

"LIMBOOEE."

On a tree there was a crow,  
In his bill a clank of cheese;  
On the ground a fox below,  
Said, "Come down, my friend, please,  
You are beautiful of wing,  
And I let that you can sing."  
Cheered by flattery, the crow  
Sang, and dropped the cheese below.  
Then the cunning fox did see  
To the fallen clank of cheese:  
And he calmly, lugged it out,  
And he scoffed the song with scorn.

THE PRETTY MARKET GIRL.

"Dear me! I am sure I don't know what to do! If any body was in a fix I'm in one now."  
"What is it, my dear? Can't I help you out of your fix?"  
"Sakes alive! no, Lottie dear, you can't help me one bit."  
"Now, don't say that, Lottie. I'm quite certain I can be of service to you if you will only allow me. Why, I've been here a whole lot, and I've washed, and dressed, and slept, and I'm quite as useful as the stuffed owl that is perched above the book case that is in the library, and a great deal more in the way."

"Why, child, and good Mrs. Bentley stopped in her work of preparing a turkey for the market, and looked with loving earnestness upon the beautiful features of her niece. 'I don't like to hear you talk that way. You are in the way? Why, bless your dear heart, the beloved child of my dear sister can never be in the way.'"  
"Well, auntie, I didn't not feel like coming out here to spend another Thanksgiving with you if you will not allow me to be of some service during my stay here," persisted Lottie. "Come, tell me all about your fix as you term it, and I will see if I am not worth something besides running around and making myself useful while others are making themselves useful."

"Oh, Lottie! there's nothing you can do, though I'll tell you all about it. You see all this poultry, and a lot of butter and eggs were to be delivered to-day in this city, for day after tomorrow will be Thanksgiving day, and Jones, our hired man, is sick with a cold, and sore throat, and can't leave his bed; your uncle is away and won't be home until to-morrow night, and how under the sun I am going to deliver these things according to contract is more than I can tell."

"The Mrs. Bentley's surprise Lottie clasped her hands and danced around the room exclaiming:  
"Just the thing! Capital! Capital!"  
"What on earth do you mean, child?" she managed to say.

"Why, that I will go to the market and deliver the turkeys, butter and eggs myself. Now, don't say one word, auntie," she continued, as her good old aunt elevated her hands, rolled up her eyes and opened her mouth, as if to give vent to emphatic "Oh!" "Don't say one word, the idea just came into my mind, and I am determined to do it—if you will allow me," she added demurely.

"What, you! the heiress and daughter of Judge Haines? You, the belle of the city, going to market with turkeys, butter and eggs—all of things as well as Jones would. Now, don't oppose me, will you? that's a dear good soul!"

Mrs. Bentley really felt distressed to know how to fulfil her contract, and was truly thankful for the prospect of assistance, but she could hardly reconcile herself to the idea that her niece, so beautiful and heiress of whom she was so proud, should perform the role of market girl.

However, Lottie's arguments prevailed, and she went to her room to prepare for her expedition.

Borrowing a short dress from the "help," she donned it, and then folding a shawl in the form of a mantle, she threw it about her shoulders, and with her rich tresses hanging in beautiful profusion over her neck and shoulders, she looked like a very lovely country girl.

Placing a dainty hat upon her head she modestly declared herself ready, and tripped down to the kitchen to present herself for her aunt's inspection.

"Well, I do declare!" exclaimed that worthy lady, "who ever would know you for Lottie? If I had not you face to face, I should never have guessed it was you if I hadn't known."

"I'm so glad to hear you say so, auntie, for I don't propose to be recognized by any one. Oh! it will be fun," and with a gay laugh she walked about the room.

"Are the things all ready?" she asked stopping to take breath.

"Yes, but the old horse must be harnessed—can you do that?"

"I don't know, auntie; I think so; at least I can try."

She skipped away to the stable, and after half an hour's patient toil she led old Billy around to the door, all harnessed and attached to the market wagon.

In a short time the said market wagon was filled with the important articles for somebody's Thanksgiving, and Lottie, climbing to the high seat, took the reins and with a flourish that would have done a professional horseman credit.

"Have you got some warm gloves?" asked Mrs. Bentley.

"Nothing but kids; they will be warm enough."

"Don't forget to give those four largest turkeys to Colonel Ormsby's," her aunt called after her.

"Oh, no; but you haven't told me where he lives," said Lottie, drawing and waiting for the information.

