

BELLEFONTE, PA.

GIVE ME A PIN AND I'LL SHOW YOU A SHOW.

Give me a pin and I'll show you a show! My little boy shouts as he climbs my knee.

My heart looks out through the years that I live. And the picture it sees unrolled.

A bright lad reading a pictured page. To a fair young girl, who is kneeling there.

And when I am King, you shall wear my ring. And wear me a scarf of your waving hair!

A bride half turned at her bridal door. All her sweet face lit by the taper's glow.

And she says, "If you fall, I will love my all. But, dearest, your honor is more than that life."

A mother, hushing her restless babe. Suddenly ceases the cradle song.

And the wan lips cry, "If he comes not, I die. For my heart is faint with watching so long!"

And I never those lips will greet him again! Cold, cold is that heart as the wintry snow.

Too late! Too late! Nevermore shall they meet.

Give me a pin, and I'll show you a show! My darling, henceforward, through life, to me.

The bravest shows that the wide world knows. Are not worth the weight of your childish toe.

WEARING THE CROSS!

A NOVEL. BY NELLY MARSHALL.

CHAPTER I.

It was twilight in September. The air was ripe with the richest perfume rising like incense from the floral censers that were sparkling with crystal-line dew; the radiant stars gemmed the blue battlements of heaven, and the round full moon rose slowly like a golden globe from the shadows that crowned the dusky hills.

And on this pleasant evening in September sat Col. Grandison, his wife and daughter, out upon the veranda in close and serious conversation. As the light from the lamp suspended from the portico ceiling in a richly chased globe of purple glass, fell upon the group, it would have been almost impossible to shine on three faces on which beauty and grandeur of intellect had impressed such ineffaceable seals.

And sitting, lower down upon the steps of the veranda, were three other figures, the wife of the late Col. Grandison, and some other ladies. She was a remarkable looking girl. Her nose was aquiline—her forehead almost too high and commanding.

physique a wonderful power of endurance, and from those eyes shone a soul, bold and high, and the firm lines of the mouth told of an iron will and indomitable resolution, which roused would make...

"No, no, Charles; you do not, you cannot mean it! I have not watched, and prayed and waited, through all these weary, desolate years, to lose you, now! You cannot mean it?"

"My wife," he replied with a gentle dignity that became him infinitely, "You forget in the tenderness and warmth of your affectionate heart that I must often yield my own desires and pleasures for the interest and advancement of others. I occupy one of the most prominent positions in the State, and it would brand me with undying disgrace were I to fail in my duty as a patriot, a gentleman, and a Kentuckian. I must go."

"Oh, mother!" Ethel Grandison had hitherto remained silent, but she sprang to her feet, at her mother's words, with a flush on her cheek, and the burning splendor of her eyes blazing.

"Spoken like a woman of the South!" he exclaimed, as he extended his arms and folded the passionate, impulsive girl to his heart, for he was delighted to find a partisan in his daughter. But Mrs. Grandison returned no answering smile, and reiterated not her husband's self-congratulations upon the patriotism of their child.

"Ah," she said sadly, shaking her head, "I felt as enthusiastic once as you do now, my poor Ethel, but you will one day learn to your cost as I have to mine, that a man who sounds the shoals and depths of ambition, will never be contented to glide his bark over the smooth waters of this quiet lake of domestic felicity."

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you strengthen and encourage. But she was not to be subdued. "Aye, encourage," she said, "but you shall not see me in the arms of another man."

"Then you do not love me!" she exclaimed passionately, as she hastily withdrew from his affectionate embrace; "and you do care more for the fulfillment of political schemes and the gratification of ambition, and public aggrandizement than for the happiness of the one woman who has loved you in joy and sorrow, in success and disappointment, alike unchanged. Oh, Charles!" and again she crossed him and wept "do not—do not leave me! I feel within my heart a presentiment that if we part it will be forever! Do not leave me!"

"Helen," and as he pronounced her name, Col. Grandison unwound her clinging arm from around his neck and gazed full in her eyes. "I am telling you the solemn truth—if I could lift the veil from the future's face and know for a fact that what is now only a presentiment would surely come to pass, I should not waver an instant. I should do my duty, though I died for it. Death at least would find me at my post of honor. Were I faithless to my principles you would, yourself, no longer trust me. Come, now! smile, for my decision is irrevocable!"

But Mrs. Grandison refused to be comforted. Slowly rising, she entered the house, weeping bitterly as she retired. Col. Grandison watched her in moody silence until she disappeared as an angle of the hall, and then turned abruptly to his daughter.

"Ethel, sing to me," he said. She was standing in a half-leaning posture—which was easy and graceful, without being either abandon or indolent. "One arm rested upon the veranda balcony—the other toyed with the scarlet wood and bine blossoms that nodded their sprays from the lattice-work over her head. There was a wild enthusiasm about her to-night that her father had never seen before—a smoldering fire such as must have blazed in the eyes of the Maid of Saragossa when she said: "War to the knife, and the knife to the hilt!"

"Sing to you? O, yes, with pleasure," she said "here or in the drawing-room?" "Here." And obedient to his request she sang that wild war song of the McGregors—

It is utterly impossible to describe the rendition of the poet's words, or the magic of the air. "Ethel," her father sighed, as her voice died away on the night wind—"your mother needs the protection beyond your own during my absence. I have sometimes wished that I had not seen you. I shall never do so again. I am so richly gifted in possessing you. God bless you, my daughter. Now, good night. Sleep well, and tomorrow your courage and strength will be called into requisition."

