ARBITTERS
FREE FROM ALCOHOL
CALIFORNIA
AR BITTERS
ker's California Vinegar
urely Vegetable preparation;
om the native herbs found
anges of the Sierra Nevada,
alifornia, the medicinal pro-
ph are extracted therefrom
e of Alcohol. The question
asked, "What is the cause
eled success of VINEGAR BIT-
nswer is, that they remove
ease, and the patient recov-
They are the great blood
fe-giving principle, a perfect
Invigorator of the system.
the history of the world has
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qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS
sick of every disease man is
are a gentle Purgative as
relieving Congestion or In-
the Liver and Visceral Organs,
nses.
ll enjoy good health, let
EGAR BITTERS as a medicine,
use of alcoholic stimulants
McDONALD & CO.,
eral Agents, San Francisco, California,
ington and Charlton Sts., New York.
Druggists and Dealers.
can take these Bitters
directions, and remain long
led their bones are not de-
neral poison or other means,
ns wasted beyond repair.
housands proclaim VINEGAR
ost wonderful Invigorant that
the sinking system.
Remittent, and Intermit-
, which are so prevalent in the
great rivers throughout the
, especially those of the Mis-
Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee,
Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Bra-
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ALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as
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Palpitation of the Heart, Inflam-
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will prove a better guarantee of
an a lengthy advertisement.
, or King's Evil, White Swel-
s, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck,
fulous Inflammations, Indolent
ns, Mercurial Affections, Old
tions of the Skin, Sore Eyes,
these, as in all other constitu-
ses, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS
their great curative powers in
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Inflammatory and Chronic
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Paints and Minerals, such as
Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and
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, take a dose of WALKER'S VIN-
AR BITTERS occasionally.
n Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter,
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or this purpose use VINEGAR BIT-
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nd its impurities bursting through
in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores;
when you find it obstructed and
n the veins; cleanse it when it is
feelings will tell you when. Keep
pure, and the health of the system
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d General Agents, San Francisco, California,
Washington and Charlton Sts., New York.
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The St. Andrews Standard.

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Poetry.

A SOUTHERN SPRING SONG.

The blithesome Spring is coming,
And the mellow sunlight falls
Where the golden bees are humming
In their honeysuckle halls—
Where the coaxing little song birds
Woo their mates amid the trees,
And the music of their love-words
Pass like echoes on the breeze.

Young flowers with dew are laden—
Tell-tale relics of the sighs
Of some little fairy maiden
Who was courted neath the skies,
When mortal folks were sleeping,
And, through leafy bower and dell,
Sly, merry stars were peeping—
Watchers who will never tell.

Skies of Summer may be brighter,
Fairer flowers beneath them grow,
And its breezy touch be lighter
Than the Spring wind's vigorous blow;
But Spring time kills the cold days,
Decks the meadows and the bowers,
And, when dying, in its old days,
Leaves us Summer and its flowers.

SELECT TALE.

TOM'S FOOLISHNESS;

And the way He Manifested it.

Another girl! and girls are of no earthly use in France without a dowry; and Monsieur Marillac stalked out of his house in a rage.

The little new comer, who was named Marie, was the fifth daughter come to vex the paternal committee of ways and means. As matrimony is the chief end of a French girl's existence, it was no wonder that poor Monsieur received the congratulations of his friends with his heart wrong side out.

But little Marie throve in spite of the frowns, and at sixteen had developed into a fine, handsome, and brave girl, so that her father was wont to stroke her long brown hair, and say, "True you are a girl, Marie, but you have all the qualities of a man. That is a great comfort."

At that time Marie had two lovers—one old rich, and whose suit her father favored; the other young, and not rich, whom Marie married without the blessing of her father. Her husband had just completed a medical education. He was tall and handsome, and his name Pierre Marquerat. A week after their marriage Pierre found himself nearly penniless, and the young husband and wife soon bade good bye to France, to seek a home and fortune in America. They landed in New York beginning the work of home-making with empty hands, but strong hearts full of love. Pierre gradually won a place for himself and his profession, which added to Marie's excellent management furnished them with all the real comforts of home. But every year or two brought a baby, until there were seven, all boys. Ah! if my father could only see my seven boys, he would adore me, and quite forgive me for being a girl myself. Marie would proudly say.

