Cambria

RECEIPTS & EXPENDITURES

the 1st day of March, 1874, to the 1st day of June,

To cash ree'd from R. J. Tibbott, Trensu-rer, 1873....

By am't p'd damages to property

weigh scales printing

water works

Outstanding Orders.

Clerk to Council Borough Solicitor... boarding prisoners.

street commissioner.

miscella scous int'st on water bonds

Balance in hands R. J. Tibbott, Trens'r. \$ 2,1,48

We, the undersigned Auditors of the Borough

of Ebensburg, do report that we have examined the accounts and vouchers of the receipts and ex-penditures of said Borough from the 1st day of March, 1874, to the 1st day of June, 1875, and find them correct; as also the foregoing statement of the assets and inchilities of said Borough.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT

To amount of Duplicate \$ 402.95
To amount of Duplicate \$ 402.95
" rec'd from Unscated Lands. 114 63
" Supervisor for 1874 69.08
" interest on \$100 for 3 months 177

By work on roads by citizens. \$381 72
"cash paid to Geo. A. Dedrich 125 69
cash paid for two scrapers,
one plow, work on roads,
plank for bridges etc. 294 69
personal services as Supervisor, 59% days. \$925
cash on order G. A. Dedrich. 1728
cash on order G. A. Dedrich. 1728
cash on order G. A. Dedrich. 1866
notes and int'st in his hands 250 60
"attorney's fees. 10 00-\$1,167 20

Balance in favor of Township..... # 21 18

GRORGE A. DEDUICH, Supervisor, Dr.

We, the undersigned Auditors of Chest Town-

OUGH OF EBENSBURG, for the year ending June 1st, 1875:

Amount of Duplicate for 1874 9 818

"State appropriation received from Cambria Twp.

To belance in hands of Treasurer at last

By exeneration to Collector ... \$ 31.90

nimitsion paid

cash paid Teachers. 1,621.67

cash paid Teachers. 1,621.67

Secretary, salary 25.00

Music Teacher. 17.50

Rent fild Repairs 257.47

Fuel and contin-

We, the undersigned Auditors of the Reconch

We, the indersigned Anditers of the Berough if Ebenqburg, do report that we have examined he accounts and vouchers of the feccipts and ex-penditures of the School District of said Borough or the year ending June 1st. A. D. 1875, and find

for the year ending June 1st. A. D. 1875, and find them correct, as above stated.

Witness our hands, at Ebensburg, this 14th day of June, A. D. 1875.

JNO. GITTINGS.

JNO. E. SCANLAN.

[6-18-21.] JAS. B. ZAHM,

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT

SCHOOL DISTRICT for year ending June 5, 1875;

P. M. Brows, Treasurer, Dr. To cash on hand at last settlement. . . . \$ 177.02

mer Collector amount received from Wm. F. Hice. 100 of Duplicate, 1,093 71

Attest-Daniel McGough, Twp. Clerk.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF

Tuicr for the year ending June, 1875 :

By Orders redeemed, \$3,617.56

Exonerations.

Balance due Township.

WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP SCHOOL DIS-

1,453 73

JOSEPH CRISTE, Treasurer, DR.

To amount of Duplicate. \$2,226 12

"State appropriation 278 18

"Tax on Unscated Lands. 245 50

"rec'd from Jesse McGough,

Having examined the above account, we, the undersigned Auditors of Washington Township, hereby certify that the same is correct.

JAMES NOON, / Auditors.

[6-18.-3t.] JAMES ITEL, / Auditors.

NOTICE.—I hereby caution all parties against interfering with the folloxing property purchased by me from Henry Arble, sr., and len with Henry Arble, jr., during iny pleasure, viz. 2 hay mares, I brindle cow, 2 sets farness, f wagon, I sled, I plow, and a lot of harness.

Carroll Typ., June 1 1875.

Carroll Typ., June 1 1875.

State appropriation.
amount received from Co. Com'rs...
rec'd from Elias Paul, for-

By amount of Orders cancel-

exponerations returns to Commissioners.

per centage on Collectors

" am't due from Collector...

