Secred Poetr.p SHE HATHFALLEN.

On her chain of life is rust, On het spirit's wing indust; She hathlet the spoilerin-She buth mated with her sin-She buth opened wide the door a Crime has passed the threshold o'er, Wherefore has she gone estray ? Stead Temptation in her way? With its eyes soglittering bright-Clothed in angle robes of light.

Oh ! her story soon is told. Once a lamb within the fold, Stranger voices lured her thence, In her trusting innocence. Weel she has not strength to keep With the Shepherd of the sheep ; For the fleece so spotless white Then become the hue of night, And she stood, in her despair, Bleating for the Shepherd's care.

Weel that none night lead her back From the bloodhound on her track, Hunger prowled about her path With a wild byona wrath, Seorn came leaping from its lair With defiant growl and stare ; And she grappled, all in vain, With the fange of want and paid, Hope and mercy shut the gate On this heart so desolate.

She turned again to sin What had she to loose or win ? Resting on her life a stain Deeper than the brand of Cain, Heard she not a pitying tone, Weeping in her shame alone? Was there not a buman heart In her anguish bore a part? None to hold a beacon light Up before her darken'd sight.

No : the altar was not there, For a canting priesthood's prayer : " She hath fallen ? Let her die "-Salid the Louiso passing by ; Sashe turned again to sin. What had sho to loose or win ? Sister I there is work to do-Field of labor here for you. Ye who pour the wine and oil, Up, and rest not from your toil.

Will the bruise I and wounded heart, Aching from the Tempter's dart, Sore and weary with its pain, Shall be bound and healed again-Till, ne more defited by sin, Like the pardoned Magdalen, Enceling in repentance sweet, She may wash the Savior's feet With her tears that while they roll, Blotthe sin main from her soul-Do yo ask for your reward?

" They are blest who serve the Lord."

Miscellany Selected TRACE'S SECOND WIFE.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES,

What makes you so late to night,

Brank Tracy laughed and reddened a little as his room mate. Howard Leigh,

carelessiv put the question.
Blushing, ch? pursued the latter with a string of mischiguous malaga in his voice, 'then of course I am to conclude that you have been in the charming so-

ciety of some young lady.' Your guess is partly right,' said Tracy, lightly, but the lady is a very

little lady. To tell you the truth, I have been spending the evening at Mrs. Walton's and playing with that charming baby of hers. I never saw such a little Hebe in my life. Why, I could have sat for hours with that boby on my . Then I am to conclude that she

neither chewed your cravat cods nor jerked at your watch chain, to say nothing of crying ! " Not a bit of it. She's the most per-

feet little piece of flesh and blood I ever saw in my life; if I thought she would grow up half as pretty as she is now, upon my life I'd wait for her ! '

And what would Leonore Warren

· Ah, what indeed I I'm glad you've recalled me to loyality, though certainly Leonore can't very well be jealous of my tiny flirtations with Mrs. Walton's pretty baby. Heigho, I sometimes think I've made a mi-take in engaging myself to Leonore Warren. She is as beautiful as an angle, and yet somehow we don't seem to be congenial."

· Ruther late to think of that, I should imagine, when the wedding day isfixed, and passage taken in the European steamer for the wedding tour. By the way, Frank, how long shall you remain

in Europe ? 2 · I can't say, some years I believe. Le. onore thinks a residence in Paris will be delightful. I don't agree with her, but brides, you know, are privileged to have their own way. I'll tell you what, How. and, the prettiest pink coral I can find in Naples shall be sent to hang around the ivery neck of Mrs. Walton's baby."

• Frank, how foul you are of chil

' You're wrong there, my boy-I am not fond of children, generally speaking, but I don't know who could belp loving

that little brown eyed scraph." Frank took up the newspaper as he spoke, and the conversation gradually merged into the all entrancing subject of

politics, foreign and domestic. Twenty years have obbed and flowed in the broad channel of time, and Mr. and Mrs. Tracy had just taken possession of their elegant home after a long residonce abroad. It was evoning,

Day's a miles

Avorate,

JOHN G. HALL, Proprietor.

