

# The Raftman's Boy

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## Select Poetry.

### THE DOORSTEP.

The conference meeting through at last,  
The boys around the very waiting,  
To see the girls come tripping past,  
Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall  
By level mallet-flashes litten,  
Than I, who stepped before them all,  
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no, the blushed and took my arm,  
We started the old folks have the way,  
And let the old folks have the way,  
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,  
I do not think it worth a song or story,  
To that road path by which we sped,  
Seems all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,  
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;  
By hood and tippe and shelter sweet,  
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

Her little hand outside her muff—  
O sculptor, if you could but mould it—  
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,  
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her there with me alone,  
To have her love and triumph blended,  
At least we reached the foot-worn stone,  
Where that delicious journey ended.

She shook her ringlets from her head,  
And with a "Thank you Ned" dissolved,  
But you I knew she understood,  
With what a darling will I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,  
The moon was shyly peeping through it,  
Yet hid its face, as if it said:  
"Come! now or never! do it!"

My lips till then had only known  
The kiss of mother and of sister,  
But somehow, full upon her own  
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas by my love, yet still,  
O! how sweet more than weary love,  
To feel one more that fresh, wild thrill,  
To give—but who can live youth over?

### MY SLEIGH RIDE.

"Upon my word! George is gotten up re-  
gardlessly to night!"

"Mamma, George has got on his new blue  
silk necktie—don't you see?"

"My dear sir, I was not aware you intend  
going out to night."

"Now, when a man comes down stairs on  
time, and essays to gain the front door  
with the least possible amount of observation,  
it isn't particularly agreeable to have a whole  
brood of female tongues upon him, the  
instant he crosses the threshold. However,  
not to seem faintly, I confronted them  
dejectedly, patiently conscious the while of  
extra beads of moisture on my hair, a borrowed  
coat on my finger, and a shirt whose glass  
might have reminded one of a whole starch  
factory. Need I mention, after enumerating  
those particulars, that I was in love?"

"Where are you going, George?" asked  
my mother.

"I am going sleigh riding with the party  
from Judge Dacre's." I answered, fitting on  
a pair of lemon-colored kid gloves, which,  
considering the night was dark as pitch and  
the thermometer stood at zero, was a piece  
of Sidney well befitting a young man in love.

"What lady do you take with you?"

"None."

"Why?" interrupted Dolly, "where's Miss  
Aspendale?" I felt myself grow hot all over  
I strove to answer indifferently, and esca-  
ping to my little cutter I soon jingled up to  
the line of equipage in front of Judge Da-  
cre's door.

"Just in time," observed Harry Spicer,  
riding up his vicious little gray horse, as  
that sagacious animal was about to try the  
edible qualities of my ear, "the girls are  
coming out—they ran in to warm while  
Patty Dacre was getting her things on.

When I howled it is, I say, old fellow—  
as the light of a passing lantern fell on my  
nose—aren't those yellow kids  
staring for the occasion? I guess you've  
taken up your next quarter's salary for—"

He stopped abruptly, and the next min-  
ute I heard him whisper to some one beyond:  
"Hallo, Jackson, I've been gone and  
done it. I mistook old Barrowell for George  
Withwood, and I've been chaffing him like  
fun. His traps are as like as two peas. I  
wonder what he thought of me? crasy old  
cud, never to answer a word, though!"

Hanging myself, tentatively of course, at  
the disposal of Spicer's, I took care not to  
discuss him of the idea. It was a relief to  
be rid of the clack of his ceaseless tongue.

As those reflections passed hurriedly thro'  
my mind, there was a sound of merry, bird-  
like voices, intermixed with musical laughter  
and the tripping of many feet.

The girls, a dozen or so in number, were  
coming out, hooded, cloaked and furred.  
Just as I was about to guide my horse away  
from the gate to make room for some en-  
viable morsel who claimed proprietorship  
of one or more of this glancing bevy of femi-  
ninity, a light foot was placed on the  
lower rail of the cutter, and Kate Aspendale  
sprang in beside me, nestling down among  
the fur robes as if it was her place by right.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting, Bruce,  
dear," she said, adjusting the folds of her  
veil.

