

The Bridgton Reporter.

VOL. V, NO. 23.

BRIDGTON, ME., FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1863

WHOLE NO. 229.

Bridgton Reporter.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY BY H. C. LITTLE. All letters must be addressed to the Editor. Communications intended for publication should be accompanied by the name of the author.

Bridgton Center Business Cards.

- DAVIS, JAS. R., Furniture, Groceries & Dry Goods. ALLEY, EDWARD T., Shoe Manufacturer. DILLING, LUTHER, Dry Goods. BAKER, MRS. L. T., Milliner and Dress Maker. BROWN, G. H., Wholesale & Retail Dealer in Furniture, Coffins, &c. N. BRIDGTON. GILL, REUBEN, Confectionery, Toys, & Dry Goods. MARSHALL, PONDICHERY HOUSE, Boarding. STON, ALFRED, Shoe Maker. BIRNHAM, W. W., Shoe Dealer. BROWN, EDWARD, Tinner & Carpenter. LEAVES, ROBERT, Livery Stable. LEAVES, NATHAN, Dry Goods. LEAVES, B. C. & SON, Stoves, Tin Ware. SWELL, F. B. & J. H., Jewellers. HADWICK & HOODHAY, Proprietors of Forest Stocking Mill. JAVIS, MIAL & SON, Bridgton House. JAVIS, MIAL, Carriage Maker. JOGG, ALBERT, Tanner and Currier. JEBBS, RUFUS, Proprietor of Cumberland Mills. JEBBS, RUFUS, Dealer in Dry Goods. ALE DAVID, Attorney and Counselor. JAYDEN, S. M., Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, &c. JARMON, S. M., Councillor and Attorney. JARMON, WALTER, Blacksmith. JOPKINS & PERLEY, Sash and Blind Manufacturer. JEKS, J. E., Dealer in Shooks, Hoops, Burels, Corn, Flour and W. I. Goods. JIMSON RUSSELL, Deputy Sheriff for Cumberland and Oxford Counties. HILFIELD, N. S. & F. J., Counsellors and Attorneys at Law. LEWIS, HARTLY W., Barber. VESLON, A. M., Dry Goods, Groceries. DEANE & HILL, Physicians & Surgeons. JOSE, DIXEY & SON, Dry Goods. MART, E. T., Merchant Tailor. TAYLOR & PERRY, Proprietors of the new Woolen Factory. THOMPSON, M. W., Ambrotypist and Melanotypist. WILLARD GEORGE H., Blacksmith. WEBB, J. V. M. D., Physician and Surgeon. WEBB, JOHN, Blacksmith. WALKER, BENJAMIN, Grist & Saw Mill. WOODBURY, JOHN, Fruit, Confectionery, Cigars. WOODBURY, J. F., Manufacturer Furniture. WILDER, E. E., Harness Maker. WRIGHT, GEORGE G., Manufacturer of Shoes. WEBB, ALGENONS, Groceries, Flour.

Original Poetry.

The Olden Sugar Times,

BY LEAH LEE. How well do I remember The olden sugar times, That give memory sweeter poetry, Than I can give to rhymes: When on the glistening snow-crust, We took our morning tramp; And, like bees in quest of sweetness, We roamed from camp to camp.

Our Story Teller.

Love in an Express Train.

BY AMY RANDOLPH. The winter night was closing, dark and drear, around the tumult and bustle of the railroad station in the heart of the great city. Mothers were there, bidding adieu to their little children—husbands parting from their wives—old, experienced travellers, to whom it seemed a mere trifle to skim half across the continent on the wings of steam, and nervous, uncertain voyagers, to whom the briefest journey appeared fraught with indescribable peril.

partially hidden by the fur trimmed cap of the traveller.

'I remember when you were the quietest and most home-loving of prosaic individuals. What has changed you so entirely, during the last ten years?' 'Time works changes in us all,' returned Southbank, evasively. 'Hugh!' said Neville reproachfully, 'surely we have not been fast friends for twenty years for you to deny me your confidence at last?' 'I have no secrets from you, Neville,' replied Hugh, somewhat softened by the earnestness of his friend's appeal.

Southbank did not answer—he looked down into the liquid shadows with a strange feeling akin to the revival of forgotten dreams.

Edith! shall I have no reward for my constancy? Dear love, will you forgive the just and be my wife? 'But the children, Hugh?' 'They shall be my children too?' Speed on your way, fleet-winged night-express! you bear within you iron arms two hearts that have passed through the fiery ordeal of trial and suffering, to be happy at last! speed on your way, for the dawn light is reddening the frozen earth beyond those orient hills, and the morning of perfect love is bright above the darkness of six weary years! 'Hullo! Who on earth expected to see you, Hugh Southbank? Why, I thought you were en route for the East, and was just considering the propriety of directing a letter to Stamboul, when here you turn up in Broadway!' 'I have changed all my plans, Neville, and concluded to remain quietly at home for the rest of my days.'

