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ABIEL T. NOYES, Agent in Portland.

MAKING THE BEST OF EVERYTHING.

BY A. LEWIS.

The home of Mr. Clayton and his two children was a small, wood-colored house, standing back from the road, on an eminence that sloped down to the brook that murmured through the orchard and meadows.

It was a fine location, and with good management and taste it might have been a charming place; but an air of thrift and discomfort pervaded everything; and this was even more apparent indoors than out.

The room where the family were now at breakfast was a most cheerless aspect, in spite of the sunlight that streamed in at the high, narrow windows. The paper on the wall was dingy and soiled, so that it was almost impossible to tell what was its original color and pattern. The seat had fallen down in the broad fire place, which was without a fire-board. The floor was littered and untidy. The buttery door was open, revealing a muddle that beggars description. The table-cloth was much soiled, and the table was set with several kinds of dishes, and spread with the plainest fare—fried pork, boiled potatoes with their jackets on, and bread and butter.

Mr. Clayton and Joe were their working clothes, (blue shirts and overalls,) and Nellie's dress was soiled and torn, and her hair was uncombed and carelessly tucked behind her ears.

"Father," she said, as she poured the coffee, "you know Emily is coming to-day, and I hardly know what to do. I wish," she added, glancing around, "that we could live better; I wish we had a carpet and some better chairs. I remember how pleasant it seemed at aunt Mary's when I was there. They had nice carpets and pictures, and a great many things we haven't got; and I dread Emily's coming so."

"Well, my daughter," said Mr. Clayton, "I wish you were able to have things different, but you must make the best of it. If you want any groceries, Joe can get them for you when he comes from the field."

"I wouldn't care if I were in your place," said Joe. "For my part, I don't believe I shall like her at all. I suppose she is proud and disagreeable, because she has been off to school, and all that; but I don't mean to mind anything about her."

"Don't judge your cousin before you see her," said Mr. Clayton, "you may like her after all."

Nellie Clayton had been her father's housekeeper about two years. She was a plump little creature of fifteen, and would have been pretty, if she had taken any pains with her person. But her wavy brown hair was generally twisted into a careless knot behind, and her dresses, which she made herself, were usually scant and ill-fitting.

Indeed, poor Nellie was almost discouraged, and, when prayers were over and her father and brother were gone, she sat down in the doorway and cried, wondering what she should do, what she should wear, wished she was rich, and finally got a dish of crumbs and began feeding the chickens that came around her; and so she filled away half the forenoon before she set herself to work to clear the table and prepare dinner, after which she put the house in as good order as she could, and went up stairs to make her toilet.

She brushed her hair plainly back as was her custom, saying to herself, "It's no use taking any pains; for she hadn't anything to wear."

She selected from her scanty wardrobe a blue-colored print, which would have been very pretty if it had fitted her. Her simple toilet was soon completed. Just as she was putting on a black velvet ribbon around her neck, she heard the stage horn, and, running to the window, she peeped through the curtain, while her cousin alighted and came slowly up the walk.

Her cousin was a slight, graceful girl, tastefully and appropriately dressed; and as Nellie noted the long, ample skirt of the brown travelling-dress, the neatly gloved hands, and little brown veil thrown carelessly back over the plain straw bonnet, leaving the fair face with its bands of dark hair uncovered, her trepidation did not decrease. But go down she must, and the sooner the better. So trying to persuade herself that

she didn't care, she went to meet Emily, whose pleasant, easy greeting rather reassured her.

Though Joe had declared his indifference to the expected guest, yet at ten his appearance had very much improved.

"I am going to the village, you know," he said, half-apologetically to Nellie, as he saw her glance at his linen coat and well-brushed curls.

The evening passed quite pleasantly; for though the dim light of the tallow candle did not improve the cheerless aspect of the room, nor admit of Emily's busying herself with her needle-work, yet she exerted her self to please the rest, and she was seemingly so unconscious of any superiority, that the restraint which Joe and Nellie had both felt at first soon wore off.

A week passed, during which time Emily had not been idle. She had helped Nellie about the house work and sewing, had read to her uncle, had played checkers with Joe, and had made herself a general favorite.

