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The Oxford Democrat.

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Professional Cards, &c.

FOSTER & HERSEY,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,
BETHLEHEM, ME.
JOS. FOSTER, JR., CHAS. H. HERSEY.
DECEASED 1872.

S. H. HUTCHINS,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
HUMPHREY, ME.
April 7, 1874.

SETH W. FIFE,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
BETHLEHEM, ME.
COMMISSIONER for New Hampshire.
March 10, 1874.

G. D. EISBEE,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
Buckfield, Oxford County, Me.

EDGAR S. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 80, Water Street,
PORTLAND, MAINE.
Office open from 10 to 12 o'clock, A. M.

E. S. RIDGON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
101 Exchange Street,
(Over Tolson's),
PORTLAND, MAINE.
Collections promptly attended to. Oct. 20, 1873.

WILSON & SWASEY,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.
GEORGE A. WILSON, EDWARD E. SWASEY.
South Paris, June 10, 1873.

F. W. REDLON,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
LEAVELAND, MAINE.
Will practice in both Oxford and York Counties.
December 1, 1873.

J. S. WRIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PARIS HILL, MAINE.
Office open from 10 to 12 o'clock, A. M.
Collections promptly made. Also, special attention given to business in Probate Court.
May 6, 1873.

MAINE WATER CURE.
(NOT COLD WATER CURE).
Devoted Exclusively to Female Invalids.
WATERFORD, MAINE.
W. P. SHATTUCK, M. D.
Resident Physician & Operating Surgeon.
All diseases treated with the most successful results.
NAPHTHALI MASON,
DEPUTY SHERIFF,
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.
All process in this office promptly attended to.
Aug. 17, 1873.

FREELAND HOWE,
INSURANCE AGENT,
NORWAY, ME.
Office—over Dr. J. C. Irish's.
Fire and Life Insurance on favorable terms.
July 10, 1873.

J. C. IRISH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BUCKFIELD, ME.
Dr. Irish has been appointed EXAMINING SURGEON for Passengers, and will attend to the duties of this office.
July 10, 1873.

DR. G. P. JONES,
DENTIST,
NORWAY VILLAGE, MAINE.
Dent. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver or Vulcanite.
Kilburn, Buckfield, Me.
July 10, 1873.

DR. N. GAMMON,
DENTIST,
MECHANIC FALLS, ME.
Will visit Buckfield the first Monday in each month and remain through the week.
No pains will be spared in endeavoring to give perfect satisfaction.
Nov. 24, 73.

DR. H. W. FIELD,
DENTIST,
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.
Will be about the week after the first Monday in each month.
South Paris, July 15, 1873.

SAMUEL R. CARTER,
PARIS HILL, ME.,
LIFE & FIRE INSURANCE AGENT
—FOR—
OXFORD COUNTY.

S. R. C. represents only first-class Companies and will issue Policies at as favorable rates as any other Agent. Applications by mail for Circulars of Insurance, promptly answered, and any part of the County visited if requested. April 1.

E. WALTON,
DEALER IN
SPECTACLES, JEWELRY, WATCHES,
CHAINS, SEALS, KEYS, PICTURES & FRAMES.
Also on hand and for sale a lot of FINE WARE and other things.
Oct. 10, 1873.

Poetry.

THE REWARD.

BY JOHN G. WHITTEY.

Who looks back from his manhood's prime
Says not the spectre of his misspent time;

And though the shadows
Of faded eyes, planted thick behind,
Heeds no reproachful whisper from the wind
From the loved dead!

Who bears no trace of Pausanias' evil force,
Who shuns the sting, O terrible remorse!

Who would not cast
Half of his future from him, but to win
Without oblivion for the wrong and sin
Of the created past!

Also the evil which we fain would shun,
We do, and leave the wished-for good undone;

Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;
Four, blind, unscrutable servants all
Are we to-day.

Yet who, looking backward o'er his years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,
If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To share and aid, in some ennobling cause,
His fellow men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
One ray of sunlight to the hall of sin;
If he hath bent
Strength to the weak, and, in the hour of need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed,
Oh, he, hath been—

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The pulse to him in whom he moves and lives,
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guess Job has to do just about as she tells him to do."

"That's so, fast enough," said Lot Quimby.

But Job declared that it was not so; and he became very angry when his companions laughed at him and expressed their pity for him.

But when Job Potson went out from the store and started for home, he began to wonder if they had not told the truth. Job was not a large-minded man. He was honest and kind-hearted, but lacked energy and decision.

Still, he had some pride, as all small men are apt to have; and the remarks of his companions had touched him in a tender spot. As he walked homeward he thought the matter over, and finally came to the conclusion that his wife did rule. He called to mind all the domestic arrangements and doings of the past week, and he was forced to admit that he was in many respects the governed. He stopped square in the road and put his foot down.

"This won't do," he declared to himself. "I must turn over a new leaf. By the great Moses! I'll be master in my own house! We'll see who will govern!"

Sarah Potson sat in her kitchen, engaged in mending her husband's sock. She was a medium-sized, mild-faced woman, with clear hazel eyes and dark brown hair—a faithful, loving woman, frugal and industrious, and possessing a good share of firmness and decision. The house was clean and in order; the shed was a pattern of neatness; the barn was well kept; the cows and pigs were fat and sleek; the orchard was trim; and the farm productive; and a careful observer had but watched the doings of fifteen years, would have said that Sarah Potson was the genius who presided over all this order and thrift.

Job Potson reached his home, and hung his hat upon the back of a chair, and sat down by the stove.

"Job," said his wife, without stopping her needle, "I guess you had better fix your front doorstep. The plank on the lower step is loose. And after dinner would be a good time to secure the beam over the tie up. You had better do it before the stanchions get loose. The cattle can work them a little now. A stick in time saves nine, you know."

"I'll look out for my barn," said Job, placing rather an undue emphasis upon the "my."

His wife's needle fairly stopped, and a look of surprise crept over her face. What did the man mean?

"But, Job," she suggested kindly, "have you noticed that the beam is loose?"

