

# Juniata Sentinel and Republican

B. F. SCHWEIER,

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

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XXXI.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1877.

NO. 51.

## PEACE

The king encumbered of his crown,  
In cot content, was he it down;  
The bird far from his nest,  
Some kindly spring may rock to rest.

The lark led on through up air,  
At eve forgot his journey there;  
And the eagle's eyes, on glories far,  
Ere long recede from sun and star.

The leaves which people lofty trees;  
The snow—ah! foam of the 'over seas;  
The in that rings along the sky—  
Together moan and lowly lie.

Thou, too, O soul, striving to soar  
Each flight beyond the flight before,  
Shalt, past the veiled years that pass,  
To humbler haunts of peace return.

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

## Only a Summer's Flirtation.

BY LILIAN L'ESTRANGE.

Every one at Newport that summer said they were only flirting. The girl knew better; the man sided with Mrs. Grumby.

And now I will announce their names—Gilbert St. John and Nora Le Roy.

The first named had come to the fashionable watering-place with one intention—namely, to have a good time, break as many hearts as possible, and, at the end of the summer, to carry home a rich and beautiful wife.

Nora Le Roy was an orphan. She had no relation in the world but a rich old aunt, whom she had scarcely ever seen. This same aunt had once given her barely enough money to be educated, and then wished her to be a governess.

This she had done for one short year, but in that time had grown so fragile and delicate that the doctors advised her to go to some watering-place and regain her shattered health.

So with her hardly-earned savings the girl went to Newport, and there a new life began for her, one so sweet that she seemed to be walking in a golden dream, and not little Nora Le Roy any longer, but some fairy princess, and her prince appeared in the shape of Gilbert St. John; so that when he, whom all the Newport belles were trying to vain to win, paid her such flattering attentions, it was no wonder her pretty, innocent head was turned, and she began to love him in a wild, passionate way, while he, well he thought she was a pretty little thing to flirt with for a few months, and, on the whole, he rather liked to be admired.

Today she was sitting in a small summer-house overlooking the sea, a slight shade of impatience on the delicate, girlish face. Her dress was a soft white muslin, and the green leaves falling on the golden, bent head, for she was trying to read, but how could she, knowing that at any moment his eyes might be upon her? The soft mellow sunlight beaming through the door and shedding its golden beams upon the book, all formed a lovely picture, and so thought Gilbert St. John as he noiselessly approached and laid his hand, white as a woman's, on the page she was vainly trying to read.

"Oh, Mr. St. John," the girl exclaimed impetuously, glancing up with a soft color coming into her delicate face. "What kept you so long? I am afraid our walk will have to be taken in the twilight. See, the sun is setting already," and she pointed to where the sun was sinking in the azure tinted sky.

Gilbert St. John smiled down into the lovely face, then replied, "Indeed, Nora, I am truly sorry to have kept you waiting. But Miss Hadyn detained me awhile. At last I have escaped and can be with you, my darling."

Nora flushed. This was not the first time he had so addressed her, and with his handsome eyes upon her and the girl felt she had never known how she had given him her whole, unsuspecting heart.

"Do you really love me, Mr. St. John?" she queried, falteringly, as they turned their faces toward the sunset ocean.

"Love you, cherie, why for course I do," was the surprised reply, for it was the first time she had asked him such a question, and he wondered what could have prompted it.

"Because," the girl continued, as if she had not heard his reply, "if I ever found you false I think I should hate you."

She laughed. A lazy, well-bred laugh, and yet so musical that it was one of his greatest charms.

"Why Nora, what put such an idea into your head?"

"I don't know," responded the girl dreamily.

"Well, then don't bother your pretty head with such thoughts."

Nora did not reply, and at last, as the shadows deepened, they slowly wandered back to the hotel, where Nora was eagerly seized upon to play a young lady's accompaniment, and Gilbert St. John strolled over to where Blanche Hadyn was sitting alone, the moonlight streaming over her and resting on her dress of rich silk.

"Ah, Mr. St. John, have you returned from your romantic walk by the 'murmuring sea'?" she questioned, satirically.

"Yes, and a very pleasant one it was; so pleasant that I would like to take another when your company would render it doubly so. Will you go? The moon has just risen, and the night is lovely."

"No, thank you, 'either first or not at all,' is my motto, you know," she said, biting her delicate lips as she saw how really unconcerned he was about it.