The words of glad greeting which had  
risen to my lips seemed frozen on the very  
palisades of speech. "Bruce," indeed! So  
she mistook me for the man of the money  
bags, did she! Well, considering that she  
despised Mr. Barrowell so heartily, as she  
had assured me, her voice was attuned to  
very coaxing accents.

"Only think," she went on, as, obedient  
to calls of "Go ahead" from behind, I me-  
chanically loosened the reins and touched my  
feet little horse with the whip, "George

Withwood is here to-night, and all alone; I  
suppose he couldn't get any girl to accompa-  
ny him. I do think that young man is the  
greatest fool! he—my gracious!" For Sul-  
tan, my horse, gave a plunge just then. I  
had unconsciously given him a merciless cut  
with the whip, and it required all my  
strength and self-possession to calm him  
down again. Still I never spoke—my teeth  
were tightly set together and I could feel a  
burning spot in the centre of each cheek,  
which seemed as if they must glow in the  
dark like live coals, but I waited instinctively  
to hear more.

"Now, you're not vexed with me, Bruce,"  
murmured Kate, "just because I mentioned  
George Withwood's name? You know I  
don't care two straws about him—a conceit-  
ed, silly blockhead, that fancies a girl is in  
love with him, just because she happens oc-  
casionally to smile at his foolish speeches. I  
assure you, Bruce, I've never seriously en-  
couraged him, but a girl must have some-  
thing to amuse her in a dull country place  
like this. George Withwood, indeed, as if  
I could care for him when you are near,  
Bruce! How he will stare when he gets our  
wedding cards next week!"

She broke out laughing—that merry, me-  
lancholy laugh which had been music to my  
ears so many times, in our lonely woodland  
rambles and twilight gossips beneath the  
vine-draped porch. How differently it  
sounded to me now; the hollow resonance of  
some tuneless instrument—how could I  
ever have fancied it sweet!

"I've worn my engagement ring to-night,  
Bruce," she went on coaxingly; "there's no  
use keeping the matter secret any longer,  
and I want to see what the girls will all say.  
You've no objection have you, Bruce, for  
—dear me—what is the matter? We can't  
have reached Slopersville yet, I'm sure!"

The long line of sleighs had come to a  
stand still—one, not unlike my own, detach-  
ed itself from the rest, and jingled up to our  
own.

"Why, she's here! What on earth does  
this jiggery mean?" demanded the voice—  
not a particularly melodious one—of Mr.  
Bruce Barrowell. Kate started up with a  
slight shriek.

"Where am I? Who is this in the sleigh?"  
she cried.

"Pray don't disturb yourself, Miss Aspen-  
dale," satirically growled Mr. Barrowell; evi-  
dently there was an abundant spice of the  
grim Othello in his temperament. "If you  
prefer Mr. Withwood's company to mine,  
it's all right."

"Mr. Withwood?" repeated Kate wildly.  
"Oh, mercy! it can't be possible!"

Some one held up a lantern. I looked  
full into Kate Aspendale's splendid dark  
eyes.

Now, if I had been a woman, what volleys  
of satire I could have fired into the enemy's  
camp—what red hot coals of taunting jocosity  
I could have heaped upon Kate's de-  
fenceless head. But being a man, I left her  
to the punishment of her own recollections,  
and bowed with all the courtesy I could com-  
mand.

"Permit me to assist you into the other  
sleigh, Miss Aspendale," I said. "When  
Mr. Barrowell understands that it was my  
mistake that you entered this equipage, he  
will pardon any appearance of awkwardness  
in the affair."

Without a single word Kate Aspendale  
descended from my sleigh and was assisted  
into that of Mr. Barrowell, who still sat up-  
right and irate, staring indignantly around  
him.

"Good evening, Miss Aspendale," I said,  
unable to resist the temptation of launching  
back one Parthian arrow, as I drove away.  
"I shall expect to receive the cards very  
soon."

Alice, my blue eyed cousin, was sewing  
alone in the room when I returned home.  
She looked up in surprise as I entered.

"Home so soon?" she said. "I hardly  
expected to see you so early."

