

Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER,

VOL. XXX.

THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., SEPTEMBER 14, 1876.

Editor and Proprietor.

NO. 37.

A MIDSUMMER SONG.

Oh! father's gone to market town; he was up before the day.
And Jamie's after robins, and the man is making hay.
And whistling down the hollow goes the boy that minds the mill.
While mother from the kitchen door is calling with a will—
"Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn! Oh, where's Polly?"

From all the misty morning air there comes a summer sound—
A murmur as of waters from skies, and trees, and ground.
The birds they sing upon the wing, the pigeons bill and coo,
And over hill and hollow rings again the loud halloo!

"Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn! Oh, where's Polly?"

Above the trees the honey bees swarm by with buzz and boom,
And in the field and garden a hundred flowers bloom.

Within the farmer's meadow a brown-eyed daisy blows,
And down at the edge of the hollow a red and thorny rose.

But Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn! Oh, where's Polly?

—*Scribler's Monthly.*

Faithful and Faithless.

They lived up among the swallows, in the attic of a second-story boarding-house, these two sisters. Madeleine wrote stories, painted photographs, and sewed, doing whatever else came within the way of her deft fingers. Cecile was a nursery governess.

No tight the weary lessons were finished, the villain in the last story disposed of by a dose of prussic acid, and the pretty toilers, lonely orphans though they were, sat enjoying the simple comforts of their poor little rookery.

It was Madeleine whose voice interrupted the musical performance of the tea-kettle.

"It is rather strange, is it not, Cecile, that I have never seen him?" she said, thoughtfully.

Cecile looked up quickly, with a startled blush. But she required no explanation, perhaps because her own thoughts had been treading the same path.

"You will see him to-morrow, Madeleine. He is coming particularly to see you. I wanted to ask him not to do so, but it would have been of no use—he must come some time. Everything here is so—so different from what he likes!"

Madeleine laughed a soft, satisfied laugh, as her sister's head drooped, that was very sweet and pretty.

"It is like a fairy story," she said. "To think you are going to marry somebody as rich as a prince, and live in one of those wonderful houses! Oh, Cecile! are you going to forget me quite? I expect some day your carriage will go whirling past and splatter the mud over a poor old beggar-woman at the corner selling peanuts. That will be me, you understand. Yes; it's quite like a story. I shall write it, I believe, and call it 'The New Cinderella.' Only if I do," she added, with reflective disgust, "Philip Abinger will have to be turned into a duke in disguise, half killed in a duel, and you will be made a rope-dancer who nurses him back to life, to make it picturesque."

Cecile laughed in her turn.

"Madeleine," she said, admiringly watching her, "you certainly have the loveliest eyes in the world, but I am afraid of them. When I have my dearest, dear, you shall certainly sit beside me; and we will make Philip take the front seat, to hold the parcels, when we go shopping."

The next day was a day of importance in the eyes of these two. Fortunately it was a holiday, and Cecile could remain at home; and Madeleine, with many a remorseful but stifled sigh as she thought of the untouched quires of blank Bath post lying in her desk, gave herself up to unwanted idleness, and to the discussion of Philip Abinger's visit. He was not to come until evening, it is true, but there was much to be done.

After many consultations as to propriety, and the commendable conclusion that there could be not much incorrect where nothing was wrong, it had been decided to receive their guest in their room rather in the stuffy boarding house parlor filled with gossiping boarders. The pretty plants in the window were disposed over and over again, they went to the new ribbons to tie back the muslin curtains, and the few engravings—reminiscences of other days—were hung and rehung. It was finished at last, and the sisters contemplated the effect of their labors with entire satisfaction.

Philip Abinger sauntered down the streets with somewhat the sensations of a man who walks in a dream-land. He regarded himself with a vague astonishment as he left the stately precincts of the avenue of palaces, wandering on through the various and so perceptible shades of respectability, till he reached a block of brick buildings that bore the signs of manual of boarding-houses in every square inch, from the grimy upper windows to the unwashed steps and littered areas. He paused a moment before he touched the bell. She lived here! The woman who was to be his wife lived here, and plodded a weary daily round, teaching his younger brothers and sisters their letters for her bread! And then a generous emotion glowed in his heart, and gave another turn to his thinking. The woman who was to be his wife! The brilliant-eyed and lifelike beauty who had promised herself to him—she would grace the queenliest of all the crowns. Heaven bless her! How different would her life be, how heaped with happiness, when once it was given into his keeping!

