

The Oxford Democrat

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JOHN J. PERRY, Editor.

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MISCELLANY.

MISTRESS AND MAIDS.

"She's as mean as dirt," said the cook.
"That's what I say," said the house-
maid.
"That's good to hear," said the house-
maid.
"That's what I say," said the house-
maid.
"So," said Mrs. Thorne—whose bearing
was far too quick for her peace of mind,
for she heard these remarks just as she got
to the parlor door—"so that's the way they
speak of me behind my back, is it? That's
my return for all the kindness I've shown them
of late. The very last time I went to town
I bought a new gown for cook; and it was
only last week that Jane went home to see
her mother; and took a nice present of wine
and sugar for her. But Mrs. Gordon may
say what she likes; kindness is of no use,
it only spoils them. However, I'll know
the meaning of this. I have not been satis-
fied with Jane, though I've tried to keep it
in; she looked quite sulky when I showed
her the spots on the fire-irons and the dust
on the door-ledge. As to cook, I know
what she means by meanness. She expects
me to allow more sugar for the kitchen; but
I shan't do it; I won't be imposed upon.
I don't care for the value of the sugar; but
will be mistress in my own house, and do as
I think proper with my own things." Then
laying her hand on the bell she gave it a
violent pull; but at the same time the door
bell pealed, and in the jingle of the two
bells together the servants hardly knew
what was wanted.

"It's the door," said the cook.
"No, it's mine," said the housemaid;
but the knocker ended their doubts.

"Run," said the cook; "it's a visitor."
And when the drawing-room door was
opened it was to admit not the offending
cook and housemaid, to receive their dis-
missal, but Mrs. Gordon, a pleasant looking
widow lady—a welcome guest wherever
there was the smallest moiety of good sense
or good feeling in the house she visited.

She was a clear-headed, kind-hearted wo-
man, who had not passed through life with-
out learning something of her own imperfec-
tions; and self-knowledge had made her
tender towards the infirmities of others.
She was a great stickler for the due dis-
charge of social and relative duties; not on
one side only, but on both. She had not
one sort of justice for the strong and another
for the weak; and thus, with regard to
servant and mistress, she stood up as reso-
lutely for the one side as the other. Many
a young housekeeper had she helped thro' the
difficulties of her position. When her
advice was well received, she rejoiced;
but where self-conceit caused it to be re-
jected, she quietly withdrew. But, while
sincerely desirous of being helpful to any
or all that would allow her to help, she was
most anxious to give the benefit of her ex-
perience and natural judgment to such of
her younger friends as made a profession
of religion. "It is sad to see," she would
say sometimes, "how much discredit is cast
upon the gospel by the mere inconsiderateness
of those who profess to be guided by it."

"I have brought you a few lilies," she
said, "for the pretty new stand Mr. Thorne
bought for you last week. Shall Jane bring
a little water, and we will put them in be-
fore they fade?"

It was a great relief to Mrs. Thorne, now
that her temper had had time to cool itself,
to see her kind friend come in; for she had
scarcely touched the bell before she had a
nervous misgiving that her intended inter-
view with her servants would not end either
to her satisfaction or advantage. Wherever
Mrs. Gordon went she was liked by the
servants; they had a sort of instinctive feel-
ing that her visits were productive of good,
and that everybody was more comfortable
for them.

Jane courtesied and went with alacrity
for the water, and very respectfully admi-
red the lilies; and altogether looked so good-
tempered, that Mrs. Thorne was disarmed
of a little of her wrath.

"You are looking pale, my dear," said
the good widow, seating herself on the sofa
by the side of the young wife. Is it a bad
ache?"

"Not exactly a headache," said Mrs.
Thorne; "but—but the truth is I have been
a little put out."

"Baby cutting another tooth?" asked
Mrs. Gordon.

"Oh, no; she is quite well. It's quite a
different thing, that I'm ashamed of telling
you. You'll think I'm always complaining;
and I'm sure I want to be just, and follow
your advice, but—"

"What's the matter?" said Mrs. Gordon,
smiling. "You can't follow my advice if
I don't know what's the matter."

"Well, it's these servants," said Mrs.
Thorne; "you don't know how I've tried to
do everything that I could about which we
are told in that beautiful chapter of Pro-
verbs we read together."

"Oh! about the excellent woman," said
her friend.

"Yes; I have tried to look well to the

ways of my household, and to speak with
wisdom, and to let kindness be the law of
my tongue. Those were the three things,
you know," she said, smiling, "that had
chiefly to do with servants in the chapter."

"Yes, my dear," said her friend; "and
if you have tried your best, in the strength
of God to follow that rule, although you
may not have done as well as you or I
could wish you had, I dare say you have
not done badly; and are in the way to go
on to better and better."

"You always encourage me," said Mrs.
Thorne; "but although I have tried, I must
have been wrong somewhere, or else they
would be better."

"I have noticed often," said the widow
"that when a young Christian—that is, one
who is young in the Christian life as you
are—begins to follow any path of duty in a
conscientious and self-denying manner, a
host of enemies will rise in opposition,
sometimes outward, sometimes inward.
Now, you know, in trying to be a faithful
mistress, you have to wage war with no less
than the world, the flesh, and the devil;
and if you haven't all three of them on you
at once, you're sure to have one or the other
of them."

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Thorne, folding
her hands and looking down.

Mrs. Gordon smiled.
"Well, it really sounds formidable, but
it is true. There is the world now. Mis-
tresses who seek only their own pleasure
and ease will indulge servants that answer
their purpose in ways very injurious to them,
in order to retain their services; and a Chris-
tian mistress who dares not do this, must
submit to be called severe—unkind."

"That's just it," said Mrs. Thorne, look-
ing up. "Now the Thompsons gave a ball
last week to their servants, and they were
allowed to invite any that they pleased;
they invited ours; I don't think cook care-
d much about it, but Jane was dreadfully
put out because I would not let them go,
and she has been sullen ever since, on and
off, and everything I have told her has of-
fended her."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Gordon, "she'll
get over it in time."