When the youngest was three years old, almost the entire family was stricken down with fever. From days and nights of watching, Pierre, who was less strong than Marie, became prostrate—from fatigue, his physician said; but he would be quite well after a little rest. In two hours he was dead, and the eldest son lay dying.

From that day Marie was broken-hearted. She had loved her husband with the whole force and strength of her intense nature. From the day she married him until he lay dead at her side no other man had seemed to her so large souled, so noble-hearted, so devoted and true. She did not weep—her grief was too deep for that. Her heart, if she had one, was stone. Nothing moved her. All sorrows fell so far short of her own as to seem not worthy the name of sorrow. She was still so young, barely thirty-three, and she already had drunk to the very dregs the sweetest and saddest of life's wine. For her woman's heart there was nothing left. For her mother's heart there were six boys, and for her brains and her hands the care and support of them. She had her home, but to income now. What could she do? Teach French, and take a few boarders. So in a few week's time saw the happy, bright-eyed, vivacious Marie changed into a pale, sad, black-robed woman, with her handsome boys gathered about her like a constellation, and half a dozen gentlemen to sit at her table and learn French. Most of them were professional men, while one or two were her own countrymen. The first to come was Tom Sigismond, partner in a down-town tea-house and the pet of a bachelor coterie, many of whom had been class-mates in college, and led the usual life of well-to-do fellows who have no "incumbrances." Some one in the firm was wanted who understood French, and why not learn it himself? A Franco-American friend gave him Madame Marquerat's address. The artlessness of madame's broken hearted face, made the formal business matter a foregone conclusion. And so it happened that being the first by a day on the carpet, Tom was given the late doctor's place at the table, "if he would be so good as to carve." Carving was as new and untried a business as speaking French. But he was a fellow to do anything for a woman except marry her. He would carve if he amputated his hands in the operation. And then those six distracting boys with their interminable French chatter, with their "mamma, mamma, mamma," kissing her, hugging her, rubbing their heads against her, overwhelming her with their devotion, and trying her patience to the utmost! How could he ever expect to learn all their pretty French names, much less abide in the midst of such a bedlam?

And so each and all of the gentlemen thought, but had their wonderings answered by the nameless graces of the widowed madame. Day by day only enhanced their admiration, and astonished them with their capabilities. From morning until evening neither her hands nor her feet seemed to find rest. There were always the boys to be sent to school the market, her French pupils, her household to superintend; and yet she seemed always so incapable of fatigue, always so tidy, and always courteous, and ready to talk, but always so very, very sad.

One day Gustave, the third boy, was brought in from the street with the blood streaming from a wound in his head. It had been nearly a year since Pierre had died, and until now Marie had thought she had no heart. But the sight of her bleeding child showed her that she had, and she gave way to a flood of tears. After, that she was quite like the impulsive, vivacious, and warm hearted Marie of old. She was a Frenchwoman in a thousand ingenious ways—so rich in tact, in expediency, in helpfulness; but had it not been for all those boys, one might never have known what a character she had. One day it was teaching little Pierre never to lie; another, Louis the beauty of unselfishness; another, courteous manners to Colet, generosity to Claude, or patience to Paul. She was certainly the most wonderful mother these men ever had seen; and neither had they forgotten their own. The sight of her and her boys day after day developed their own fatherly instincts and longings for a home and fireside and a madame of their own. But where could such another Marie be found? None of them asked himself that question oftener than did handsome Tom Sigismond. Women were so tremendously deceitful! He could count up a score of "perfect beauties" he had flirted with, who smiled sweetly, sang and talked like seraphs, and made bewildering toilets; but he declared he knew them to be perfect Xantippes in temper (That was before Xantippe's amiability had been exonerated). If he married, and he certainly never should, but if he did, he wanted to know the woman. Calling now and then, seeing her in the parlor, going to the opera and concert, riding in Central Park and the like, furnished no real clew to her character. Moreover, there was no way to find out, unless one interviewed her maid, or engaged in her employ under the guise of coachman. Even if they were angels, he was afraid of angels, unless it was this French one with her six cherubs.

