Selected Miscellany.

THE U.Y MELINT REBUKE.

Charles Nelson had reached thirty live, and at that age he found himself going down hill. He had once been one of the happiest of mortals, and no blessing was wanted to complete the sum of his happiness. He had one of the meest wives, and his children were intelligent and comely. He was a carpenter by trade, and no man could command better wages, or more sure of work. If any man attempted to build a house, Charles Nelson must be the job, and for miles around peo. ple sought him to work for them. But a change had come over his own life a new and experienced carpenter had hoen sent for by those who could no longer depend upon Nelson, and he scaled in the village and took Nelson's

On the back street, where the great trees threw their green branches over the way, stood a small cottage, which had been the pride of its inmates Be. fore it stretched a wide garden, but tall, rank grass grew up among the choking flowers, and the paling of the fence was broken in many places. The house itself had once been white but it was now dingy and dark. Bright green blinds had once adorned the windows, but now they had been taken off and sold. And the windows themsolves bespoke poverty and neglect, for in many places the glass was gone, and shingles, rags, and old hats had taken its place. A single look at the house and its accompaniments told the story. It was the drunkard's home.

Within, sat a woman in the early years of her life, and though she was still handsome to look upon, the bloom had gone from her cheeks, and brightness had faded from her eyes. Poor Mary Nelson! Once she had been one of the happiest among the happy, but now none could be more misscrable! Near her sat two children, both beauti. ful in form, and features, but their garbes were all patched and worn, and their feet shoeless. The eldest was thirteen years old, and her sister a few years younger. The mother was hearing them recite a grammer lesson, for she had resolved that her children should never grow up in ignorence .-They could not attend the common ols, for thoughtless children sneered at them, and made them the subject of sport and ridicule; but in this respect they did not suffer, for their mother was well educated, and she de. voted such time as she could spare to their instruction.

For more than two years, Mary Nelson earned all the money that had been used in the house. People hired her to wash, iron and sew for them, and besides the money paid, they gave her many articles of food and clothing. So she lived on, and the only joys that dwelt with her now were teaching her children and praying to God.

Supper time came, at ' Charles Nelson came reeling home. He had worked the day before at helping to move a building, and thus had carned money enough to find himself in rnm for several days. As he stumbled into the house the children erouched close to their mother, and even she shrank away, for sometimes her husband was ugly when intexicated.

Oh! how that man had changed within two years ! Once their was not finer looking man in the village. In france he had been tall, stout, compact and perfectly formed, while his face bore the very beau ideal of manly beauty. But all was changed now His noble form was bent, his limbs shrunken and tremulous, and his face all bloated and disfigured. He was the man who had once been the fond husband and doting father. The lov-ing wife had prayed, and wept, and implored, but all to no purpose; the husband was bound to the drinking companions of the bar-room and he would not break the bands.

That evening Mary Nelson ate no supper, for of all the food in the house there was not more than enough for her children but when her husband was gone she went and picked a few berries and thus kept her vital energies alive. That night the poor woman prayed long and earnestly, and her little ones prayed with her.

On the following morning Charles Nelson sought the bar room as he rose but he was sick and faint, and the liqnor could not revive him for it would est remain on his stomach. He drank gary deeply the night briore, and he fit miserable. At length, however he managed to keep down a few glasges of hot-sling, but the close atmoswhere of the bar-room seemed to stifle and he went out.

The poor man had seuse enough to now that if he could sleep he should el better, and he had just feeling shough to wish to keep away from some; so he wandered off to a wood not far from the village, and sank lown by a stone wall and was soon in s profound slumber. When he woke he sun was shining down upon him, and raising himself to a sitting posture he gazed about him. He was just on the point of rising, when his motion was arrested by the sound of volces near at hand. He looked through the chink in the wall, and just upon the other side he saw his two children picking berries, while a little further off were two more girls, the children of the carpenter who had lately moved

to the village.



