It was a little studio quite at the top of the house. Upon the easel that ocenpied the post of honor in the middle of the room, was a piece of canvass glow ing with soft tints of a spring landscape, and Frank Seymour stood before it, pallet in hand, his large brown eyes dreamy with a sort of inspira-

In a comfortable easy chair by the door sat a plump rosy little female, in a lace cap with plenty of narrow white satin ribbon fluttering from it, and a silver gray poplin dress-Mrs. Sey-mour, in fact, our artist's mother, who had just come up from the very bases ment, ' to see how Frank was getting

'Here, mother,' said the young man with an enthusiastic sparkle in his eye. just see the way that sunset light touches the topmost branches of the old apple tree. I like the brown, sub. dued gold at that tint; it somehow reminds me of Grace Teller's hair.'

Mrs. Seymour moved a little uneasily in her chair. It's very pretty; but it rtrikes me Frank, you are lately discovering many

your pictures.' Frank laughed good-humoredly. 'Well, mother, she is pretty.'

similitudes between Miss Teller and

' Yes, I don't deny but that she is pretty enough. 'Now, mother, what's the meaning of this ambiguous tone?' demanded the young artist, pleasantly. 'What have you discovered about Miss Teller

that isn't charming and womanly and loveable ? ' Frank do you know who she is? ' Yes, I know that she is a remarkably pretty girl, with a voice that sounds

exactly like the low, soft rivulet where I used to play when I was a boy.'
'Nonsense,' said Mrs. Seymour,

sharply. Well, then, if you are not satisfied with my description of her as she is, would you like to know what she will

Mrs. Seymour looked puzzled. Mother, I think one day she will be my wife.'

'Frank! Frank! are you crazy?'
'Not that I know of,' said Frank, composedly, squeezing a little deep blue on his pallet from a dainty tin tube, and mixing it thoughtfully.

'We know so little about her,' thought Mrs. Seymour. "To be sure she is visiting Mary Elton, and Mary belongs to a very good family, if she dosen't live in but half a house and takes in fine embroidery for a living. But then she has no style compared with Cynthia Parker, and Cynthia always did fancy our Frank, Then moreover, she has five or six thousand dollars of her own. But, dear me! a young man in love is the most head. strong creature alive!'

Mrs. Seymour mused a while longer, and then put on her mouse colored silk bonnet and gray shawl, and set out on a tour of investigation.

'I'll find out about Miss Teller, or indefatigable widow.

I'll know the reason why,' thought the Miss Grace Teller ' was at home,

helping Mary Elton on an elaborate piece of fine embroidery. The room where the two girls sat was very plain, carpeted with the cheapest ingrain, and curtained with very ordinary pink and white chintz, yet it looked snug and cheery, for the fat blackbird was chirping in the window, and a stand of mig. nonette and velvet blossomed pansies gave a delicate refinement to the details of every day life.

Mary Elton was pale, thin, and not at all pretty, though there was a tremulous sweetness about her mouth that seemed to whisper that she might have been very different under different circumstances. Grace Teller was a lively blond, with large blue eyes, rose. leaf skin, and hair whose luminous gold fell over her forehead like an aureole.

As Mrs. Seymour entered, a deeper shade of pink stole over Grace's beautiful cheeks, but otherwise she was calm and self-possessed and readily parried the old lady's interrogatories.

'Very warm, this morning,' said the old lady, fauning herselt. Do they have warm weather where you came from Miss Teller ? ?

'I believe it's very saltry in Factory. ville, said Grace composedly, taking another needlefull of white silk.

· Factoryville! is that your native place? Perhaps, then you know Mr. Parker-Cynthia Parker's father-who is superintendent of the great calico mills there?

Very well-I have seen him.'

'Are you acquainted with Cyathia.'
'No, I believe Miss Parker spends

most of her time in this city.' 'That's very true,' said Mrs. Seymour eagerly.