CURTIS W. BARRETT, Publisher,

RIDGWAY, PENNA, OCTOBER 3, 1867.

VOLUME SEVEN-NUMBER 30. TERMS - 150 PER ANNUM.

ly in the ornamented grate, and the flowers in the several vases on either Frank Tracy who had changed from a governess was announced. handsome youth into a tall, stately man of about forty, stord thoughtfully before the fire, while his languid, faded looking wife, reclined on a satin sofa in the lustrous shine of the glowing chan-deliers. There was only one guest present to break the monotony of the

acquaintance, Howard Leigh. ' I do wish, Frank, you wouldn't keep drumming with your fingers on that maned Mrs. Tracy, petulantly.

conjugal tete-a-tete, and he was our old

'I beg your pardon, my love ; I was After a few gentle questions he asked not aware that I was annoying you.' ' Why don't the servant bring up the chocolate? ' pursued Mrs. Tracy, eleva-

ting her eyebrows.
Shall I ring and inquire? 'No, it isn't worth while. If we had only remained in la belle Paris, where the servants understand their business.' . Then you preferred Paris as a resi-

dence, said Leigh. absurd whim of his, returning to Ameri-

'You forget, Leonore,' said Frank somewhat gravely, 'that America is

Mrs. Tracy tossed her head and took refuge in a bottle of smelling salts. Her

'I haven't asked whether my old acquaintances, the Walton's, are living or dead. You have not forgotten my penchant for the beautiful baby.'

'Oh, the Walton's disappeared long ago from the current of New York life. He failed or something-blow his brains out I believe. She died of a broken heart. La Belle was sent, I understood, to an orphan assylum, where she has already sprouted up into a gawky, redhaired woman.'

Tracy was silent a moment, commenting upon the sad facility with which peo- at last. ple slip from the cares and memoried of their friends in the whirl of large cities.

All at once the door was thrown open. and two or three rosy little children bounded into the room, with long, shining curls hanging on their white shoulders, and eyes all in a sparkle with in fantine merriment.

' Dan't come near me, you noisy little monsters!' lisped Leonore, waiving them away with her snowy, jeweled hand; 'you'll crush my silks and laces ruinously!

No word of reprofe, however, fell from Frank Tracy's lips, as the little ener climed on his knee and hung around his neck. Those children were the sunshine of his life; he endured his wife but he idolized his children.

' Poor Tracy, it's plain to see that he is not happy,' said Leigh, that even ing, as he was taking his case within his cozy home circle. That wife of his is enough to drive a man distracted. I wonder he don't commit suicide!

And so some days afterwards, when the sudden death of Mrs. Tracy was announced in the newspapers-ailment, disease of the heart-his first thought was-

' What a lucky thing for Frank.' It was scarcely a year after Mrs. Tra-cy's decease, and the widower was sit. ting alone in his study, when Howard Leigh was announced.

'Well my dear friend!' was his smilling salutation, 'what news do you bring me ?'

'Capital news!' said Leigh. Do you know, I've just engaged a splendid governess for your children!

I am heartily glad of it; the little rebels are getting quite beyond my management. They need some gentle, affec tionate female influence."

' And they will have it. This is one of the finest girls I've seen for a long time; she has been teaching in an academy, but thinks she would prefer a situation in some private family. She is all grace and gentle dignity-a jewel of a governess !

'I am delighted at your success. When will she come to take charge of my children? '

'This evening. But I haven't told on the strangest coincidence of all ! Who do you suppose she is?'

'I'm sure I cannot imagine.' ' Her name is Agness Walton, she is the same whom you took such a fancy to in the days of her babyhood. I can tell you she don't know you were an old beau of hers, else she would shrink from assuming this responsible situation in

your family ! ' Nonsense,' said Tracy, half laughing. half embarrassed. 'But I am sorry she is reduced to the wretched life of a

governess." Nothing more was said on the subgilded clock on the mantle pointed to ject, and several times that attenden it New York.

the hour of seven, the fire burned clear. recurred to Frank Tracy's mind. He wished he could see her.