As she spoke he lounged gracefully into a chair opposite her, saying as he did so, "Oh the whole, however, it is pleasant to walk with such a charming companion as you, Miss Hadyn," with a slight bow toward the petulant beauty.

"What a fool I am," he thought, "to go around with pretty Nora so much when it only makes my lady jealous and lessens my chances of winning her."

But Nora is so much more interesting than even she has no money, I must flirt with her a little while longer and then go to this bright star at the end. "For," he murmured complacently. "Blanche will be only too glad to have me at the last, while Nora will cry her pretty eyes out and then go back to her teaching and her dog parson, Miss Hadyn, what was it you said? I was busy watching the dancers and did not hear your last remark."

And so the summer days sped away as if on golden wings. The season was almost over, and still the fashionable crowd at Newport had not yet returned to their homes.

Neither Nora Le Roy, Gilbert St. John or Blanche Hadyn had yet left, and St. John thought it was almost time to stop trifling with Nora and begin to make love to the wealthy heiress.

Nora Le Roy had that day received a letter saying that her aunt had died, leaving no will, and as she was the nearest relative, all the immense wealth would go to her.

She seated herself at the window, and with her heart full of gratitude and love to God, and thought how happy she would be now.

No more weary days spent in the close school room, no more fretful children to teach, and, better than all besides, she would not come to Gilbert St. John a penniless bride, for she never had a doubt but that before she went away he would come to her and frankly ask her to be his wife, for with all his love making he had never gone so far as that.

But her joyous, happy meditations were suddenly interrupted by voices just outside her window.

"By Jove, St. John," one said, and she recognized in it St. John's most intimate friend, Harry Gordon, "it is a shame the way you are fooling that girl, for of course you don't intend to marry her, and its rather risky thinking you can go back on Miss Blanche whenever you please."

"You're right, Gordon," replied a voice which Nora Le Roy knew only too little, "but the girl is such a pretty little thing, and so thoroughly beloved I love her that it's quite an amusement to watch her. It is, as you say, a rather risky thing to do, as I'll run the risk, and leave it to the charms of my manners to do the rest. Of course I don't expect to marry little Nora. I wouldn't do that even if I had the wealth of the Indies. No, thanks, a wealthy bride for me like Miss Hadyn, even if she is rather haughty. And now I must hasten to see to the dinner."

The next day Nora Le Roy came down to the breakfast room looking the same as usual, except that the lovely face was colorless. In excuse for this she told St. John that she had not slept much the night before, having been engaged packing her trunks, as she intended to start for home the next day.

Mr. St. John's handsome eyes opened wide with surprise. Was it possible this pretty little thing did not care any more for him than to go home right in the midst of his love making? But perhaps it was better so, he thought, with a sigh of relief, for in the main he hated to leave her so suddenly, and it was very convenient she was going now.

In reply to his look of inquiry Miss Le Roy stated that she had just received a letter from her aunt's lawyer, stating that her aunt was dead, and as she was the nearest relative all her wealth would be hers. The funeral was to be in a few days, and she must hasten home in time to attend it.

Gilbert St. John suddenly thought what a very lucky man he was. Here was a girl, innocent, beautiful, passionately in love with him, and, better than all, wealthy. What more could he desire? Besides, in his own vague fashion, he was half in love with her himself.

In one moment he made his plans. Miss Nora Le Roy, heiress, should be his wife.

So his handsome face was fascinatingly smiling as he said, softly, "And now my little Nora is so rich, I hope she won't forget her summer friend, but will let him visit her in her own home."

A few days ago Nora Le Roy would have felt her heart beat with delight on hearing these words. Now she had to bend the dainty head so that the man, intently watching her, would not see the painful smile lurking around her mouth as she said, calmly,

"Certainly, my summer friends will always be my friends, and I shall be happy to see you any time, Mr. St. John," while she inwardly thought "Oh, thank God, I've found him out before it was too late, and now I will have my revenge," and the black eyes once so guileless flashed contemptuously as he said, "Rest assured then, little Nora, I will be among the first to call."

They had had many pleasant times this summer, and may we not continue them?

"Certainly, I suppose so," she replied carelessly, then placing her hand in his, she added, "and now good-bye, Mr. St. John, I must finish packing my trunk."

"Good-bye, cherie," he murmured, "though only for a short time, I hope," and he attempted to draw the slight

form towards him, but, breaking away, she ran lightly up stairs.

St. John looked after her with a slightly disconcerted expression.