'Cynthia often says there's no socie. ty worth having in Factoryville - only the girls that work in the factory, and Cynthia is very genteel. But excuse my curiosity Miss Teller-how did you ecome acquainted with Mr. Parker and not with his daughter?

Grace colored Business brought me in contact frequently with the gentleman of whom you speak, but I never happened to meet Miss Parker.'

Mrs. Seymour gave a little start in her chair, she was beginning to see through the mystery

· Perhaps you have something to de

with the calico factory?' ' I have,' said Grace with dignity.

Advocate.

JOHN G. HALL, Proprietor.

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Mark Twain and the Musket.

by a fellow passenger, who being ban tered about his timidity, said he had

never been scared since he had loaded

an old Queen Anne's musket for his

father once, whereupon he related the

following: You see the old man was

trying to learn me to shoot blackbirds

and beasts that te ar up the young corn

and such things, so, I could be of some

use about the farm, because I wasn't

big enough to do much. My gun was

a single barrel shot gun, and the old

man carried an old Queen Anne's mus-

ket that weighed a ton, and made a re.

port like a thunder clap' and kicked like

a mule. The old man wanted me to

shoot the musket some time, hut I was

afraid. One day, though, I got her

down, and so I took her to the hired

man and asked him how to load her, be-

cause the old man was out in the fields.

Don't you see them marks on the

stock-an X and a V on the Queen's

Crown? Well, that means ten balls

'Oh,' he says, 'it don't matter, put in

So I loaded her up that way, and it was an awful charge—I had sense

enough to see that- and started out. I

levelled her an a good many blackbirds

but every time I went to pull the trig-ger I shut my eyes and winked. I was afraid of her kick. Towards sundown I fetched her up at the house, and there

was the old man resting on the porch.

'Didn't kill anything, sir-didn't

'Gimmus that gun!' the old man

And he took aim at a sapling on the other side of the road, and I began to

drop back out of danger. And the

next minute I heard an earthquake, and

the Queen Anne whirling end over end

in the air, and the old man spinning

around one heel, with one leg up and

both hands on his jaw, and the bark

flying. The old man's shoulder was set

back four inches, and his jaw, turned

black and blue, he had to lay up for

three or four days. Cholers, or nothing else can scare me the way I was scared

Death at the Breakfast Table.

Robert Bruce, a celebrated Scotch

I think I am yet hungry, you may

He then grew thoughtful a moment.

" Hold, daughter, hold! my Master

Here his sight failed him, but calling

for a Bible he requested his daughter to

place his finger on a certain possage.

This being done he repeated the verse,

dwelling especially on " I am pursuaded

that neither life nor death shall be able

to separate me from the love of God,

which is in Christ Jeaus my Lord.'

" God be with you my children.

have breakfasted with you, and shall

out a shiver or a grean, he at once start.

family circle this morning. Suppose, like the good Mr. Bruce, you should

die suddenly to-day, with whom would

-At a convention of clergymon, not

long since, it was proposed by one of

the members after they had dined, that

each should entertain the company with

some remarks. Among the rest, one

drew upon his infancy, and related a

dream. In his dream he went to heav-

en, and he described the golden streets,

the river of life, etc. As he concluded,

" Indeed! what was I doing?"

"You were on your knees."
"Praying, was I?"

thing wouldn't hold a pint.

" No-scraping up the gold."

-An exchange says: "To make

muss-pour a quart of molasses in your

wife's new bonnet." Ridiculous! the

-Give strict attention to your own

affairs-and consider your wife one of

tor and inquired jocosely :

in your dream.

them.

the honeymoon.

"Yes, I did."

ed on his flight to everlasting glory.

These were the last words, for with-

Reader, you breakfasted with your

sup with my Lord Jesus this night."

minister, sat at his breakfast table one

morning. Having eaten a boiled egg

he turned to his daughter and said :

bring me another egg."

calleth me."

He said :

and, musing a little, added-

shoot her off-I was afraid she'd kick.

'Been out hunting, have ye?

'Yes, sir,' says I.
'What did you kill?'

says mad as sin.

Hiram said :

three or four handsful."

