I
respect and honor you.'

I burst out laughing, as he let go my hand
and gave me the forged check in exchange
for the forty pounds I counted out to him.

'Laugh away, laugh away,' said the old
man, 'you've need to have a light heart,
Samuel Lowgood, for you're a noble fellow.'

In the bank office there was a great chest
which had been dished for some years. The
clerks let me have it for my own use, and
inside it I had a smaller iron-clamped strong
box of my own, which I had bought of a
broker on the quay. Into this strong box I
put the forged check.

Christopher Weldon's high spirits entirely
deserted him. It was such a pleasure to me
to watch him slyly as I sat beside him, ap-
parently occupied only by my work, that I
was almost tempted to neglect my business.

No more 'Beggars Opera,' no more 'Polly,'
no more flute-playing in the dusk of the eve-
ning over at the gloomy old house.

me sweetly and gently, and then looked down
again at her tedious work.

I knew that I had come, coward as I was
to stab this generous and innocent heart, but
I could not resist the fiendish temptation.

'So our pretty fair-haired boy is going to
leave us!' I said, by-and-by.

She knew whom I meant, and I saw the
stiff embroidery shiver in her hand.

'Christopher?' she faltered.

'Young Mr. Weldon,' I said. 'Yes, the
gentleman-clerk. He's going away, never
to come back here, I dare say. He's going
into the London house to make his fortune.'

She made no answer, nor did she ask
me a single question. She sat, going on
with her work, sorting the gay-colored silks,
straining out her eyes in the dusky light over
the difficult pattern; but I saw how
deeply I had struck into this poor, pitiful,
broken heart, and I knew now how much
she had loved him.

Ten years that day I stood in the same
room—she working at the same window—and
asked her to be my wife.

'I do not ask,' I said, 'for the love which you
give to another ten years ago. I do not ask
for the beauty which those who speak to me
of you say is faded of mournful face. You
will always be to me the most beautiful of
women; and your gentle tolerance will be
dearer to me than the most passionate love
of another. Lucy Malden, will you marry
me?'

She started up, letting her work fall out
of her lap, and turning her face towards the
window she burst into a tempest of sobs.

I had never seen her cry before.

At last she turned to me, with her face
all drowned in tears, and said:—

'Samuel Lowgood, ten years ago, day after
day and night after night, I waited for another
to say the words which have just been
said by you. I had every right to expect he
should say them. He never did—he never
did! Forgive me—forgive me—if it seems
to break my heart afresh to hear them spoken
by another?'

'He is a prosperous man, in London,' I
said. 'Lucy Malden, will you be my wife?'

She dried her tears; and, coming slowly
to me, put her little, cold hand into mine.

'Does this mean yes?' I asked.

She only bent her head in answer.

'God bless you!—and good-night!'

A year and a half after our marriage, we
heard great news in the old Willborough
house. Christopher Weldon had married a
nobleman's daughter, and was about to be-
come a partner in the house of Tyndale &
Tyndale.

A night or two after we heard this news,
there came a great rattling knock at the
grim dragon's-head knockers of the house-
door. My wife and I lived in her old apart-
ments, by permission of the firm, for I had
advanced to be head clerk in the Willbor-
ough office.

I was sitting, going over some accounts
that I had not been able to finish in the day;
so she looked up at the sound of the knock-
ing, and said:

'I'll answer the door, Samuel—you're
tired.'

She was a good and gentle wife to me
from the first to the last.

Presently I started from my desk, and
rushed down the stairs. I had heard a voice
that I knew in the hall below.

My wife was lying on the cold stone flags,
and Christopher Weldon bending over her.

'Poor little thing!' he said. 'She has
fainted.'

'This decides me!—this decides me!' I
thought; 'I'll have my forty pounds' worth
before long.'

Christopher Weldon had come down to the
house to announce to us, its custodians, that
he was about to occupy it, with his wife, the
Lady Belinda Weldon.

He brought a regiment of London uphol-
sterers the next day, and sat them to work
tearing the gloomy old rooms to pieces. My
lady came, too, in her gilded chair, and gave
orders for a blue-rooms here and a pink-room
there; cream-colored paneling and gilt
moldings in this drawing-room—pale-green
and silver in the other; and a prim house-
keeper came, after her ladyship's departure,
to inform me that we must be prepared to
leave the house in a week. In a week the
place was transformed; and at the end of
the week Christopher Weldon was to give a
great dinner-party, at which Messrs. Tyndale
& Tyndale were to be present, to inaugu-
rate his entering into partnership with
them. As senior clerk, I was honored by an
invitation.

My enemy had mounted to the highest
round of the ladder. Rich, beloved, hono-
red; the husband of a lovely and haughty
lady; partner in the great and wealthy
house he had entered as a junior clerk—
what more could fortune bestow upon him?
My time had come—the time at which it
was worth my while to crush him.

'I will wait till the dinner is over, and
the toasts have been drunk, and all the fine

speeches have been made; and when Tyndale, senior, has proposed the health of the new partner in a speech full of eulogy, I will hand him the forged check across the dinner-table.

The night before the dinner-party I was in such a fever of excitement that I tried in vain to sleep. I heard every hour strike on the little clock in our bedroom. Tyndale & Tyndale had given us a couple of empty offices on our being turned out of the great house, and enough of their old-fashioned furniture to fit them up very comfortably.

One—two—three—four—five—there I lay, tossing about. The hours seemed endless and I sometimes thought the clock in our room and all the church-clocks in Willborough had stopped simultaneously.

At last toward six o'clock, I dropped off into a feverish, troubled sleep, in which I dreamed of the forged check, which I still kept locked in the strong box inside the great chest in the back office.

I dreamed that it was lost—that I went to the strong box and found the check gone. The horror of the thought woke me suddenly. The broad sunshine was streaming in at the window, and the church-clocks were striking nine.

I had slept much later than usual. My wife had risen, and was seated in our little sitting-room, at her accustomed embroidery. She was always very quiet and subdued, and generally sat at work nearly all day long.

