The Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1870. VOL. 16.—NO. 49.

Select Poetry.

MARION AND I.

Twas years ago, in a western land,
Where ebb and flow on a shining strand
The waves of an inland sea;
Where dim, deep woods and prairies grand,
Like Eden, when at God's command
Blossomed, fresh from nature's hand,
Lived gentle Marion Lee.

Then I was a wild and careless boy,
And she was a child, gay, fair, and coy,
In the days that used to be.
No evil dared our hearts annoy,
Where care sat lightly as a toy,
And love was bliss and life was joy
For Marion Lee and me.

By laughing rills we gathered flowers,
Beneath the green Arcadian bowers
Of dewy vine and tree.
And hope built higher gilded towers,
And all was light, undimmed by showers;
Ah, swiftly sped the lightsome hours
To Marion Lee and me.

Those dreamful years have passed away;
Still ripples glide o'er lake and bay,
And rills laugh o'er the lea.
We meet no more. Time's crayon gray
Has touched my hair with silver spray,
But softly hath he dealt, I pray,
With gentle Marion Lee.

For oft, some mazy, idle dream,
Will make the days of boyhood seem
Again to dwell with me;
I wonder by the rippling stream,
And see the sun's last crimson beam
Along the floating tresses gleam
Of sweetest Marion Lee.

JANET'S FORTUNE.

"And when I die I shall leave my fortune to the one who will use it to the best advantage," said Grandma Leeds, smiling from behind her spectacles to the young girls around her.

"Your fortune, grandma? what will it be? That old basket, with its horrid yarn and needles, and the never-ending knitting work? If so, you need not leave it with me. Janet will use it to a better advantage than I could."

"Yes, Lettie, you are right; and I'm sure I don't want it, either. H'm, what a fortune, to be sure!"

"I'll accept it, grandma, and prize it, if you will only add your sweet disposition. It would be a fortune which none of us need despise."

Janet Leeds was the youngest of the family, and the plainest. She had a sweet, fresh face, and tender eyes; but these paled into ugliness before Lettie's black orbs and shining curls, and the blonde loveliness of belle Margaret. So she settled back like a modest violet in the chimney corner, and waited on her grandma, or assisted the maid in the housework.

Once in a while she ventured out to a party in the village, but so seldom that people never observed her. That made it unpleasant, and she staid at home still closer.

But that morning, while they sat chatting with grandma, she felt a deal of real discontentment, for the first time in months. Clara Bosworth, her bosom friend, was to give a party that evening, and she could not go. For weeks preparations had been going on in their quiet family. She had given up the money saved for a new winter cloak that Lettie's green silk might be trimmed for the occasion, and the best she had in the world was a plain garnet-colored poplin with black velvet trimmings.

She had faintly suggested that she might wear that, but the dismay of her sisters silenced her.

"Go and wear that old poplin?" cried Lettie, from the clouds of white billowy lace that was to adorn the white silk. "You must be crazy!"

"I should think so," chimed Margaret, who was fitting a lace berthe over the waist of delicate lilac satin. "Do you want Austin Bosworth to think us a family of paupers? It is to be a grand affair, and Clara expects all who honor it will try to pay her respect enough to dress respectably. It is Austin's first appearance after his European tour, and surely you do not want him to think mean of us?"

The tears came up, but Janet was brave, and no one saw them.

That night, when the two girls—the one in her dark beauty and wonderfully becoming array; the other all delicacy, her fair, pearl loveliness enhanced by the pale purple color of her splendid dress—came laughing into grandma's room, a little shadow darkened her face, and she found very hard to keep back the tears.

"Fine feathers make fine birds, but fine birds do not always sing the sweetest Janie," said grandma, after they had gone. "I know who is the true one in this family. I know my little singing bird, Janie, and she is dearer than a dozen fine ladies. Austin and Clara will come to-morrow, and he will tell us about his travels in foreign lands, and you will be far happier than you would be up at the house to-night, with dancing and confusion."

"I suppose so, grandma," and Janet took her seat by the fire and went on knitting, with a peaceful face.

The elder sisters came home with rumpled plumage, but in high spirits.

Austin Bosworth had returned, a handsome, polished gentleman, and had flirted desperately with Lettie.

"Why, grandma, he almost proposed to her!" laughed Margaret, who was engaged to Judge Leonard's hopeful son, and therefore had no place for jealousy. More than one of the company predicted that it would be a match.