"I declare I don't know where he does live; but you can inquire at the market where you are to deliver the rest. It's somewhere in the north part of the city, not a great way from the market, and they'll be likely to know him there."

"I think I can find it," replied Lottie, and drove off at a brisk pace.

In due time she arrived in the city and drove up before the market.

Explaining the cause of her coming, she delivered the articles demanded for day and then inquired for the residence of Colonel Ormsby.

"I cannot tell you, Miss," replied the proprietor; but if you'll step into that little restaurant on the corner there, I think you will obtain the desired information."

She did so, and got a young woman in their employ who was once a servant in Colonel Ormsby's family.

Lottie hesitated, should she allow herself to enter a third class saloon, where she would be likely to come in contact with low fellows who make such places their resort for drinking, gambling and smoking?

In a moment she decided that she would be recognized by no one, and as she had undertaken to perform this mission she must go on and carry out the entire programme.

Lighly she tripped across the street, entered the saloon, and of the slowly looking girl behind the counter she made her inquiry.

"I don't know myself, Miss, but if you wait here a few minutes I'll go and ask one of the girls that used to work there."

Again Lottie hesitated. She disliked the idea of remaining here even for a few minutes. What if one of her acquaintances should chance to pass, and looking in, recognize her there?

Seeing she hesitated, the girl said:— "If you don't like to wait here, you can step into the sitting room."

Lottie confessed that she would rather stay in the sitting room, for if Leon Lancaster should pass the door and see her there, he would be sure to recognize her, she thought, as she believed that his loving eyes could never be deceived.

The girl threw open the door of the sitting room, and Lottie entered, but she had not turned a page, and most faintly, for there, seated at a table, with a bottle of some kind of liquor before him, and a half emptied glass in his hand, she beheld Leon Lancaster, her affianced husband.

"Ho! ho! my pretty one!" he cried, rising and coming toward her with a smile which upon his face, which made him appear actually loathsome and repulsive. "What do you see that you look so alarmed? I will not harm you; come here and give me a kiss."

"Back!" he cried, raising his hand, from which he drew a revolver, the matter with which she had worn at her aunt's suggestion.

"Ah! the little beauty is going to be dignified, isn't she?" he grinned, "but you must be more kind; come, give me a kiss from those red lips."

"Back, say I!" she cried, "I will call assistance, and I am determined to make an inquiry of one of the waiters, and not expect to come in contact with a drunken villain."

"Oh! how spirited she is. I like that," he answered, stooping and picking up the mitten which, in her excitement, she had dropped. "Come now, give me a kiss, or you shall not have your mitten."

"Ah!" he continued, starting back, as he noticed the magnificent ring which she wore upon the forefinger of her right hand, "where did you get that ring? Let me look at it, will you?"

"No, I will not."  
"Where did you get it?"  
"It matters not now, since I came honestly by it. I will give it to you when next I see you."

"By Jove! that's clever; but I must see it now," and he took a step toward her.

"Stand back!"  
He caught her by the shoulder, but as quick as lightning the little hand came down with a smarting blow upon his cheek.

"I'll have a kiss for that, I swear!" he cried, and holding her firmly, he pressed his lips to her cheek.

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introduced him to the guests already there assembled.

"Where is Lottie?" he asked, showing the least particle of annoyance that she had not been there to greet him on his arrival.

"She is in her room putting on an extra finery to her toilet, I suppose. She will be here in a moment," replied Mrs. Bentley.

And she left the parlor and passed through the hall, when Lottie came tripping down the stairs. Mrs. Bentley gave one glance at her attire and exclaimed:

"Why, Lottie Haines, are you crazy?"  
"Never more sane in my life, auntie. Will you present me to your guests now?"

"What do you mean, Lottie?"  
"Never mind; I'll explain all to your satisfaction by and by," lightly laughed Lottie.

She started the same costume in which she had gone to market two days before. Upon one hand she wore one of the mittens which Mrs. Bentley had urged her to wear upon the occasion referred to.

Mrs. Bentley offered no further opposition, and led the way to the parlor, followed by Lottie, who she introduced to the party there assembled.

A portion of them looked with surprise upon the costume of Lottie, and others noticed only the rare beauty of her face.

She greeted them with a quietly graceful bow, and advancing to Leon Lancaster she said:

"Mr. Lancaster, I think I promised at our last meeting, that when next we should meet I would exchange this ring for the mate of this mitten," and she removed the gemmed circlet from her finger.

"Good heavens!" he cried, turning pale. "What does this mean?"