One pleasant afternoon, the two girls were seated in the shaded porch at the front door; Emily with a book, and Nellie with a piece of needle-work, yet she exerted her self to please the rest, and she was seemingly so unconscious of any superiority, that the restraint which Joe and Nellie had both felt at first soon wore off.

Emily was reading aloud, stopping now and then to show Nellie about the information of leaf or flower, when the latter suddenly exclaimed, "Why, there's a carriage at the gate, and it's Fred Gray and Helen and Minnie Lee. I wonder what it means—they never come here."

Emily sprang to her feet, saying hastily: "They were my school friends at Rockland, and ran down the walk to meet them."

The visitors had accidentally heard that Emily was at Clayton Farm, and had rode over to invite her to spend a few days with them.

They declined Nellie's timid invitation to walk in, and seated themselves in the porch. There was much laughing and talking, reminiscences of old times at Rockland, and discussion of events that had transpired since.

After spending a cheerful hour, the visitors took leave, having obtained Emily's promise to visit them the ensuing week. Nellie was included in the invitation, but, knowing it to be a mere matter of courtesy, she briefly declined.

After they had gone, she sat silent for some time, and Emily noticed that now and then a tear drop fell on her work. At length, putting her arms around her, said, "What is it, little cousin? Tell me all about it, perhaps I can help you."

Nellie laid her head on Emily's shoulder, and sobbed that she was unhappy. "You know how we live here, cousin Emily. I have to work all the time, and father isn't able to get me books and a great many things that I want, and that other girls have. No body comes here that I care about, and when you are gone, I shall be so lonesome. If I could only go away to school, I think, perhaps, I might, after awhile, teach as you do, but as it is, I don't see any prospect of a change for the better."

Emily kissed her and smiled. "I am glad you want to improve, Nellie; but how is it that uncle is so poor? Don't he own this place?"

"Yes; but a part of the land isn't good for much, and father just keeps out of debt."

Emily thought a few minutes, and then said, "So you have no hope of better times? I have; but I think it depends, in a great measure, upon yourself."

Nellie looked surprised. Emily went on: "You have not enjoyed the training of a judicious mother as I have, and if you will allow me, I will give you the benefit of her teachings, as far as I can. If you will follow my advice, you may bring about a different state of things; but you must not despise the day of small beginnings, and you must learn to make the most and the best of everything. If we are not faithful with a little how can we hope to be entrusted with more? Why, mother and I have only a few acres of land, and we live comfortably and pleasantly. Now if you'll try, Nellie, I'll tell you how to manage everything."

"How?" said Nellie.

"Go to the district school, in winter, for two or three years, and learn all you can. Do your best. And if, at the end of three years, you are not able to go Rockland, I will engage to pay your expenses till you are fitted for teaching, when you can repay me. I am quite independent, you know, as my salary is large."

Nellie's face brightened. "Oh! cousin Emily," she said, "you are so good; I will do anything you tell me, if you will only help me." Emily smiled.

"Listen, then," she said. "First of all seek the blessing of the Lord that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow; and without which you need not expect to be prospered in any undertaking. I usually retire early and

rise at daybreak; if you will do so, you can easily secure at least an hour in the early morning for reading the Scriptures and prayer, besides having more time for other things than you now do. Do you remember the promises to Israel of old? You know how they were blessed when they were obedient. It seems so strange to me that people will live as if they believed there was no God now to control the affairs of men. But about yourself, Nellie, I want you to be neat, orderly and industrious. Never be careless about your personal appearance at any time; wear a neat wrapper in the morning, with a linen collar or muslin ruffle; and always brush your hair nicely before you go down stairs. Little things go to make up the great sum of life. I will show you how to fit your dresses; and as to books and other things, you can make a quantity of butter, and raise poultry this summer, and dispose of them in the fall. You can also dry a great many apples, and so not only replenish your wardrobe, but also purchase some articles for the house, such as wall paper, curtains, etc.; and get uncle to subscribe for a good agricultural paper. I think every one who has even a garden should take one, and to a farmer it is indispensable. We take one, and it is a great help about managing our little place."