The gas had been lighted however, side of the chimney-piece were scarcely and the little girls were safely tucked brighter in their hues than the pictured up in bed, after having said their prayblossoms on the superb velvet carpet. ers on 'papa's 'knees, before the new

' Miss Walton, pray be seated.' He saw at the first glanes that the pretty baby had grown into an exquisite. ly lovely girl of twenty-two, with soft tender eyes like a Madonna, and sad quivering lips. Poor Agnes-she had been so much accustomed to rebuffs and cold neglect at the hands of the world, that Mr. Tracy's chivalric politoness affected her nearly to tears. He noticed it, he observed the timid glances tle, it makes me so nervous, but of from beneath her lashes. Frank Trank course you do not care for that,' exclaim. was a great physiognomist, and drew his own inferences from those things.

But Miss Walton, why did you leave the Academy ? . The principal was barsh and unkind to me, and the place was noisy. O, sir if you knew how I have hungered and

thirsted for a quiet home ! ' My dear Miss Walton,' he said smiling 'I commissioned my friend Leigh to find a governess for me, but I am much more in need of a wife. I think you O, by all means, but Frank never would suit me in that capacity. Will cold be contented there. It is the most you accept of the home as a permanent engagement, and me as the encumbrance

Agnes looked a moment into his kind eyes, and placed her little hand confidingly in his hand, and said ' I will.'

And thus concluded their extremely brief courtship Yet when Frank told husband turned carlessly to Leigh and resumed the conversation that her petulance had disturbed.

her how many years he had secretly worshipped at the shrine of 'Mrs Walton's pretty baby,' she didn't think it so very strange after all.

Thus it was that Frank Tracy mar. ried his beautiful second wife, and the little ones, instead of a governess got a demonstrate that Southern women are mama whom little Minnie confidently informed her sister, ' she liked a great deal better than the old mama who was always afraid of having her hair or col- that illustrates the independent spirit or for disarranged. While new mama the Southern women. The head stew. liked to have her daughter hug and ard belonging to the immense establish. kiss her.'

his friend had married the right porce

MURPHIES VS ST. CLAIDS .- A cerain gentleman of the Milesian persuasion, who has achieved some little newspaper notoriety in this country, and the initials of whose last name, if put to-gether, would spell Murphy, for some reason or other, and much to the disgust of his brother Irishmen, changed his time.honored patronymic to the more hi alutin cognomen of St. Every one knows how it hurts an Irish. man's feelings to see a brother Irishman go back on the ould sod, and you may be sure he got many a sharp rap over the knuckles, as the saying is, for the change of name. Someltime during the war, our here was stopping at the M. House, as was also a dashing young These are unembellished facts. Irish officer of our army. They chan-ced to be vis a vis at table, and Major J., who always goes in for a joke, whethr at his own expense or some one else's, thought the opportunity was too good to be lost, so he sings out to the waiter,

Pat came to him.

Bring me a St. Clair,' said the Maj. a his matter-of-fact way. ' A which, sir ?' said Pat. A St. Clair, I said. Don't you un-

derstand the American dialect? Pat, sorely bothered, serntohed his head and replied-

'Sure, Ameriky is a quare counthry, and I never heard such a thing axed for

before, sur, at all.' 'Well, Patrick,' quoth our joker, with the air of one about to impart use. ful knowledge, 'it's a potatoe I want; we used to call them Murphies at home,

but I believe the polite name for them in this country is St. Clair.' The Major hit hard that time, at least, for the owner of the 'polite' name left the table, amid the unrestrainable roars of the company, who enderstood and fully appreciated the joke, and I believe that was his last appearance on that

stage. -John Newton once said; 'The art of spreading rumors may be compared to the art of pin making. There is usually some truth, which I call a wire; gives it a polish, another a point, others | the field, showed him the patch, and left

the pin is completed.' -John G. Saxe says that it is a cemmon notion in Boston that, if a person is born in that city, it is unnecessary tor that favored mertal to be "born

again. -Why is oak the worst wood of which to make a wooden leg? Because it produces a corn.