"It means, sir, that I am the person whom you met in a low restaurant on the corner, and whom you so grossly insulted, mistaking me for a poor market girl. It was a freak of fancy which prompted me to assume this dress and take some things to market for auntie, as uncle was away and her hired man was sick. I shall always thank my lucky stars that I was led to do so, for thereby I learned your true character," she replied, her beautiful eyes flashing with scorn, and her countenance glowing with indignation.

"Lottie, there is some mistake about this."

"Say no more, sir; I am not mistaken. I saw you there in a state of intoxication, and you grossly insulted me, yet you dared to lay violent hands upon me. Here is your ring, take it, I never wish to see you again!" and she flung the laurel at his feet and swept away from the room.

When she entered a short time after, dressed in her own becoming attire, and looking really beautiful, the seat which Leon Lancaster had occupied was vacant.

She entered with zest into the festivities of the occasion, and if there was one heart aflutter that party which thrived with joy and thanksgiving, it was the heart of Lottie Haines, for by a mere chance she had been saved from marrying a man wholly unworthy to bear the name of husband.

THE "COMPREHENSIVE GARMENT."

When men desire to put on water-proof coats, or to wear their trousers supported by suspenders instead of a strap or buckle, they quietly do so, and say nothing about it. A woman, however, no sooner feels a desire to lay aside her corset, or to fasten her stockings in a novel manner, than she calls a convention of other like-minded women, who, after having chosen their president and secretary, resolve that, though their lives should pay the forfeit, they will abandon corsets and garters forever.

One would fancy to read the proceedings of these conventions, that a brutal and tyrannical community stood ready to punish with imprisonment and the gallows all women who venture upon any new arrangement of their under-clothing. Whereas the truth undoubtedly is that the community does care nothing for the "dress-reformers," dresses themselves, and would hardly with a throb of interest read the news that they had determined to condemn themselves from head to foot in bomb-proof armor.

A "dress-reform" convention was held at Boston last week, and the usual force of determination to wear no garters though the heavens should fall was heroically expressed. The convention, however, differed from other previous conventions, inasmuch as it was the occasion of the exhibition of a garment entirely new of its kind, and which reflects great credit upon the ingenuity of its inventor. The marvelous invention combines corsets, stockings, garters, boots, earrings and parasol, besides other mysterious articles with whose names we are unfamiliar in one single and comprehensive garment.

Moreover, this garment is waterproof and can be worn outside the old-fashioned, ordinary dress as well as beneath it. In case of a sudden rain or shower the wearer in the street has only to remove the "Comprehensive Garment" from its original position, and slip it on outside of her bonnet, boots, and skirt to successfully defy the most violent thunder-shower of which our climate is capable. The man who would refuse to recognize the utility of this garment and the wisdom of its inventor is obviously unfit to form an opinion on any but the most vulgar and trivial topics.

The convention warmly applauded the "Comprehensive Garment," and will doubtless adopt it before the meeting adjourns. The delegates can rest assured that no possible objection will be made to their so doing. Indeed the interest which the lady in question has taken in the "Comprehensive Garment" during a brisk shower would create would be a positive boon to the public. In the way of a free entertainment we have had no street show to compare with it, and the best of our theatres would suffer severely by comparison with it, and in the entertaining an exhibition—Graphic.

A Kingston woman has just taken a fifth husband.

THESANGSTER SO. NDAL.

Ten days have elapsed since Dr. Sangster announced in the columns of this paper that it was his intention to take such steps as would satisfy his fellow-teachers of the authenticity of a document purporting to be a confession of adultery on the part of his former wife, which he claimed to have in his possession, and other documents bearing on his case. He also stated addressing the editor of the Globe:—"Ultimately I shall probably afford you an ample opportunity of proving or disproving your base allegations in regard to this well known matter."

Up to this moment, Dr. Sangster has failed to meet his pledge, and we presume he has no intention to make any further statement of the circumstances attending his divorce and second marriage.

