

in the room, and were quiet enough till I began to snore; then I heard them whisper. What were my sensations when I saw them arise softly, and the man take a gun from behind the bed. I saw him, assisted by the hag, draw out a charge of shot which was in the gun, and reload it with a handful of slugs. I turned over heavily, and pretended to have awakened. My plan of action was arranged in a moment. I had worn a wig for several years, on account of losing my hair by a fever. I now determined to make it of more use than it had ever been before. I lifted myself from the bed, and felt around in the dark until I found one of the pumpkins I had seen. Over this I drew my wig; it happened to be an excellent fit. Having dressed it in this uncommon manner, I crept back to my bed, and placed it on my pillow in the exact spot which my head had occupied. When it was adjusted in juxtaposition with the long crevice, through which I took another look. Heavens! the fiends were loading a brace of pistols with the infernal slugs.

I can't say but what I felt a little dry about the throat just then I looked towards old Leon. I could just see his great eyes through the darkness; he was still upon the alert. Perspiration began to roll down my face in great drops, not that I felt absolutely afraid—for I flatter myself I was no coward—but I did not like the idea of taking human life. I was confident that I could defend myself, yet even that confidence was not enough to make me feel altogether comfortable.

Taking my pistols in my hands, I bent over the bed and commenced snoring again, at the same time watching the movements of the man and his amiable spouse. Every explosion from my nose seemed to give her infinite satisfaction. They looked at each other, nodded and smiled grimly. He took the gun, and in his stocking feet approached the crevice opposite the bed, followed by the hag, with the pistols and carving knife, stopping he peered into the room and brought his ferocious looking eyes to bear upon my wig.

I know it would be dangerous to see any more. I raised my head out of harm's way, and emitted now and then a snore. I directed the muzzle of the gun, and then with a tremor of indignation, and a kind of creeping sensation all over me, I drew back, and awaited the result. It was a moment of awful suspense to me. What if he should discover the cheat, and elevate the piece? A thousand such thoughts rushed through my mind in an instant. The cold sweat ran down my face in a stream. Thank Heaven! I was not kept long in suspense.

A terrible explosion followed the fearful pause. A storm of slugs poured into my bed, perforating my wig, and scattering the pumpkin in every direction. "He won't never tell no stories!" I heard the assassin say, as he dropped the breech of his gun heavily on the floor. "Now for the dog."

During these operations, Leon had placed himself by my side with his fore feet on the bed, while to keep him still, I put my hand over his mouth. He knew well what I meant, for I had kept him quiet so before. At the moment of the discharge, he gave a low growl. I pointed to the door. He understood my meaning well. His eyes flashed fire, while he waited the moment to wreak his vengeance on the assassins.

"I will open the door a little, and when the cretur' sticks his head out, shoot him," said the sho wolf.

The door was opened, but the "cretur" didn't stick his head out. Leon knew too much for that, and waited his chance. Emboldened by not hearing anything, the door was gradually opened. Now was the time. With a terrific howl, Leon leaped over the head of the woman, seized the ruffian by the throat, and dragged him to the ground, where a great struggle took place. In another moment the hag was writhing in my grasp; her surprise was so great that she made little resistance, and I quickly bound her, hand and foot, with a cord which she had prepared for another use—perhaps to drag my body away into the woods. The next thing to attend to was the man and Leon. The struggle was still going on, but the latter had set his sharp teeth into the throat of the wretch, and rendered all my efforts abortive, although he was a man of powerful frame. He was already reeking with blood, and I hastened to save what little of life was left in him. The dog was loth to quit his hold, and when he did, he left one victim to punish another; for before I could prevent it, he had set his teeth quite through the hag's arm, who shrieked like a lunatic.

The fellow looked ghastly enough when I released him. His neck was frightfully torn; but he got no pity from me. I bound him as I had his companion in iniquity, while he maintained a moody silence, and she heaped curses upon the dog.

I bound her around his neck, which was all the surgical aid he got from me. Leon seemed very well satisfied with the arrangements, and laid down in the corner and watched them with much calm philosophy.

We remained with them until morning. I cannot say but I enjoyed the triumph as much as Leon did, as they were certainly old offenders, as it was afterwards proved in a court of justice. As good fortune would have it, a man passed the next morning, by whom I sent word to the dearest settlement of what had occurred.