This rather staggered Job Potson; but he quickly recovered himself, and placed his foot a little more firmly upon the floor.

"Sarah," he said, "I will look out for my own affairs. If you will attend to your duties here in the house you'll do enough."

"Job Potson, what do you mean?"

"I mean this," replied Job, speaking quickly and snappily. He hadn't the strength to speak slowly and sternly. "I mean this. I'll be master of my own affairs. I don't need a ruler, and what's more, I don't intend to have one."

Like all men who are venturing beyond their depth, Job Potson was obliged to make up in bitterness what he lacked in power.

At first his wife was astonished; but as she saw that he kept his eyes on the fire, not daring to raise them towards her; the truth flashed upon her. She was a woman of quick, keen perception, and she knew he had been down to the store, and she knew who were in the habit of congregating there. It was just as plain to her perception, as though she had heard Sam Shute and Tom Burnham ventilating their stores of domestic philosophy.

"Job," she inquired, very quietly "what are my duties?"

Now Job Potson had put his foot into it, he must not back down. He was not a diplomat, and he answered squarely and bluntly:

"Your duty is to obey your husband; and," he added, fixing himself firmly in his seat, "I hope you'll do it."

"Do you mean that you are going to turn over a new leaf in the family?" inquired Mrs. Potson.

"That's it, exactly," cried Job. "You've hit it the first time."

"And are you to be master?"

"I am."

"And hereafter you want none of my suggestions."

"Hereafter I shall pay such attention to your suggestions as I think they merit."

Mrs. Potson resumed her sewing.

"Poor, dear little man!" She did not say this aloud; but she thought it to herself. A quiet smile stole over her pretty face, and she patted her foot upon the floor. She had not the least thought of being angry with her husband, not the least in the world. She knew his weakness; and she knew something had been turning him.

"Job," she said, after she had reflected a few moments, "I am your wife. You are a man, while I am only a woman. It is right that you should command. Give me your orders as you please; but I beg of you to treat me kindly."

What in the world was Job Potson to say now? He had never heard his wife speak so softly and so sweetly before. He sat upon his heels. He got up and went to the closet; he tried to whistle; and finally

he left the house. He went to the barn, and examined the beam over the tie up. It was loose, and he saw at once that it ought to be fixed, but he would not do it then, it would look too much like being governed by his wife. By and by he went around and looked at the steps of the front door. They certainly needed fixing, but he would not do the job until after dinner

PARIS, MAINE, MAY 5, 1874.

Newspaper Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the office—whether directed to his name or not—is responsible for the payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is prima facie evidence of fraud.

The Currency Question.

Intimations are pretty generally thrown out that the question of the financial policy of the government, that is, the issue of inflation or contraction is likely to be the over-riding one in the formation of parties hereafter. The West and South seem united in demanding more bank facilities, while the middle and Eastern States are as solid for contraction. Already, party lines in the West are lost sight of, in this currency question, and we find bitter political opponents uniting on the same financial platform. It is much to be regretted that sections of the country are so arrayed against each other, in the advocacy of policies so diametrically opposite. A country like ours, with such a vast territory, including many climates and diverse interests, must require great latitude in legislation for its various wants—but nothing is more to be deplored than the arraying of section against section.

Is there any necessity for this, on this currency question? It is undoubtedly true that the condition of things in the West and South is peculiar and quite different from that existing in other sections of the country. The West is being developed, and they have always needed money to keep pace with their spirit of enterprise. They are always borrowers, and claim that the capitalists of the East demand exorbitant rates of interest. On the other hand the lenders say that western risks are hazardous and command higher rates. The West says more capital is required to move their crops and do their business, and that the people are suffering. So, too, of the South. They could formerly hypothecate their growing crops, and meet their wants, and when they owned their operatives, they were not required to pay them monthly, as now. They claim to be suffering for more capital.

The great objection to an increase is, that it disturbs present values, depreciates our currency, carries gold up and thus encourages speculation and gambling in stocks, and puts off the day of resumption of specie payments—that most desirable event.

Of the different remedies proposed, and we have read the views pro and con, we are satisfied that a system of free banking, upon a proper and safe basis, would work the best. Our national banks are great monopolies and have monstrous privileges. Their capital, being interest paying Government bonds, together with their circulation, gives them large profits, and when the business interests of the country most require their aid, they shut down at pleasure, and allow their officers or favorites to do an immense brokerage shaving business, almost over their own counters, thus taking advantage of the necessities of the public. This is all wrong, and could not exist under Free Banking—for the laws of trade would regulate, and the demand creates the supply, at fair, living rates.

Capital and labor should not be arrayed against each other—for their prosperity depended upon mutual interests—but when the former is too grasping and it appears that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer, it is time to speak for the people and demand a change of fronts. In such a conflict, we desire to be found on the side of the people and advocating their interests, and we beside the republican party when it proves recreant to those who rallied to its support and have ever upheld it, in times of peril.

—The *Levinston Journal* says: The enterprising Boston *Globe* has interviewed the independent journalists who were reported to have come to Boston to agree upon some plan for the resurrection of the liberal-republican party, and have discovered that their journey had no political purpose whatever. Messrs. White, Watterson, Bowles and Halstead, who dined the old Cincinnati quilldust to gether eighteen months ago, are now merely on a pleasure trip. Their statements regarding the position of the West on inflation are interesting, showing, as they do, that the most intelligent of the people do not endorse the Congressional expressions of their representatives.

—The *Boston Journal* says that Hon. Israel Washburn, Jr., will be a candidate for the U. S. Senate, and that his friends will give him a vigorous support. As Gov. Washburn was a prominent and warm supporter of Mr. Hamlin, at the last election, he will draw many from Mr. Hamlin's ranks, should he consent to be a candidate. Whether Mr. W. has the brand of "U. S. S." on him or not, he has a lively name, and possesses merits and qualities which admirably fit him for the position.