He has charged Dr. Sangster with grave offences most unwarranted. With his conduct as Chief of the Normal School created scandal, we refrained from any public reference to it. In the hope that the authorities of the establishment would remove him, we committed the matter to the discretion of the board, and we trusted that the latter would be buried in oblivion. It was with the utmost astonishment that we found him a candidate for a seat in the Council of Public Instruction. There are several persons in this city who have known him, and who have been married, who are determined not to permit his election without making the circumstances known to the public. Several communications were sent to us for publication, and we were placed in the position not merely of keeping silent ourselves, but of suppressing the claims of others, persons of respectable character, who desired to record their protest against Dr. Sangster's admission to the chief educational office of the Province. It seemed to us a duty, from which we could by no means escape, to allow the public to know the character of the man, and to place charges so serious in regard to his conduct without being full cognizant of the evidence in which the statements rest. At any time we should have rejoiced to hear that Dr. Sangster had abandoned the contest and taken refuge in the obscurity of his private life. The reputation over which he has so long labored, and which he has so carefully guarded, and which he has so justly earned, would be a great loss to him. The reputation over which he has so long labored, and which he has so carefully guarded, and which he has so justly earned, would be a great loss to him.

It will be observed that in answer to a question as to the ground of the separation from his wife, Dr. Sangster replied, "the cause leading to our separation are of too private and too painful a character to be publicly discussed." This strikes us as a very singular way of being too thin. Dr. Sangster has been showing a document which he says shows the cause of the separation; he has revealed them in the "Hastings" letters and in all the public journals that he could influence in his favor, and it is in vain to say that the public now that the causes of separation are "too private and too painful to be publicly discussed."

He has promised a full revelation of all the facts and circumstances of the case, and he may reply to that nothing; but that will satisfy public opinion in any degree.

To prove that Mrs. Sangster did wrong will not justify Dr. Sangster's conduct as the head of the Normal School. But it is right that the charges which Dr. Sangster has brought against his wife should be sifted, that she may receive no injustice in the controversy.

A PAINFUL AND LINGERING DEATH.

BURIED IN A WELL.

A young man named Hendrickson lost his life in a shaft of rock in the State of Ohio, recently, under very painful circumstances. It seems that he went into a well on Tuesday morning, the 12th inst., for the purpose of taking up the curbings. The well was dry, and some eight feet deep, and he had secured the curbings, and he was about to descend, when he fell into the well. He was about twenty feet of coarse gravel. A large number of the neighbors were collected, and efforts were directed towards the recovery of the body. Owing to the danger of working in the well, on account of the danger of falling, the difficulty of putting in proper curbings, digging was not commenced until Wednesday morning. On Wednesday afternoon the men in the well fished, they heard groans from the buried man, but this seemed so incredible that at first no reliance was placed on the report.

Work was then impossible, the shaft was dug to the bottom, and the body was found. It was suspended at dark Wednesday, but resumed again early Thursday morning. Over a hundred men gathered at the mouth of the well when the digging commenced. The man was still alive, and his groans were distinctly heard. The most desperate exertions were made to reach, and if possible, save him from his position and agony. As they got near to him the men in the well plainly heard the sufferer earnestly praying for death to relieve him from his excruciating torment. "Death! Death! O Lord!" he was heard to exclaim. About three in the afternoon when hope ran high, and he was almost reached, the attempt to remove some of the broken curbings caused a new evening along more vicious than of old, and a human hand was reached about seven in the evening, but too late—the body was still warm, but life was extinct. The diggers succeeded in uncovering his head, but found the body pinned down by the broken and fallen curbings, and as they had set in, were obliged to relinquish their labor until morning. On Friday, labor was resumed, and the body brought to the surface about noon. The head was found bruised, the left lung crushed, and the right hipbone driven apart from the backbone by the fingers which had pinned him down.

The Indiana farmers can tell a demanding statement as quickly as a pig-weld from a pumpkin vine. And at their reform meeting they resolved to pull the former and cultivate the latter a little more than previously. It is no wonder the political jokers and adventurers don't take stock in these farmers' organizations. They don't expect to be any of the things they have, so long of it, but have a deep-seated repugnance to being turned out to grass.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

Not many years ago a clergyman of one of the strictest sects in a neighboring city—a man eminent for his piety and learning—had a daughter, a girl of unusual beauty and charm of manner. Much of the story tells itself in those facts. The child was no doubt carefully taught, and tenderly loved. Father and mother gave her to the Lord; mother and father, too, as the wisest of fathers and mothers will do, were scarcely glad of her beauty, and prophesied a fairer future for her from it. Why should they not? The world has no future fairer than that before a woman, young and good and beautiful. There is no scepter with rule so absolute and sure as rose-tinted cheek and brilliant eye—no royalty that gives so prompt and keen a pleasure to its possessor. When it belongs to a woman in a happy home, where she is faithfully loved, and from which she looks up faithfully from her daily work for Him whom unseen Father and Helper, it matters little whether the home be poor or rich. Her happiness is founded on a rock. The girl grew into a home, where she was, we have every reason to believe, loved and guarded from temptation. How temptation came first, or how she fell is not worth the telling now even if any know. It is enough to say that, with the teaching of her youth and her father's prayers before her, she was a brilliant life of piety and virtue, married and was divorced once, and dragged into the courts the men whom she alleged had wronged her, was known in this city and many others as a woman of exceptional charm and reputation in Europe, and finally, having obtained a divorce, she went to Paris with her jewels he had stolen, and is there now. The whole story of the fair woman makes a romance as brilliant and dramatic as ever fell from the pen of a French novelist; her beauty has made itself felt in many countries; she has grasped at different times power and position.

