

VOLUME XXV.

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THE NEW BUILDING
on Adams Street will be devoted to this business. All Office and House. Any person desiring to have any thing to sell or buy, or who can have any good room, they wish, if they call soon. 18 Apply to CHAS. HANCOCK.

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to give us a call.
Biddeford, July 2, 1869. 38

Poetry.

The Clear Fountains.
BY JOHN G. WRETHER.

I did not dream I ever knew
What charms our steepest slopes were,
Was never yet the sky so blue,
Was never seen the water gleam,
Till now I have seen the gleam
Of sunset on your hills of snow,
And never learned the bough's design
Of beauty in its leafless lines.

Did ever such a morning break
As that my eastern window sees?
Did ever such a moonlight lake
With silver gleams and shadows gleam,
Weird photographs of earth and tree?
Rang ever bells so wild and sweet?
The music of the winter storm?
Was ever yet a sound so laugh?
So merry as your school-boy's laugh?

O earth! with gladness overhaught,
No added charm thy face hath found,
And yet thy beauty is so bright,
My footsteps make enchanted ground.
From couch of pain and curtain'd room
Forth to thy light and air I come,
To find in all that greets my eyes
The freshness of a glad surprise.

Fair seem those winter days, and soon
Shall I see the sunlight of spring,
To set the unbound rills in tune,
And thither urge the bluebird's wing.
The vales shall laugh in flowers, the woods
Grow misty green with leading buds,
And all the world shall be a song,
Against the throbbing heart of May.

Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own
The cheer whose love I prize,
Sincere, richer for its chastening gown,
Which, once I was blind.
The world, O Father, hath not wronged
With less the life that Thou hast brought;
And still with every added year,
More beautiful thy works appear!

As then has made thy world without,
Make thou more fair my world within;
Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt;
Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin;
Fill, like a song, my granted span
Of life, with love to Thee and man;
Strike when thou wilt the hour of rest,
But let my last days be thy best!

On the Shore.
"Going away," I think you said,
With never a word for me,
Going away, I think you said,
In your boat on the west side—
All dead on the darkling sea.
Why did he leave like this? God knows!
Why did he leave like this? God knows!
Why did he leave like this? God knows!
Why did he leave like this? God knows!

The ship sail on the sea, I know,
And the ship sail on the sea, I know,
And the ship sail on the sea, I know,
And the ship sail on the sea, I know,
And the ship sail on the sea, I know,
And the ship sail on the sea, I know,
And the ship sail on the sea, I know,
And the ship sail on the sea, I know,

I look, and over the waves afar
The white sails flatter and gleam,
And the ship sail on the sea, I know,
And the ship sail on the sea, I know,
And the ship sail on the sea, I know,
And the ship sail on the sea, I know,
And the ship sail on the sea, I know,
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Miscellaneous.
THE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.
Mr. John Somers was a merchant, doing business in a thriving country village. He had two clerks in his employ, but with some differences, in minor points of character. Peter White was twenty-one years of age, the child of a now widowed mother, and in his choice of profession had only been governed by the desire to do for his mother and self the surest means of honest support.

Walter Sturgis was of the same age, and equally honest, but he paid more attention to outward appearances of things, than did the other. Peter White, on the other hand, had a habit of putting on his frock and coat and overall, help pack up pork, potatoes, and so on; while Peter cared not what he did, so long as it was honest.

One day Mr. Somers called the two young men into his counting-room and closed the door after them. His countenance looked troubled, and it was some moments before he spoke.

"Boys," said he at length, "I have been doing a foolish thing. I have lent my name to those I thought my friends, and they have ruined me! I gave them accommodation notes, and they promised solemnly that those notes should not pass their hands save to such men as I might accept. Of course I took their notes in exchange. They have now failed and cleared out, and have left my paper in the market to the amount of seven or eight thousand dollars. I may rise again, but I must give up my business. Everything in the store is attached to me, and I am left utterly powerless to do business now. I have looked over your accounts and I find that I owe you about a hundred dollars each. Now, I have just a hundred dollars in money, and the small piece of land on the side of the hill just back of the town house. There are four acres of land, and I have been offered a hundred dollars for it, and those who have lands adjoining. I feared this blow which has come upon me, and conveyed this land to my brother; so that he can carry it to whom he pleases. Now, I wish you to make your choice. If I could pay you both money I would; but as I cannot, one of you must take this land. What say you? You Walter, have been with me the longest and you shall decide first."

