Cambria Freeman.

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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VOLUME XI. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1877. NUMBER 26.

THE SUN

AGAINST NATIONAL FRAUD,

[illegible] was not elected by the people [illegible] Congressmen at Washington [illegible] fraud, we call upon honest men [illegible] to pull together in a determined effort for the correction of wrong and for the punishment, [illegible] to be enforced through the [illegible]

[illegible] upon the right of self-government [illegible] party and its present [illegible] primarily responsible; but the [illegible] through such means [illegible] exercising the power of [illegible] such authority, are [illegible] than they won or received [illegible] unmatched political swindle [illegible]

President and his advisers [illegible] to make the ancient ways [illegible] easy, and having invited a [illegible] defeat to occupy one [illegible] important offices in the Cabinet, [illegible] the lowest public sentiment [illegible] by the election of officers [illegible] system of Government [illegible] and penals, hoping thus [illegible] the work begun in [illegible] with hypocritical [illegible] the civil service, they [illegible] to Carlyle theorists, to the [illegible] in which this Administration may be overtaken and [illegible]

[illegible] whom, as against the [illegible] it originated, we call [illegible] to remember immediately a [illegible] and patriotic [illegible] from beginning to the [illegible] never be found lagging or [illegible] and we invite [illegible] every quarter to join in the [illegible]

[illegible] and made us a body of [illegible] the same number as [illegible] in November [illegible] Samuel J. Tilden for President [illegible] THE SUN will continue [illegible] to lend its pages, energy, and justice in [illegible] to effect reform; and we invite [illegible] every quarter to join in the [illegible]

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[illegible] cents a month, [illegible] publication, with the Sunday [illegible] eight pages, alone, is [illegible]

THE SUN, eight pages, is $1 a year [illegible] person who sends [illegible] to any one place [illegible] for himself with [illegible]

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Silver-ware,
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To amuse;
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Voice,
Dress—Skirt or Flounce,
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A Boy's Valise,
A Washin Cheaise,
Cows,
Hens,
Boys,
Trust
Or any Income
To make known
Your Store,
Beauty,
Dry Goods,
Cassimeres,
Cashmeres,
Cassimeres,
Knick Knacks,
Jackscrews,
Carts—costly made,
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[illegible] in possession of the well [illegible] in Ebensburg, which he [illegible] in good style, and [illegible] strict temperance [illegible] extensively solicits the [illegible] to visit the county seat [illegible] pleasure, all whom he pledges [illegible] in the best possible manner [illegible] possible prices. Excellent accommodations [illegible] to summer boarders. [illegible] pleasant and economical place to spend the heated term.

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Ebensburg, June 27, 1877.

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LATE "CAIN HOUSE,"

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[illegible] Front the south entrance to the Court House.

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$777 [illegible] easily earned in these times, but [illegible] can be made in three months by any [illegible] who is willing to work steadily at [illegible] which we furnish. You need not [illegible] from home over night. You can give your [illegible] to the work, or only your spare [illegible] to try the business, we [illegible] such free. Address at once, H. [illegible], Portland, Maine. (3-3.—y)

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And many other goods at less than they cost in the city, and will continue to so sell until the entire stock is disposed of.

☞ LOOK AT SOME OF THEIR PRICES:

Prints, good fast colors	6 cts. per yard.
Brown Muslins	from 6 to 8 cts. per yard.
Alpacas, Colorings, &c.,	12 to 40 cts. " "
Tie Kings	15 to 25 cts. " "
Pant Cloths	20 to 50 cts. " "
All-Wool Cassimeres	60 cts. " "
White Piques, strip	15 to 25 cts. " "
" " lace stripe	20 to 25 cts. " "

Ladies' and Children's Hose,

5, 8, 10, 15 and 20 cts. per pair.

Ladies' and Children's Gloves, 10 to 15c. per pair.

Clark's O. N. Thread, 50 cts per doz'n.

Wax T. Rend, for hand sewing, 30 cts. " "

Shawls, from $1.75 to $4.00.

☞ We sell you more pins, needles, lace pins, shoe-lacings, etc., etc., for 50 cts. than you ever before obtained for the same money. Also, a great variety of other goods at equally low prices. Go and see them, and learn for yourselves, as you will be sure to learn, that money can be saved by dealing with them.

