

B. Walker

# The Bridgton Reporter.

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BY S. H. NOYES.

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JOBS PRINTING executed with neatness, cheapness, and despatch.

LIFE AS IT IS.

BY DAISY HOWARD.

It was one of the principal streets of a great city stood a large boarding house, whose white marble front and general air bespoke the aristocracy of its inmates. One could tell it was a boarding house, from the many faces—fair and plain—sitting at or near the windows. It was five o'clock—the fashionable dinner hour. Already the public drawing-rooms and handsome private parlors were filled with youth and beauty. In one, a bevy of fair women were grouped together, talking rapidly and excitedly.

"I tell you, it is mighty strange," Jane said, as she sat reading in her room—Mrs. Leeds and the world forgotten—he heard a knock at the lady's door, and as it was opened, heard a woman's voice exclaim:

"Oh, dear Charlie, is it you? Come in; you look tired and worn out. Come and lie down on my comfortable lounge and rest, while we have a real good old fashioned talk."

The general was surprised to find how plain he could hear, till he remembered the door between the rooms.

"How long can you stay, Charlie?" "Only till ten, Carrie. I have an engagement at ten to meet Mrs. Canterbury. But, Carrie, you look tired and worn out! What is wrong my pet?"

"Nothing, Charlie; you only fancy so." "You cannot deceive me, Carrie—you are changed. Something is missing from your eyes; and the rare old gladness of spirit, that was my pride, is gone now."

Then, ere she could reply, he added, "Where is Harry to-night?" The clear voice was unfaltering, that replied:

"He has business out to night." "He was out last night, when I came, at one o'clock. Is it his custom to leave you thus alone at night, Carrie?"

"Oh! no, indeed! It just happened so." "Come into the inner room, dear, I have much to say to you, it is so home like."

Their voices only reached the General's ear, now in a kind of subdued murmuring. Yet he could not hear. The spell seemed broken. For an hour he alternately paced the floor and tried to rest. He was just about retiring when voices from the next room reached him again.

"So you must go, Charlie? I dislike to have you go, but I must not be selfish."

"And I dislike to leave you, sister mine; but I must go. To-morrow I will spend with you—day and evening, too. Look in your mirror, Carrie—see what a tiny thing you are! Who would imagine we were children of the same parents? You, with your dark hair and eyes, and mine both bright. It is too bad! I should have had the dark hair and eyes, Carrie."

"Yes, Charlie, but, then, you know Vic Canterbury says fair hair and eyes are 'so aristocratic,' said Carrie, archly.

"So she does. I had forgotten that. But good night, my precious sister. You grow more like your mother every day, Carrie!"

"His sister? Oh! I am so glad! And the noble warrior fell almost like falling upon his knees and thanking God for the woman's purity. He had no doubt of it; but the curse of scandal is that in spite of one's better nature—when one hears so much—something of distrust will cling to the heart."

Soon there came a knock at the General's own door—a summons for him to go to the apartments of a brother officer, on business whose rooms were situated in another part of the house.

As he was returning, at twelve o'clock, he saw a small, slight figure coming up the hall from an opposite direction. As he came nearer, he saw that it was Mrs. Leeds. She still wore the rich dress she had worn at dinner. A superb crimson shawl of Canton crape was draped over her head, almost covering the blue-black curls, and tightly clasped under the chin by two small, white hands. But the white, despairing face, that rose from out that crimson drapery would haunt one a lifetime.

As she passed the General, she drew her shawl over her face, as though to conceal it; and he gallantly, fixed his eyes upon the floor, as though in a brown study. He reached his rooms too excited to sleep—Something was agog! What was it? Taking down his well-worn Bible, the hero of a hundred battles read, as was his nightly custom. It might have been ten, or perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, when a light step passed his door, accompanied by one slow and heavy—two entering Mrs. Leeds' room.

"Soon he heard the sweet voice of Mrs. Leeds say pleadingly:—

"Don't be angry, Harry. Sit down, dear; I have a nice cup of strong coffee on the bed-room stove for you. Come and drink it, and then let us go to bed, I am so tired!"

"Why don't you go to bed then?" said the man crossly, in thick, drawing tones, that showed he was in liquor.

"Oh Harry, I couldn't? But now that you are here safe, I can sleep quite content. Come Harry!"

"Go to bed yourself, Mrs. Leeds, I shan't sleep to night. Where is that precious woman's grief, we need not speak. She had loved him through all, and now he was dead (and as it ever is) his faults were forgotten. Again he was the beloved Harry of other days, the husband of her choice. Of course everything was exposed now, and the ladies of the house found out at last, the cause of Mrs. Leeds' fitful conduct—known a last why she was so often in the halls at night—why she stood listening, with her door ajar, at all hours of the night—Those who had been the first to malign her, now came forward to offer their earnest sympathy. They were all admiration now, of the heroic wife who had borne her sorrows so meekly and so quietly. But it was too late. When a kind word would have been grateful to her aching heart, they stood aloof, and gave instead, cold suspicious looks that sometimes cut to the heart with a deeper pang than cold words. Thousands suffer thus, day by day, from the misconstruction of the world. They must bear it, too; for if the sufferer is a woman—there is no redress unless she unsexes herself, and goes to battle for her rights. Oh! this scandal that tramples to the earth—that tramples thousands of bleeding hearts under the feet of the multitude! Does not life bring enough of sorrows? Will not our earthly path be full enough of thorns, and life's cup be full enough of woe, that these, our friends and neighbors, must strike it home more surely? No, it is not enough. Hearts always have, and always will suffer from this great crucifixion, scandal! While the world lasts, hearts will be shorn of every flower of hope and fancy, by (too often only thoughtless) tongues of scandal-lovers—will see their source of happiness, and their hopes drop off one by one because a few words of scandal have deprived them of this or that precious friend. They must learn to suffice for themselves—must be outwardly calm—must turn away from the too happy past—take up the broken threads of life, and try to weave them in among their every day distresses, but alas and alas! skillful as one may be, the ragged edges will be uppermost!"

I was the tenth of July, that warm oppressive month, when all the fashionable fry are out of the city. If any are so scarce of the 'almighty dollar' that they cannot go in reality, let such put themselves under our guidance and in the twinkling of an eye our journey 'by land and sea' is compassed, and we are at the shore—no matter where; enough that we are at a watering place. There is the usual pleasant excitement—the usual pleasant faces hidden under neat travelling bonnets, or those more convenient dark colored hats, the pretty creatures sport. As the steamer rounded up to the landing, all was confusion. Amid the short, hurried puffing of her engines, and the mad shrieks of her whistle, might be heard such remarks as these:

"John, where is my shawl and basket?—Get them quick, and let us hurry out, and get a seat in one of the front carriages."

"Bridget, have you the lunch basket, and three valises? Are the children safe?"

"Mother—mother! wait a moment—please let us stop at the—House, the Ridgways are going to stop there. It's only fifty cents a day more!"

"Your foot off my dress, sir—there you have torn all the gathers out."

Amid all this hubbub, one gentleman stands calmly by, an amused spectator of the scene. Look we again. Ah! as I live, it is the gallant General Lane, looking younger and handsomer than he did two years ago. As they landed, seeing that carriages and backs would be full, he threw his shawl over his shoulder, and after crossing several fields, found himself in a private lane that led to the hotel. That pleasant shady lane was familiar ground to him, for many a time in other years he had travelled it. He soon reached the hotel, and passing into the office, secured a pleasant chamber, overlooking the sea, before the

should have moved; but I was too lazy, and you were talking so loud I did not suppose it was a secret."

Clara Wilber 'wilted' down considerably—for it was her custom to do the soft and gentle before the General.

"What do you think of Mrs. Leeds?" said gentle Maud Miller.

"Well, Miss Maud, I think she is beautiful, graceful, and a perfect lady. If she were a widow to-morrow I would try to win her."

As he finished speaking, two persons came pacing slowly down the broad hall.—The woman was slight and graceful, with dark hair and eyes. She wore a robe of black velvet—her only ornaments being a coral brooch, clasping a collar of rich lace around her rich throat, and the coral comb that confined her jetty curls. The gentleman was 'tall and aristocratic,' with 'fair hair and blue eyes'—being, doubtless, the identical man that Jane had seen enter Mrs. Leeds' room the night before. Whilst they watched the graceful movements of the two the gong sounded, and the entire company passed into the brilliant lighted dining room.

It so chanced that General Lane's rooms adjoined those of Mrs. Leeds. He had only returned to the city a fortnight before, after an absence of seven weeks—during which time the stranger—Mrs. Leeds—had come among them. Immediately after dinner he had retired to his own room, much to the discomfort of the ladies.

As he sat reading in his own room—Mrs. Leeds and the world forgotten—he heard a knock at the lady's door, and as it was opened, heard a woman's voice exclaim:

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seemed almost like the pleasant evenings at their own dear home, and something very nearly approaching to a smile lingered about the lips of that anxious wife. Ten o'clock came, and no Harry; then eleven—twelve—one!

"It is strange what keeps Harry. Is he in the habit of staying out late, Carrie?"