Walter Sturgis hesitated some moments, and then said:
"I am sure I don't want the land, unless I could sell it right off."
"Ah, but that won't do," returned Mr. Somers. "If you take the land you must keep it. We you to sell it, my creditors would say at once that you did it for me, and then pocketed the money."
"Then I am willing to divide the money, for I can easily raise the hundred dollars for the land. My brother will do that. But I imagine that you would prefer the land, for I know the soil is good although quite rocky. However, what say you, Peter?"

"Why, I will take the land," returned Peter. "I will divide equally with Walter—each of us to take half the land."
"But what should I want with the land?" said Walter. "I could not work it, I should hardly like to descend from clerkship to digging and delving in blue frock and cowhide boots."
"Then it is easily settled," rejoined Peter. "For I should prefer the land."
Walter was pleased with this, and before night he had the hundred dollar bill in his pocket, and Peter had the vacant deed of the four acres of land upon the hillside. Both the young men belonged to the village, and had always lived there. It was only five miles from the city, and of course many city fashions were prevalent there. But under the influence of this fashion that Walter Sturgis refused to have anything to do with the land.

Times were dull and business poor, even though it was early spring. Peter White's first object after having got the deed of his land, was to find out some kind of work. If he had been a mechanic he might have found some place, but he knew no trade, except that of salesman and book-keeping. A whole week he searched in vain for employment, but at the end of that time he found an old farmer who wanted a hand, though he could not afford to pay much. But Peter finally, and with the advice of Mr. Somers, made an arrangement of this kind—He would work for the old farmer (Mr. Stevens) steadily until the ground was open, and he should have half the time to devote upon his own land, and part payment for his services. Stevens was to help about the ox work that the youth might need. Next Peter went to the house engaged a hundred loads of manure, the landlord promising to take his pay in produce when harvest time came. So Peter White put on a blue frock and cow-hide boots and went to work for farmer Stevens.

In the meantime, Walter Sturgis had been to the city to find a situation in some store, but he came back bootless. He was surprised when he met Peter driving an ox team through the village. At first he could hardly believe that Peter White, in that blue frock and those cow-hide boots?

On the next day a relative from the city came to visit Walter. The two walked out, and during the day Walter saw Peter coming toward them with his team, and hauling lumber which Mr. Stevens had been getting out during the winter. Walter saw how coarse and humble his quondam clerkmate looked, and he knew that Peter would laugh him if he met; so he caught his companion by the arm and begged into a by-lane. Peter saw the movement, and understood it, but he only smiled.

By-and-by the snow was all gone from the hill-side. The wintry garb was removed from the spot before it was removed from the city, and the ways obtained the highest price for the earliest vegetables in the market.

On the first of the next November he had cleared seven hundred dollars for the season, over and above all expenses.

One morning after the crops were in, Peter was sitting in the kitchen, and as the young man came up the stranger asked him who owned the hill-side.

"It's mine, sir," replied Peter.

The man looked about and then went away, and on the next day he came again with two others. They looked over the place and they seemed to be dividing it up into small lots. They remained about an hour, and then went away. Peter suspected the land was wanted for something. That evening he stepped into the hill-side, and there he heard that a railroad was going to be put through the village as soon as the workmen could be set at it.

On the next morning Peter went out on his land, and as he reached the upper hill-side, and there he heard that a railroad was going to be put through the village as soon as the workmen could be set at it.

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enough for his own consumption. That winter he worked for Mr. Stevens at getting out lumber, for twenty-five dollars per month; and when spring came he was ready to go on to his land again.

In the meantime, Walter Sturgis had worked a year at a fashionable calling for three hundred dollars, and at the end of the term he was the absolute owner of just two dollars.

"Say, Peter, you aren't going to work on that land of yours another season, are you?" asked Walter, as the two met in the street.

"To be sure I am," was the response. "But here's Simon wants a clerk, and I told him I guessed you would be glad to come."

"What will he pay?"
"Three hundred,"
"Ah, Walter, I can make more than that from my land,"
Sturgis opened his eyes in astonishment.

"You're joking," he said.
"No, sir, I received five hundred dollars more than I expected. Seventy-five of that went for manure last season; but some of that manure is now on hand, as I found the land so rich last year as not to need much more than half of it. This season I shall have two hundred dollars worth of strawberries, if nothing happens unusual."