"What in the world is the matter with her?" he thought. "However, I suppose she is rather bashful, but when she has seen something of the world that will soon leave her," and lighting a cigar he sauntered lazily out of the room.

The brilliantly lighted house of Miss Le Roy, the heiress, was thronged with guests, for since she had come into possession of such a large property, people suddenly came to the conclusion that she was very agreeable, and her dinner parties, receptions, and balls were always largely attended.

It was a year after her aunt's death, and though she still wore mourning out of respect to that lady's memory, she entertained and went out to a great deal, for, as she had never cared for her aunt, scarcely even known her, she had no scruples which would keep her large, handsome house closed for two or three years.

The circle in which she moved was already coupling her name with that of Gilbert St. John, and was looking forward to a fashionable wedding at the end of the season.

St. John was very well satisfied. He had never spoken a word of love to her since the time she left Newport, but his actions and looks were so expressive that a sensible girl could not help seeing what he meant.

But Nora Le Roy knew that every particle of love she had ever felt for the man had left her heart in that one sleepless night, and was changed into a deep, unyielding hatred.

As he came in to-night, with the air of one perfectly at home there, she welcomed him with a bright flattering smile.

"So, after all, you decided to come, true?" she said gaily, holding out a white hand sparkling with jewels.

He took it in his, saying earnestly as he did so:

"You know, Miss Nora, I never stay away when I can possibly help it, and to-night, although I've just returned from a long journey, I hastened to your side."

He gazed longingly at her as he spoke. She was looking exquisitely lovely to-night in a heavy black velvet, hanging in graceful folds around the lithe, slender form. The golden bronze hair was coiled high on the dainty head that held it so regally. The eyes were bright as ever, except for a weary, restless light in them that had never been there in her happy girlhood which seemed so far away now.

The man at her side was really in love with her, at least, as much as his sickle, shallow nature could be.

This year she had been so gracious, so bewitchingly beautiful that Blanche Hadyn was entirely forgotten, and Nora Le Roy was his sole aim in this life.

After they had finished dancing, he led her tenderly from the close room, saying, as he did so, "Miss Nora, you are warm here, shall we not go out into the garden?"

She assented languidly, and, drawing the dainty hand through his arm, they sauntered slowly out.

Nora Le Roy was strangely quiet to-night, and yet, withal, so fascinating, that St. John could not repress the sounds of love he longed, yet feared to speak.

"Nora," he began quickly, "Nora, you must have seen before this how I love you, have loved you from the first we met. I intended saying this to you before you left Newport, but you went so suddenly that I had no chance then, and followed you here, and did not tell my love at first for fear I should be considered a fortune-hunter, but you, my darling, know better, and—"

"Yes, Gilbert St. John, I know better," interrupted the girl in her clear ringing voice, "but surely you can't expect to marry little Nora, you wouldn't do that even if you had the wealth of the Indies?"

At the first words, St. John felt his heart sink, and now his face grew suddenly pale as he said earnestly:

"I don't understand you, Miss Le Roy."

The girl laughed satirically, then went on:

"Perhaps you did not know, Mr. St. John, that when you were talking so confidentially to your friend, my windows opened on the very porch you were on, and I heard a few of your noble, generous plans. The world may call me a heartless coquette. You have made me what I am, I was an innocent girl then, you have changed me into a scornful woman of the world. I gave you the first love of my girlish heart, but, when I heard your words that night, I swore to be revenged. My love has come, and now go back to your first love, Miss Hadyn. It was as you said, a very risky thing to do, but now you have run the risk you will leave it to the charms of your manner to get to the rest. Good evening," and, with a mocking courtesy she swept away, leaving Gilbert St. John gazing after her as though he were in a dream.

He never saw her again, but when he received an invitation to her marriage with a rich banker, he ground his teeth in impotent rage, and did what Nora Le Roy advised him to do—went back to Blanche Hadyn; while she, having just lost her money in some unfortunate speculation, and she who ventures to be had won a penniless bride.

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## About Boys.

If we may believe testimony, there was formerly a race of boys who worked, who got up at an early hour in the morning, lit the kitchen fires and do the chores; who hoed corn contentedly for three weeks for the chance of going fishing on a rainy day; who eschewed the vanities of marbles and base-ball except upon rare occasions, and went through a long day's work as if the Eight-Hour law had never been dreamed of. The testimony to their existence comes from the fathers who entertain their incredulous sons with "When I was your age, sir, I could do as much work in a day as a man, and my father made me do it."

