

BUSINESS CARDS.

NOTICE. Having purchased the Saloon formerly kept by W. H. Ellis, it is my intention to keep...

MRS. JACKSON, HAIRDRESSER. North Street, Middlebury, Vt. Has constantly on hand, for Hair Dressing...

NEW HARNES SHOP. I have opened a new Harness Shop in H. L. Sheldon's Block, over Plater's tobacco store...

BUSINESS. The Lowell, Bolton & Allen mill will be put in operation for sawing custom logs...

H. S. PUTNAM would inform the people of Middlebury and Addison County that the old Cotton Mill is in full operation...

PAINTING. I have engaged a Paint Shop over Lucia & Dow's carriage shop on Cross Street...

H. TURRILL. Deverox. Office hours: 10 a. m. to 12 p. m. and 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.

JASON DAVENPORT. Fire Insurance Agent, will write policies in the Farmers Mutual and other companies...

R. S. JAYRE, Dealer in Household Goods. Furniture, general assortment of Groceries, Flour, Cheese, Lard, Eggs, Sugar...

P. RUSSELL, M. D., Physician. Office at the residence of Mrs. W. P. Russell, Office hours: 9 a. m. to 12 p. m., 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.

B. F. SUTTON, M. D., Physician. Office next door east of the Addison House. Office hours: from 8 to 10 a. m. to 12 p. m., and 6 to 8 p. m.

R. H. MARDIN. Attorney and Counselor at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Bristol, Vermont. Office—Hon. Geo. W. Grandey, Hon. C. H. Heath, Hon. John W. Rowell.

F. W. JUDD, Manufacturer and Dealer. In all kinds of American and Foreign Hardware, Granite Work, etc. With Old Middlebury Marble Co.

DR. SIMONS & WALKER. Attorneys and Counselors at Law. 222, RITLAND, VT. PR. FRANKLIN S. SIMONS, ALBANY, N. Y.

A. P. TUPPER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office over Postoffice. MIDDLEBURY, VT. LADE & HARRIS. Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Office, Brewster's Block, Middlebury, Vt.

E. SMITH, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office, Postoffice, Middlebury, Vt. KINGSLEY & SON, Dentists. 42, MIDDLEBURY, VT. W. W. ROPER, Attorney and Counselor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. 76, 66, BRISTOL, VT. P. MEAD, Real Estate Broker. 19, MIDDLEBURY, VT. ELECTRO PLATING, by S. HOLTON. 401, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

PATENTS! Persons having inventions which they wish to have patented, or desiring information from the Patent Office, should consult F. A. LERMANN, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE. The store and goods formerly owned by F. P. Fletcher, deceased, are for sale on an opportunity. It is now offered as a new and established business, with the good name and standing of a period of fifty years.

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CENTRAL VT. RAILROAD. RITLAND DIVISION. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. MOVING NORTH—Night express leaves Bellows Falls at 11:25 a. m.; arrives at Rutland at 1:45 a. m.

VOL. XL.

The Editor's Song.

The editor sits at his table, Writing and scribbling away, His pen nibs are his slaves...

What a weary life is mine, Waiting the precious midnight oil, Working from morn till night, Working from night till morn...

What a thankless task is ours, To write for the vulgar and the base, To stand in the foremost rank Of each mad fangled party fray...

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The Volcano of Popocatepetl.

I succeeded in reaching an altitude of nearly 18,000 feet, and then gave out on account of a previous illness, from which I had not fully recovered...

Here they found a hot bed of stone, inhabited by the sulphur miners. On arriving at the hut they immediately threw themselves upon a pile of mats and sought slumber...

The gigantic crater is about one mile in diameter, and 4,500 feet deep; and almost incredible to believe, but nevertheless true, there is a settlement consisting of forty sulphur miners in the bottom of this awful cavity...

The next morning Corchado prepared breakfast and summoned them to partake of it. As he was drinking a cup of coffee, they could eat nothing. Their stomachs were not used to the treatment they had been receiving...

I turned the leaves of the magazine, but I could not find any other story that looked inviting; so I threw it down, and went to look rather dim, and my own consciousness very indistinct...

I glanced at it, and presently a long wreath of smoke or vapor rose from the glass, and stretched itself over toward the further corner of the room, just exactly in the shape of the demon of the story I had been reading...

