

**B BITTERS**

**FREE FROM ALCOHOL**

**CALIFORNIA**

**B BITTERS**

E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

**St. California Vinegar**  
 Vegetable preparation,  
 the native herbs found  
 in the Sierra Nevada  
 California, the medicinal pro-  
 perties are extracted therefrom  
 in Alcohol. The question  
 is, "What is the cause  
 of success of **WATERBURY'S**  
 is, that they restore  
 the system, and the patient recov-  
 ers. They are the great blood  
 giving principle, a perfect  
 invigorator of the system.  
 The history of the world has  
 compounded possessing  
 the virtues of **WATERBURY'S**  
 of all diseases, as  
 a gentle Purgative as  
 relieving Congestion or In-  
 flammation of the Liver  
 and Visceral Organs,  
 as  
 enjoy good health, let  
 a **BOTTLE** as a medicine,

Vol 42

**of alcoholic stimulants**

**EDWARD & CO.**  
Agents, San Francisco, California,  
and Charleston, S. C., New York,  
Ruggles and Bonier.

**an take these Bitters**  
actions, and remain long  
the system, and not deal  
poison or other means,  
wasted beyond repair.

**USANDS proclaim VERMAD**  
wonderful Injunctant that  
a sinking system.

**ntinent, and Intermitt**  
are so prevalent in the  
at rivers throughout the  
pecially those of the Mis-  
souri, Illinois, Tennessee,  
Kansas, Red, Colorado, Braz-  
os, Nebraska, Mobile,  
to James, and many other  
bitaries, throughout our  
ring the Summer and Au-  
tably so during seasons of

The mate, Garley, how I hated him. He was as cool and unconcerned as though he had no

At Cayenne I resigned my ship. Going to the city, I made all my arrangements and took the steamer for New York. I placed ample funds in the hands of a trusty friend and told him to send Lauretta to me at the end of six months. I could not see her until her grief had lost its edge.

The first moment a pair of soft arms were around my neck, I was in the arms of my mother. I was so happy to see her. I could wait no longer.

"Oh, you dear, excellent captain."  
"Heavens, who is that behind you?"  
There stood the manly form of Antoine Hinde-  
clear, the convict.  
"What does this mean?" I demanded hard-  
ly knowing whether I was dreaming or not.  
"Are you glad to see me?"

"Thank God, thank God," was all I could ejaculate. I understood it all. The mate Garley knew my heart better than I did myself. After leaving the brig, in the boat he arranged the whole affair. The volley was fired, but no bullet touched Antoine Hindscler. He was smuggled into his berth again, and took care to avoid

I sent Garley a thousand dollars as a reward. I am now an old man; but I am happy. My children and my grandchildren (I call them nothing else) seem to think old Captain Fountainbleau is not such a wretch after all.

### An Awkward Witness.

At an assize held during the past year, both judge and counsel had a deal of trouble to make the timid witnesses upon a trial speak sufficiently loud to be heard by the jury; and it is possible that the temper of the counsel may

thereby have been turned from the even tenor of its way.

After this gentleman had gone through the various stages of bar pleading, and had coaxed, threatened, and even bullied witnesses, there was called into the box a young ostler, who appeared to be simplicity personified.

"Now, sir," said the counsel, in a tone that would at any other time have been denounced as vulgarly loud, "I hope we shall have no difficulty in making you speak out?"

"I hope not, sir," was shouted, or rather belated out by the witness, in tones which almost shook the building, and would certainly have alarmed any timid or nervous lady.

"How dare you speak in that way, sir?" said the counsel.

"Please, zur, I can't speak any louder," said the astonished witness, attempting to speak louder than before, evidently thinking the fault to be in his speaking too softly.

"Pray, have you been drinking this morning,

"Yes, zur," was the reply.

"And what have you been drinking?"

"Coffee, zur."

"And what did you have in your coffee, sir," shouted the exasperated counsel.

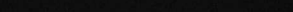
A good story is told of an old farmer, whose son had for a long time been ostensibly stud-

ing Latin in a popular academy. The farmer, not being perfectly satisfied with the course and conduct of the young hopeful, recalled him from school, and placing him by the side of a cart one day, thus addressed him:—"Now, Joseph, here is a fork, and there is a heap of manure and a cart; what do you call them in Latin?"

Joseph: "Well, now," said the old man, "you don't take that forkibus pretty quickibus and pith that manusibus into that cartibus, I break your lazy backibus." Joseph went to workibus forthwithibus.

NOTES AND ITEMS OF MAINE.—It is stated that several of the military companies throughout the State propose to disband because the legislature refused to appropriate enough for them to have a master.

Chicago is called the Insurance Companies' Cemetery.



Original issues