Before the sister could reply, there was the tramp of many feet upon the stairs, and in another moment a knock at the door. On opening it, four men entered, bearing a rude litter, on which lay the body of Harry Leeds.

"Drunk!" exclaimed Mr. Sloan, his suspicions for the first time giving themselves vent.

"No; dead, sir," answered the man, he was killed in a drunken brawl."

The wretched wife sank to the floor in a deadly swoon, while the brother shed many tears over the wreck of what once was a good man—the loved friend of his early years. Of the sad burial, and the bereaved woman's grief, we need not speak. She had loved him through all, and now he was dead (and as it ever is) his faults were forgotten. Again he was the beloved Harry of other days, the husband of her choice. Of course everything was exposed now, and the ladies of the house found out at last, the cause of Mrs. Leeds' fitful conduct—known a last why she was so often in the halls at night—why she stood listening, with her door ajar, at all hours of the night—Those who had been the first to malign her, now came forward to offer their earnest sympathy. They were all admiration now, of the heroic wife who had borne her sorrows so meekly and so quietly. But it was too late. When a kind word would have been grateful to her aching heart, they stood aloof, and gave instead, cold suspicious looks that sometimes cut to the heart with a deeper pang than cold words. Thousands suffer thus, day by day, from the misconstruction of the world. They must bear it, too; for if the sufferer is a woman—there is no redress unless she unsexes herself, and goes to battle for her rights. Oh! this scandal that tramples to the earth—that tramples thousands of bleeding hearts under the feet of the multitude! Does not life bring enough of sorrows? Will not our earthly path be full enough of thorns, and life's cup be full enough of woe, that these, our friends and neighbors, must strike it home more surely? No, it is not enough. Hearts always have, and always will suffer from this great crucifixion, scandal! While the world lasts, hearts will be shorn of every flower of hope and fancy, by (too often only thoughtless) tongues of scandal-lovers—will see their source of happiness, and their hopes drop off one by one because a few words of scandal have deprived them of this or that precious friend. They must learn to suffice for themselves—must be outwardly calm—must turn away from the too happy past—take up the broken threads of life, and try to weave them in among their every day distresses, but alas and alas! skillful as one may be, the ragged edges will be uppermost!"

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crowd arrived. As he was crossing the hall he met his acquaintance of two years ago, Mr. Charles Sloan.

The pleasant surprise was mutual; and the General's pleasure was visibly heightened by finding Mrs. Leeds was spending the summer in this delightful spot. The General thought, as he sat beside the lady at tea, that she was more beautiful than ever. She still wore mourning for her husband, and though she was still sad, the wild startled, expectant look was changed for one of calm contentment.

Days and weeks passed rapidly away and still the General lingered. The lady's beauty and rare sweetness of manner seemed to grow upon him day by day—about a fortnight after his arrival, Charles Sloan was thrown into a state of excitement by the unexpected arrival of Lovelace Canterbury, and his sister Vic—particularly Vic. After that, Charlie was, to use his sister's words, 'no good at all.' Had it not been for the General, she would have been left to spend most of her evenings alone, whilst the lovers paced the moonlit strand, or sat in quiet corners, talking that language that is familiar to us all. Somehow Carrie Leeds learned to expect his constant presence—to depend upon him instead of Charlie; and so it came about that it did not startle her a bit when he asked her to be his wife. Charlie came upon them suddenly, and saw the General's arm around the waist of his little black-robed sister.

"Hey-day! What does this mean?"

"It means, Charlie dear, that I have promised to be General Lane's wife. You treated me so shabby since Vic came that I was obliged in self defence to find another protector."

"Well done, my demure little sister! but I am really delighted. Give me your hand General Lane, I can safely trust my precious little sister in your hands. May God bless you both."

"Soon they started for home, the entire party together. In October there was a double wedding in Grace Church—that of General Lane and his beautiful Carrie—Charles Sloan and Vic Canterbury—Lace standing looking down to his nose, regretting that he had not made better use of his time, and been married too."

CAUGHT ON A JURY.

The following, which we have heard told as a fact, some time ago, may be beneficial to some gentleman who has a young and unsuspecting wife:—

A certain man, who lived about ten miles from K—, was in the habit of going to town, about once a week, and getting on a regular spree, and would not return until he had time to "cool off," which was generally two or three days.

His wife was ignorant of the cause of his staying out so long, and suffered greatly from anxiety about his welfare. When he would return, of course his confiding wife would inquire what had been the matter with him, and the usual reply was, that he was caught on a jury and couldn't get off.

Having gathered his corn, and placed it in a large heap, he, according to custom, determined to call in his neighbors, and have a real corn-shucking frolic. So he gave Ned, a faithful servant, a jug and an order, to go to town and get a gallon of whiskey—a very necessary article on such occasions. Ned mounted a mule, and was soon in town, and, equipped with the whiskey, remounted to set out for home, all buoyant with the prospect of fun at shucking.

When he had proceeded a few hundred yards from town, he concluded to take the "stuff" and not satisfied with once, he kept trying until the world turned round so fast, that he turned off the mule, and then he went to sleep, and the mule to grazing. It was now nearly night, and when Ned awoke it was just before the break of day, and so dark, that he was unable to make any start towards home till light.

As soon as his bewilderment had subsided, so that he could get the "point," he started with an empty jug, the whiskey having run out, and, as for the mule, had gone home. Of course he was contemplating the application of a two year old hickory, as he went on at a rate of two forty.

Ned reached home about breakfast time, and "fetched up" at the back door, with a decided guilty countenance.

"What in thunder have you been at, you black rascal!" said his master.

Ned knowing his master's excuse to his wife when he went on a spree, determined to tell the truth, if he died for it and said—

"Well, Massa, to tell the truth, I was kitched on the jury, and couldn't get off—Nashville News.

Humor is the art of saying happy things that have the effect of making others happy; whilst wit, and especially that grace of it that takes the form of satire, is the art of saying smart things that are the cause of starting in others.

A CHAPTER OF FIRST THINGS.

The earliest reference to music is in the book of Genesis, (chapter iv., verse 21, where Jubal, who lived before the deluge, is mentioned as the 'father of all such as handle the harp and the organ.'

Christmas was first celebrated December 25th A. D. 98.

She first trial by jury took place May 14, A. D. 970.

The Cardinal was made Nov. 20, 1042.

The mariner's compass was made November 21st, 1302.

Gunpowder was first used December 23d, 1331.

The first printing was done, April 24, 1474.

Printing was first brought into England, March 26, 1477.

The first total Abstinence Society in the U. S., was organized at Trenton, N. J., in 1805.

Calico, the well known cotton cloth, is named from Calicut, a city of India from whence it first came. Calico was first brought to England in the year 1631.

The first commencement at Harvard College took place Oct. 9, 1632.

The first insurance office in New England was established at Boston in 1724.

The first building erected in America to collect the King's duties occupied the site at the corner of Richmond and North streets, Boston.

The first cut nails ever produced in Rhode Island, and the Historical Society of that State has the machinery employed in their introduction. The nails were made during the Revolution.

The first religious newspaper ever issued was the "Herald of Gospel Liberty," which was published by Elias Smith, of Portsmouth, N. H., in 1809.

The first debate in the United States House of Representatives was on the subject of a tariff.

Steam navigation was first successfully applied, Feb. 11, 1800.

The first English steamer for India sailed August 16, 1823.

The first iron works established in New England were at Lynn. The first attempt to melt the ore was made in 1844.

The first paper made in New England was produced at Milton; the first linen at Londonderry; the first scythes and axes at Bridgewater; the first powder at Andover; the first glass at Quincy.

The first daily newspaper printed in Virginia was in 1780, and the subscription price was \$50 per annum.

The first woolen mill on the Pacific coast has been set in operation at Salem, Oregon, with 400 spindles.

COFFEE FOR THE TIMES.

The present high price of coffee will lead to its less abundant use (not a bad result), and also impel many to adopt some substitute as a "warm drink." Here are two or three suggestions taken at random from the American Agriculturist:—

1. A "Constant Reader," writes—"To 1 lb. of the best unburned coffee, add 3 lbs. of cleaned rye, previously washed, scalded and dried. Burn the whole carefully, and grind fine as wanted for use." The rye will add 'body' to the fluid, and afford quite as much nourishment as an equal weight of coffee grains.

2. The editor of the Miner's Journal says he has for sometime used a beverage made of a quarter of a pound of coffee, and two quarts of wheat combined. "The wheat's boiled about twenty minutes in water, and then placed in a pan and brewed the same as coffee. So far we prefer it to the genuine article, and it certainly is more healthy— with a pound of coffee and eight quarts of wheat, which costs from 3 to 4 cents a quart, this beverage is produced so cheap that it makes up all the difference in the advance in price, in both tea and coffee."

3. Miss L. E. Palmer, of Luzerne Co., Pa., suggests a return to the old fashioned crust, coffee, which has long been used, and is still used in many families as a "warm drink." It is what the physicians call bread or crust "panada." Miss P. directs as follows:—

"Brown some rye crusts, or bits of bread, as thoroughly as possible without browning. Place in the coffee pot and pour boiling water over them; they require very little heating. A coffee cupful of crusts will make two quarts of fluid."

