

Agricultural.

T. H. HOSKINS, Newport, Vt., Editor.

THE ARMY OF THE GRASS.

With clover white and clover red, It hides the stain where heroes bleed, Its tender secret keeping;

It finds the graves of blue and gray, It comes on decoration day, With violets and daisies;

It keeps dead memories green for aye, Where wild birds sing their praises.

Down the calm vale where waters run, The grass looks up to greet the sun, Happy in shining weather;

A million joyous blades, like one, Rejoice in light together.

The army of the grass is true, Waving its flowers, red, white and blue, When called by winds to rally;

And, like the hosts of Roderick Dhu, It springs from hill and valley.

Creeping in silence up the sward, It holds its conquest of the ground; Below the captured hill it lies, Its emerald flag embroidered round

With turrets and spires, Like liberty crushed in the dust, By tyranny, the grass will thrust The spear that shall discover

The clod, for, like the truth, it must Rise victor by endeavor.

Let flowers of every hue abound Within the silent camping-ground, Where rest the brave (immortal); For heaven is near the hero's mound, And love waits at its portals.

—George W. Bangs, in Continent.

The article on "Transplanting," in our issue of May 9th, should have been credited to Green's Fruit-Grower.

THOMAS JEFFERSON said: "Let the farmer forevermore be honored in his calling, for they who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God."

THERE is promise of a good fruit year in the Champlain valley. L. W. Macomber writes us from North Ferrisburgh that plums and peaches have blossomed full there this spring. Mr. Macomber has raised peaches each year for the past four seasons.

"MINISTER LOWELL is reported under the weather from gout. His only consolation is the standing one, that it is, at least, a gentleman's disease." So says the Ploughman. This may do for Dr. Loring's organ; but the cold truth is, that gout is the disease of wine bibbers only.

WE are informed that the report of the National Academy of Sciences, the delay of which by the commissioner of agriculture has caused so much complaint, is now slowly passing through the press, and that it emphatically endorses all of Professor Collier's works upon sorghum. No wonder Dr. Loring has delayed it as long as he could.

If we select from the fifty odd million people of this country, every successful man or woman, we shall find them to be educated in the special branch of labor or business in which they have made a name or fortune. The successful men may have been liberally educated in all branches of human learning, but the branch most closely connected with his employment is the one in which he has excelled.

BOSTON CULTIVATOR: "Agricultural Commissioner Loring fails to satisfy the farmers, the agricultural press and other well wishers of agricultural progress, but it is reported that he is a great success as a society man, his dinner parties and evening entertainments being attended by all the political notables at the capital. The handsome doctor shines more brilliantly as a politician than as an agriculturist or an executive officer."

MAINE FARMER: "The removal of Dr. Peter Collier from the position of chemist to the National Department of Agriculture, is commented upon very unfavorably by nearly all our agricultural exchanges. The Connecticut Farmer says that 'in his dismissal Professor Collier suffers no dishonor, while Dr. Loring makes a very heavy draft on whatever reserves of popularity he may possess.' The Massachusetts Ploughman is about the only paper that champions the cause of Dr. Loring and the Ploughman is the organ of the New England Agricultural Society, of which Dr. Loring is the official head."

Mrs. H. B. STOWE says: "An aristocracy, as I take it, is a combination of human beings to divide life into two parts, one of which shall comprise all social and moral advantages, refinement, elegance, leisure, ease, pleasure and amusement—and the other, incessant toil, with the absence of every privilege and blessing of human existence. Life thus divided, we aristocrats keep the good for ourselves and our children, and distribute the evil as the lot of the general mass of mankind. The desire to monopolize and to dominate is the most noted form of human selfishness; it is the hydra with many heads, and, cut off in one place, it puts out in another."

Advice to Young Men.