—The oration of Senator Stuart, in Music Hall, Boston, last week was a masterly effort of a gifted man, and an eloquent tribute to a dear friend. The *Boston Journal* of Thursday gave it in full. It took two hours and twenty minutes in the delivery, and was listened to by the most distinguished auditors of the State. It was an oration which will stand among the best ever delivered in our country.

—Indictments have been found by the Androscoggin county grand jury against Oliver Otis, Wm. B. Kimball and Fred. M. Kimball, publishers of the *Auburn Clipper*, for libel on E. G. Harlow, Ara Cushman and A. K. P. Knowlton.

The Arkansas Trouble.

In 1872 a division in the Republican party in the State of Arkansas resulted in the nomination of Joseph Brooks as a candidate for Governor by the "Liberal" wing of the party, while Elisha Baxter was the "regular" candidate. Baxter was duly declared elected, and entered upon the duties of his office in January. It is claimed frauds were practiced during the contest for the office, but whether to such an extent as to "turn the scale" in Baxter's favor is, and must ever be unknown. About a year ago Brooks commenced an action in the Circuit Court for the office of Governor, and the Atty. Gen. entered a suit against Baxter, by *quo warranto*, in the Supreme Court. The latter court decided that they had no jurisdiction in cases of contested elections; and there the matter rested for a time. The friends of Brooks, about two weeks ago, marched forth an armed band to the State House and took possession, after ejecting Baxter, who had acted as Governor since January, 1873. This step caused the arming of forces in the interests of each party, which at the present writing are menacing the peace and quiet of the State. At this state of affairs the President was called upon for aid, but he steadily refused to have anything to do with the matter.

Some blood has been shed already, and the end is not yet.

Speaker Blaine.

During the last two weeks Mr. Blaine has shown himself to be the equal of any of his illustrious predecessors, as an admirable presiding officer and a thorough parliamentarian. The struggle in the House over the financial bill was a very excited one, and innumerable points of order were raised by the eager contestants seeking to utilize every possible advantage in the conflict. Many of these points were of exceedingly complicated character, involving nice distinctions, and requiring for their settlement a thorough knowledge of the rules and a wide acquaintance with precedents. In every instance Mr. Blaine was prompt and lucid, and in no instance did he see his rulings reversed. Moreover, he bore himself throughout with an impartiality that was admitted on all sides, and by his perfect control of the turbulent body before him, greatly facilitated the transaction of business. Gen. Butler, at the close of one of the most exciting sessions, said, "Not one man in a million could have held the reins as Blaine has to-day;" and the Speaker has certainly shown in the last fortnight his intellectual readiness, executive capacity, and physical vigor, make him one of the ablest presiding officers known in the history of the republic. —*Detroit (Mich.) Tribune* 20th.

From the Minneapolis Tribune.

A SAD EVENT.

Sudden Death of Hon. Rufus S. Stevens.—Some Account of His Useful Life.
We announced in our issue of yesterday the serious illness of Hon. R. S. Stevens, and that his attack might prove fatal. The fears expressed were realized at an early hour yesterday morning, when the insidious disease which had attacked him gained the mastery, and he gave up the fight. Mr. Stevens had been sick a week, and his death, consequently, was a sudden and unexpected one. On Wednesday, the 15th inst., he went out of his place of business without his overcoat, and meeting a gentleman with whom he had some business transactions, he stopped longer than was prudent and talked with him. The next morning he woke up with a severe chill, and typhoid pneumonia immediately set in. From that time to the hour of his death, he suffered exceedingly, and had great difficulty in breathing. He died at ten minutes past two yesterday morning, and was conscious up to within ten or fifteen minutes of his death, and knew all the surrounding friends about his bed. He was perfectly calm at the approach of death and expressed himself ready and willing to go. He was at peace with the world and except the pain of parting with friends, he felt no sorrow at leaving it. Mr. Stevens leaves a wife and two children, one a girl about thirteen years old, and the other a boy of ten. He had two sisters here, Mrs. E. B. Bigelow and Miss Jane Stevens. Mr. E. Morse is a brother of Mrs. Stevens.

OBITUARY.

Rufus S. Stevens was born in Paris, Oxford county, Maine, in October, 1821 and was at the time of his death about fifty-two years old. He had a good education in his youth, and when he reached manhood, engaged in the mercantile business in the town of his nativity. He continued in this business until within a few years before he came to this State, when he went into the flour business, buying Minneapolis flour and finding a market for it in Maine. In addition to his private business, Mr. Stevens' services were in active demand by the public. He held a number of offices in the town and county in which he lived, and in 1869 was elected to the House of Representatives in Maine, and in 1861 to the Senate of the same State, all of which positions he held with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of his constituents.

In 1866, being somewhat troubled with his lungs, he decided to remove to this State, and in September of that year he took up his residence here. It was his intention to engage in the banking business here, but he changed his mind, and with his brother-in-law, Mr. E. Morse, rented the People's Mill, and ran it under the firm name of Stevens, Morse & Co. In the spring of 1869, they gave up the mill and went into the wholesale grocery business with George R. Newell, under the firm name of Stevens, Morse & Newell. He remained with this firm till the Spring of 1872, when both he and Mr. Morse retired. He was not in business then until April, 1873, when he came to Gen. W. D. Washburn and Leonard Day, commenced the erection of the Palisade Flouring Mill in this city, which was completed and began running this Spring. Mr. Stevens was the directing mind of

the firm, and gave his personal attention to the mill, and was deeply interested in it up to the last days of his life.

In November, 1872, Mr. Stevens was elected a County Commissioner from the Third District of this county for a term of three years, which expires January 1st, 1876. He was one of the most efficient members of the Board, always trying to do the just and fair thing on every measure that came up, and giving a great deal of time to his public duties.

Mr. Stevens was a member of the First Universalist Church of this city, and belonged to the board of trustees of the church. He was one of the building committee who are now engaged in the erection of the building of this society. He has been earnestly at work with this committee, and the other members of the committee looked to him for much advice and counsel.