We have no wish to dull the dramatic story into a tedious sermon. But what is the end of it after all? What are the wages which today she finds she has been paid for such service? No matter all the world of a thief and a Magdalen, and the stolen jewels in her hand, and we have no intention to join in the hue and cry. God knows what claims she has for mercy. We only wish to say, there are the wages, and none better are ever paid for such service. No matter what the world of a thief and a Magdalen, and the stolen jewels in her hand, and we have no intention to join in the hue and cry. God knows what claims she has for mercy. We only wish to say, there are the wages, and none better are ever paid for such service. No matter what the world of a thief and a Magdalen, and the stolen jewels in her hand, and we have no intention to join in the hue and cry. God knows what claims she has for mercy. We only wish to say, there are the wages, and none better are ever paid for such service.

A WOMAN WALKS ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

From the *Traveller's Republic*.

A woman passed through Truett on a cold winter morning when she had walked the entire distance from Kansas City. She has followed the railroad track closely and has been some fifty miles in making her trip. Nearly every conductor and brakeman on the road has seen her, and she has been a great curiosity to all the last foot up the same. N. Y. *Tribune*.

A GALLANT REPORTER KILLS HIS ASSAILANT.

LOCAL.—HE KILLS ONE RUPIAN AND WOUNDS ANOTHER.

About one o'clock in the morning, as Mr. Joseph S. Barnhart, local reporter of the *Vesbury Times*, was returning home he was accosted near the corner of Washington and Crawford streets, by a large muscular looking individual who laid in a gruff and determined tone, "Young man, I want you."

As he said this, he aimed a blow at Mr. Barnhart with a large edged, which the assailed gentleman dodged just in time to save his life, at the same time striking the assassin a blow between the eyes with his fist and knocked him down. Mr. Barnhart then took the stick, and raising it above his head with both hands, was about to deal his cowardly assassin a blow that would put an end to him, when he was struck from behind and felled to the ground. He was not so unconscious, however, though the severe blow to draw his pistol, which he leveled at his assailant and fired, the ball passing through the villain's left eye and killing him instantly. As he fell the man said, "I'm a dead man, finish him Jack."

The party addressed had meantime risen to his feet, and was rushing upon Mr. Barnhart with the stick, which he had again secured, when a bullet from Mr. Barnhart's pistol caused him to fall, exclaiming, "I'm killed. Captain Edwards and Sergeant Hoffman came running down the street at that moment, and discovered the wound of assassin whom they took to the workhouse. Several citizens were attracted by the shooting, and some of them assisted Barnhart into Charlie Wheeler's carriage, and took him to his room in the *Times* building, while others removed the body of the dead man to Mr. Arnold's undertaking establishment. The wounded man gave himself as Jack Allen, who will be remembered as the notorious Chicago and St. Louis highway robber. He said the dead man's name was Raggio, a Spaniard, who had a very bad reputation in New Orleans. Mr. Barnhart is seriously though not dangerously wounded, having an ugly gash on the right side of the back of the head. He is now lying in his room in the *Times* building, and is able to converse with his friends.

A Peoria man across the morning after a storm, and found his dog kennel buried under a drift as high as a church. He worked half an hour to dig his dog out, and then went down and told his clerk that he had done, and added, "A married man is compelled to his best." But after he left home the neighbors saw his wife and daughter shoveling out paths through the snow and carrying in coal.

SMALL-POX DISARMED.