He rang the bell.
Mounting to the little room where Cecile was waiting to receive him, he took her hand in his and murmured one of those greetings of which the words are the merest nothing, before he was quite aware that Madeleine was in existence. When Cecile said, in her timid, pretty fashion, "My sister, Madeleine, Mr. Abinger," he raised his eyes to her for the first time. Cecile was looking at her sister; for she longed to read the impression that Philip would make, and save herself the waiting until he was gone before she could hear it. She observed her sister's face with wonder. The unusual color that excitement had brought into her cheeks paled quite away, leaving them white; her calm, deep eyes lighted with an expression very foreign to them, and sank as suddenly and heavily as if their lashes had been lead; a faint glow ran through her shoulders, as though a cold hand had blown on her; she looked almost like one who struggles to repel a sudden terror. It was a minute, perhaps, during which neither responded to the introduction, and then Philip Abinger stepped forward and took her hand, muttering some commonplace words. Neither of them understood the phrases, nor cared to, and they turned away with a strange air of troubled constraint. Poor Cecile's face discovered her disappointment. It was hard to think that these two should dislike each other, even from the very first, as it was too plainly evident they did—these two, upon whose affection for each other she had built so many cloud castles that must now fall, like the rest of them!

But before long Philip's *savoir-faire* and Cecile's pretty attempt to entertain him warmed the first frosty air into one of pleasant freedom. Madeleine joined in the talk after a while, which soon became animated enough, yet with still an indescribable shadow in the midst of all the *conservé*.

When he had gone away, Cecile curled herself on the floor at her sister's feet, with her warm, bright hair shining down her shoulders.

"He is not, is he, quite what you fancied we would be, Madeleine dear?" half whispering the tender words.

"What I fancied?" said Madeleine, with odd impatience. "But what has that to do with it? He is not my fairy prince, Cecile." But she added, with a quick change of expression that covered the former one, "Still he will do am tortured and half crazy. Philip!"

Madeleine wrenched her hand from his grasp and opened wide the door of the room. Unconscious of Cecile's presence, she fled past her into the little dressing room beyond.

Cecile, whose bonnet and shawl had not been removed, waited a few moments, and then followed her to her retreat, as though she had just come in. But Madeleine caught the deadly pallor of her sister's face, and cried out:

"Cecile, what has happened? Are you ill?—you look like death! Something is the matter: what is it?"

"I am tired, Mabelle," said Cecile, in a low, wistful tone, as utterly different from her ringing cadences as was this ashen-faced, lifeless face from the sun-bright and glowing cheeks that made half her brilliant beauty. Madeleine was conscience-stricken, but she asked no further question, judging all too truly that her treachery had been discovered.

Two or three days passed away, each, conscious of concealment, grew more constrained in the vain effort to baffle constraint. Cecile was ill bodily; her cheeks paled and her eyes grew hollow and dim, and beneath them a purple shadow bore witness to her pain and weary thinking. Philip had not been to the house since that evening, nor had there been any remembrance from him.

The sisters had been sitting together all day long, Madeleine busy with her pen, Cecile's languid fingers folded listlessly together, while her blue eyes wandered over the yet bare branches of the trees in the city square that their window gave upon. All day long they sat together, and scarcely a monosyllable broke the silence, until the shadows of twilight gave Madeleine leave to raise her head from her weary task. She said nothing for a little time, leaning her head upon her hand, and looked at her sister for almost the first time that day.

The awful suffering in the quiet face reflected her conscience, and with a desolate impulse she cried out,

"Cecile, why are you silent? What is it that you are thinking of? Tell me the truth, Cecile."

Cecile turned her face slowly toward the speaker, without even a sigh, her pale lips motioning for a sort of smile more distressful than any tears could have been.

