

# Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER,

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## GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY JOEL STACY.

Every little grape, dear that clings unto a vine  
Expects one day to ripen its little drop of  
water.

Every little girl, I think expects in time to be  
Exactly like her own mamma—so good and  
sweet and free!

Every little boy who has a pocket of his own  
Hopes to be the big, great man the world has  
ever known.

Every little piggy-wig that makes its little wail,  
Expects to be a great big pig with a very curly  
tail.

Every little lambkin, too, that frisks upon the  
green.

Expects to be the finest sheep that ever yet  
was seen.

Every little baby colt expects to be a horse;

Every little pup expects to be a dog, of course;

Every little kitten, so tender and so nice,

Expects to be a grown-up cat and live on rats  
and mice.

Every little fluffy chick, in downy yellow dress,  
Ex, sets some day to crow and strut, or cackle  
at its best.

Every little bally-bird that peeps from out its  
nest

Expects some day to cross the sky from glowing  
East and West.

Now every hope I've mentioned here will bring  
its sure event.

Provided nothing happens, dear, to hinder or  
prevent.

—N. Nichols.

## Autumn Blossoms.

How was it that I came to be an old  
bachelor? Not because of hating wo-  
men, I am sure, for I liked them very  
much, and never could have spoken to  
one rudely or disinterestedly; or my  
mind, nearly as I know, it was in  
this wise:

My father died, leaving a family of  
children, a wife, and an old father and  
mother, of whom only myself was able  
to earn a shilling. He had never saved  
anything.

So, after the first great grief, when we  
had calmed down and were able to look  
matters quietly in the face, there was a  
sense of quiet content for me.

But I had a young fellow's habit of  
wasting my small salary in a thousand  
different ways. I had been "paying attention," too, to Elsie Hall, who, young and childish, as she  
was, had a way that some girls do have  
of leading their admirers into extravagance.

And the next time I saw her, the greatest  
was appearing magnificently in those  
blue eyes.

I did not mind wearing plain suits, discarding kid gloves and renouncing the opera; but not to  
lay those bouquets, books, and music, and  
multitudinous trifles at Elsie's feet, was  
a very bad habit, and if even man had reason  
to think that he was to be thanked for it,

Ashton, who, young and childish, as he  
was, had a way that some girls do have  
of leading their admirers into extravagance.

Indeed, the look of the greatest  
was appearing magnificently in those  
blue eyes.

She stood with her back to me. Ashton  
was kneeling at her feet. The sound  
of the opening door dissolved the picture;  
but I had seen it, and I stole away to  
hide the stab that it had given me.

I sat down in my own room, a bid  
and a half, and I lay down to sleep.

I had a dream that I had been  
glad to hide it beneath my coffin.

I knew now that I loved Olive  
Hunt; that I loved her not as an old  
man might love a child, but as a young  
man might love the woman who ought  
to be his wife—but that I had loved  
Elsie Hall; for it was not boyish love.

It is said that Englishmen, when they  
first come to this country, are for some  
time under the impression that Ameri-  
can women all have deformed feet, they  
are so coy of them, and so studiously  
conceal them.

Again, while discussing, in the same  
connection, the pleasures and  
methods of walking, Mr. Burrough re-  
marks:

"When you see an English church  
withdrawn, secluded, out of the  
reach of wheels, standing amid grassy  
graves, and surrounded by noble trees,  
apart from the world, you appreciate more than ever the  
quiet habit of the people. Only a  
rude who know how to use their feet,  
and hold foot-paths sacred, could put such  
a charm of privacy and humility into  
such a structure. I think I should be  
tempted to go to church myself if I saw  
all my neighbors starting off across the  
simple meadow, each leisurely and  
with the enjoyment that secures good  
digestion; or whether the child is always  
allowed to sit up late for exciting  
pleasure, dressed and eat the breakfast  
in a schoolroom, let it alone to be late  
for school, and always with simple  
body and mind to undertake tasks  
which are trifles for its healthier com-  
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more than the child—so that it is  
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