"Didn't you, Alice?" I sat down beside  
her. "But you see I wanted to say some-  
thing very particular to you."

"George!"

"Upon my word, Alice, I'm in earnest."  
So I was. After the stormy reign of Kate  
Aspendale in my heart, Alice's sweet face  
seemed like a dream of repose for which I  
longed with an undescribed longing.

And the next day I went on a second  
sleigh ride with my dove-eyed little niece,  
and our cards were out in the same week with  
those of "Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Barrowell."

An Irishman entered a barber shop while  
drunk, ate with a brush a cup of lather, dug  
out the ball of soap at the bottom of the cup,  
and that, and sat down to warm his feet.

"How did you like your lunch?" asked a  
by-stander. The customer was illigant; but,  
by my soul, I believe the egg was a little too  
long in the water."

An individual advertised for "a wife" the  
other day, and requested each applicant for  
the situation to enclose her carte de visite.  
One of his fair correspondents closed her re-  
ply in those terms: "I do not enclose my  
carte, for, though there is some authority for  
putting a cart before a horse, I know of none  
for putting one before an ass."

A few weeks ago, in Manchester, New  
Hampshire, a man worth one hundred thou-  
sand dollars, earned twenty five cents by car-  
rying home a fowl for another man. He  
said he thought himself lucky to get pay for  
taking needed exercise.

A devotee of Bacchus was overheard the  
other night thus addressing his hat, which  
had fallen from his head: "If I pick you  
up, I fall; if I fall, you will not pick me up;  
then I leave you," and he staggered proudly  
away.

### MISS BRIGGS' ENEMY.

Mr. Perry was an old bachelor, and Miss  
Briggs was an old maid. He lived in the  
brick house on the hill, and she lived in the  
cottage opposite, and they were mortal ene-  
mies. He despised her because she kept a  
canary and two cats, and she hated him for  
his affection for a huge mastiff and a knock-  
kneed horse.

"Why on earth the man don't get a de-  
cent horse is more than I can imagine!" she  
would say, as he plodded up to the door "I  
believe that he is too mean and miserly to  
buy one."

Miss Briggs would hardly have felt pleas-  
ed, had she known that Mr. Perry rode back  
and forward on this old, worn-out piece of  
horseflesh, merely for the purpose of annoy-  
ing her.

They never spoke, but yet they managed  
to keep up a perfect warfare, by disagree-  
ble manners and wrathful glances.

She sat hour by hour beneath the canary  
bird in the window, with her cats perched  
upon the sill, and her knitting in her hand  
throwing glances of scorn to the opposite  
side, where he, with cigar and newspaper,  
and boots a few inches higher than his head  
received, and payed them back with in-  
terest.

His detestable dog came over and ran  
through her garden, destroying all her beau-  
tiful tulips and hyacinths, and she gave him  
a hot bath which sent him howling to his  
master, and when said master remonstrated,  
sent word that she would treat him worse  
next time.

Her little red cow broke through his en-  
closure and devoured his turnips and cab-  
bages, and he led her home, and informed  
Miss Briggs that a second offense would give  
her a comfortable pasture in the pound.

For two years they lived and fought, and  
no one could bring about peace between  
them. It was a pity the neighbors all said,  
for Miss Briggs was a dear little soul, and  
there was not a fiercer man in the country  
than Mr. Perry.

"Julia, my love," said Mrs. Perkins, one  
afternoon as she entered the cozy parlor, "I  
am going to have a party, and I want you  
to come down in the afternoon to tea, and  
remain during the evening. Every one will  
be there."

"Will that old hack over the way be  
there?"

"Mr. Perry? O yes! We couldn't get  
along without him."

"Then that settles the matter. I shan't  
go."

"Why, what's the matter with you? You  
remain at home, but he will think that you are  
afraid of him."

Miss Briggs thought the matter over.  
Well, it would look a little like it, and she  
would not have him think so for the world  
—he conceited wretch!

Mrs. Perkins went home, and it was ar-  
ranged that Miss Briggs was to spend the  
afternoon, and remain for the party.

