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I WAS CURED OF DEANESS AND CATARRH BY SIMPLE REMEDY, and will send the receipt free. Address Mrs. M. C. EDGEMOTT, Hoboken, N. J. (5167).

THE MAGIC OIL will change any colored hair or beard to a perfect black or brown. It contains no poison. Anyone can use it. One cent per bottle. J. J. MAGIC OIL CO., Springfield, Mass. (5063).

WILL ALL THOSE AFFLICTED WITH COUGH OR CONSUMPTION Read the following and learn the value of Allen's Lung Balsam. Dr. LLOYD, of Ohio, Surgeon in the Army during the late war, from exposure, contracted consumption. He says: "I have no other remedy stating that it was by the use of your lung Balsam that I am now alive and enjoying health."

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DESIRABLE LOCATION FOR SALE. On the main road from Middlebury to Vergennes, in New York, within ten minutes walk of the Depot, Post Office, School-house, Church, &c. 100 acres of land suitably divided into several tracts, and containing a large quantity of wood and timber land; fruit enough for family use; 25 young fruit trees of choice kinds; 20 acres of the best pasture; a good sugar orchard; is well fenced and watered; a two story house, 20x40, painted and blinded, in good repair; 9000 bushels of wheat, 1000 bushels of corn; 12500 bushels of potatoes; a large barn; several outbuildings; a well; and a good well; never-failing water at house and barn. Forty acres of choice meadow of tillage land immediately adjoining will be sold with it if desired. Twenty or twenty-five hundred dollars will be required when possession is given, and the remainder can remain in mortgage for a term of years, if desired. For further particulars, terms, &c., inquire at the premises. J. E. POOD, 46-11.

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FARMERS Can sell their wool at fifty cents per pound; but by getting the wool made into yarn as small expense, and knitting it into socks, two or three dollars per pound may be realized. On receipt of \$25 we will forward a machine as above. We make pocket size AGENTS every nation of the United States and Canada, to whom the most liberal and low prices will be offered. Address AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE COMPANY, 45 St. Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

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The Tell-Tale Diamond. A LAWYER'S STORY. BY JANE GREY SEAVER. The landlady could not describe the caller accurately, for the reason that he wore his coat collar up and his hat pulled closely over his eyes. A button was visible at the breast and, which opened slightly, she caught the glimmer of a brilliant diamond.

There was a clue, for I knew that Thornton was a set of diamond studs. Thinking my informant for the information given, I took my leave, and as I was going down the steps my eye caught the brilliant glimmer of something at the bottom of the stoop, and picking it up, my great surprise it proved to be a diamond stud.

Upon examining the gem by the light of the street lamp I detected the initials "M. T." on the back of it. Retributive justice had favored me and trapped the villain. I knew that my case was gained. My brief was soon finished up with complete satisfaction to myself, and I thought of the case in hand, Manchester, (the aunt of the Misses Rushton), requesting her to be in town on the day of the trial, and acquaint me of her whereabouts, that I might call on her if I deemed it necessary. And on the day preceding that of the trial, I received a note from that lady stating that she could be found at the house of her sister, Mrs. Morton Rushton, and expressing her willingness to do so.

The day of trial at last arrived. The court room was filled with the elite of the city; for the case was one of universal interest. The first witness for the prosecution called was Melville Thornton, who testified to having seen Altonston Wentworth, not knowing that that gentleman was out of town skulking near the bank between eight and nine in the evening on the night of the robbery, as he happened to be passing on his way to visit a friend, and as he came near, he hid in the doorway of a building near the bank. Also that he had surprised him several times of late, when in close proximity to one of the safes.

The next witness was the servant girl at Wentworth's boarding house, whose testimony the reader is already acquainted with. Several other witnesses were called on both sides, but nothing of importance was elicited. The Judge now addressed me thus: "Mr. Cleighorn, have you any other evidence for the defense?" "I have, your honor, one other whom I expect immediately." Just then the door swung open, and Aunt Manchester, escorted by my clerk, walked in. "I am ready to proceed; my witness is here," I said.

Mrs. Manchester testified to the presence of the prisoner at her house, in the room of R., on the Thursday evening of which the bank was robbed, and that he remained through the night, and returned to the city by the eight o'clock train on the following morning. I then requested to be allowed to ask Mr. Thornton a few questions, which request was granted.

"Will you oblige me, Mr. Thornton?" I asked, "by telling me when you noticed the man in the diamond stud which looks so lonely in your shirt front?" "I cannot tell you; I do not remember exactly," he stammered out, turning ghastly pale.