Edward Atkinson well says: "This is what we practical men observe too often—that the college graduate is a well-bred man, knowing how to apply his mind, perhaps possessing some manual dexterity attained either in athletic sports, or the gymnasium, or in the laboratory; but he has no definite object or purpose. His under-graduate course has had no distinct purpose, and he himself knows not what he is fit for, while his friends cannot direct him. It may be a very crude conception, but this is what I say to the young men with whom I may have influence, 'In whatever line of life you choose to establish yourself, and toward which you direct your study, learn to comprehend its whole purpose—what it means as a part of the

order of society.' If a young man is going into business, the real question which he should put to himself is not, Who is going to serve me? Who is going to make my fortune for me? But the true question is, What service can I render to others for which they will pay me, because I can do something for them better than they can do it for themselves?"

Do or Wet Shorts or Meal.

O. M. Tinkham writes as follows in the Mirror and Farmer: "The best way is to feed with cut fodder and the whole mixed. If fed separately, the meal or shorts should be fed dry. If fed as first suggested, the meal will be thoroughly mixed and be raised in the cud and chewed over again and a better digestion insured. If fed alone, and wet, the meal will be swallowed very rapidly, and not being mixed with the mass in the stomach, may pass off into the lower stomach, imperfectly digested. But if fed dry, it will be eaten more slowly, chewed and mixed with the secretions of the mouth, and the probability of digestion will be greater. I think many feed more meal than can possibly be digested and assimilated by the animal, though some animals will take up more than others."

Why Do Boys Leave the Farm?

A boy gives his answer to the question in the Rural New Yorker, as follows: "I think the prime cause for boys leaving the farm is on account of their having to perform so much hard work. Then their fathers (many of them) do not take any interesting agricultural papers, or never buy any books, and keep on in the same ruts that their fathers have followed, and, as a consequence, the boys soon become disgusted with farming. They don't want to break their backs over the scythe, when a mowing-machine can do the work better, and at a tithe of the expense. They want other improved implements, full blooded stock, etc. They want to move a little faster, and do business on a larger scale. Give them a gradual increasing interest in chickens, cows, or anything they may wish, and I do not believe the boys would leave the farm so often."

That Report on Sorghum.

The Maine Farmer says: "It will be remembered that at the last meeting of the National Grange, resolutions were passed censuring Commissioner Loring for withholding the report of the committee of the National Academy of Science on the sorghum question. Thereupon Mr. Loring explained that the report would soon be printed in a volume by itself; that its size prevented it from being printed in the regular report of the department, and that its importance was such that it would appear at an early day. This promise was not only made in his preliminary report to President Arthur, but was repeated at the cane growers' meeting at St. Louis. Why this important report is withheld when there is such a clamor for it by the sorghum growers in the West, is most unaccountable. It cannot be for lack of authority or means, for the resolve of congress bearing upon the subject is clear and specific. It is no wonder there is a strong movement to have an officer removed, who persists in having his own way, regardless of the commands of congress, as well as the demands of an important and growing industry which expects to be greatly helped by the report."

Marl or Bog Lime.

Rev. M. R. Keep of Ashland, Me., writes that plaster, when applied to clover and other crops, fails to have any effect, when there is a deficiency of lime in the soil. This is the experience of farmers in Aroostook county. Mr. Keep says that where there is an abundance of calcareous water in the soil, an application of one hundred pounds of plaster has increased the yield of hay three tons. There are three or four townships in the vicinity of Presque Isle, Aroostook county, of the most marked fertility, having on every farm numerous pit-holes or "sugar bowls" of a few rods each, holding surface water, but drying up in the summer. When the land is cleared about them, they can be got into grass, but under a thin coating of muck, there is in them all a deposit of calcareous marl from one to two feet deep, of differing degrees of purity. This marl Mr. Keep supposes to be the product of the land about them. There is also, near Caribou, a small lake, having a considerable brook flowing out but more flowing in, it being fed by springs out of a lime ledge. This lake has a deposit fifty feet deep of the purest white bog lime, coming within three feet of the surface of the water. Mr. Keep inquires whether this bog lime can be applied economically to granite or slate soils, so that plaster will have the effect that it does on lime soils. We wish we were able to answer Mr. Keep's question. Lime is unquestionably beneficial to many kinds of land, increasing its productiveness greatly. This is the case, even when the ground is underlain with limestone. At the Magoon lime quarries on Lake Memphremagog, quicklime spread upon the adjacent meadows has greatly increased the grass crop. Regarding the bog lime or marl of which Mr. Keep speaks, we believe there are considerable deposits of it in some parts of Vermont, and perhaps there are readers of this paper who can contribute some information regarding its use as a fertilizer. In a recent issue of the Rural New Yorker, Professor Johnson, of the Connecticut agricultural experiment station, had an interesting letter upon the use of lime in agriculture, but it did not touch upon the supposed difference in the action of plaster, depending upon the presence or absence of lime in the soil. Perhaps the professor will kindly tell us whether any