Of course he learned French with a vengeance. It was a wonderfully courteous language, seeming fitted for only lords and ladies. He was astonished that he had not learned it before. It was "Voulez-vous quelque chose, madame?" in the morning and at night. He charged himself with commissions, and finally grew to taking the boys out by twos for a walk or ride. At the end of two or three years he was the only original boarder left. He had conjugated the verb 'aimer' through all its moods and tenses, and instead of looking further for a Marie, decided to sue for this one, including the satellites, Louis, Colet, Gustave, etc.

One day he fell in with a pair of his bachelor friends.

Where do you keep yourself, Tom? inquired one. I haven't seen you for six months. In love, eh, old fellow?

Yes, I believe I am, said Tom, seriously.

One more unfortunate! doled out the other. Young, rich and pretty, I suppose?

Yes, young, rich and beautiful, answered Tom. No money, a widow and six boys.

Oh, that—excuse me—but that's too thin.

But it's a fact, said Tom; and the friends sobered.

Hey! are you crazy, old boy?

Never less so, old fellows.

Six boys! the dickens! That's beginning life at the top end, I should say.

Very likely; but if there were twelve, it would be all the same. There isn't another woman in the world like her! She's French. I've been learning French.

Y-e-s, I should say so—by heart. Did you propose en Francais, a la Francais?

Haven't come to that yet.

Ah! then you are not hopelessly lost.

Yes, I am. It's a gone case. If she says no, I'm her's all the same

Of course they had abundant reason to think he was a fool. Anybody would, when he could marry any one of the twenty "splendid girls," but instead chose a widow dowered with half a dozen boys! But then he had got beyond public opinion. But what would Marie think? and what would Louis and Gustave and Colet and all those other graded thinkers think? It was no small thing to attack a heart surrounded by such a home-guard. But faint heart, etc., including six boys.

One day Marie seemed unusually sad and perplexed "Some of those horrible bills to meet," Tom surmised, and he couldn't offer her a cent beyond his board, which he made as high as possible. Next day found her face no brighter, and after the boy's were all in bed he knocked at madame's little sitting room, saying he would like to come in for a while. Marie blushed, and putting her fingers to her lips, pointed to little Pierre asleep on a sofa. A low tone suited what Tom had to say, and so he began, after drawing a chair vis-a-vis to her own.

Madame, you are the only woman in the world I know, and the only woman I love. I wish to marry you.

Marie threw up her hands in true French horror

Marry me! Pourquoi?

For yourself

But my six boys! what can you think?

I think they need a father. You are wearing your life out to care for them. Moreover, as they grow older they will need advice and guidance that you can scarcely give. That I want to marry you and the six boys is proof that I love you six times as much as is necessary to love a woman without children.

Oh, but you will think different to morrow.

No; I made up my mind to this six months ago. I have only waited hoping that time and circumstances would make you need me as much as I need you. I hope I am not wholly indifferent to you.

You have been very, very good. But no one can be to me what my Pierre was. I cannot allow you to sacrifice yourself, and I cannot marry again I must give myself to my children—les pauvres garcons! and the tears streamed down her cheeks.

But it breaks my heart to see you distressed, and have no right to help you, exclaimed Tom, seizing the fair white hand, that bore only a wedding-ring, and kissing it in a desperate way.

Ah, then you must go away, sighed Marie.

And never see you again?

Only as a friend.

And you have no other answer?

None other, Monsieur.

Promise me one thing. If you can at any future time give me a different answer, grant me the honor of telling you again how entirely my life is yours, and yours only.

She smiled sadly. There is always hope in such promises, and I will not deceive you You will thank me for this some day, if you do not now.

Of course Tom protested that he never would, and avowed his loyalty and devotion and then, packing his traps, went to a hotel without a word to anybody.

When the fact of his departure became known in the house the boys were furious and overwhelmed Marie with questionings.—Each one missed him in his own peculiar way, and, I wish I do, that Monsieur Sigismond would come back! greeted Marie's ears many times a day And she, poor thing! missed him a thousand times more and more as the days went on, until it was no longer any use for her to deny to herself that she loved him almost as much as she had Pierre. And was she quite sure that she ought not to have said "Yes" for the boys' sake?

One day Colet came dancing in like a wild boy "Oh, mamma, I met Monsieur Sigismond to day, and he asked how the dear, beautiful mamma was and asked about the boys; and I asked him why he went away, and he said he didn't want to, and that he was just going to come back, but you wouldn't let him. Say, mamma, is that so? May a I tell him he may come back?