-Homer, Illinois, being troubled by rats, preposes to devote a day to their everlasting destruction.

Snow has already fallen in Western

Original Poetro.

The Falling of the Leaves.

BY B. E. BARRY.

The Autum winds are sweeping Adown the midland vale, While Boreas is renping The products of the gale : And c'er the grainfields flushing With rich and golden sheaves, The whirling blast is brushing The sere and yellow leaver.

Sad thoughts fill up the measure Of our earthly, sighs and tears, While we look beyond life's treasure To a home devoid of fears ;

For the breath of Fall dispelling All the charms that Nature weaves, In varied tones is knolling, At the falling of the leaves,

Whilst Nature seems to languish At the closing of the year, And speaks in words of anguish, By her venture bronzed and sere, She silently is plending

To those beneath the rod, And silent, too, is leading Their trembling steps to God. Tis meet to heed the warning

That; Fall brings in her train, And wait the nunlight dawning On our wearled hearts again, When the soul to blies aspiving. For more lasting glory grieves, And new honors seem desiring, Like the falling of the leaves.

SUTH BOSTON, MASS,

The Women all Right.

The Nashville Union and Dispatch relates the following incident, which not only all right but ready to work : " An incident occured recently at the Greenbrier White Suiphur Springs, ment dressed himself from top to toe, And Howard Leigh was satisfied that and presented himself in the ball room to dance with the numerous guests there assembled. The proprietor immediately ordered him out, and demanded what such conduct meant. The negro replied it meant equality, and if he was not received into the ball room, he and every other servant in the establishment would leave. The lady visitors heard the circumstances, called on the proprietor and told him to dismiss every servant in the house promptly and they would serve in their places until he procured others. He did so and the ladies from every part of the South so. journed at this justly popular watering place, went into the kitchen, chambers, laundry, dinning-room, etc., and filled with perfect satisfaction every position until the proprietor went to Charlottesville and procured other servants."

> AN UNLUCKY "SENTIMENT."-For example, " Honest men and bonic las-sies!" is a toast which one would think could never bring ogense with it; but while the rule holds the exception presents itself." A young minister in Scotland was about to preach a probationary sermon in a church for the ministry of which he was a candidate. Being a stranger, he was housed and entertained | cd with his milking. by a parishoner, who invited many of his fellows to sup with the candidate on the Saturday night. The elders had quietly saturated themselves with toddy and smoke, when the unlucky probationer, in his innocence, probosed before they parted, " Honest men and bonie lassies!' The uncorighteous looked through the smoke and over their glass ses with orthodox horror, and the most solemu tippler present grose and said that no minister would have their sympathy who could not stick quietly to his iquor, but whose thoughts were running on the lassies so near the Sabbath ! The company assented, and the candidate had to forego the honor he coveted. →Cornkill Magazine,

-A soldier of the West during the war being off duty, was engaged by a landford to dig a patch of potatoes on condition that he should be furnished with a bottle of whiskey to begin with, as this passes from hand to hand, one The landlord accordingly took him to make and put on the head, and at last him a full bottle of his favorite beverage. About an hour afterward the andlord went to see how the son of Mars progressed in his business of farming. He found him holding to an old stump, unable to stand without it, his bottle lying empty at his feet, and no potatoos dug. Being quite exasperated the landlord exclaimed: 'Haloo, you scoundrel! Is this the way you dig my potatoes for me?' 'Ha!' says the soldier, lapping his tongue, staggering half round, squiaring and hiccuping, 'if you want your potatoes dug, fetch em onthe lot after 'em.'

