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VOL. XL.

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NO. 13.

The Man with the Pin-Prick.

CANVASSING UNDER DISADVANTAGES—THE PROPRIETOR OF AN EXTERMINATOR IN DANVILLE OF EXTERMINATION—A MATCH FOR AN AGENT.

He smiled blandly as he baited for a moment in front of the City Hall. He looked like a man who could palm off almost anything on the public at 100 per cent. profit, and yet looks each customer in a grateful mood.

The girl thought he was the census taker, and she seated him in the parlor and called the lady of the house. When the lady entered the stranger rose, bowed, and said:

"Madam, I have just arrived in this town after a tour extending clear down to Florida, and wherever I went I was received with glad welcome."

"Did you wish to see my husband?" she asked, as he opened the tin trunk. "No, madam; I deal directly with the lady of the house in all cases. A woman will appreciate the virtues of my exterminator, and purchase a bottle where a man will only see off the steps without glancing at it."

"Your—your what?" she asked. "Madam, I have placed a four-ounce phial of dark liquid on the palm of his left hand, madam; I desire to call your attention to my Sunset Bedbug Exterminator. It has been tried at home and abroad, and in no case has it failed to—"

"What do you mean, sir?" she demanded, getting very red in the face. "Leave this house instantly!"

"Madam, I do not wish you to infer from—"

"I want you to leave this house!" she shrieked. "Madam, allow me to explain my—"

"I will call the police!" she screamed, making for the door, and he hastily locked his trunk and hurried out.

Going down the street about two blocks he saw the lady of the house at the parlor window, and instead of climbing the steps he stood near the window and politely saluted her.

"Madam, I don't wish to hear hint that any of the bedsteads in your house are infested by bedbugs, but—"

"What! What's that?" she exclaimed. "I said that I hadn't the remotest idea that any of the bedsteads in your house were infested with bedbugs," he replied.

"Take yourself out of this yard!" she shouted, snatching a tidy of the back of her head and brandishing it at him.

"Beg pardon, madam, but I should like to call your—"

"Get out!" she screamed; "get out, or I'll call the gardener!"

"I will get out, madam, but I wish you understood—"

"I saw—J-a-w-n!" she shouted out of a side window, and the exterminator agent was out of the yard before John could get down the house.

He seemed discouraged as he walked down the street, but he had traveled less than a block when he saw a stout woman sitting on the front steps of a fine residence, fanning herself.

"Stout women are always good natured," he soliloquized, as he opened the gate. "Haven't got anything for the grasshopper sufferers?" she called out as he entered.

"There was an angelic smile on his face as he approached the steps, set his trunk down, and said:

"My mission, madam, is even nobler than setting an agent for a distressed community. The grasshopper sufferers do not comprise a one-hundredth part of the world's population, while my mission is to relieve the whole world."

"I don't want any peppermint essence," she continued, as he started to unlock the trunk. "Good heavens, madam, do I resemble a peddler of cheap wares?" he exclaimed. "I am not one. I am here in Detroit to enhance the comforts of the night—to produce pleasant dreams. Let me call your attention to my Sunset Bedbug Exterminator, a liquid warranted to—"

"Bed what?" she screamed, ceasing to fan her face. "My Sunset Bedbug Exterminator. It is today in use in the humble negro cabins on the Arkansas, as well as in the royal palaces of my Majesty Queen—"

"You r-rascal! you villain!" she wheezed; "how dare you insult me!"

"No insult, madam, it is a pure matter of—"

"Leave! Git o-w-t!" she screamed, clutching at his arm and he had to go out on such a hurry that he couldn't look the trunk until he reached the walk.

He traveled several blocks and turned several corners before he halted again, and his smile faded away to a melancholy grin. He saw two or three ragged children at a gate, noticed that the house was old, and he braced up and entered.

"I want no soap," said the woman of the house, as she stood in the door. "Soap, madam, soap? I have no soap. I noticed that you lived in an old house, and as old houses are pretty apt to be infested—"

"I want no bius or needles to-day!" she shouted. "Madam, I am not a peddler of Yankee notions," he replied. "I am selling a liquid, prepared only by myself, which is warranted to—"

"I want no bius or needles to-day!" she exclaimed, motioning for him to leave. "Paper collars? I have often been mistaken for Shakespeare, madam, but never before for a paper collar peddler. Let me unlock my trunk and show—"

"I want no matches—no tobacco—no cigars!" she interrupted; and her husband came around the corner and, after eyeing the agent for a moment, remarked:

"If you don't be quick out of here I shall not have any shoking about it!"