REMEMBER THAT THEY SELL FOR CASH

And don't forget that they have added to their stock a large assortment of

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For men and boys, which they do not promise to sell at cost, but pledge themselves to dispose of at lower rates than woolen goods of equally perfect in make and fabric can be bought anywhere else in these parts. Call and examine goods and prices, and bear in mind that—

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[5-18.] EBENSBURG, PA. [3m.]

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25 Extra Fine Mixed Cards, with name, 10 cts., post paid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Me.

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LEARN TELEGRAPHY. Young Men and Ladies and earn from $45 to $90 per month. Good situations guaranteed. Small salary while learning. Address, with stamp, M. P. HAYWARD, Oberlin, O.

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just issued by the undersigned. It exposes the serious defects of the lightning rods now erected, gives explicit directions for properly protecting buildings, ships, oil tanks, steam boilers wooden bridges, telegraph apparatus, etc. Sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of $1.50.

HENRY W. SPANG, Reading, Pa.

PEBBLES IN THE SEA.

AN OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May be clothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings:
Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever swelling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, crushed and overgrown:
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me
While he values thrones, the highest,
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters—rulers—lords, remember
That your meanest kinds are men;
Men by labor, men by feeling,
Men by thought and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam embroidered oceans,
There are little weed-clad rills,
There are feeble inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills:
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me,
For to Him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth or fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of other's foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifteth up its voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right:
God, whose world heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Stinks oppression, with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

STRANGE BANK ROBBERY.

HOW THE CRIME WAS TRACED TO THE "TEN TRIED TRAVELERS."

One dark, rainy night in November, 1858, the Flint Rock Bank, that nestled beneath the sleepy elms shading the principal streets of a quiet New England village, was entered and robbed of a large sum of money.

The situation was peculiar. A large and remarkably intelligent black mastiff with white feet, called "Silver-stocking," made the bank his home, always sleeping there at night. If a stranger came around he would howl like a park of artillery; but he was never known to bark at one with whom he was familiar. Everything in the bank, the morning after the robbery, was found just as it had been left the afternoon previous. The safe was locked; nothing had been disturbed, only—the money was gone.

President Strand and Cashier Moreton, gentlemen of unblemished reputation, had gone in company that evening to attend a political meeting in an adjacent town, and, on account of the storm, remained there over night. They drove home the next morning to find that the bank, whose reliability in every respect was the pride of their hearts, had been robbed in their absence. As is often the case with country banks whose business is not large or complicated, the president and cashier alone attended to the clerical duties of Flint Rock Bank, no other person being employed in it.

Various efforts were vainly made to ferret out the thieves. All sorts of rumors were afloat concerning suspicious characters that had been seen in the village a few days before the robbery, and it was said that a carriage had been heard driving through the streets that same night. Popular opinion finally settled down to the belief that the money was taken by a gang of New York burglars; but the robbery and the different means used to trace the perpetrators formed the chief topic of conversation among the villagers during the entire winter. Miss Ethel Moreton, the beautiful young daughter of the cashier, had been made ill by the excitement and by nervous fear lest her father should be blamed in some way for the loss, and had not left her room since the crime was discovered.

One evening in the following April, Mr. Witherell, owner of a store in the village, called on Mr. Strand, the bank president, at his residence, and showed him a bank note which both the gentlemen agreed was the same one that Mr. Witherell had deposited in the bank on the afternoon preceding the robbery. The note had been torn and mended in such a way that it was quite noticeable, and was remarked upon by the two gentlemen at the time. The note was in one of the packages of money that had been taken. Mr. Witherell, on being asked how it had again come into his hands, said:

"Mrs. Remington gave it to me this afternoon, in paying a bill which her husband contracted soon after they came to town just autumn, about a fortnight before the bank was robbed. They bought Cashier Moreton's Elm street house, moving into it, you know, when he took possession of his new house around the corner."

After some further conversation upon the subject, the two gentlemen went together to call on Mrs. Remington. They found that her husband had just returned from a two weeks' business trip. On making known their errand, Mrs. Remington, a quiet, lady-like little woman, said:

"When we purchased this house Mr. Moreton, the former occupant, proposed that we should take the furnishings of the front hall that had been made to order to suit the rather curiously shaped room. An antique chair fits the curve of the stair-way, the mirror hat-rack just suits the niche made by the chimney flue, and the carpet, of course, was cut to fit the floor.