His death is very much regretted by all classes with whom he came in contact. Prominent in all the different relations of life, a public officer who necessarily had much to do with the poor and needy, a leading member of a large church, a citizen foremost in all schemes tending to the advancement of the interests of the city and country of which he was a resident, and a kind, loving and indulgent husband and father, his loss is an unusually severe one, and one that leaves a blank that it is difficult to fill. There are few men here whom the city as a city could better afford to lose, and the worth of the deceased is appreciated by all.

His funeral will take place on Monday, the 27th inst., at 10 A. M., from his late residence on Seventh street corner of Sixth Avenue South.

The news of Mr. Stevens' death here, caused universal sorrow. We were expecting an article relating to his early life, for this issue, but have not received it. [Ed. Dem.]

Silver Wedding.

REMOVED POST, April 28, 74.

Mr. Editor:—Yesterday was a lively day at the parsonage of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, where about fifty of their friends and neighbors met to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding. Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather the friends began to assemble at about three o'clock in the afternoon. The parlor was tastefully decorated with evergreens, and over the door was the appropriate motto "God Bless our Home." On either side of the motto, the dates, 1849 and 1874 were neatly arranged. Over the sitting-room door the numbers 25, in silver, were encircled by a wreath of flowers.

Rev. D. Garland made a few remarks, on introducing Rev. J. Elliott. Mr. Elliott spoke of the kind feeling which had brought them together, and stated that fifteen of the twenty-five years had been spent in their midst. The occasion brought to him many happy remembrances of the past. Then followed a chant, words and music by Dr. H. F. Abbott, written expressly for the occasion, which was very appropriate, and was well received. The exercises were continued by the reading of scripture and a prayer by Rev. D. Garland, made an address, by Rev. Mr. Garland, and a song entitled "God Bless our Home."

The following poem, by Dr. H. F. Abbott, was written for the occasion:—

We gather at this happy place
Of friends and kindred, to praise,
And while our hearts are tuned to praise,
They're hushed with glad emotions.
And earth, whose course is ever right,
At present, is a scene of light,
For we are here to celebrate,
Although the morning is early,
This family jubilee day,
From friends to friends, and near,
Secretly, a word of love,
On golden jubilee day.
And while each one supplies his part,
We'll consecrate the hour,
To the glory of God, the Father,
And when our souls are all
Attracted to his throne,
He'll save the church, where every point
Approximates the central.
The greater are these twenty-five,
"Time passes, and the world is old,"
But the love that binds us here,
Shall never be approximated.
If thought or deed be wrought amiss,
Our hearts are light and true,
And this course we'll follow,
We'll keep it all our lives.
But at whatever point he hits,
The secret, his reputation,
We'll keep his name as pure as gold,
To make his gift a treasure.
Now, joy comes tripping over the way
With banner and song,
And the heart is glad and true,
We cannot help enjoying.
The dates of two sublime events—
Two dates, and nothing more—
"The Fatherhood of God," and
"The Kingdom of Heaven,"
This "Eighteen Seventy-four,"
Above her head, a nimbus shines,
On which we see the shining
"Heavenly Father," and
"The Holy Spirit,"
And, from her silver cloud now,
She gives us signs of promise,
Such as she's ever pouring from
Her overflowing cup.
To whatsoever side she turns,
She walks with courage,
And glads the heart and true,
As well as God's, the Father,
This faithful servant of the Lord,
And his most worthy consort,
Review the years of former days,
And recognize their impact.
And, though a quarter century
Has elapsed, their hearts are true,
Their hearts, unswerving for the change,
And precious love, are true.
Approximating our life
To mark the time of honor,
And, who, with him, has shared life's cares,
Our hearts are true, and true.
With Christ, the Lord, his guiding star—
His heart, the Holy Spirit—
He guides us all in the way
And leads us to the Father.
The next scene presented is faith
By their kind, Christian brother,
Through gifts and congratulations, too,
Requires no dissent further.
To see, while this couple's heart is true,
Through sunset's golden haze,
May every cloud that rises there,
Present a silver lining.
And, when this vernal work is closed—
The last reward is given,
May they receive the prize, "Well done"—
From him who gives from heaven.

Rev. D. Garland then addressed the bride and bridegroom with a few appropriate remarks, after which the reunited couple were congratulated by their children and friends. Mr. Garland stated that as the bride was rather feeble, the bridegroom was abundantly able to receive congratulations from them both. Then followed a happy time of hand shaking and greeting.

At about 7 o'clock, supper was announced. The refreshments were bountifully provided by the friends. Miss Howe and Mr. E. H. Hatch spared no pains to see that all were well served.

After supper, a short time was spent in listening to vocal and instrumental music, several pieces being rendered by the children. The following ode was written by their son, J. F. Elliott:—

Dear children, united in heart and devotion,
To our cherished parents we sing with glad voice,
Our hearts ever within us, with grateful emotion,
Waiting to give them our tribute of praise.
They have guided our footsteps in life's golden morning,
And have made our hearts better to battle for right.
We cherish their precepts, we'll heed every warning,
And cheer by those memories, go forth to the light.
We shall go, not united, but scattered and broken,
The bond that's now not at the family shrine;
But we'll be laid out in our love's purest form,
And the beams of its flame ever brightly shall shine.
May its light like a beacon, gleam far o'er life's ocean,
Ever cheering our path as we far away roam,
We'll cherish forever with fondest devotion,
Its rays speaking love from the "Old folks at home."

Though in fond pleasure alone as they're bending,
A deep shade of sorrow steals o'er each heart,
And grief with our pleasure is now sadly blending,
For soon, says too soon, dear children, we part.
Fare ye well, be ye happy, for soon we must sever,
But still be united in friendship and love,
May our Father now guide us, and watch o'er us ever.
Till an unbroken band we're gathered above.

All of Mr. Elliott's children were present to witness the ceremonies. Although father and mother have both been brought to the borders of the grave, the family still remains unbroken.

The presents made a very fine display around the sitting room table. Though this was their silver wedding yet articles appropriate for all the other anniversaries—wood, tin, crystal, silver and gold—were presented. Mr. James G. Haynes, of Boston, presented the couple with ten bright silver dollars accompanied by a very fine letter. The presents and money received were valued at about two hundred dollars. If the weather and traveling had been favorable, many others would have been present.