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was to see us with those girls, they'd think we played with 'em. Come.' But the berries are so thick here, remonstrated the other.

' Never mind-we'll come out some time when these little, ragged, drnnk. ard's girls are not here.'

So the two favored ones walked away hand in hand, and Nelly and Nancy Nelson sat down upon the ground and

' Don't cry Nancy,' said the eldest throwing her arms around her sister's neck.

' But you are crying, Nelly.' 'Oh, I can't help it,' sobbed the stricken one.

Why do they blame us? ' murmur. ed Nancy, gazing up into her sister's face. 'Oh, we are not to blame. We are good, and kind, and loving, and we never hurt anybody. Oh, I wish somebody would love us; I should be

' And we are loved, Nancy. Only think of our noble mother. Who could love us as she does ? '

'I know-I know, Nelly ; but that nin't all. Why don't papa love us as he used to do? Don't you remember when he used to kiss us and make us so happy? Oh, how I wish he would be so good to us once more. He is

knew how we love him. I know he will. And then I believe God is good, and surely he will help us sometime, for mother prays to him every day.'

'Yes,' answered Nancy, 'I know she does and Jod must be our father sometime.'

' He is our father now, sissy.' 'I know it, and he must be all we shall have by and-by, for don't you re-member that mother told us that he might love us one of these days? She said a cold dagger was upon her heart and-and-'

-sh ? Don't Nancy, you'll-The words were choked ap with sobs and tears, and the sisters wept long together. At length they arose and and gave her hope. went away for they saw more children

As soon as the little ones were out of sight. Charles Nelson started to his feet. His hands were clenched, his eyes were fixed upon a vacant point

with an enger gaze.

yet and pray for me !" clasped hands were raised above his

and he started homeward. When he reached home he found his wife and children in tears, but he affeeted to notice it not. He drew a shilling from his pocket-it was his last-and handing it to his wife, he asked her if she would sent and get him some porridge.

The wife was startled by the tone in which this was spoken, for 't sounded as in days gone by.

The porridge was made nice and nourishing, and Charles ate it all. He went to bed early, and early on the following day he was up. He asked his wife if she had milk and flour enough to make him another bowl of porridge. ' Yes, Charles,' she said, 'we have

not touched it.' Then if you are willing, I should

like some more.' work, and ere long the food was pre. pared. He washed and drossed, would have shaved had his hand been steady enough. He left his home and went at once to a man who had just commenced to frame a house.

' Mr. Manly,' said he addressing the man alluded to, ' I have drank the last drop of alcoholic beverage that ever passes my lips. Ask no more questions but believe me now while you see me true. Will you give me work ? '

' Charles Nelson are you in earnest?' asked Manly in surprise.

So much so, sir, that were death to stand upon my right hand, and yonder bar-room on my left, I would go with the grim messenger first."

"Then here is my house lying about us in rough timber and boards. place it in your hands, and shall look to you to finish it. Come into my office, and you shall see the plan I have drawn.

We will not tell you how that strong man wept nor how his noble friend shed tears to see him thus; but Charles Nelson took the plan, and having stud. died it for a while, he went out where the men were getting the timber to-gether, and Mr. Manly introduced him as their master. That day be worked Come, Katie, said one of these but a little, for he was not strong yet, little girls to her companion, ' let's go but he arranged the timber and, gave cross your brow.' And then he told

asked his employer if he dared trust vious Monday, while he lay behind the him with a dollar.

'Why, you have earned three,' re. turned Manly. ' And you will pay me three dollars

a day ? 'If you are as faithful as you have been to-day, for you will save me money at that.'

The poor man could not speak his thanks in words, but his looks spoke them for him, and Manly understood them. He received his three dollars and on his way home he bought first a one dollar and seventy-five .cents left. It was sometime before he could compose himself to enter the house, but at length he went in, and set the basket upon the table.