notice has been taken of the matter elsewhere and will answer Mr. Keep's inquiry.

The Agricultural Editor.

Dyke Fortescue tumbled into the office of a rural newspaper published in the interest of a small class of readers, and named The Farmer's Friend and Cultivator's Champion. Dyke was fresh from Denver, where he had been doing local work on a daily. He wanted a situation—he wanted it badly, and he soon closed a bargain with the proprietor of The Farmer's Friend and Cultivator's Champion. The proprietor intended to be absent for two weeks, and Dyke undertook to hold the journal's head steadily up-stream until his return. "You will receive some visitors, quite likely," said the proprietor. "Entertain 'em in a manner which will reflect credit on the paper. They will want to talk stock, farming, horticulture, etc., you know. Give it to 'em strong." Dyke bowed, borrowed a half dollar, got a clean shave, a glass of beer, and soon returned to face the music and edit the first agricultural journal with which he had ever been connected. "I can feel that, with my journalistic experience, it will be just fun to run an agricultural paper," said Dyke to himself. At two o'clock P. M., the first visitor showed up at the door of the office, and Dyke cordially invited him inside. The farmer entered hesitatingly, and remarked that he had expected to meet the proprietor, with whom he had an appointment to discuss ensilage. "I am in charge of the journal," said Dyke. "O, you are. Well, you seem to have a pretty clean office here." "Yes," replied Dyke. "But about this ensilage. Ensilage is a pretty good bread isn't it?" "Breed?" exclaimed the farmer, "why—" "I mean it's a sure crop; something that you can rely—" "Crop! Why isn't it a crop at all?" "Yes, yes, I know, it isn't a crop," said Dyke, "but you can do better and cleaner work with a good sharp ensilage on stubly ground, than—" "Take it for a sulky plow, do you?" "No, no," said Dyke. "You don't seem to understand me. Now, if a farmer builds an ensilage on low ground—" "Builds an ensilage? You seem to have got the thing mixed up with some kind of a granary." "Pshaw, no," continued Dyke. "I must make myself plain. You see this ensilage properly mixed with one part guano, and three parts hypophosphate of lime, with the addition of a little bran and tar, and the whole flavored with chloride of lime, makes a top dressing for strawberry beds which—" "Why, ensilage isn't no manure." "No, certainly not," said Dyke. "I know it is not often used in that way. You don't catch my drift. When I said top dressing, I meant turkey dressing—stuffing, you know—for Thanksgiving—" "Great heavens, man! Ensilage isn't a human food?" "No, not a human food exactly," said poor Dyke, grinning like an almshouse idiot, "it isn't a food at all, in the true sense of the word. My plan has always been to lasso the hog with a trace chain and after pinning his ears back with a clothes pin, put the ensilage into his nose with a pair of tweezers." "My good land! You don't use ensilage to ring hogs?" "I never believed myself that it should be used for that purpose, but when you want to ring hogs, or young calves to keep them from sucking—" The farmer gravely shook his head. "Did you ever try ensilage on the hired girl," said Dyke, desperately, and winking like a bat at 11:30 A. M. The farmer slowly arose, and with some evidence of rheumatic twinges in his legs. "Young man," he said, solemnly, "you are a long way from home, ain't you?" "Yes," replied Dyke, dropping his eyes beneath the stern glances of the farmer; "in my ancestral halls in England, sad-eyed retainers wearily watch and wait for my return." "Go home, young man, go home to your feudal castle, and while on your way across the rolling dale, muse on the fact that ensilage is simply canned food for live stock—put up expressly for family use in a silo, which is nothing less than an air-tight pit, where corn stalks, grass, millet, clover, alfalfa, and other green truck is preserved for winter use, as green and verdant as the subscriber of The Farmer's Friend and Cultivator's Champion." And Dyke Fortescue sighed, as he remarked to himself: "There ain't so blamed much fun in running an agricultural paper, as I thought." —Selected.