"Thinking that we should be unable to suit ourselves better, we bought the articles, not moving them at all the past winter. This spring, while my husband was absent on his recent trip, I thought I would clean house, and accordingly began the front hall. I found the hat rack to be on casters, easily rolled out of its niche, and began with brush and dust pan to clean where it stood, when, far back in the corner, with a few autumn leaves covered with dust, I found that bank note.

"I had no idea how it came there, and thought I would not mention the finding to any one until my husband's return, when I would advise with him about it. This morning Mr. Witherell's bill was sent in. We had promised to pay the bill the first of April, and, as we are comparatively strangers here, I thought it best to pay it at once. I looked over the contents of my pocket-book, and found that by using this ten dollar note I could make out the amount. I gave the money to the messenger with some misgiving, but thought if I had done wrong my husband would, on his return, make the matter right. I had just related the circumstance to him when you came in."

Although the story seemed a very plausible one, and Remingtons were evidently respectable people, a warrant was soon issued for their arrest. A preliminary hearing before a magistrate was had, and they were bound over to the next term of the county court. Mr. Remington's friends readily furnishing bonds, he and his wife were reprieved of their liberty.

A supplementary warrant for searching their house was given to the officers, and they proceeded to make a thorough scrutiny in the basement and rooms on the first floor. When they reached the front hall, on their way to the chambers, Mr. Moreton, who had been requested to assist in the search, pulled out the hat rack, and passing his hand down the old-fashioned ceiling behind it, touched a hidden spring. The door of a secret cupboard that was framed into a bend of the chimney immediately flew open.

There, on the lowest shelf of the small and otherwise empty recess, lay an embroidered traveling bag, which Mr. Moreton took out and unstrapped. To his and the officers' astonishment, and to the dismay of the Remingtons, the bag was filled with packages of banknotes, which, on examination, proved to be the identical ones taken from the Flint Rock Bank.

The Remingtons both affirmed that they had never known of the existence of the cupboard, which Mr. Moreton said he had made himself, some years ago, as a storage place for a quantity of valuable but unused family silver. So far as he knew no one had been aware of the location of the cupboard excepting himself, his wife, now dead, his son Walter, who was in South America, and his daughter Ethel, who had not been out of her room for months. He had left it to her to show Mrs. Remington over the house at the time of the purchase, and supposed she had told her about the secret cupboard.

The attention of the little group around the bag was now called by Mrs. Remington to an ornamental scarlet monogram—"E. M."—on its front, embroidered within a wreath of brilliant autumn leaves.

"This bag surely belonged to my daughter," said Mr. Moreton, excitedly.

When Ethel Moreton was questioned with regard to the matter, she said she had not thought of the bag since she had been ill. Mrs. Remington had called on her a few days before the robbery, but she could not believe that that lady would have stolen anything from the house. She did not remember whether or not she had told the Remingtons about the secret cupboard.

The term of court at which the Remingtons were to be tried for the robbery was now at hand, but, on motion of the eminent counsel whom they had retained, the case was continued to the next term. As the money had been recovered, and there was a pronounced public sympathy with the defendants, the bank officials, especially Mr. Moreton, were anxious to have the prosecuting attorney quash the indictment; but Mr. Remington insisted on legal exoneration.

One day during the early summer the family physician, who had known Ethel intimately from her birth, surprised Mr. Moreton with the announcement that his daughter was kept ill by some mental trouble, and that he believed it to be in some way connected with the bank affair.

"She fell ill," said Dr. Knowlton, "the day the robbery was discovered. From a child she was never afraid to go out in the dark. She is familiar with all the ins and outs of the bank. Silver-stocking is fond of her, and she would have no fear of him. She knew of the secret cupboard, and the money was found in her bag. Besides, her nervous attacks always occur whenever the bank affair is mentioned in her presence. The burden upon her mind must be alleviated or she will never live to see an other autumn."

This private interview, which the faithful and skillful old physician had sought with Mr. Moreton, was hardly over before the latter, almost broken down by a bewildering sorrow, repaired to his daughter's sick chamber.