We are requested by Mr. and Mrs. Elliott to express their heartfelt thanks to their many friends for their kind remembrance of them, and may God bless them, ten, ten, an hundred fold. N.

Norway Temperance Association.

The citizens of Norway met at Concert Hall, April 24th, for the purpose of organizing a Temperance Association. Albert Sanborn chairman. The committee of the previous meeting reported a name, The Norway Temperance Association, which was adopted. The association then proceeded to elect the following officers: President Dr. O. N. Bradbury; Vice Presidents, Albert Sanborn, Robert Noyes, Samuel Partridge, James H. Merrill, Mrs. E. W. Howe, Mrs. Lucy Robbins; Secretary, A. O. Noyes; Assistant Secretary, A. G. Charles. Both the Sec'y and Asst. Sec'y being absent, Fredland Howe was chosen Sec'y pro tem. Committee to draw up articles of Association, Fredland Howe, O. M. Metcalf, E. C. Andrews, Mrs. Lucius Denison, Mrs. Dr. Jones; Committee on music, Miss Jennie Upton, Miss Rosalie Howe, Horace Cole, A. G. Charles. The following committee was chosen to investigate the sale of liquors at the Agency, confer with the Selectmen, and determine, if possible, the amount necessary to be sold the coming year, with a view of lessening the amount: Lucius Denison, A. S. Bartlett, Samuel Burdham, Albert Sanborn, Samuel Farrow, John L. Howe, E. H. Brown, Dr. C. E. Evans, W. H. Jewett.

The Association then adjourned to Tuesday April 28th, at 7 1/2 o'clock. April 28th. The Association met as per adjournment; the meeting opened by a prayer by the Rev. L. H. Talbot. The report of previous meeting was read and approved. The committee on articles of the Association asked for further time, which was granted. The committee on music reported with music suitable for the occasion. The committee on investigation asked for further time, which was granted. The committee on music was authorized to invite speakers to the meetings, and to purchase such music as is wanted for the Association. On motion of A. E. Denison, a committee of three was nominated to select a committee of ladies to circulate the compact of the Association, for every man, woman and child to sign. The following were elected: Mrs. Staples, Mrs. Deane, Miss Fannie Holmes, Miss Jennie George, Miss Emma Denison, Mrs. L. F. Howe, Miss Agnes Andrews. Mr. Melville was called upon and made a brief speech. On motion of Mr. Melville a committee of three was appointed to take into consideration the formation of a Reading room for the Association. A. E. Denison, O. M. Metcalf, Winthrop Stevens, committee. Chose Cyrus Tucker Treasurer. Mr. Rayson made a few remarks; also Mr. E. H. Brown. Adjourned to Tuesday May 5th, 7 1/2 o'clock. Over two hundred have already enrolled themselves on the paper which was drawn up at the first gathering in the Savings Bank. The meeting of Tuesday evening last, was the most enthusiastic of any yet held. The hall was well filled, and much interest manifested.

Ex-Gov. Perham will speak on temperance next Tuesday evening and a large number of Good Templars will be organized by F. E. Shaw. Morrill N. Packard, a young man at work in the shoe factory, lasted a case of boots, containing sixty pairs, in three hours and forty minutes, one day last week. If any of his brother-lasters can beat it, he is ready to try again.

Mr. Leroy Everett of this town, has a yoke of steers four years old, that weigh 7 feet 7 inches each, and weigh 3740 lbs. The owner says there is not five minutes difference in their ages.

Mr. E. L. Bennett, who commenced the manufacture of Hubs in this village last December, is doing quite an extensive business in that line at the Falls. Notwithstanding he has been in business here only four months he has about 2000 sets turned out and seasoning, varying in size from three and three-fourths by six and one-half to twelve by fifteen inches. These hubs are turned out of green elm bolls, after which they receive a light coat of paint, to prevent cracking, and are then set away on one end to season. Most of the hubs we saw at Mr. Bennett's manufactory, were of the large size, and will require some twelve months seasoning. —*Norway Advertiser*.

Paris Hill Manufacturing Co.
Few persons realize the importance which the manufacturing interests of this company have assumed. Commencing business about three years since, with a limited capital, and employing but a few hands, it has grown to be a large corporation, with a capital of fifty thousand dollars, and now employs an average number of forty hands. From the simple manufacture of hand sleds and drag rakes, it now embraces among its manufactured products, Children's Carriages, Hand Sleds, Morton's Patent Adjustable Drag Rakes, Doll Carriages, Boy's Carts Wagons etc. During the past year the company has purchased some 300,000 feet of lumber—principally white ash and oak—for which it has paid an average of \$18 per thousand, thereby putting the snug little sum of \$5,400 into the hands of farmers in this vicinity. The highest price paid for lumber is \$25 per thousand.

The pay roll ranges from one thousand to sixteen hundred dollars per month—distributing about fifteen thousand dollars annually, among the workmen. This money is largely expended in our village. During the spring the Company has purchased the building recently occupied by Hathaway, Davis & Co., and also the "Willis Steam Mill." This gives increased accommodations, and provides a 65 horse-power engine,—both of which were urgently demanded by the increasing business.

All the machinery used is new, most of it having been purchased directly from the manufacturers. There is sufficient mechanical skill among the employees to keep the machinery in good repair, and to suggest and put into practical operation some useful and very valuable improvements. A machine invented by one of the workmen for turning hubs, greatly reduces the price of that part of the carriages.

The lumber is all hauled in the rough to the Company's grounds where it is sawed into blocks and planks suitable to the several uses for which it is designed, and is then stacked away to season. All the blocking, sawing and planing is done by the Company.

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES.