"Yes, but it's very trying," said Mrs.
Thorne.

"To your temper," said Mrs. Gordon.
"Yes, there's the flesh. It would be easy
enough for you to stand firm in your duty
of watchfulness over them, if you knew that
they would agree with you; but the trial is
after you have done your best to have them
against you. Their temper being ruffled
ruffles yours; and your pride is up; and al-
together the flesh, or evil nature, is very
rampant—isn't it so?"

Mrs. Thorne smiled mournfully.

"And then, my dear," continued her
friend, "we mustn't forget that the old ad-
versary, who is ever on the watch to pro-
voke converts young and old, so as to make
them throw stumbling blocks in the way of
others, take advantage of your weakness,
your want of faith, clarity, and humility,
and tries to trip you up."

"Well, I often wish I had no servants,"
said Mrs. Thorne. "I'm sure this is all true;
but it seems impossible to do right and I'm
almost in despair."

"That's better than quite," said her friend
cheerfully; "but has anything particular
happened? I thought Jane looked remark-
ably smiling when she let me in."

"Well, you might call it a trifle," said
Mrs. Thorne; "but it shocked me, because
I felt I didn't deserve it." Then she enter-
ed into a long history of her kitchen re-
trenchments, which had provoked, as she
believed, the offensive expressions that
were made use of concerning her.

"Oh, dear! Well, that was very bad,"
said Mrs. Gordon; "but how came you to
let them use such words? I wonder they
were not afraid, for their character's sake,
to speak that way before you?"

Not answering this, Mrs. Thorne went on
to enumerate the many kindnesses and in-
dulgences which she had lately bestowed
upon them, which in her eyes greatly in-
creased their ingratitude.

"I don't know how it is, my dear; but
somehow," said the widow, "we are apt to
think more of the kindnesses we do, espe-
cially to servants, than they are worth, and
less than we ought of the kindnesses we re-
ceive from them and others. You look sur-
prised; but I noticed several little kind-
nesses that Jane rendered to you, which was
as great in kindness as yours of sending
money to her mother."

"Mrs. Thorne lifted her eyes incredulous-
ly.

"Didn't you see how carefully she took
up the spots of water that fell on your work
box as you filled the stand? You didn't
tell her for you did not observe it—it was
a spontaneous act of watchful attention on
her part; and, if you remember, she asked
if she hadn't better stop the window, on ac-
count of a toothache you had been suffering
from."

"Yes—but," said Mrs. Thorne.

"You think such trifles of no consid-
eration, I see," said the widow; "I don't.

"I don't," said the widow; "I don't.
When my servants proffer those small kind-
nesses to me I receive them gratefully as
indications of a spirit that would do more,
if position and power were given to do it.
But tell me, I repeat, how could you let
them say such things to you?"

"Oh, they didn't say it to me," said Mrs.
Thorne. "I heard them. They spoke loud
as I passed the top of the kitchen staircase."

"I suppose," said the widow, after a mo-
ment's musing, "you are sure they were speak-
ing of you?"

"Well," said Mrs. Thorne, "I imagine
so, for whom else could they be speaking
of?"

"Then you were not mentioned by
name?"

The words were now repeated as exactly
as Mrs. Thorne could remember them.

"I dare say," said the widow laughing,
"it will turn out to be somebody else; but
even if not, remember what is said in the
book of wisdom, where even such a case as
this is provided for. 'Take no heed unto
all words that are spoken, lest thou hear
thy servant curse thee; for oftentimes also
thine own heart knoweth that thou thyself
likewise has cursed others.' Now isn't this
borne out? You think nothing of sitting
with me, and calling these women ungrate-
ful and sullen; what more harm would there
be, if they thought it, in their telling one
another that they thought you mean?"

"You are quite right," said the young
housekeeper. "I am much obliged to you."

"Yes I am right, my dear," said Mrs.
Gordon; "and must be while I have wis-
dom for my guide. But take my advice in
this matter; trouble your head no further
about what you heard; pray for an increase
of wisdom and charity; and think more of
what you, as Christ's servant, owe to them,
than what they owe to you."

This interview took a load off the heart
of the young housekeeper.

"What a treasure she is!" she said, as
she heard her old friend chatting cheerfully
in the hall with Jane, on her way out; and
so Jane seemed to think when she came in-
to the room with a smiling face, and saying,
"If you please ma'am, did you want any-
thing just as Mrs. Gordon came? Didn't
you ring the bell at the same time she did?"

"Yes, I did, Jane," said Mrs. Thorne;
"but—"

"Oh, dear, ma'am, see," said Jane, "the
water's dropping from the ends of the leaves;
the stand is too full," and she ran for a dust-
er.

"You'd best not put your hands to the
cold water, had you ma'am, for fear you
should bring on the toothache again?" she
said, seeing that her mistress was going to
empty the stand.

"I don't want the toothache again," said
Mrs. Thorne, smiling.

"Oh, dear, no! no ma'am," said Jane,
"it's shocking bad pain, I've had it all
the last week, so that I couldn't sleep at night,
and it's mad me so dull; and so has cook
had a touch of the rheumatism, too, in her
mouth."

"That accounts for the silliness,"
thought Mrs. Thorne.

"But I think cook caught it," continued
Jane, as she rubbed the table, "going out
in the wind when she went to ask Mrs. Bak-
er what she'd allow for all the old things
in the back kitchen, that you said she might
sell and a very handsome present it would
have been, only the old woman's so mean,
for all she's rich. Cook says she's as mean
as dirt!"

"How Mrs. Gordon will laugh at me,"
thought Mrs. Thorne. "Well, never mind,
I'm glad it's happened; for I've learnt a les-
son that I hope I shan't forget."

"How much better misers look to-day,"
said Jane in the evening.