The vapor slowly, and apparently with malice aforethought, began to assume a tangible shape, finally resolving itself into the form of an ugly looking demon...

"Who are you?" I inquired, displeased with my visitor. "I am the demon of the cup," he replied, in a voice which seemed to shake the whole house...

"I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance," I continued. "Yes, you have. You are one of my best friends."

"I believe we never met before." "A dozen times a day." "Then you do not look as ugly as you do now, if you will excuse my boldness."

"No; I wear a pleasant face when I make the acquaintance of young gentlemen who are better acquainted. You don't know me yet. We will have a social time if you like."

"No! I thank you; I can not say that I am much pleased with your society." "At any rate, I will introduce you to some of my friends," he continued, as he waved his hand over the cup...

Instantly another cloud of smoke proceeded from the cup which presently assumed the form of a decrepit, ragged, filthy old man. Of all that I had ever seen of wretchedness, squalor and misery, the figure before me was the most fitting representative of the degree of wretchedness seen a hundred fold intensified...

"Who are you?" I demanded, as the old man moved toward me. "My name is Poverty. I just dropped in to be introduced to you, for you and I are very likely to be friends."

"Indeed old fellow, you are reckoning too far. I keep only respectable company." "Just now you do; but you will change your habits by-and-by."

"I don't see how that can be," I replied. "I suggested, as the old chap drew a chair to my side and seated himself. 'He devil to him,' responded the demon, 'he is one of us and a good fellow. Who are you?' I inquired, shrinking back from the loathsome monster."

"My name is Crime, and I have work for you to do." "I am too much engaged to assist you," I replied. "Come, come, don't be stiff about it. I suppose you are not quite ready to help me yet, but I can bid my time, for I have a mortgage on you which in due season you will pay."

"How do you like my friends?" asked the demon. "I don't like them," I replied. "The old fellow is an inconceivable companion, and I don't like the morals of the other chap. His notions of mine and mine are too indefinite to suit my ideas."

"Indeed; you seem so much inclined to make their acquaintance, I supposed you were anxious to number them among your friends. But there is one more that you may know."

As he spoke, that smoke infernal curled up and resolved into the form of a woman. She was pale, haggard, and almost a skeleton. She was clothed in rags, and was a perfect picture of wretchedness and despair.

"There was nothing really hideous in her aspect, except the marks of poverty and want on her face. She turned and glanced a glance of reproach upon me—a glance which thrilled me to the soul. I pitied the poor wretch, and turned away. I looked again, and those features were familiar to me. I was shocked, horrified, as I recognized Lucy Sheldon in the dreadful figure before me."

"Oh, Robert!" she cried in agony, as she threw herself on her knees before me. "Pity our poor children! They are hungry, I am freezing, but I care nothing for myself. Pity them, save them! Drink no more, Robert, you have reduced me to the most abject misery. Drink no more as you pity me, if you do not love me!"

"Oh, Lucy! Does she, too, belong to the cup?" I asked, appealing to the demon. "She does; but for the present we keep her down in the mist and sugar. She will be one of us by-and-by," he replied with a grin.

"Robert, Robert," groaned Lucy, "promise me that you will drink no more." "God is my judge, I will not," I cried, springing from my chair.

But there I stood in my chamber alone, and there on the table stood the glass from which my dreaming fancy conjured the demon of the cup and his friends.

I reflected for a time and then threw the balance of the sherry cobbler in the grate. If the cup was the abode of such a wretched crew my readers all know that it is, I determined not to meddle with it again. And I have not.—Smith's Illustrated Bazar.

A little four-year-old urchin strayed into a neighbor's house the other day. When he got home he told his mother that he had seen shutters in the floor, and when he stood on them lots of hot came out.

An elegant edition of the Scriptures was sent to the Washington paper for notice. The volume is placed in the hands of the regular book reviewer of the establishment, who read it entirely through and proceeded to speak of it in high terms as a meritorious original production.

This reminds us of the case of a certain ostentatious but profoundly ignorant young lady, who, though she didn't know a single letter from another, was continually borrowing books for appearance sake. On one occasion she borrowed a Bible. Having kept it a few days she returned it and was asked, "How did you like the story?" "Oh," was the reply, "very well; but it ended like all those love stories—they got married at last."