STRAWBERRY SHORT CAKE.—Make the cake as for soda biscuit; three parts of flour with three teaspoonfuls of cream tartar sifted in it, a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter and one of lard rubbed into the flour; mix it with a pint of milk with a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it; roll it out half an inch in thickness, and bake, either in one or two cakes, in a quick oven, about fifteen or twenty minutes. Split the cake open, as soon as it comes from the oven, mark it around the edges with a knife, and separate it with the fingers; cutting makes it heavy—butter both top and bottom cakes, spread the strawberries on the lower one, sprinkle thickly with powdered sugar, lay the top crust on the berries, and serve with rich cream.

INDIAN MEAL CRULLERS.—Pour one and a half teacups of boiling milk over two teacups of sifted Indian meal; stir it vigorously; when it is cool add two cups wheat flour, one cup of butter (or two thirds of a cup if you do not care to have them rich), one and a half cups of sugar, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a tablespoonful of nutmeg or cinnamon. Let this rise till very light. If not stiff enough to roll, roll out equal quantities of meal and flour, roll out in a sheet about half an inch thick, and cut in small diamond-shaped cakes. Fry in very hot oil.

FRESH PINEAPPLE.—When properly prepared this is a delicious fruit for dessert; but, as usually prepared, it is sickly, and is caught. It should be carefully sliced, and all the "eyes" taken out in the morning of the day on which it is to be used. I have the topmost plume of green leaves, and set the fruit on the dish in which it is to be served. Then dust it thickly with powdered sugar and let it stand until it is served. Tear it apart with a fork, holding the plume of green leaves with the left hand. This mode of serving insures the retention of the rich juices.

It consists of two pieces of hard wood, each about ten inches long, sharpened at one end and having a hole bored in the other. These are to be tied to the legs of the chickens that infest the gardens, with the sharp ends of the sticks in such a position that they will drag behind. Then when the chicken attempts to scratch, the sharp ends of the pieces of wood will stick in the ground, and thus walk the chicken right out of the garden in spite of itself.

The Fireside.

VALUATION.

The old 'quire said, as he stood by his gate, And his neighbor, the deacon, went by, In spite of my bank-stock, and real estate, You are better off, deacon, than I. 'Twas two half growing old, and the end drawing near; But in heaven's appraisal your assets I fear, Will reckon up greater than mine. "They say I am rich, but I'm feeling so poor, I wish I could swap with you even, The pounds I have lived for and laid up in store, For the shillings and pence you have given." "Well, 'quire," said the deacon, with strewed common sense, While his eye had a twinkle of fun, "Let your points take the way of my shillings and pence, And the thing can be easily done." —John G. Whitier.

Oiling the Watch.

