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POETRY.

For the JOURNAL.  
**Build a Home.**

Take root somewhere, fellow-comrade,  
Look out for the rainy day;  
Don't float down the stream with driftwood,  
Mong the slush that floats away.  
Cease your dreaming of a castle  
With its lofty spire and dome;  
Steer for some prolific harbor,  
Go to work, and build a home.

Riches never come by wishing  
Nor are castles built of dreams;  
They are only gay and dazzling,  
Like the bright sun's golden beams.  
Leave your wishing, dreaming, sailing,  
Mid the bubbles and the foam,  
And select some spot that's pleasant,  
Go to work, and build a home.

Fast are autumn days approaching,  
Down the river lies the bay,  
Where you'll find not many landings  
After youth has passed away.  
Then, I pray you, take root somewhere,  
It is time you cease to roam,  
Say you will—that's half the battle,  
Go to work, and build a home.

Asheboro, N. C.

TOM.

**Luke's Love-Making.**

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Oh, confound it!" said Luke Tressaly.

Well! who wouldn't have been tempted to use rather a strong word, to stumble into such a maelstrom of soap-suds, scrubbing brushes and mops? Cleaning house, indeed—the words are all insufficient to express the forlornity of that once cheerful little room.

"And this comes of boarding," said Luke to himself, when he was fairly in the open air.

"If I wasn't such a miserable poltroon about such things, I would ask Jenny Hope to have me. I'll take a little house somewhere and get Jenny Hope to recommend some nice old woman who knows how to roast partridges and darn stockings, and make coffee, and iron shirts."

And Luke Tressaly proceeded merrily towards the brown-stone casket that held his heart's dearest jewel, whistling Yankee Doodle and stroking his brown moustache in a very enviable frame of mind.

Now, what was there in a tall, slender-waisted girl, brown-eyed and pink-cheeked, with a mischievous dimpled mouth, that should reduce a six-footer like Luke Tressaly to speechless confusion? Yet the dewy light of Jenny Hope's eyes made a coward of him at once.

So he sat, twirling his fingers and watching the shine of Jenny's needle, and wondering what he had better say first, until, at length, after fifteen minutes of embarrassed silence, he plunged headlong into his subject.

"Miss. Jenny!"

"Well, Mr. Tressaly?"

"I'm thinking of going to housekeep-

ing."  
"Are you Mr. Tressaly?" Jenny bent lower over her work to bite off a refractory thread, and grew scarlet.

"Yes. The fact is, I'm tired to death of boarding, and I think it would be a nice change, and—and—I fancied you might recommend a housekeeper."

"A housekeeper? what sort of one, Mr. Tressaly?"

"Oh, some nice old woman or other—somebody who can make a snug little home!"

Jenny's eyes sparkled, and her pretty brows contracted with a momentary twitch. Luke stared, and wondered what he had said to vex Miss. Hope.

"I think I can recommend the very person you want," said Miss. Hope, curving her lip.

"Can you? Oh, Miss. Jenny, I shall be a thousand times obliged to you. I'll engage her immediately, and I can look up the house afterward, you know. Who is she?"

"Well, it's my aunt, Miss. Zeruah Plant—she's staying here now, and it has always been her ambition to assume the charge of a gentleman's household. I'll call her at once and you can settle the preliminaries as soon as you please."

Miss. Jenny swept out of the room with the steps of a tragedy queen. Luke followed her with his eyes until the door was closed, and then leaned back in his chair with a deep sigh.

"I'd give a thousand dollars if I only dared ask that girl to marry me."

Miss. Plant was feeding her gray parrot when Jenny came into her room. She was not young, moreover, she was not pretty, and she wore spectacles and a "false front," yet Miss. Plant was still in the *qui vive* for a chance in the lottery matrimonial.

"Aunt, dear," said Jenny demurely, "I have just received a proposal for you."

"For me? O, go 'long!" tittered Miss. Plant, dropping the lump of sugar she was about to regale Pretty Polly with.

"No, but Aunt Zeruah, I'm in earnest."

"Who is it?" said Aunt Zeruah, putting her hand on her heart, and mechanically feeling to see if her glossy black curls were all straight.

"Mr. Tressaly. He wants to go to housekeeping, and needs some lady of mature judgment to preside over his household—so go in and see him!"

"Gracious me!" faltered Aunt Zeruah.

"Wonder if I hadn't better put on my green satin gown with the bugle trimmin'."

"O pshaw—you're well enough," said Jenny. "Besides, he's in a hurry—and think what the consequences would be if you were to miss such an eligible opportunity as this!"

Miss. Zeruah waited to hear no more, but made a dive for the door, leaving Jenny to finish the ministration to the gray parrot at her leisure.

"You sent for me, sir," said Miss. Zeruah, tripping into the parlor, and sinking with girlish confusion into an easy chair opposite Mr. Tressaly.