Balance due Township. . .

ed to date \$1.198 96

with the TREASURER OF CROYLE TWP

WM. M. JONES, President.

Balance in hands of Treasurer......

cash received from Philip Miller.

with the Supervisors of Chest Township,

JNO. E. SCANLAN. Auditors.

120 12 45.50 19.72

\$582 39

of the Borough of EBENSBURG from

teeman.

EBENSBURG ARDWARE

SE-FURNISH'G STORI S HARDWARE, TINWARE

IRON. GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, &c. GEO. HUNTLEY, Prop'r.

best MOWING AND REAP WERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and best HORSE HAY RAKE

HIST CORN FODDER AND saved in one year by cut-

TERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and the neatest little CHOPPING

hi a house or barn, or other-

NTERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S com TOOLS and BUILDING WITHS, HUNTLEY will sell lorse Shoes, Horse Nails, Car-. Nail Rod, Cast Steel, &c.,

save 25 per cent, by pay-EKEEPERS, GO TO HUNT. S and buy the BLANCHARD t in the world. Sold for CASH

(GEES, He sells them at great-

TRUE LOT OF POCKET AND SILVER-PLATED WARE

st Steel Plow Points. ght and make the plow scour and and are so strong and tough that they can be and to spared by any good blacksmith should be the fitting part.

In stress kept on hand and fit any Pitts-

TAIL PRICES of POINTS. Low High cutter, cutter, \$1.35 \$1.50 1.85 1.60

1.75 1.59 hare has my trade mark and the words tent, having from four to six times tot only half the weight of those on J. C. BIDWELL,

Disquesize Way and Garrison Alley Pittsburgh, Pa. Burgh Plough Works, June 4, 1875, 3m. BLOOD is the LIFE. if it is impure the whole sys will be diseased. You can istance, and nature will heat

LINDSEY'S

ip dis acquiring a national reputation for

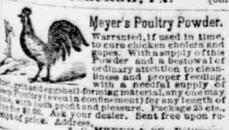
ofulous Affections, Cancerous rmations, Erysipelas, Boils, Pimples, Ulcers, Sore Eyes, Scald Head, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Mercurial and uli Skin Diseases.

the most tender infant. Ladies who suf-be debilitating diseases known as Fri-platives will find speedy relief by using Beware of counterfelts. The genuthe bestern of each bottle.

a by all Druggists and Country Dealers,
y A. 4. Bankin & Son, Agents, Ebens[6-4.-3m.]

ARE YOU GOING TO PAINT? USE verill Chemical Paint up in cans of all sizes and colors, ready to nah n and use. Any one can be his make a business by using it. It is all best. Try a sample can. Sold at

9NIONS, BALDWIN & CO., 6. 63 Wood Street, PITTSBURGH, PA. [6m.]



A. C. MEYER & CO., Baltimore. GEO M. READE, Attorney-at-Lane

J. B. McCONNELL, M. D., PHYS CIAN AND SURGEON, Office on Centre street.

Office on Centre s

Carroll Twp., June 1, 1875

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1875.

TWO PICTURES.

BEFORE MARRIAGE. My Maggie! my beautiful darling! Creep into my arms, my sweet ! Let me fold you again to my bosom-So close I can hear your heart beat. What! these little fingers been sewing? One's pricked by the needle I see! These hands shall be kept from such labor When once they are given to me.

All mine, little pet, I will shield you From trouble and inbor and care; I will robe you like some fairy princess, And jewels shall flash in your hair ! Those slippers you gave me are perfect! That dressing gown fits to a T! My darling! I wonder that Heaven

Should give such a treasure to me ! Eight-nine-ten-eleven! My precious, Time flies so when I am with you! It seems but a moment I've been here, And now-must I say it?-Adien!

AFTER MARRIAGE Oh! Meg, you are heavy! I'm tired! Go sit in the rocker, I pray;

Your weight seems a hundred and ninety, When you plump down in that sort of way You had better be mending my coat-sleeve, I've spoken about it before; And I want to finish this novel, And look over those bills from the store. This dressing gown sets like the deuce :

These slippers run down at the heel!