"Yes; I haven't seen her so pleasant for
this week past," said cook. "Poor thing!
I hope she won't get the toothache again."

A white man lately sued a black man in
one of the courts, and while the trial was
before the judge, the litigants came to an
amiable settlement, and so the counsel
stated to the court. "A verbal settlement
will not answer," replied the judge; "it
must be in writing." "Here is the agree-
ment in black and white," responded the
counsel, pointing to the parties; "pray,
what does your honor want more than this?"

Politeness is shown by passing over the
faults and follies of those whom you meet.
Cultivate this especially towards relatives.
The world is severe in its judgments of
those who expose the faults of kindred, no
matter what the provocation may be. It is
not polite to detail injuries which you may
have received from any one, unless there
exists some urgent necessity for so doing.

We should always rest satisfied with
doing well, and let others talk of us as they
please; for they can do us no injury, al-
though they may think they have found a
flaw in our proceedings, and are deter-
mined to rise on our downfall, or profit by our
injury.

AN ENTERPRISING AGENT.

An enter-
prising travelling agent for a well-known
Cleveland tomb-stone manufactory, re-
cently made a visit to a small town in a
neighboring county. Hearing in the vil-
lage that a man in a remote part of the
township had lost his wife, he thought he
would go out and see him, and offer him
consolation and a grave-stone on his us-
ual reasonable terms. He started; the
road was a horribly frightful one, but the
agent persevered and arrived at this be-
reaved man's house. Bereaved man's hired girl
told the agent that the bereaved man was
splitting rails "over in the pasture," about
two miles off. The indefatigable agent
mounted his horse and started for the
"pasture." After falling in all manner of
mud holes, and scratching himself with the
briars, and tumbling over decayed logs,
the agent at length found the bereaved man.
In a subdued voice he asked him if he had
lost his wife; the man said he had. The
agent was very sorry to hear it, and sympa-
thized with the man very deeply in his
very great affliction; but death, he said,
was an insatiable anchor, and shot down all
of both high and low degree. Informed
the man "that what was his loss was her
gain," and would be glad to sell him a
grave-stone to mark the spot where the
beloved one slept—marble or common
stone, as he chose, at prices defying com-
petition. The bereaved man said that there
was one difficulty in the way.

"Haven't you lost wife?" inquired the
agent.

"Why, yes, I have," said the man, "but
no grave-stone ain't necessary, for you see
the critter ain't dead—she scooted with
another feller."

Agent left that "pastor" in a hurry.

NOT TO BE OUTDONE.

An Exchange
says that a New York and Massachusetts
regiment encamped together on the Rap-
idan, and that a wholesome rivalry existed
between them. A revival suddenly "broke
out" in the Massachusetts regiment, and
twelve were baptised. The New York Col-
onel looked savage when he heard of it,
and roared out—"Adjutant have seven-
teen men detailed for baptism. I'll be hanged
if that Massachusetts regiment shall
beat us."

A queer case came before the Paterson
Courts a few days ago. John Ryan was
indicted for assault and battery upon a
woman whom he whipped by mistake. He
pleaded guilty, and asked the mercy of the
court, averring that he was near-sighted,
and mistook the woman he had beaten for
his wife.

Should the enterprise against Mobile be
successful, its effect upon the "military
situation" in the Gulf States will be immense.
Georgia and Alabama will then be cut off
from the Gulf, and their railroad system
connecting with Mobile become entirely
useless to them. But more than this. Light
draught gunboats can sail up the Mobile
and Alabama rivers to Montgomery, and a
fire in the rear of Atlanta be produced which
would soon compel an evacuation of that
stronghold. [Lewiston Journal.]

We have a "scion," not yet advanced to
the dignity of jacket and trousers, who, as
the genial "Country Parson" would say,
seems to understand the art of "putting
things." It became necessary the other
day to inflict upon him a dose of castor-oil,
and the little fellow took the sickening
stuff as bravely as any veteran could face
a bayonet charge. A wry face or two,
and his opinion of the medicament found
expression at follows: "Mother, I don't
think I quite like castor-oil; it's a little
too rich!"

Once on a time, not so long ago, nor so
far from Millersburg as it might be, a good
hearted man and his long-tongued, styled-
talking wife attended a social party. Al-
most every three minutes his wife would
check her husband thus:

"Now, William don't talk so loud!"

"Come, William don't lean back in the
chair that way!"

"Now William, let the girls alone and
sit by me."

At last forbearance ceased to be a virtue,
and the husband, who was really pitted by
all in the room, arose and said:

"I beg pardon of the company; but as
my wife insists on being boss all the time
it is right she should wear these!"

And he deliberately took off his pants,
handed them to her, and sat down in his
boots and drawers.

The company was astonished; the woman
burst into tears. The happy couple soon
went home, but neither of them wore the
pants.

How the affair was settled we cannot tell
but the last time we saw William he had
the pants on. We are inclined to think
she will not again bring in company in a
hurry.

BREVITIES.

A country girl, coming from the field,
told by her poetic cousin that she looked
as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew, said,
"Well, it wasn't any fellow by that name,
but it was Steve Jones that kissed me. I
told him every one in town would find it
out!"

The loveliest faces are to be seen by
moonlight, when one sees half with the eye
and half with the fancy.

Diseases are merciful enough to come up-
on a man singly. Outward calamities gen-
erally come in throngs.

It is a serious thing to live. It is the
source of an endless existence whose future
will be influenced by the present and the
past. It is that which must receive a shape
and perform its work by us. "To be or
not to be?" is not the question. We are,
and must exist forever. The life that is
within us will continue and develop itself
evermore. It must then be of momentous
consequence to us how we live.

AN ECCENTRIC WIDOWER.