She was a pretty little woman, and it was  
always a puzzle to every one why she never  
married. She had a round rosy face, clear  
brown eyes, and beautiful hair, and a sweet  
mouth, and if she was near thirty there was  
not a smarter woman in town.

She stood before the gilt-framed look-  
ing-glass in the little chamber, and fastened her  
lace collar over the neck of her maroon col-  
ored dress, with a plain gold brooch, and  
began to think she looked very well. There  
was a bright healthy flush upon her cheek  
and her eyes were full of light and beauty.

She walked into Mrs. Perkins' sitting-  
room, and she found her awaiting her with a  
smiling face. She thought she must be in  
a very good humor, but said nothing, allow-  
ing the good lady to smile as long and pleas-  
antly as she wished.

She understood it all when supper time  
came, and Mr. Perkins entered followed by  
Mr. Perry. This was a well laid plan to  
make the two become friends.

Miss Briggs bit her lips, and inwardly  
vowed that nothing should tempt her to  
give "that man" her hand in friendship. She  
hated him.

He was placed directly opposite at the ta-  
ble, and many times forced to pass the bis-  
cuits, cakes or preserves, and Miss Briggs  
accepted them, although she declared to  
Mrs. Perkins after supper, that they nearly  
choked her.

Before evening they both were persuaded  
to overlook the horse and cow difficulty and  
be civil, and Miss Briggs was frightened  
when she found herself talking to him with  
ease and pleasant familiarity.

The party was a success, and although the  
sports were generally monopolized by the  
younger portion, they found room for the  
old maid and her enemy, and several times  
she found herself doing the most ridiculous  
things in the way of paying forfeits.

At the end of the evening Miss Briggs  
was at the door ready to depart, when he  
called:

"Miss Briggs, I am going right up your  
way. Will you ride?"

Would she ride, and behind that old horse,  
and beside that detestable man? She was  
wondering whether she would or not when  
Mrs. Perkins came and triumphantly led  
her out, and packed her into the carriage.

It was as dark as pitch, and they had to  
lead the horse go his own way, and find it the  
best he could. He did so very well until  
they reached the cottage, and then he was  
bewildered.

Mr. Perry spoke, jerked the reins, but to  
no purpose. He then took out the whip.  
Whether his natural dislike of that article,  
or the memory of the indignities he had  
suffered from the hands of the owner of the  
cottage overcame him it is hard to decide,  
but at all events he kicked up his heels,

ran a few rods and fell, overturning the  
buggy and its precious contents.

Miss Briggs was up in a moment, unhar-  
med, but Mr. Perry was as silent as the  
grave. She ran shouting through the dark-  
ness, until Mr. Perry's "help" came out to  
her assistance.

They found the poor man half dead be-  
neath the carriage, and while Dan was at  
work, Miss Briggs ran home for her own  
servant. After much hard labor they suc-  
ceeded in extricating him from the wreck  
but he was senseless, and they bore him  
home and sent for the village doctor. Upon  
examination they found his leg to be broken  
and thus Miss Briggs' enemy was at her  
mercy.

The days and weeks that followed were  
dreadful ones to the poor sufferer, but Miss  
Briggs never left him. Day and night she  
stood beside him, and her little plump hands  
administered to every want.

He forgot the cow and his turkeys. She  
forgot the cats and canary. He only saw  
a little patient woman, with a pretty rosy  
face, trim figure and tender hands, and  
—would you believe it? He fell in love with  
her.

How could he help it? She had sat, by  
him through the long dreary days of pain,  
she had brought him her preserves, her  
wine and nice invigorating cordials. She  
had made blanc mange and delicate custards  
and in all probability saved his life.

What could he do? nothing but fall in  
love.

"Miss Briggs!" he said, one day when he  
was able to sit up.

"Well, Mr. Perry!"

"You have been very good to me, and I  
feel as though I owe you a great deal."

"There, now stop right where you are.  
You owe me nothing."

"But would you mind if I trespassed a  
little further on your good nature?"

"Not at all."

"Well, Miss Briggs, will you take me in  
charge for the rest of my natural life?"

"What?"

"Will you marry me? There!"

Miss Briggs blushed and her answer came  
thus:

"I will marry you."