"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched," called grandma from her pillow. "Mr. Austin Bosworth is no fool, I can tell you!"

"What an old croaker!"

They were entering their chamber across the hall, but grandmother's ears were not dulled by old age, and she heard them.

"Don't mind them, grandma," whispered Janet, who had waited to help them lay aside their finery.

"Mind them! Do you think I shall, Janet Leeds?"

Next day Austin Bosworth came. He was too familliar with the old house to stop for bellringing, and he entered, crossing the hall directly past the parlor door, where Margaret and Lettie waited in their tasteful afternoon costumes, and walked on to grandma Leeds' room.

She was there with her work, her placid face beaming beneath the white-laced border.

A graceful, girlish figure half knelt before her, wreathing with deft fingers a bunch of evergreens into a frame for a mantle ornament, and her eyes were lifted smilingly into the old lady's face.

He entered and closed the door before either saw him.

"Grandma Leeds!"

"Why bless my heart, it is Austin! Come here my boy!"

And the fine gentleman came and gave both hands to her in her delight.

"Janie, my little playmate, too! What a happy meeting! Clara came down, dressed for a call, and declared she would come, but I told her no! I knew the amount of galantry I should feel obliged to use and I preferred my first visit should be like the old ones."

"You are right. We are better pleased to have it so, are we not, Janet?"

His call lengthened itself into two hours, and during the time he told pleasant stories and chatted like the boy of by-gone days, but not once did Margaret's or Lettie's name pass his lips.

When he went away he met them coming, with disappointed faces, from the parlor, where they had been waiting for him; but he only lifted his hat and passed out. Then grandma and Janet received a sound scolding, such as these two knew how to give, and the shadows of discontent again fell on Janet's spirit.

Ah, that long, cheerless winter! What a story Janet could tell you of disappointments, of happy parties, of which she had no share, of moonlight rides, of joy and merriment! She had only that one comforter, kind, patient grandma; for now that Austin Bosworth had come, the way was harder than before.

He came and escorted Lettie to parties, and sometimes chatted with grandma, but nothing more. She saw nothing more. She did not as usual, catch the good natured smiles he gave her from the sleigh as he rode away—and Lettie never told her how often he asked for her.

Alone with grandma, Janet wished for better things, and wondering why she was so harshly dealt with.

At last even the society of her good aged comforter was denied her, and in her bed the old lady gradually faded away. Day and night Janet sat beside her with the knowledge that she was beyond earthly help—waiting upon her, yielded to the childish whims, and shutting out everything youthful and beautiful from her sight.

"Playing household angel," Margaret said.

"Working for grandma's fortune of old shoes and worsted stockings," Lettie cruelly added.

Doing her duty by the faithful woman who had taken the three motherless children into her heart, and filled the lost one's place, so far as God permitted, her own heart said, and steadily she worked on.

The first of May brought invitations to the last Ball of the Bosworth House, and while the two elder sisters laid out the finery, Janet folded her tiny missive and hid it away next to her heart, as a sacred bit of paper bearing Austin's firm, broad chirography upon it.

That night grandma was very ill, and when Margaret and Lettie fluttered in with the gay dresses Janet met them and almost forcibly put them out of the room.

"I beg you girls, to have a little respect for poor grandma—she is very ill to-night."

"Nonsense! Don't be a fool, Janet—anybody would think she was dying."

"I believe she is."

Their reply came in a violent slam of the door, and Janet was left alone with her patient.

The hours dragged wearily, and overcome by her long sleepless watches, Janet fell fast asleep.

Two hour later she awoke with a start, and in an instant she saw that dread change in her grandma's face.

Like one in a dream she walked to her father's door and awakened him.

"Father, grandma is worse. I believe her dying. You must go to Dr. Berne. You will find him at the ball. Go quickly!"

She went back, and set there wearily waiting for something—for a sound, a sign from the dying woman; but none came. Slowly, but perceptibly, the line settled around the pleasant mouth, and the dark shadows crept over the placid face, but no sound issued from the pale lips.

Janet bent her head. There was a faint flutter—no more, and Janet clasped her hands. Would grandma die there before her eyes and never speak a word?

She caught the cold hand in her own, and cried aloud:

"Grandma! speak to me! speak to your little Janet! Don't you hear me grandma?