Ethel gently returned his good night wishes, and then retired to her chamber. She came back to his side before she had been twenty steps. "Father," she said, "with a steady purpose stamped on her face, "I will protect my mother, and you need not fear for I will do my duty."

she was through these strenuous exertions that she was enabled to lay her head upon her comfortable sofa, and taste crisp crackers, and a glass of champagne from her twenty-year-old bottle. There is always a noble exception, and there is even to the two brave-hearted sufferers, but there is ever to the destitute a friend. For them that "exception" came in the form of, Guy Arnold, a gentleman living not a dozen miles away from them.

This was on September 28th, 1861. CHAPTER II. The golden Autumn, the cold bleakness of winter, the balmy sweetness of spring, and the voluptuous warmth of summer had passed in due season, bringing blossom and fruitage and frost, since Colonel Grandison had kissed his wife and child farewell. And oh! since then, into what wreck and desolation had fallen the beautiful home in which he had left them surrounded by every luxury and elegance which civilization afforded.

Slaves had been freed, stock confiscated, farming utensils stolen or destroyed. And within doors everything of value had been attached either by Government decree or military usurpation. All the rare wonders that Col. Grandison had garnered up in this treasure house of his heart, the fruits of a life of wandering, and the marks of dilettantism had all been confiscated—ivory from Ind, precious stones, onyx, beryl, tojatz, sardines and jasper superbly carved with images of Horus, Osiris and Ptah; damascened sword blades; magnificent embroideries, and costly housings of leopard skins. Wonderful stuffed birds, bronzes, stained glass, footstools—and furniture from over the seas that exhausted all forms, and tables of ver-antique, ivory and ebony ornamented with quaint devices—or carved in intaglio and inlaid with gold and silver and mother-of-pearl.

All had been removed from Colonel Grandison's homestead to a distant city and with his magnificent library—the finest private one in the State, had been sold at public auction—to prevent the by-outerie and ruff-raff of the world from ever being gathered to the right-owners again. The lands and the mansion escaped confiscation because they belonged to Mrs. Grandison, and thus was a roof saved over the heads of two defenseless women. The "Southern Rights" people of the country were cold and careless and indifferent under the surveillance of military authority and the rod of military despotism.

Something of the kind, and Ethel and her mother seldom saw any friend of face save each other's. Courageously Ethel had taken her place at the helm, and Mrs. Grandison was left undisturbed; her health was extremely delicate, and had it not been that Ethel's nurse, "Mamma La," remained faithful to her post, the young girl must have failed; so onerous were her domestic and filial duties combined. Mrs. Grandison was almost wholly confined to her own room, and was not aware of the thorough wreck and desolation of her once beautiful home; and Ethel kept up such a smiling, happy face, that no one could see she was anything but a smiling, happy creature.

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know this well enough; and though he would scarcely have acknowledged it to himself, he was pained at her nonchalance; yet, he was perfectly conscious that this indifference arose from the fact that she was utterly unlearned in all affairs of the heart. And ruthless as Guy generally was in such matters—he shrank from wakening her from this dream-life, into which he felt, by his own emotion, she had so softly, so unconsciously glided. She was so fair, so sweet, so untroubled; her soul's great calm had never been roughened by the slightest gale of passion. He would spare her yet a little while, he thought, as he sat there beside her in the gilded balmop and watched her face, and the sunlight glinting on her golden hair which, unbound rippled around her graceful form. For the first time Guy recognized the danger of his position—for the first time he confessed that he had entangled his own heart in the glittering meshes he had so deftly woven for another. Perhaps he regretted it for her sake—when he gazed upon her—certain it is, that he did not regret it for his own—when he remembered the gyves that linked him to living despair! Rather did he snatch at the sops of joy, which the Cerberus of sorrow cast to him. And, "yet a little while before I waken her," he thought "she is so beautiful and so untroubled now; I will spare her!" And so they drifted on—on, down the current of the shining river and the purple sails swelled to the evening breeze, and Ethel leaned back amid the grimace cushions and smiled and dreamed and Guy gazed on her and repented.

Ethel softly spoke;—holding her hand out in the water and letting the green ripples of the river slip through her slender, white fingers, as she talked—"Who, to view this sweet, peaceful scene would believe that war is desolating our beautiful country! Mr. Arnold!"—suddenly changing her dreamy tones to one of vivacious inquiry—"Do tell me why it is that so gallant and brave a gentleman, as you are, remains at home during these stirring times?" "Are you sorry that I am here, Mrs. Ethel?" he asked reproachfully. "No, no," she replied flashing her blue eyes laughingly—"no, no, sorry. You must recognize how utterly unselfish and wholly patriotic I am, to even think of the deprivation of your society and your friendship."

"And you really would like me then, if I should go?" he asked softly. "O, yes, I would miss you!" I was only thinking a moment or two ago, how pleasant it would be to drift away, in "Our Dream" on—on—to the vast sea, and so far away from the world. 'Tis so pleasant to float on thus peacefully; it is like a quiet happy life going out to death—so gladly, so sweetly! No regrets, no tears, and a great calm." Guy was talking dreamily—and Ethel's face grew sad with the reflection of his deep sadness.

"Mr. Guy, are you unhappy?" she asked gently, laying her hand upon his arm as she spoke. Guy started, and looked in her sweet, uplifted eyes, then catching up his oars, after reefing the sails, he rowed rapidly up stream, saying lightly, "Unhappy? no, my fair friend—no, not unhappy," then, carelessly—"I had no idea we were out so late. Your mother will be anxious." Swift and steady stroking soon brought them to the shoal of yellow sands from whence they had started, and assisting Ethel to step from the boat, Guy lightly fastened its chain to a peg in the sand, and followed her. "Ethel Grandison," he said as he took her hand, "I have one favor to ask of you. Will you grant it?" "Certainly I will, Mrs. Arnold," she said, "only tell it to me, and see how gladly I shall comply with it."

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