It took much persuasion, and the reiterated presentment of the fact that the innocent were suffering for the guilty to induce Ethel, with sobs and tears, to tell her story. At last she said:

"You know, papa, that I was at that French boarding-school in the city two years. There were in the institution what was called 'secret cliques.' Just a few of the girls with congenial tastes met regularly in each other's rooms. There were the 'Lovers of Laughter,' and the 'Ten Tried Travelers,' each having pass-words and signs. I belonged to the 'Ten Tried Travelers.' The society was at first useful in its design and tendencies.

"We went on imaginary trips around the world, and, at our meetings, dressed in traveling suits, and had our maps, guide books and well stored lunch baskets. We would stop and explore every considerable town and interesting point.

"Toward the end of the first year Julia McMarshall came to the school. She was a very stylish young lady who had traveled all over Europe and the East. Each of the cliques vied in efforts to get her, but ours was successful. One of our society having left school she was installed as one of the 'Ten.'

"She was very handsome and fascinating and had been in society a great deal, but came to Madam Leclerc's to perfect herself in music and French, previous to going abroad again, this time on her wedding tour. She fairly bewildered us with tales of adventure, and proposed that when she went on this trip we should all accompany her; being then a married woman she could chaperon us.

"We all asked our parents, when we went home at Christmas, if we could go with her, and were all refused—as you, papa, may remember in my case. Then, on our return, Miss McMarshall proposed that we should get up a fund, putting into it all the money we could by any device coax from our parents, and place it in her hands to pay our expenses. She was to invite us to go with her and our parents were to believe that we were to be her free guests. But we could not get near enough money for the purpose.

"At the beginning of the spring term, Julia got changed around so as to room with me. She used to talk to me until I became completely carried away with the alluring details of the proposed trip. She pictured the sensation ten elegantly dressed and handsome young American ladies would create in the fashionable circles in Europe, with titled young men following in our train and giving us entertainments.

"At last she proposed that I should take some money from the bank, knowing as she did that you, papa, kept the keys. I remember how I started when she broached the subject, but she told me how many thousands of dollars there were in a bank, and said that just enough money to make up the sum needed would never be missed, and, if it should be, I would not be suspected at all.

"I came home in the midsummer vacation full of the plan, and declared, you know, my intention to remain at home during the autumn to see to our moving into the new house.

"After I had made up my mind to do wrong, circumstances seemed to conspire to lead me on. I planned and planned. I went often to the bank to see you and petted old Silver-stocking more than ever. I knew all about the combination lock of the safe, and where you and Mr. Strand used to set down the numbers.

"When you sent Mrs. Remington to look at our house the thought came to me that I would not tell her about the secret cupboard, and that perfected my plan. I could always go about the dark freely and in familiar places, and find anything I wanted nearly as easily as if it were light. I kept one of the two keys to the hall door of our old house, and knew where you placed the keys of the bank at night.

"When you and Mr. Strand both went over to that meeting I thought my opportunity had come. About midnight, in the midst of the storm that had come up soon after you had gone, I put on my old silk coat, left the house, went through the grounds by your summer path, and entered the side door of the bank.

"Silver-stocking never made a noise except to sniff and sniff to make sure that it was I. I had taken my traveling bag to put the money in, and a wax taper to light the safe with after I had opened it. There was such a lot of money I took more than I had intended to. After I had strapped my bag I reached out and took another note that was left loose in a little drawer, and tucked it under the flap.

"I hurried out of the bank, though carefully locking the safe and doors after me, and went directly across the street to Mr Remington's. Easily entered the hall and placed the bag in the cupboard. That ten dollar note, no doubt, got displaced, while I was getting the bag in behind the hat rack to place it in the cupboard, and fell into the corner.

"I didn't dare carry the money home for fear you might be suspected, and our house searched. Besides, Julia was away on a pleasure trip with friends, and I could not send the money to her at once. And you remember, dear papa, that you had promised to take me to the city with you the next time you should go. I thought I could then carry the money to her myself.

"After I had returned to my room, undiscovered by any one, and meditated upon what I had done, I thought I should die. The next morning before I was up—I had slept very late, for I did not shut my eyes till nearly daylight—I heard that the money had been missed. I was almost crazy, and became almost ill from the excitement and the cold I took from being out that dreadful night.

