

Published weekly, every Friday morning at BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1881.

POETICAL.

THE DEER OF LIFE. BY GEORGE D. FRENCH.

'Twas but a bubble—yet it was bright, And gaily danced about the stream...

Oh, well! it won't make much difference either way, Grandpa'll hitch Nelly up to the carriage...

The idea was delightfully exciting to Maud, and she entered into it with all her girlish enthusiasm...

'There's no telling who or what I'll bring back,' she thought, 'and how ridiculous it seems to think I must tell you to look for! I suppose I cannot be governed by appearances and the general strange awkwardness my cousin from the country—he he boy or she girl, will manifest.'

'So, when the boat landed her passengers, there were not so many but that Maud, standing a little aside, could scrutinize every possible cousin among them...

'I think it very singular that nobody came. I wonder if—'

'She never finished the thought, for she suddenly discovered a pair of the handsome gray eyes she had ever seen looking cautiously and admiringly at her...

'I beg your pardon, but I would like to inquire if you know where the Cleveland Farm is?'

'What a charming voice it was, and how gracefully he lifted his hat, and how—oh! how handsome those half smiling gray eyes!'

'Maud looked demurely up in them. 'Cleveland Farm is just about two miles in that direction, where the clump of trees are.'

'The handsome gray eyes followed the direction indicated, and then came back to the sweet, girlish face.'

'I expected somebody would meet me, but I dare say the detention was unavoidable.'

'Maud once it flashed over Maud, this was one of the children invited to come over to the farm. It seemed absurd to think of making such a mistake; but if Grandma Cleveland always called her married daughters 'girls,' why should not the sensitive 'girls' speak of their friends as 'children'?

'Maud's summering is settled most conclusively by the news in this letter. Mr. Davenport, Sister Cynthia's cousin, that her son Willard, Maud's writes, will spend the summer between Newport and Saratoga, and, as a natural consequence, has become this party. So that poor little Maud must not go with Leo and me.'

'What's the reason? I don't suppose Maud's cousin can help her, and it seems a shame to deprive her of her season.'

'Mrs. Davenport's thin, handsome lips relaxed into a cold smile. 'I dare say I never think of such things; but, my dear, it would be sheer folly to let my cousin help her, and it seems a shame to deprive her of her season.'

'I suppose she did? Mrs. Davenport's thin, handsome lips relaxed into a cold smile, that her liege knew, from long experience, meant that she fully intended to carry out her own arrangements, in spite of his view and opinions.'

'Will, I don't shall not meet William Marice, at least this summer, while she is so young and romantic, and irresponsible. She will have to give up Newport and Saratoga and spend the time at the farm in Jefferson county.'

'So all because Willard Marice's dear old mother had written to her elegant, wealthy sister, who lived on Fifth Avenue, New York, that her son Willard would join his aunt and cousin at the fashionable resorts, poor little Maud Davenport was forced to give up her anticipated round of pleasure and gaiety. 'I think it is too bad, mamma; just too bad for anything,' she said, her pretty eyes, blue as forget-me-nots, filling with rebellious tears.'

'You must make the best of it, Mrs. Davenport said chillingly. 'It's quite a shame but unavoidable. And really you will find that up in Jefferson county, there are most charming places, the boat, the picnics, the views, the air. You will not have such an unenviable time.'

'But I want to go with you and Leo, Mamma. I just want Willard Marice for spending my summer!'

'But, despite Maud's vexation and disappointment, and pretty little rebellion, when her mother wrote to the farm, saying that, if agreeable, she would send her youngest girl out for the summer, when the question of Newport and Saratoga was settled, Mrs. Davenport and Leo left for their outing, Maud was in good spirits and went off quite reconciled.'

'I shall like it up on the St. Lawrence River, after all,' she assured herself. 'And then, when her father had kissed her good-bye, and left her safe and satisfied in Grandma Cleveland's charge, Maud was quite positive that she would enjoy it all vastly.'

'And so she did, for a week or two, and then she began to get lonely, and dear old Grandma racked her brains for amusements and diversions, and at length was seized with a happy thought, that resulted in an announcement a week later, that was most acceptable to Maud. 'I've just had a letter from one of the girls, and she's going to send one of the children out for a spell. It'll be quite company for you, Maudie.'

'Oh, dear, yes! I hope Auntie—which auntie is Grandma? Aunt Cynthia or Aunt Samantha? Anyhow I hope she'll send somebody that knows how to have a good out-of-door time. And I am so glad it's one of the younger ones. I believe a grown-up girl or a young man would be a nuisance instead of a relief.'

'Grandma peered over the silver-rimmed glasses. 'I wrote particular to have some one of the children sent. I knew you'd rather have a grown-up girl or a young man than a boy or my fancy work and my autograph album for a girl.'

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