"Do you think you had it when you called at Mr. Wentworth's boarding-house on the night of the robbery?" or did you lose it before you called there?" "I am afraid I cannot call there," he again stammered out.

"Officer," I said, turning to my assistant, "take this stud and see if it will match Mr. Thornton's lonely one. If so, collect the reward offered for its recovery, and give it to him." The villain's eyes seemed starting from their very sockets as the officer held the gem beside the locket.

It was, of course, an exact counterpart. I then began to relate how and where I had found it. The prisoner was immediately discharged, and shut away ruing through the court room, and he wore the hands that clasped warmly that of the prisoner, and Altonston Wentworth went forth from the court room leaning upon the arm of Morton Rushton, that gentleman taking him to his own house.

"Where is Lily?" he cried, as he entered the hall door. "Lily," he repeated; "I want Lily." Something in the tone reassured Lily, who came bounding down the stairs. "Here I am, papa," she cried. "Come, darling, and give your papa a kiss." Poor Lily could not suppress the cry of surprise that rose to her lips, as she saw Altonston Wentworth at her father's side.

Lily Rushton clasped his daughter for a moment to his breast, and tears actually filled his eyes, as he said: "Here, Alfy, take her; you deserve just such a dear little wife as Lily will make." And Alton Wentworth pressed a warm and loving kiss upon his affianced, and murmured: "God is good." "There, go now to the parlor, children," said Mr. Rushton in a happy voice; "I have something else to do besides watching a pair of foolish lovers."

Melville Thornton was tried in a few days, found guilty, and sent to State Prison for a term of ten years. I was greatly astonished an hour after returning from the court room on the day of Wentworth's trial, as I sat in my office, musing over the exciting scenes of the past few days, to receive a visit from Morton Rushton. Ever, who grasped me warmly by the hand, thanking me over and over for having brought the true criminal to justice, and wanting me to dine with his family that night, an invitation which I was not inclined to refuse. Six months after I asked the hand of Helen in marriage, and was readily accepted by both father and daughter. Morton Rushton had learned a lesson which he never forgot. He had learned the true estimate of virtue.

Poetry. Threescore and Ten. She stands upon the border land, Where heaven and earth unite, Her soul projects itself beyond The avenues of sight, And dwelling in the realms that no eye As reached by mortal ken, She seems already crossed a saint. At threescore years and ten Her motherhood is written o'er Her face in latest lines; Her tender heart asserts itself By patient steps, through thorny ways. Through sorrow and through strife, She reached the Pough-light of heaven. The boundary of life. Far down the valley of the past, She sees where foot-prints bloomed, And marks the way's monuments. Whom she has loved and lost, And how the years have grown, And how its bloom has given, Since every step the wanderer took But led her nearer heaven.

"Bet them Speak for Themselves." A CALM VIEW OF THE SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT BY A VERMONT WOMAN. VERGENNES, March 9th, 1870. Have patience, my dear Free Press. If the women are really to "speak for themselves" on this new suffrage movement, pray let each have a voice in the matter; only so that the newspaper men do not stand aghast or fall down faint before the prospect.

I should like to know who are the "menaced victims" that Mrs. Nicholson refers to. (See last Saturday's Free Press, an article copied from the Herald.) I should like to know how our woman, or one class of women, can call themselves the "majority," before a vote has been taken, and counted.

I should really like to know what sex-hood has to do with suffrage? Dr. Bushnell, indeed, tells us that when we vote we shall grow homely, shrill voiced, hungry eyed, and every way disagreeable. I don't see how the argument can be answered, dear "One of the majority," but by a contrary assertion, and the matter decided by actual experiment.

Meantime I wish this question, fairly brought before the people of Vermont, might be fairly discussed by the women of Vermont. What can we as women do with the suffrage? What ought we to do in the way of procuring it, or in the way of using it after it has been procured for us? It certainly is not much of an honor to vote in this country, where the wisest and the noblest man, on an election day; nor much of a trouble, since the loudest men go to the polls.

Something of a responsibility certainly. And we have responsibilities enough already. Possibly too many, and not always of the right sort. But in the course of human events it should become necessary for us women to go to the polls, where the wisest and the noblest man, on an election day; nor much of a trouble, since the loudest men go to the polls.

What if the wives of our well-to-do farmers should not attempt to do the whole indoor work of their large farms—one woman manufacturing butter and cheese, washing, baking, making and mending for a numerous household, besides giving birth to, and rearing her little ones quite as an incidental matter—but as a matter of course?