'Come, Mary,' he said, 'I have brought something home for supper. Here, Nelly, you take the pail and run over to Mr. Brown's and get two quarts of milk.

He handed the child a shilling as he spoke, and in a half-bewildered state she took the shilling and hurried away. The wife started when she raised the

cover of the basket, but she dared not speak. She moved about like one in a dream, and ever and anon she would He may be good to us again; if he He had not been drinking—she knew it-and yet he had money enough to buy rum if he wanted it. What could it mean? Had her prayers been answered? Oh, how fervently she pray. ed then.

Soon Nelly returned with the milk, and Mrs. Nelson set the table out .-After supper, Charles arose and said to

'I must go to Mr. Manly's office to help him to arrange some plans for his new house, but I will be home early." A pang shot through the wife's heart as she saw him turn away, but still she was far happier than she had been be-

fore for a long time. There was something in his manner that assured her,

Just as the clock struck nine, the well-known foot fall was heard, strong and steady. The door was opened and Charles entered. His wife cast a quick and keen glance into his face, and she almost uttered a cry of joy when she saw how he had changed for the bet. 'My God!' he gasped, 'what a vil-lain I am! Look at me now! What a hatter's. Yet nothing was said upon state I am in, and what I sacrificed to the all important subject. Charles bring myself to it ! And they love me wished to refire early and his wife went with him. In the morning, the hus-He said no more, but for a few mo. band arose first and built the fire .ments be stood with his hands clench- Mary had not slept till long niter mid. ed, and his eyes were fixed. At length | niwht, having been kept awake by the his gaze was turned upwards, and his tumultuous emotion that had started up in her bosom, and she awoke not head. A moment he remained so, and so early as usual. But she came out then his hands dropped by his side, just as the rea kettle and potatoes began to boil, and breakfast was soon ready.

After the meal was eaten, Charles arose, put on his hat, and then turning to his wife he asked :

What do you do to-day? 'I must wash for Mrs. Bigby.' 'Are you willing to obey me once more?

'Oh, yes.' Then work for me to-day. Send Nelly over to tell Mrs. Bigby that you are not well enough to wash, for you are not. Here is a dollar, and must do something that will keep busy for yourself and children.'

Mr. Nelson turned towards the door, and his hand was upon the latch. He hesitated, and turned back. He did not speak, but he opened his arms, and his wife sank upon his bosom. He The wife moved quickly about the kissed her, and then having gently placed her in a seat, he left the house. When he went to his work that morning, he felt well and very happy. Mr. Manly was by to cheer him, and this he did by talking and acting as though Charles had never been unfortunate at

It was Sunday evening, and Nelson had been almost a week without rum. He had earned fifteen dollars, ten of which he had now in his pocket.

' Mary,' he said, after the supper table had been cleared away, ' there are ten dollars for you and I want you to expend it in clothing for yourself and the children. I have carned fifteen he pays me three dollars a day. A

good job isn't it? Mary looked up, and her lips moved struggled a few moments and burst into tears. Her husband took her "by the arm and drew her upon his lap, then pressed her to his bosom.

' Mary,' he whispered, while the tears ran dawn his own cheeks, ' you are not deceived. I am Charles Nelson once more, and will be while I live .- Not by any act of mine shall another cloud away from here, because if any body directions for framing. At night he her of the words he had heard the pre- husband never again complained.

'Never before,' he said, 'did I fully realize how low I had fallen, but the scales dropped from my eyes then as though some one had struck them off with a sledge. My soul started up to a stand point from which all the tempests of the earth cannot move it. Your prayers are answered.'

Time passed on, and the cottage assumed the garb of pure white, and its whole windows and green blinds. The roses in the garden smiled, and in basket, then three loaves of bread, a every way did the improvement work. go out am pound of butter, some tea, sugar, and Once again was Mary Nelson among She's setting a piece of beefsteak, and he had just the happiest of the happy, and her children choose their own associates now.