The Wander-
er of Vienna, relates the following incident:
"An elderly gentleman, a widower,
recently died in the neighborhood of this city,
who had the singular practice of never
wearing a pair of stockings the second time,
but of every day putting on a new pair
which had been knitted for him by some
old woman whom he knew, and whom he
paid liberally. At his death he left two
thousand four hundred and thirty-eight pair
of woollen or cotton stockings, and two
thousand and two pairs of thread, all care-
fully put away. This, originally, is said to
have arisen from a sort of pious remem-
brance of his wife, who had been only a
poor knitting-girl before her marriage."

In the garden of Garrick's villa, at Hamp-
ton Court, a curious scene occurred between
Hannah More and Lord Monboddo. That
whimsical, but learned man, was a guest of
Mr. and Mrs. Garrick at the same time as
himself. They were walking together in
the garden, when his lordship astonished his
fair companion by a declaration of love,
and an offer of his heart and hand. His
advances met with a positive refusal; and
Lord Monboddo, on this returned to the
drawing-room, when he amused Mrs. Gar-
rick by telling her what had just occurred,
adding, "I am very sorry for this refusal;
I should have so much liked to teach that
nice girl Greek."

[Recollections of Wilberforce.]

A renowned New York clergyman lately
preached rather a long sermon from the
text, "Thou art weighed in the balance,
and found wanting." After the congrega-
tion had listened about an hour, some be-
gan to get weary and went out; others soon
followed, greatly to the annoyance of the
minister. Another person started, where-
upon the parson stopped in his sermon, and
said: "That is right, gentlemen; as fast
as you are weighed, pass out." He con-
tinued his sermon at some length after that,
but no one disturbed him by leaving.

BE CONTENT. There was a boy who only
wanted a marble. When he had a mar-
ble he only wanted a ball; when he had a
ball he only wanted a top; when he had a
top he only wanted a kite; and when he
had a marble, ball, top and kite he was not
happy.

There was a man who only wanted mon-
ey; when he had money he only wanted a
house; when he had a house he only wanted
land; when he had land he only wanted a
coach; when he had money, house, land
and coach; he wanted more than ever.

Be content with little, for much will have
more all the world over.

A CAPITAL HINT. A writer in the New
York Times has the following palpable and
scriptural hint at the Parliamenter's Con-
vention:—

"History repeats itself." "And there
is no new thing under the sun."

For the original of the Cleveland Con-
vention, see 1st Samuel, 22d chapter, 24
verse.

"And every one that was discontented
gathered themselves unto him; and there
were with him about four hundred men."

REV. DR. BRACKENRIDGE. This vener-
able Kentucky patriot recently said in a
speech before the Union Convention at Lex-
ington:

"The pending question with Union men
of Kentucky was whether they should be
tormented over bodily to the Union Conser-
vative National Convention, to assemble at
Chicago. He characterized it as one of the
aliases which the rogue always takes to cov-
er up his rascality. It would be no Union
Convention, as it would be composed of
those who had sympathized with the Vail-
lan, digham party of Ohio, and the Guthrie
party of Kentucky. It would partake of the
disunion character of those factions. The
object of that convention was to nominate
McClellan, whom it was impossible to elect,
and who, if elected would destroy the na-
tional cause. The ulterior object was to
split the Union party in Kentucky, and, if
possible, defeat it in the election of a Pres-
ident. He warned Kentuckians against be-
ing drawn into such a suicidal course."

The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, AUGUST 19, 1864.

UNION NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

ANDREW JOHNSON,
OF TENNESSEE.

FOR CONGRESS,

2d District.—SIDNEY PERHAM.

FOR GOVERNOR,

SAMUEL CONY,
OF AUGUSTA.

Oxford County Ticket.

FOR SENATORS,

WILLIAM W. VIRGIN of Norway.
THOMAS CHASE of Buckfield.

FOR SHERIFF,

HORATIO AUSTIN of Canton.

FOR CL. ATTORNEY,

WILLIAM W. BOLSTER of Dixfield.

FOR REG. OF PROBATE,

JOSIAH S. HOBBS of Paris.

FOR CO. COMMISSIONER,

NOAH B. HUBBARD of Hiram.

FOR CO. TREASURER,

WILLIAM A. PIDGIN of Paris.

Special Notice.

We this week withdraw the club rates for the Democrat, and would announce that, in future we shall be obliged to adhere to the published terms in all cases. The reason for this will be apparent to all who will consider the matter for a moment, in the increased price of every article used in the making up of a newspaper; and in accordance with the action of nearly every paper in the country. We regret the necessity for this course, but between two evils we choose what seems to be the least. Most of our subscribers are receiving very much larger returns for their products than heretofore, and will find the change will still leave a balance in their favor, and we trust they will continue to give us their patronage, which we shall endeavor to return by making our paper as nearly indispensable to the people of the County as possible. Of course the paper will be furnished to those who have paid in advance, to the end of the time paid for.

Men and Money.