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Staving business—making barrels.

The Demon of the Cup.

I have been reading an oriental tale of the fanciful order. It was a story of the genre and I had been deeply interested in it. I was very comfortably situated in my room, and on the table was a glass containing the remains of a sherry cobbler...

These things sherry cobbler were dangerous companions for a young man, and I was in the habit of taking from three to a dozen of them per diem—three when I was going to see Lucy Sheldon, a particular friend of mine, and a dozen on the off days.

I turned the leaves of the magazine, but I could not find any other story that looked inviting; so I threw it down, and went to look rather dim, and my own consciousness very indistinct...

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Staving business—making barrels.

From the Centennial City.

PHILADELPHIA, May 1, 1875. MR. EDITOR:—To say that the past winter has been a severely cold one, as well as prolonged, would convey nothing new to any observing or intelligent mind, either New England or the Middle States, or to any that spring has apparently made many ineffectual efforts to jostle the old hoar king from his worn lap, would sound of tautology. Ordinarily heard before this, the voice of the turtle is heard in this land, as well as the shrill notes of the blue bird, the chirping of the chickadee, and the sweet warbling of the ever welcome robin-redbreast; yet no tautology of returning featured songsters are yet heard, trilling the elastic air. All is silent as far as bird song is concerned, except the twittering of the little English sparrows, who stop over with us, as they spring from branch to branch among the trees in the public squares, or the carol of the brown mocking-bird, as he utters his homogeneous notes to passers by, when he chances to bear the fortune of having his cage and himself shivered or hung out of a second story window for an airing, at a season of the year, when it would be supposed to be spring time.

Business seems to be as much a laggard as the season. There has been much disappointment at the continued stagnation of nearly all kinds of business. Money is abundant with bankers, brokers and capitalists. As an evidence of the plethoric condition of the money market, it may be remarked that a few days since the Pennsylvania railroad company borrowed in open market in this city, two million dollars, at four and a half per cent on six months time. Such a transaction is scarcely indicative of capital, and does not find an outlet through the ordinary and legitimate channels of trade and business; consequently an incubus rests on the industrial and producing interests of the country. The most astute congress that ever graced, or disgraced the halls of the Capitol at Washington, is utterly powerless to break the bands of the present paralysis that hangs like a pall over the industrial interests of this country.

"Never" trading and extravagance, brought about the present state of things, and they alone must accomplish the recuperation.

Notwithstanding the hard times, the centennial buildings are being pushed forward with much energy. Ex-Gov. Bigler of this state, who is operating in New York, in the interest of the great exposition, has arranged for a grand excursion from New York to this city at an early hour in the morning, after arriving here, the centennial grounds and return the same evening. The Governor says the Pennsylvania railroad will place two trains on their road at Jersey city for the purpose, free of charge, and that the hospitable citizens of Philadelphia, will serve them a good and free lunch, and the centennial commission will do the necessary cooking and clean up.

The New York a good proportion of the leading bankers, merchants and business men of that city, that they may see what has been done, what is now being done, and what is in contemplation, as regards the future, taking free of charge. The New York a good proportion of the leading bankers, merchants and business men of that city, that they may see what has been done, what is now being done, and what is in contemplation, as regards the future, taking free of charge.

The Germans are taking effective measures to erect a colossal statue of Humboldt in Fairmount Park, and the Italians of the city contemplate erecting a gigantic statue in memory of Columbus; and the Presbyterians of Philadelphia propose building a shaft twenty-two feet in height, to perpetuate the name and fame of the celebrated Rev. Dr. John Witherspoon, that sturdy old patriot, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and who was for quite a length of time President of Princeton College; these are to be erected before the centennial year.

What is denominated a "Bazar of Nations" has been held for about three weeks, a sort of affair, in the interest and under the auspices of the Y. M. C. Association, the proceeds to be applied to the building fund of the fine structure they are now erecting, at the intersection of Chestnut and Fifteenth sts., opposite the Colonnade Hotel. Gross receipts 40,000, Expenses 20,000. Net proceeds 20,000.