The Rev. Dr. F. N. Zabricki illustrates a true principle, in the Journal of Education, as follows: I met the old deacon occasionally on the cars. He is not much of a gossip, and usually sits quietly thinking, and now and then closes his eyes as if in communion with his fellow-passengers. And I live too much on the brink of headache, either to read or talk on the rattling train. But to-day he proved unusually communicative. He came over to me where I sat, and made some kind inquiries about matters which just now are of special concernment to me and my friends. In return, I congratulated him on his firm and rosy health; for his step is as vigorous, if not as springy, his eyes as clear and penetrating, his frame as fitly joined together and as devoid of all superfluous tissue, and his whole person as healthy and radiant of vitality, as it was a score of years ago. "I do not know what a headache is," he remarked, "and have scarcely had an ache or pain in my life." "How do you account for it, deacon?" "I reckon," he replied, "that I owe it mostly to living on a principle which I learned early in my life. You may not know that I was a factory boy, obliged to earn my own living when a mere child. For a long time it was my duty to watch the looms, keeping them clear from refuse matter and well oiled for smooth running. There was associated with me another boy, who sported a silver watch which did not keep good time. One day he broached to me his theory that what his watch needed was a good oiling, and proposed to apply some of the oil we were using on the machinery. I remonstrated with him, and tried to show that a treatment which was adopted to a cotton factory might not answer for the delicate works of a watch. But he was headstrong and opinionated, and straightway proceeded to open his timepiece and poured it full from the oil-can which he held in his hand. Of course, the poor little thing's life was utterly quenched in the unctuous deluge, and whether it ever recovered from the rude treatment, is questionable. That incident," continued the deacon, "made a practical impression on my mind, which I have never lost. That boy unconsciously oiled the entire machinery of my life, in a way that has helped much its smooth running, and not injured the woven fabric. It has taught me the science, philosophy and religion of 'moderation in all things.' You can easily see for yourself how widely and constantly the principle can be made to apply, if one has it in mind." "But, deacon, how have you applied it to the matter of health?" "Oh, in many ways; but especially as to food. It seems to me that most people, in their eating, are all the time pouring their oil-cans into their watches. They deluge their stomachs—which are the works of their whole physical, mental, and, to a great extent, their moral mechanism—with what is not adapted to them either in kind or quantity. They glut and clog the delicate machinery, so that it is never able to work freely, and spends a good part of its spring and energy in merely keeping itself in motion. By-and-by it stops altogether, and then we hear about the silver cord and golden bowl being broken at the fountain. Pshaw! Solomon said that about extreme old age. Better say—the silver watch stilled by the oil-can."

"Up and at 'Em."

At one time during the Rebellion we were stationed in Virginia, in the service of the Christian Commission. Our "work" being to do good unto all soldiers as we had opportunity, the "field hospitals" after a battle were always sure to afford rich opportunities for the same. The first thing to be done at such times was to assist the surgeons in caring for the physical wants of the wounded. These attended to, the next in order was to write letters to the friends of the wounded, telling them of their condition and prospects, and adding anything they might wish to say. In work of this kind, we came one morning to the bedside of one who looked a mere boy in age and stature, and who had been severely wounded in the foot. In due time we began a letter for him to his mother, who, as we recollect, was a widow in New Jersey or Delaware. After describing the nature and outlook of the boy's wound, we asked, "And what shall we add more to her?" "Oh," he replied so bravely, "tell her something to cheer her up. Tell her I hope soon to be up and at 'em again." "Strange words," says one, "with which to cheer up a mother in a case like that. Would it not rather be 'cheering' to say, 'Tell her I hope now to be discharged soon from the service, and go home to live with her, while we both live?' But not so thought this brave and true soldier-boy, who lay in that hospital. If any thought or desire for such a discharge arose in his own heart, or if he thought they could arise in his mother's heart, no such word came to his lips. We never knew the mother of this young hero. The only clue to her character we found in her son's remark and character, for one would feel that such a son must have had a noble mother, and this feeling would be intensified into an almost certainty by his thinking she could be 'cheered' by his hope of soon being up and fighting his country's battles again. Our acquaintance with this young soldier was soon interrupted, and what afterward became of him, we know not. But his brave words still live, and ring in our ears. May we not propose to the 'soldiers of the cross,' as their motto, till they lay down their weapons, his 'up and at 'em'?" Such a spirit is the condition and prophecy of victory everywhere and always! Christian warrior, let no wounds the Master's cause may receive from the enemy—whether they be within or without—dishearten and rob you of this spirit! And would you send some word by "angels waiting to bear the news," to gladden and cheer the heart of the Great Captain of our salvation? What better than the words of the soldier boy, that your hope and purpose, is in his might, to be "up and at 'em" every form of evil, both in your own hearts, and the world outside? His prayer is not that you "may be taken out of the warfare, nor that the warfare cease, till he has put all his enemies under his feet.

"Rock."