COST OF GOVERNMENT. While English journalists taunt us with the vast cost of carrying on the war. The Times especially has declared that no country in the world can stand the expenses of a million dollars a day, we find it stated by Mr. James Caird, M. P., in a speech to his constituents, at Sterling, that the carrying on the public business of England in every department costs fully £100,000 (a million dollars) a day. This, he remembered is at a time when England is at peace with all the world.



## LETTER FROM CAPT. ENOCH KNIGHT.

SHIP ISLAND, Feb. 25, 1862.

Dear Reporter:—I have just learned that the Niagara, the Flag Ship of the squadron, is to leave to-morrow morning for Key West, and that there will be a chance to send by her. I therefore, am able to write a line which may reach you earlier than by any other mail. I have little news to write you. Everybody knows that we are on Ship Island, twelve miles from the main land of Rebelldom.

The Island itself, is mostly sand, whose surface and outlines are liable to material changes by storms and currents. Its eastern end is wooded, and is not an unpleasant dwelling place, nor is the western portion, where we are encamped, as to its climate. There is no shade at all, but there is always a good breeze.

Our wood we pick up wherever we can, along the shores, while water can be reached in any quantity by digging three feet.

On the whole there are not five regiments in the whole army better encamped than we are. In Virginia, Missouri and many other portions of the country, the mud is absolutely intolerable, while colds and heats are making fevers beautifully prevalent. The climate here is healthy beyond question, and baring an occasional "Norther," is even and pleasant. There are now encamped here four thousand men, while we are daily expecting fresh arrivals. We confidently expect Gen. Butler with five or six thousand more, which will give us, with our fleet, a pretty formidable force.—What will be our destination none of us know. If it be true that Burnside is making headway on the Southern coast, while other portions of the army are busy in various expeditions, it cannot be long before our fleet at least, can co-operate with them.

All we do at present is to drill and learn our duty generally. We have few luxuries—few conveniences even. The only cookrooms we are allowed to have, are such as we build of logs and drift-wood which must be "toted" two or three miles on the back. General Phelps is as careful of the public treasury as ever a miser was of his hoarded gold. His own quarters are mean in the extreme—one A tent, without a single article that could be deemed really comfortable. Such is his aversion to show that he will not have even a staff.

But no single item in the elaborate details of camp discipline escape him. Without the appearance of sternness, he is unyielding in his disposition, never passionate but always watchful—the cool, strict disciplinarian, all in the even temperament of the plain though earnest man. You would not guess his real character aright by reading his famous proclamation; for though he be an Emancipator, you cannot see in his whole organism a trait in common with Garrison or Redpath. He deals in no mild phillipics of speech, nor is he the champion of particular schemes, but rather a representative of that calm, hopeful and enduring Republicanism of modern Europe. You may deem my opinion a strange one, but give him Italians to lead, and few men would be nearer a Garibaldi. He is one of the few Generals of the age who does not expect to be the next President—is really more than an ordinary man without mistaking it himself!

Perhaps you will expect me to tell you some news. How can I?—haven't heard any since the sixth of February! You would like to know what the prospect is?—wish I knew! By way of a rebel steamer captured by one of our boats, we heard some good news from Burnside, but no particulars, nor do we know whether to believe it. I would give a gold dollar (if I had one) for the last copy of the Reporter. All we know is, our gun-boats go out all times a day and night and bring in all sorts of "game."

The South Carolina, a week ago, took the largest rebel steamer afloat, loaded with cotton, and running the blockade. With her cargo, she is worth half a million to the government, for she is of light draft and very fast. She lies close to our camp. The New London has "something on the string" all the time. Two days ago she brought in eleven schooners loaded with oysters. All we had to do was to go aboard of them and shovel. Company "42" got at least half a dozen barrels. This morning she is

towing a schooner of at least three hundred tons burthen which she took last night.

You will ask how we live. Well, we live—cheap! The men have good meat, coffee or tea and fresh bread with occasional rations of rice, molasses, mixed vegetables &c. The rations are abundantly sufficient, though occasionally they will be badly cooked.

The Field Officers mess together.—Most of the officers of the Line mess in their tents—then together. If I had sufficient ingenuity in putting words together, I would give you my bill of fare. I distinctly remember that we had this morning a fish-hash. To-day noon (it is now just one o'clock,) we shall have—ask "Scott"—I don't know—nothing in particular I should judge from outside appearances! It is possible that in a fit of desperation, we shall have hashed fish. To-night we should have bread and butter if we had been paid off, and butter wasn't half-a-dollar a pound. And yet we manage to "save"—though my "fighting weight" at the present time is only 195 lbs.!

Look into my tent, and you will see one half of it has a brick floor, and the other half is covered with rushes, about as large and soft as quarter-of-an-inch wire. We have got four camp-stools, and your humble servant actually received a present of a canvass chair, sent from Key West by a young man who is now First Lieut. of Artillery at Fort Taylor, who used to make Bridgeton his home—perhaps some of you may know him. I sent him all I had to spare, in return, which consisted principally of "my compliments."

Seriously, we are well situated. Our duties are just enough to keep us in trim. We rise at day-break, at which time every officer is out at roll-call—and day-break, here is earlier by two hours than many of our readers look out upon the drifted snow.

With some few exceptions the regiment is in good health—all the sickness being of a mild nature, incident to the change of climate.

The Paymasters have at last arrived, and we are soon to be paid from date of enrollment up to the first of March.

My sheet is full, but I have lots to tell you when I can find time.

Your Friend, ENOCH KNIGHT.

THE WHITE HOUSE IN OLDEN TIMES. When John Adams was chosen President of this republic, his wife wrote to him thus:

"My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation upon the occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts and numerous duties connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country, and with satisfaction to this great people, shall be my daily prayer."

And when about to retire from public life, she wrote to her son thus:

"Neither my habits nor my education or inclinations have led me to an expensive style of living, on that score I have little to mourn over. If I did not rise with dignity, I can at least fall with ease, which is the more difficult task."

FLOYD IN HIS TRUE CHARACTER. A prominent gentleman of this city, who had the extreme felicity of a *tele-a-tete* with Gen. Buckner at Congress Hall, lately, furnishes us with an interesting incident illustrative of the character of Floyd, the great thief and "confidence man" of the Southern Confederacy. General Buckner told our informant that, after Fort Donelson had become invested by our troops, and all reasonable hope of escape cut off, Floyd magnanimously proposed to his fellow-officers to make their escape under cover of darkness, and leave the soldiers under their command to their fate.—This remarkable proposition General Buckner and his associates indignantly rejected. Buckner is very bitter against Floyd, and denounces him as a poltroon and a knave of the most aggravated type.—[Albany Evening Journal.

It is told of a Connecticut field officer, better acquainted with farming than soldiering, that when circumstances placed him in command of his regiment at Hatteras, he desired to oblique his column in marching, and gave the order, "Haw around that mud-puddle."

## The Bridgton Reporter.

BRIDGTON, FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1862.

THE NEWS. The world is moving. Truth, justice and freedom are mighty, and will prevail. The hour strikes, the doom of the "Great Rebellion" is sealed. Its death is as certain as any event depending on the contingencies of the future can be. When twenty millions of people, supplied with all the "material" of war, actuated solely by a love of constitutional freedom, rush like one man to arms, it will require the most extraordinary weakness, and bad management on the part of their leaders to ensure their defeat. Hereafter the proudest boast of an American citizen will be that he was a member of the Grand Volunteer Army of the Union. As these heroes march homeward from their fields of glory Beauty will wreath for them their brightest garlands and wear her sweetest smiles. The land which their valor has saved from ruin will teem with ovals to their honor, and if perchance some places shall be vacant in the ranks, whose former occupants shall be sleeping far away under the southern skies, their names will not be forgotten, but their memories will be preserved as the most sacred treasures of the land.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest!"

First among the events of the past week comes the army orders of the President, by which he assumes, according to constitutional right, the place of commander-in-chief of the army, and relieves Gen. McClellan of all duties save the command of the army of the Potomac. The whole line of the army, from the Atlantic to Kansas is divided into three departments, the first of which is the department of the Potomac, commanded by Gen. McClellan. This army is divided into four corps, commanded respectively by Gens. McDowell, Sumner, Heintzelman and Keyes. A fifth corps, is formed and commanded by Gen. Banks. The second department commences on the East where that of the Potomac ends, and is bounded on the West by a North and South line, passing through Knoxville, Tenn. It is styled the Mountain Department, and is commanded by Gen. Fremont. The third department will soon be on the march once more, and as he reached the Pacific in his former expedition, so no doubt he will reach the Gulf of Mexico in this. The third department includes all West of the second, and is commanded by Gen. Halleck. Reports say that Gen. Bragg has abandoned Pensacola, and advanced to Tennessee with ten thousand troops. Martial law is said to have been proclaimed, at Memphis, to keep down the spirit of insubordination against Confederate authorities. Jefferson Davis declares himself dissatisfied with the affair at Fort Donelson, and has suspended Ellow and Floyd from their commands. This may be only preliminary to a further suspension of those worthies, by Uncle Sam, from an instrument they would well grace.