"And you don't have to work any winters to do this?"
"No; four months' labor is about all I can do for a man's money."

Walter went to his store, and during the rest of the evening he wondered how it was that some folks had so much luck. During the second season Peter had experience for a guide, and he filled up many gaps that he left open the year before. He was now getting out better than he anticipated, and he made a better arrangement for his melons. And then from all that land whereon he planted his early peas, etc., he obtained a crop of much value. It was but one hour's drive from the city, and the ways obtained the highest price for the earliest vegetables in the market.

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I will explain to you. In the first place, there is not another spot in land in this section of the country that possesses the natural advantages which this one does. I can have my early peas and vines up and hood before my neighbors get their peas ploughed; so I have my early peas in the market ahead of all others, save a few hot-house owners, whose plants cannot compare with mine for strength and size. Then my soil is very rich, yielding fifty per cent. more than most other land. Now look at this: During the last season I have realized over eight hundred dollars from this land, and next season I can get more than that, for my strawberry vines are flourishing finely. There are not any two farms in this town that can possibly be made to realize so much money as my hill-side, for you see it is the time of my produce, and not quantity, that does the business. A bushel of early peas on the twenty-second of May, are worth ten times as much as my neighbors' bushel on the first of July and August. Two hundred dollars will more than pay me for all my time and trouble in attending to my land; so you see I save this year six hundred dollars interest."

"Then you wouldn't sell for less than six hundred, I suppose?" said Mr. Anderson, carelessly.

"Could you sell out a concern that was yielding you a net profit of six hundred dollars a year, for that sum, sir?" asked Peter.

"A—hem—well—ah—you put it rather curiously."

"I'll tell it plainly. You may have the hill-side for ten thousand dollars."

Mr. Anderson laughed; but he found that Peter was in earnest, and he commenced to curse and swear. At this, Peter himself, and he saw nothing more of the speculator. Two days afterwards, however, three of the merchants came to see our hero, and when they heard his simple story, they were ready to jump by him, and they went up and examined the spring, which they found to be pure as crystal, and as it was then a dry season they saw that the supply of water could never fail, and all the houses which might be built on Peter's land could be supplied with running water, even in the very arctic of the upper ones.

The merchants first went to the man who owned the land above Peter's, including the ledge and the spring, and he named to sell for two hundred dollars. This, to the builders, was a great bargain for the stone of the ledge was excellent granite. Then they called a surveyor and made a plot of the hill-side, whereby they found that they could have forty building lots, twenty from two hundred and fifty to four hundred dollars each. They hesitated not a moment after the plot was made, but paid Peter his ten thousand dollars cheerfully.

Not many days after this transaction, Peter White received a very polite note from Carlisle Henderson, asking him to call and see her, but he did not call. He hunted up Mr. Somers and went into business with him, and this very day Somers & White do business in that town, and Walter Sturgis is their book-keeper. And in all the country there is not a prettier spot than the old hill-side. The railroad depot is near its foot—and it is occupied by sumptuous dwellings in which live merchants who do business in the adjacent city.

One thing Peter missed—that he did not reserve a building spot himself. But his usual good fortune attended him even here. A wealthy banker had occasion to move to another section of the country, and he sold his house and garden to Peter, for just one half what the building cost him. So Peter took a wife who loved him when he dug in the earth and found a home for her and himself upon the old hill-side.

And now, readers, do you think the hill-side is a veritable history I have been writing, and the place I have told you about is now one of the most select suburban residences.

A Ride with a Lunatic.
The pleasures of railway traveling in England are vividly illustrated by the following incident which happened on a line near London:

A young lady got into a second-class carriage, where she was soon joined by a gentleman about thirty years old, whose manner seemed very strange and excited. They were alone in the carriage. As soon as the train started, this man got up all of a sudden, and began by throwing his carpet bag out of the window, saying:
"This carriage is much too heavy, come, we must lighten it as much as possible."

He then sat down again, but jumped up a minute after, screaming out:
"It's too heavy! It's too heavy!"
And so saying, he sent his coat out of the window to join the carpet bag, then away went his waistcoat, his cravat, and his shoes. He then sat down and appeared to be thinking profoundly. All of a sudden he turned toward the young girl, who was as frightened as possible, and said:
"On your knees, Madam, on your knees! We will pray for the Duke of Gloucester!"

The poor girl immediately obeyed him. The stranger then began praying fervently for the Duke of Gloucester, then for the Duke of St. Albans, then for the Duke of York—in a word, for all the Dukes of Great Britain and Ireland.