At dusk last night the agent was sitting on a salt barrel in front of a commission house, and the shadows of evening were slowly deepening the melancholy look on his face.

Josh Billings gives the following advice: "When you hear a man say 'Life is but a dream,' 'Life is on toes and wake him up,' 'Life is real, life is earnest.' If he is a poet, subscribe to get rid of him, and have him deposited in the far West with a gun and ammunition, and a blanket for sole covering; he will know very soon whether life is a dream or not.

Somebody sent to lady in London an Easter egg which contained an African scorpion; by which interesting insect the lady was bitten so that she will probably die.

To-Day.

Patrol not upon Fanny's canvas. Rarest pictures for thy soul. Fondly twining beauty's hair. Round some far-off, shining goal.

Damon and Pythia.

It is one of the oldest of philosophical speculations whether a true friendship, in the sense of the word, can exist between Man and Woman.

Ralph's Midnight Adventure.

"So you think there's no great danger, Polly?" "Not the least in the world. Mr. Cramer, you are only to be gone one night, you know."

Effects of the Trial.

A Brooklyn paper gives the following as one of the results of the long-drawn-out trial in that city: "Cross-examinations are now of daily occurrence in Brooklyn families."

Fighting the Grasshoppers.

To say that the greater a difficulty is, the harder is the effort that must overcome it, is simply to utter a trite saying, and yet the truth is one that is frequently overlooked.

A Soft Answer.

The husband was of quick temper, and often impatient. There had not been married a year, when one day, in a fit of wrath, he said to his wife:

A Trifling Mistake.

When spectacles were first introduced it was considered fashionable to wear them, even by people who were not in the least near-sighted.

A Good Joke.

There is a queer old fellow in Northfield by the name of Asher Graves. He is a ready wit. The Revell relates the following of him:

Business Cards.

FOR SALE.—I offer my house and place for sale on very reasonable terms. Inquire of the premises. H. D. KITCHELL.

ELECTRO PLATING, BY S. HOLLON, 401 F. MIDDLEBURY, VT.

O. P. MEAD, Real Estate Broker, 19 AD, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

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H. KINGSLEY & SON, Dentists, 42 STATE ST., MIDDLEBURY, VT.

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SLADE & HARRIS, Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Office, Brewey's Block, Middlebury, Vt. JAMES M. SLADE, JR., HENRY B. HARRIS.

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E. W. JUDD, Manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of American and Foreign Marble, Granite Work, etc. With Old Middlebury Marble Co. 117

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

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CARRIAGES. BEN. HOPE will keep constantly on hand, for sale, an assortment of fine Top-Buggies from one of the best establishments of Massachusetts. June 1, 1875. 11-14 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

M. F. HALL, Attorney and Counselor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Office in Brewey's Block, over Court of Justice, near corner of Main. VERMONT, VT.

JASON DAVENPORT, Fire Insurance Agent, will write policies in the Farmers' Mutual and other companies represented by M. F. Francis in Vermont. Also the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York. Office at J. L. Dutton's Store. 49

H. TURKILL, Dentist. Office hours, from 10 a. m. to 12 m., 1 to 5 p. m. Office over J. L. Dutton's Store, Middlebury, Vermont.

H. S. PUTNAM would inform the people of Middlebury and Addison County that the Old Cotton Mill is in full operation, and that he prepared to receive orders and to put up a superior quality, at the lowest cash price. Middlebury, Dec. 13, 1872. 39-11

BOARDING. A limited number of boarders received, and rates reasonable. Meals furnished to order; and for transient boarders, all the comforts of first-class. Rooms in Dutton's Block. MIDDLEBURY, VT. ISAAC GOODRO.

L. R. SAYRE would inform the Butter-makers of Middlebury and vicinity, and especially his old customers, that he has for Prime Butter at Beckwith & Co's, Mondays and Saturdays hereafter, at the usual formerly occupied by him. Middlebury, May 24, 1875. 10-11

JOHN C. MANNING, (successor of J. James H. Benson), Dealer in Teas, Coffees, and other groceries. Pickles in bulk, Canned Fruits, fresh and canned, Perfumery, and Fancy Goods, Tobacco, Pipes, etc. Ice Cream, Soda and Saratoga water on draught. Parties supplied with ice cream. 11-33 ALLEN'S BLOCK, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

PAINTING. I have opened a Paint Shop over Lucia & Dewey's carriage shop on Cross Street, where I have twenty years' experience. All kinds of painting in oil, water, and in the best manner, and in modern style. 410 W. NICHOLS.