Strange anything can never look decent; I wish you could know how they feel; What's this bill from Morgan's? Why, surely It's not for another new dress? Look here! I'll be bankrupt ere New Year. Or your store bill will have to grow less. Eight o'clock! Meg, sew on this button As soon as you finish that sheeve, Heigh-ho! I'm so dreadfully sleepy;—
I'll pile off to bed, I believe.

THE BOORN AFFAIR.

ONE OF THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY CASES OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE ON RECORD.

On the morning of the 26th of November, 1819, I read in the Rutland (Vermont) Herald the following notice :

"Murder! Printers of newspapers thro'out the United States are desired to publish that Stephen Boorn, of Manchester, in Vermont, is sentenced to be executed for the murder of Russell Colvin, who has been absent about seven years. Any person who can give information of said Colvin may save the life of the innocent, by making immediate communication. Colvin is plexion, light hair, blue eyes, and about November 26th, 1819."

generally by newspapers, and created a cash paid for work on fonds. 52 28 services at Supervisor, 60 days 90 00-\$521 06 great deal of interest. Before describing SETP. do hereby certify that we have the accounts and find them correct.

JACOB DEDRICH.

CALEB A. GRAY.

CHARLES WARNER.

(6-18.-8t.) events that followed, let us go back to the year 1812 and to the little town of Manchester, Vermont.

Barney Boorn, an old man, bad two sons, RECEIPTS & EXPENDITURES of the School District of the Borbarrens constituted all their possessions.

> In May, 1812; Colvin was at home. In tramp, absent from home sometimes for court of appeal. weeks together. But this time he did not Excitement grew. Wonder, like a conta- dashes of cold water. gious disease, affected everybody.

had stated that his father had struck his pointed to Stephen Boorn's confession. uncle Stephen, and that he, the boy, be-

"He's gone to h -!!, I hope !" "Is he dead, Stephen?" pursued Mr.

Baldwin. "I tell you again," replied the man "that Colvin has gone where potatoes won't

For seven years the wonder grew. Colhington county. There was no known proof that the Boorns were guilty, and yet every. His story was printed in every newspaper, body believed it. A button and jacknife and told at every fireside. At Hudson were found, which Mrs. Colvin believed to cannon were fired; in Albany he was have belonged to Russell; dreams, thrice shown to the crowd from a platform; and

were in circulation. Five years after Colvin was missed, Stephen Boorn removed to Denmark, New York, while Jesse remained at home. After the former had left, some bones were accidentally found in the decayed all surgeons said to the contrary, it was

him with suggestions, which his wife followed up with womanly adroitness. Neighbors helped. Beset with directions-told there was no doubt in any one's mind but that Stephen committed the murder-urged to make a clean breast of it and thus save both his body and soul, what wonder that the man confessed, or was alleged to have in-law. "What's them on your fegs?" confessed, that Stephen Boorn did murder Russell Colvin?

On September 3, 1819, the grand jury found a true bill of indictment against Stephen and Jesse Boorn for the murder of Russell Colvin. William Farnsworth testified that Stephen confessed that he they hid the body in the bushes, then buried it, then dug it up and burned it. and then scraped together the few remains January 28, 1820.

And now the men came to their senses. They asserted their innocence. They said seven members of the Legislature, sitting that they had confessed as their last hope. Some compassion began to be felt for them. | ing of evidence-what became of them? They might, after all, be innocent, A petition for their pardon was presented to the Legislature. But it availed only to obtain commutation of Jesse's sentence to imprisonment for life-no more. Stephen was to be hanged.

Let the reader now turn to another chapter of this strange history.

In April, 1813, there lived in Dover, Monmouth county, New Jersey, a Mr. fellow, and one and all encouraged him in James Polhamus. During that month a wayfarer, begging food, stopped at his door. Being handy, good-natured, quiet but the other day the patient began sinking, and obedient, homeless, and weak of intellect too, he was allowed to stay. He' said his name was Russell Colvin, and that he came from Mauchester, Vermont.

Not far from Dover lies the little town cidentally reading the New York Evening his eyes and shouted : about five feet five inches high, light com- Post, he met, not with the motice of the "Kal-a-ma-zoo!" Rutland Herald, but with an account of December 9, 1819.

