

de W. Ban

MASONIC JOURNAL

A MASONIC AND FAMILY WEEKLY.

VOL. 1.

GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1876

NO 19

POETRY.

The Poor Man's Jewels.

BY MRS. DENISON

My ham is a poor one
To all who pass it by;
They canno see its beau y
And neither fit i can I—
That is in print or timber,
In Norway or in ro f—
But that it has is beauties
I'll quickly g've yeprof.

Come hither, young ones, bither,
Your father's steps are near—
That's Bess with hair so yellow.
Tha's Sue with eyes so clear;
That's Will with twiny trow e's
Tucked in his stockin g;
And you ter two wee dar i's
A bby Jean and Megg.

A cluster of the Jewels.
Fit i in the ragg i set;
If any man has bigh er,
I have to larn it yet.
And, Tom, when l am swinging
These arms with weary strain,
Their blessed faces cheer me,
And make me strong again,

I sometimes sit and wonder
What will their future be,
If they must delve and patter
A treadmill round like m;
And scarcely, at the year's end,
Have half a groat to spare—
And see b'lemen put over them,
Twill be too hard to bear.

But then, I think, as nations
Rise on the scale of might,
God puts the poor man forward,
And gives him power and light;
And learning Tom will do it—
And Christian truth will show
That heaven makes no distinction
Between the high and the low.

So, though my home is a poor one,
To all who pass it by,
And no ne can see its beauty
Say mother, God and I,
The future may be grander
For some great glory won—
Some gem set in the ages
By even a poor man's son

A Railway Episode.

THE STRONG-MINDED RURAL FEMALE
WITH A YOUTH AT HER APRON-STRINGS.

They came into the car at a way-station together. She was in the lead—a position she is not likely to surrender so long as they travel together. A tall brunette, with a sharp face, piercing black eyes, hair black as the raven's wing, a long aquiline nose with a mole on the side of it, a mouth the cut of which betokened determination and force. She had passed the shady side of the teens, and had climbed to the apex of a quarter of a century. He was a guileless youth over whose tow-colored head some eighteen summers had passed, an innocent hobbledehoy, just released from his mother's apron strings. On him she cast loving glances, and his face, suffused in blushes, was turned with appealing look to her.

The car was crowded and eligible seats not easily obtainable. About the middle of the car a sedate traveler occupied a seat to himself. Thither the irrepressible lady passed her way, sedate traveler rose, and with much courtesy invited her to take a seat next to the window, and when she was seated he calmly ensconced himself upon the vacant half of the chair. By this time the young man whom she was escorting came up. He placed his hand on the back of the seat, looked appealingly into the face of his protectress and timidly around the car. He was evidently embarrassed, and didn't know what to do with himself. The sharp-nosed brunette eyed the sedate traveler by her side with a sharpness that almost amounted to malignity.

But the traveler seemed all unconscious of the situation to which he was subjected, and looked away over the fields through an opposite widow.

The少女 could endure to see her yellow head standing forlorn no longer and thus addressed the sedate traveler, whose eyes were wandering far away and whose thoughts were with the dear ones at home.

"I say, stranger!"

"Well, say on," responded the sedate traveler.

"I say, look here stranger!"

"Well, what have you to show me?" said the sedate man.

"Stranger, I want you to know that this young gentleman standing up there is my feller."

"Oh! I'm glad to hear it. How long have you had him? Take care of him I suppose."

"Now just look here, stranger; this young man is my feller and I'm bound to see that nobody shan't impose upon him. You hear me. Now if you had any manners you'd just get right up and let him have a seat by me."

"Oh, I'm very happy in your society. You cannot imagine how much pleasure it has given me to furnish you a seat where you can see through the window. Besides, I always took especial delight in being near charming ladies like yourself," replied the sedate traveler.

"But, sir, he is my feller, sir, my beau—do you understand?"

"Is that so? Who would have thought it? And does his mother place him under your protection when he goes abroad?"

"Now, you look here stranger, me and that young man expects to be engaged, and we've been keeping company together, and me and he wants to have a talk together, and you are real mean if you don't give him a seat by me so that we can talk; that's what I think."