Before ten o'clock, the offenders were in the hands of the law. They were conveyed to the nearest jail, where they awaited their trial, which took place about two months afterwards. They were sentenced to ten years imprisonment, which, all the circumstances considered, was not too much. I believe if they ever here to get out they will kill Leon should he survive their punishment, he is still as strong and healthy a dog as you will find anywhere. No money would tempt me to part with him. He is now looking quietly in my face as I write this. I bind to him the propriety of having his likeness published with this sketch;—but he shakes his head gravely, as much as to say—"I don't care about it, master—every worthless puppy has his likeness published now-a-days." Grateful for past services, I suffer him to have his own way in this as in many other matters. Let no one despise the dog, as he is the only animal, who forsaking his own species, cultivates the friendship of man.

**A NET FOR PHYLOGISTS.**—Mrs Leeland, of Nora, (Apple River station, on the morning of the 21st ult., was delivered of a fine son, bearing in each hand, or rather attached to the middle joint of each little finger by its proper stem, a perfect tomato. The mother had bestowed unusual care upon her tomatoes in the garden, and hoped to have them ripe before confinement. The specimens brought by the son were about the size and stage of maturity of those in the garden, and could not be distinguished from them by the closest scrutiny. One of these specimens may be seen surrounded in alcohol, at the house of Mr Leeland, merchant at Nora.—*Freemont Bulletin.*

**Humorous.**

A little nonsense now and then,  
Is relished by the wisest men.

**AN OLD STORY**

BY MRS. J. H. SIGOURNEY

SAYS Tom to Jem, as furth they went  
To walk one evening fine,  
"I wish the sky a great green field,  
And all that pasture mine"

"And I," says Jem, "wish yonder stars,  
That there so idly shine,  
Were every one a good fat ox,  
And all those oxen mine"

"Where would your herd of cattle graze?"  
Why, in your pasture fair?"  
"They should not, that's a fact," said Tom;  
"They shall not, I declare!"

With that they frowned, and struck, and fought,  
And fiercely stood at bay,  
And for a foolish fancy cast  
Their old regard away

And many a war, on broader scale  
Hath stained the earth with gore,  
For castles in the air that fell  
Before the strife was o'er

**STREET SMOKING.**

I knew by the smoke that so lazily curled  
From his lips, 'twas a loafer I happened to meet,  
And I said, "If a nuisance there be in the world,  
'Tis smoking a segar in a frequented street."

'Twas night, and the ladies were gliding around,  
And in many an eye shone the glittering tear,  
But the loafer puffed on, and I heard not a sound,  
Save that short hacking cough of each smoke-smitten dear

**FUNNY EXPLANATION.**—An eminent psychologist of London has decided that the spirit rappings are produced by phantom postmen engaged in the delivery of dead letters.

**EMBRACING CHRISTIANITY.**—This is what the King of Siam said the first time he hugged an English gal. Not a bad pun that.

**PUNCH'S PROPOSITION.**—Punch says that it has been proposed to tax stays, but it was objected to, on the ground that it would diminish consumption.

**PROMISING BOY.**—"Jack, what did you do with your new trousers?" said an anxious papa. "I swopped them off."—"For what?" "A slug shot, Boyle's games, and the Pirate's Own Book."

**A FATAL REGION.**—A couple of sons of the Emerald Isle met near the custom-house one day, when, after the usual salutations, one said to the other, "Well, Patrick, poor Horton is dead," (alluding to one of their acquaintances, who died suddenly.) "Oh, yes, it's very sickly here; a great many have died this year that never died before," returned Patrick.

**A DESIRABLE NEIGHBOR.**—"Mother wants to know if you won't please lend her your preserving kettle, 'cause as she wants to preserve?" "We would with pleasure, boy, but the truth is, the last time we loaned it to your mother, she preserved it so effectually that we have never seen it since." "Well, you needn't be so sorry about your old kettle. Guess it was full of holes when we borrowed it; and mother wouldn't a troubled you again, when we seed you bringing home a new one!"

**CATECHISM.**—"Boy, what is your name?" "Ragged and Tough." "Who gave you that name?" "The boys in our alley, darn 'em." "Where do you live?" "With ma." "Where does ma live?" "She lives with pa." "Where do they both live?" "In a house; any more questions to ax?" "My boy, did you know that I am one of the lights of the world?" "No, are you?" "Yes." "Then I wish you were hung up at the end of our alley, for we live in a darned dark one."

How late is it, Bill? Look at the Boss and see if he is drunk yet, if he isn't it can't be much after eleven.

The following sign on Western Row, Cincinnati, bears the impress of originality.—Rales, Crackers, Kofsch, and many's Holesale and Retail.

The best vegetable pill ever invented is an apple dumplin.—For destroying a ;nawing at the stomach, this pill may always be relied on.