"I was thinking of something I ought to have told you before, Mabelle," she said, quietly. "Do you remember the story of that poor princess—it is only a foolish fairy story—where loss all her happiness forever because she was not content with the gift of her godmother, and tried to crown herself with the sweet noon-rays when she was told to choose only the morning dew? It was foolish, but very sad. It is so natural to wish for sunshine. And so hard—ah! so hard—to lose it!"

Then there was a long silence; but presently she spoke again:

"I am thinking, Mabelle," she said, in a soft, wistful tone—"I am thinking that, after all, it is not, perhaps, either the sunshine or dew-drops that make one happiest, and that I could give up both."

Still Madeleine made no answer.

"You will not understand me, Mabelle," said Cecile. She laid her hand on her throat, as if to press back the physical pain of speech, and her next words came with effort. "I have been thinking of it—for—oh, what a voice was this!—long, long time, Mabelle, and—I can give Philip up!" A long pause followed. "His love was long the sunshine and dew and all the bloom and glow of life to me. It is dead. He does not love me any longer. He is not mine now, Mabelle."

"Give him up!" said Madeleine, when she must speak, in a voice unnatural and cold. "You do it very easily it seems. Why should you give Philip up? Cecile, you are ill."

Cecile made no shadow of an answer.

She forebore even to turn her eyes upon her lips, and putting out her hand instinctively to aid herself, for her eyes hardly guided her, saying over and over to herself, whether aloud or silently she knew not: "Madeleine is right. I am very foolish. Mabelle is always right. O God! what a terrible thing it is to be so very foolish!"

She went straight to her own room and sat down on the chair by the window, drawing it far in among the plants, in pretty bloom and full leaf. She was wondering vaguely when Madeline and Philip would come back again. How long she sat there she could not have told. The minutes passed unconsciously; but presently she heard steps and voices near the door, and recognized those of her sister and lover.

Cecile tried to move, but the power was denied her. A cold weight oppressed her limbs. She sat still and dumb, and the door opened. They paused on the threshold of the twilight room.

"You will not come in, then?" asked Madeleine; and it was in that tone that longs for and fears ascent.

"I can not to-night. I can not see her up to-night. Madeline, I would rather have lied to you! You know I love you. Shame and penitence and pity are the only things that can bring me to a sudden change of heart. It was a minute, perhaps, during which neither responded to the introduction, and then Philip Abinger stepped forward and took her hand, muttering some commonplace words. Neither of them understood the phrases, nor cared to, and they turned away with a strange air of troubled constraint.

Poor Cecile's face discovered her disappointment. It was hard to think that these two should dislike each other, even from the very first, as it was too plainly evident they did—these two, upon whose affection for each other she had built so many cloud castles that must now fall, like the rest of them!

"I am not ill, Philip," said Cecile, withdrawing her hand quietly. "Today I have suffered with a headache, but it is gone now. I am very glad you have come to me. I have been wanting you."

"And you did not let me know? I would have permitted nothing to detain me, Cecile."

"Philip, I have something to tell you," she said. "No, Madeline, don't go, please. I have rather you would hear it too." She stopped a minute to gather calm and strength; but her tone was very soft and natural and emotionless when she spoke again. "I want to ask you Philip, if you do not think it would be better if our engagement should end. I am not saying you see, that it must be so, but only do you think it would be better?"

Cecile let me go, and let me think; I am tortured and half crazy. Philip!"

Madeleine struggled to free herself from his embrace.

"What will become of us?" she murmured, despairingly. "If one must be sacrificed, let it be me."

"I swear I will not give you up, Madeleine, you do not love me."

"Philip, let me go! I thought better of myself and you that this would ever be; from the moment I saw you, there was sin and treason in my heart. Philip, leave me, and let me think; I am tortured and half crazy. Philip!"

Madeleine wrenched her hand from his grasp and opened wide the door of the room. Unconscious of Cecile's presence, she fled past her into the little dressing room beyond.

Cecile, whose bonnet and shawl had not been removed, waited a few moments, and then followed her to her retreat, as though she had found a child to comfort, as it were, with her own sorrows.

"He is not, is he, quite what you fancied we would be, Madeleine dear?" half whispering the tender words.