The imperturbable traveler straightened up, then leaned over in the direction of the sharp-faced brunette, smiled most benignly and loving on her, and thus spoke:

"Charming lady, I would be most happy to accommodate you, but you see I'm

a pilgrim and a stranger, wayworn and weary, and a long way from home. Besides, my heart is just now beating a tattoo of ecstatic satisfaction because of your presence. Being a bachelor, and so near one so lovely and engaging, how can I forego the great pleasure I now enjoy? I have had dreams in my time—bright dreams—as I have wandered through this great big world of sometime meeting with one to whom I could reveal all this sad heart of mine would fain no longer conceal. You are the impersonation of my dreams, and now would you drive me from your loving side? Say, has no bird sung in your heart? I saw you come as a star rises above the horizon, and the light of your eyes has illuminated my soul. Say, beautiful stranger, will you drive me hence?"

The sedate traveller ceased to speak.

The fire had gone down in the brunette's eyes, the severe expression had vanished from her face, her stern lips relaxed their rigidity and parted just enough to reveal the ivory structure within, and with a tone that was soft and low she asked:

"Did you say you was a bachelor?"

"Aye, beautiful stranger, that's my fortunate situation."

Then the brunette turned her eyes softly upon her "feller," who was twitching his fingers and gazing around in an bashful, timid sort of way, and thus she addressed him:

"Tom, I guess you'd better git another seat, while I speak with this gentleman."

A Doubtful Complaint.

Eli Perkins tells this characteristic story on himself and his lecture experience in his new book:

One day, writes he, as the Chicago Burlington and Quincy Railroad train neared Burlington, Iowa, I sat down by an old farmer from near Octumwa. Corn bins lined the road and millions of bushels of corn greeted us from the car windows. Sometimes the bins full of golden grain followed the track like a huge yellow serpent.

Looking up at the old granger, I ask him where all this corn came from. "Do you ship it from New York sir?"

"From what?" he said.

"From New York, sir."

"Yes sir," I said, "Did you import it from New York or ship it from England?"

He looked at me from head to foot, examined my coat, looked at my ears, and he exclaimed:—"Great—!"

I never heard those two words sound so like "darned fool" before.

A moment afterward the old farmer turned his eyes pityingly upon me and asked me where I lived.

"I live in New York, sir."

"Whar?"

"In New York, sir. I came West to lecture."

"What, you lecture?"

"Yes, sir."

"You?"

"I do."

"You lecture, do you? Well, I'd give ten dollars to hear you lecture."

I never knew whether it was a great compliment, or—well, or what it was.

Crumbs from Josh Billings.

I don't kare how rich a man iz, if he expeks to enjoy things in this life he has got to liv just as tho he was poor.

The only way to hold your own iz to keep advancing—no one can set still and do it.

A dog iz no flatterer, if he iz yure friend or yure enemy, yu kno it rite off.

It duz seem that all mankind luv lies more than they do truth. How menny people do yu suppoze thare iz in the world who wouldn't rather listen to flattery they knu waz false, than to reproof they knu was just?

Wize men laff at most things in this life—it iz only the phools who gap and swallow.

Fortune iz a wheel allwuss on the move; and thoe at the top to-day are at the bottom to-morrow.

There iz not a man on earth who iz free from envy. If thare ever should be one he ought to pray for immejiate translaishun, before he gits the disease.

Yu kant alwns tell how much a man iz really tickled by hearing him laff. Thare ought to be a masheen invented to meazzure the joy in him, just az thare iz to find out how much water thare iz in milk.

Honesty iz the basis ov all that iz good or even remarkable in enny man.

The reazon whi everybody luvs a child, and pets a puppy, iz bekause they are so natral.

Whenever yu see a phellow who iz forever and amen in a red hot hurry, yu kan make up yure mind that he haint got much to do, and but little kapacity to do it.

Man iz a natral glutton, being something ov a phool. He eats everything that kreeps, krawls, swims, wiggles, and then wonders what on earth ails him.

I never knu a person yet who was allwuss bragging ov their relashuns, that had ennything ov their own to brag about.

The quickest way to take the humility out ov a man who iz forever blaming himself for sumthing, iz to agree with him. This aint what he iz looking for.

Every city or town in which there are several Lodges should have a relief committee composed of delegates from the several Lodges, to which all applications for aid from Brothers not members of their Lodge, should be referred. In cities especially, there are frequent calls from travelling Brothers whose means have become exhausted, or from Freemasons' wives or widows needing aid or protection. It is usually the case that some few generous brothers are always called upon, or some particular Lodge will be constantly donating, while in fairness, the burden should be evenly distributed over all.—*Hebrew Leader*.