My first impulse on waking was to look under my pillow for my watch, and a black ribbon, to which was attached the key of the strong-box. The key of the chest hung on a nail in the office, as nothing of any consequence was kept in that. My watch and the key were perfectly safe.

My mind was relieved; but I was in a fever of excitement all day. I will not take the check out of its hiding-place till the last moment, I said; 'not till the moment before I put on my hat to go to the dinner-party.'

My wife dressed me carefully in a grave snuff-colored suit, which I generally wore on Sundays; she plaited my ruffles and arranged my lawn cravat with its lace ends. I looked an old man already, though I was little better than thirty-three years of age; and Christopher Weldon was handsomer than ever.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the courtyard was all astir with sedan-chairs and powdered footmen. My wife stood in the window, looking at the company alighting from their chairs at the great door opposite.

'You had better go, I think, Samuel,' she said, 'the Tyndales have just arrived. Ah! there is my Lady Belinda at the window—How handsome she is! How magnificent she is, in powder, and diamonds, and an amper satin sash!'

'You've a better right to wear amber satin and diamonds, than she,' I said.

'I, Samuel?'

'Yes. Because you're the wife of an honest man. She's not.'

I thought for love of him she would have fired up and contradicted me; but she only looked away and sighed.

'You will be late, Samuel,' she said.

'I have something to fetch out of the back office, and then I shall be ready,' I answered.

The fend himself must be in the work—It was gone—gone, every trace of it! At first, in my blind and maddened fury, I blasphemed aloud. Afterwards, I fell on my knees over the open chest, and wept—

wept bitter tears of rage and anguish. It was gone!

I had a brain fever after this, which confined me for nine weeks to my bed. Christopher Weldon lived and died a prosperous and successful merchant—honored, courted, admired and beloved.

My wife and I, childless and poor, used to sit at our windows in the dusk, and watch his children at play in the courtyard beneath us, and hear the innocent voices echoing through the great house opposite.

Thirteen years and five months after our wedding-day, Lucy died in my arms; her last words to me were these:

'Samuel, I have done my best to do my duty, but life for me has never been very happy. Once only since our marriage have I deceived you. I saved you, by that action, from doing a great wrong to a man who had never knowingly wronged you. One night, Samuel, you talked in your sleep, and I learned from your disjointed sentences the story of Christopher Weldon's crime. I learned, too, your purpose in possessing yourself of the only evidence of the forgery. I learned the place in which you kept that evidence; and, while you slept, I took the key from under your pillow and opened the strong box. The check is here.'

She took it from a little black silk bag which hung by a ribbon round her neck, and put it into my hand.

'Samuel—husband—we have read the Gospel together every Sunday evening for thirteen years. Will you use it now?'

'No, Lucy, no—angel—darling—no! You have saved him from disgrace—me from sin!'

Every clerk in the house of Tyndale & Tyndale attended my wife's funeral. Not only were the clerks present, but pale, mournful and handsome, in his long black mourning cloak, Christopher Weldon stood amidst the circle round the grave.

As we left the churchyard, he came up to me and shook hands.

'Let us be better friends for the future, Samuel,' he said.

'My wife, when she died, bade me give you this,' I answered, as I put the forged check into his hands.

The Bridgton Reporter.

BRIDGTON FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1861.

NOTES OF THE WAR PREPARATION.

Last Sunday and Monday we spent in Portland among the various companies of the Regiment now about leaving for the seat of war. Our readers will remember that almost every town in this vicinity has its sons there. Six Bridgton boys are enrolled, and one more started to join the Auburn Artillery yesterday.

We saw the most of them on drill at their different quarters, and certainly if there is ever pride to feel on any such occasions, our little community, in its remove from the actual excitement of enlisting offices, may be proud of her contribution to these ranks. Most of them have gone fresh from other scenes, and little used to "wars alarms." Their names are, we believe, Ansel Fitch, John Fellows, Charles O. Lawson, N. P. Bastion, Geo. W. Warren, John N. Wiley and Simeon H. Merrill. All of them we saw and never was a better show of courage and fitness on the part of boys from the rural districts. All but the last are new recruits, young Merrill having been for some time a member of the Light Guards. His position is already won.

For some time he has been one of the most efficient and thoroughly enthusiastic members of the corps, and holds one of the most important positions as a disciplinarian. We saw him drilling recruits in squads, and few men can do it better. He not only knows how, and has the confidence of officers and men, but he has a peculiar fitness and aptitude for the accomplished soldier. We know he will take an enviable rank in due time. But enthusiasm is common to all of the citizen soldiery, and it is a matter of surprise to an outsider, now they at once seem to mould themselves to the new position. They do not assume boisterousness, nor dogged indifference, but still keep their individuality, a condition that does not exist in the armies of the old monarchical governments. They attend to all duties as though they had an interest in them.

At the various quarters which we visited, no one forgot the little preparations even to the marking of blankets. We cannot mention details, and yet we would be pleased to do justice to the several companies, most of which contain familiar acquaintances and friends. The Norway Light Infantry, Capt. Beal, are better known to our community, and very justly, we think, have the honor of the Right of the Regiment.

The average height of the men is five feet ten and a half inches, and of fine proportions, and, as the officers of the commissary department assured us, are "excellent feeders." Their sincerity was tested when that driving-wheel of pluck tried to come a "Lover's trick" on them, by offering twenty-five dollars for a chance in the ranks. They are worthy specimens of the "Oxford Bears," and will fight if they get a chance and won't be "denied" or "treated."

Three Regiments are full, waiting orders for mustering, and the fourth are about half filled—perhaps more now. This fourth one (the second from the Third Division) will be mustered in about ten days, and will take along with them the officers of the Division—Gen. Virgin and Staff. Companies from this Division who are not already mustered, will naturally strive for a place now, since they can associate themselves with friends and neighbors. All the region is moving, companies ready to report, and others recruiting as fast as possible.