There was a wedding a few weeks later  
and Mrs. Perkins prepared the wedding  
supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry live in the brick  
house, and the cottage is rented to a young  
man and his wife, to whom Mrs. Perry be-  
queathed her cats and canary.

The mastiff and the knock-kneed old  
horse are with their owners.

WHAT HE GOT.—A committee appointed  
by the Illinois Legislature to investigate  
charges of corruption against members of  
their body, were about giving up, foiled, after  
a most determined effort to find out some-  
thing rotten to report, when they fortun-  
ately, as they thought, had a member brought  
before them who admitted that he had re-  
ceived "something for his vote."

Question—You have stated that you have,  
on a certain occasion, received something  
for your vote. Did the committee under-  
stand you correctly?

Answer—Yes, sir.

Q.—Have you received anything for your  
vote on more than one bill?

A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—About how many?

A.—I cannot tell, without stopping to think  
a little while.

Q.—We will waive that point for the  
present. You will now state to the commit-  
tee what you got for your vote. The re-  
porter will please record the answer in full,  
and the witness will speak slowly, in order  
that his answer may be taken down.

A.—I got the curses of the whole com-  
munity.

We may add, says the Harrisburg Tele-  
graph, that the Illinois legislator's expe-  
rience is not an uncommon one.

ARE YOU READY?—Are you ready for  
life with all its multiplied cares and respon-  
sibilities, its trials and temptations, its aver-  
sities and afflictions, its sorrows and disap-  
pointments? Are you ready for death, its  
pains and weakness, its farewells and part-  
ings? Are you ready for the judgment, its  
review and its exposure of your inner life,  
as well as your outward acts and spoken  
words? Are you ready for that august tri-  
bunal where all must appear, to hear from  
the lips of Christ a welcome to the joys of  
heaven, or the door of banishment which  
shall consign the soul to endless darkness  
and despair? Are you ready to walk with  
the saints in light, ready to enter upon the  
enjoyments and enjoy the society of the bet-  
ter land?

If you are not ready for these things,  
think most seriously how short the time for  
preparation for salvation; remember that it  
is alone through repentance towards God  
and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and a  
holy life that you can get ready for the fu-  
ture. Let not another moment pass with-  
out giving your earnest attention to this im-  
portant work of life. Rest content with no  
state of mind short of assurance.

A philosopher says that if anything will  
make a woman swear, it is hunting her night-  
cap on a cold night, after the light has been  
put out.

Creditors are like crows; they are always  
reminding one where the shoe pinches.  
The only way to get rid of them is to cut  
them and that won't prevent them coming  
again.

When are gloves unsaleable? When they  
are kept on hand.

### The Shortness of Time.

"Live as long as you may, the first twen-  
ty years of your life is the longest half of it;"  
this was said by one of our modern writers,  
and I doubt whether anything more true  
was ever said by any man.

Don't you find, you that have reached mid-  
dle life, and you that are approaching middle  
life—that time passes much more quickly  
than it used to pass? Don't you find when  
the evening comes and the day's work is  
over, that it seems only a few moments since  
the day's work began? You may have been  
very busy; but when you return home to  
your children it seems but a very short time  
since you left them in the morning. Of  
course there are exceptional seasons, as when  
health is bad, or when heavy grief presses  
on you, but, on the whole, is it not now a  
subject of constant remark that the days  
pass with incredible rapidity.

And don't you remember when the case  
was very different? Don't you remember  
how long they used to be, when you yourself  
were a child—what a crowd of delightful  
interests multiplied and diversified the hours,  
and how extensive the prospect was when  
you looked toward the future? The fact is,  
you and your children are living lives of dif-  
ferent lengths in the same space of time.  
The day is far longer to them than to you.

They feel, when you think of it, as if its be-  
ginning and ending were almost the same.  
When they lay their little heads on the pil-  
low, weary with their twelve hours play,  
their toys broken—their excitement about  
trifles at an end—their merry, their eager  
quarrels, at length brought to a pause, those  
two hours have made, to them, a very  
period of their existence. Your toys, too,  
perhaps are broken—you, too, have been oc-  
cupied with trifles—your quarrels inconsid-  
erable—but your longer, your more respon-  
sible day, has been far shorter than theirs.