"I have dreamed over and over of replacing the money, and have thought about it all the time when awake. I am so bad I can never hope to be forgiven, but I am glad that you, papa, now know it all, for I have felt so wicked all these weeks when you and everybody have been so kind.

"Julia McMarshall has written to me several times, but the letters are all there in my writing desk, unopened. I have had letters, too, from some of the other members of the 'Ten Tried Travelers.' They are good girls, and one of them wrote me lately that Madam Leclerc had sent Miss McMarshall away from the school, it having been found out that she was an adventuress. The girls are all so thankful that they did not get led away by her. Oh, dear, they have no idea how wicked I have been!"

The long dreary weeks of sickness, suffering and contrition that Ethel endured were thought to be sufficient punishment for the crime she had committed, if indeed it could, under the circumstances, be called a crime. The villagers, one and all, who had known and loved her from her babyhood, readily fell in with the opinion of the old doctor, and very charitably took a charitable view of the affair.

This being the sequel of the mysterious Flint Bank robbery, the Remingtons did not deem it best to wait for a legal tribunal to pass upon their innocence, but were satisfied with the hearty congratulations of their friends over the quiet withdrawal of the cruel indictment against them. Ethel had suffered too much to be quite the light-hearted girl she had been. But she was finally graduated from a leading seminary, and is now the beloved and honored principal of a family school for young ladies, where you may be sure she profits from her own sad experience.

CONTEST BETWEEN A TOAD AND A RATTLESNAKE.—A party of trout fishers camping near Lyons' dam, a few days ago, witnessed a very novel incident. A huge rattlesnake was attempting to swallow a diminutive horned toad, and seemed likely to succeed, if given sufficient time. The hind legs of the toad protruded from the saliva flecked jaws of the snake, and were occasionally agitated with a convulsive movement, as if the animal was impatient of the delay in going down the reptile's throat. Just as the legs were disappearing, the body of the snake just behind its head, began to swell. Its eyes began to bulge, and its spirit seemed troubled. The parties watching the process of mastication then became aware that the plucky little toad had got tired of fooling around in a rattlesnake's jaws and wanted to get out. The swelling continued, and the snake squirmed until the four little horns which formed the crest of the toad's back burst through the scales of the snake. The snake floundered and wriggled in agony until he was dead, when the toad withdrew from the jaws and quietly hopped away.—*Tuolumne Union Democrat.*

LONDON has a population of 3,500,000.

MRS. SMITH'S NEIGHBORS.

I know it is not very kind to make comments upon the affairs of one's neighbors, and yet there are some things that I have seen at the Jones' (which, by the way, are practiced by other families as well,) which I feel justified in calling attention to.

Neighbor Jones is a very obliging man, always ready to do a friendly turn, and Mrs. Jones is an active, stirring woman and it would be rather agreeable than otherwise to have them living so close by, if it were not for one troublesome habit of theirs. In order that you may have some idea of what this habit is, I will narate the intercourse that passed between us one day:

On Monday morning, while I was turning the wringer for Bridget, Mary Jones walked in, saying:

"Ma forgot to tell father to get some blue when he went to the store Saturday night, and she wants to know if you would lend her your bottle for about ten minutes."

Now it happened that I wanted to use the blue bottle myself just at that time, but I poured some of its contents into a smaller bottle for the child, and she went on her way rejoicing.

Scarcely fifteen minutes had elapsed when Willie Jones made his appearance at the door, inquiring:

"Is Mr. Smith at home? I can't find him at the barn."

"No, he isn't at home. He went to the city this morning."

"Pap wants to know if you will lend us your wheelbarrow a little while; ours is wore out."

I replied in the affirmative, and he went to the wood house where he knew it was kept. Presently he returned with a long face, saying:

"The axle's broke, so you can't haul nothin' on it."

"I'm sorry it's broke," I quietly replied, "but I believe no one has used it since you brought it back last Friday."

He looked rather sheepish at this, but started for home without showing any desire to prolong the conversation.

By and by I discovered that there was a screw loose in the wringer, which prevented its working properly, and I sent Freddy for the screw driver. He soon returned with the information that it was not in the tool chest. I was surprised at this, but presently I remembered that neighbor Jones had borrowed it on Saturday to mend a broken door lock. I sent Freddy after the missing article, and it was nearly half an hour before I could continue my wringing with any satisfaction.