P. T. Barnum, Esq., with his great Hippopotamus has lately been down, something over a week. The great animal had many adverse circumstances to contend with. In addition to almost constant stormy weather during his stay, his enormous stretch of canvas, over five hundred feet in length, fell to the ground under the pressure of rain, sleet, ice and snow, which made it necessary to summon one hundred men to repair the injury, having been badly torn, a strong wind also prevailing which caused a delay of two days. His largest balloon named P. T. Barnum that went up from near the Hippodrome, in its descent near Hammon, N. J., sailed about a tree top, and emptied the big "gas bag," and nearly killed the aeronaut, Prof. Donaldson, who was the engineer and manager of the air ship. In the afternoon of the Sunday intervening, during his stay, he threw open the vast enclosure for a public temperance meeting. The audience room and the audience were so large, that three stands were extemporized, the great showman occupying the central and largest one, and had the largest audience. Among other things he said, "I stand before you a hale and hearty man, nearly sixty-five years of age, never was sick, and scarcely ever caught a pain or ache, and had I not quit drinking liquor more than thirty years ago, I should in all probability have been beneath the clods of the valley." He represented the effect of whiskey on man, to that of a spur against a horse. He asked his audience if they supposed he would give his elephants and lions run or whiskey to

Practical Hints to Sheep Breeders.

BY S. B. ROCKWELL. To the question frequently asked us, recently by sheep breeders—will the present growing demand for merino sheep lengthen time, or is it an ephemeral demand which will shortly contract to want of a proper market? We reply we have no doubt that for twenty-five years to come, till 1900, (and really we think for twice that period, why not?) the steady growth and enlargement of the west and southwest will continue to furnish a good market for our favorite sheep. It is partly supplied, not one in five have bought wool, but the vast majority of the wild oats and rich grasses of the fertile regions. Hundreds have also been taken to Colorado and Texas. From information recently obtained from Rev. Mr. Bent, formerly of Middlebury, now in Kansas, and from other reliable sources, we are made to believe that no finer country for raising of merino sheep can be found, than the valleys of the Kansas and Arkansas Rivers. Although wool growing now gives, and has for the last half century, given better returns for capital and labor than any other farm product, yet the increase of flocks and wool growing in the west, does not keep pace with its increasing facilities for sheep husbandry.

Thousands of farms every year into sheep country, or in fact, laying down in grass for the business, owing to this time have been in no fit condition. This fact alone creates, and will for many years to come, a market for all the surplus of our best flocks, and when in addition to this, low prices prevail for beef and cereals, surely the market is enlarged and the demand upon us is greatly increased. As a further forcible reason is found in the fact that western sheep breeders must have, every other year at least, a fresh supply of the best blood with which to promote improvement and progress in breeding. This frequent recurrence to the most distinguished flocks of Vermont, will continue to make large demands upon us so long as we maintain, (as breeders) our distinguished reputation and prestige. It will not be the worst wool supply, and not short of the demand for Vermont merinos. We reply, sheep breeding is an art. It is attained by careful and extensive experience, united with a sound practical judgment. The problem may be stated thus: How can sheep be so coupled as to rule out defects and propagate excellencies in their progeny?

It is a simple verity to say, that the best Vermont breeders are in advance of the western, and if wise and sound headed will maintain it, so that we can constantly offer them better sheep than can procure at home. Many a western man starts and runs well for a time. By and by wool declines, wheat and beef materially advance, sheep are thrown in the shade, and lacking the persistency necessary to final success, he abandons his vocation as a breeder, barters off his sheep at a low price, and engages in that branch that just then creates the most excitement.

By the time he has fairly embarked and made a trip or two in that direction, the wind shifts, wheat is down, beef is low, and wool is up with water mark. Alas! the victim of folly deeply regrets that he parted with his sheep, and resolves that he will reinstate from the first Vermont flock that may be offered for sale in his neighborhood.

From an experience of three and a half years, in the sale of merinos on the Pacific coast (from 1860 to the middle of 1863) it is our decided opinion that California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Utah and Colorado, will all become large wool growing states. The Willamette Valley and numerous others in Oregon and Washington territory, afford excellent facilities for wool growing. The same is true in all of the above mentioned states.

It is a fact, that the style of sheep wanted for the western trade is of good size, compact Morgans-built, short legs, wide chested, white satin face, large

Stabling business—making barrels.

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