Mark Twain tells the following story

'A factory girl?' gasped Mrs. Seymour, growing red and white.

'Is there any disgrace in that title?' quietly asked Grace, although her own cheeks were dying crimson.

'Disgrace? Oh, no, certainly not: there's no harm in earning one's living in an honest way,' returned Mrs. Sey-mous absently. The fact was, she was thinking in her utmost mind, what will Frank say? and anticipating the flag of triumph she was about to wave over

' I do not hesitate to confess,' went on Grace, looking Mrs. Seymour full in the eye, ' that to the calico factory

I owe my daily bread.'
'Very laudable, I'm very sure,' said the old lady, growing a little uneasy under the blue, clear gaze, 'only there are steps and graduations in all society you know, and-and I am a little sur, prised to find you so intimate with Miss Elton, whose family is-

Mary came over to Grace's side and stooped to kiss her cheek.

' My dearest friend, my most precious companion, she murmured, I should be quite lost without her, Mrs-Seymour.

The old lady took her leave stiffly and did not ask Grace to return her call, although she extended an invita. tion to Mary, couched in the politest and most distinct terms.

'Frank!' she ejaculated as she returned home, never stopping to re-move shawl or bonnet, 'who do you suppose your paragon of a Miss Teller

The loveliest of her sex,' returned Frank briefly and comprehensively.
'A factory girl!' screamed the old lady at the top of her lungs, ' a factory

girl ! , Well what of that ? ' 'What of that ? Frank Seymour you never mean to say that you would have anything to do with a common factory

'I should pronounce her a very uncommon factory girl mother,' said young man with aggravating calm-

' Frank, don't jest with me,' pleaded the poor little mother, with tears in her eyes. 'Tell me for once that you will give up this idle fancy for a girl

who is in no respects equal to you.' ' No, she is in no respect my equal, returned Frank with reddened cheek and sparkling eye, 'but in every respect my superior. Grace Teller is one of the nobelest women that ever breathed this terrestriel air, as well as he most beautiful Mother I love her and she has promised to become my wife.

Mrs Seymonr set down, limp, lifeless and despairing. ' Frank, frank, I never thought

see my son marry a factory girl.' And then a torrent of tears came to her relief, while Frank went on qu'etly touching up the scarlet foliage of

splendid old maple in the picture. ' So you are determined to marry me, Frank in spite of everything." Grace Teller had been crying ;

dew was yet on her eyelashes, and unnatural crimson on her cheeks, as Frank Seymour came in, and Mary El. ton considerately slipped out to search for a missing pattern. I should rather think so,' said

Frank looking admiringly down on the golden head that was stopping amoug the pansies. 'But your mother thinks me far be

low you in social position.' "Social position be ignored! What

do I care for social position, as long as my little Grace has concented tomake sunshine of my home?'

Yes, but Frank-' Well, but, Grace !'

' Do you realy love me?' For the answer he took both the fair delicate bands in his, and looked

steadily into her eyes. ' Frank,' said Grace Teller, demure ' I'm afraid you'll make a dreadful. ly strong-willed, obstinate sort of a husband.

'I shouldn't wonder Grace.' And so the purple twilight faded into purple softer than the shadow of the castern amethysts, and the stars came out one by one, and still Frank and Grace talked on, and still Mary Elton didn't succeed in finding the missing

Mrs. Seymour was the first to arrive at Mrs. Randall's select soiree on the first Wednesday evening in July; the fact was she wanted a chance to confide her grief to Mrs. Randall's sympathetic ear.

' Crying ?' Yes, of course I have been erying, Mrs. Randall ; I've done nothing but cry for a week."

Mrs. Randall elevated her kid-gloved bands, ' what is the matter ! I hope Frank isn't in any sort of trouble ?'

'My dear, said the old lady in a mysterious whisper, Frank has been cutrapped—inveigled into the most dreadful entanglements. Did you ever fancy that he the most fastidious whice each had participated."

and particular of created beings, could be resolutely determined on marrying a factory girl?'