No, no, Colet; mother thinks he is very good, and hopes that some day he will come back without mother's saying so But he did not come; and although Marie devoted herself to the boys, her heart ached all the day.

Her old friend. Dr. Lausen, who had known her and her husband for many years and who had always been very fond of Marie, came in nearly every evening, with the kind intention of cheering her. True, she would rather a hundred times have been alone, but she was too kind to appear otherwise than glad to see him. On one of these visits the doctor surprised her with an offer of his hand and heart; a very sensible, appropriate, and worthy husband, the world would have said When he had finished, Marie pointed to the door.

Never come through that again with such a thought or wish in your heart, she said, almost passionately. I do not love you; I can not love you: I never can love you You are my friend; I will be frank with you; I love Mr. Sigismond.

The doctor bowed an adieu, and passed out. He was a generous soul. He knew Sigismond. He went straight to the hotel, and sent up his card to Tom.

Glad to see you doctor, greeted Tom, giving his hand a cordial clasp

I've just been and offered myself to Madame Marquerat blurted out the doctor, sinking into an easy chair.

Ah, and am I to offer congratulations? said Tom in a forced way.

Yes, I think you are. Mr. Sigismond. I certainly should if I stood in your boots

Yes? Well, and when is the happy event to come off?

Any time you say. I reckon; and the doctor ran his fingers through his spare locks.

I say?—that's clever. You speak in riddles I hope the event has not affected—clouded—imbittered your—your—

Yes. I think it has Madame showed me the door. She loves another man, Sir—another man.

Her poor Pierre, suggested Tom.

No, it's a live man, and his name is Tom—Tom Sigismond

What! shouted Tom, springing up

Ehh? responded the doctor slowly. It's best not to be excited over it. You can't see her to night: but if you go around to-morrow I think you can fix the matter up: and I advise you to rush matters. I know Marie. She loves you, my boy—she loves you; but she is a proud piece, and if you give her a chance, she will keep postponing the matter to the hurt of you all God bless you!

And you too, my dear man! added Tom, fairly taking the good doctor in his arms.

Tom went around to morrow. The boys were all home from school, and Marie stood in their midst, adjusting some difficulty.

I saw Dr. Lausen last night, Madame Marquerat, began Tom, putting his arm about her, while the boys looked on in silent wonder We will be married tomorrow. He spoke as if an appeal was an utter impossibility Boys what do you say about having me for a father?

Oh, jolly! splendid! they all shouted; and seeing the doubtful look on Marie's face, which by intuition they interpreted, began to plead. Yes, mamma; do please! while Louis drawing back and folding his arms, said with grave dignity:

I tell you what Mr. Sigismond, we think you're a first rate fellow, but you'll have to be awful good to mother. I'm nearly as tall as you now, and I'm well up in gymnastics.

Hush, hush, Louis! laughed Marie, waving the entire corps from the room. What happened afterward has happened a great many times and the oftener it happens the more it baffles description

Next day there was a quiet wedding in the little home parlor with only Dr. Lausen, one or two lady friends, and the boys to witness the ceremony. Tom's friends declared the fellow was a fool. But his mode of reconciling them to his fate was most effectual. He invited them to dine with him, to show off his boys, make them envy him his Marie, and enjoy the most delicious dinners in New York; and they invariably went away confessing that Tom was not such a very great fool after all. That was five years ago, and as an illustration of the power of example, three out of the five bachelors have married widows with daughters, whom they laughingly declare shall marry the Marquerat boys.

ANECDOTE.—In a country town in Massachusetts, a farmer who had for years been in the habit of exchanging one article for another, had a subscription paper presented to him for a book about being published, the terms of which were $1 75 in sheep, or $1.50, in boards. Our agriculturist, duly estimating the importance of correct information, very readily entered his name as a subscriber, with the remark that in boards was cheapest, and he would trade that way. When the distributor presented his book, he was offered in return a pile of pine boards, and told, this is the way I agreed to pay, and I will pay in no other. I have no sheep to spare.