> A Seasonable Article by Mark Twain. The musquitoes have irritated me beyoud endurance.

I haven't suffered so much as during the past few days, since I emigrated from New Jersey many years ago.

These insects manifest a peculiar af fection for me. They serenade me in troupes, and present their bills with the prompiness of a tax collector, and make you pay on the spot.

I couldn't locate all the spots they have visited on me-I am in a state of

eruption all over. I'am constantly committing assault and battery on myself in the desperate of smashing the little wretches.

The amount of punishment I have dealt out to myself would have been sufficient to have secured me the championship of the light weights in the prize

But you don't gain any credit with such antagonists; they always manage to get first blood, then leave you alone

to come up to the scratch. Do you know any remedy for musqui-

toes

I have tried pennyroyal. The musquitoes don't mind it. They say if you close up the windows and doors of your bedroom and then burn sulphur, it will kill every musquito in the apartment-also, any other man.

If you rub yourself from heat to foot with kerosene oil, they say musquitoes

won't bite you. I haven't tried this-my landlady objected on account of the bed clothes.

The man who discovers an infallible protection from musquitoes deserves to be decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

Everybody would bless him, as everybody is afflicted just now by musquitoes. O'Tard is the only man I know who is not. He says the musquitoes don'

trouble him. This can be accounted for Musquitoes are sanguinary, but tem-

They will drink blood, but they don't touch whiskey.

Which Half.

Here is an Enlish story of the times a bank incident, which must not be lost : In the midst of the late excitement, and at the moment when everybody though all the banks were going to the dogs to. gether, Jones rushed into the bank of clerk looked at it and asked : Which half, Mr. Jones?' 'I don't care which courts; I can't make the transfer without legal decision. If you really wish to transfer your other half to Mr. Smith we cannot do it here.' Jones was confounded. He knew the banks were all ing at it lo! it was his marriage ecrtifi. cate! Being a printed form on fine paper, and put away among his private papers,, it was the first thing Mr. Jones haid hands on when he went to the secretary for bank stock script. He went home, kissed his wife glad to find and taking the right papers this time hastened down town in time to get it all

straight. -A New Hampshire bachelor, after dollars the past five days. I am to an old maid to marry him, the considerbuild Squire Manly's great house and ation being a fifteen dollar watch. The ccremony over, he urged an immediate return home . "Home!" exclaimed the bride, who had been married in her but she could not speak a word. She father's house, "home this is my home and you had better go to you'rn. I agreed to marry you for the watch, but I wouldn't live with you for the town clock ! "

> -A gentleman was complaining to his father-in-law of his wife's temper. At last papa-in-law, becoming very tired you again, I shall disinherit her." The peeping out from Mrs. Hays' aprou

THE SETTING HEN.

'Timothy, that air yaller hen's a set. ting agin, said Mrs. Hays to her son, one morning after breakfast.

' Well, let her set,' remarked Timo. thy, helping himself to a large piece of cheese; 'I reckon I can stand it as long as she can.'

'I do wish you would try and be a little more equenomical to cheese Timo. thy : I've cut the very last of my every day lot, and it's only the first of May. And now as soon as you've done eatin go out and break up that hen. She's setting on an old ax and two

'I hope she'll hatch 'em,' returned Timothy.

'If she was set now, she'd hatch the fourth week in May. It's a bad sign; something allers happen arter it. Stop giggling, Helen Maria; by the time you get to be as old as yer ma, you'll see fur-ther than you do now. There was Jen. kins' folks; their gray top-not hatched the last of May, and Mrs. Jenkins, she had the confunction on the lungs, and would have died if they hadn't killed a lamb and wrapped her in the hide while it was warm. That was all that saved

With such a startling proof of the truth of the omen before him, Timothy finished his breakfast in haste and de. parted for the barn, from which he soon returned, bearing the squalling biddy

What shall I do with her, mother ? She'll get on again, and she's cross as bedlam-she skinned my hands, and would be the death of me if she could

get loose." 'I've heern it said that it was a good plan to throw 'em up in the air,' said Mis. Hays. 'Aunt Peggy broke one of settin only three times tryin. 'Spose'n you try it.'