New Madrid is taken. No. 10 is said to be evacuated. Com. Foote is gaining imperishable laurels, he has made another successful attack on the rebels at Hickman, Ky.—The enemy's mounted pickets were captured, and a million dollars worth of property only the men escaped in a demoralized condition—this was a sort of baggage that we could spare best of all, they have betaken themselves to a swamp, where the "shakes" will soon jostle treason out of them, and they will return home repentant. Our loss is said to be about fifty killed and wounded. Parson Brownlow arrived at Nashville, March 14, weak and suffering from his long imprisonment by the rebels, he is coming North. Gen. McClellan has taken the field. He issues a proclamation with something of the ring in it which the elder Napoleon gave to his. He says he has kept the army long inactive, but for good reasons, he promises the most vigorous prosecution of the war from this time forward. The Maine cavalry regiment has started for the seat of war. It goes by railroad, fifty cars at a time, each car carrying eight men, and eight horses—each man has the care of his own horse.

New Hampshire election has taken place. Gov. Berry is re-elected by about two thousand majority.

Congress continues at work on various measures relating to the prosecution of the war, and raising funds to settle the bills.

LATEST. We hear of the capture of Newbern, N.C. by the forces of Burnside. It was one of the most important towns of the State. It was said to have been defended by ten thousand troops.

Burnside carried it without the aid of his gunboats at the point of bayonets. Attempts were made to fire the town, but the flames were extinguished by our soldiers. This event ensures the safety of Burnside from the army lately in possession of Manassas. He has been confirmed as a Major General by the Senate.

Another battle is reported in Arkansas, which resulted in the defeat of the Southrons there. Price is moving South. Fredricksburg, Va. is also reported as occupied.

The new army order forbidding all officers from returning fugitive slaves has passed Congress and been signed by the President. Reports are contradictory about the evacuation of Island No. 10.

Our State seems to have made most gratifying progress during the last ten years. The increase of population has been 45,000, while as many more have probably emigrated to various parts of the world. 639,540 acres of new land have been brought into cultivation. Increased value of land \$10,127,177, of stock \$5,732,064.

Doos. The Dog question is again before the public. Our worthy Senators having exhausted all other topics that afford an opportunity for eloquence and statesmanship to make a display have opened fire on the whole community of dogs, and threaten not less than their entire slaughter and annihilation. They present a bill of indictment against poor Tray that must fill his friends with consternation; he is accused of being a robber and a murderer, of causing children to be deprived of their bread, and of other enormities too numerous to mention. Dog reformers are much like all other reformers, it is their delight to feast on horrors. Any vegetarian philosopher will conjure up more devils from a barrel of beef than ever obeyed the incantations of the witch of Endor.—We believe that the charges brought against the dog are either wholly false, or capable of explanation. Dogs have their uses as every farmer can testify; and even if they made no return for what they consume that could be reckoned in dimes and dollars, they would still be worthy of a support. When you find a friend that clings closer and becomes more devoted, the thicker and heavier misfortunes press upon you, one that never falters in affection, whether treated well or ill, he is not to be cast off lightly. Such fidelity is to be cherished for its own sake. Many dogs have been thought worthy of notice in the finest productions of literature, like Ulysses' faithful hound, and the dog of Montargis. Dog literature is not by any means of the most uninteresting character. It would require many volumes to contain the anecdotes that have been related of their sagacity and intelligence. Indeed the dog stands at the head of the whole animal kingdom, and is in many respects as much governed by reason as man himself. He feels the effects of good or evil associations, and may be made highly virtuous, or greatly depraved, according to the influences brought to bear upon him. He must have his living, and if not properly supplied by his master will be driven to make depredations on whatever comes in his way. As among men, so among dogs circumstances make the great difference in their characters. When well cared for by their masters, dogs seldom commit sheep, but on the contrary are of great use in tending stock of all kinds.—Whoever has attempted to chase a herd of cattle from a cornfield will appreciate their services. The cost of keeping is a matter not worth reckoning, notwithstanding the long rows of figures of political economists to the contrary. No family will perceive the difference at the end of a year. In short, they can be kept "Dog cheap." There is always a presumption in favor of long established usages, from the earliest times the dog has been the friend and companion of the man, and it should require the most convincing reason to induce us to repudiate so old an acquaintance.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST. The March number of this publication has come to hand. There is not another agricultural journal in the United States so worthy of patronage as this. Almost any single number it worth more than the price of a year's subscription to a farmer. It contains over thirty large sized pages of matter and is illustrated by a variety of fine cuts. The terms are \$1.00 a year, six copies, one year \$5.00, ten copies, one year \$8.00 each. Editor and Proprietor, Orange Judd, 41 Park Row, New York.

At the Annual Town Meeting in Denmark, March 10th the following officers were elected:—  
Moderator—Cyrus Ingalls.  
Town Clerk—Charles E. Holt.  
Selectmen, Assessors and Overseers of the Poor—E. P. Pingree, E. P. Ingalls, E. P. Lowell.  
Town Treasurer—E. P. Pingree.  
Supervisor of Schools—J. L. Frink.  
Constable and Collector—B. F. Smith.

The connoisseurs of the musical art have made their headquarters at the Temperance Hall. Mr. Barker's school is numerously attended and he sings in a style to which the most fastidious can suggest no improvements.

We learn that a grand entertainment is in contemplation at the close of the term.

Our town was visited last Saturday and Sunday by another snow storm to which justly the superiority of the whole series belong. Apparently we were done for at last, and any community not enured to our climate would have quietly surrendered to the storm king—as it was shoveling, snow took the place of all other business for some time.

More frauds in government contracts are reported, amounting to a million and a half of dollars. Gen. Meigs has ordered the arrest of all culpable parties, and an immediate trial will be had in order to make them an example if found guilty.

GODFREY. A glance at the April number of this magazine will have the effect to increase the dry goods business. The ladies affirm that it is impossible to keep house without it.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE. The April number of this highly valuable publication has been received. Its plates are more than usually interesting.

The largest of the mammoth trees of California has fallen—it was overthrown by the recent floods.

The Home Magazine is forwarded.—No number that we have ever seen promises better than this.

## WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, March 8, 1862.

Washington must always have been a motley city but it enjoys at present somewhat more than its usual amount of varieties.—The presence of the army produces quite a change in the appearance of the town as compared with past years no doubt. In every place of public concourse from sessions of Congress to the prayer meeting—I do not mention these two things as suggestive of moral extremes, the light blue overcoats and dark blue uniforms diversify the assembly. Now there rises a measured tramp above the bustle of the street and the provost guard with fixed bayonets and burnished arms go by. Now an with clatter of hoofs and glint of trappings a squadron of cavalry dashes briskly along or trots leisurely by with long and even ranks. Here, at the street corner, sits a horseman, sabre in hand still as a statue, with his collar turned up about his ears, or if the day is gusty, with his cape thrown over his head, and here as we pass on is another sliding his blade between his gloved fingers as if jealous of the thin film of mist gathered upon the burnished steel. Now the various clamors of the street are drowned and the houses jar as a long train of army wagons or a battery of artillery goes by.

The debater of Congress have often been very interesting during the present session, frequently filling the galleries of the two houses, spacious as they are with eager spectators. That right however which we are apt to regard as well nigh inalienable of stamping and clapping our hands to our heart's content, we are obliged to forego. Any demonstration of that sort, results in instant and loud cries of "order, order" from the sergeant at arms, if not heeled, the uproarious sovereigns would be immediately expelled from the galleries. It, however, spectators are not allowed much use of the demonstrative faculties, the members of the lower house at least make some amends by a pretty liberal use of theirs—not that they clap or hiss, but they talk, walk about, gather about the member speaking, and a passable joke is sure to call out a storm of merriment. One is at first surprised and confused by the bustle and noise of the House of Representatives, even at its quietest. The Senate, on the other hand, is as grave and decorous, as the House is informal and restless. If a parcel of school-boys is scarcely more disorderly than the one, no council of deacons can surpass the sententious decorum of the other body.

MARCH 10th. Since writing the above, the appearance of things has greatly changed. During yesterday and to-day, troops have been moving across the river in great masses. The streets have at times been fairly shaken by the rush of cavalry and the rumble of army wagons and artillery. The men have seemed full of enthusiasm cheering back to the crowds who cheered and waved them on. So great has been the press at the Long Bridge to day that crossing in a direction opposite, the tide has been well nigh impossible. You may be sure of one thing that the army of the Potomac is at last awake and moving.

This afternoon we hear that the rebels are evacuating Manassas. It would be useless to indulge in conjectures respecting what will be certain before these lines reach you.