"Whichever way a woman turns, she runs against a cradle. It is the 'rock' which stands between her and progress." Thus we hear a thoughtless mother exclaim, and thus no doubt many others think when surrounded by the cares of the family. But stop! Is it the "rock" which stands between which leads up to progress, which broadens and builds, bringing into existence all qualities which mark that word "mother"? The care and demands of motherhood are constant, not one hour, day or night, does she lose that thought which is a part of her life, but the "rock" age makes the least demands. As soon as the mind begins to work, no limit to the questions that must be answered and when met as they should be, candidly and fully, great patience comes into her life, and when women realize this, the wheels of progress will be un-checked, lubricated by a high and holy purpose. You who sit by cradles, be patient; you hold the destinies of the world; and you who mourn the loss of dear ones, be content; you hold blessed experiences money cannot buy.—Mrs. L. A. Scott, in the Manchester Union.

Why Not?

The secret of true living is to get the most out of the present hour. That man has the future already in his hand who knows how to value the present; achievement, reward, recognition by the world, are only a matter of time with him. He has caught the tides of power, and although they move inevitably, they will bear him to success as certainly as the force of gravitation swings the planets along their appointed spheres. There is no chance about it, no luck or fortune; it is simply the law of human life. And happiness depends upon the recognition of this fact, not less than success. Thousands of people are always expecting to enjoy them-

selves at some future day; they look upon joyful times in their lives as oases in a desert, little islands of calm and beauty in a monotonous ocean of storm and struggle. If we look for joy in this fashion, it will be distant, alluring, and always fading into mirage, as we approach it. The trials which we expect by and by to be free from, are not wholly removed, the burdens we thought to lay down are not taken from us, the sense of insecurity and danger we hoped to lose in enlarged prosperity and a stronger grasp of the rewards of work, still keeps companionship with us. When the moment of success, to which we had looked forward, comes, we taste a certain joy, but it is incomplete, girt round with possibilities of disaster, limited by responsibilities and duties which refuse to liberate us. There is a deeper philosophy of joy than such a seeking for it ever discerns. Joy is not an isolated thing, it flows through the common hours of a wise life; it is not an oasis blossoming on the edge of a desert, it is a perennial stream carrying fertility and beauty into the barren places. They only are truly happy, who find happiness in the present hour and demand of to-day; what those who are less wise, demand only of the distant future. Forget that there is any future, lay hold of to-day as if it were all you ever expected to possess, either for work or joy, and it will suddenly become rich in your hands. Accept your trials, bear your burdens, as things which are to be your daily companions, and then transform them from enemies into friends. Study how to draw strength out of them, to be strong in them, to look over them, to work under them; then make the most of every source of happiness, as if you never expected a freer day. Do not delay your walk until you feel less heavy-hearted; go now, open your mind, and you will find your burden less hard to bear; think more of the needs of others, because you are so anxious about your own; read the book now that you are tempted to put away for a less wearisome time; look at the pictures now that you would like to study with a more composed mind; hold on to the habits of self-culture that you are tempted to give up unto a more favorable season. In a word, make this present hour, with all its limitations and difficulties, yield the joy you were deferring to the future, and you will make every coming hour richer in the possibilities and the certainty of happiness.—Christian Union.

Having greatly enlarged his paper, and improved it by putting it into the form of the best city papers, with the aid of special machinery, the publisher of the VERMONT WATCHMAN & STATE JOURNAL offers to subscribers, new or old a chance by practicing "Poor Richard's" maxim, to "save a penny" and to get beside the new eight-page WATCHMAN for one year. Bread is the "staff of life;" a good newspaper is life itself. IT IS PROPOSED TO GIVE SUBSCRIBERS BOTH, AND SAVE THE RECIPES A HUNDRED TIMES "TWO PENCE CLEAR."

Any individual who applies to one of the agencies designated below and complies with the conditions of the sale, will receive the enlarged WATCHMAN for one year. Each Old Subscriber who presents at one of the agencies named below a receipt for the WATCHMAN up to or beyond January 1, 1883, and complies with the conditions of the sale, shall receive the enlarged WATCHMAN for one year. A WATCHMAN bearing the subscriber's label and indicating that the paper has been paid for up to or beyond January 1, 1883, is equivalent to a receipt.