The principal business of the Company during the spring and early summer is manufacturing Children's Carriages. Fifteen different styles of these carriages are manufactured, ranging in price from eight to fifty dollars. During the past season these carriages have taken a higher stand in the market than those of any other manufacture. It seems as though nothing could be more elegant than style No. 38, with the new body and all the other improvements which the Company has introduced this year. Among other improvements, the Company has introduced a new style of body, and a new scroll brace, connecting the spring with the body, and which gives the carriage a light and graceful appearance—combining strength with elegance. In stead of employing the old method of screwing handle and body together, a socket is cast with the scroll brace, into which the handle is fitted, and from which it can be detached by removing a screw, without injuring the appearance of handle or body. The advantages of this arrangement must be apparent to all. Mr. H. F. Morris, Agent for the Company, is inventor of the above improvements. He is also perfecting a new style of spring, it being such a combination of wood and steel as will give greater flexibility with strength equal to that of springs composed wholly of steel.

The pointing of these carriages is done with the best of paint, and the variety and beauty of designs attest to the skill of the artist employed in this department. A heavy coat of durable varnish protects the painting and material from injury by the weather. The upper spring and trimming are done in the best style—only best quality cotton, broadcloth, tpestry and Brussels carpet being employed. The managers think they have secured the services of the best carriage painter and upholsterer in New England. In another year the Company will drive every other carriage from the Maine market.

HAND SLEDGES.

The Company manufactures from twelve to fifteen thousand sleds, annually. These sleds are sold, principally by contract with wholesale dealers, though there is some local trade. All that has been said in regard to painting, varnishing and finishing carriages, will also apply to the same work upon sleds, doll carriages and wagons. The Company readily disposes of all the sleds which it has facilities to manufacture.

DOLL CARRIAGES.
Five hundred dozen of Morton's Patent Adjustable Drag Rakes will be manufactured this season. They are made of the best ash and oak lumber. The teeth are securely pinned into the head, and the whole rake is finished smooth and finished in oil. Mr. Morton has invented a new adjustable attachment which promises to make the rake even more popular than it has heretofore been. It consists of small leather iron ratchets, two upon the head of the rake and two upon the handle. These work together. After raising the handle to any desired height, the ratchets are secured by means of a light bolt. These rakes retail for \$1.25, and find a ready sale.

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—The flood in Louisiana is of an extent almost impossible to realize. The inundation covers more than ten thousand square miles. This is one fourth of the entire territory of the State, or an area equal to one third of the area of the State of Maine. No less than fifty thousand people are in distress. The sugar plantations will be laid waste for two years, and the crops on the cotton lands will be delayed, as re-planting will be necessary. The disaster is aggravated by the fact that most of the overflowed land is occupied by small planters, whom the misfortune will reduce to actual pauperism.

—May day was celebrated by sleigh-rides in our vicinity.

a most welcome and useful present for a boy.

We are indebted to Geo. B. CROCKETT, Esq., Secretary of the Company, for attentions, and for furnishing us with statistics.

May Day Festival—Paris Hill.

Notwithstanding the unpropitious weather and the blockade in walking and traveling, the May Day Festival of the 1st Baptist Society, at Academy Hall, was a complete success. The house was jammed, and everything passed off finely. The entertainment commenced with the Tableau, "Crowning the May Queen." (Nelle Chase.) About 25 little girls and boys, from 5 to 12, radiant with smiles, participated. Miss Aggie Brown has the credit of training them for this pretty display. The red illumination was splendid. Next came JANUARY, with her 16 automatic Wax Figures, the first appearance in Paris. As the curtain rose, the renowned Jarley, (Mrs. Shaw) was seen dusting her figures, and on the call for Jarley by several voices behind the stage, she comes forward, dressed in antique costume and courtesies, with "That's me—I'm Mrs. Jarley" commences explaining her show. The figures are arranged in a semi circle. First comes the famous nurse, Mrs. Winslow, with her Soothing Syrup, (Helen Eastman) in costume, with a baby in her lap—then Mary, Queen of Scots, in old style costume (Lizzie Cummings)—then the Siamese Twins, as usual as possible, Messrs. Palmeter and Watkins—Bluebeard, in appropriate costume, with a blue beard, and key, (Water Estes), Maud Muller, with rake in hand and rustic figure, (Lillie Shaw)—the Chinese Giant, a grand figure in costume (Mr. William Chase)—Capt. Kyd, the pirate, looking apologetic, (Mr. Henry Lowell, of Portland), with his victim kneeling at his feet, (Aggie Brown)—Lord Byron (Everett Bowker)—the crying baby, (Emma Eastman)—the Pease Mermoid, in costume, green dress, with fish's tail, flowing hair, (Fanny Rawson)—the miserable maniac, Martha Bangs, in costume, (Persie Andrews)—Cassibiana, the sailor boy, (Janie Chase)—Diogenes, in a tub, with lantern, and a mask on, (Alma Bowker); and Gen'l Benj. F. Butler, in regimentals—a little 8 year old boy, baby Doe, who is a capital specimen of the original. The figures were wound up, and went through "with the exact motions they would if they were alive." They kept their positions admirably for full 15 minutes, while Mrs. Jarley was describing them, and after the curtain fell, the encore was so strong, they had to appear again, when Mrs. Jarley said "I eased her spirits wonderfully to see received so enthusiastically by such an enlightened audience," and she wound up her figures again to the great applause of the audience. The last piece was a capital Pantomime, "Villains and his Dinah," admirably enacted by Anna Rawson, Rosa Giles and Annie Deane Shaw, arranged by Miss Lillie Shaw, who sang the story behind the scenes. It was entered and the last act repeated.

There was a pretty display of fancy articles, which, with the cream, candies, cakes and tempting refreshments, were all disposed of. There was a fish pond, fortune egg tree, nut guess, and other pleasing games, which all netted valuable receipts, a hundred and twenty-five dollars.

The object was a praiseworthy one, the renovating of the house of worship, and citizens, without distinction of denomination, patronized the entertainment. The Committee of ladies is entitled to much credit, and they desire us to express their thanks to all who contributed in any degree to the occasion.

Accidental Poisoning.