BUSINESS. The Dummer, Bolton & Allen mill will be put in operation for raising custom logs, at once under the control of the new proprietors. Bring in your logs. The saw and door branch, continued with the mill, will also receive orders. MARTIN A. TUPPER. December, 1874. 40-1

NEW HARNES SHOP.—I HAVE opened a new Harness Shop, in H. L. Sheldon's Block, over Pierce's tobacco store. I am prepared to do new work, and to repair and alter all kinds of harness, and in the best manner. My terms will be as easy as at any other place. I solicit the public patronage, and flatter myself I can suit my customers. JOSEPH Z. MAZURKIN. Middlebury, Vt., March 15, 1875. 30-10

MRS. JACKSON, HAIRDRESSER. North Pleasant street, Middlebury, Vt. Has constantly on hand, for sale, Hair Brushes of various shades of color, to suit all customers. She will put the highest price for hair and curling, custom work, and in the most prompt, and satisfactory manner. She has also lately added to her facilities and with the most perfect straight combs and to bring the curls all together.

NOTICE. Having purchased the Saloon formerly kept by Wm. H. Ellis, it is my intention to keep a FIRST-CLASS BOARDING HOUSE. Hot and cold meals at all hours, and all the luxuries in their season. Hope to merit the patronage of the public while in town. JASPER DENN. Middlebury, June 1, 1874. 11

STOVE AND GOODS IN BRIDGEPORT FOR SALE. The store and goods formerly owned by F. P. Fletcher, deceased, are for sale, and an opportunity is now offered to purchase an old established business, with the good will of customers extending over a period of fifty years. This is a rare chance for some young man, to go into business, and one that will not require a large capital. The store can be used or bought. For terms and particulars application must be made soon. In case the goods are not sold, the party desiring to take the business they will be closed out for cash at cost. Will sell at cost until an opportunity is shown present. GEO. C. CHAPMAN, Adm'r. 48-1

FOR SALE.—I offer my house and place for sale on very reasonable terms. Inquire of the premises. H. D. KITCHELL.

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Ralph's Midnight Adventure.

and when at length Polly looked up at the clock, she exclaimed in surprise: "If it ain't nine o'clock—bed time."

"Father keeps it in his study. The man that he owes it to is coming after it to-morrow," he had said.

"What can that be?" he said to himself as it continued, and slipping out of bed, he opened the door and stole softly down stairs.

"He had apparently almost succeeded in opening the door, but had met with some unexpected difficulty, and it was this that had caused the curse that had warned Ralph."

"Sh, Bell, there's a man down stairs robbing father's desk." "Robbing father's desk?" gasped Bell.

"You went about your business, and I'll be glad to see you again."

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Why Tea and Coffee are Unwholesome Beverages.

1. Their employment as beverages is a useless habit. 2. They are poisonous. Every pound of tea contains one-fourth of a pound of a poison called tannic acid.

3. They are medicines. All medicines are poisons, according to medical authority, and are always productive of disease.

4. They produce many painful, chronic, and sometimes incurable diseases. Here are a few of the diseases resulting from the use of tea, coffee, chocolate, and similar beverages.

5. The use of these articles encourages gossip and scandal by exciting the mind to an unnatural degree, and so leading to unguarded and thoughtless assertions and remarks.

6. They are among the chief causes of intemperance, for they foster and encourage the desire for stimulation, which always increases with gratification.

7. A large proportion of all the tea and coffee is dangerously poisoned by adulteration with numerous injurious articles. Prussian blue is common in tea, and Venetian red and other coloring matters in coffee!

The following result of an analysis of adulterated tea which is given by Dr. Smith in his work on "Foods," is a fair illustration: "Iron, plumbago, chalk, China clay, sand, Prussian blue, turmeric, indigo, strychnine, gypsum, catechu, gum, the leaves of the camellia, saffron, Chlorophyll officinal, elm, oak, willow, poplar, elder, beech, hawthorn, and sloe."

8. Especially injurious is the influence of tea and coffee upon children. When the habit of using these articles is not contracted until adult age, their beneficial influence is soon and painfully apparent.

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A Strange Custom.

A strange custom observed at the hotels in Ceylon is the signing of *chits* when an order is given at the bar for wine or liquor. These *chits* are small pieces of paper signed either with the initials or full name of the party who gives the order.

If a stranger enters a hotel in Colombo he is presented with one of these *chits*, which he signs, or else pays for his liquor in preference.