McCLELLAN'S ADDRESS TO THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Fairfax Court House, Va., March 14. Soldiers of the Potomac:—For a long time I have kept you inactive, but not without a purpose. You were to be disciplined and instructed, the formidable artillery you now have, had to be created, other armies were to move and accomplish certain results; I have held you back that you might give the death blow to the rebellion that has distracted our once happy country. The patience you have shown and your confidence in your Generals are worthy of a dozen victories.—These preliminary results are now accomplished. I feel that the patient labors of many months have produced their fruit.—The army of the Potomac is now a real army, magnificent in material, admirable in discipline and instruction and excellently equipped and armed. Your Commanders are all that I could wish. The moment for action has arrived, and I know that I can trust you to save your country. As I ride through your ranks I see in your faces the sure prestige of victory. I feel that you will do whatever I ask of you. The period of inaction has passed. I will bring you now face to face with the rebels, and only pray that God will defend the right. In whatever actions you may move, however strange my actions may appear to you, bear in mind that my fate is linked with yours, and that all I do is to bring you where I know you wish to be, in the decisive battle field. It is my business to place you there. I am to watch over you as a parent over his children, and you know that your general loves you from the depth of his heart. It shall be my care, as it has ever been, to gain success with the least possible loss, but I know if it is necessary you will follow me to your graves for our righteous cause. God smiles upon us; victory attends us. Yet I would not have you think that our aim is to be obtained without a manly struggle. I will not disguise from you that you have foes to encounter; men well worthy of the steel that you will use so well. I shall demand of you great heroic exertions, long and long marches, desperate combats and privations of every kind. We will share all these together, and when this war is over, we will all return to our homes and feel that we can ask no higher honor than the proud consciousness that we belonged to the Army of the Potomac.

(Signed) GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, Major General Commanding.

The Lewiston Journal says that a baby in that town lost an infant child a short time since and came out in deep mourning, when asked if she put on mourning for the death of her infant she replied, "No, I didn't put on mourning for the child alone, but my husband is sitting and I don't think he will live long, so I thought I would be prepared!"

Whittier. America has been prolific of statesmen and of orators all through the period of her national existence, but of poets only a few have appeared, and these but recently. But of late, the genius of Poe, of Bryant, of Longfellow and of Whittier has lighted up our horizon with its effulgence. Since the Star of Byron set in darkness on the shores of Greece, Europe has produced no one to equal these minstrels of the West. Conspicuous among them is Whittier the Quaker bard of the Old Bay State. If in truth the song maker of a nation be more potent than the law-giver then none is influencing the destiny of our people more powerfully than he. His songs have found an echo in the popular heart. They are read by all and appreciated by all. There is nothing occult and obscure about them—there is no missing the purport of his fiery words. They have been written in the present and for the present. And the spirit of life throbs in every line.

Our country has a scenery and a history altogether different from the Eastern Continent. The race that has withered from the soil has left traditions by every stream and in every valley full of beauty and romance. We stand on the borders of an unexplored past whose voiceless shades the poet may people with what he will. No historic record can ever come from the unknown ages that have swept over the continent to destroy the creation of fancy he may rear within them. Our national customs have been formed by the influence of surrounding objects, and they have a tinge which only a direct contact with primeval forests can communicate. Here then are the materials which the poet may weave into the fabric of his lay.

The past and present of Europe is a mine whose treasures have all been dug and pass like current coin from hand to hand; but in our own land are untouched veins of solid gold, and caves where glitter gems of rarest beauty as yet unseen. This field has just been entered upon by a few adventurers who have wrought coronals of sparkling radiance from their gathered gems and gold.—But they have made no perceptible inroads on its treasures, they have only brought a few samples to induce others to follow them.

From these new and opulent sources Whittier has drawn the spirit and imagery of his song and from hence it has its freshness and vigor. His "Songs of Labor" illustrate the every day life of the American laborer.—These lyrics finished with a perfection that only native genius combined with artistic skill can give, are tributes to the manliness and worth of honest toil and they stand in marked control with the "Odi profanum vulgus" of the Roman bard. Here is no fulsome praise of lordly usurpers no flattery on the rich and great. He feels too much the intrinsic nobility of his own nature to bow to any who may be elevated above him by the mere chance of fortune. He esteems the man who builds a city more than he who destroys one. A deep souled philanthropy tinges all he writes. He has an eye quick to see the wrongs of humanity and a tongue ready to give them utterance; and woe to him on whom fall the fiery shafts of his indignation. Every true American will look with pleasure upon the life and writings of Whittier, for they go farther to increase the national renown than any triumphs of the sword.

QUIDAM.

Mrs. POLK. A letter from Nashville, Tenn. in speaking of the visit of Gen. Grant and some of his staff to Mrs. Polk, describes the appearance of the mansion and says:—"In one corner, surrounded by emblematic evergreens, is a tasteful, costly tomb, the north which sleeps the once powerful chief of a then united nation. Mrs. Polk is a well preserved lady of perhaps 50 years of age. She received her visitors courteously, but with a polished coldness that indicated sufficiently in which way her sympathy ran—she was simply polite and lady-like in no ways patriotic. While she expressed forebore to give utterance to any expression of sympathy for the South, she was rigidly avoided saying anything that might be construed into a wish for the success of the Government. She hoped, she said, that the tomb of her husband would protect her household from insult and her property from pillage; further than this she expressed nothing from the United States, and desired nothing."

Another writer describes the principal inhabitants as very shy, but says:

"One or two stately dignitaries have emerged from their hiding places and are in the doors of princely residences, no doubt in the city of fiction. I noticed at one house a group of children playing on the porch—among them a beautiful Southerner with dark eyes and a wealth of ringlets, who, as we passed, skipping to the front door, and either accidentally or by design, exposed a small Secession apron, with three stars and stars stamped upon it, and her own placing one thumb against the nose, and her little finger against the cheek, and her graceful motion whose precise meaning has never yet been determined. So or has never said, say it expresses profound knowledge, of a profound contempt."

Just afterward we met a crowd of negroes on their way to the levee to view the troops and gunboats. Asking one where he was going, he said to see "dem Unioners," and brought back by his master, who fled as he saw us. "I tell you what, sah," said the particular "Massa Linkum shoot dem stragglers; he killed the head of Parson Biggs's dog at Bridgton, den he cut with a knife. For how de nester spikes did fly; Massa gel kum used a keg of nails each end, and down de street they went with re-plantation swagger, increasing in number at every corner."

Thursday, Miss Susan Pillsbury, a well known woman aged about 43 years, committed suicide by taking strychnine, at the house of David Webster in Manchester, N.H., on March 6, 1862. Price \$1.00.

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DR. H. A  
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is Agent for  
of David Webster in Manchester, N.H., on March 6, 1862. Price \$1.00.



Porter. The inhabitants of No. 8, were startled Saturday evening by the first of the bell of the church was the first, as usual, to alarm, and as was soon ascertained, the city to the congregation of new and commodious sanctuary broke out in the attic at the organ the church. That beautiful instrument became an early prey of the devouring fire being protected by the attending was beyond the reach of water, steadily pursuing its way under the roof of the building. Some of the furniture was saved. The bell kept out the mournful progress of the fire, and announcing to the anxious multitude the progress of the fire, and the fire company were directed to the church, and that of the chimney of the church was the first to be destroyed. About 11 1/2 o'clock the roof fell in, and the church was a complete ruin. The then chimed a funeral dirge over the ruins, with a congratulatory note for the preservation. The cost of this was \$40,000. There is an insurance of \$100,000.—[Portland Mirror.]

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ashville, Tenn. n. Grant and describes the d says: by emblematic ly tomb, be- tiful chief s. Polk is a s 50 years of s courtously, that indicated r sympathies and lady-like; she discreetly ay expression he as rigidly might be con- success of the said, that the d protect her property from s she expected es, and desired

be principal in- ies have em- and stand ees, non-con- firmed at one day on the faithful little and a wealth of shipping to the ally or by de- on apron, the upon it, while y against her against that h that childlike precise meaning ruined. Some owned, others crowd of negroes view the troops where he ad- Unioners'. B- inheritance to the amount of about one son, and and seventy-five dollars to Nathan- who fled with salt, said he straight; know- Bigelow's nig- Row low de- Mason and An- each load, and ing in number

DR. HASKELL, at Bridgton, March 12, and give his attention to those who may wish his professional services. DR. H. is Agent for a superior SEWING MACHINE. Price \$25.00 and upwards. Bridgton, March 5, 1862. 1118

**NOTICE.**  
The undersigned, Selectmen, Assessors and Overseers of the Poor, of the Town of Bridgton, give notice, that they will be in session at the Town House within said Town, on the first and third Saturday of each month, from one o'clock until five in the P. M. for the purpose of transacting such business as may come before them in their official capacity.  
Families of Volunteers needing relief are requested to give their attention at the time and place above stated.  
THOMAS CLEAVES,  
JACOB HAZEN  
GEORGE MEAD,  
Bridgton, March 8th, A. D. 1862. 119

**\$35 PER MONTH AND EXPENSES.**  
We want a few more young men, smart and reliable, to act as agents for us during the coming Spring and Summer.  
Not a single dollar capital required.  
Address immediately enclosing postage stamp and references.  
D. WELD & CO.  
Box 149, Portland.  
1119

**Notice.**  
The subscriber, grateful for past favors, would respectfully give notice, that he is again prepared to furnish  
**Boots & Shoes,**  
of every description, and of the best material and workmanship, to all who favor him with their patronage.  
**REPAIRING**  
done at short notice. Also,  
**Sole Leather, Shoe Findings**  
and almost all kinds of  
**SHOE STOCK,**  
on as good terms as can be had at any other establishment.  
JAMES WEBB.  
North Bridgton, March 4, 1862. 1118