Last Monday, 17th inst., Dr. Augustus Harris of Colebrook, N. H., while attending his patients, complained of feeling unwell, and going home told his niece that he would take some medicine of chloroform. He went to his saddle bag and took out a vial, and going into his office poured out a spoonful and drank it. Returning to the sitting room he felt a prickling sensation in his hand, and went into his office again, but soon returned and told his niece he had taken tincture of acetone, a deadly poison instead of the chloroform. An alarm was immediately given, and antidotes administered, but the victim soon died.

Dr. Harris was born in Paris, Oxford county, September 29th, 1811, and was 63 years and 7 months old at the time of his death. He was a graduate of Bowdoin college, and studied medicine with Dr. Millet of Norway. In 1838 he removed to Colebrook.—In 1850 he married Miss Louisa A. Cox, of Norway, who died a short time since. The death of Dr. Harris is universally lamented.

—All inmates of the Insane Hospital are now allowed to write when and whatever they please to the Committee of Visitors, Hon. E. A. Thompson of Dover, Hon. S. D. Lindsey of Norridgewood, and Mrs. G. W. Quincy of Augusta. The Superintendent of the Hospital is to furnish all inmates with suitable materials for writing, enclosing and sealing letters. The letters are to be deposited in the letter boxes in the wards, to be taken only by the Committee of Visitors whose names are given above.

—The flood in Louisiana is of an extent almost impossible to realize. The inundation covers more than ten thousand square miles. This is one fourth of the entire territory of the State, or an area equal to one third of the area of the State of Maine. No less than fifty thousand people are in distress. The sugar plantations will be laid waste for two years, and the crops on the cotton lands will be delayed, as re-planting will be necessary. The disaster is aggravated by the fact that most of the overflowed land is occupied by small planters, whom the misfortune will reduce to actual pauperism.

—May day was celebrated by sleigh-rides in our vicinity.

A meeting of "Rising Star" Lodge I. O. of G. T. held in Bethel, Friday evening, April 1st, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas death has entered our little circle, taking from thence Bro. H. S. Johnson, an upright man, a good citizen and a devoted friend to that reform for whose promotion we are banded together, therefore

Poetry.

THE UNFINISHED TASK.

[Extract from an Unpublished Poem.]

BY DAVID HARRIS.

I have stood by the unmarked lowly tomb
Of the blacksmith, Hiram Staples,
Who was made a horse,
When his horse was
The old man—Volcan Staples,
I have stood 'mid the gloom
Of a Virgin's tomb.
In the famous land of Naples—
And the dirt was the same
That covered the frame
Of the old man Hiram Staples,
As the dirt that I found
On the poet's mound.
In the beautiful land of Naples,
One went to the tomb,
The other to the tomb,
To the home of the Virgin Mary,
And the other went there
To find his dreams so rare,
And his dreams so rare,
I was sorry that either went under the soil,
The rhyme was finished, or the horse was
And,
But we all pass off with a task undone,
Sad loss and shame, and by one,
Like the old man Hiram Staples,
Or the land who died
'Mid his fame and pride
In the classic land of Naples,
But the jobs that we leave undid here,
We will finish all up in another sphere.

Agricultural.

New England Agricultural Club.

First Meeting in Maine.

Brief and Lively Discussion.

Following the interesting and instructive

lecture of Gen. Oliver, a

discussion was held, and the

meeting adjourned without

delay.

FARMING IN MAINE.

A paper read before the N. E. Agricultural Club, at

the residence of Mr. L. E.

Lucas, Esq., of St. Albans.

What general effect the doings of the

present meeting are to have upon the

farmers of Maine, New England or else-

where I am unable to see. Its delibera-

tions will hardly reach one in ten, and

the other nine are the one that most re-

quire tonic. The most intelligent, and

hence most successful farmers, are here

in competition with another class of

farmers, who live as it were from hand

to mouth, and who supply just enough of

the various kinds of productions of the

farm to give the middlemen and consu-

mers the entire control of the prices, so

that the farmers of Maine have no voice

in the price of any single commodity

raised upon the farm. Even the three

fact men's hands before they get up their

value; among that class of horses the

farmer seldom gets enough to pay the

expense of raising and training. They

cannot price a ton of hay, bushel of oats,

pound of butter or dozen of eggs; and

set of men, consumers and non-pro-

ducers, make the prices; make the price

of all the products of the farm.

The hay crop the present winter, so far

as sold in the interior of the State, has

netted the farmers less than ten dollars

per ton, and the corn they have used has

cost them at least one dollar per bushel.

Now if a hundred of good hay is worth

sixty-five pounds of corn, our farmers

have been making bad trades.

It is an old saying that any fool can

get money, but it requires a smart man

to take care of it. Now what particular

object is it to try to learn our farmers how

to raise dairy cows; beet oxen and large

crops upon their farms? Stop these, and

leave them entirely ignorant as to the

value of them and what to do with them?

What our farmers most want to know, is

the average cost of production of the

thousand and one things they produce

and how to dispose of them so as to cover

that cost of production and a small

margin as profit. If they can be taught

to do the same thing with one half of the

expense they are accustomed to bestow

upon it, it will help them, while the thing

may be done with one-half of the ex-

penditure, I have no doubt. It is almost

a hopeless task to educate the farmers up

to the level of the great States, and the

greatest obstacle in the way

is in reaching them; they are badly scat-

tered and many of them have never heard

of their Saviour is dead. They run

their business the same as most machines

are run, all the time one way. If the

machine runs easy all the time, and if it

labors (goes hard) all the same; they

don't look after the causes of the extra

friction, but put on the power and run it

until the power fails and it comes to a

full stop.

There is talk about brains in agricul-

ture, but is there any instance of the

kind upon record? Would any man of

brains engage in agriculture at the present

time, in its exhausted and badly

damaged condition, with the least ex-

pectation of hope or success? Is there

any other business in the country so bad-

ly managed in proportion to its impor-

tance as that of the farmer? And is

there any general effort to get out of the

old rats? Does not any change suggest-

ed or recommended in the manner of

George Noyes, Esq., of the Massachusetts Ploughman presented the following:

Resolved, That the thanks of the New England Agricultural Club be extended to the Eastern and Maine Central Railroad, for the very generous manner in which they have co-operated with the farmers of New England by providing free return tickets, and thereby greatly facilitating their means of attending the Waterville Convention.