WHAT THE "RURAL DISTRICTS" ARE DOING. While the larger towns of the State are, of course, earlier in their preparations for departure for the seat of war, the country at large is anything but drooping. Norway turned out full ranks last Saturday and refused over twenty besides. One young man went from the town of Lovell and offered twenty-five dollars for a chance as private, but not a man could be hired to give up. Another company is ready to go from the same vicinity, and one from Bryant's Pond. Our own section has contributed materially to the First Regiment.

Everywhere is the same feeling growing, and the interior is fully up to the larger towns in devotion to the Stars and Stripes. All the back towns lack is drill officers—Give them these and they will furnish the ranks not only with good men and true, but with the hardy and courageous. They will lack only discipline, and that can easily be had with such a ground work.

We hope that some turn of events will yet happen that shall release all sections of the State from the necessity of furnishing men, but if not, the country is full of them who are ready.

We had the pleasure of an introduction to Capt. Gardner of the U. S. Dragoons, who came last week to Portland for the purpose of mustering the First Regiment in the U. S. service. He is a perfect specimen of the soldier. Every movement about him is full of professional coolness and indifference to prospective dangers and hardships. He has seen a long service, thirteen years of which have been in the various frontier Indian wars.

The farming season is opening finely in this region. Most of our farmers are already able to work their land for the early seed-time. Let them be more careful this year than ever before, to make the most of the only branch of industry that never suffers or fails.

MILITARY.

[The great enquiry among all classes as to liabilities of persons to do military duty, has led us to publish the more important particulars relating to the subject, as found by a legal gentleman of our place, from a careful examination of the statutes.]

The following persons are exempted from service:—

Judges of S. J. Court, Judges of Probate, Judges of Municipal and Police Courts, Clerks of all such Courts, Registers of Deeds and Probate, Ordained Ministers, Officers of State Prison, Reform School and Insane Hospital, Shakers and Quakers, Idiots, Lunatics, Common Drunkards, Vagabonds, Paupers and persons convicted of infamous crimes. All persons unable by reason of bodily infirmity to do military duty. All other white male citizens between 18 and 45 are liable.

The Uniformed or Volunteer Militia of the State (4000) are to be first ordered into active service, before a draft can be made.

It is presumed that no draft will be made so long as enough can be obtained by voluntary enlistment.

When a draft is made, any person drafted can get clear by procuring a suitable substitute or paying the sum of fifty dollars. So that no person need be frightened only to the amount of 50 dollars.

The towns are authorized to assist the families of those who are in the service.

The widows and minor children of those who die in the service, will be entitled to a pension of 8 dollars per month for 5 years.

No execution can be issued against any person while in the service.

At this time, (April 29, 1861,) only one Regiment (say 1000 men and officers) have been ordered from this State by the President of the United States.

The Legislature, at the extra session, authorized the Governor of this State to raise ten Regiments (of 1000 each,) if called for by the President.

A CLERGYMAN UP TO THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. A son of a Portland clergyman came to Boston a few days ago on business. Soon after his arrival here he wrote to his parents, informing them that he had joined a company, and was going away to the war soon, adding that he would like to see them before he left. The father and mother came on immediately, and after an inquiry, found the young soldier in Faneuil Hall under military law. They were not able even to get inside to see him; but he was called to a window, and they stood upon the sidewalk and talked with him. The father said: "my son, if you are going, God bless you—Don't disgrace your father, or old Massachusetts, or the cause, and, above all, don't be shot in the back!"—Boston Courier.

The "Portland Clergyman" referred to, is well known to this community, the Rev. Zenas Thompson. We saw him this week in Portland, and learn now that two other sons have followed the first one in the next Regiment from Mass., and that the father is going with the Maine boys as Chaplain.

See in another place, notice of Summer Term of No. Bridgton Academy. This school has ever been worthy of confidence and patronage, and never was it in better hands than now. Students are profuse in their expressions of satisfaction with the present board of instruction.

Portland has presented a strange appearance the past week. Amidst all the war preparations amusement and business have been going on as ever, showing a decided rarity of talent on the part of her people.

The ice is gone from all our ponds and lakes, and generally speaking, considerably earlier than usual. Sebago lake was clear on the 12th of April—some days earlier than common.

"ETHAN SPIKE" APPOINTED TO OFFICE.—Matthew F. Whittier, Esq., of Portland, author of the "Ethan Spike" letters, has been appointed to a lucrative situation in the Boston Custom House. He is a brother of the poet Whittier.

In an Irish provincial Journal there is an advertisement running thus: "Wanted, a handy laborer, who can plough a married man and a Protestant, with a son or daughter."

A patriotic lady speaking of the dear women who hang to their husbands so tenaciously now, says that the only tears which woman can now afford to spare are volunteers.

Gen. Sanford of New York says that up to last Monday 70,000 men had volunteered their service for the defence of the Union, in that State alone, and still they were rushing in with unabated patriotism.

Active measures are being taken by the Executive of the State for the organization of a Coast Guard, for the overhauling of Privateers should they infest our waters.

Have you seen the comet? You can do so by scanning the heavens close to the Dipper of the Great Bear, with out the aid of the glass.

Some individual—of course a female individual, left on our door a beautiful May-basket on Tuesday night, and although unknown to us, she or they are hereby thanked.

The military company proposed to be started here, is growing rapidly. The papers are in the hands of Wm. A. Jordan.

See notice in another column of Benett's return.

GOOD ADVICE. "Keep cool," says the Springfield Republican, "we cannot afford to live in a constant whirl of excitement. The nerves wear out. To a certain extent, this matter is under personal control. The war is to be too long, and it is to be attended by too many startling events, to make it safe to surrender ourselves to excitement every moment. Do not trust anything to street rumors. Wait for the papers, and read them at leisure. Enter into no heated discussions. Have faith in the Government, and do not get impatient at seeming delays. We have a Government and military chiefs that understand themselves. Sleep all you can.—Keep good natured, sober, earnest and cool."

ANOTHER DEATH. Died last Monday after a short but painful illness, Mr. Ransom Stevens of this town. His age we do not know.

FROM THE SOUTH.