Upon the arrival of this paper at Manchester it excited but little attention. The the Saginaw road change cars !" letter was believed to be a forgery or a Stephen and Jesse, and a daughter Sarah, fraud. Had not the best people in the poor, ignorant, and in doubtful repute for full confession? The bones of the murhonesty. Two miserable hovels served dered man, a button of his coat, his jacthem for shelter, and a few acres of pine knife-had they not all been found? Had They raised a few potatoes and garden that the evidence was conclusive, and an vegetables, and eked out a scanty livelihood intelligent Jury found them guilty, and the by days' work for the neighboring farmers. Legislature sanctioned the findings? There was no doubt of their guilt-none what-June he was missing. At first this oc- ever; and therefore no benefit of a doubt casioned no remark. He was always a had been given by jury, chief justice or

Mr. Chadwick's letter was, nevertheless, come back. As weeks grew into months taken to Stephen's cell and read aloud. inquiries began to be made among the The news was so overwhelming that nature neighbors about the missing man. There could scarcely strivite the shock. The are no tongues for gossip like those which poor fellow dropped in a fainting fit to wag in a village. One spoke to another, the floor, and had to be recovered by

Intelligence came next day from a Mr. It was known that there had long existed Whelpley, formerly a resident of Manchesbetween the old man and boys a grudge ter, that he limself had been in New against Colvin; it was in proof that the Jersey and seen Russell Colvin. The last time the missing man was seen he was members of the jury which had convicted at work with the Boorns clearing stones the Boorns, however, hesitated to accept from a field, and that a dispute was going anything short of the man's presence, and on, and Lottis Colvin, a boy, son of Russell. Judge Chase, who had sentenced them,

The third day came another letter. "I coming frightened, ran away. Again, a have Russell Colvin with me," wrote Mr. Mr. Baldwin had heard Stephen Boorn, in Whelpley. "I personally know Russell answer to the inquiry as to where Colvin Colvin," swore John Kempton; "he now stands before me." "It is the same Russell Colvin who marifed Sarah Boorn, of Manchester, Vermont," made affidavit Mrs. Jones, of Brooklyn. But it would not answer. Pride of opinion is stubborn. Doubt of opinion dies hard.

However, Colvin, or Colvin's double, was on his way. As he passed through Poughvin's ghost haunted every house in Ben- keepsle, the streets were thronged to see him. The news everywhere preceded him. repeated, were had by old women and all along the road to Troy bands of music kitchen girls-and ten thousand stories were playing and banners were flaunting, and cheers were given as Colvin passed by. Some men become famous from having been murdered. Russell Colvin was famous because he was alive.

Toward evening of Friday, December 22, 1819, a double sleigh was driven furioustrunk of a tree near his house, and though ly down the main street of Manchester to the tavern door. It contained Whelpley, universally believed that they were part of Kempton, Chadwick, and the bewildered a human skeleton. Of course, then they Russell Colvin. Immediately a crowd of must be Colvin's bones. Jesse was ar- men, women and children gathered around, rested. Stephen was brought back from and as the sleigh unloaded its occupants Denmark, and both were held for examin- and they took their places on the piazza,

The prison doors were unboited, and the news was told to Stephen Boorn. I like to come across a man with the

"Colvin has come, Stephen," said the Rev. Lemuel Haynes. "Has he?" asked the prisoner. "Where

"Here I am, Stephen," said his brother-

"Shackles!" replied Boorn. "What for ?" "Because they said I murdered you." "You never hurt me in your life." re-

plied Colvin.

The sequel was soon told. Stephen Boorn was released from prison, as was did it, and that Jesse helped him; that Jesse also. Russell Colvin returned to New Jersey. But the judge who suffered an innocent man to be convicted of murder by the admission of extra-judicial conand hid them in a stump. Upon this un- fessions-the members of the jury who supported evidence the jury returned a deliberated but one hour before agreeing verdict of guilty against both prisoners, upon a verdict of guilt upon evidence that and they were sentenced to be hing on should not hang a dog-the deacon and church members who urged confessions and preached repentance, and the ninetyas a court of appeal, who refused re-hear-

THE LAST STATION. BY M. QUAD.