He then sat down again. The young lady more dead than alive, was in a corner of the carriage, a prey to the most profound terror. Nevertheless, this strange person began to feel less quiet.

"This can't go on," he said. "It is really much too heavy. The train will soon have to stop—it won't be able to go on. Come now, we must lighten it. One of us must get out. I won't; so suppose you jump out of the window."

And he walked resolutely up to the covering girl. But she said to him, crying:
"Oh, sir, do stay for one moment; we have not yet prayed for the Duke of Northumberland!"

"You are right, we had forgotten him. On your knees, and let's pray for the Duke of Northumberland!"

They were still in deep prayer when the train arrived at the station, and the young girl fainted in the arms of some friends who were waiting for her. Her companion was arrested, and soon recognized as a lunatic who had escaped from Hanwell.

The Red Breast of the Robin.
BY MISS LEWIS.

Of all the merry little birds that live up in the tree,
And sing and chirp from the green leaves and the boughs,
The prettiest little gentleman that dearest is to me,
Is the one in coat of brown and breast of red.

It's cockit little Robin!
And his head he keeps a bobbin'
Of all the merry little birds that live up in the tree,
And sing and chirp from the green leaves and the boughs,
The prettiest little gentleman that dearest is to me,
Is the one in coat of brown and breast of red.

When the frost is in the air, and the snow is on the ground,
To other little birds no bewilders,
Picking up the crumbs near the window he is found,
Singing Christmas songs to the children:
If you see two tender babes
Were left in woodland glades,
By a cruel man who had done them wrong,
It was watching all the time
That he sang his merry song,
And he blushed a perfect crimson on his breast.

When the changing leaves of autumn around us
thickly fall,
And everything seems sorrowful and sadening,
Robin may be heard on the corner of a wall
Singing what is so cheering and gladening,
And when he has done his song,
He'll sit on his own little perch,
And sing to us in great joy to us all,
On a cruel crown of thorns,
And the blood it stained his pretty little breast.

The Bewitched Clock.
About half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday night a human leg, enveloped in blue broadcloth, might have been seen entering Cephas Barberry's kitchen window. The leg was followed finally by the entire person of a lively Yankee, attired in his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. It was in short, Joe Mayweed, who thus burglariously, in the dead of night, won his way into the deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his door again?" soliloquized the young man. "Promised him I wouldn't, but didn't say nothing 'bout winter. Winders is just as good as doors, if their ain't no nails to tear your drawers onto. Wonder if Sal'll come down? The critter promised me. I'm afraid to move here, 'cause I might break my shins over smuthin' 'n' other, and wot the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a polar bear here. Oh, here comes Sally!"

The beautiful maiden descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle and a box of matches. After receiving a rapturous greeting she made up a roaring fire in the cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of views and hopes. But the course of true love runs smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it did elsewhere, and Joe, who was making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from her chamber door—

"Sally, what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"
"Tell him it's most morning," whispered Joe.

"I can't tell a fib," said Sally.
"I'll make it a truth, then," said Joe, and running to the huge old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he set it at five.

"Look at the clock and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman, up stairs.

"It's five by the clock," answered Sally, and corroborating the words, the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again and resumed the conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to creak. "Good gracious! it's father," said Sally.
"The deacon, by thunder!" cried Joe; "hide me, Sal!"

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl.
"O, I know," said he. "I'll squeeze into the clock case."

And without another word he concealed himself in the case and drew the door behind him.

The deacon was dressed, and sitting himself down by the cooking stove, pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking very deliberately and calmly.

"Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes, then I'll go and feed the critters."
"Hain't you better go and feed the critters first, sir, and smoke afterwards?" suggested the dutiful Sally.

"No, smokin' clears my head and wakes me up," answered the deacon, who seemed not a bit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

"Bur-r—whizz—ding—ding!" went the clock.
"Tormented lightning!" cried the deacon, starting up, and dropping his pipe on the stove. "What in creation's that?"

"It's only the clock striking five," said Sally, tremulously.

"What? ding! ding! went the old clock furiously."
"Powers of mercy!" cried the deacon, "striking five! it's struck a hundred already."
"Deacon Barberry!" cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robed herself and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm. "What is the matter with the clock?"