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Agricultural Department

TO THE FARMERS OF MAINE. Mr. Cook's, close his report with these words: 'It is not for me here to speak of our duties as citizens; God helping us, we will support our Government, uphold the Constitution, crush insubordination and lawlessness, and maintain law and order and justice, North and South. But of our peculiar duties as farmers I may speak. Taking the country together, the years 1860, '61 and '62, have been very plentiful years, and the help afforded by these abundant crops, in enabling us to sustain the call for men and means, can scarcely be overestimated. The last call for 300,000 men was responded to, 'or the most part', after the crops for 1862 had been safely garnered, and the men came in large proportion, from the food-producing-ranks. We are getting to be short-handed. Experience teaches us also, that a series of abundant seasons is usually followed by a succession of more scanty ones. There is a demand upon us to lay our plans for the coming season wisely and well, so that every hour of the time, and all the means at command, be employed to the best advantage. There is need of the acquisition and diffusion of knowledge, and the great extension of improved practice. There is need of the utmost economy in saving, and skill in applying the manures of the farm yard, and need to draw upon all other sources of fertilization within our reach. There is a louder call than ever for improved every contrivance begotten of the necessity and ingenuity of man, by which the powers of nature or the force of human labor. There is need of brains as well as muscle, of knowledge as well as force. There is need that no unprofitable beast be allowed the forage which ought to yield a valuable return. * * * Help one another. Encourage one another. Be of good cheer.'

Inu and Sentiment

A precocious youth, a student in an academy, not fifty miles from Delhi, not having the fear of secess before him, and instigated by the spirit of truth, being asked in his geography what they raised in South Carolina, replied: 'They used to raise niggers and cotton, but now they are raising the devil.'

Mr. Jenkins remarked to his wife that in her he possessed four fulfs. 'Name them, my love.' 'You are beautiful, dutiful, youthful and an arnful.' 'You have the advantage of me, my dear.' 'How so, my precious?' 'I have but one fool.' Mr. Jenkins made no further inquiries.

The Red Bluff Beacon published among its 'borns' the following:—Born—on Saturday, 29th ult., in this county, Col. E. A. Stevenson, of a son.' This is turning the tables with a vengeance—but then, it is in California.

A little boy, whose mother had promised him a present, was saying his prayers preparatory to going to bed, but his mind running on a horse, he began as follows:

'Our Father who art in Heaven—ma, won't you give me a horse—thy kingdom come—with a string to it?'

Orpheus C. Kerr says: 'I once told a Wall street broker that I considered the break of day one of Nature's most glorious sights; and he said he didn't mind it himself, if he didn't happen to have any of Day's notes on hand at the time.'

Keep your body sound; as wine savors of the cask it is kept in, the soul receives tincture from the frame through which it works. A whole sermon is herein contained, and we wish more could be preached founded on the gospel of health.

'Whose pigs are these, my lad?' 'Whoy, they belong to that there big sow.' 'No! I mean who is their master?' 'Whoy' again answered the lad, 'that little 'un there; he's a rare 'un to fight.'

'Tom,' said a man to his friend the other day, 'I think it is highly dangerous to keep bank bills on hand.' 'Tim,' said the other, 'I find it more difficult than dangerous.'

A sentimental young man thus feelingly expresses himself:—'Even as Nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns, so does she endow woman with pins.'

SOMETIMES.—Marriage, remarks Mr. Beeswax, on the day that the honeymoon sets, is a gate through which a lover passes, leaving his enchanted regions, and returns to earth.

An acidulous old bachelor of our acquaintance says that he never hears a place called 'Rose Cottage,' without thinking of thorns that there must be inside.

An idle man always thinks he has the right to be affronted if a busy man does not devote to him just as much of his time as he himself has leisure time to waste.

Beware. Never confide in a young man; new pales leak. Never tell your secrets to the aged; old doors seldom shut closely.

A man who avoids matrimony on account of the cares of wedded life, is compared to one who would amputate a leg to save his toes from corns.

A writer on natural history gives the following definition of a ram:—'A ram is an animal whose butt is on the wrong end of him.'

'Do you want your audience attentive?' said Dr. Emmons; 'then give them something to attend to.'

There is but one Irish Mormon at Salt Lake; but he goes it with a rush; has nine wives and forty-seven children.

The last words of the veteran General Sumner were—'God save my country—the United States of America.'

Home Advertisements.

Herace G. Little, Publisher, Bookseller and Stationer. (TEMP. RANGE RULES, &C.)

BRIDGTON CENTER, MAINE. THE BRIDGTON REPORTER.

BRIDGTON, STATIONERY! PERIODICALS!

FANCY GOODS!

Bought For Cash

New Store—w Goods!

FANCY GOOD

COLOGNE, HAIR OILS, PERFUMERY, COMBS, PORTABLE INK STANDS, and PRESENTS of all kinds.

BRIDGTON CENTER, MAINE.

J. P. WOODBURY, DEALER IN

FRUIT CONFECTIONERY CIGARS, & C

W. H. WOOD, STOCK & EXCHANGE BROKER

JOHN E. DOW'S

FRUIT CONFECTIONERY CIGARS, & C

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Miscellaneous

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How to make Old Silk look New. The Female Medical Dispensary, which serves every part of the State, is now open for the winter season.

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TEMPLE BUILDING, BRIDGTON, MAINE.

ALL KINDS OF PLAIN AND FANCY PAINTING.

EX-ECT with neatness and Dispatch, and at the most reasonable prices.

PHYSICIAN TO THE TROY LUNG AND HYGIENIC INSTITUTION.

DR. ANDREW STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institution.

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Medical.

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