If this government is saved from destruction, the people must do so by furnishing the means, within their reach. Two things are indispensable to our national salvation, men to fill up our armies and money to feed and clothe them and provide the munitions of war. Withhold either, and the purchase of the blood and sacrifices of our revolutionary fathers goes down in eternal night. Here is the alternative squarely presented, men and money to prosecute this war to the complete and final overthrow of the rebellion, or the end of free institutions and republican government upon the American continent. Do the loyal men and women of the country feel the force of the idea? Do they see that the whole question hangs suspended upon this point. To carry on this cruel war against the best government the world ever saw, Jeff. Davis does not ask for volunteers, he brings down his iron heel of despotism upon the necks of the old and the young, the beardless boy and the gray-headed sire who are all forced into the ranks, to serve in his crusade against freedom. This is his system of obtaining men to carry on this atrocious rebellion. How different with us. Upon every principle of comity between a government and its citizens, it has a right to call upon its able-bodied men to protect it, alike against foreign or domestic foes. It is upon this principle that our government is founded. The people make the government and the latter in return guarantees and secures to the former all their civil, religious, political and social rights. The obligations of a people to take care of their government are co-extensive with its obligations to take care of them. Acting upon this principle, President Lincoln has from time to time since the attack upon Fort Sumter, called upon the people to volunteer to save their government, not his, from destruction. In a spirit of patriotism they have nobly responded and gone to the field of conflict, while many have laid down their lives for their country. Our heroic sons are now in the field, fighting for their homes and our homes. They need help, they must have re-inforcements. Shall we leave them in the hour of peril? The President in the performance of a high and sacred duty says no; and calls upon the people again to "rally to the battle cry of freedom" and send to the field "five hundred thousand more" to finish up this rebellion. Shall we send them? Every truly patriotic heart will answer yes, we will! But how shall it be done? We will answer; volunteer, go, not wait for the draft. History does not furnish an instance, where a government and people have held out the inducement ours have, for men to enlist. Just look at it. The general government pays its soldiers \$300, the State pays the same, while individuals and towns in their generosity stand ready to contribute an additional sum, giving the soldier from seven to nine hundred dollars bounty to start with. They now receive \$16 per month and clothes and rations. Then the towns take care of their families when they are gone. If they

are sick or wounded the government in co-operation with the Sanitary and Christian Commissions extends to them a mother's care; and if they fall, a whole nation does homage to their memories, while the government pensions their surviving relatives. What more can the government and the friends of humanity do to induce men to come to the rescue? But the whole truth should be told. If men do not enlist and will not volunteer, then the draft must come and will come. It is volunteers, not drafted men that get the bounties. The President would be recreant to his high trust to leave the heroes in the field to perish for want of recruits and reinforcements; still more recreant would he be to let his country perish, when it is in the power of the people to save it. Then let all who have a spark of patriotism left in their bosoms come to the rescue, take hold and help in the great work of enlisting men. If age, infirmities or other causes prevent your going yourself, pay your money, use your influence, work. What will all your farms, your shops, your merchandise be worth to you without a country? Then rally once again. Every indication is, that if the people promptly respond, this is the last call that will be made, it will make an end of the rebellion and bring an honorable peace.

But in addition to men, we must have money; our armies must be clothed, fed and paid. Our people never made money faster than they are now making it, and it is their bounden duty to loan their surplus to the government. There can be no safer investment than to put your funds into government securities. Read the circular of the Secretary of the Treasury advertising for subscriptions to the government loan of \$200,000,000 to be invested in Treasury Notes payable in three years from Aug. 15, 1864, bearing interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent, with semi-annual coupons attached payable in lawful money. These Notes can be converted at maturity into six per cent gold bearing bonds. Now what better investment can a man make of his surplus funds. We venture a prediction that these bonds never will be below par. The revenue of the government now amounts to about a million per day. Our National debt is large, but it can be doubled, say, quadrupled and yet every dollar of it be made good. Our vast resources as a nation are not yet half understood. The closing up of the war will open new fields of industry and enterprise. When that period arrives, (for come it will) we shall for years enjoy a state of financial prosperity unparalleled in our national history. We are now all in the same boat together. If government securities fail then all private securities will go down with them. Let every man who has fifty dollars that he can spare put into government Bonds. Your money will then give you a good return and go to feed and clothe the gallant soldiers in the field. Don't be frightened, be a patriot; be a MAN; do your duty to God and your country and great will be your reward.

A Good Letter.

The Military Agent of Maine, at Washington sends us the following letter, as "too good to keep."

To the wounded Soldiers from Maine.
In response to the call of the people of Maine in behalf of our wounded soldiers now in the several Hospitals, the ladies of West Peru have with diligence and industry collected the articles contained in this box. We wish our brave soldiers from the Old Pine Tree State, to know and to feel that those they have left behind have not forgotten them. No, we never forget the brave ones who are fighting for the protection of the best government the world ever knew, and who for our sake are willing to sacrifice life, health and happiness. Can we do too much for such as they? From the depths of the dense forest, from every hill-top and pleasant valley, the echoing response, sounds No! It is waited to us on every gentle breeze, and we read it in the rippling wave of every tinkling rill, and from the mother's aching heart whose idolized son she has sent forth to join the bloody conflict ascends to heaven a fervent prayer for the noble defenders of our Country's rights. O may you who are suffering from the results of this unjust war ever retain the noble principles which actuated you to leave your friends and home and join the Army whose object it is to purge from our beautiful land rebels and traitors, and forever hush the clank of slavery's chain. Maimed and crippled, perhaps for life, you have still one consolation left you, that you with true patriotism and earnest zeal performed your duty faithfully to God and your country, and the bright laurels you have won shall crown the brightest pages of history long after rebels shall cease to be. Even I in my humble station of life have suffered from this rebellion—the bitter sarcasm of the many who are opposed to this war have often caused my woman's heart to quail—and when I have been sneered at as a bigger I would feel that I must relinquish the work commenced, and then when I again cast my eyes upon the columns of the daily paper and there read the sufferings of our brave, my heart takes renewed courage and with the feeling that my feeble efforts may render some relief to our poor suffering soldiers. Our things that we send are not composed of the most delicate fabrics for many of them are gathered from the humble cottage of the sturdy farmer; but may they do you much good. And please remember that the same kind providence smiles on you in Virginia as when at your peaceful homes in Maine. This cloth must sooner or later pass away and the bright sunshine will then appear. FROM A SOLDIER'S FRIEND.
Oxford County, Me. 1864.

Commencement at Bowdoin College.

As many of our readers are interested in the exercises of commencement, and two of the sons of "old Oxford" graduated in the class of '64, (Nahum W. Grover, of Bethel and Webster Woodbury of Sweden.) we condense the following from our exchanges.

The first exercise of Commencement week took place, on Sunday afternoon, in the Congregational Church, Rev. Prof. Packard delivering the Baccalaureate Address upon the occasion.