"It's been in the family these hundred years, and never did I know it to carry on so before."
"I'll burst it!" cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears. "And there won't be nothing left of it."
"It's bewitched," said the deacon, who retained a leaven of New England superstition in his nature. "Anyhow," said he after a pause, advancing resolutely toward the clock, "I'll see what's got into it."
"Oh, don't," cried the daughter, affectionately seizing one of his coat-tails, while his faithful wife hung to the other.
"Don't!" chorused both the women together.
"Let go my raiment!" shouted the deacon. "I ain't afraid of the powers of darkness."
But the women would not let go, so the deacon slipped off his coat, and while from the sudden cessation of resistance, they

fell heavily on the floor, he darted forward and laid his hand on the door of the clock-case. But no human power could open it. Joe was holding it inside with a death-grasp. The deacon began to be dreadfully frightened

Personals. The Methodist Society at Eliot are proceeding to expend a thousand dollars in repairing and improving their parsonage property.

Traveler's Guide. Biddeford. Biddeford. Biddeford. Biddeford. Biddeford. Biddeford. Biddeford. Biddeford. Biddeford. Biddeford.

Mail Arrangements-Biddeford P. O. Mails from Biddeford to Portland and to Boston. Mails from Portland to Biddeford and to Boston.

Local Affairs. Mr. N. D. Center has removed to No. 170 Main St. Quincy & Street's Block. Give him a call.

On Sunday evening last, at about 8 1/2 o'clock, fire was discovered issuing from a store house on the Wharf. The firemen were promptly on hand, and the fire extinguished in time to save part of the stock.

Imported Stock. Nathan Duns, jr., esq., of Kennebunk, has recently imported a herd of Ayshire cattle, consisting of seven cows, a bull and several young creatures; which are pronounced by good judges to be a very superior lot.

Navy Yard Appointments. Charles N. Osgood, has been appointed Master Caulker, at the Kittery Navy Yard, by Benjamin M. Bailey, discharged. William Pellos of Bangor has been appointed Master Iron-Plater, via John Swain of Dover, discharged.

Postponed. The New York Circuit which was announced in preliminary hand bills for August 5, in Saeco, has been postponed for the present.

Mr. Ball, who died Wednesday at "Old Orchard" left by will \$100,000 to be expended in completing improvements in "Fera Park," known in that vicinity as "Paradise," near the beach, in which he took so much interest.

Rev. J. R. Whitehead of Bath, formerly of the Charleston Navy Yard, takes charge of the trip harbor in the Smith's Department, under direction of the Constructor S. M. Poor, of the Kittery Navy Yard.

Rev. O. Richardson at Duxton Centre, baptized eight converts last Sabbath, all in the bloom of life, four males and four females. The large company of witnesses at the water side, rendered the occasion impressive and solemn.

All who are suffering from nervous debility and prostration of the physical powers, caused by the loss of the system, or by the use of the new medical work of Dr. A. H. Hayes, Consulting Physician to the "SCIENCE OF LIFE, OR SELF-PRESERVATION," an invaluable work, which will save the lives of thousands of people who are suffering from the "SCIENCE OF LIFE, OR SELF-PRESERVATION," written by Dr. Hayes. It treats upon the errors of the "Preserver's Decline of the Human System," and is a most valuable work for all who are suffering from the "SCIENCE OF LIFE, OR SELF-PRESERVATION," written by Dr. Hayes.

DR. TOWLE. May be found at the residence of Mrs. GEORGE E. WALLACE, at the corner of Elm and Centre streets, on and after Monday, the 9th inst. Night calls answered promptly. A. TOWLE, M. D., Biddeford, Aug. 6, 1868.

PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 BULFING ST., Opposite Bevers House, BOSTON. THE Trustees of this Institution take pleasure in announcing that they have elected Dr. A. H. HAYES, late Surgeon U. S. Army, Vice President of Columbia College, New York, and President of the Medical Institute of the same city, as the President of this Institution for the year 1868-69.

At the Yearly Meeting of the Association, held Monday evening, July 26, the following officers were chosen for the present year: President, Daniel Pond; Vice Presidents, L. F. Small, Chas. Hardy, L. W. Stone, Jas. McMillan, C. M. Moore, Roe, Sec., Chas. E. H. Small, Treas., R. W. Towle, Librarian, John H. Small; Trustees, R. W. Towle, Deacons, Edwin Woodman, Thos. H. Cole, Dan J. Meeds, R. M. Hobbs, David Webster, Standing Committee, Baptist—A. A. Hodgkin, J. M. Ayer, Paulinos—J. G. Garland, J. H. Small, 24 Cong.—C. O. Means, S. L. Bognon; Methodist—F. C. Allen, E. F. Jones; Free Baptist.