BALTIMORE, April 30. There was a spontaneous Union meeting last night at East Baltimore. There were from 1,500 to 2,000 persons present. Great enthusiasm was manifested. Strong, straight out Union resolutions were adopted. The national banner was unfurled.

There is now regular daily communication with Philadelphia by steamers to Perryville. A full preparation is making to put up bridges on the Northern Central road. The Pennsylvania Central road has loaned or presented to the Government a number of frames for iron bridges which they have always ready to replace bridge destroyed or burnt on their road.

Two hundred and fifty carpenters and other working men have been quietly concentrated at York since Saturday. They will be protected by troops as they advance. Sills and heavy beams of timber have been forwarded.

Five regiments will probably move to-day upon York. They are intended to guard every bridge clear to Baltimore, and when the troops reach Baltimore they will attempt to pass around that city and reach the Relay House at the junction of the Baltimore, Ohio and Washington Railroad. In case they reach it it will be held permanently.

New York, April 30. A special messenger sails in the next European steamer to purchase half a million dollars worth of arms for this State.

Steamer Matanzas has been chartered by Government.

The Times special correspondence from Frederick, Md. says that a direct vote on the secession question in the House of Delegates, stood, 23 against secession, 13 for it.

The Senate has published an address denying any intention to pass a secession ordinance. Senator Mason was scorned last night, and made a violent secession speech.

All the Union men were leaving Eastern Virginia, where heavy depredations were made upon private property by an armed rabble.

An armed secession corps had been pronounced illegal, and the sheriff was directed to take them from them.

Steamer Bremen got off east bank and arrived last night.

A soldier who escaped from Charleston, states that he served at the guns during the fight at Fort Moultrie, and that nearly every shot from Fort Sumter killed somebody.

Between three and four hundred were killed, and a large number wounded at Fort Moultrie, during the siege. The killed were collected in a mass and interred at night, in Potter's field. Many were also killed in dwellings outside the Fort.

The soldiers were threatened with death, if they disclosed the fact about the killed. People are constantly inquiring for their friends, and are assured they are all at Sullivan's Island.

Another soldier, who was at Morris Island, says that 150 were killed there, and 40 at Sullivan's Island. He makes the same statement relative to the dead being buried in Potter's field.

He also states that the negroes only want their leaders to give the word, when the slaughter would be terrible.

All masters of vessels received notice on the 24th to leave Charleston in 48 hours, or they would be held by the Southern Government. Some were detained for lack of men to work their ships.

An Irishman who lived six miles from Columbia, had his farm pillaged, and everything stolen from him. His wife was chased into a swamp, and himself and son fled with five hundred lashes. They were taken with their five children to Charleston, and put in prison where they were charged five dollars a day for board.

All the money they had was taken from them, and they were put on board the schooner J. B. Pitts, which arrived here yesterday. The Irishman's name is Tracy. His back is in a shocking condition.

PHILADELPHIA, April 30. It is not deemed feasible to try Mason for treason at the present stage.

A dispatch from Philadelphia to the Herald states that a gentleman from Wilmington on Friday and Richmond Saturday says that North Carolina is preparing several thousand troops to attack Washington.

Gov. Ellis showed him a dispatch from Montgomery, stating that some 5000 troops were on their way to join those of South Carolina, and the purpose of the confederate Government was to make an attack before the Federal Government concentrated large forces at Washington.

The informant conversed with Gov. Letcher, who said he advised against an attack but the Confederate Government were for instant attack. Gov. Ellis showed him a dispatch from Pensacola of the 20th, from Gen. Bragg, stating that no attack had been made on Fort Pickens, and none would be for some time.

FRESH MAPLE MOLASSES. A correspondent of Field Notes, gives the following sweet item: Maple molasses well made and put up in cans, right from the kettle, and hermetically sealed, as you would and can seal fruits, will keep as fresh as when first boiled from the sap, and this is decidedly the best plan for keeping, as when made in cakes, if exposed to the air, it will lose somewhat of its peculiarly delightful flavor for which it is so prized, and is often injured by insects. So many families who do not make on a large scale, this need be but little expense, as the cans that have been emptied through the winter can be used until autumn furnishes demand them again. Put up your best in this way. When large quantities are made for market, the buyers must select and can for themselves.

A GOLDEN SMITH.—A New Orleans Treasure Story. The New Orleans Bee furnishes an interesting treasure story. We give it entire:—

A well known money and note broker of this city exhibited to us yesterday a handful of dirty old Spanish silver coin, part of a large quantity of treasure-trove which was discovered the other day, in a manner so extraordinary, we would not venture to give the story to our readers but for the fact that we feel entire safety in vouching for the gentleman's veracity and exactness. An elderly Creole lady, who lives in a very retired manner, has for a long time been annoyed by the persistent entreaties of her servant, a very old colored woman, to have an evil spirit removed from the kitchen. The superstitious old negro was finally impressed that a wicked spirit made its abode in the kitchen, and that she would never have peace of mind, nor would her mistress experience any good fortune until it was exorcised and driven away. What her exact idea of the bad genius consisted of, or whether she had a clear comprehension of the subject at all, was a matter too taciturn and mysterious, for she was very reticent and mysterious, when questioned by her mistress, and would not refer to the subject or speak of it to any one else. And this delusion was the more singular from the reason that she was extremely religious and devout.

Sometimes she would declare the spirit to reside in one portion of the wall, another time in the ceiling, and then under the floor, but oftentimes she would point to the fireplace, as its favorite retreat. Her mistress was much concerned at this singular delusion, as she thought a great deal of her old servant, and feared that her mind was wandering. For a long time she merely tried persuasion and argument to convince her of the folly, but when the old negro at length wanted permission to bring in the aid of exorcism practices, her mistress severely reprimanded her for desertion of Christianity, and forbade her ever to mention the nonsensical subject again. The faithful servant observed this injunction, but that the belief in the presence of this evil genius was continually increasing its hold upon her mind and affecting her health as well, was very apparent, and led her mistress to the sad conviction that it was the precursive sign of approaching dissolution. Thinking that a change of location might have an influence for good, she made an arrangement to domesticate the old negro in the household of a friend; but this idea was abandoned in consequence of intense fear the poor old servant had of leaving her mistress, whom she believed would meet some sudden and horrible fate if she was to leave her in that haunted mansion.