Monday all the trains brought large numbers to attend the exercises. The church was most tastefully decorated by the graduating class, with the American flag. Over the pulpit a shield was suspended, wreathed in roses, and inscribed "64." From the pulpit red, white and blue bunting was suspended to either transept. In four of the arches of the nave near the main entrance was suspended flags tastefully festooned and fastened to the pillars that support the arches. The effect of the decorations was fine, as there was less than in former years, and one felt looking upon them, as if not oppressed with an attempt at display, which ever detracts from the pleasure that otherwise might be experienced.

The prize declamation of the Junior Class took place in the church on Monday evening. The pieces were all highly patriotic. The prize was awarded in equal parts to Cotton, Easton and Fullerton.

The House was better filled than ever before upon a Monday evening preceding Commencement, and the audience appeared to be pleased with the exercises of the entire evening, not omitting the music given by the Bowdoin Cornet Band, an institution which we hope will keep up its organization and drill, for long years to come.

The exercises before the united literary societies took place Tuesday, P. M. Prof. Walter Wells of Portland was the orator of the occasion. His subject "The world is inexorable." It was one of the happiest efforts of the gifted orator. Rev. Elijah Kellogg was the Poet of the occasion. "Mind is immortal," was his subject. The Poet does himself much credit in his poem. The Germania Band was present, and furnished the music for the public exercises, and this leads us to speak of the concert Tuesday evening, which was quite fully attended, notwithstanding the drenching rain. And we but express the sentiment of all present, when we pronounce it one of the best ever held here on such an occasion. Miss Adelaide Phillips, the "Prima Donna," made a decidedly favorable impression upon the audience by the display of her artistic talents.

On Wednesday the graduating class delivered their parts for the degree of A. B. Nineteen young gentlemen participated in these exercises.

The Salutatory, by Charles T. Libby, Portland, was a scholarly production.

Nahum W. Grover, Disquisition. Law the Basis of Liberty.

GROVER displayed great good sense in the discussion of the question, "Law the Basis of Liberty," a truth that every conservative man fully admits. It was only another way of putting the point so well argued in the Baccalaureate address by Professor Packard. Grover's declamation was well suited to the sentiment of his part.

Oration. The Nation's Golden Hour, Webster Woodbury, Sweden.

WOODBURY read the warnings of the hour, and expressed no wonder that in the usual aspects of the war, the heart might be depressed; there was a light to silver the dark cloud, and to bring good out of seeming evil. The oration was characterized by a hopeful spirit, and by a high tone of thought and reflection; and was earnestly spoken.

Thirty young gentlemen received the degree of A. B. After the exercises in the church, the Faculty, Boards of overseers and trustees, together with the graduating class, alumni, and invited guests, repaired to the Hall, and partook of a bountiful collation got up in Robinson's best style. After discussing the substantial viands, came the feast of Reason, and flow of Soul. Gov. Cony, Gen. G. F. Shepley, Prof. Boody, (formerly one of the faculty, now of N. Y.) M. H. Smith and others made stirring and spirited addresses. Gen. Shepley, right from the seat of war, made happy allusion to his Alma Mater, and reminded the audience that if it ever become necessary in order to save the country for the honored head of the institution, to doff the "Fool's cap" and don the soldier's chapeau. If he was not ready to obey the call, he was unworthy the position he occupied. He did not anticipate any such necessity.

Prof. Boody has just made a donation to the college of \$50,000. He said if there was any one connected with the college, from its humblest tutor, to its honored head, not fully in sympathy with the government in this great struggle, public sentiment demanded of him to vacate his position, that it might be filled by one more worthy the trust.

Thursday was class day. The class just graduated met at the chapel and marched in procession to the Old Oak, preceded by the Germania band, where the chronicles were read by Hovey. The prophesy by Davis, poem by Wood. The parting address by Libby was a fine production. Then came the smoking of the pipe, the parting hand's shaking, the farewell song, and the young men were fairly launched upon the world.

The correspondent of the Boston Journal after speaking in commendation of all the exercises, says, we but express the general sentiment without disparagement to any member of the graduating class when we

say, that the Salutatory by Libby, the disquisition by Bennett of Bridport, the orations by McKeen of Brunswick, and Woodbury of Sweden were superior productions, and bespeak great promise for the future of these young gentlemen. We are indebted to the Brunswick Telegraph for much of the foregoing, and the Daily Press.

Editors' and Publishers' Convention.

Considering the nature of their business, there was a large representation of the editors and publishers of the State, at the meeting held in Portland last week. The Convention was called to order by Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., and the first action was the forming of an association, with constitution and code of by-laws, as a basis. A list of officers was chosen as follows:

Nelson Dingley Jr. President.
E. H. Elwell, 1st Vice President.
Jas. M. Lincoln, 2d " "
Theo. Carey, 3d " "
H. R. Morrill, Secretary.
Jos. B. Hall, Corresponding Sec.
W. A. Faldin, Treasurer.

The President, Jas. A. Homan and Brown Thurston, Executive Com.

The next meeting will be held at Bangor; for which occasion E. H. Elwell was chosen Essayist; and Rev. E. P. Weston, Poet. Resolves were adopted recommending an increase in the subscription and advertising rates of the papers in this State from 20 to 50 per cent. by Sept. 1st; and a scale of prices was adopted for job work.

The Address by Hon. Chas. Holden, was an admirable paper, filled with matter illustrative of the importance and progress of the newspaper business, of great interest to the public as well as the profession. It is to be published.

At the close of the address a sumptuous dinner was served at the Preble House provided by the members of the press in Portland. This part of the business was discussed with avidity, and at its close graceful speeches were made by Messrs. John Neal, Judge Kingsbury, E. H. Elwell, the President, and Mr. Waters, of the Boston Advertiser.

Thursday was devoted to an excursion to the islands and a clambake.

On Thursday evening the closing meeting of the association was held, and after the passing of various complimentary resolves, an adjournment was effected.