New subscribers, and old subscribers having WATCHMAN receipts, as described above, can apply to the following local agencies and receive the benefit of the following offers: H. LOWE & SON, Montpelier, for \$8.50 will furnish one barrel famous White Roll Flour (lowest retail cash price \$7.50) and the WATCHMAN for one year (lowest cash price \$2), making a saving of \$1 to the buyer. ADAMS & HAINES, Waterbury, for \$8 will furnish one barrel of flour, Brown's Best City Roller Mills (lowest cash price \$7), and the WATCHMAN for one year (\$2), saving the buyer one dollar. L. M. AVERILL, Barre, for \$8 will furnish one barrel Farber's Best Patent Flour (lowest cash price \$7) and the WATCHMAN (\$2); or for \$7.25 one barrel Gem of St. Louis flour (retail \$6.25) and the WATCHMAN one year. J. K. LAYBROOK, Williamstown, for \$7.50 will furnish one barrel Detroit Mills Flour (lowest cash price \$6.50) and the WATCHMAN one year (\$2); or for \$8 one barrel of The Electric Light Flour (retail \$7) and the WATCHMAN one year. BATCHELDER & DEWEY, Plainfield, for \$8.50 will furnish one barrel of Stannard's Gilt Edge Flour (lowest cash price \$7.50) and the WATCHMAN one year (\$2). A. W. TEPERBURY & SONS, West Randolph, for \$8.25 will furnish one barrel of Brown's Best City Roller Mills Flour (lowest cash price \$7) and the WATCHMAN one year (\$2). EDGEMONT BROTHERS, Northfield, for \$8.25 will furnish one barrel Brown's Best City Roller Mills Flour (lowest cash price \$7.25) and the WATCHMAN one year (\$2).

Illustration! NEW SUBSCRIBERS—A person desiring to subscribe goes to the agency he may prefer. By complying with the terms of the offer he gets his flour, the agent gives him a receipt for the WATCHMAN for one year, and the paper will be sent from this office. OLD SUBSCRIBERS who have paid up to or beyond January 1, 1883, by exhibiting their receipt or their WATCHMAN to any of the dealers named, can take advantage of this offer. Subscribers who have NOT paid up to January 1, 1883, should remit to the WATCHMAN office the full amount due up to that date, or beyond, and get a receipt therefor.

Example! John Smith has paid for his paper to February, 1882, or James Jones has paid to December, 1880; either of these subscribers by paying in full up to January 1, 1883, or beyond, and by showing his receipt to any of the dealers named can take advantage of this offer, and so with any other subscribers in arrears.

The Reason Why the publisher is able to make the above liberal offer is this: His arrangement with the dealers named enables him to get from them the price of the WATCHMAN, thus advancing at the same time the interest of the subscriber, the merchants and the publisher.

This Proposal will remain open until July 14th, and will be subject to changes in the market price of flour, guaranteeing the buyer always the same relative advantage. Flour is a staple article of household use. If the barrel is not empty to-day, it may be soon; and the wise man, although not in immediate want, will take advantage of this offer. Dealers unite in warning consumers that the price of flour will, without doubt, soon advance. Subscribe early and save another penny. Many acknowledge the great superiority of the WATCHMAN, who nevertheless are induced by low prices to take papers which are manifestly inferior to it in all that constitutes a good local and family journal. The publisher's liberal offer disarms all such objections. It brings the enlarged eight-page WATCHMAN, with its select, political, family and religious reading, its good supply of local news, and its unrivaled agricultural department within the pecuniary means of every individual. To know the WATCHMAN well is to take it continuously, as the great mass of its subscribers have taken it for long terms of years. To give strangers an opportunity to become acquainted with its merits, is in large part the motive in making the above proposal. SHOW THIS OFFER TO YOUR FRIENDS.