What if they, and all of us should stop to think what we are really, in our busy, crowded lives, doing the best work there is for us to do? Are there certainly no public interests that need our voice? Are there none in which some of us might do good work? And are there not some of us who need work—work of a different kind than that which is offered them under the old code of propriety?

The laws of this nation are absurdly and almost unjustly in favor of women. It is true that American men are very gallant towards us American women, in many cases of legislation going far beyond justice to do us favors. I hope we do appreciate their kindness and courtesy; but I would rather these laws should not be absurdly and unjustly in our favor. I like the spirit of Mrs. Browning better:

When the day's out and labor done, let's have the evening. If the day's work is done, why call it even? In that we're strict at least, we would be dealt with as fairly, though not with praise. And honored with the truth, though not with praise.

Let our "knightly champions" call us beautiful names, place us a little above the angels; but let us receive such compliments merely, and let us not ourselves repeat them as axioms in a candid consideration of our duties. Let us deal truthfully with ourselves, at least. We know that to be a woman means something more than "obscurely dependent," "faith, love, purity and blessing;" it means sometimes, hard work and small pay, it means also helpless ignorance and helpless idleness, it means sometimes lives wasted in frivolity—often in Vermont it means lives broken down by over exertion.

If the friends of the woman suffrage movement can tell us how these troubles are to be helped by the ballot and its accompaniments, we shall listen gladly; and with the more faith when we consider what a debt we owe them already. Say what we will, these "women's rights" agitators, by their "persistent agitation" of an unpleasant theme, have done us incalculable good; they have opened us up new fields of labor, and new avenues to education; they have waked us up to a higher life, and we are ten times more women than before Lucy Stone and Antoinette Brown began their mission. Let us be careful of calling them names. Thus much, dear Free Press, have I said to bespeak a candid consideration of this subject among the people of Vermont. I have not been able to attend the conventions, but it seems to me the newspaper discussions are often unfair and irrelevant.

For instance, "P." in the leading article of your today's issue, would make us believe, by some sleight of hand rhetoric, that an "Ovidian Community" is to be the immediate result of the woman's ballot in Vermont! And a pitched battle between husbands and wives, besides! What is the use of foolish people frightening children with talk of bears and dark closets nowadays.

marriage ceremony—this gentleman was formerly one of our most respected American Consuls, and afterward became a convert to Catholicity. Miss Evans, sister of the groom, was simply attired in white muslin, which made her adornments of heart and person more manifestly attractive.

The groom was the cavied and happy recipient of repeated congratulations from a crowd, and received his friends with quiet dignity. A telegram, bearing the spirit presence of a friend in New York to the happy pair was received with enthusiasm, and the groom proposed to all present "the health of our friend, Mr. J. W. White," which all joined heartily. She was the only lady present at the marriage.

Until late the room was filled with guests. The floral decorations were beautiful and the fragrance will be preserved long after their leaves are scattered and withered. It is well in time like these, to see that our American daughters are not all bought with gold or titles.

When Gen. Banks occupied New Orleans, Dr. Perkins, the father of Mrs. Evans, was heretofore loyal to the Government, and his only child, Marie Linton (widow of the late Duncan Linton) had been well taught that spirit of love for the Union which cannot shrink from the test of sacrifice when called upon to do so. She owned a large plantation, upon which, at the time Gen. Butler left New Orleans there were 1,700 bales of cotton for sale. Popular among her rebel neighbors, she said if she wouldn't follow Banks' army but remain at her home quietly, they would not molest her, in a manner extremely unbecoming to the least.

I have been interested in the progress of this "so called reform" for several years, and in my experience I have found quite as many (I might with truth say more) coarse, unmanly, masculine women opposing as advocating it; and I have seen that they can oppose it in course, unwomanly ways without taking the stage.

We are positively not all violets and primroses on either side, and cannot help that we are not, therefore let us drop this sort of profligate reiteration. Nor can I conceive that this change is so radical as some of us argue. "Equality before the law" does not mean at all, I trust, likeness of nature or unmean of it.

Men are coarse, unmanly, violent, wicked, refined, noble, talented, just, without reference to their common lot. The ballot is the governing power. But how few men govern. The man at work in my wood house cuts; it is not; it is nevertheless not "subject" to my orders while he is at work for me?

One would think to see some of the arguments of our woman suffrage that the ballot had been the grand badge of sovereignty, the particular glory of the man of the fact is that the United States is not the only country in which universal manhood suffrage has ever existed, and that it has existed here but a few years.

