Notice.

The interest of Wm. H. Miller, of Carlisle, in the Perry County Bank, of Sponsler, Junkin & Co., has been purchased by W. A. Sponsler & B. F. Junkin, and from this date April 20th, 1874, said Miller is no longer a member of said firm, but the firm consists of W. A. Sponsler & B. F. Junkin. Banking as Sponsler Junkin & Co., who will continue to do business in the same mode and manner as has been done hitherto, with the full assurance that our course has met the approbation and thus gained the confidence of the people.

W. A. SPONSLER.
B. F. JUNKIN.

April 20, 1874.

WHO TOOK THE MONEY?

"MONEY is a great trial," said the Widow Peckington, impressively. "I declare I did not know what care meant before brother Gabriel died and left me all the money."

"Well, Cousin Clarissa," observed George Merrilton, who was assidously engaged in entangling the widow's work to the very best or the very worst of his ability, "in case you find yourself unequal to the strain, all you have to do is to leave me the five thousand dollars."

"The first thing in the morning," went on Mrs. Peckington, unheeding Mr. Merrilton's modest hint, "and the last at night I'm thinking about it. First I put it in Deacon Elijah Horton's bank, and then I drew it out again—banks aren't safe now-a-days. And then I buried it in the east cellar, close to the apple bin, and then came the deluging rain, and then I knowed the cellar would be three inches deep in water. So up it came again, and then I could not rest in bed for fear of fire. So I got it changed into gold, and I guess it is safe enough."

"In the bottom of your big red chest?" mischieviously hazzarded George.

"No matter where, sir," said the widow, nodding her head.

"O, but, Cousin Clarissa, you might tell us," persisted Merrilton. "We are all your own folks, Cora and I."

Cora Dallas sat stitching quietly in the corner—the pretty orphan whom good Mrs. Peckington had taken out of the orphan asylum "to bring up," five years before.

"I don't expect to leave you nothing," Mrs. Peckington had said, "for I've relations of my own; but I'll give you a good district school education, and a decent bringing up, and a good chance to do for yourself."

And Cora accepted the good dame's offer with meek gratitude.

She had grown pretty in the last few years, this solitary child of nobody. Dark-eyed, with her hair full of deep chestnut-golden shadows, a peach-blossom skin, where the rosy blood glowed brightly through on the slightest provocation, and a mouth like Hebe, it seemed as if nature had made a solemn compact with herself to atone for all social slights that might be cast across Cora Dallas' path.

"Well," said Mrs. Peckington, seriously, "I don't mind telling you, but mind you don't repeat it—the bags hang half way up the chimney on an iron hook."

"But suppose the chimney should take fire?" said Merrilton.

"It won't. I keep it well swept, and, besides, if it should, it takes a pretty good heat to melt gold."

"Upon my word, Cousin Clarissa," said Merrilton, "you are a second Machiavelli."

"Who in pity sakes was he?" asked Mrs. Peckington. "There's neighbor Simkins at the door; jump up and let him in, Cora, for its beginning to snow like all possessed."

And neighbor Simkins came in—a broad-faced, jovial agriculturist who lived on the farm, and was suspected of matrimonial designs on the heart of Widow Peckington.

"Sit by Mr. Simkins," said the widow, hospitably, putting another moss-fringed log on the fire; "seems like we're going to have another spell of weather."

And while the widow and her middle-aged widower discussed the weather George took occasion to help Cora to get down a half bushel of red apples from the garret, and was unnecessarily long about it, too.

"I should think you would be ashamed of yourself, George Merrilton," said Cora, dimpling and blushing and trying to look very angry, in which she succeeded but indifferently.

"What for?" audaciously demanded George. "One doesn't get behind a garret door with a pretty girl every day in the year."

"What would Mrs. Peckington say."

"I dare say she's doing the very same thing herself down stairs with Jehorum Simkins."

And Cora burst out laughing at the preposterous idea, just as the widow came for quince jelly and apple butter, and to tell Cora to mix up a batch of muffins in the twinkling of an eye, for neighbor Simkins was a going to stay for tea.

After supper Mr. Simkins took his leave, with a roguish twinkle of his eye toward the young people, and Mrs. Peckington went over to spend the evening with Mrs. Dorcas Dottleford, her pet crony, and Cora sat all alone in the firelight, sewing and sighing and thinking. For George Merrilton had gone home early to secure Mr. Simkin's companionship a part of the way through the lonely roads, which were already becoming veiled with snow.