**Notice.**  
The subscriber offers for sale at the store formerly occupied by A. & R. H. Davis, a large and well selected  
**STOCK OF GOODS!**  
which will be sold at very low prices for ready pay.  
**WANTED.**  
1000 BUSHELS OATS;  
1000 " CORN.  
**FOR SALE.**  
2000 POUNDS CLOVER SEED;  
100 BUSHELS GRASS SEED.  
A. M. NELSON.  
Bridgton, March 6, 1862. 1187

**COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.**  
**Taxes! Taxes!!**  
All persons of Bridgton, who have not paid their Taxes for 1861, are requested to pay the same immediately. The taxes must be collected soon and the subscriber does not desire to put any person to expense.  
WM. F. PENDERGAST, Collector.  
Bridgton, March 6, 1862. 1187

**R. J. D. LARRABEE & CO.,**  
69 Exchange Street, —PORTLAND, Me.  
Importers and dealers in  
**ARTIST'S MATERIALS,**  
**ENGRAVINGS,**  
—AND—  
**PICTURE FRAMES!**  
Particular attention paid to  
**Framing Paintings & Engravings.**  
In any desirable style.  
**Burnishing & Ornamental Gilding**  
Satisfactorily executed. All kinds of  
**MOULDINGS,**  
in any quantity.  
**LINE AND MEZZOTINT ENGRAVINGS.**  
Lithographs and Photographs  
of new and old subjects.  
All articles generally kept in such a store may be found here. 17

**DAVID HALE,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
BRIDGTON, ME.  
Office over N. Cleaves's Store.  
**LEATHER FIRE HOSE!**  
DOUBLE AND SINGLE RIVETED,  
FOR  
**Steamers and Hand Engines!**  
MILL CORPORATIONS, &c.,  
Manufactured and warranted  
By JOHN L. SHAW & CO.,  
NO. 97 FEDERAL STREET,  
Portland, . . . . . Maine.

**SHERIFF'S SALE.**  
CUMBERLAND SS:  
TAKEN on execution in favor of John K. Chaplin against James S. Barker, and will be sold at Public Auction, on Thursday, the tenth day of April next, at four o'clock in the afternoon, at S. M. Harmon's office in Bridgton, all the right in equity of redemption which James S. Barker had on the tenth day of January, A. D. 1862, (being the date of the attachment upon the original debt), or his heirs to redeem the following described real estate to wit—A certain acre or parcel of land with the Buildings thereon, being the homestead of said James Barker, containing four acres, more or less, situated in Bridgton in said County of Cumberland. Said premises are under an inheritance to the amount of about one son, and and seventy-five dollars to Nathan- who fled with salt, said he straight; know- Bigelow's nig- Row low de- Mason and An- each load, and ing in number

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**GROUND PLASTER!**  
The subscriber has for sale at his Mill, Bridgton Center, a large lot of  
**Windsor Plaster,**  
in barrels or by the bushel, which he will sell for Cash or exchange for Country Produce.  
Also, 200 Casks Thomaston  
**LIME!**  
received by the Canal Boats, which he offers very low for cash.  
BENJAMIN WALKER.  
Bridgton Center, Dec. 12, 1861. 61f

**UNION CLOTHING-STORE**  
The largest and best Stock of  
**CLOTHING!**  
GENTS  
**Furnishing Goods AND CLOTHS,**  
Ever offered in this State, may be found at  
**BURLEIGH'S**  
163 Middle Street, Portland,  
Consisting in part of  
**OVER COATS,**  
From \$5.00 to \$18.00.  
**DRESS FROCK COATS,**  
From 4.00 to \$16.00.  
**SACK COATS,**  
From 2.50 to \$10.00.  
**Pantaloons,**  
From 1.25 to \$5.00.  
**VESTS,**  
From 75 cts to \$7.00.  
**GENTS FURNISHING GOODS,**  
Of every description.  
A great variety of  
**Rubber Clothing,**  
**BROADCLOTHS,**  
**CASSIMERES,**  
**DOESKINS,**  
**OVER-COATINGS,**  
**AND VESTINGS,**  
of every description, all of which will be sold very low for Cash.  
**NO. 163 MIDDLE STREET, PORTLAND.**  
**JOSIAH BURLEIGH.**  
Oct. 10 1861. 6m49

**Beautiful Compexion.**  
DOCTOR Thomas F. Chapman will send to all who wish it (free of charge), the recipe and full directions for making and using a beautiful vegetable Balm, that will effectually remove Pimples, Blemishes, LAX FIBRES, &c., leaving the skin smooth, clear and beautiful. Also full directions for using PARLOR'S celebrated STIMULANT, warranted to start a full growth of Whiskers, or a Moustache, in less than thirty days. Either of the above can be obtained by mail, by addressing (with stamp for return postage) DR. THOMAS F. CHAPMAN, PRACTICAL CHEMIST, 831 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. 3m11

**SAM'L ADLAM, Jr.,**  
—DEALER IN—  
**PARLOR, CHAMBER**  
—AND—  
**PLAIN FURNITURE,**  
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN  
**CHINA, CROCKERY AND Glass Ware,**  
BRITANNIA WARE, TABLE CUTLERY,  
**PLATED WARE,**  
And a general assortment of  
**House FURNISHING Goods**  
The attention of purchasers is invited to the large stock of **HOUSE KEEPING GOODS** now in Store as above, usually needed in the FURNITURE AND CROCKERY department. Being one of the largest stocks in the State, purchasers can find almost any variety of rich, medium and low priced Goods, suited to their different wants.  
Those commencing House keeping can obtain a complete outfit at this establishment, without the trouble and loss of time usually attending a selection of this kind: and the subscriber is confident that, combining as he does the various branches of the House FURNISHING business, he can offer goods at prices that will not fail of proving satisfactory on examination.  
**163 and 140 Middle Street, PORTLAND.** 112

**DIXEY STONE & SON,**  
—DEALERS IN—  
**DRY GOODS,**  
AND  
**GROCERIES,**  
**PAINTS AND OILS,**  
**HARDWARE,**  
**CROCKERY, &c. &c.,**  
BRIDGTON CENTER, ME.  
**Boarling and Livery Stable.**  
**DR. E. F. RIPLEY**  
Takes this method to inform the public that he has leased and refitted the "OLD ELM HOUSE STABLE," on Temple Street, Portland, for the purpose of carrying on the above business, and feels confident that by furnishing good Board, good care and well appointed livery teams, he can give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.  
**Veterinary Surgery!**  
DR. RIPLEY still continues to treat diseases of Horses, Cattle, and in fact, all domesticated animals, upon the most approved principles, at his old stand, Elm House Stable, Temple Street, Portland.  
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**OLD FRIENDS IN THE RIGHT PLACE.**  
Herrick's Sugar Coated Pills!  
The best family Cathartic in the World; used twenty years by five millions of persons annually always give satisfaction; containing no injurious ingredients. Principal Physicians and Surgeons in the Union; elegantly coated with sugar—Large Boxes 25 cents, 5 Boxes one dollar. Full directions with each box. Warranted superior to any Pill before the public.  
**READ THE EVIDENCE.**  
Racine, Wis., Nov. 2, 1860.  
To Dr. Herrick, Albany, N. Y.—Dear Sir: I cannot refrain from informing you of the wonderful effect of your Sugar Coated Pills on a boy living with me. While hard at work, drawing cord wood, he fell to the earth as if in a fit, was insensible and partially cold. We carried him to the house, and sent for a doctor, who bled him and gave him some medicine. He remained all night in the same situation. The doctor said he would die, and left him. My wife insisted upon giving him some of your pills. We administered four in five hours, and shortly after two more, rubbing him with hot brandy and mustard. The pills operated powerfully. At four o'clock in the afternoon he opened his eyes and spoke, commenced getting better, and in three days went to work. More than fifty of our citizens saw the boy, and will testify to what I have said. You are a stranger to me, but I thought I would write. Yours, ALEXANDER MORTON.  
HERICK'S KID STRENGTHENING PLASTERS cures in five hours pains and weakness of the breast, side and back, and Rheumatic complaints in equally short period of time. Spread on beautiful white lamb skin, their use subjects the wearer to no inconvenience, and each one will wear from one week to three months. Price 18 1/2 cents.  
Dr. Castle's Magnolia Catharrh Snuff has obtained an enviable reputation in the cure of Catarrh, Loss of Voice, Deafness, Watery 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 equaled. BOXES 25 CENTS.  
**HARVEY'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.  
HERICK & BRO.,  
Sold in Bridgton by S. M. Hayden. 1139  
25 BROAD ST., TRAVELING AGENCY