But grandma heard nothing. The chillness of death had settled down, and even as she knelt there the breath fled, and Janet was alone.

She understood it all when she arose, and sank back half fainting in the arm chair, near the bed.

"Janet, my poor darling!"

She lifted her head. Austin Bosworth was leaning over her.

"My little girl! Why did you not send me word to-night, and let me share your sorrow?"

"You Austin!"

"Yes, have I not——. Ah! forgive me! This is no time or place. I missed you as I have always missed you, but thought it was your own pleasure to remain at home. When your father came in with a white frightened face, and whispered to Dr. Berne, I knew you were in trouble. I came at once, and, Janie, I shall not again leave you."

She knew his meaning, and did not put him away, when he held her close in his arms and drew her into the parlor.

Margaret and Lettie coming in with their faces horrid-stricken, saw him holding her in his arms, her tired head resting wearily upon his shoulder, and the proud Lettie said:

"Mr. Bosworth, I am surprised!"

"You need not be. This is my privilege now and forever."

Three days after they gathered in that same parlor, to hear grandmamma's last will and testament read. After some little directions, it said:

"And to my beloved grand-daughter, Janet Leeds, I bequeath the Holmes estate, together with my entire stock of furniture and money, amounting to ten thousand dollars."

Janet's father smiled upon his astonished and crest-fallen daughters.

"It was mother's whim. She never desired it to be known. Therefore you were ignorant of the fact that she had a dollar beyond the annuity I held for her."

When, six months later, Austin and Janet were married, her elder sisters dared to say that he married her for her money. He knew better and so did I.

ANTIQUITY OF A CHINESE CITY.—Six hundred years ago, Marco Polo, the celebrated Venetian traveler, visited Hang-Chow. At that time it contained a population of over 2,500,000 souls, and was the metropolis of China. It was enclosed in the same walls we see now, and it ranked among the wealthiest and most populous cities of the globe. According to the best authenticated history, Hang-Chow was built in the beginning of the Chow dynasty, 1,123 years before Christ. At that time Carthage and Troy were flourishing, Rome had not been founded, Athens was in her infancy, and Solomon had not yet dedicated the temple. To-day the very sight of Troy is lost in the night of antiqity, the "Niobe of Nations" is in the dust, the glory of Athens is known only in the chronicles of Homer, and the traces of the Temple of Solomon are only to be found by laborious research. What a train of dreamy musings it suggests that amid all these changes and chances there stand these gloomy walls and towering temples, contemporaneous with hoar antiquity—which to all outward appearance, still pressive a set calm and statuesque composure!

HOW TO GET SLEEP.—This is to many persons a matter of high importance. Nervous persons who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability usually have a strong tendency of blood to the brain with cold extremities. The pressure of blood on the brain keeps it in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations in the head are often painful. Let them rise and chafe the body and extremities with a towl or brush, or rub smartly with the hand to promote circulation and withdraw the excessive amount of blood from the brain, and they will fall asleep in a few moments. A cold bath, or a sponge bath, and rubbing, or a good run, or a rapid walk in the open air, or going up and down stairs a few times just before retiring, will aid in equalizing circulation and promoting sleep. These rules are simple and easy of application in the castle or cabin, and may minister to the comfort of thousands who would freely spend money for an anodyne to promote "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

WOULD SING IT.—A story is told of an old clergyman who has the most unbounded faith in Watt's hymn book. He was fond of saying that he could never open any page without finding an appropriate hymn. A mischievous son of his thought it would be a good joke to test his father's faith. So he took an old song and pasted it on one of the pages of the book, over a hymn, so nicely that it could not be easily detected. At church, on Sabbath morning, the minister happened to open at that very page, and commenced to read:

"Old Grimes is dead."

There was a sensation in the audience. He looked at his book; but such was his faith in Watt's hymns that he undertook it again, commencing with the same line. There was another sensation in the audience. Looking at it again, and then at the congregation, and then at at the choir, said he, "Bretheren, it is here in the regular order in Watt's hymn book, and we will sing it any how."

A "lovyer," in whom the Promethean fire burns bright and effulgent, has worked out the following elegant specimen of literature and rhyme:

"O! Sally 'tis my chief delite,
To gais upon your eyeses brite;
My luv for you, by gosh, cirpasses
The luv I fele for rum and 'lasses."