The members of the Association visiting the city are deeply indebted to several resident members for courtesies extended, no effort having been spared to contribute to their comfort and convenience.

COL. BEAL. We are happy to say that the absurd report that has circulated to some extent through private sources, in this vicinity of late, of the arrest of Col. Beal, has no foundation, as all who knew the Colonel declared at once. The report probably grew out of a movement made to settle the priority of rank in his brigade. In the Gulf, Gen. Banks issued a special order recognizing his original commission, which made him the ranking Colonel. The War Department does not go behind that issued last year, which makes him the junior though acknowledged to be the superior officer in the command. To settle this matter the commanding officer sent for him to go to Washington, where the friends of Col. Beal hope the question will be put to rest, by giving him a Brigadier's Commission, which he might have received long since had he paid less attention to his duties and more to his personal advancement.

ADVANCE IN PRICES. Nearly all the Boston weekly papers have advanced their rates to correspond with the increased cost of production. The advance agreed upon is from 20 to 60 per cent. The daily papers have been forced to do the same. The Journal contains no rates for annual subscriptions, but is sold at 30 cents per week. The Daily Advertiser is put at \$12.00 per year. The papers have not paid the cost of the white paper at the old rates.

The Copperheads held their State Convention at Bangor, on Tuesday. Judge Howard of Portland, was nominated for Governor, on a compromise platform. Judge H. is understood to be a peace man at heart, but supports the war for outside effect. He is probably pledged to the satisfaction of the most extreme copperhead in the party.

CONGRESSIONAL EXTENSION. The select Committee on the North Eastern Defences, after making their report at the last session, planned to look over the ground, and left Portland, in a government steamer for that purpose on Friday last. They purpose to go to Eastport, thence up the boundary line, and come home via Montreal. Many guests were invited, and tickets extended to the Boston and New York press, and a few papers in Maine. They go in for a big time; and as the chairman remarked, "no one will be asked to pay any bills."

The Indians in Nebraska have become so troublesome that several companies of militia have been ordered out to punish them. Several emigrant trains have been broken up and their stock run off.

It is reported that there is double the amount of wheat in Chicago, that there was one year since. Nearly all Atlantic dealers also have large stocks in hand, which will tend largely to make up for the diminished crop in some sections the present season. The wheat this year is reported to be well filled and heavy.

In Pennsylvania, the amendments to the State Constitution, allowing soldiers to vote, have been carried by a vote of 104,000 to 103,000.

Bethel Items.

Lieut. Robbins Grover and Maj. Abernethy Grover of the 13th Me. Regt. arrived home last Saturday.

Rev. Mr. Brooks and Rev. Mr. Cooper, Episcopal clergymen from Philadelphia, occupied the desk in Rev. Mr. Wheelwright's church last Sabbath, and Rev. Mr. Gilbert of New York that of the Universalist Church.

Crops are looking finely. Grain is heavy though the stalk is light. We were tempted to prophesy four weeks ago that we should have rain commencement week at Brunswick. We wish now we had done so.

Mr. Leander Grover of Bethel, came home recently from the seat of war wounded in the foot which failed to heal up, and it was amputated by Dr. Collins on Monday of this week.

The printer mistook our figures in the thermometer record two weeks since, and we correct it as follows. Aug. 1st. The thermometer stood today, at an elevation of 660 feet above tide water at 98 degrees at 1 P. M., being the highest ever recorded in town. At 10-12 P. M. it stood at 77.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT. As Alphin Twitchell, Esq. was driving across the common at Bethel Hill in a buggy one day last week, a cow pursued by a dog ran against the carriage, with such force as to break in the seat, and what was singular, broke the hind wooden axle-tree on the opposite side square off, and bent the iron axle which was unusually strong to a right angle. Mr. Twitchell was thrown from his carriage upon his right shoulder, but fortunately escaped without serious injury.

The mosquitoes have retired to the swamps. Your correspondent from Mexico seems to doubt our veracity in regard to the number we killed while fishing. We refer him to the July No. of the Mosquito Herald, where he will find they acknowledge an inglorious slaughter. Your Fryeburg correspondent thinks theirs excel ours in size. A big mosquito is almost harmless after having feasted on the corpulent Fryeburgers. It is your lank-bodied, long-legged, lobster-eyed mosquito, such as we have that pumps the blood out of you.

But mosquitoes are nothing compared with the wasps and hornets we meet with while haying on the meadows. To move into a big hornet's nest, start up with horror, drop your sythe, run off in zigzag lines like a rudderless dog, tear off your hat crown in the flight, look the very victim of desperation, start and run again, and finally receive a stab in the rear through a pair of thin indispensables, this is terrible. Prob Jussiter!

The 13th Regiment reached Augusta on Tuesday of last week. On Friday evening the pay-master appeared and the men were paid off next morning without any of the vexatious delays so often experienced. Col. Rust arrived at his home in Norway, Saturday, where he received the warm greetings of hosts of friends.

Capt. J. D. Felton of Paris arrived home on Saturday morning.

A CURIOSITY. A barn swallow, white as snow, has been seen flying about in this village, for a few days past.

SABBATH SCHOOL PICNIC. In calling attention last week to the meeting at West Paris, we designated the wrong day. Persons will observe by the notice of the Committee that it occurs on Wednesday, 31st inst. a week from next Wednesday.

It is stated that W. H. Simpson, editor of the Republican Journal, was arrested on Thursday of last week, and taken to Bangor, to answer to an indictment, for publishing an article against the draft. He pleaded not guilty, and was held on his own recognisance, for appearance at the next term.

We learn that our Bethel correspondent, N. T. True, M. D., has been engaged by the Trustees of Monmouth Academy, to take charge of that institution the next term. The doctor was preceptor at Monmouth for many years, before removing to Bethel. The Highland Boarding School is suspended for the present, in consequence of the increased cost of provisions &c.