Having been denied the privilege of calling in the assistance of the exorcism, and convinced that unless she speedily effected something herself in the exorcising line, a terrible calamity would befall her mistress and herself, she determined last week that on the next Sabbath midnight she would root up the evil spirit at every peril to soul and body. With this view she secured the assistance of a negro boy, her grandson, but carefully kept any knowledge of it from her mistress. On Sunday night she shut herself up in the kitchen with her grandson. What rignarol of nonsense they went through with preparatory to rooting up the evil spirit will, perhaps, never be known, except from the evidences left on the floor of an irregular chalk circle, a Bible, and an old hymn book.

However this may be, about two or three o'clock in the morning the old negro woke up her mistress and announced in great agitation that she had found the "spirit" and dug up the "blood money." Her mistress was both amazed and shocked, and arose in the belief that her poor old servant had gone mad. But when she went out into the kitchen she was utterly astonished. A large hole had been dug exposing to view a pile of old silver coin. The old negro woman stood by, exulting in the triumph of having exorcised the evil spirit; her grandson stood a little way off, still trembling with the nervous excitement of what he had passed through, and the lady of the house looking on, lost in amazement and perplexity. It was truly a strange picture.

The mansion is extremely ancient, and it is impossible to say how long ago the money may have been hidden in the spot where it was found. Our friend, the broker, estimates its value at about \$1670.

A BIOGRAPHY AS IS A BIOGRAPHY. George H. Brown, the editor of the Groton Mercury, has been giving pen and ink sketches of the members of the Legislature, which have been so successful that he tried his hand at his own biography. Here is the result: "Brown was the son of the first man who petitioned the Massachusetts Legislature in relation to the flowage of the meadows on Concord and Sudbury rivers, who emigrated to this country for that purpose from New Zealand in 1775.

Brown's mother was a Smith, (John Smith's daughter) who was a near relative of the bravest and holdest soldiers in Sumner's army in the Revolution, who were ultimately acquainted with Mrs. Pocahontas, and belonged to some of the first families in Virginia.

Brown had a cousin on the Smith side, with red hair, who recently married in a fit of passion, while engaged with Parsons of Lawrence, in an argument on the origin of the Back Bay Lands. He is a connection, we think, of Brown the Apothecary, who so ably translated 7000 newspaper notices into eleven different languages about Treachery.

The first thing Brown did after Trochey's death was to run a darning needle into the left eye of his nurse, while the old lady was singing to him one of Dr. Watts' Hymns.—To our knowledge during his schoolboy days, he never robbed a hen-roost, but he had a habit of throwing paper balls at the heads of his school-masters.

On arriving at years of discretion, he went through Harvard College, where he met with the President, who told him that he was destined for something, and Heaven only knows what. He afterward pursued the study of the technicalities of laws, and defended his first case with a sagacious washwoman, who sued him for two years washing him.

He got his case, which added materially to his fame. On the strength of this he went into the sausage business, and was quite successful till the dog law was enforced.

Brown is between twenty-five and fifty years of age—unobtrusive in manners—walks erect, and carries a blue umbrella.—Is rather fleshy, and of a fair complexion.—Has twice received the Consulship at Hayti, fearful that the climate might change the color of his complexion. He is often taken for Stone of Deathman (one of those kinds of men who will never be forgotten as long as the generation lasts) whom he much resembles.

Brown is benevolent and free-hearted, though he has nothing to give. When he puts on spectacles he looks precisely like Rogers, of the Gloucester Telegraph. He has recently mislaid one of his glasses,

which is attended with inconvenience, deriding him liable to be deceived by members who get on the blind. He is an inoffensive man—in a word, a wheat cake, and drinks grog. Brown, as an editor, is well known, first brought into notice by writing in favor of Barnum's Museum, Fitchburg Railroad. At this time engaged in defending gas companies, medicines, horse railroads, and Johnson's Dictionary, and has been to the Museum and Messing's Fitchburg depot."

THE EFFORTS MADE TO DISCOVER WEST PASSAGE. The attempt to discover north-west passage was made by a man named Cortereal, about 1492. It was attempted by the English and the project was greatly aided by Queen Elizabeth in 1585, in which company was associated in London called the "Fellowship for the discovery of the Northwest Passage." The voyages with this design, under the American navigators, in the past century, have been as follows:—

Sir Hugh Willoughby's expedition, 1593, north-west passage to China, under the Thames, May 20.

Sir Martin Frobisher's attempt to discover north-west passage to China, Capt. Davis's expedition to find a west passage.

Brent's expedition, Weymouth and Knight's, Hudson's voyages, the last under Sir Thomas Button's, Baffin's, Foxe's expedition.

[A number of enterprises under various names, followed.] Middleton's expedition, Moore and Smith's, Hearne's land expedition, Capt. Phipps, afterwards Lord Macartney's expedition, Capt. Cook, in the Resolution and Discovery, Capt. Vancouver, in the Discovery, Capt. Vaucoeur, in a voyage of survey and discovery on the northwest coast of America, Sept. 24.

Lieut. Kotzebue's expedition, Capt. Buchan and Lieut. Franklin's expedition in the Dorothea and Triton, Capt. Ross and Lieut. Perry, in the bell and Alexander, Lieut. Parry and Liddon, in the Griper, May 4.

They return to Leith, Nov. 3. Capt. Parry and Lyon, in the Fury and Hecla, May 8.

Capt. Franklin and Lyon, after having attempted a land expedition, gained sail from Liverpool, Feb. 1. Capt. Parry, again in the Hecla, sailed from Deptford, March 25.

And return, Oct. 6. Capt. Ross arrived at Hull on his return from his Arctic expedition, an absence of four years, and all hope of his return had been abandoned, Oct. 18.