Sir.—Some 18 months ago I called your attention to the discovery of a distinguished German doctor in reference to the use of common vinegar as a prophylactic in treatment of small-pox. His report of its successful use in Austria, where the disease was epidemic in its worst form, among a rude and improvident peasantry, was wonderful. Relying on the well-authenticated report of Dr. Roth, I resolved to put his instructions into practice as soon as opportunity presented. I also urged others among the faculty to give it a trial, but I regret to say without effect. In private practice I have only had two opportunities to test its efficacy, and the results were excellent. In the case of confluent small-pox, eight adults were exposed to the contagion constantly. None took the disease, and the patient recovered. In another family of six, the vinegar was used with similar good results, and without experiencing a degree of fright and horror among the exposed that was well calculated to insure attack, and even fatality.

The dose advised by Dr. Roth was two tablespoonfuls of common vinegar for an adult and a half that quantity for a child or for a feeble person, repeated morning and evening for fourteen days after exposure. I substituted raspberry vinegar, as being more palatable and equally efficient, provided it was made of good pure vinegar.

In the last report of proceedings of the Medical Society of Maryland (1874) I observed that a paper read before that body on the subject of small-pox, and highly commended as able and exhaustive, closes with the remark that "all the various methods of treatment of this most loathsome disease, none have given such satisfactory results as the so-called vinegar cure."

If to simple a means of prevention is effective, as I and others have found it, I trust the faculty and the public will give it a fair trial.

Yours, &c.

Toronto, June 18, 1874.

On Sunday, the 31st May, as the steamer *Dakota* was passing through Goose Rapids on her way to Winnipeg, a little girl, daughter of Mr. George Waite, of this city, on her way to the place with her family, fell from the aft part of the cabin deck into the river.

On the harrowing scene some eight or nine prisoners in irons going to stand their trial at the U. S. District Court at Pembina. One of these named Geo. Ballymore, on seeing the child fall sprang overboard, handloosed as he was and succeeded in reaching the struggling child and sustaining it against fearful odds, more than once the seething waters closing over both man and child. The engines were promptly stopped, a boat lowered, and succeeded in saving both of them. The scene on board was enough to unnerve the stoutest heart, both the mother of the child and the wife of the prisoner being on board, and the providential saving of the noble rescuer and the child cast forth feelings which were many an eye on board. The iron that bound the prisoner's wrists were immediately removed by order of the U. S. Marshal, and a change of clothing provided for him. Subsequently a purse of over \$60, taken up by Mr. G. Dougal, of Cottageburg, was presented to him as a reward for his heroic deed.

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A THOFT FIT.

A short time since, two young ladies, well known, were holding high converse over the virtues of a certain new dress. "And does it fit well?" asked one. "Fit? As if I'd been melted and poured in."

A little six-year old daughter of a Rathland clergyman watched Barnum's street parade with great interest, and finally said to her papa, "If I wa'n't a minister's little girl I could go to the circus; but I suppose I must act as an example to the whole church now."

A FRIGHTENED "PUDDING."—Last week while a policeman in one of our coast towns was unsuccessfully endeavoring to arouse a somewhat somnolent votary of Bacchus, a well-known undertaker passed with a straightening-board. He stopped, and remarked to the policeman, "I'm afraid I'm rather soon, but I suppose I must act as an example to the whole church now."

A SINGULAR WILL.—In June, 1828, the London papers recorded the singular last will of an English testator, named Garland, containing the following clause:—"I bequeath to my nephew, my dear and amusing Jack, the sum of £10 sterling per annum, to be employed for his sole and exclusive use and benefit; to my faithful dog Shock, a pension of £3 sterling, and, in case of the death of either of the three, the lapsed pension shall pass to the other two, between whom it is to be equally divided. On the death of the whole three the sum appropriated to this purpose shall become the property of my daughter Gertrude, to whom I give this preference among my children, because of the large family she has, and the difficulty she finds in bringing them up."

RECIROCITY.

CONTENTS OF THE PROPOSED RECIPROCAL TREATY BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA, WITH ACCOUNTING DOCUMENTS, PRESENTED TO THE U. S. SENATE, WASHINGTON, June 22.—The official title of the treaty is as follows:—"The treaty for the reciprocal regulation of commerce and trade between the United States and Canada, with provisions for the enlargement of the Canadian canals, and for their use by United States vessels on terms of equality with British vessels."

The President, in transmitting the draft of the treaty to the Senate, sent the following MESSAGE.

To the Senate of the United States:—The plenipotentiaries of Her Britannic Majesty at Washington have submitted to the Secretary of State for my consideration, a draft of a treaty for the reciprocal regulation of commerce and trade between the United States and Canada, with provisions for the enlargement of the Canadian canals, and for their use by United States vessels on terms of equality with British vessels.

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