A correspondent of the Lewiston Journal questions the statement in the Portland Press, that a Justice of the Peace must have a license. He thinks such a license could not be exacted unless the income was above \$1000 per year.

Mr. A. A. Barker, of Ebensburg, Cambria Co. Pa., has been nominated by the District Conference as the Union candidate for Congress. He is a native of Lovell, in this County.

A SMART OLD MAN. Mr. Martin R. Stetson, of Norway, a gentleman 80 years of age, has recently done 15 consecutive days' work, for which he received one dollar per day. This would have been good wages for him sixty years ago.

The Caravan on Saturday attracted a very large collection of people, filling our spacious street to repletion. One mishap only has been reported. Two carriages, passing the corner of Main and Lincoln streets, interlocked the hind wheels. They were going with such force as to break the axle-tree of one, and the shafts of the other. No one was injured.

The reported death of Gen. Forrest, was a mistake, as appears by an order bearing his name, lately issued.

MAINE ITEMS. A Washington paper says the Maine 12th had two pet bears connected with their regiment which they brought all the way from Louisiana.

Mrs. Henry Flint, of Rockland, accidentally fell down stairs on Wednesday last, and broke her neck.

The Waterville Mail informs "long-winded" subscribers that, at the present price of paper, their patronage isn't worth retaining.

Operations at the Portland Sugar House are suspended, owing the high price of molasses and labor, the manufacturing tax and non-demand of the residuum.

In the case of Margaret Wallace, charged with an attempt to poison a family in Portland, verdict of "not guilty" was rendered on Thursday.

The Camp Meeting at East Livermore is to begin Aug. 29th.

Dr. Brown of Liberty, has been found guilty in the U. S. District Court at Bangor, of obstructing the draft.

Students may be admitted to the Normal School in this State, without a pledge to teach in the State, by paying a tuition of \$5.00 a term.

Travellers in the White Mountain region this summer complain that many natural objects of interest are defaced by the advertisement of New York quack medicine men.

On Sunday last Andrew Worthing, son of Ames Worthing of Norridgewock, Me., aged seventeen years in attempting to swim from Spaulding's Island to the main land was drowned.

The grist and saw mill on the Great Works river in South Berwick, Me., belonging to Isaac P. Yeaton, Esq., was burnt on Saturday morning, 16th ult. An incendiary set fire to a corn house, near by, from which the flames communicated.

The Union men of the third Congressional District have nominated Hon. Jas. G. Blaine, for Congress. This selection was the unanimous voice of the Convention, as well as of the people of the District, who appreciate as well the industry with which he has labored, as the ability which enabled him at once to take a first rank in the House.

PEACE CONCLUDED. The Paris Press, under reserve, announces the conclusion of peace between Germany and Denmark. The basis is unknown. The amnesty has been slightly prolonged.

Washington correspondence says that Col. Henry O. Kent, of Lancaster, N. H. Postmaster of the U. S. Senate, has been removed by the Sergeant-at-Arms and a German Assistant Postmaster appointed to fill the vacancy. Colonel Kent says the office can be held only by one who will consent to be the tool of the sergeant-at-arms; and the treatment endured would have caused him to resign rather than perform the duties during another session.

It is now stated that the recruits for the 8th regiment, who expected to be discharged with the original members will be held for three years. The recruiting officers who assured them that would be the case did so without authority.

The Democrats in the first District have renominated Hon. L. D. M. Sweet, for Congress.

A GOOD THING. It is calculated that in New York, since the increased tax on tobacco one half the smokers have stopped.

The Mail reports a Horse Trot, that came off at Waterville, last week, under the management of the Waterville Horse Association. A premium of \$75.00 was carried off by "Lady Dixfield," owned by A. S. Hines of Dixfield—time, 2:40 3-4.

We learn that the town of Hartford, at a meeting held on Monday, voted a bounty of \$250 each to the men who should fill their quota, and that the men have been secured already.

The Androscoggin Union Convention made the following nominations: Senator, Jeremiah Dingley, Jr.; County Commissioner, Lee Strickland; Reg. of Probate, Geo. S. Woodman; Treasurer, Isaac G. Curtis.

A man who had lost his left eye appeared before the Enrollment Board the other day to have his name stricken from the list, but learned that it was just such men that the government wanted as they can sight their muskets without squinting!

[Lewiston Journal.]

DEATH OF CDS. R. ATWOOD. Among the brave boys who fell at Petersburg on the 30th ult. in the charge that followed the explosion of the rebel fort, was Sergt. Charles R. Atwood, son of Mrs. Tuttle, of this village, and grandson of the late Dr. Thayer. He was in Co. B, 324 Me. He enlisted from Norway, where he had been residing. He was the only son of a widowed mother, who, though she shares her affliction with thousands of others, who have made similar sacrifices, has the earnest sympathy of the community.

[Waterville Mail.]

A town meeting will be held next Monday, to take measures to let our quota with volunteers.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES ARE recommended for public speakers, and others for the relief of Colds and to clear the voice. Their efficacy is strongly attested by Congressmen, Clergymen, Military men and others who use them. *As there is imitation, be sure to OBTAIN the genuine.*

READY - MADE CLOTHING,
Of a choice selection,
All of which will be sold cheap for cash, or ex-
changed for any kind of COUNTRY PRODUCE
for which we will allow the highest market price.

which of October, 1962, for seventy-two dollars and sixty-three cents. All persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing said note, as payment is stopped. Said note is payable in one year from date with interest.

SAMUEL THOMPSON,
Hamlin's Grant, June 29, 1964.

Job Printing neatly executed
at the Democrat Office.

**Cards, Tags and Bill head
printed at the Democrat Office**

FARMERS and all others who are daily using at their houses, stables and yards, quantities of water, can facilitate their labors by repairing old and inserting new PUMPS, and in laying new AQUEDUCTS, all of which will be faithfully done by employing the undersigned.

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