POLISHING THE WINDOWS.

Mrs. Whipple's daughters were the most stylish girls in the town. There were four of them, all handsome, and queenly, and cultivated, with a little fortune of their own, which was left them two years before, and which they were to come in full possession of when they were twenty-one, but not a moment before.

Of course the young gentlemen of the village kept their eyes turned towards the Whipple family. If there was a ride, or a walk, or a party or sociable, nothing could be done unless these four pretty maidens were concerned in it, much to the disgust of the rest of us, who had no special expectations, whatever might be our individual pretensions to good looks and culture.

There was another member of the Whipple family. This young lady was a neice of Mr. Whipple, the child of a favorite sister, who had been unfortunate, and who died not long after her marriage. The child was such a pale, puny creature, with such awkward, shy ways, that she grew Cinderella-like, in such domestic obscurity, that none of us knew much of her until the event happened which I am about to relate.

Cousin Ned was always an eccentric genius. He had been traveling all over Europe, and was the author of "Letters from Paris," published in our paper, that were thought very brilliant because they described the European fashions in a vivacious way, and cut us Americans up for trying to ape Eugenie, when we ought to have enough sense to know that the styles of one country were illy adapted to another.

Cousin Ned was regarded as a great catch. All the Whipple girls were delighted when they heard of his intended return, and made me promise to bring him over as soon as he was at leisure. Indeed, they had been very attentive to me on his account, as I very well knew, and I was just foolish enough to be patronized by them, although I knew they barely recognized me at Saratoga when we met there one summer.

Among my letters that morning, I found one from Ned. He had arrived in New York, and was only waiting, he said, "to purchase me the handsome silk at Stewart's," before coming to us.

As I knew there was to be a birthday party at the Whipple's, I ran over to show the letter, and beg them to allow me to telegraph to Ned to hasten, that he might be in season for the festivities.

We were all sitting in the back parlor, talking over our new dresses and trimmings, when Mrs. Whipple came in hastily.

"Now, girls, this won't do; some of you must polish the windows in front. Bridget is all out of sorts this morning. She says she will wash them, but she will not have time to rub them, and that unless some of you will help her she'll quit, and it will be just like her to do it. So if you know what is for your interest, do fly around and get her good natured again."

"Where's Said?" asked all the girls in a breath. Said was the orphan niece, and was expected to do everything that Bridget didn't.

"She's sick with one of her terrible headaches," Mrs. Whipple said, with an indignant toss of the head.

"Well, she's always sick, seems to me," Cecelia cried out harshly.

"I've been expecting she would give out, ever since my birthday party has been announced," said Rose, spitefully.

"I should think you would be ashamed of yourself," Mrs. Whipple returned, as if there was a slight sense of justice left in her. "Said has worked like a dog ever since this party was talked of. Look at the piles of cake she has made, and the creams and whips, to say nothing of the dresses and furbelows. I should think you might have some mercy on the child."

"Well, I guess she can manage to polish those windows," Rose said, laughingly. "You don't think I'm going to stand up there for everybody to look at who goes by?"

"If you never do anything worse than polsh windows, you never will have occasion to blush for yourself," the mother said.

"Well, I should blush to be seen doing Bridget's work, and if she cannot do it, then Said must."

"Said! Said!" Rose screamed at the foot of the stairs.

"Well!" answered a sweet, pleasant voice from above.

"Bridget wants somebody to polish the windows.

There was a little pause, as if gathering strength to take up the cross—then the sweet voice answered—

"I'll come right down."

"Well, hurry up, they are all cross—Bridget and mother."

"Yes, dear."

Rose came back to where we were sitting, but somehow the beauty of her face had all disappeared.

Presently Said came in with a white handkerchief resting on her curls like a dainty morning cap, and with a chamois skin in her hand.

I do not suppose I had looked at Said for two whole years as observantly as I looked at her then. Was it possible this was the sallow, peak-faced girl that had been called "Said?" Her form had rounded into the finest proportions. The blue eyes looked from under the long silken lashes with a depth of tenderness in them, such as one sees in the pictures of nuns grieving for the lost love of this world, and yearning for the sanctification of that to come. The pensive rounding of the smooth cheeks and graceful curving of the red lips were perfect, and every motion was graceful and winning.