And I conceive that we may discuss this question—may accept the suffrage, without doing any violence to our womanhood, the family, unit theory or even to the so-called Bible doctrine of the wife's subjection to her husband.

I would like to mention some of the proofs of this indeed—I can hardly repress from doing so, but I have met many of the "newspaper men."

Only why can we not bring our common sense to bear upon this as well as other matters? Why must we call those who differ from us "setters forth of strange doctrines"? This has been done before, but the world still stands.

Should we not rather search and see whether or not these things are so? Respectfully, ANOTHER WOMAN.

True to Her Own Heart. AN AMERICAN BELLE REFUSES TITLES AND MILLIONS IN EXCHANGE FOR HER HEART. A large circle of friends from Maine to Louisiana has been unusually surprised by the unexpected marriage of Marie Linton, of Southern birth, who for several years past has charmed the best circles of Parisian society. At the delightful reunions weekly given by her in Paris, the most distinguished among the cultivated in art or literature could not but be favored Americans remember with pride and pleasure the enviable fame of her talents.

This dignified woman's hand, and as he draws forth his trusty still, the adjutant marches to the left and rear of him. The officer in charge now braces his sword close to his shoulder, grinds his heels together, and vociferates, "Creed arms," and the cadets once more "carry arms," with an automaton-like precision. The officer again yells, "Charge pants!" and every private faces half to the right, and repeats an imaginary foe; "Creed pants!" and they resume their former position; "Der hump!" and they come to an "order." The officer in charge sheathes his sword, the adjutant reads the orders; "Snied States Milita, Cademy, S Point, ou York," "S'teenth, and sixty-four!" "Shal 'borders' number two!" &c.

Finally, the cadet officers march in a line to the "officer in charge," shake their fists in his face, and out away with great precipitation on his retreating in a like manner.

The companies, who thus far have been regarding the above proceedings with stolid indifference, now "carry arms," and are marched off at "double time," by the orderly sergeants, the band disappears, and the spectators withdraw, no doubt highly excited with what they have seen, but especially with what they have heard.

West Post Scrap Book. Perhaps the most pleasing sight of the "Point" is evening dress parade. It is five o'clock P. M., and the sun is gently sinking behind the blue highlands, when the drums at the barracks commence their evening call. Now from the sylvan, cadets, attired in full military poppy, saunter forth, and lounge in the vicinity of their respective companies. Now the drums clamor once more, and almost coincidentally a long row of "grey coats" stand as statues, still and motionless, as "carry arms." The spruce orderly calls the roll. Each man, as he answers "Here!" comes to his "order." They are then formed in two ranks, and wait for the band to play them to the parade. The band now, in obedience to the wave of the baton of the adjutant, leads the "cadets" call; and that functionary, attended by his "markers" and the sergeant-major, marches out to make the alignment. Now the captains assume the command, and while from the band there streams a gush of music, the four companies march to their destination. Each company in its turn is aligned by its captain; and all are dressed by the adjutant. They then come with a crash to an "order," and the band, after the preliminary strains, "beat off" from the front behind, gallantly dressed gentlemen with a snuff on his head, and a red pudding-bag hanging out of the top thereof. In his hand he carries a tasseled cane, of a large size, which he wields as easily as a child would a straw. On arriving at the end of his journey, he turns about, and boring a hole in the centre of the band with his magical baton, disappears from view in the bowels thereof.

Soon he emerges, red and pompous as ever, and the "cadets" march in a line to the "officer in charge," shake their fists in his face, and out away with great precipitation on his retreating in a like manner.

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West Post Scrap Book. The following dispatch recently passed through a telegraph office: "I let you one year ago to-night, four dollars and eighty-seven cents. If you have not had it long enough, please keep one year longer." To this delicate hint this suaver was returned: "Had forgotten it, and hoped you had. Let her run another year."

Poetry. Lelancer. The following song was composed and sung by Mrs. A. E. Brazier, at the closing Lyceum at Lelancer, on the evening of March 14th, 1870.

Oh, Lelancer is a jolly town, Its spoils of gold are ready; 'Twould do you good, I know it would, To see 'our folks' together. Like one great family are we, United to each other; In friendship strong, we move along, In harmony together.

Oh, Lelancer is a jolly town, Its spoils of gold are ready; 'Twould do you good, I know it would, To see 'our folks' together. Like one great family are we, United to each other; In friendship strong, we move along, In harmony together.

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