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To Dr. Herrick, Albany, N. Y.—Dear Sir: I cannot refrain from informing you of the wonderful effect of your Sugar Coated Pills on a boy living with me. While hard at work, drawing cord wood, he fell to the earth as if in a fit, was insensible and partially cold. We carried him to the house, and sent for a doctor, who bled him and gave him some medicine. He remained all night in the same situation. The doctor said he would die, and left him. My wife insisted upon giving him some of your pills. We administered four in five hours, and shortly after two more, rubbing him with hot brandy and mustard. The pills operated powerfully. At four o'clock in the afternoon he opened his eyes and spoke, commenced getting better, and in three days went to work. More than fifty of our citizens saw the boy, and will testify to what I have said. You are a stranger to me, but I thought I would write. Yours, ALEXANDER MORTON.  
HERICK'S KID STRENGTHENING PLASTERS cures in five hours pains and weakness of the breast, side and back, and Rheumatic complaints in equally short period of time. Spread on beautiful white lamb skin, their use subjects the wearer to no inconvenience, and each one will wear from one week to three months. Price 18 1/2 cents.  
Dr. Castle's Magnolia Catharrh Snuff has obtained an enviable reputation in the cure of Catarrh, Loss of Voice, Deafness, Watery 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 equaled. BOXES 25 CENTS.  
**HARVEY'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.  
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Sold in Bridgton by S. M. Hayden. 1139  
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**OLD FRIENDS IN THE RIGHT PLACE.**  
Herrick's Sugar Coated Pills!  
The best family Cathartic in the World; used twenty years by five millions of persons annually always give satisfaction; containing no injurious ingredients. Principal Physicians and Surgeons in the Union; elegantly coated with sugar—Large Boxes 25 cents, 5 Boxes one dollar. Full directions with each box. Warranted superior to any Pill before the public.  
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MISCELLANY.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

VOYAGE OF THE GOOD SHIP UNION.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

'Tis midnight: through my troubled dream  
Loud wails the tempest's cry;  
Before the gale, with tattered sail,  
A ship goes plunging by.

What name? Where bound?—The rocks  
Around  
Repeat the loud halloo.  
—The good ship Union, Southward bound:  
God help her and her crew!

And is the old flag flying still  
That o'er your fathers flew  
With hands of white and rosy light,  
And feet of sturdy blue?

—Ay! look aloft! its folds full of  
Have braved the roaring blast,  
And still it flutters when from the sky  
This black typhoon has past!

Speak, pilot, of the storm to bark!  
My life thy peril share!  
—O land! to these no fearful seas  
The brave alone may dare!

—Nay, roar the rebel deep,  
What me ters wind or wave?  
The rocks that wreck your reeling deck  
Will leave me nought to save!

O landman, art thou false or true?  
Will sign his name to show?  
—The crimson stains from loyal veins  
That hold my heart-blood's flow!

—Enough! no more shall honor claim?  
I know the sacred sign;  
Above thy head our flag shall spread,  
Our ocean path be thine!

Tie bark sails on; the Pilgrim's Cape  
Lies low along her lee,  
Whose heellan crooks its anchor flukes  
To lock the shore and sea.

No treason here! it cost too dear  
To win this barren realm!  
And true and free the hands must be  
That hold the whaler's helm!

Still on! Manhattan's narrowing bay  
No rebel cruiser sears;  
Her waters feel no pirate's keel  
That fatters the all-star's keel!

—But watch the light on powder height—  
Ay, pilot, have a care!  
Some lingering cloud in mist may shroud  
The cup of Delaware!

Say, pilot, what this fort may be,  
Whose sentinels look down  
From moated walls that show the sea  
Their deep embasures frown?

The rebel host claims all the coast,  
But these are friends, we know,  
Whose footprints on the "sacred soil,"  
And this is Fort Monroe!

The breakers roar,—how bears the shore?  
—The traitorous wreckers' hands  
Have quenched the blaze that poured its ray,  
Along the Hatteras sands.

—Ha! say not so! I see its glow!  
Again the shoals display  
The beam of light that shines by night,  
The Union Stars by day!

The good ship flies to milkier skies,  
The wave more gently flows,  
The softening breeze wafts o'er the seas  
The breath of Beaumont's rose.

What fold is this the sweet winds kiss,  
Fair-shrouded and many-starred,  
Whose shadow falls the orphaned walls,  
The twigs of Beauregard?

What? heard you not Port Royal's doom?  
How the black warships came  
And turned the Beaumont roses' bloom  
To redoubt wreaths of flame?

How from rebellion's broken reed  
We saw his emblem fall,  
As soon his cursed poison-weed  
Shall drop from Sumter's wall?

On! on! Pulaski's iron hail  
Falls harmless on Tybee!  
Her topsails feel the freshening gale,  
She strikes the open sea.

See round the point, she treads the keys  
That guard the Land of Flowers,  
And rides at last where firm and fast  
Her own Gibraltar towers!

The good ship Union's voyage is o'er,  
At anchor safe she swings,  
And loud and clear with cheer on cheer  
Her joyous welcome rings:

Hurrah! Hurrah! she shakes the wave,  
It thunders on the shore,  
One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,  
One Nation, evermore!

CURIOUS ANECDOTE. Towards the close  
of the revolution, the owners of the North  
Church, in New Haven, sent to Boston for  
nails to make repairs, with, when one of the  
kegs sent in return for the order was found  
to contain Spanish dollars. The deacon  
wrote to the Boston merchant that there  
was an error in shipping the goods; but he  
answered that the nails were sold as he  
couldn't rectify mistakes. So the silver was  
melted up and made into a service of plate  
for the church, where it is in use at the  
present day.

Girls Beware. Girls beware of the trans-  
cendent young man. Never suffer the address-  
es of a stranger. Recollect that one good  
farmer's boy, or industrious mechanic, is  
worth all the floating fobs in the world.

The allurements of a dandy Jack, with a  
gold chain round his neck, a walking stick  
in his paw, a three-penny cigar in his mouth,  
some honest tailor's coat on his back, and a  
less thoughtless fancy, never can make up  
the loss of a good father's home, a good moth-  
er's counsel, and the society of brothers and  
sisters. Their affections last, while that of  
such a young man is lost in the wave of a  
houey-moon. 'Tis true.

Parson Twiss, of New Hampshire, had just  
married a lady whose Christian name was  
Desire, and it being in his course of remark  
on a certain Sabbath to illustrate the differ-  
ence between the roguish and unrequited  
man in the exercise of love, he delivered him-  
self to the amusement of his audience, in  
this way:—"Formerly, I had no Desire to  
love, but now I have a Desire to love, and I  
love freely."

In private watch your thoughts. In the  
family watch your temper. In company  
watch your tongue.

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS  
INSURANCE COMPANY  
OF PITTSFIELD, MASS.

A Cash Capital and Surplus of

\$225,000.

All paid up and invested in the best securi-  
ties—continues to insure against loss or  
damage by Fire, on

Village Stores, Merchandise, Dwelling, Fur-  
niture, Taverns, Mills, and Farm Property  
on the most favorable terms.

First Class Village and Farm Houses, and  
Barns; also, Lard, Groceries, and Live Stock  
may be insured for One, Three, or Five  
Years, at very low rates, without any  
liability to assessments.

All losses promptly and liberally adjusted,  
and paid at the agency in Portland.

EDWARD H. KELLOGG, President.  
J. C. GOODENOUGH, Secretary.

Apply to W. D. LITTLE,  
General Agent, Portland, Me., to  
GEO. A. WRIGHT, in Bridgton,  
who are also agents for other good Stock  
and Marine Companies.

GRANT'S  
COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS.

Original Establishment.  
J. GRANT,  
Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of

COFFEE, SPICES, SALERATUS  
AND CREAM TARTAR,  
New Coffee and Spice Mills, No. 13 and 15  
Union Street, PORTLAND, Me.

Coffee and Spices put up for the trade, with  
care and skill in all varieties of Packages, and  
Warranted in every instance as represented.  
Pea-Nuts and Coffee Roasted and ground  
51 for the Trade, at short notice.

All goods entrusted at the owner's risk.

ARTHUR'S  
Home Magazine for 1892!

EDITED BY  
T. S. ARTHUR AND  
VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

The nineteenth volume of the Home Maga-  
zine will open with the number of January,  
1892. In all respects, the work will con-  
tinue to maintain the high ground assumed  
from the beginning. Our purpose has been  
to give a magazine that would unite the at-  
tractions of choice and elegant literature with  
high moral aims, and teach useful lessons to  
men, women and children, in all degrees of  
life: a magazine that a husband might bring  
home to his wife, a brother to his sister, a  
father to his children, and feel absolutely  
certain that in doing so, he placed in their  
hands is only what could do them good.

All the Departments, heretofore made  
prominent in the work, will be sustained  
by the best talent of the country. The Lit-  
erary department: the Health and Mothers  
Department; the Toilette, Work, T. and  
Housekeeping Departments; the Children's  
department, etc., etc., will all present, month  
after month, their pages of attractive and  
useful reading. Elegant engravings will  
appear in every number, including the fash-  
ions, and a variety of needlework patterns.

Our Premiums for 1892 are, beyond all  
question, the most beautiful and desirable  
yet offered by any magazine. They are large  
sized Photographs, (15 by 10 inches,) exec-  
uted in the highest style of the art, of magni-  
ficent English and French Engravings, four  
in number as follows:

1. Herring's "Glimpses of an English  
Homestead." 2. The Soldier in love. 3.  
Doubts. 4. Heavenly Consolation.

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these splendid Photographs have been made  
are, for the first and third, \$10 each; for the  
second and fourth, \$5 each.