It might not be very difficult to explain  
this. Our sense of the lapse of time does  
not depend entirely, or even chiefly, on the  
duration of time itself. When impressions  
are vivid, forcible, and fresh, the time  
seems long. When the events of our lives are  
monotonous and uniform—if only monotonous  
we are in diligent occupation—the time  
seems short. Any person may test this  
for himself by comparing passages of his  
own experience. The few days spent in a  
new place are longer than those that succeed  
them; but soon the novelty is past; and the  
stream moves on, quietly and rapidly as  
before. And no one, on the other side, needs  
to be reminded that days of anxiety and  
watching, when the mind is constantly on  
the stretch, are frightfully long. As the  
battle of Waterloo for instance, can you not  
imagine, if you remember the circumstances  
of that engagement, how different was the  
length of that summer day to the great cap-  
tain, on the one hand, on whom rested all  
the suspense and responsibility, and to some  
private soldier in the ranks, on the other,  
actively occupied, and with nothing to think  
of but to be prompt and obey.

How desirable then to make sure of doing  
something in the present that will really bear  
good fruit in the future!

There is no rest:  
What rain can out our headstrong hours?  
They pass away; they pass, we know not how:  
Our now is gone before we can say now:  
Time past and future's none of ours;  
That hath yet no being,  
And this has ceased to be:  
What is, is ours; how short a time we have!"

### A Cheerful Religion.

Let men be taught to know there is as  
much religion in the good, robust, rejoicing,  
enthusiastic singing of God's praise, as in  
the sedate and doleful style that is usually  
styled the use of devotion; let them know  
that the earnest prayer need not be a draw-  
ling jernail; let them feel that good  
preaching may be in sprightly delivery of  
pleasant truths, more than in the whining  
recitation of insinities; let them believe that  
Christianity is a living thing, that it is in  
sympathy with the active, rejoicing spirit of  
our humanity, and it will be better com-  
mended to their acceptance.

Seriousness ought always to characterize  
the Christian. But seriousness does not  
consist in sullenness, moroseness, or even in  
the sobriety that drive away smiles and the  
taste for rational pleasures. He is most  
serious who best brings an earnest, healthy,  
rejoicing nature to the performance of his  
duty. Men are most beautifully serious when  
truthful smiles are playing on their lips and  
when their whole countenances are lighted up  
with a benignant joy.

It ought, therefore, to be the effort of pro-  
fessing Christians to pass through the world  
as happily as to light it up and fill it with  
joy. They ought to sing in the midst of  
judgments, and to sing loudly and cheerily  
amid their marvellous benefits. We pass to  
a kingdom out of sadness and sorrow, where  
there will be no sadness or sorrow, where  
there will be no sorrow nor sighing. Pass-  
ing to that place, let us cultivate the spirit  
that is to distinguish us when we arrive  
there, and show that we do really begin our  
heaven on earth.

A lady brought a child to a physician to  
consult about its precarious state of health.  
Among other things, she inquired if he did  
not think the springs would be useful.

"Certainly, madam," replied the doctor, as  
he eyed the child, and then took a pinch of  
snuff. "I have not the least hesitation in  
recommending the springs and the sooner  
you apply the remedy the better."

"You really think it would be good for the  
dear little thing, do you?"

"Upon my word, it's the best remedy I  
know."

"What spring do you recommend?"

"Any will do, madam, where you can get  
plenty of soap and water."

### HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

AND  
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

THE GREAT REMEDY  
For all diseases of the Liver, Stomach, or diges-  
tive organs.

Hoofland's German Bitters  
Is composed of the purest juices (or, as they are  
medicinally termed, extracts) of Roots, Herbs, and  
Barks, making a prep- aration highly concen-  
trated, and entirely free from alcoholic ad-  
mixture of any kind.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,  
Is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bit-  
ters, with the purest quality of Santa Cruz Rum,  
Orange, &c., making one of the most pleasant and  
agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.

Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcoholic  
admixture, will use  
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

Those who have no objection to the combination of  
the Bitters, as stated, will use  
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.