He had been sick at one of the hotels for three or four weeks, and the boys on the road had dropped in daily to see how he got along, and to learn if they could render him any kindness. The brakeman was a good the hope that he would pull through. The doctor didn't regard the case as dangerous, and it was seen that he could not live the night out. A dozen of his friends sat in the room, when night came, but his mind

wandered, and he did not recognize them. It was near one of the depots, and after of Shrewsbury, then a quiet hamlet, now the great trucks and noisy drays had ceased invaded by the cottages and villas of Long rolling by, the bells and short, sharp whis-Branch pleasure-seekers. Here lived Taber tles of the yard engines sounded painfully Chadwick, a brother-in-law to Mr. Pol- loud. The patient had been very quiet for hamus, and intimate with the family. Ac- half an hour, when he suddenly unclosed

One of the men brushed the hair ba forty years old. Manchester Vermont, the trial of the Boorns. Convinced that from the cold forchead and the brakeman the Russell Colvin, alleged to have been closed his eyes and he was quiet for a time. This communication was copied very murdered, was the very man then living. Then the wind whirled around the depot with Mr. Polhamus, he wrote to the Econ- and banged the blinds on the windows of ing Post a letter, which was published his room and he lifted his hand and criefly

"Jack-son. Passengers going north by

The men understood. The brakeman thought he was coming east on the Michiwife of Russell Colvin, a half-crazed, half- town long believed the Boorns to be guilty? gan Central. The effort seemed to have witted day laborer. They were a bad lot. Had not one, purhaps both of them, made greatly exhausted him; for he lay like one dead for the pext ten minutes, and a watcher felt for his pulse to see if life had gone out. A tug going down the river not an upright judge made solemn chaire sounded her whistle loud and long, and the brakeman opened his eyes and cried out ! "Ann Arbor !"

> He had been over the road a thousand times but he had made his last trip. Death was drawing a special train over the old track, and he was a brakeman, engineer and conductor.

One of the yard engines uttered a shrill whistle of warning, as if the glare of the headlight had shown to the eugineer some stranger peril, and the brakeman called

'Yp-slanty-change cars here for the Eel-river road !"

"He's coming in fast," whispered one of

"And the end of his 'un' will be the

end of his life !" said a second. The dampness of death began to collect on the patient's forehead, and there was the ghastly look on the face which death always brings. The slamming of a door down the hall startled him again, and he moved his head and fainly called ;

"Grand Trunk Junction-passengers going east by the Grand Trunk, change

He was so quiet after that that all the men gathered around the bed, believing that he was dead. His eyes closed, and the brakeman lifted his hand, moved his head and whispered : "De-"

Not "Detroit," but death! He died with the half uttered whisper on his lips. And the head-light on death's engine shone full in his face, and covered it with such palor as naught but death can bring.

SHERIDAN'S B-RIDE has thus been done into poetry: The first that the General saw was the groups of wedding guests, then the presents in troops: What was done, what to do, he knew like a book, then seiztrig her hand with a lovingest look, he marched down the room 'mid smothered huzzas, and the friends on each side held their breath then, because the words that the priest spoke compelled them to pause. With lace and with silk the fair lady was gay; by the flash of her eye and her fan's nervous play, she seemed to the whole smilling country to say ! "The conqueror's conquered, don't you see, lo! Sheridan here surrenders to me."

-There is a girl in Baden. Beaver counexh biting the last man in view. "That's ty, who is credited with having golden

and the second of the second o

GOING TO THE BENTIST.