Capt. Back sailed from Chatham in command of His Majesty's ship Terror, an exploring adventure to Wager, or, Capt. Back, in the month of 1835, was awarded by the Geographical Society, the King's annual premium for his Polar discoveries and enterprise, June 21.

Dease and Simpson traverse the interior spaces between the discoveries of Ross and Parry, and establish there is a north-west passage, Oct. 1. Sir John Franklin and Capt. Crozier, the Erebus and Terror, leave England, May 24.

Capt. Ross returned from an unsuccessful expedition in search of Franklin, consisting of two ships, sailed from England, April—May. Another under Capt. McClure, succeeded in effecting a transit from ocean to ocean; and another under Sir Edward Belcher, another, consisting of two vessels, Advance and Rescue, literally chased for the purpose by Henry's, a New York merchant, and used at government cost from the United States Navy, under command of Lieut. De Haven, sailed from New York, May.

The expedition of Dr. Kane, in the USS. "Albatross," sailed from New York, June 1. The last expedition, consisting of the Jeane and Active, under Lieut. B. Stein, June.

And return, Oct. 11. There may be some omissions in this list, but it will be found generally correct. Y. Herald.

COUNSEL TO VOLUNTEERS. "The Soldier" gives the following good advice to volunteers:—

1. Remember that in a campaign men die from sickness rather than from the sword.

2. Line your blanket with cotton or brown drilling. This adds weight, and doubles the value.

3. Buy a small India rubber blanket, \$1.50, to lay on the ground over your shoulders when on duty in storm. Most of the canteens provided with these. Straw is not always to be had.

4. The best military hat is a light colored soft felt, the crown sufficiently high to allow space for air to circulate. You can fasten it up with a tal in fair weather, or turn it down in wet or very sunny.

5. Let your beard grow, so as to protect the throat and lungs.

6. Keep your entire person clean, prevents fevers and bowel complaints. Wash your body, if possible. Avoid strong coffee and meat. General Scott said that use of these (together with washing the skin clean) cost many a life in Mexico.

7. A sudden check of cold, chills or night air often causes death. When thus exposed, go to your blanket.

ANOTHER BALTIMORE MARTYR. A man, who was so terribly wounded at Baltimore, died there on the 29th. He leaves a wife and parents and a large family at Lawrence. A Baltimore dispatch says: "He was struck on the back of the head with paving stones at the riot, and skull fractured. He has spoken a few words since then, which was in answer to a question whether he had a family, and said, 'No.' It is believed he died of the wound, as it is so recent, and he was a wife. His skull was re-arranged, every possible attention paid to his physical and mental faculties, and his general will take place on Sunday."

The Gr of the Tol of the orig wherever of ful facts adequately decision is e contains no most delicate safety, and leaves to physician physical results. The basis is that which, by the produce cures. We p ery hour in t make it the Throat, or l freedom of Sore Throat Whooping C allows the way. With the tion, and rea may we in it chase only o "Price withi

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THE BROOK.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I come from haunts of coot and fern,
I made a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the ferns,
To tickle down the valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps—a little town—
And half a hundred bridges.

Till lost by Philip's farm, I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I babble on eddying bays,
I bubble into the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy furlong fret,
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing;
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling;

And here and there a formly lake
Upon me as I travel;
With many a silver water-break
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gleam, I glance,
Among my shimmering shallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars,
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

CHOCK FULL OF TEETH. We once heard of a boy who was dancing about in great glee, cutting up all sorts of antics, and raising a hubbub generally. At last his mother said, "Why, Charles, what is the matter with you?—can't you keep still?" "No, ma'am," said he, turning his head over, "I'm so chock full of teeth!"

That's the way we like to see children feel—full of life; ready for fun and frolic if they come along, and able to make them if they do not come. Not that they should be rude and boisterous, but so full of spirit that they are ready to be touched at any time like a sky-rocket; that's the kind of youngsters for me, when I want a frolic. None of your mopey, great-brained, spindly-limbed, old foggy sort! No!—I want a plucky, and would like to take them out into the pure sunlight where the birds sing and every thing is glad, and teach them how to use their little strength, and help to grow strong and lively, and full of teeth, too. Yes, God made the young to be happy; not in reading love-stories, or sitting in a corner of the room, like an Egyptian mummy, to be looked at—but to be glad as the little lambs are on a spring morning—scaling rocks, and leaping stones, running, frisking and jumping! Ah—that's the life for a boy or a girl who wants to be somebody in the world by and by.

"All work and no play,
Makes Jack a dull boy."
Yes, and quite as much do
"All play and no work
Make Jack a poor shirk."

So, remember, children, and put life into your work as well as your play.—American Monthly.

A midshipman asked a priest to tell him the difference between a priest and a jackass. The priest gave it up. "One wears his cross on his back, the other on his breast," said the midshipman. "Now," said the priest, "tell me the difference between a midshipman and a jackass." The midshipman gave it up, and asked what was. The priest said he did not know of any.

"Patrick, hereafter you will commence work at five in the morning, and leave it at seven in the afternoon." "Sure, sir, wouldn't it be better to commence at six, and leave it at five in the afternoon?"

They who disbelieve in virtue, because man has never been found perfect, might as reasonably deny the sun, because it is not always noon.

Since the generality of persons act from impulse much more than principle, men are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to think them.

He who does not learn from events, rejects the lessons of experience. He who judges from the event, makes fortune an assessor in his judgments.

I was surprised just now to see a cobweb round a knocker, for it was not on the gate of heaven.

Many of the supposed increases of knowledge have only given a new name, and often a worse, to what was well known before.

When the pit seats itself in the boxes, the gallery well soon drive out both, and occupy the whole of the house.

A man who strives earnestly and perseveringly to convince others, at least convinces us that he is convinced himself.

Health and Happiness SECURED.