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2 copies, \$3; 3 copies, \$4; 4 copies, \$5; 5  
copies, and one to get up of club, \$10;  
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a SAMPLE RECEIPT by which he was cured  
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BRONCHITIS, or any lung affection, he sin-  
cerely hopes will try this Receipt, well satis-  
fied if they do so they will be none the less  
satisfied with the result. Thankful, for his own  
complete restoration, he is anxious to place  
on the hands of every sufferer the means of  
cure. Those wishing the receipt with full di-  
rections, etc., will please call on or address  
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age to all parts of the Union. On the influ-  
ences of youth and maturity, disclosing the  
secret follies of both sexes of all ages, caus-  
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its, pallidness of the heart, suicidal imagi-  
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with confessions of thrilling interest of a  
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trustworthy advisor to the married and those  
contemplating marriage, who entertain se-  
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who are conscious of having hazarded the  
health, happiness and privileges to which  
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Young Men who are troubled with weak-  
ness, generally caused by a bad habit in  
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edge and experience of the most skillful Physi-  
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tinent. Those who place themselves under  
our care will now have the full benefit of the  
many NEW AND EFFICACIOUS REME-  
DIES, which we are enabled to introduce in-  
to our practice, and the public may rest as-  
sured of the same zeal, assiduity, SECRECY  
and attention being paid to their cases, which  
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as a Physician in an UNUSUAL DEPARTMENT  
of professional practice for the  
past twenty-five years.

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tested in thousands of cases, and never fail-  
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sults, will use none but Dr. DeLaney's Fe-  
male Periodical Pills. The only precaution  
to be observed is, ladies should  
not take them if they have reason to believe  
they are in certain conditions (the particu-  
lars of which will be found on the wrapper  
accompanying each box), though always  
safe and healthy, so gentle, yet so active are  
they.

Price \$1 per box. They can be mailed to  
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interesting complaints to their delicate or-  
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larly invited to consult us.

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lies, may be obtained as above. It is a per-  
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Medicines with full directions sent to any  
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STATIONERY,  
AND PATENT MEDICINES,

which will be sold for a small advance on the  
cost. Also, a large quantity and  
prime assortment of

CONFECTIONERY  
AND FANCY GOODS,  
REUBEN BAILL,  
Bridgton Center, April 12, 1890.

"They go right to the Spot."  
INSTANT RELIEF! STOP YOUR COUGH  
PURIFY YOUR BREATH!  
STRENGTHEN YOUR VOICE!

SPALDING'S

Throat Confections

ARE  
GOOD FOR CLERGYMAN,  
GOOD FOR LECTURERS,  
GOOD FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS,  
GOOD FOR SINGERS,  
GOOD FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

GENTLEMEN CARRY  
Spalding's Throat Confections.

LADIES ARE DELIGHTED WITH  
Spalding's Throat Confections.

CHILDREN CRAVE FOR  
Spalding's Throat Confections.

They relieve a Cough instantly.  
They clear the Throat.  
They give strength and volume to the voice.  
They impart a delicious aroma to the breath.  
They are delightful to the taste.

They are made of simple herbs and cannot  
harm any one.

I advise every one who has a Cough or a  
husky Voice or a Bad Breath, or any diffi-  
culty of the Throat, to get a package of  
my Throat Confections, they will relieve you  
instantly, and you will agree with me that  
"they go right to the spot." You will find  
them very useful and pleasant while travell-  
ing or attending public meetings for stilling  
your Cough or allaying your thirst. If you  
try one package I am safe in saying that you  
will ever afterwards consider them indispen-  
sible. You will find them at the Druggists  
and Dealers in Medicines.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

My signature is on each package. All  
others are counterfeit.

A package will be sent by mail, pre-paid,  
on receipt of Thirty Cents.

Address,  
HENRY C. SPALDING,  
No. 48 CEDAR ST., NEW-YORK.

Cephalic Pills  
CURE  
Nervous Headache

CURE  
All kinds of  
Headache.

By the use of these Pills the periodic at-  
tacks of Nervous or Sick Headache may be  
prevented, and if taken at the commence-  
ment of an attack immediate relief from pain  
and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the Nervous  
and Headache to which females are so sub-  
ject. They act gently upon the bowels,—remov-  
ing Costiveness.

For Literary men, Students, Delicate Fe-  
males, and all persons of sedentary habits,  
they are valuable as a Laxative, improving  
the appetite, giving tone and vigor to the di-  
gestive organs, and restoring the natural  
pactivity and strength of the whole system.

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

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

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!  
The genuine have five signatures of Henry  
C. Spalding on each Box.

Sold by Druggists and all other Dealers in  
Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail prepaid on re-  
ceipt of  
PRICE 25 CENTS.

All orders should be addressed to  
HENRY C. SPALDING,  
48 Cedar Street New York, or to WEEKS  
& POTTER, Boston sole Wholesale Agents,  
for New England, 1y2

A single bottle of SPALDING'S  
PREPARED GLUE will save ten times  
its cost annually.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!  
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!  
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SAVE THE PIECES!  
DISPATCH!  
"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE!"

As accidents will happen, even in well re-  
gulated families, it is very desirable to have  
some cheap and convenient way for repair-  
ing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE  
meets all such emergencies, and no house-  
hold can afford to be without it. It is al-  
ways ready, and up to the sticking point.

"USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE."  
N. B.—A Brush accompanies each bottle.  
Price 25 cents.

Address  
HENRY C. SPALDING,  
No. 48 CEDAR STREET, New York.

CAUTION.  
As certain unprincipled persons are attempt-  
ing to palm off on the unsuspecting public  
imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would  
caution all persons to examine before pur-  
chasing, and see that the full name,  
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, is  
on the outside wrapper; all others are  
windy and counterfeit.

Something or the Time!!  
A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD

JOHNS & CROSLY'S

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE!

The Strongest Glue in the World.  
The Cheapest Glue in the World.  
The Most Durable Glue in the World.  
The Only Reliable Glue in the World.  
The Best Glue in the World.

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE  
Is the only article of the kind ever produc-  
ed which

WILL WITS AND WATER,  
IT WILL MEND WOOD,  
Save your Broken Furniture.

IT WILL MEND LEATHER,  
Mend your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.

IT WILL MEND GLASS,  
Save the pieces of that expensive glass bottle  
or jar which you have broken.

IT WILL MEND IVORY,  
Don't throw away that broken Ivory Fan,  
it is easily repaired.

IT WILL MEND CHINA,  
Your broken China Cups and Saucers can  
be made as good as new.

IT WILL MEND MARBLE,  
That piece knocked out of your Marble  
Mantle can be put on as strong as ever.

IT WILL MEND PORCELAIN,  
No matter if that broken Pitcher did not  
cost but a shilling, a shilling saved is a  
shilling earned.

IT WILL MEND ALABASTER,  
That costly Alabaster Vase is broken and  
you can't match it, mend it, it will never  
show when put together.

IT WILL MEND BOY OR GIRL,  
Any article Cemented with AMERICAN CE-  
MENT GLUE will not show where it is  
mended.

EXTRACTS.  
"Every housekeeper should have a supply  
of Johns & Crosley's American Cement Glue."  
—(New York Times.)

"It is so convenient to have in the house."  
—(New York Express.)

"It is always ready; this commends it to  
everybody."  
—(N. Y. Independent.)

"We have tried it, and find it as useful in  
our house as water."  
—(Wichita Spirit of the Times.)

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

\$10.00 per year saved in every family by One  
Bottle of

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE.  
Price 25 Cents per Bottle.  
Price 25 Cents per Bottle.  
Price 25 Cents per Bottle.  
Price 25 Cents per Bottle.  
Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

Very Liberal Reductions to Wholesale  
Buyers. TERMS CASH.

For sale by all Druggists and Store-  
keepers generally throughout the country.

JOHNS & CROSLY,  
(SOLE MANUFACTURERS.)  
78 WILLIAM STREET  
Corner of Liberty St., NEW YORK.

Import to House Owners.  
Important to Builders.  
Important to all Road Companies.  
Important to Farmers.

To all whom this may concern, and it con-  
cerns every body.

JOHNS & CROSLY,  
IMPROVED  
GUTTA PERCHA

CEMENT ROOFING,

THE CHEAPEST AND MOST DURABLE  
ROOFING IN USE.

IT IS FIRE AND WIND PROOF.  
It can be applied to new and old Roofs of all  
kinds, steep or flat and to Shingle Roofs  
without removing the Shingles.

The cost is only about One-Third that of Tin  
AND IT IS TWICE AS DURABLE.

This article has been thoroughly tested in  
New York City and all parts of the United  
States, Canada, West Indies and Central  
and South America, on buildings of all kinds  
such as Factories, Foundries, Churches, Rail  
Road Depots, Cars, and on Public Buildings  
generally, Government Buildings, &c. by the  
principal Builders, Architects and others  
during the past four years, and has proved to  
be the Cheapest and most Durable Roof-  
ing in use. It is in every respect A Fire,  
Water Weather and Time Proof