Mrs. Randall uttered an exclamatien of horrified surprise, and at the same moment a party of guests were announced, among whom was Miss Teller, looking rather more lovely than

Well, thought Mrs. Seymour, as her hostess hurried away to welcome the new commers, ' well, wonders never cease! But I suppose it's all on ac-ceunt of Mary Elton's uncle the Judge. Here comes Mr. Parker and Cynthia; dear me, what a curious mixture is our American society; how they will be shocked to meet Miss Teller ?

Involuntairly she advanced a step or two to witness the meeting. Mr. Parker looked quite as astonished as she had expected, but somehow it was not that kind of astonishment that was on the programme.
' Miss Grace!' You here? Why

when did you come from Factoryville ? ' ' You are acquainted with Miss Tel.

ler?' asked Mrs. Randall, with some surprise.

Quite well; in fact I have had the management of her property for some years. Miss Teller is the young lady who owns the extensive calico facto. ries from which our village takes its name

'Dear me!' said Mrs. Seymour, turning pale and sinking down upon a divan near her. 'Why they say the heiress of the old gentleman who owned factoryville property, is the richest

girl in the country.'
' Grace,' said Frank, gravely almost sternly, ' what does this mean?' The blue eyes filled with tears as

she clung closer to his arm.' 'I can't help owning the calico fac-tories, Frank. Dont you love me just as well as if I didnt?'

'My little deceiver ! But why did

you not tell me ? ' 'Why should I tell you Frank? It was so nice to leave the heiress behind and be plain Grace Teller for a while, and when I saw how opposed your mother was to our engagement, spark of woman's wilfulness rose up within me, and resolved I would main. tain my incognito, come what might. Mr s. Seymour, she added turning arch. ly around and holding out her hand to the discomfitted old lady, didn't I tell you that I owed my daily bread to that

factory ? And Mrs. Seymour for once in her life was at a loss for an answer.

Battle of the Birds.

The Bloomington (Ind.) Progress has the following highly imaginative story of a bird conflict :

"While sauntering around our beau. tiful city lately, we accidently witnessed one of the most singular ornithological exhibitions that ever fell under our observation. A chimney swallow had only begun to balance his little body upon the topmost branch of a large cherry tree, when a robin of aldermanic proportions swept down upon him f rom a neighbor. ing maple. The swallow fought nobly tor a while, and with every prospect of success, until his russet-colored foe was reinforced by his mate; then, and not till then, did the little hero cry for quarter. Twittering loud and piteously, he attracted the attention of some of his tribe, and to his relief came the col. ony of a neighboring chimney. Now began a combat worthy a painter's pencil. As the swallows advanced and retired in dark waves, they dealt cruel blows at the devoted robins, who, maddened by pain, fought with desperation; but the odds were too great, and gasping, bleed. ing, quivering, catching from bough to bough, the robins fell to the earth, shapeless and torn. Although intensely ex. citing, the combat was not the most in. teresting feature of this curious exhibi. tion. Many of the swallows were covered with wounds given by the sharp claws and strong beaks of the unfortunate robins, and these received the immediate attention of the unwounded, who, in pairs, carried them tenderly to their sooty homes. Now came the final and most singular feature. Tenderly carefully and solemly, was each dead swallow conveyed to the top of a large chimney adjacent, and after piling up the rigid bodies in one sombre heap, the entire swarm settled upon the roof in silence, while one of the companions. whose great age was evident from the light gray of his feathers, perched upon the lightning rod, and for some five or ten minutes chirped, twittered, and slowly flapped his wings. During this performance, which was evidently an oration upon the virtues of the deceas. ed, the hird audience maintained their positions immovably, but at its close, three of the birds, whose black, glisten ing coats denoted their youth, advanced and cautiously pushed the bodies into the yawning chimney. This accom-plished, each winged witness sailed away, noisly twittering, as though in heated discussion over the fight in THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