A Promising Missouri Juven-

They have some promising children around Ironton. Not long since a big boy appeared in school one morning when the following occurred between

him and the teacher :

'Can you read?'

'Don't know?' was the reply.
'Can't you spell easy words?'
'Don't know?' 'Do you know the alphabet?'

'Try this word.'

'Horse.' ' What does that spell ! ' Don't know.

'What do you ride on at home?' 'Mules!

'Try this word.' Brend. 'What does that spell?'

Don't know.' 'What do you cat at home?' ' Acorns.'

'Try this short word.' 'B e d.'

' What does that spell?'

'Don't keow.' 'What do you sleep on at night,

'Sheepskins.' 'Trp another.' Glass. ' What does that spell?'

4 Don't know." ' What do you put in the windows at

' Paps old hat.' 'Try again.' Water.

'What does that spell?' ' Don't know.' 'What do you drink.'

Whiskey. 'You can take your seat and study your lesson.'

' Mister, I reken you couldn't give a feller a chew terbacker could yer?' ' Take your seat.'

' Now look here, you needn't put on any style; your an abolishonist, and I ain't goin' to this school any more.-Mam told me if you sassed me to come home, and I'm goin.'
The youthful Misserian then there

finished his education, and he has not been to school since.

-The Rev. Mr. - had traveled far to preach to a congregation at-After the sermon, he waited very patiently, expecting some of the brothern to lavite him to dinner. In this he was disappointed. One after another deparas the minister's stomach. Summoning resolution, however he walked up to an

elderly looking gentleman and said ;

'Will you go home to dinner wit to day brother?' · Where do you live?' 'About twenty miles from here, sir.'

'No,' said the man coloring, 'but ou must go with me.' 'Thank you-I will cheerfully.'

After that time the minister was no more troubled about his dinner.

A TIMELY JOKE. A candidate for office, canvassing his district for voters, came upon a Mr White, who had a vote to cast. Mr. seker found him.

Shall I hold her?' asked he, seeing the animal was uneasy. The old man consented; the office seeker took the cow by the horns and the man proceed-

' Have you had Dashell around here, lately?' asked the candidate presently, referring to his rival. 'Oh, yes,' said the old man, 'he's

behind the barn holding the ealf ! ' The next time that cow was seen it was rather uneasy.

-An Irishman, speaking of the ex. collence of a telescope, says: ' Do you see that small speek on you hill? That is my pig, though it is very

hard to see him; but now when I look at him with my glass, it brings him so in a second; it was just a little war-near to me that I can almost hear him wheep and a which of their drusses, and

- Sarah,' said a young man the other day, ' Why don't you wear ears rings? Because I havn't had my cars piere-

ed.

"I will bore them for you." 'Thank you, you have done that enough.'

-THE soldiers and negroes engaged prominently in the late riot at Augusta, Georgia, have been arrested. The soldiers will be tried by court-martial and the darkies by the civil court. Had the latter been white, a wilitary commission constituted to convict, would have been their portion.

-Why is a woman mending her stockings deformed? Because hands are where her feet belong.

-Why will the mousters of the deep be better posted than the cable operafor I'll be hanged if I'm to run round tors? Because they nose the news before it reaches either side.

Jim Wolf and the Tom Cats. Here is one of Mark Twain's good stories. He knows how to make the reader laugh, and if the following does not provoke a smile, it is because there is no mirth in mankind during the hot

I knew by the sympathetic slow up on his bald head-I knew by the thoughtful look upon his face. I knew by the emotional flush upon the straw-berry on the end of the old free liver's nose that Simon wheeler's memory was busy with the olden time. And so I prepared to leave, because all those were symptoms on a reminiscence-signs that he was going to be delivered of morther of his tiresome personal experiencesbut I was too slow; he got the stert of me. As nearly as I can recolied, the infliction was couched in the following language:

We were all boys, then, and didn't care for nothing, and didn't have no troubles, and didn't worry about nothing only how to shirk school and keep up a revivin' state of excitement all the time. This yar Jim Wolf I was talking about, was a 'prentice and he was, and the most forgivin' and enselfish I ever seewell, there couldn't be a more bullion than be was, take him how you would ; and sorry enough I was when I seen bim

last time.