"I have a shrewd suspicion that uncle might realize a great deal more from his land, if he understood the best way of managing it; and every lady ought to take a good ladies' magazine, not only for its literature, but its patterns and valuable instructions in various kinds of useful and ornamental work; I prefer Peterson's on that account."

"And, Nellie, I noticed a great many old clothes hanging in the wood-house; I don't think they look well there, and I would like them up stairs; and as you have time during the summer, could cut them up into carpet-rags, keeping the colors separate; and I will come in the fall and help you dye some bright colors; and you can get the carpet woven, and we will put it down on the sitting room floor."

"I will show you all I can about economizing time, strength, and means, while I am here; and then I shall be quite anxious to know how you progress, and will come and help you as soon as the term closes."

The remainder of Emily's visit passed quickly. Nellie seemed inspired with new life. She tried to follow Emily's instructions to the letter, and though she sometimes found it rather irksome to apply herself, yet she persevered.

Mr. Clayton, glad to gratify his daughter, readily gave her permission to dispose of all the poultry she chose, and so the summer passed quickly and pleasantly; and when the autumn leaves were falling, Emily received a letter stating that the carpet-rags were all cut, the butter, eggs, and poultry disposed of, and more apples dried than Nellie had dreamed possible. "And now," wrote she, "I want you to come, dear Emily, as soon as possible, and help me select my purchases, and give me ever so much advice."

Emily soon responded to the call, and found Nellie impatiently awaiting her. The carpet-rags were first dyed and sent away to be woven, so that the carpet might be ready when they wanted it; then some light, pretty wall paper was selected, which Joe put on; Emily arranged some full white muslin curtains, so as to make the windows appear larger inside, and looped them up with blue ribbons; then Joe's assistance was claimed to make a lounge-frame, which they covered with some pretty chintz; and finally the new carpet was put down, making the room look so bright and cheerful that Nellie was in ecstasies.

Emily lighted the kerosene lamp, with a ground-glass shade, and placed it on the mantel of bright worsted, which she had brought to Nellie, saying, "Tallow candles are detestable, and I think a good light makes a room look so cheerful. One thing more," she said, "and then call uncle to see the result of our labors;" and she produced a beautiful steel engraving in a gilt frame, which was soon hung in a favorable light, while Nellie ran to call her father.

As Mr. Clayton entered the light, pleasant room, the change seemed to be greater than it really was; and he stood silent, while Nellie and Joe both uttered exclamations of delight and satisfaction. "I never should have thought of it, if it hadn't been for Emily," said Nellie; "and it was done so easily, too. It don't seem like the same room; does it, father?"

"No, my child," he answered; "then turning to Emily he continued, 'My dear Emily you have taught us all a lesson which will be invaluable to us through life.' Emily had sent Mr. Clayton the agricultural paper during the summer, and he had already begun to profit by it so much that he determined to subscribe for it himself."

Under Emily's skillful supervision, everything was soon arranged for the winter. Nellie's wardrobe was comfortably though

plainly furnished, and she had quite a little sum left.

They had made slippers for Mr. Clayton and Joe from some pieces of broadcloth, sewing on the blue and orange from a pattern in Emily's magazine; and Joe at her suggestion, had procured the soles and sewed them on.

The evening before Emily was to leave them, Nellie put on the dress of bright merino, which they had just finished, and which was the most expensive article she had purchased. Her brown curls fell in graceful profusion about her face and neck, her cheeks were flushed, and her dark eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"My darling little cor," said Emily, "do you know you are very pretty? I would not tell you so, if I did not think you had too much good sense to be vain."

And so with new incentives to exertions, the winter was passing rapidly away at Clayton farm.

One evening as Nellie was pouring over her algebra, Joe said, "I believe I must study harder, Nell; for you are really getting ahead of me, and you know I am going to be a scientific farmer. I can make this place a great deal more profitable than it has been. Next summer we'll have such a nice garden with strawberries like I saw at Mr. Lee's."

It was even as Joe had said. The march of improvement went steadily on.

"There is something in theory, but more in practice and experience," she remarked to Joe, the next summer, as they were discussing their progress.

The next fall, when Nellie returned from a visit to Emily, she was agreeably surprised to find the house painted white, and the windows out down to the floor, with green blinds.