By eleven o'clock we had our clothes out and were preparing for dinner, when Mary Jones came in again in great haste, exclaiming, "Oh, Mrs. Smith, could you lend us a loaf of bread for dinner? Mother was out of flour, and couldn't make but two loaves of bread on Saturday; but pap is going to the mill this afternoon, and mother will send it back to-morrow."

I knew from past experience that the loaf that would come back on the morrow would be either sour or heavy, and would be given to the dog unless some tramp came along. But I immediately granted the request. Mr. Jones did go to the mill in the afternoon, and in the evening Willie came after a cup of yeast, because theirs was sour, and "just about gone anyhow."

In the meantime John came back from the city and wanted to use the wheelbarrow, but he had to take it to the shop to be mended instead. Then he concluded to put in the time splitting wood, but the axe was at neighbor Jones', and by the time Charley had gone for it and brought it home supper was ready. While we were eating supper John said:

"Mary, I think I shall follow the example of a farmer I read of recently, and buy a set of tools on purpose to lend. It won't be cheaper than losing so much time hunting up one's property."

"Do, John," I replied, emphatically, "and buy me another blue bottle and yeast powder, and three or more flat irons."

"Then we both laughed, but we were half in earnest after all."

Dear reader, if you have a neighbor who resembles the Joneses, the next time she comes borrowing just lend her a copy of this and ask her to read this article. Perhaps she will take the hint.

SOME CURIOUS CASES OF SLEEP-WALKING.—A case is related of an English clergyman who used to get up in the night, light his candle, write sermons, correct them with interlineations and retire to bed again; being all the time asleep. The Archbishop of Bordeaux mentions a similar case of a student who got up to compose a sermon while asleep, wrote it correctly, read it over from one end to the other, or at least appeared to read it, made corrections in it, scratched out lines, and substituted others, put in its place a word which had been omitted, composed music, wrote it accurately down, and performed other things equally surprising. Dr. Gall notices a miller, who was in the habit of getting up every night, and attending to his avocations at the mill, then returning to bed; on awakening in the morning he recollected nothing of what had passed during the night. Martinet speaks of a saddler who was accustomed to rise in his sleep and work at his trade; and Dr. Pricard of a farmer who got out of bed, dressed himself, saddled his horse, and rode to market, being all the while asleep. Dr. Blacklock, on one occasion, rose from his bed, to which he had retired at an early hour, came into the room where his family were assembled, conversed with them, and afterwards entertained them with a pleasant song without any of them suspecting he was asleep, and without his retaining, after he awoke the least recollection of what he had done. It is a singular, yet well authenticated fact, that in the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore, many soldiers fell asleep, yet continued to march along with their comrades.

UNMANLY MEN.—Is there any joy greater than that which is experienced by one person when he helps another person? There are some men so low down that it is said they cannot bear to have the smell of their clover go into the highway for fear that other folks will get something that belongs to them without paying for it; there are some men who are said to begrudge bees the honey which they take from their flowers without leaving anything behind; but that is doubtless imaginary. A man whose heart does not respond to an act of doing good or giving happiness is no longer a man. He has passed the line of manhood, and should be ranked among beasts.

SOMETHING SPILT.

Barnet's boy left a sack of flour at Archibald's last evening. It was one of those evil minded paper sacks, and had a hundred pounds in it.

"Henry, won't you take that flour up in the garret," said Mrs. A. persuasively after supper.

"Ain't it awful heavy," and Henry looked at it appreciatively.

"If I was as big as you I wouldn't talk about anything being heavy."

"Big, eh! I like the big part of it. Who busted one of the West Ward cars last summer, I'd like to know?"

"Old man, you look out now; we are not discussing street cars. You just grab that sack and I'll help you with a boost behind."

Henry persuaded the sack on a chair, and from the chair to the table. Then he leaned down and pulled it over on his shoulder; but it came on him with such a rush that it jammed him against the kitchen door, nearly knocking the top of his head in.

"Where are you going?" screamed Mrs. A. as he staggered back ramming her over the stove, stepping on the hired girls corn and the dog's tail in one motion.