The tall old-fashioned clock in the angle of the old-fashioned kitchen-chimney had just struck midnight when Cora Dallas was aroused from her sleep by a sheeted form at the foot of her bed—but no ghost, nevertheless, but Mrs. Peckington's self.

"What's the matter?" cried Cora, breathlessly.

"My money!" gasped the widow, waving her hands tragically in the air.

"But what of it?"

"Its clean gone, stolen, took away!"

"Are you sure?" eagerly demanded Cora.

"As sure as I am that you're staring at me now. I felt up the chimney for it the last thing afore I got ready to go to bed, and—it was gone."

In vain proved all search. Neither up the chimney, nor down in the cellar, nor in any imaginable or unimaginable corner was the bag of gold pieces to be found.

"Mrs. Peckington," said Cora, huskily, "it must have been stolen."

"Yes," said Mrs. Peckington, whose lips were now compressed, and there was something in her manner that Cora never before noticed, as she called the white-headed farm-boy, and told him to step over to the Peckington place that morning.

"And you may as well stop for George Merrilton as you come back," said she.

When he was gone, she came close up to Cora Dallas.

"Cora," said she, "we two are alone together now, and I am the last one to be hard on you; confess now, and we'll see how the matter can be cleared up."

Cora opened wide her brown eyes.

"Confess what?" she asked innocently.

"That you took the money; there was no one else that could have done it. You were here all alone yesterday evening, and I know it was a strong temptation for a gal that never had five dollars in her life.—Cora, you're a young child, and I don't believe you're altogether bad, but Satan, sifts us all as wheat, and—

"Stop!" cried Cora, growing white and breathless; "you suspect me—you think me a thief! Mrs. Peckington, may God forgive you; forgive you for your cruel suspicion."

"Mrs. Peckington was silent. She knew not how she could help the impression which so strongly bore upon her mind.—Who but Cora Dallas could have taken the missing gold?

"George, George!" gasped the poor girl, flitting up to him as for safety, as the stalwart form of George Merrilton appeared; "she believes that I stole the money; you do not think so, do you?"

George Merrilton's eyes sparkled nervously.

"Cousin Clarissa, I would stake my life on Cora's innocence."

Mrs. Peckington shook her head.

"It looks ugly for her," she said "but of course if she can prove it—"

"It needs no proof in my eyes," said George, quietly, as he drew Cora's arm within his. "There, little one, don't tremble so, and look so wonderfully frightened; no one shall dare harm you while I am by your side."

"But where's Mr. Simkins?" asked the widow missing her strongest ally in this hour of need.

"If you please, ma'am," said the white-headed farm-boy, "he has gone away suddenly to Allenville at four o'clock this morning to see his father, as he has a stroke, and they don't expect him back not until the last of next week."

Mrs. Peckington stood undecided.

"At all events," she said turning to Cora Dallas, "you can't expect shelter under my roof no longer. I didn't ask for such treatment from you."

"Cousin Clarissa," said Merrilton, bravely, "I love Cora Dallas, and I stand here to espouse her cause. You may sue her if you like."

"I shan't do that," said the widow, leastwise not until Jehorum Simkins comes home to advise me what's best."

"But, went on George, I shall make her my wife this very day, in order that I can offer her a home in the place of the one of which you have so cruelly deprived her."

The widow, albiet naturally a kind-hearted woman, fired up at this.

"Of course I've nothing to say," she said, "If you choose to marry a thief—"

But she stopped there—the unblazing fire in Merrilton's eyes admonished her to go no further.

It was lonely enough those cold winter days, sitting at her fireside, the money gone, the merry voice of George Merrilton was silent, and Cora's bright presence vanished.

"If I should be wrong in supposing she took it," she said to herself, "I should be awful sorry for the ugly names I called her but I don't see as there can be any possible doubt to it. Anyway, Jehorum will advise me when he comes."

And on the dusky edge of Saturday Farmer Simkins came.

"I never was so glad to see any one in all the days of my life," Mrs. Peckington said, impulsively jumping up from her seat—and she told him the story of the vanished bag of gold, before he had time to deposit his portly bulk upon the chair she hospitally drew forward.