My friend Maj. C. had an old darkey to whom he was much attached. One evening, at a party, Peter from imbibing too freeley of various mixtures, began dancing round with a waiter containing some ices and cakes, and soon became uproarious. Observing his conduct, the Major publicly reprimanded him, and at once dismissed him from his post of waiter for the evening, and appointed another in his place. The last stroke was too much for old Peter, and he re. tired to his bed room in dispair. That night Capt. K., a jolly young officer in the room adjoining Peter's, hearing sobs and groans in the next room, rose to inquire what was the matter. He opened the door of Peter's room and reconnoit-

Peter was kneeling by a window and praying. Amid his loud eries the captain heard the following:

"O Lord, have pity on thy poor old servant. His massa, who he used to take upon his knees when he was a boy is vexed with his poor old darkey, and I don't want to live any longer. O dear Lord, please send the angels for old Pe. . 'But how much powder?' ter. Just send the angel Gabriel this minute down to take old Peter to Abraham's bosom! O, please Lord, do. Please, Lord, this minute; I am ready

Capt. K., ever ready for fun, immedi. ately seized upon a white counterpan, and enveloping himself in it, rapped three times at Peter's door.

" Who's dar ?" "The angel Gabriel, come to take old Peter to Father Abraham's bosom?" replied Capt. K., in a sepulchral tone.

"De who, massa!" fearfully asked the suppliant. " Old Peter." "Well, I just tell you, massa, dat (I knew blamed well she would.) nigger don't live here; I don't know him 'Gimmus that gun!' the old

Capt. M., rushed back to the company convulsed with laughter, and old Peter relates to this day the wonderful answer

to his prayer.

Au Amuseing Tunnel Incident. Doubtless the tunnel on the Eastern Railroad, just east of the depot in Salem, has been the scene of numerous amusing incidents but we doubt if anything of a more ludicrous character has ever taken place in it than the following: It seems that a few days since a lady and her sister and a grown up son | that time. of the latter, took the cars at Boston for the East, the sisters occupying a seat together and the young man the one behind with another person. Upon eutering the tunnel, the aunt, to have a little fun rose up carefully, reached over to the seat the young man had been occupying seized some one by the collar, shook him soundly, and then resumed

The sister surprised at her vigorous movements, asked what she had been doing, and was informed by the other that she had been attempting to frighten her nephew. Her feelings can be imagined when the mother made her acquainted with the fact that the young man left the train at Salem, and that she had been "shaking up the wrong pas-

senger." When the train emerged from the tunnel the person who had been mistaken for the son was observed adjusting his neck-tie and collar, and remarked that he did not know what the matter was with the ladies it front of him, but thought one of them must be insane, for she had given him a severe shaking, torn off his neck tie, scratched his face and disranged his hair, and he was at a loss to give any other account for the sudden attack that had been made upon you sup to-night.

Joke on a Constable.

A "cute" State constable, meeting a tin peddler, asked him if he had a license to sell.

" No," was the reply. The constable hastened to procure a warrant, and after a long day's search found the offending person and brought him before a magistrate. When he was

asked: "Guilty, or not guilty?"
"Not guilty!" he quietly answered. "Don't you peddle goods around here?" said the judge.

" Yes, sir !" " Well, then, sir, have you a license to do so?" " Oh, yes!"

" Why didn't you tell this gentleman that you had no license? "No, sir!" said the peddler.
"Yes you did," shouted the tipstaff.
"No I didn't," quietly replied the

"I say you did," vociferates ye offi-"I'llswear I didn't," repeats the

" Well, what did you tell me then? "You asked me if I had a license to -Has any person ever tried Rarey's sell, and I told you I hadn't, and I haven't a license to sell, for I want to keep it to peddle with!" system of horse-taming on the night

Subscribe for the Advocate .-Terms 1,50 in advance.

Selected Storn,

A HARVEST S'ENE.

Fair and fresh the winds are blowing Brightly shines the nun to day Over meadow, hill and woodland, On the newly gathered hay.

White and purple, green and golden, Flock and fields afar and near ; While the harvest hands are singing, We'll have well filled barns this year.