Me and Heavy was always postering him and plantering hoss hills on his back and putting bumble bees in his bed, and so on, and sometime we would crowd in bod, and so on, and sometimes would crowd in and bunk with him, notwithstanding his growling, and then we'd let on and get mad and light acrost him, so as to keep him stirred up like. He was, long, lank and bashful, and he was fit. teen and sixteen and telerably lazy and

So, that night, you know, that my sister Mary gave the candy pullin', they started us on to bed early, so as the company would have full swing, and we rung in on Jim to have some fun.

Our winder looked on to the roof of the ell, and shout ten o'clock a couple of ole tom-cats got to rairin' and chargin' around on it and carryin' on like sin .-There was four inches of snow on the roof, and it was frozen so that there was a right smart crust of ice on it, and the moon was shinin' bright, and we could see them cats like daylight. First they'd stand off and c yow-yow yow, just the same as they were cussin one another, you know, and bow up their backs, and push up their tails, and swell around and spit, and then all of a sudden the gray cat would snatch a handful of fur out of the yaller cut's ham and spin her round like a button on a barn-door. But the valler cat was game and he'd come and clintch, and they'd gouge, and bue and howl; and the way they'd make the

fur fly was powerful. Well, Jim, he got disgusted with the row and 'lowed he'd climb out there and shake'm off'n that roof. He reely had no notion of doin' it, likely, but we ever-lastin ly degged with, and howed not always bragged how he wouldn't take a dare, and so on, (ill bimeby he histed up the winder, and lo l and behold you, he went-went exactly as he was-nothin' on but a shirt, and it was short. But ted until the house was almost as empty you ought to seen him! You ought to seen him ercepin' over the ice, and dig-gin' his toe-wals and finger nails in for to keep from slippin'; and above all, you to seen that shirt a flappin' in the wind, and them long, ridiculous shanks of his'n a glistenin' in the moonlight.

Them comp'ny folks was down there

under the caves, the whole squad of 'em under that ornery shed of old dead Washin'ton Bower vinesall settin' round about two dozen sassars of not candy, which they had sot out in the snow to cool. And they was talkin' and laughe in' lively; but bless you, they didn't know nothing about the panorama that was going on over their heads: Well, Jim he went a sucekin' in and a sneck-White was milking when Mr. office in up, unbeknowns to them tom catsthey were a swishin' their tails and yowyowin, and threatin' to clinch, you know. and not payin' any attention-he went a sneakin' right up to the comb of the roof, till he was in a foot'p a half of'em. and then all of a sudden he made a grab for the yaller cat! But, by gosh he missed fire and slipt his holt, and his heels flew up, and he flopped on his back and shot off that roof like a dartwent a smashin' and crashin' down through them old rusty vines and landed right in the dead centre of them comp'ay people-sot down like a yearth-quake in the two dozen sassars of red hot candy, and let off a howl that was back from the tomb. Their girls, well, they felt, you know. They saw he wasn't dressed for comp'ny, and so they left. All done blame the wench of 'em was in sight anywhers!

Jim was in sight. He was covered with the bilin' hot molesses candy clear down to his heels, and had more busted sessars haniga' to him than if he was an Injin princes - and he comes a prancinup stairs, just a whoopin' and cussin', and every jump he shed some china, and every squirm he fetched he dripped some candy.

And blistored! Why, bless your soul that poor ercture couldn't reely set down comfortable for as much as four weeks.

-Doud budies are preserved in whiskey. Thus, even after death some men get in liquor. -Death comes to a good man to re-

lieve him; it comes to a bad man to relieve society. -A ball struck a little boy in the eye last week. Strange to say, the base!

immediately came out of his mouth. -Silleworms, fried in castor oil, are considered a luxury in China.