Time passed. Nellie went to Rockland. But her plan of teaching was defeated, for on her return from school, Mr. Clayton would not consent to part with her again, until Joe brought home Minnie Lee his fair young bride. Soon after, the eloquence of Fred Gray, now a rising young lawyer, persuaded Nellie to leave the old homestead and grace his city mansion.—[Peterson's Magazine.]

ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS.

A TALE OF KENTUCKY IN THE EARLY DAYS.

In May 1760, Daniel Boone and five others started out to explore the almost untracked wilderness of Kentucky. Some time subsequent, four of the party were carried off by the Indians, leaving Boone, and a man named Stuart, alone. Not long afterwards Stuart was also killed by the savages. Before that event, however, Daniel's brother and Squire Boone, arrived out in the wilderness, attended by a single companion. The latter, it appears, did not remain long with the pioneer, but started back to the settlement about the time Stuart lost his life.—Daniel and Squire Boone were now left alone, and each built a comfortable cabin, and spent the ensuing winter in hunting. In May following, the Squire departed for the settlement to obtain a supply of ammunition and horses, leaving Daniel alone in the wilderness without even a horse or dog to keep him company.

During the intervening time, Boone—by that name we will hereafter designate Daniel—spent the days hunting, sleeping at night in the canebrakes, and occasionally returning for a short interval to their little rude cabin. Of course, he met with numerous adventures, one of which we now propose to record.

Late one afternoon in June, the lonely but bold pioneer made his appearance in front of his little log cabin. As he came up to the door he said to himself:

"Wal, if I ain't tired enough to take a rest I never war in all my life! I'm completely worn out, an' may I must rest for awhile, or I shan't be with anything for a month to come. I'm footy hardy, it's sartin, but I can't stand every thing, an' I've bin on the move ever since Squire left for the settlement. Time for me to lay by a little, sure if the Indians will let me, an' that's a risk we pioneers must allers run."

Boone moved forward to enter the cabin, and as he did so the loud detonation of a gun struck suddenly upon the still air. The next moment a lock of his flowing hair was snatched off by the passing ball, which barely missed the life of the dauntless pioneer.

Quick as thought Boone cast a lightning glance all around. Suddenly his gaze became fixed. In the deepness and dimness of the forest his keen and practised eyes had detected the half hidden form of a red skin. The Indian was just in the act of rapidly loading his gun.

"So! so!" said Boone, instantaneously bringing his rifle to his shoulder, and quickly discharging it at the savage.

Contrary to his expectations—for the great pioneer was a dead shot—the Indian escaped uninjured. With a whoop of defiance the redskin again loaded his own gun, and discharged it at the borderer. Boone dodged behind the cabin, however, and escaped the deadly messenger, and the Indian took to the cover of a large tree near which he was standing.

Sometime passed away, and neither Boone nor the savage made their appearance, or showed any signs of their presence.

Save the sounds of the forest everything remained perfectly quiet.

Boone, however, was not idle. He never was.

Cautiously satisfying himself of the position of his foe, he quietly and steadily crawled away from the cabin, and by a circuitous route gained a position directly in the rear of the savage. The Indian was bent down behind the tree, intently watching the cabin, and holding his rifle in position for instant use.

"Keep yer eyes open, redskin!" muttered Boone, as he gazed at the crouching savage; "keep yer eyes open or yer'll not see half as much as yer 'spect to. Now, then, look out for yer greasy hide! but fust, I'll let yer see my face afore yer go down, as yer sartin to do when I pint this old rifle o' mine."

Boone raised himself up and uttered a ringing shout. The Indian leaped to his feet and gazed in the direction of the sound. At the same moment he spied Boone and leveled his gun. The brave pioneer was before-hand, however, as might well be expected, and the redskin's death followed quick on the crack of his trusty rifle. With a yell which echoed far and wide the savage threw out his arms and fell prone upon the earth.

At the same moment a dozen whoops answered to the last yell of the dying savage.

"Whew!" cried Boone, with some show of amazement "the fellow warn't alone, it seems!"

Still the whooping continued, gradually drawing nearer and nearer.