Said passed near me with timid recognition, blushing as if she expected no return to her salute. I don't know what impulse made me rise and put my arm around her neck and kiss her, but the girls all burst out laughing when I did so, in such a sarcastic manner that Said slipped hastily away, but not until I had seen the tears in her beautiful eyes.

"What made you kiss Said?" Rose asked tartly, when I was seated again,

"I could not help it," I said; "she's the prettiest creature I ever saw."

Rose pouted.

Said took the steps and mounted boldly. As she stood there with the lace drapery falling around her, with her perfectly moulded arms moving over the glass, I thought what a pity it was that Cousin Ned could not see her, for it would be exactly the kind of picture to take his fancy.

Just then some one entered the front gate, and came along the gravel walk.

"Bless me," Rose cried, springing to her feet, "there is a stranger," and away she ran to arrange her toilet.

Cecelia simply tucked her pretty foot on the cushion, and opened a book in the most graceful way imaginable.

"Do get down, Said," gasped Mat; but Said went on polishing, as if she had not heard.

Mat went to the piano and struck a plaintive chord, just as I recognized the voice of Cousin Ned.

Such a time as we had then! Rose was called, and came down in a silk dress, and was so surprised, and so delighted, and it was so fortunate he had come in season for the party. There was no end to the rapturous exclamations.

Mrs. Whipple had somehow taken off the working gown she had been wearing all the morning, and came sailing forward in a handsome wrapper. She kissed him on both cheeks in such a motherly way, and then after a time, made him try her raspberry shrub, and walked him all over the premises to see the improvements that had been made since he went to Europe.

Ned was in his manners a gentleman, and listened as if she was telling him what he was most eager to know, but every once in a while his eyes glanced toward the front windows, where Said was polishing, without a word of apology, or an attempt to leave her work. When the glasses were cleaned, and she had gone from the room, Ned asked: "Allow me to inquire how it happens, Mrs. Whipple, that you are fortunate in having beautiful servants as well as elegant daughters? Must every thing be beautiful that comes within your pleasant circle?"

Mrs. Whipple laughed, and the girls laughed, but no one said, *the young lady is our relative*, and so Ned still supposed that Said was a house servant.

When we were passing down the walk to go home and while Mrs. Whipple and her daughters were still at the hall door, we came near Said, who was standing among the rose bushes, culling buds for vases.

"Said," I asked, "may I introduce you to my Cousin Ned? You have not forgotten each other, I trust?"

Said blushed the color of the roses she held in her hand, but with perfectly lady-like grace, saluted him.

Ned was embarrassed—any one could see that—but he did find words to say he certainly had not recognized her as he came in. He stopped to select a bud from the fragrant mass, when Rose cried out from the hall steps—

"If you are ready, Said, we will arrange the flowers."

A little tremor passed over the beautiful lips, but she bade us a pleasant good morning, and went in.

"In what capacity does that young lady serve in her aunt's family?" Ned asked, after he had swept off innumerable dandelion blossoms with his cane.

"It would be diffieult to say. She seems to be as much a maid of all work as anything."

Ned was absent-minded from that day forth. I wore the gorgeous silk Ned had brought me from Stewart's, to the party, but no one knew better than I how bowdy I looked beside Said, in her cool white muslin, looped up with moss rosebuds.

As no one seemed to notice her, all being absorbed in their admiration of the Misses Whipple, Cousin Ned took her upon his arm, and, I am afraid, would not have left her the whole evening, had not Mrs. Whipple summoned her to take round the ices. I wish you could have seen Ned's face then; it flushed all over.

The long and the short of the story is, Said became my cousin, and we are as fond of each other as if we were sisters. At first the Whipples were very indignant, but when Ned discovered that Mr. Whipple had made Said an heir equally with his daughters, and refused to allow his wife to receive a penny of the money, they became very patronizing and kind.

As Ned was amply able to buy the Whipples all out, and then have money to lend them, he cared very little for their likes or dislikes. Said is as happy as the days are long, and blesses the hour when she was called upon to polish the windows.

We do not suppose that every young lady who polishes windows will see her lover come up the gravel walk—but no sensible girl should be ashamed to be seen doing anything that is useful and domestic, since no one whose opinion is desirable will think the less of her for being thus employed. A wise man will sooner forgive one for doing too much than too little. Laziness is the mother of many vices.

Why is a postage stamp like a bad scholar? Because it gets licked and put in a corner.