toothache. There's something so pleas-

ant about advising him to stuff cotton in it, to use camphor, creosote, peppermint, and "relief," that I always feel better after giving it. I have been there-had an aching snag, and I know just how it feels. It used to wake me up at night, and make me mad at noon, and set me to swearing early in the morning. I didn't meet man or woman but what they advised me. One said that a hot knittingneedle pushed down on the root was excellent; another said that opium was an excellent thing; and others said that it must be dug out by the dentist. If I sat down to dinner, that old tooth began to growl. If I went to bed, or got up, or went to a party, or staid at home, it growled just the same. It wasn't always a growl. Sometimes it was a jump that made my hair stand up, and again a sort of cutting pain that made me make up faces at the baby, and slam doors and break windows. I ate cotton, peppermint, camphor and opium, until I got black in the face, and that old song kept right on. I put bags of hot ashes to my cheek, applied mustard, held my head in the oven, took a sweat, and the snag still ached. After the third week neighbors didn't dare to let their boys pass my house, and hawkers and book-canvassers went round another street. I was becoming a menagerie, and at last I decided to have my tooth out. I decided to, and then I decided not to. I changed my mind four times in one afternoon, and at last I went. The dentist was glad to see me. He said that if he could not take that tooth out without hurting me, he would give me a million. I got easier as he talked, and concluded not to have it pulled. I started down-stairs, but a jump caught me, and I rushed back. He said he would look at it; perhaps it did not need pulling at all, but he could kill the nerve. By dint of flattery he got me in the chair. Then he softly inserted a knife. and cut away the gums. I looked up and said I would kill him, but he begged the not to-said the cutting was all the pain there was in it. He finally got me to lie back and open my mouth, and then he slipped in his forceps, and closed them round the tooth. "Chsordorordonbordosoforsor !" I cried. But he didn't pay any attention to it. He drew a full breath, grasped the forceps tightly, and then he pulled. Great spoons! but didn't it seem as if my head was going! I tried to shout, grappled at him, kicked, and then he held up the old snag; and said, "There, I guess you won't feel any more aching." I leaped down and hugged him. I promised him ten millions; I told him to make my house his home for ever; I hugged him again. I shook hands with every body in the street, kissed my wife, bought the baby a dozen rattle-boxes in a heap, and it seemed to me as if the world was too small for me, I was so happy.

BLACK BASS IN FLORIDA.

A correspondent of the Baltimora Sun ells this rather hugh fish story :-

South from Jackson tille about two miles is Alachua Lake: Formerly this was a vast prairie of over twenty thousand acres of good grazing land. In the midst of it was a deep hole or land sink, of which there are a great marry in the State, into which the waters of McKinstry Lake, situattd further north, and the surrounding country used to flow and find a subterranean outlet to the sea. About four years ago the outlet got more or less choked up, and the surplus water backing soon covered this vast tract of country, in which aqueous condition it has remained ever since, increasing and diffinitishing in area as the season varies from wet to dry. This lake is literally alive with fish. I have seen colored boys with an ordinary pole cut from the woods, a line not over four feet long, and a fly, rudely constructed of red and white flannel, catch eighty pounds of black bass in a couple of hours. These fish average from twe to twelve pounds. An eight pound bass is common.

A short time ago a gentleman siding in Gainsville, caught, and weighed on Fairbanks' scales, in the presence of a number of Northern visitors here, a black base weighing nineteen and one-quarter pounds. Tradition says that one was caught here last year that weighed twenty. three bounds.

All the small streams flowing into this lake are also full of bass. I recently saw three small boys standing in a stream about three feet wide, and may be a foot deap, each armed with a piece of hoop iron. with which they killed, in the half hour I was present, eight good-sized bass. Another boy of the same party, with a two bushel corn bag, made one haul in the same stream of ten bass.

Ir may be interesting to know that the people of this country consumed last year 1,636,335 pounds of arsenic, 789,787 pounds of camphor, 116,053 pounds of jalap, 26,202 pounds of ipecac, 297,-213 pounds of nux vomica, and \$399,-399 worth of vaccine virtis, all of which was imported.

Although all the testimony when sifted Russell Colvin, sure enough! There's no tresses six feet eight inches long, and it \$20,000 or over, is in the habit of frequentwas found to be worthless, yet the two doubt about it!" came from the lips of ain't store hair either. Wouldn't that af- ing the Buffalo Police Stations for the brothers were remanded back to jail, and scores of gazers. He embraced his two ford a splendidhold in a domestic jamboree, purpose of "sponging" fodging. The

DIFFEY'S DOG.