'Up she goes, head or tail!' cried Tim, as he tossed the volcano skyward. Land o'massy,' exclaimed Mrs. Hays she's coming down in the pan of bread that I set out on the great rock to rise ! Tini, it's strange that you can't do noth.

ing without overdoing it.
Down with the traiters, up with the stars,' sang out Tim, elevating biddy again with something less than a pint of batter hanging to her feet.

Good gracious me, wuss and wuss. cried Mrs. Hays, and Tim agreed with her, for the hen had come down on the well polished tile of Esquire Bennett, who happened to be passing, and the dignified old gentleman was the father of Cynthia Bennett, the young lady with

whom Tim was seriously enamored. off the dough with his handkerchief, and strode on in silence.

'Yes, but it's going up again,' said Tim, spitefully seizing the clucking biddy and tossing her at random in the air. Biddy thought it was best to manifest her individuality, and with a loud scream she darted against the parlor window, broke through, knocked down the canary cage, and landed plump in the silken lap of Mrs. Gray, who was boarding at the farm house.

Mrs. Gray serramed with horror, and which he was a stockholder, and thrus-ing a certificate into the clerk's face he at her reflection in the looking glass said in haste : 'Here' please transfer with an angry hiss. The glass was shathalf of that to James K. Smith.' The tered and down came the hen, astonished beyond measure, against a vase of flowers, which upset, and in falling, half,' replied Jones, puzzled at the in-quiry. 'You had better go to the ged with water a pair of drab colored velvet slippers, which Helen Maria was embroidering for her lover, Mr. James

Henshaw. Helen entered the room just as the mischief had been done, and viewing the in a muddle, but this was to deep for ruin she at once laid it to her brother him. He took his certificate from the Timothy. Heard his step behind her, hands of the smiling clerk, and on look- and the unfortunate hen she flung full in her face. There was a smothered oath, and the hen come back with the force of a forty pound shot. Helen was mad. Her eyes were nearly put out with the feathery dust dough, and she went at Timothy with true feminine zeal. She broke his watch guard in a dozen she hadn't been transfered to Mr. Smith, pieces, crushed his dicky, and began to pull his whiskers out by the roots. But when she came to look closer she perceived that the man she had nearly annihilated was not Timothy, but James Henshaw. Poor Helen burst into tears several unsuccessful attempts to enter and fled into her chamber, the usual rethe Benedictine ranks, finally persuaded | sort for heroines; and James, after wash. ing hunself at the the kitchen sink, went home, sternly resolved never to marry a woman with such a temper as Helen

The hen, meanwhile, who is the hero ine, returned to the barn to establish herself on the ruin of her nest, determined to set in the heavens fell. Mrs. Hays soon discovered her, and having heard that dipping in water would cure broodness, she set forth for the brook with the fowl in her apron. Mrs. Weav. er, an old lady of very quarrelsome temperament, who resided near, was at of these endless gramblings, and being sword's point with Mrs. Hays was just a bit of a wag, replied: "Well, my coming to the brook for a pail of water, dear sellow, if I hear of her tormenting and spied the yellow head of the bird

'There!' she exclaimed, 'now

found out what puzzled me to death nigh about a week. I've found out where that yellow pullet has gone to.

Mrs. Hays, I allers knowed you was a
wicked, deceitful woman, but I didn't
think you'd steal.'

'Steal? me steal? Who are you talking to, Mrs. Weaver?' said Mrs. Hays, on her dignity.

'I'm talking to you madam, that's who I'm talking to! You've stole my hen what I got over to Uncle Gillies, and paid for it in sassengers. She's a real Dorkin. Give her to me, right here or I'll use force.'