At Trinity Church, last Sunday evening, two persons were confirmed by Bishop Neely. The impressive ceremonies were witnessed by a large audience, who listened attentively to an eloquent and excellent discourse by the Bishop, from Ephesians IV., 22-24 inclusive.

New Advertisements.

THE copartnership heretofore existing under the firm name of Deering & Pillsbury, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

THE firm of Store & Emerson is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons owing to the late firm are requested to call and settle immediately.

MOUNT EAGLE MANUF'G CO. The amount of all assessments of the Company actually paid is \$13,200.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Then personally appeared the above named A. E. Johnson, Treasurer of the Mount Eagle Manufacturing Co., and made oath that the same is true.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE Best Book of the Period, WOMEN OF NEW YORK; Under the World of the Great City.

GREAT SUN-SUN CHOP. READ THIS. DEAR SIR: I ought to have acknowledged long ago the receipt of your kind letter.

DEAR SIR: I have not been able to know what this mode is derived from, except that it would read sweet mouth, or the happiest mouth in man's existence.

THE PATENT RUBBER COVER, For Jelly Tumblers—Best thing out.

CROCKERY & GLASS WARE IS NOW LARGER THAN EVER.

Opened a Plated Ware Department, RICH PLATED CASTORS, ICE PITCHERS, CAKE BASKETS, REVOLVING BUTTERS, SILVER PITCHERS, SPOON HOLDERS, CALL BELLS, SOUP LADLES.

Table and Pocket Cutlery! JUST RECEIVED.

Paper Hangings! Paper Hangings! Another of our departments, which we are justly proud to have, is our Paper Hangings.

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New Advertisements.

ADVERTISING. In this, as in everything else, the best paper will command the best price.

HINTS TO ADVERTISERS. When people see a man advertise they know he is a business man, and his advertising proclaims that he is not above business, but anxious to do it.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE Best Book of the Period, WOMEN OF NEW YORK; Under the World of the Great City.

GREAT SUN-SUN CHOP. READ THIS. DEAR SIR: I ought to have acknowledged long ago the receipt of your kind letter.

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Biddeford Advertisements.

EXTENSION TABLES.—The place to buy the best of the State, is at No. 34 Main St., Biddeford, Me., where they are made and warranted by HIRAK B. SMITH.

CITY OF BIDDEFORD. TAXES! TAXES! NOTICE is hereby given that the State, County and City Taxes for the year 1868, in the City of Biddeford, were committed to me by the Assessors and City Collector on the 15th day of July, 1868, and that, by order of the City Council, a DISCOUNT OF PER CENT. will be allowed on taxes voluntarily paid to the Treasurer of said city on or before the Sixteenth day of August, A. D. 1868.

LARGE LOT NEW GOODS! Ladies' White Ribbed Hose, 10 cts. Ladies' White Ribbed Hose, 10 cts. Ladies' White Ribbed Hose, 10 cts.

BLACKBERRY. A SOVEREIGN REMEDY. Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Infantum, Colic, Cramps, Griping, Painful Urine, Hemorrhoids, Piles, Stricture, Gonorrhoea, and all diseases of the Stomach and Bowels, arising from the use of Spices, Indigestion, &c.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE. House in Bath, Thorton Avenue. House on Elm Street, Biddeford. House on Adams, Biddeford.

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Biddeford Advertisements.

DRY GOODS, DRY GOODS. Summer Stock. F. A. DAY, 163 Main Street, Biddeford.

New Summer Goods! Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, House Furnishing Goods, Towels, &c. CARPETINGS.

AMERICAN BUTTON-HOLE, OVER-SEAMING, SEWING MACHINE, COMBINED.

It will work beautiful Button-Holes, Eyelet-Holes, Embroider on the Edge, "Over-Seaming," &c. by hand, also, all kinds of Sewing, Hemming, Collaring, Poling, Binding and Mending.

104 MAIN ST., BIDDEFORD. E. H. BANKS, AGENT.

Railroads and Steamboats. PORTLAND, SACO & PORTSMOUTH RAILROAD.

FOR THE POOL AND FERRY. THE NEW STEAMER AUGUSTA.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF THE WORLD! NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

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