"What I fancied?" said Madeleine, with odd impatience. "But what has that to do with it? He is not my fairy prince, Cecile." But she added, with a quick change of expression that covered the former one, "Still he will do am tortured and half crazy. Philip!"

Madeleine wrenched her hand from his grasp and opened wide the door of the room. Unconscious of Cecile's presence, she fled past her into the little dressing room beyond.

Cecile, whose bonnet and shawl had not been removed, waited a few moments, and then followed her to her retreat, as though she had found a child to comfort, as it were, with her own sorrows.

"He is not, is he, quite what you fancied we would be, Madeleine dear?" half whispering the tender words.

"What I fancied?" said Madeleine, with odd impatience. "But what has that to do with it? He is not my fairy prince, Cecile." But she added, with a quick change of expression that covered the former one, "Still he will do am tortured and half crazy. Philip!"

Madeleine wrenched her hand from his grasp and opened wide the door of the room. Unconscious of Cecile's presence, she fled past her into the little dressing room beyond.

Cecile, whose bonnet and shawl had not been removed, waited a few moments, and then followed her to her retreat, as though she had found a child to comfort, as it were, with her own sorrows.

"He is not, is he, quite what you fancied we would be, Madeleine dear?" half whispering the tender words.

"What I fancied?" said Madeleine, with odd impatience. "But what has that to do with it? He is not my fairy prince, Cecile." But she added, with a quick change of expression that covered the former one, "Still he will do am tortured and half crazy. Philip!"

Madeleine wrenched her hand from his grasp and opened wide the door of the room. Unconscious of Cecile's presence, she fled past her into the little dressing room beyond.

Cecile, whose bonnet and shawl had not been removed, waited a few moments, and then followed her to her retreat, as though she had found a child to comfort, as it were, with her own sorrows.

"He is not, is he, quite what you fancied we would be, Madeleine dear?" half whispering the tender words.

"What I fancied?" said Madeleine, with odd impatience. "But what has that to do with it? He is not my fairy prince, Cecile." But she added, with a quick change of expression that covered the former one, "Still he will do am tortured and half crazy. Philip!"

Madeleine wrenched her hand from his grasp and opened wide the door of the room. Unconscious of Cecile's presence, she fled past her into the little dressing room beyond.

Cecile, whose bonnet and shawl had not been removed, waited a few moments, and then followed her to her retreat, as though she had found a child to comfort, as it were, with her own sorrows.

"He is not, is he, quite what you fancied we would be, Madeleine dear?" half whispering the tender words.

"What I fancied?" said Madeleine, with odd impatience. "But what has that to do with it? He is not my fairy prince, Cecile." But she added, with a quick change of expression that covered the former one, "Still he will do am tortured and half crazy. Philip!"

Madeleine wrenched her hand from his grasp and opened wide the door of the room. Unconscious of Cecile's presence, she fled past her into the little dressing room beyond.

Cecile, whose bonnet and shawl had not been removed, waited a few moments, and then followed her to her retreat, as though she had found a child to comfort, as it were, with her own sorrows.

"He is not, is he, quite what you fancied we would be, Madeleine dear?" half whispering the tender words.

"What I fancied?" said Madeleine, with odd impatience. "But what has that to do with it? He is not my fairy prince, Cecile." But she added, with a quick change of expression that covered the former one, "Still he will do am tortured and half crazy. Philip!"

Madeleine wrenched her hand from his grasp and opened wide the door of the room. Unconscious of Cecile's presence, she fled past her into the little dressing room beyond.

Cecile, whose bonnet and shawl had not been removed, waited a few moments, and then followed her to her retreat, as though she had found a child to comfort, as it were, with her own sorrows.

"He is not, is he, quite what you fancied we would be, Madeleine dear?" half whispering the tender words.

"What I fancied?" said Madeleine, with odd impatience. "But what has that to do with it? He is not my fairy prince, Cecile." But she added, with a quick change of expression that covered the former one, "Still he will do am tortured and half crazy. Philip!"

Madeleine wrenched her hand from his grasp and opened wide the door of the room. Unconscious of Cecile's presence, she fled past her into the little dressing room beyond.

Cecile, whose bonnet and shawl had not been removed, waited a few moments, and then followed her to her retreat,