Johnny turns his toast over to butter the other side, and wonders why his father does not make him do it, and then asks for twenty-five cents to subscribe to a base-ball club, and gets it—the boy must have some exercise. Mean-while father and mother are honestly puzzled. The father having been brought up to hard work, has a vague impression that boys need some such discipline, but he does not see how it can be secured. The legitimate object of a boy's life used to be to chop wood; but anthracite coal cannot be sawed and split, and he can hardly afford a farm, or keep a cow in a city lot. So the boys loaf and lounge, and make work for their mothers, and get into mischief, and live through a vast amount of fretting and fault-finding, until some day they are turned loose in a working world to give and take hard knocks and learn to work.

That is the very thing they should have learned at home—the working is not of half so great importance as the learning how. No healthy boy is ever lazy until he was trained to it, from the tips of his fingers to the ends of his toes, he is full of resources, vigorous, irrepresible something which makes the difference between a boy and a girl. You can never delude the mother of a boy with your theories that it is all a matter of education. She knows it is in the grain, and if she be a wise woman makes provision for its healthy direction and development.

Give the boys knives and saws and hammers and nails, and let them learn to use them, even if you have to shut your eyes when you see the soft little fingers struggling with the dangerous blades. There must be a beginning, and a multitude of boys have carried their full complements of fingers up to manhood. Who is it that says Providence always takes care of boys if people do not interfere?

There are plenty of uses for a boy in a house. Chairs get shaky for lack of glue; hinges loose and need only the tightening of screws; the normal condition of door-fastenings is to be out of order, but a lock with two knobs is as simple a bit of mechanism as can be made, and any boy ought to be able to take one off and put it in order. Out of your boy's play get skill and training which you may draw upon, and others may thank you for, all his life.

Work in itself is not an actual good, but only valuable for its results either to ourselves or others, and the market value of a boy's work in dollars and cents is no fair measure of its worth.

It is a paying investment to furnish the boy with tools and material for their use. Twenty-five cents in waste boards from a planing-mill, or the odds and ends of furnished lumber, bits of molding, shingles, etc., to be obtained by appropriate exerting larger than a load of boxes from a grocery, will make a boy as rich as a millionaire, and give him hours of healthful enjoyment.

The girl can draw for the wardrobe of her dependent family upon the constantly accumulating stores of the rag-bag, and those odds and ends of feminine articles in the shape of ribbons, buttons, and bits of dry stuff; but, in the average home, boards are not found lying around loose, especially if there be an aversive female in the kitchen, to appropriate anything larger than a tooth-pick for kindling.

The rat-traps which scare the rats from their neighborhood. The bird-lighter which scares the birds from their nest, and the rabbit-pens which precisely suit the rabbits, whatever maladiations they may provoke from the gardener, the cross-bows, may not be eminently successful from a mechanical standpoint, but they are invaluable as educators, and as furnishing amusement—something far above amusement.—*Exchange.*

## A French Excursion.

Edward King writes from Paris to the Boston Journal:—Among the many stories told of Theodore Barriere, the noted writer of comedies, since his death, none is more exciting than that which recites a surprising incident. Barriere had been tormented by a desire to see just set one of those cheery little women talking to you, and we are not afraid to wager anything she can cure you. The long-drawn line about the mouth will relax—the cloud of settled gloom will vanish, nobody knows where and the first thing you know you will be laughing. Ah! what blessings are these happy women! How often their little hands guide the ponderous machine of their hearts. Nothing ever goes wrong for them—"make the best of it." Was ever the stream of calamity so dark and deep that the sunlight of a happy face falling across its turbid sides would not wake an answering gleam? Joyous-tempered people don't know the good they do. No matter how cross and crabbed you feel—no matter if your brain is full of meditation on "afflicting dispensation," and your stomach is filled with medicine, pills and tonics—just set one of those cheery little women talking to you, and we are not afraid to wager anything she can cure you. The long-drawn line about the mouth will relax—the cloud of settled gloom will vanish, nobody knows where and the first thing you know you will be laughing. Ah! what blessings are these happy women! How often their little hands guide the ponderous machine of their hearts. Nothing ever goes wrong for them—"make the best of it." Was ever the stream of calamity so dark and deep that the sunlight of a happy face falling across its turbid sides would not wake an answering gleam? Joyous-tempered people don't know the good they do. 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