W. W. FRESCHETT, Publisher. Montpelier, Vt., June 13, 1883. Hop Bitters are the Purest and Best Bitters Ever Made. They are compounded from Hops, Malt, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion,—the oldest, best, and most valuable medicines in the world, and contain all the best and most curative properties of all other remedies, being the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations. They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic and stimulating, without intoxicating. No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable use Hop Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing. Five hundred dollars will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters. Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drugging nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever Made; the "Invalid's Friend and Hope," and no person or family should be without them. Try the Bitters to-day.

New Advertisements.

A Penny Saved

Is Two Pence Clear!

Having greatly enlarged his paper, and improved it by putting it into the form of the best city papers, with the aid of special machinery, the publisher of the VERMONT WATCHMAN & STATE JOURNAL offers to subscribers, new or old a chance by practicing "Poor Richard's" maxim, to "save a penny" and to get beside the new eight-page WATCHMAN for one year. Bread is the "staff of life;" a good newspaper is life itself. IT IS PROPOSED TO GIVE SUBSCRIBERS BOTH, AND SAVE THE RECIPES A HUNDRED TIMES "TWO PENCE CLEAR."

New Subscribers!

Any individual who applies to one of the agencies designated below and complies with the conditions of the sale, will receive the enlarged WATCHMAN for one year. Each Old Subscriber who presents at one of the agencies named below a receipt for the WATCHMAN up to or beyond January 1, 1883, and complies with the conditions of the sale, shall receive the enlarged WATCHMAN for one year. A WATCHMAN bearing the subscriber's label and indicating that the paper has been paid for up to or beyond January 1, 1883, is equivalent to a receipt.

Subscription Agencies!

New subscribers, and old subscribers having WATCHMAN receipts, as described above, can apply to the following local agencies and receive the benefit of the following offers: H. LOWE & SON, Montpelier, for \$8.50 will furnish one barrel famous White Roll Flour (lowest retail cash price \$7.50) and the WATCHMAN for one year (lowest cash price \$2), making a saving of \$1 to the buyer. ADAMS & HAINES, Waterbury, for \$8 will furnish one barrel of flour, Brown's Best City Roller Mills (lowest cash price \$7), and the WATCHMAN for one year (\$2), saving the buyer one dollar. L. M. AVERILL, Barre, for \$8 will furnish one barrel Farber's Best Patent Flour (lowest cash price \$7) and the WATCHMAN (\$2); or for \$7.25 one barrel Gem of St. Louis flour (retail \$6.25) and the WATCHMAN one year. J. K. LAYBROOK, Williamstown, for \$7.50 will furnish one barrel Detroit Mills Flour (lowest cash price \$6.50) and the WATCHMAN one year (\$2); or for \$8 one barrel of The Electric Light Flour (retail \$7) and the WATCHMAN one year. BATCHELDER & DEWEY, Plainfield, for \$8.50 will furnish one barrel of Stannard's Gilt Edge Flour (lowest cash price \$7.50) and the WATCHMAN one year (\$2). A. W. TEPERBURY & SONS, West Randolph, for \$8.25 will furnish one barrel of Brown's Best City Roller Mills Flour (lowest cash price \$7) and the WATCHMAN one year (\$2). EDGEMONT BROTHERS, Northfield, for \$8.25 will furnish one barrel Brown's Best City Roller Mills Flour (lowest cash price \$7.25) and the WATCHMAN one year (\$2).

Illustration! NEW SUBSCRIBERS—A person desiring to subscribe goes to the agency he may prefer. By complying with the terms of the offer he gets his flour, the agent gives him a receipt for the WATCHMAN for one year, and the paper will be sent from this office. OLD SUBSCRIBERS who have paid up to or beyond January 1, 1883, by exhibiting their receipt or their WATCHMAN to any of the dealers named, can take advantage of this offer. Subscribers who have NOT paid up to January 1, 1883, should remit to the WATCHMAN office the full amount due up to that date, or beyond, and get a receipt therefor.

Example!

John Smith has paid for his paper to February, 1882, or James Jones has paid to December, 1880; either of these subscribers by paying in full up to January 1, 1883, or beyond, and by showing his receipt to any of the dealers named can take advantage of this offer, and so with any other subscribers in arrears.

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