"Wal, here's a situation for one single man!" he added, as he rapidly loaded his rifle. "There's nothin' for it, however but to fight my way out; so look to the chances, Daul, and show your bringin' up, in a creditable manner. Thank my good stars! I'm not one that's easily skeered or put out, and I shan't deal in a man's favor in a moment like this. First, now, to reconnoitre a little, and then for the best thing that turns up."

Boone quickly selected out a better place of concealment, and forthwith hid himself away to await further developments.

A few minutes afterwards the savages came dashing along, brandishing their weapons and uttering loud and discordant sounds. Boone counted more than a dozen of them, huge, ugly, bearded devils, full of mischief of the worst sort.

Suddenly they reached the spot where lay the body of the Indian whom the pioneer had shot down. Halting, they clustered around the dead savage, filling the air with the most terrible cries and shrieks imaginable.

"These fellows wouldn't show me much mercy if they were to catch me!" muttered Boone. "However they shan't catch me yet awhile, 'thout I've lost all my old, natral cunning; and if I have, the loss has been mighty suddint and unawar to me."

The Indians were still dancing and capering round the dead body. Suddenly they halted and for a few moments talked together in the most vociferous manner. Then they all started on toward the cabin evidently bent upon the bloodiest sort of work.

Much to their disappointment, apparently, the cabin contained no animate object on which to wreak their vengeance. For a while they bellowed and raved like incarnate devils. Suddenly they again stopped and talked together. After a few moments they separated and began to gather up twigs and leaves, with which they subsequently almost buried the little house. Then with shouts and yells and demoniac rejoicings they fired the heap.

"They're goin' to burn down the little shanty!" muttered Boone. "Wal, now, if they don't scorch their fingers afore they're done I don't know anything, sartin! Save 'em right, too, the cussed malicious brutes, save 'em right! Let 'em go on! I kin afford to lose something under sich circumstances."

In a few minutes the red flames began to shoot up around the cabin on all sides. The Indians piled the fire constantly.

"They'll catch it d'rectly!" Boone repeatedly whispered to himself, and in tones that had considerable of emulation in them.—Meanwhile he kept his eyes intently fixed upon the redskins and the burning cabin. A look of expectation rested upon his sunburnt countenance.

A matter of ten minutes perhaps passed away.

Suddenly a loud report sounded far and near and the air in the vicinity of the burning cabin was filled with a dense volume of thick black smoke, and a mass of sparks and flying bodies.

Simultaneous with the explosion could be heard the loud whoops of the savages, what were left of them, for those nearest the burning cabin had been rent into atoms, and their

burnt and charred bodies scattered in the air.

"I knew it would come! I knew it would come!" cried Boone, excitedly, rushing out of his hiding place, and directing his steps toward the scene of the late explosion.

Meanwhile, the Indians who had been so fortunate as to escape with their lives—not more than half of them, if that many—darted off in the forest as if Satan himself were in pursuit of them, and were soon lost to view. Himself unseen, Boone watched them until they disappeared from sight, and then the pioneer began to examine the effects of the late explosion. Nothing much was distinguishable, however. The charred timbers of the rude cabin were scattered about everywhere, and not a sign was visible of any article which the little cabin had previously contained. Here and there a blackened skull, a mangled limb or the trunk of a body was to be seen among the burnt timbers and black cinders which freely strewed the ground.

"Wal!" muttered Boone at length, there warn't a great heap 'o powder in that keg, but sartinly that war enough to do considerable 'xecution. Now, I don't think the red devils would a bin so quick firin' the cabin if they'd a know'd all things; an' that jest shows the great importance of never doin' a thing in a hurry, if yer not forced to. I'm sorry to lose the powder," he added reflectively, "cause its nigh about all that's left; but however, squire must be back soon now, an' I must be kearful of what little remains."

As he uttered the last words Boone happened to look ahead, and saw four or five Indians advancing in a cautious, creeping manner. Fortunately a clump of trees concealed the pioneer from observation.

On toward the spot where the cabin had stood crawled the redskins, and not one of them but looked as if he expected the ground would open and swallow them up.

With his rifle held ready for instant use Boone stood and watched them.