"Yes," said Luke, unconsciously. "I wished for a capable housekeeper. Do you think you would be willing to take charge of my home?"

"Yes," giggled Miss. Plant, hiding her blushes in a lilac-edged pocket handkerchief. "That is, if you don't think me unmaidenly in so soon giving my consent."

Luke stared—he thought Miss. Plant a very odd woman—but, nevertheless, he went on:

"I'm very particular about my coffee—I suppose you understand all these little details?"

"O' course I do," said Aunt Zeruah. "I can cook first rate, though I say it—who shouldn't say it. My coffee's as clear as wine, and I'm great on biled cakes."

"Are you?" said Luke rather puzzled. "Well, I think we may consider this an engagement."

"I calculate so," said Miss. Plant, again taking refuge in her lilac-bordered handkerchief.

"I should like you to come as soon as possible, as I wish to engage a house immediately," said Luke, rising.

"Oh, certainly," smiled Miss Zeruah. "When is it to be?"

"When is what to be?"

"Why—how embarrassing—the wedding!"

"What wedding?"

"Why—our's, to be sure! Ain't we going to be married?"

"My good woman," said Tressaly turning red to the roots of his hair, "here is some enormous mistake. I merely wished to engage a housekeeper—I never dreamed of proposing to you!"

"Well, I'm sure!" shrieked Miss. Zeruah, every false curl bristling with her agitation. "I'll have you to know that I don't need to go out to service—and I'm as good as you be, any day of the week! And if you calculate to insult a poor, lone woman, you'll find out you've waked up the wrong passenger! I'll prosecute you, I will, you good-for-nothin', stuck up, hairy-faced dandy! I'll sue you for breach o' promise—see if I don't!"

And Miss. Plant rushed furiously from the room, leaving Luke in a state of astonished bewilderment difficult to describe.

"Upon my word, here's a pretty misunderstanding," quoth Luke aloud. "Fancy me married to that old maid. I'd rather board by all odds, for—Hash! What's that?"

It sounded like a suppressed giggle. Luke walked straight to the door whence the mysterious sound proceeded, and caught Miss. Jenny Hope's two little resisting hands ere she could escape from her ambush.

"Don't, Mr. Tressaly!" said Jenny, between her merry bursts of laughter.

"I will!" said Luke undauntedly. "It serves you right for laughing at me!"

"And you don't want to marry Aunt Zeruah after all!" said Jenny, the brown eyes beaming with fun. "Why I thought you wanted a housekeeper!"

"So I do," quoth the valiant Luke.

"Then why don't you marry Aunt Zeruah?"

"Because I had rather marry you."

"Nonsense, Mr. Tressaly!" faltered Jenny, turning rose-red, and trying desperately to escape.

"No, it isn't nonsense, Jenny," said Luke, stooping down to get a better view into the blushing, averted face. "Seriously, Jenny, will you have me? No—you shan't go until I have had an answer, my heart's little queen. Yes or no—will you marry me?"

"I—suppose—so," said Jenny, with a mischievous sparkle through her down-cast lashes, "that is, if you and Aunt Zeruah can't come to any understanding."

Luke Tressaly paid Miss. Jenny on the spot for that arrow of sarcasm. How he did so, don't particularly concern anybody. Does it? All that we have anything to do with is the fact that Luke Tressaly did set up housekeeping, some three months subsequently, with brown-eyed Mrs. Jenny to preside over the coffee and partridges.

And he says he likes it better than boarding.

**A Poor Unfortunate.**

"Get out of that!" is the stern command which now oftenest issues from the mouths of local magistrates when a vagrant is brought before them. No matter where the wretch may go, so the cost of keeping a stranger and an outcast is avoided. This was what a judge in Milwaukee said to a woman when she was arraigned for vagrancy and drunkenness: "Just you get out of this town in twenty-four hours!" So she went to the railway depot, but the ticket-seller having no disposition to help her to obey the judicial mandate, she concluded to "get out" by throwing herself under the wheels of an outgoing freight train. The engine was stopped in time, and she was put off the track. Still she was bound to "get out of this," and wandering a little further cast herself in front of another train. Here, too, she was rescued. She couldn't "get out." So she wandered into a neighboring marsh, where she was found by an officer, and taken in charge. What they did with her then we are not informed. She certainly had done her best to "get out." We haven't overmuch pity for a muscular and "cheeky" tramp, whose daily business it is to "move on;" but surely for a wretched, homeless, and half-frenzied woman, some shelter may usually be found.

An old lady residing in Ohio lost the companion with whom she had jogged for many years. She neglected to mark the spot of his burial by even a stone. Not long after coming into possession of a small legacy, a sister of the deceased said to her, "I suppose you will put up stones for Daniel?" Her answer was a settler: "If the Lord wants anything of Daniel at the resurrection, I guess he can find him without a guideboard."