It is not necessary that the visitor should be known to the bar tender or to his assistant in the house. He may, perhaps, be a passenger by a steamer letter that day; it is no business of the employee. If the stranger chooses to sign a false name, or a name so illegitimately written that it cannot be deciphered, still it is no business of the man behind the bar.

He has to do in to retain the paper as proof that he has paid for every body else. There are not over a thousand European inhabitants in Ceylon, and the whereabouts of each of them is easily ascertained.

SINCE COUNTRY.—Another kind of coarseness and dullness than that of rakes and libertines and all selfish people calls courtesy insincere. There are those who are fond of asking, "Why not call a spade a spade?" and who have every body say what he thinks of every body else.

When entering the house of Mr. Fungus, who has invited him to her ball, is to refuse to bow to her, but is to say: "I don't bow to you because I don't respect you. Your cheeks are plastered with paint; you wear a ridiculous wig; you are stuffed and padded to give yourself a figure; you are a grinning, wriggling old witch, grimacing and backbiting your neighbors."

This is what is fondly called "telling the palace of truth." It is a kind of truth-telling which would turn human society into a howling wilderness. Truth-telling? How does he know that it is the truth? It is his opinion, his impression.

What then? Are his opinions and impressions synonymous with truth? Is he the honest Pope that he should be infallible? How many of our judgments of each other prove to be correct? How many are not modified or susceptible of infinite modification? If you lay down exact truth of statement as the rule of your conversation and manner, very well; but spare us your whims and prejudices and guesses. Give us the pure truth in intercourse, or give us courtesy. Who can give the pure truth? But who can not give courtesy?

MARR'S BOOK OF THANKS.—"I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Mark, "that I really must—"

"Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin Cecilia. "No, look over my book of thanks."

"What's that?" said Cecilia as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy-book, nearly full of writing in a round hand.

"Here again," cried Ben, "I lost my shilling. Ben made it up to me kindly." "Well," observed the boy, turning down the leaf, "Ben is a good boy after all."

"What do you note down after all?" asked Cecilia, "fanning over his shoulder with some courtesy." "All the kindnesses that are ever shown me; you would wonder how many there are. I find a great deal of good from marking them down. I do not forget them, as I might do if I only trusted to my memory, so I hope that I am not ungrateful; and when I am cross, and out of temper, I almost always feel good-humored again if I only look over my book."

Prof. Crookes has made an interesting discovery recently in regard to the motive power of light, which it is thought will have an important bearing on the future of general science. He made, according to recent advices, a profound impression upon the members of Royal Society of London by his experiments. He showed that light as distinguished from heat has a motive power sufficient to cause a delicate wheel to revolve continually while suspended in a vacuum. The light of a common candle at a distance of twenty-two inches, and passed through an alum screen to deprive it of heat was enough to cause revolutions of this little instrument, and full daylight drives it with great velocity.

An old yet good story is told of a hotel-keeper, who engaged a handsome, well-dressed barman, who parted his hair in the middle, and wore a diamond ring. In two years thereafter the hotel-keeper became insolvent, his establishment was sold by the auctioneer, and the purchaser was none other than the barman. Out of compassion he engaged his old employer to reap the indignities of the auctioneer and the soothing smash. In two years more the whirlwind of time had brought about his revenge, and the hotel was again sold. This time the first proprietor bought it back. But he did not re-engage that barman.

Wearers of false hair take notice! In Algeria a hospital attendant, who had been condemned to prison for cutting the hair of the heads of deceased women, the habit is suspected to generally exist. The discovery was brought about by an Arab insisting on having a lock of his wife's hair. When the coffin was opened he was surprised to find her hair had been cropped.

A young man of Rochester, who was severely injured by jumping from a train, was so annoyed by questions as to how he was hurt that he had a large number of cards printed, which he gave out to every one who looked inquiringly at his face or said a word about it. The card read as follows: "Busted this nose in jumping from a train of cars near Fairport, Thursday, April 20."

There are now inhabiting the globe three thousand million of human beings. The average duration of life is a little over thirty-three years. One-fourth die before they are seven years old, and one-half, at seventeen.

The Irish language is fast disappearing from the speech of the people in Ireland, and there are not many of the native who can even understand it. The archeological association of Ireland has asked the commissioners of education to "preserve the Irish tongue from being lost," and have it regularly taught in the schools.

A Mississippi man puts it thus: "At the earnest solicitation of those to whom I owe money, I have consented to become a candidate for county treasurer."

Fig—A hog's little boy.