"Them fellows look skeery enough, an' as I don't need their company at all, I'll just see if I can't hurry them off agin," muttered the pioneer, at length.

Quickly aiming his rifle Boone, blazed away. With a shriek one of the red skins fell to the ground, and with loud yells, and without looking behind them, the others again darted off into the forest. That was the last seen of them, though Boone watched patiently for several hours. They probably feared to return, no doubt thinking the Evil One himself leagued against them.

A DOCTOR'S LUCK.

A wealthy lady had a tickling in her throat, and thought that a bristle of her tooth-brush had gone down and lodged in the top of the gullet. Her throat daily grew worse. It was badly inflamed, and she sent for the family doctor. He examined it carefully, and finally assured her that nothing was the matter—it was a mere nervous delusion, he said. Still her throat troubled her, and she became so much alarmed that she was sure she should die. A friend suggested that she should call in Dr. Jones, a young man just commencing practice. She did not at first like the idea, but finally consented, and Dr. Jones was called. He was a person of good address and polite manners. He looked carefully at her throat, asked her several questions as to the sensation at the seat of the malady, and finally announced that he thought he could relieve her. On his second visit he brought with him a very delicate pair of forceps, into the teeth of which he had secretly inserted a bristle taken from an ordinary tooth-brush. The rest can be imagined. The lady threw back her head; the forceps were introduced into her mouth; a prick—a loud scream! and 'twas all over; and the young physician with a smiling face, was holding up to the light, and inspecting with lively curiosity, the extracted bristle. The patient was in raptures. She immediately recovered her health and spirits, and went about everywhere sounding the praises of her saviour; as she persisted in calling the dexterous operator. So enthusiastic was her gratitude, she offered him her hand in marriage and her noble fortune. The fact that the young doctor was already married was an insuperable obstacle to this arrangement. But the lady's influence and her constant laudations of the physician, procured for him a lucrative practice. Thus by a harmless little deception, a very worthy physician suddenly became one of the most popular men of his profession in the city of Philadelphia.

A certain doctor, who was in the habit of getting intoxicated, was one day, when pretty far gone, suddenly called to visit a lady patient. He arrived in such a state of confusion that when in her room he could only grumble to himself, "Drunk—drunk—drunk by —!" and he then left. It so happened that the lady, was fond of 'a wee drup,' and as she herself was intoxicated when the doctor arrived, she thought his exclamation alluded to her own condition. The next day

MISCELLANY.

THE DYING STORM.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

I am feeble, pale and weary;
And my wings are nearly folded;
I have ceased a scene so dreary,
I am glad to quit the world!
While with bitterness I'm thinking
Of the evil deeds I've done,
To my caverns deep I'm sinking,
From the coming of the sun.
Oh! the heart of man will sicken
In that pure and holy light,
When he feels the hopes I've stricken
With an everlasting blight!
For so widely in my madness,
Have I poured abroad my wrath,
I've been changing joy to sadness,
And with ruin strewn my path.
Earth that shimmered at my motion,
Now my power in silence owns;
But the deep and troubled ocean
O'er my deeds of horror moans.
I have sunk the brightest treasure,
I've destroyed the fairest form;
I have sully filled my measure,
And am now a dying storm!
Yet, to man among the living,
With my final gasp and sigh,
I this kind monition giving,
Fain would serve him while I die.
Not like me, shall he descending
Swift to death, from living cease;
He's a spirit, surely tending
To eternal pain or peace!

Below we give place to the communications spoken of last week. We have lost so much matter sent by her, that we thought we'd make a sure thing this time and therefore put them all in. A few numbers of this week's issue can be found at the office—price three cents.

For the Reporter.

ON THE UTILITY OF APPLES.

What are more delicious than good, nice apples? Early and late, fall, winter, spring, and even in the summer; there is nothing very bad, about a good cold apple in a warm sultry day, with or without our lunch. They are not only nutritious, raw, baked, steamed, or roasted, to eat; but they are very luscious in various kinds of food; such as puddings, puddings, brown or white bread.