"What are you kicking things around that way for you benighted old idiot? Why don't you grab hold of this thing and steady it afore it chases a fellow down the cellar. Blamed thing weighs about a ton."

She grabbed the hind end of the sack and steered Henry to the stairs. They were crooked, and he went up slowly, with caution. At the second turn something stopped him. The miserable sack had found a nail.

"What in sin are you pullin' back for?"

"Whose a pullin' back? Go on you bandy-legged imbecile afore a person lifts their heart out helping you."

"Henry gave a jerk and a grunt. The bag came loose, and ten pounds of flour came down on Mrs. A's. head.

"Whew! phew! merciful powers," but she was to mad for language, and struck out wildly, hitting Henry just back of the knee on the leg that had all the strain on it. That leg doubled up like a dissipated dish-cloth. He reeled wildly a moment, let go the sack which immediately went down on top of Mrs. Archibald, precipitated her into the kitchen on top of the girl, who went backwards into the basket of clean clothes, at the same time nearly breaking the dog's back with her head. Henry just went backwards into a heap until his head struck the wall at the turn of the stairs, when he rolled over and sat three steps up, feeling around for the place where his back bone came through with one hand, while he rubbed the flour and stars out of his eyes with the other.

"Old woman, didn't you spill something?" he meekly inquired.

"Oh! you murderisome vilyun," and she fired the stove lifter at him, which, with a woman's usual aim, went out at the window and knocked over her pet lilly.

"Old woman's getting mad, I guess," and Henry scrambled up into the garret, and bolted himself in, and leaned out at the end window, inflicting an hour and a half joke on Oxtoby, next door, about the Russians being fond of poultry because they were going to live on Turkey all summer.

LOVE'S DEVICES.—The Reading (Pa.) *Eagle* tells this story: A queer affair was reported at the mayor's office. An elderly woman, with tears in her eyes, had a lengthy story to tell of how hard she was trying to raise her granddaughter in the path of rectitude. Thus far she had succeeded very well, but the young girl was up to so many tricks and ways of deception that the old woman feared something would happen one of these days. "The girl is too young to have a beau yet," said the grandmother, "and as she is my son's child—he is dead and gone—I don't want her to have company. She promised me she wouldn't.—Well, last night, after supper, she said she was going to have company. One of her Sunday school class—a young woman—was coming around. Of course I had no objection. It was nine o'clock before she came. They were in the parlor alone, and about ten o'clock I thought the girls were rather quiet. I went down softly, went to the key hole and listened. Nothing was heard. I then thought to myself that they had slipped out. I opened the door, and what do you think I saw? There sat one girl on the lap of the other girl, and I noticed the strange girl had very short hair. They jumped when I came in, and upon my honor I found out that the other woman was a young man dressed in woman's clothes. I was so mad I could have scalded him to death, and would have done so had he not rushed out of the house. I gave that girl a whipping, and I want to know what I am to do." The visitor was told to speak kindly to the young girl and point out the evil of such ways.

PUT LIFE INTO YOUR WORK.—A young man's interest and duty both dictate that he should make himself indispensable to his employers. He should be so industrious, prompt and careful that the accident of his temporary absence should be noticed by his being missed. A young man should make his employer his friend, by doing faithfully and minutely all that is entrusted to him. Its a great mistake to be over-nice or fastidious about work. Pitch in readily and your willingness will be appreciated, while the "high-toned" young man who quibbles about what it is and what it is not his place to do, will get the cold shoulder. There is a story that George Washington once helped roll a log that one of his corporals would not handle, and the Greatest Emperor of Russia worked as a shipwright in England—*to learn the business.* That's just what you want to do. Be energetic, look and act with alacrity, take an interest in your employer's success, work as though the business was your own and let your employer know that he may place absolute reliance in your word and on your act. Be mindful; have your mind on your business; because it is that which is going to help you, not those outside attractions which some of the "boys" are thinking about. Take a pleasure in work; do not go about it in a listless, formal manner, but with alacrity and cheerfulness, and remember that while working thus for others, you are laying the foundation of your own success in life.

THE Rome *Sentinel* thinks that the rural swain who spoils a $25 suit of clothes try to climb a greased pole after a $5 greenback has a philosophy very like that of the merchant who loses $1,000 profits in trade to save $100 in advertising expenses.