'She's my hen, and you touch her, if

you dare!'

'I'll show you what I dare!' yelled Mrs. Weaver, growing purple and seiz-ing the ill-starred fowl by the tail she gave a wrench and the tail came out in her hand The audden cessation of resistance up-

set Mrs. Weaver's balance, and she fell backward into the brook, spattering the mud, and astonishing the polliwogs in every direction. She was a spry wo. man, and soon on her feet again, ready to renew the assault. 'Give me my hen,' she cried, thrust

ing her fist into Mrs. Hays' face, 'you old hag and hypocrite you!' and she made a second dive at the bird. The hen thought it proper to show

her colors, and uttering an unearthly yell, she flew out of the covert, square into the face of Mrs. Weaver, which she raked down with her nails until it resembled the pages of a ledger, crossed and recrossed with red ink.

Mrs. Hays caught a stick of brushwood from the fence-Mrs. Weaver did the same-and a regular duel would probably have been fought if the bank of the creek had not suddenly given way and precipitated both the indignant women into the water. They scrambled out on opposite sides, and the hen sat perched in an apple tree and eackled in triumph. The ladies shook themselves, and by consent went home. They have not spoken since. The hen disappeared and was not seen until three weeks afterwards, when she made her appearance with eleven nice yellow chickens. She found some other fowl's nest and had set in spite of fate. But although not 'broken up 'herself she had broken up two matches—for Cynthia Bennet was not at home the next time Timothy called, and Mr. Henshaw never forgave Helen for having such a temper.

PAT AND THE DEACON .- A few months ago, as Deacon Ingalls, of Swampscot, Rhode Island, was traveling through the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman, who had lately arrived in this country, and was in search of a brother who had come before him, and settled in some of the diggings in that part of the coun.

Pat was a strong man, a true Roman Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant church.

It was a pleasant Sunday morning that brother Ingalls met Pat, who in. quired the road to the nearest church.

Ingalls was a pions man. He told Pat he was going to church, and invited his new made friend to keep him company thither, his destination being a small meeting house near by. There as a great revival there at the time, The 'squire looked daggers, brushed and one of the deacons, who was a very small man in stature, invited brother Ingalls to take a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation, followed by Pat, who looked in vain for the altar, &c. After he was seated he turned round to brother Ingalls, and in a whisper that could be heard all round, he inquired:

'Shure, and isn't this a heretic · Hush!' said Ingalls; 'you speak a word they will put you out."

'Divil a word will I spake at all,' re. plied Pat. The meeting was opened by prayer

by the pastor. Pat was eyeing him very closely, when an old gentleman, who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat, shouted Amen I

' Hist, ye divil,' rejoined he with his loud whisper, which was heard by the minister; 'be dacent, and don't make a blockhead of yourself.' The parson grew more fervent in his

devotions. Presently the deacon uttered an audible groan-Amen. 'Hist, ye blackguard; have ye no da-cency at all?' said Pat, at the same time

giving him a punch in the ribs, which caused him to loose his equilibrium. The minister stopped, and extending his hands in a suppliant manner, said : Brethern, we cannot be disturbed in this way. Will some one put that

man out ? 'Yes, your reverence,' shouted Pat, I will!

And suiting the action to the word. he collared the deacon, and to the utter horrer of the paster, brother Ingalls and the whole congregation, he dragged him up the aisle, and with a tremendous kick sent him into the vestibule of the

EDUCATION is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no clima de. stroy, no enemy alienate, no despotisne enslave. At home a iriend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament. It chastens vice, ir guides virtue it gives grace and govcrament to genius. Without it what is man? A splendid stave, vaciliating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of brutal passions.

The Walkingtord [Count] community of Perfectionist made a profit of \$2,200 this year upon their strawberry crop of 932 bushels. The crop averaged 160 I've bushels to the fiere.