THE CONCENTRATED CURE FOR WEAKNESS FOR EARLY INDISCRETION FOR EARLY INDISCRETION

FOR WEAKNESS FOR WEAKNESS FOR EARLY INDISCRETION 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 having been led to MAKE A TRIAL OF ITS VIRTUES, are rapidly recovering their wanted 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.

K. CRUGER, AGENT.

No. 742 Broadway N. Y. A PLEASANT STIMULANT. For the GENITAL 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., Bangor, 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, 1890, 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 to it that something of the advantages of the 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 ENUCH KNIGHT, Broker, 151 1/2.

JOHN W. PERKINS & CO., Wholesale Dealer in PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, CHEMICALS, PATENT MEDICINES

Drugs, Dye Stuffs, Glass Ware, GLUE, BRUSHES.

Sign Painters' Materials. Colors of all kinds, SUPERIOR TRIPLE REFINED Camphene and Burning Fluid,

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J. L. & S. M. BOOTHBY, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, AND JOBBERS IN

"TEAS," West India Goods, Groceries, LUMBER AND COUNTRY PRODUCE, Head Commercial Wharf,

36 PORTLAND, ME. 1y

\$1200 A YEAR made by any one with \$10 Patent Stencil Tools; etc. etc. included in retail for \$150. With activity this amount may be realized in two weeks time. The only reliable source for these Tools is at Follans' American Stencil Tool Works, the largest and only permanent Manufacturing in the world, located at Springfield, Vt. Salesrooms 212 Broadway, New York, 13 Merchant's 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. Those 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 Follans', as they are universally known to be the only perfect cutting Tools made. Address or apply to

A. J. FOLLANS, Springfield, Vt., 13 Merchant's Exchange, Boston, or 212 Broadway, New York. 42

BEST LONDON PORTER for the sick, at BALL'S

BARNETT'S TOILET ARTICLES, for sale at HAYDEN'S

DRUGS, MEDICINES AND CHEMICALS of all kinds selling cheap at BALL'S

Springfield, Vt., 13 Merchant's Exchange, Boston, or 212 Broadway, New York. 42

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BARNETT'S TOILET ARTICLES, for sale at HAYDEN'S

D. 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 their practice.

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 sickly complexion, indigestion, etc., are cured by its use. It is necessary in all cases of debility, in which it has been tried, it has proved absolutely curative in each of the following complaints, viz:

In Debility, Nervous Affections, Emaciation, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Inappetence, Consumption, Scrophulous Tuberous, Salt Rheum, Marasmus, 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 duration of nervous and muscular exhaustion from chronic complaints, one trial of this restorative has proved successful to an extent which no description nor written attestation would render credible. Invalids so long bed-ridden as to have become forgotten in their own neighborhoods, have suddenly reappeared 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, languishing exhaustion, critical changes, and averted aversion to air and exercise for which the physician has no name.

In NERVOUS AFFECTIONS of all kinds, and for reasons familiar to medical men, the operation of this preparation of Iron must necessarily be salutary for, unlike the old exotics, it is vigorously tonic, without being exciting and overheating; and gently, regularly, and persistently, even in the most obstinate cases of costiveness without ever being a gastric purgative, or inflicting a disagreeable sensation.

In this latter property, among others, which makes it so remarkably effective and permanent a remedy for Piles, upon which it also appears to exert a distinct and specific action, by dispersing the local tendency which forms them.

Innumerable as are its cases, a single box of these Chalybeate Pills has often sufficed for the most habitual cases, including the attendant Constiveness.

In UNCLELY DIARRHOEA, even when advanced to DYSENTERY, confirmed, emaciating, and apparently malignant, the effects of this restorative are equally astonishing.

In the local pains, loss of flesh and strength, debilitating cough, and remittent hectic, which generally indicate INDISSOLUBLE CONSUMPTION, this remedy has allayed the alarm of friends and physicians, in several cases, by inducing a permanent cure.

In SCROFULOUS TUBERCULOSIS, this medicine has had 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 this remedy 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 received, and the alleviating pain and reducing 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 acquisition of strength, will be a usual disposition for action 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 K. B. LOCKE & CO., General Agents, 1532 N. 20th Street, Y.

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 in doing so, and that, he has now established the remarkable curative power beyond a doubt, by its use in a great variety of other cases, with equal success. He offers it to the public for the relief of the suffering.

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

IT CURES DYSPEPSIA; IT CURES CONSTIPATION; IT CURES SICK THROAT; IT CURES A SLUGGISH LIVER

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

For sale in Bragton by S. M. Hayden. Prepared and sold by W. A. Sleeper, Nashua, N. H. 51 ly

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

Orders filled with as much dispatch as the nature of the business will admit. JAMES WEBB, No. Bragton, Nov. 10, 1893.

Custom Work. A. BENTON would announce to his former customers and the citizens of Bragton 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. Bragton Center, Sept. 2, 1893.

POSTERS AND HAND BILLS PRINTED at the Reporter Office with new and showy type, at fair living prices.

Custom Work. A. BENTON would announce to his former customers and the citizens of Bragton generally, that he has recommenced making CUSTOM WORK, and is now ready to attend to all orders in the line of

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BOOT AND SHOEMAKING, for either men, women or children. Work respectfully solicited. Bragton Center, Sept. 2, 1893.

HUNNEWELL'S UNIVERSAL COUGH REMEDY.

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

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

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

HUNNEWELL'S CELEBRATED TOLU ANODYNE.

This great Neuralgic Remedy and Natural Opium calls for special attention and interest, being free of Opium, or preparations of Opium, or of any but its strictly vegetable and medicinal properties. For Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Tooth, Throat and Ear Ache, Spinal Ache, Headache, Catarrh, and all minor Nervous Complaints.

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

For Delirium Tremens is a Sure Remedy.

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

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

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

Large Cough Remedy, 50 cents per bottle. Small " 25 " Tolu Anodyne, 50 "

JOHN L. HUNNEWELL, Proprietor, CHEMIST AND PHARMACEUTIST.

No. 9 Commercial Wharf, Boston, Mass. For sale by all usual wholesale and retail dealers in every town and city.