Mr. A. W. Cheever of the N. E. Farmer offered the following.

Resolved, That the officers and members of the N. E. Agricultural Club return their heartfelt thanks to the officers of the North Kennebec County Agricultural Society, for their earnest efforts to secure the success of the Institute; to the citizens of Waterville for the use of their Town Hall and for the many courtesies and attentions rendered; to the President of Colby University for the invitation to visit and examine its valuable cabinet of natural history; to the proprietors of the Williams House, for the very excellent accommodations furnished to us there; and also to the citizens of Maine, for their attendance and assistance in making this Institute one to be long remembered with both pleasure and profit.

The Institute then adjourned without

delay.

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ed or recommended in the manner of

operating the farm and what pertains

thereto, met with a formidable opposi-

tion as coming from a very improper

source, to wit, agricultural reports or

agricultural papers? Nothing takes that

comes to them from the printing press;

they can remember how their fathers and

stock, also in the making and care of manure and application of the same to the soil, to put it on in larger quantities, to work the land when dry and at no other time, and to pulverize it as fine as St. Louis flour, so that every particle of it will help to increase the crop. In short, they ought to learn that their income is only half what it ought to be, and what, with their present outlay in labor and other expense, it might be. There are thousands of acres cultivated in Maine whose crops don't pay the expense of cultivation, and as the soil under such treatment as it gets becomes exhausted, is it any surprise that farmers are becoming poorer?

It is no object to increase the production at a corresponding expense. Associated dairying has engaged the attention of many of our farmers, a number of cheese factories have been built and a number more will probably be built the present season, which I regard as a move in the right direction, not only as a direct cash profit, but advantageous in many other ways. Many things are to be learned that perhaps might never be found out in any other way; they may learn, after a while, that the value of a good horse in good cows will pay as much annual profit as the horse. They can avail themselves of the advantages of the factory system; the farmer that has but a small number of cows can share equally with those having a larger number, in proportion as they furnish milk. One man can market the products of the factory to much better advantage than it can be done under the old system of private dairies.

Again, too much working force is kept upon the most of our small farms here in the State of Maine; the labor of the farms ought to be associated. It is too much expense to keep a pair of oxen, or horses, or both, through the year, for what work can profitably be done on such farms. The hay and fruit crops are all that we can cultivate to any advantage; the lack of fertilizers circumscribes our operations, and our farmers have not generally learned that most of the manure put upon the lands is absorbed by the crop, grown before we come to the hay crop, and they have not learned that an acre of good rich ground will produce three tons of good hay the first crop, and one and one-half tons the second crop which is worth much more than a crop of corn and, as I think, costs much less.

Our farmers need use but little of what we call provender, if they have a good supply of good early cut hay; the hay they sell, which is the best they cut, is worth more for them to feed with their present stock, than it is to sell for what they get for it. When they press it for sale it holds out from two-thirds to three-fourths of what they call it in the mow, which proves that it does not require so much actual weight to winter cattle as many farmers suppose; and when they learn to discriminate between the quality they sell and that they keep and feed to their stock, they will learn that they are largely the losers; that they have sold for much less money than will buy its equivalent in any other kind of feed. It is probable that our farmers raise as good products from their farms, so far as quality is concerned, as is produced in any section of the country; but when we come to the question of stock, dairy products, etc., they fall largely in quality, and sustain large losses in consequence. It is perfectly safe to say that in one way and another they throw away one-half of what ought to be their annual income, and don't know it, but take credit themselves that they have done well. A very easy people to satisfy.

A Green Countryman.

Years ago, into a wholesale grocery

store in Boston walked a tall, muscular

looking, raw-boned man, evidently a

fresh comer from some back town in

Maine or New Hampshire. Accosting

the first merchant he met, who happened

to be the merchant himself he asked:

"You don't want to hire a man in your

store, do you?"

"Well," said the merchant, "I don't

know; what can you do?"

"Do!" said the man, "I rather guess I

can turn my hand to almost anything.

What do you want done?"

"Well, if I was to hire a man, it would

be one that could lift well—a strong,

wiry fellow; one for instance, that could

shoulder a sack of coffee like that yonder,

and carry it across the store and never

lay it down."

"There, now, captain," said the country-

man, "that's just me. What will you

give a man that will suit you?"

"I tell you," said the merchant, "if you

will shoulder that sack of coffee, and

carry it across the store twice and never

lay it down, I will hire you for a year at

\$100 per month."

"Done," said the stranger; and by this

time every clerk in the store had gathered

around and was ready to join the laugh

against the man, who, walking to the

sack threw it across his shoulder with

perfect ease, as it was not extremely

heavy and walking with it twice across

the store, went quietly to a large hook

which was fastened to the wall, and hang-

ing the sack upon it, turned to the mer-

chant and said:

"There, now, it may hang there until

doomsday; I shan't lay it down. What

shall I go about Mister? Just give me

plenty to do and \$100 a month, and it's

all right."

The clerks broke into a laugh, but it

was on the other side of their mouths;

and the merchant, discomfited, yet satis-

fied, kept to his agreement, and to-day

the green countryman is the senior

partner in the firm and worth half a

million dollars.

TO FARMERS.

H. N. BOLSTER

IS NOW

BUYING POTATOES!

Bring them in any day you choose, as he

is prepared to receive them.

South Paris, Feb. 16th, 1874.



Dr. J. C. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a purely vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are well known. The question is almost constantly asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of VINEGAR BITTERS?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and a life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, relieving Constipation or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs in bilious diseases.

The properties of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-irritant, Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful medicine that ever sustained the sinking system.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond repair.

Bilious, Remittent and Inter-mittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of the great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive biliousness of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal ailments. Their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to Dr. J. C. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive system.