A new way of proposing marriage is reported, and we give the facts for the benefit of those interested. A gentleman attended a fair held in New York city recently and fell in love (as gentlemen sometimes do) with a demoiselle in the floral temple. He bought a ten-dollar basket of flowers, and handing her a fifty dollar bill, said: "If you don't give me the exact change I'll marry you." The blushing maiden handed him back thirty dollars (she was probably confused) and he remarked "I thought so!" Cards will be out early next week!

A party of men are digging for gold at Bridgeport. They've struck a rich vein of quartz—but it's quarts of waters.

Paddy McPaddy, J. P.

An Irishman by birth, a scalawag by inclination, and justice of the peace by some mysterious gubernatorial dispensation, Paddy McPaddy furnished one of the brightest illustrations of "the insolence of office" that ever had the misfortune to witness.

Paddy's judicial career ran its brief course in one of our newly reconstructed States. This single fact must be accepted as an explanation of whatever there may be in this sketch that appears incredible or absurd With this introduction I will attempt to synopsize one of the most remarkable cases that ever set the court room in a roar.

Meilmerr Pretzel was before his Honor, charged with the flagrant misdemeanour of keeping open a tippling house on the Sabbath The statute in such cases made and provided being rather loosely drawn. In fact, no conviction could be had unless the defendant kept intoxicating liquors for sale.

Now, Meinherr Pretzel sold nothing but lagar beer, and he scornfully denied that his mild beverage had anything intoxicating about it. It cheered but did not inebriate. His lawyer determined to make the most of this position, and, at the proper time introduced witnesses of the Teutonic persuasion who so amply testified that nothing less than a barrel of lager would muddle a man in even the slightest degree.

The learned counsel on the side of the prosecution was considerably upset by this testimony, and evidently regarded it as a gone Had declined to make any argument.

But the defendant's lawyer, animated by the prospect of success, delivered himself of a spread eagle speech. He had just quoted a legal precedent, when Justice McPaddy opened his judical lids.

Starp! shouted his Honor.

If your honor please, what is it? queried the lawyer

Be jabers, sar, I wud jist loike to know where that coomes from! replied the Justice.

That—why that is from Archbold's Criminal Pleading—shall I read it?

No! gimme the book!

One brief glance at the title-page was enough McPaddy's eyes twinkled.

Divil a bit of arthority is that! he exclaimed. What d'ye mane, surrr, by bringing British law into an American coort? What is our independince wurth, if we are to be subject to British law?

The spectators roared, and the astounded counsel stammered out the only explanation that could be made—that it was still the common law and had not been repealed by statute.

Common law! cried his Honor, red with ange, wout d'ye mane yer spalpeen, by troyin' to palm off yer old British law on me? Begad, I'll fine yer for contimpt!

Here is the same thing in 'Bishop,' said the prosecuted advocate.

Gimme!

The book was handed to McPaddy, and the title examined as before.

I wont have it! said he; this bouk is printed in Boston!

But, your Honor—

Starp! roared McPaddy. I'll end this case now. The Coort decides that lager beer is an intoxicating liquor, bekase the only toime the Coort was ever dhrunk in his loife, begad, an it was on lager beer! The Coort foinds the defendint guilty—fifteen dollars and carste.

The defeated lawyer bolted in disgust, and his German client paid the fine without a word. But as he sadly descended the stairs he was heard to mutter with much emphasis. "Shoostice! shoostice! And dese is shoostice! I'y tam!

Poor McPaddy! His career was indeed brief He is now shorn of his official honors, and he walks the streets a private citizen But he is happy—he escaped the penitentiary.

Deacon L. Hathorn, a hosiery manufacturer of Washington, N H, received thirty-one hundred dollars in Boston, on Friday, for good old, and on his way to the depot was met by confidence men who claimed old acquaintance and persuaded him to visit their room where Hathorn says he was drugged and robbed of every dollar.

A contemporary mentions that a near-sighted hen which mistook sawdust for Indian meal, ate heartily thereof, then laid a nest full of wooden knobs, and in three weeks hatched out a set of parlor furniture.

The Cincinnati elephant that swallowed two gallons of whisky at one gulp says that he took it for "a cold."

A man hangs himself and "no cause" is assigned, when every one must know that the rope was the cause

A country boy, having heard of sailors heaving up anchors wanted to know if it was seasickness that made them do it.

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