S. M. HAYDEN, Bragton; Silas Blake, Harrison; D. P. Noyes, Norway, Agents. W. F. Phillips, Portland; W. L. Alden & Co. Bangor, Wholesale Agents. 1529

HANSON & HILTON Keep constantly on hand and for sale a good assortment of

FAMILY GROCERIES, such as Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Apples, Potatoes, Butter and Cheese.

Also, Corned and Fresh BEEF, MUTTON and clear Northern BUTTER, packed in store.

FLOUR, of the best brands for sale low for Cash, or in exchange for Grain or Bacon HAMS.

BEST CURED HAMS can be had at our store for 10 cents per pound.

Wanted, all kinds of Produce, Wood, Hoops and Shooks, in exchange for Groceries. Bragton Center, 161f

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

THE DIMOND OIL is a Pure, Safe and Odorless article, warranted to burn in any of the Kerosene Lamps. Will burn ten per cent longer than any other Oil.

BURNING FLUID, CHANDELIER, LAMPS, &c., at Wholesale and Retail. 50 Old Lamps altered to burn Dimond Oil. Sept. 22, 1893. 6m40

Pondicherry House. THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public that he is ready to entertain at the above House, travellers in a good and comfortable manner, and for a reasonable compensation. The Pondicherry House is kept on strictly temperance principles, and travellers will find it a quiet resting place. My House is also fitted up for board and all who seek it to take board with me, will find a comfortable home.

I have also, good Stabling for Horses. MARSHAL BACON Bragton Center, Nov. 19, 1893. 21f

H. H. HAY & CO. Wholesale dealers in

Drugs, Medicines, & Chemicals, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, Artists' Materials, Apothecaries' Glass Ware, Swedish Lenses, Cigars, MINERAL WATER, GOLD FOIL, &c.

Burning Fluid and Camphene. Pure Wines and Liquors, for Medicinal and Mechanical purposes only.

STANDARD FAMILY MEDICINES, etc. Always at lowest market prices. Junction of Free and Middle Street. PORTLAND, ME. 201f

MARRETT, POOR & CO. Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

CANNED FRUITS, Paper Hangings, Feathers, Mattresses,

UPHOLSTERY GOODS, 85 & 87 Middle St., (up Stairs.) PORTLAND, ME. 26

HORACE BILINGS, Commission Merchant, AND DEALER IN—

HIDES, LEATHER AND OIL, No. 56 Elm, and 19 and 20 Friend Streets. BOSTON.

HERRICK & BROS. Sold in Bragton by S. M. Hayden. 1539

These renowned Plasters cure pains, weakness and distress in the back, sides & breast, in five hours. Indeed, so certain are they to do this, that the Proprietor warrants them. Spread from resins, balsams and gums, or beautiful Kid Leather, rendered in a peculiarly adapted to the wants of Remedy and Cure. Each plaster will wear from one to four months, and in rheumatic complaints sprains and bruises, frequently effect cures, while all other remedies failed. Full directions will be found on the back of each. Public speakers, vocalists, ministers of the Gospel and others, will strengthen their lungs and improve their voices by wearing them on the breast. PRICE 10-3-4 CENTS.

Dr. Castle's Magnolia Catarrh Snuff Has obtained an enviable reputation in the cure of Catarrh, Loss of Voice, Deafness, Croup, and Inflamed Eyes, and those disagreeable noises, resembling the whizzing of steam, distant waterfalls, etc., purely vegetable comes with full directions, & delights all that use it, as a sneezing snuff it cannot be equalled. BOXES 25 CENTS.

HARVEL'S CONDITION POWDERS. These old established Powders, so well known at the Long Island Race Course, N. Y., and sold in immense quantities through the Middle and Eastern States for the past seven years, continue to excel all other kinds; in diseases of Horses and Cattle their excellence is acknowledged everywhere. They contain nothing injurious, the animal can be worked while feeding them; ample directions go with each package, and good horsemen are invited to test their virtues and judge of their goodness.

LARGE PACKAGE 25 CENTS. The above articles are sold by 27,000 agents throughout the United States, Canada and South America, at wholesale by all large Druggists in the principal cities, and by all Practical Chemists Albany, N. Y. Sold in Bragton by S. M. Hayden. 1539

These MEDICINES have now been before the public for a period of FIFTY YEARS, and during that time have maintained a high character in almost every part of the globe, for their extraordinary and immediate power of restoring perfect health to persons suffering under nearly every kind of disease to which the human frame is liable.

The following are among the distressing varieties of human diseases in which the VEGETABLE LIFE MEDICINES Are well known to be infallible.

DYSPEPSIA, by thoroughly cleansing the first and second stomachs, and creating a flow of pure healthy bile, instead of the stale and acrid kind, FLATULENCY, LOSS OF APPETITE, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, RESTLESSNESS, ILL-TEMPER, ANXIETY, LANGUOR, and MELANCHOLY, which are the general symptoms of Dyspepsia, will vanish, as a natural consequence of its cure.

CONSTIVENESS, by cleansing the whole length of the intestines with a solvent process, and without violence; all violent purges leave the bowels costive within two days.

FEVERS of all kinds, by restoring the blood to a regular circulation, through the thorough solution of all intestinal obstruction in others.

The LIFE MEDICINES have been known to cure RHEUMATISM permanently in three weeks, and GOUT in half that time, by removing local inflammation from the muscles and ligaments of the joints.

DROPSIES of all kinds, by freeing and strengthening the kidneys and bladder, they operate most delightfully on these important organs, and hence have ever been found a certain remedy for the worst cases of GRON-EL.

CERTAIN WORMS, by disengaging from the turnings of the bowels the slimy matter to which these creatures adhere.

SURVIV, CLBERS and INVETERATE SORES, by the perfect purity which these LIFE MEDICINES give to the blood, and all the humors.

SCORBUIC ERUPTIONS and BAD COMPLEXIONS, by their alternate effect upon the fluids that feed the skin, and the morbid state of which occasions all eruptive complaints, scaly, cloudy, and other disagreeable complexions.