Many people think good sweet apples a great dainty, when well cooked, to eat with nice milk. I think we had them last summer, and sour ones, too, quite plenty, until now ones were ripe in some places. O, how very delicious sweet apple custards are! or a good sour apple pie; and even a nice mince pie, is not very bad for the palate; though it often is for the stomach. Sour or sweet ones, are also very nice, for sauce, or preserves; and the poor ones make good cider for vinegar, &c. They are also very good for some quadrupeds, swine are fond of them raw, or cooked into a large dumpling, with potatoes and corn meal. I admire to have my friends call in to chat a while, by day, or in a long winter evening, and help us eat a fruit-dish full of various kinds of nice, delicious apples.

I think they are preferable to any other kinds of fruit, or even berries, for some specimens will keep (looking over often), several months, or even a year without cooking. I sent a fine plate of old sour apples, to the County Fair, in Hiram, some 10 or 12 years ago, retaining a brilliant lustre. I also, once kept an old red-cheeked, fine flavored, sour apple until March, still retaining its polish; (being about 13 months old!) My mouth almost waters for the like now, tho' I am blessed with a plenty, (whose flavor is far superior now) by spending time to get and eat them, which is rather hard sometimes; I must confess. Although I am really sorry to say it.

This interesting theme might be prolonged; but I will leave it for those who have more time, and far greater talents.

NANCY R. CHADBOURN.

No. Bridgton, April 18, 1861.

For the Reporter.

INDIAN CORN.

The good and almost indispensable properties of good Indian corn. O, how delicious it is boiled, or roasted, when full in the milk; especially, nice sweet corn. Many persons, are so remarkably fond of sump, or hominy, (so called,) made into a pudding to eat with good milk, or syrup, that they can hardly wait for it to get ripe, or even as to grind it coarsely. Also, many of us think that good corn is a great luxury, hulled, and boiled tender, to eat with rich milk; some prefer it fried, others chopped, made, and baked into a pudding, same as boiled rice. I think it is also very good in stewed beans, &c. O, what is more delicious than nice popped corn! blown up in one of those poppers? I don't see how we ever had so much patience, in parching the old-fashioned yellow corn, by stirring it with a long stick in the corner, or before the fire. Some used a long handled iron frying-pan, or a brass warming-pan, and shook them similar to the new poppers; though it took as long to pop one quart nice then, as it does six or eight now with good luck.

I think that it is also, a great luxury in various ways, to eat fresh from the popper, some prefer a sprinkling of fine salt over it, either in rich milk, same as hulled corn, or in a baked pudding, with other ingredients. I like to eat it fresh, and sup good milk. I don't think there is anything very bad about those nice corn-balls. I ask, how could we live without good Indian meal? for it composes a large part of our nice brown bread, made in many different ways, and by far, the most healthy for numerous persons. Also, good Johnny cakes are a great favorite with many; plain ones, to eat with butter and nice milk; or a compound, made, and baked light to eat with butter, cheese, sauce, &c. We also use Indian meal to make various kinds of puddings. I think good hasty

pudding with rich milk is not very bad eating, especially, in a cold winter eve. Many think it a great luxury, some like it fried over, with butter or syrup. It is also, very cleansing for medical uses. Corn has long been known to be good food, for various kinds of animals, fowls, swine, &c.

I presume that I have failed to do justice to so worthy a subject. Therefore, I will leave it, hoping that others will set far better examples.

NANCY R. CHADBOURN.

No. Bridgton, April 10, 1861.

For the Reporter.

LITTLE THINGS.

Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; a bridle is a little thing, but see its use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the parts of large buildings together; a word, a look, a smile, a frown, all are little things; but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt—it's a promise, redeem it—it's a shilling—hand it over—you know not what important event hangs upon it. Keep your word sacredly, keep it to children, they will mark it sooner, than any one else, and the effect will probably be as lasting as life. Mind the little things.