Mr. Simkins turned dull red—then a tallow white—got up and set down again, and finally dragged a leather bag from the recess of his butternut-colored coat-tail.

"I'll never play off a practical joke again, blamed if I do," he ejaculated; "for I declare to gracious I hadn't any idea of the mischief I was doing! Here's your money, Clarissa—I heard you tell the folks where it was, as I was a-scrapin' the snow off my feet under the window, that night, and I reached it down just for a joke, when you was gone to see about supper. I meant to have brought it back the next morning, and have a good laugh with you about the burglars, but you see how I was fixed—father got poorly, and I couldn't think of nothing else but him—but you won't lay it up agin me, Clarissa, now will you?"

"But Cora Dallas?" gasped the astonished widow, "I've told everybody she took it."

"Then you and I must go around and explain matters to everybody, that's all," said the farmer.

And Mrs. Peckington began to cry.

"Poor Cora," she sobbed, "poor motherless child! I could bite my tongue when I think of the wicked things I have spoken with it. But I will go right over and beg her pardon, so I will, and George's too."

Cora Merrillon forgave Mrs. Peckington much more readily and sweetly than her husband could bring himself to do—and she even came over to help the widow make cake for her own wedding.

"For, of course, I knew it would all be set right sooner or latter," said Cora, cheerfully, "and we'll let bygones be bygones."

And the widow solaced her conscience by presenting Mrs. Cora Merrilton with just one-half the contents of the mischievious leather bag for a wedding present.

Two Good Yarns.

"Speaking of shooting ducks," says Dr. F., "puts me in mind of the great storm that occurred when I lived on the island. As you are all well aware, our island was near Casco Bay; an awful storm arose, and was so fierce that it drove all the ducks in the bay into a pond, covering about an acre, near my house. In fact, so many ducks crowded into that pond that I could not see a drop of water!"

"Sho," says Smith, "did ye shute any of 'em?"

"That's what I was coming at. I went into the house and got my double-barreled shot gun, and discharged both barrels right into the midst of them, but my astonishment, they all arose into the air, leaving not a solitary duck in the pond!"

"Good gracious! ye don't say!" says Smith; "didn't ye hev any shot in yer gun, or what in thunder was the trouble?"

"Well, I was coming to that," said Dr. F., "it astonished me at first; but as soon as the ducks rose a few hundred yards in the air, and commenced to separate a little, ducks begun to drop, and whether you believe it or not, I picked up twenty-nine barrels of ducks, and it was a poor season for ducks, too. You see, the ducks were wedged in so solid in the pond, that when they rose they carried the dead into the air with them, and when they separated, down came the twenty-nine barrels of dead ducks."

"Oh," says Smith, "I'm not surprised at that, at all, or the big lot of ducks that yer bagged, for it was an awful storm. I remember it well, Doctor; I had at that time, a cornbarn full of corn; on one side of the barn was an open window, and on the other side was a knot-hole; and during the storm, the wind blew so fierce that it blew every ear of that corn right through that knot-hole, and the hole being just the size of a cob only, the result was that it shelled every ear, leaving the corn in the barn, and the next morning I found my corn-barn half full of shelled corn, and not a single cob. I had a curiosity to know where the cobs had gone to. I went in the rear of the barn, and followed the line of those cobs over eleven miles, and at the distance of about five miles a large, first-growth pine tree stood in the track, and darn me if the wind hadn't driv them cobs into that ere tree from top to bottom. Oh, doctor that was an awful storm!"

"Yes," sighs the doctor, "awful!"

The World Without Sunday.

Think how the abstraction of the Sunday would enslave the working classes, with whom we are identified. Think of labor thus going on in one monotonous and eternal cycle, limbs forever on the rack, fingers forever straining, the brow forever drooping, and the loins forever aching, the restless mind forever scheming. Think of the beauty it would efface, the merry heartedness it would extinguish, the giant strength it would tame; of the resources of nature it would crush, the sickness it would bring; of the projects it would wreck, the groans it would extort, the lives it would immolate and the cheerless graves it would prematurely dig. See them sweating and toiling and fretting and grinding and hewing and weaving and spinning, sowing and gathering, mowing and reaping, raising and building, digging and planting, and striving and struggling, in the garden and in the field, in the granary and in the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, in the mountain and in the ditch, on the roadside and in the country, out at sea and on shore, in the day of brightness and of bloom! What a picture this world would present if we had no Sabbath!