Almost everybody in town has heard of Jimmy Diffey's dog Duplex. He had a thousand tricks, but none that were "vain." Catching ball and all that sort of business afforded him much pleasure. Make but a single motion as though throwing something into the air, and Duplex was all attention. His nose was aloft in a moment, and his cars were vibrating "six ways for Sunday," while his tail was extraordinarily inflexible. When he had fallen into this attitude the majority of external things were not heeded by him until he became convinced that he was not going to hear anything drop. Not only in this but in many other respects the dog was a study. Well, poor Duplex is dead now. Last Sunday afternoon the Chinese residents of this place tendered their god Gumboots an evation, in which fire crackers and bombs

largely predominated. Jimmy Diffey went down to Chinatown to see this blow-out, Duplex following at his heels. Hardly had the Joss house been reached when a Chinese worshiper of the cross-eyed god above mentioned threw high into the air one of those wicked spherical, wicker-covered bombs, a thing which no other nation except the Chinese would ever have thought of inventing. Poor Duplex saw the ball ascend, and rushed forth from his master's side, confident that as a trained dog he was expected to do his duty. The ball had not yet done ascending when Duplex was underneath it, squatted upon his haunches, hose in the air, ears vibrating, and tail laying out along the ground as stiff as a small crowbar. In vain did Mr. Diffey shout and call: "Here, Duplex! You, Duplex! det out! Come here! Ab, you!" Duplex knew too well what under similar circumstances had always been expected of him-knew his duty. As the hissing sphere reached its greatest altitude. paused the fractional part of a second and then began its descent, the slightest bit of tremor imaginable was to be observed in the extreme point of the tail of the alert animal; then, as the ball descended nearer he was as firm as a rock-he was accurately measuring his distance. At the exact and critical moment, Duplex started from the ground straight as an arrow from the bow, his rigid, well formed tail pointing directly to the ground, and his mouth open to its widest capacity. Down between the distended jaws of the dog fell the bomb. "Drop it, you rascal! shouted Mr. Diffey. "drop it, dro-" But Duplex did not drop it. A heavy dull exclosion was heard-a sort of thud-and Duplex where was hel The greater part of him lay where the explosion occured, but one of his eyes was sent across the street through the window of Hop Lock, the chinese doctor, the end of his nose fell in the boudoit of Miss Soo Chow, and a shower of teeth rained in the meat market and pig-killing establishment of the fat and easy going Ah Luck.

THE MAN WHO SWALLOWED AN ALL. GATOR.

The Lyons (Iowa) Advertiser, of the 12th. says: We have read of Jonah being swallowed by the whale, and after ruminating and feasting in that acquatic animal for three days and nights, was delivered safely on dry land again, but never before have we seen a man who could swallow an alligator. and give him peaceful possession of his stomach for three years, until we were introduced yesterday to both the man and the alligator, at the rooms of Dr. Gannon, in Clinton. The victim of this monstrosity is a colored man by the name of Thomas D. Gains, a resident of Clinton for more than six years, and ganerally known. Tom related the facts substantially as follows: "I felt something in my stomach for about three years, which sometimes made me very sick. I could not endure my clothes to be drawn tight upon me. My stomach became very sore, and at times ejected a green slime. During the last year or more I was obliged to get up at mid-night and drink milk to stop the raging in my stomach." This thing, which is about four inches long-yet neither beast, bird, nor the devil, resembles the alligator, except the head, which is like that of a frog. It has scales upon its entire body and legs. It has also long claws, with which Tom says, it has been scratching the very mternals out of him for three years. The pet of Tom's which is now corked up in a small jar, is minus the end of its tail. Tom says he ejected the tail after he went home. These statements are facts supported by affidavits, which are in our possession, of a number who were present when the animal was ejected.

An old man and a young woman gol aboard a train above Erieville, Madison County, on Thursday morning. A clergyman happened to be upon the same train, and before many moments nad elapsed the couple requested that they be married. There appeared to be no one on board to raise any objections, and the ceremony was commenced. The groom appeared to be axious to get off at Earlville, but as the prayers and exhortations were lengthy, he was obliged to pass that place and come further North. The event created considerable excitement upon the train. This may be called a fair specimen of marriage in haste. Repentance may come during s trip upon a canal-boat.

"I would rather," said Cato, "that ped"