I have lived more than half a century. I have sold some things, and bought many articles. I have loaned much, or many things, and borrowed a few kinds. Therefore, allow me to know, of what little things consist. Some will buy a few cents worth, a part will pay soon, others will never pay, for it is only a few cents. Many will buy a number of dollars worth and pay down—various are the persons who will ask us to wait awhile; in a few weeks, or months they will come after being dunned several times, and pay all but a few cents, saying, I will pay those any time. But they don't mind the little things. For that that any time never comes. O, how very handy those few cents are at times, to buy postage stamps, in order to send letters and papers to our dear relatives, and friends, both far and near; for it is not always the poorest class who have not ready change. Therefore, I advise you to mind and pay those little new cents. Some who borrow will pay punctually and wholly; other's after a long while, will offer you a scanty measure, and I truly think there is a class, who never intend to pay us the whole amount, if they do a part. I will assure you if those articles, that you borrowed, were worth anything to you, they also are to the lender. I often give more or less; but when I sell, or lend, I do intend to receive my something.

So as a friend to the negligent, I advise you to be very careful, and mind those little things. For it will save a sight of trouble on your part, and likewise, all who have any dealings with. Last, but not least, please to pay that little Gold Dollar that has been due so long for the Reporter; tho' it seems to be small, it is of great importance, for it will assist the printer in still continuing his important business; which mostly consists in little things.

Again, I say, mind the little things. I ask, have you not seen, and known the above sentiments, far too true to be denied?

NANCY R. CHADBOURN.

No. Bridgton, June 4, 1861.

MARRETT, POOR & CO.

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

CARPETINGS,

Paper Hangings,

Feathers, Mattresses,

AND—

UPHOLSTERY GOODS.

85 & 87 Middle St. (up Stairs),

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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 PORK, packed in store.

EPICURES,

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. Bridgton Center, 16th

HORACE BILLINGS,

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MINERAL TEETH, GOLD FOIL, &c

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STANDARD FAMILY MEDICINES, &c

Always at lowest market Prices.

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MOFFAT'S

Life Pills and Phenix Bitters.

THESE MEDICINES have now been before the public for a period of THIRTY 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 variety 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, LASSITUDE, AND MELANCHOLY, which are the general symptoms of Dyspepsia, will vanish, as a natural consequence of its cure.

CONSTIPATION, 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. PILES OF all kinds, by restoring the blood to regular circulation, through the process of respiration in such cases, and 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 legaments of the joints.

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

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

SCURVY, ULCERS, AND INVETERATE SORES, by the perfect purity which these LIFE MEDICINES give to the blood, and all the humors.

SCORRUTIC 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, scall, cloudy, and other disagreeable complexions.

The use of these Pills for a very short time will effect an entire cure of SALT RHEUM, and a striking improvement in the clearness of the skin. COMMON COLDS AND INFLUENZA will always be cured by one dose, or by two in the worst cases.

PILES.—The original proprietors of these Medicines, was cured of Piles, of 35 years standing by the use of the LIFE MEDICINES alone.

FEVER AND AGUE.—For this scourge of the Western country, these Medicines will be found a safe, speedy, and certain remedy. Other medicines leave the system subject to a return of the disease—a cure by these Medicines is permanent—TRY THEM, BE Satisfied, AND BE CURED.

PLAINTS, GENERAL DEBILITY, LOSS OF APPETITE AND DISORDERS OF FEMALES.—The Medicines have been used with the most beneficial results in cases of this description.

KING'S EVIL, AND SCROFULA, in its worst forms, yields to the mild yet powerful action of these remarkable medicines. NIGHT SWEATS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, NERVOUS COMPLAINTS of all kinds, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, PAINTERS' COLIC, are speedily cured.

MERCURIAL DISEASES.—Persons whose constitutions have been impaired by the use of mercury, will find these Medicines a perfect cure, as they never fail to eradicate from the system, all the effects of Mercury, infinitely sooner than the most powerful preparations of Sarsaparilla.

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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Take Them and Live.

NEGLECT THEM AND DIE.

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, Bridgton, is it 2.

JOHN W. PERKINS & CO.,

Wholesale Dealer in

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\$1200 A YEAR made by any one with \$100 Patent Stencil Tools; etc. etc. 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 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. 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

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DRUGS, MEDICINES AND CHEMICALS, of all kinds selling cheap at

BAIL'S

Health and Happiness SECURED.

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

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.

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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. ALDER & CO., Bangor, June 29th 64

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is requested to the system and advantages of this Company. Insurance may be obtained, at reduced rates of premium, with the

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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.

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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.

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