A Yankee down east has made the grand discovery, that a window glazed with old hats is a sure indication that the occupants have seen a rum bottle.

A poet carried some lines to a critic, and desired his opinion of their merit. After reading them, the critic observed—"My dear sir, these lines need fire." And he threw them into the grate.

Reader, did you ever hear of the simple Hibernian, who had clambered to the brink of a well, and then let go his hold to spit on his hands? He was just as wise as the man who stops advertising.

A gallant who was sitting beside his beloved, and being unable to think of anything else to say, asked her why she was like a tailor? "I don't know," said she, "unless it's because I'm sitting beside a goosie."

A minister having occasion lately to visit one of his parishioners in the way of condolence regarding her husband who was in a blackaliding condition, remarked, after some conversation, "Well, Janet, could you think of any plan we could fall on to induce Andrew to attend the church again?" "Awroel," said Janet, after a pause. "I ken o' none, sir, unless you would set down a whiskey-bottle and a tobacco pipe on the top o' the seat."



**Ladies' Department**

**THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW.**

And is the swallow gone? Who beheld it? Which way sailed it? Farewell bade it none!	So the freed spirit flies! From its shrouding clay, It steals away, Like the swallow from the skies
No mortal saw it go, But who doth hear Its summer cheer, As it flutters to and fro!	Whither—wherefore doth it go? 'Tis all unknown, We feel alone That a void is left below

**WOMEN AND TEMPERANCE INNS—PENNSYLVANIA WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.**

If A circular addressed by an association of women in Newcastle county Penn. to their sisters in other parts of the United States, was read and adopted as the sentiments of the Convention. We quote the following from it, namely:

Dear sisters, let us send up a united and simultaneous prayer for success, to the God of the suffering and oppressed, from the closet of every wife, mother, and sister in Pennsylvania, and we must prevail. Send out your influence to your neighboring towns; let it flow out, wave upon wave, till they, meeting corresponding waves from adjoining countries, there let them mingle, and roll, and surge, till there is a general upheaving of the whole state in favor of the law that will cause thousands to leap for joy. The following resolution passed unanimously:

**Resolved, THAT ALL OUR PUBLIC SPEAKERS BE REQUESTED NOT TO "PUT UP" OR STOP AT ANY HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT WHERE SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS ARE SOLD.**

The women in the United States have lately become very active in the temperance cause, especially in Ohio, Pennsylvania and Michigan. At the recent election in Ohio they formed committees to attend the polls, circulate tickets, and ask voters to vote for the Maine Law. Opposed to them in some places were other women, who worked against the law; strange action this for the sex which suffers everywhere from intemperance. The above determination and recommendation of women in favor of temperance houses is praiseworthy. Temperance inns, where fast are well kept, should be patronized. There are few in Canada, however, worthy of this support. Nothing is more disgusting than a poor temperance house, kept by some dirty low family. In the United States these Temperance Inns are often kept in a most praiseworthy way. Excellent houses of this kind can be found in Buffalo, New York City, Boston, and Washington. A truly consistent temperance man will always prefer a temperance inn to one in which liquors are sold, if he can be decently accommodated there. In Canada there is little hope of the establishment of good temperance inns, so long as the license law exist. Mr. Belnap, of Hamilton, is a consistent man and keeps a very fair house. Mr. Wilson, of Newmarket, keeps a comfortable country temperance house. A well kept house was pay in Toronto. Several attempts to get up mean houses in the city have been made, and deservedly failed. No man should ever keep a clean house, well provided for. The good temperance houses of Canada have been ruined by the bad character of many miserable dog holes that have assumed the name.

If SHOOTING THEIR SEDUCERS is becoming quite common in the United States. A Miss Clay, who shot her seducer, has been discharged from custody, the Grand Jury refusing to find a bill against her. A young woman in Cincinnati lately shot her seducer dead, who had married another woman, and then gave herself up to the authorities. She will in like manner be cleared crime. If The Cayuga Chief, of Auburn City, we regret to approve of these acts without a regret. Is this the morality of a Northern temperance paper of the United States? If a woman has a right to shoot a man for one injury, why not for another? Is not a woman to blame in these cases too? How they all the innocence on their side? A woman with a proper moral education will not permit a man to seduce her, and to shoot men by girls of easy virtue is a monstrous savage doctrine, one at least that should not be approved. If we are to return to a savage life again, it is all well enough to settle things by knife and pistol. Every woman that succors her seducer is deserving of punishment on two grounds, she exhibits a blood-thirsty mind, and shows that her morality and religion are at a low ebb. The cure for those things is not the pistol, but moral education. Lyceum law is objectionable in all its phases.