Hear the winding beek that ripples Winding out and winding in, How it murmured as if ans'ring Back the joyful songs of men.

Now in sunshine, now in shadow, Winding out and winding in, Like a mirror it reflecteth. All day long the harvest seene.

Over beck and narrow ercep, While behind his gorgeous cartains, Sinks the harvest sun to sleep. Giving promise to the respers,

Lengh'ning shadows now from woodlands

Tired hands be calmy folded, 'Midst the sacred scenes of home. Patiently the farmer waited-Worked and waited like a man. Never doubting that the master

After labor, rest shall come,

Now he hath the promised blessing, Fruit for all his honest toil : Never lord was half so happy, As this tiller of the soil.

Well would end what he began.

Feeding Milch Cows.

We do not, as a general rule, feed lib-erally enough. We do not use suffi-cient variety of food for cows in milk, nor is the quantity anything like what might be fed. Many far ners seem to act as if the food consumed was so much to be added to the cost of keeping rather than so much raw material used in the manufacture of milk. If they owned a mill they would leed into it all the grain it would grind; try to keep it running at full speed, and furnish the lar. gest amount of its products of which it were capable, taking into account of course the wear and tear of machinery. They would try to get the largest yield consistent with economy and good man-

agement. The same rule ought to be adopted in feeding cows. Instead of being content with smaller or even ordinary yield, we should so feed as to get all we can consistently with a proper regard to the health and protracted usefulness of the animal. They have carried the matter of feeding to a far higher state of per. fection in Europe than we have in this country. It may almost be said to be reduced to a science, so minute and careful have many of the experiments and systems of feeding become.

A Terrible Disease.

A fearful disease has broken out late. ly in various cities, including Harrisburg. It scarcely ever attacks young children, but adults of both sexes are its victims. The physicians have, after learned investigation, called the new disease Pip. mipsy. We have not learned the extent of its fearful ravages in our city, but will give a description of its symptoms and the prescribed remedies, as described by the Cleveland Herald :

A sudden instantaneous depression in the collipsis dinix, a caving in of the spinality of the backbonibus, and a teeling of slimuess in the immediate vicinity of the diaphragm may be regarded as symptoms that the complaint is coming on. The following remedy by one of our eminent physicians will afford relief if taken at the first appearance of these horrible symptoms. itus Vini Otard, or Oldi Bourbonibus z 1, Sugarum Whitum q s, ecibus minutus dunus tanzius and suckitecum strun. dum down throatum. It is said the remedy is very pleasant .- Telegraph.

A READY-WITTED Irishman lives in Rock wood Illinois. The other day one of with boys thinking to have a little fun him, said " Roley, have you heard the the news?" " No, what news?" "Why the devil is dead." Not a word said Roley, but putting his hand in his pock. et and pulling out a ten cent shinplaster handed it to his questioner, who asked what it was tor. "Why," answered Ro-ley," in the ould country, where I came from, it was the custom to give the children something when the parents died,"

A SCHOOLMASTER in a neighboring town, while on his morning walk, pas. sed by the door of a neighbor, who was excavating a log for a pig trough. "Why, said the schoolmaster, "Mr.

one of the divines, who was somewhat noted for his penurious and money S., have you not furniture enough yet?" saving habits, stepped up to the narra-"Yes," said the man, "enough for my own family, but I expect to board "Well, did you see anything of me the schoolmaster this winter, and am making preparations."

> WE CANNOT too strongly impress upon parents the importance of allowing their children to learn trades. The average pay of clerks is now from ten to twenty dollars per week, while the average pay of skilled workmen is from fif. teen to fifty dollars per week.

An Irish servant being asked whether his master was within, replied, " No.". "When will be return?" "Oh, when master gives orders to say that he is not at home, we never know when he will come in?"

-"You look," said an Irishman to a pale, haggard smoker, " as if you had got out of your grave to light your eigar and couldn't find your way back -Little girls believe in the man in the moon-big girls believe in a man in again."