☞ A Church of England clergyman knocked his sister down and sat on her. This is all the information that reaches us; but if she had the spirit of a woman (and any pins) in her bosom, he won't be able to sit on anything else for a goodly period.

A Literary Curiosity.

A young lady, newly married, being obliged to show her husband all the letters she wrote; sent the following to a true friend, which as the friend understood, she was to read only every other line, beginning with the first one then the third and so on. This makes the letter tell two stories:

"I cannot be satisfied, by dearest friend! blest as I am in the matrimonial state unless I pour into your friendly bosom which has ever been in unison with mine, the various sensations——which swell with the liveliest emotion, of pleasure, my almost bursting heart. I tell you my dear husband is the most amiable of——men. I have now been married seven weeks, and have never found the—least reason to repent the day that joined us. My husband is in person and manners far from resembling ugly, cross, old disagreeable, and jealous monsters who think by confining to secure; a wife it is his maxim——to treat as a bosom friend——and not as a plaything, or menial slave, the woman of his choice.——Neither party, he says, should always obey implicitly; but each yield to the other in turns.—An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy, a cheerful, venerable, and pleasant old lady, lives in the house with us—she is the delight of both young and old, she is civil to all the——neighborhood round, generous and charitable to the poor.—I am certain my husband likes nothing more than he does me; he flatters——me more than the glass, and his——intoxication (for so I must call the excess of his love) often makes me blush for the unworthiness of its objects and wish I were more deserving of the man whose——name I bear. To say all in one word——and to crown the whole,——my former love is now my indulgent husband, my fondness is returned, and I might have had a prince, without the felicity I find in him. Adieu! may you be as blest as I am unable to wish that I could——be more happy."

Why She Turned Presbyterian.

DR. HOPKINS had a frightful boil on his leg, and he experienced very severe pain when he tried to walk. While he was sitting in his study the other day, Mrs. Magruder called and was ushered into the parlor. The servant went up the back stairs to tell the Doctor and while she was on her way the Doctor started down the front stairs to get a drink of water. It hurt him so much to walk up the steps that he concluded to slide down the banisters on his stomach; and so, after looking carefully over the landing to satisfy himself that nobody was about, he mounted the banister and began to descend. The stairs run directly past the parlor door, and Mrs. Magruder was amazed to see the clergyman descending with great rapidity, and in that singular fashion. It seems that the servant girl had placed a coal scuttle by the newel-post while she went for the Doctor, and as he descended with awful velocity he alighted in the scuttle and fell to the floor. Without being aware of the presence of the visitor, he leaped up in a rage, and exclaiming, "Hang that woman!" he gave the scuttle a kick which sent it whirling into the parlor, where it brought up in Mrs. Magruder's lap. Of course she thought the demonstration and the ejaculation were intended for her, and after raising to her feet and shaking her umbrella at her pastor, she shouted: "If you kick another coal-scuttle at me I'l punch the stuffin' out of you with this yer umbrella!" She emerged from the front door with the conviction that Presbyterianism was the only religion for her.

☞ A gentleman at Lake George, after waving his handkerchief for half an hour or more at an unknown lady whom he discovered at a distant point on the shore, was encouraged by a warm response to his signals to approach his charmer. Imagine his feelings when on drawing nearer he saw it was his own dear wife whom he had left at the hotel but a short time before.—"Why, how remarkable we should have recognized each other at such a distance!" exclaimed both in the same breath; and then they changed the subject.

Sunday Among Animals.

Do wild birds and beasts know when Sunday comes? In thickly peopled regions it is easily conceivable that hawks, crows and woodchucks should come to know the day of bells as the day of safety. There are no men in the meadow; the horses stroll the hillside; the noise of the axe and the voice of the ox-driver are not heard. These shy and vigilant vermin that frequent farms know Sunday. I have verified it so often that I've not a shadow of doubt left.—*Thomas K. Beecher.*

☞ If the time ever comes for the explanation of the mysteries of this world, we shall be glad to know why the young man who remarks on leaving church, "I can preach a better sermon than that myself," is content to wear out his life over a counter at $50 a month.

☞ Several years ago a hopeful young minister left these shores for the Cannibal Islands as a missionary. On arriving at the end of his journey the natives weighed him and cut a sliver off his leg as a sample. He came home by the next boat, and is now the traveling agent of a circus.