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Somebody's Heart.

My heart is waiting for somebody;
Somebody, where can he be?
Somewhere on earth he is waiting,
Waiting and watching for me.

My heart shall be faithful and true, then,
To that somebody, wherever he be;
Yes! my heart is locked firmly and fast,
But there's some one possessing the key.

How shall I know who's the somebody?
My heart will tell faithful and true;
You wonder who can be the somebody?
Well, somebody, darling, is you.

When it blows in Illinois it blows hard. A man sitting in his house at Shipman, eating a pie, heard the storm coming and ran to the door. The gale first blew the horse down and then seized the man, carried him through the air a hundred yards or so, and landed him in a peach tree. Soon after a friendly board from his own house came floating by. This he seized and placed over his head to protect himself from the raging blast. Under this shelter he finished his pie. The above is related as a veritable occurrence.

Boys, when they are boys, are queer enough. How many ridiculous notions they have, and what singular desires, which in after life change and shape themselves into characteristics? Who remembers when he would have sold his birthright for a rocking horse, and his new suit of clothes for a monkey? Who forgets the sweet faced girl older than himself, against whose golden hair he leaned, and wept his grief away? Who recollects when the thought of being a circus rider appeared greater than to be President, and how jealously he watched the fellows who wore the spangled jackets, and prayed to become one of them? If memory preserves not these capacities, or something similar, the boy is lost in the man. Happy visions! They come but once and go quickly, leaving us ever to sigh for a return of what can never be again.

A three-story brick dwelling was built recently in Lancaster in twenty hours, although the contract was for thirty. The bricklayers completed their work in twelve hours, including one hour lost in waiting for brick. Thirty-nine thousand brick were used, and ten bricklayers averaged four thousand in that time. The plasterers, carpenters and painters, completed their work at the end of the second day. This is certainly one of the most extraordinary feats in house building on record.

NEVER.—Never taste an atom when you are not hungry; it is suicidal.

Never enter an omnibus without having the exact change.

Never stop to talk in a church aisle after service is over.

Never pick your nose in company.

Never speak of your father "as the old man."

Never reply to the epithet of a drunkard, a fool, or a low fellow.

Never speak contemptuously of woman-kind.

Never abuse one who has once been your bosom friend.

Never seek to create a smile at the expense of your religion or your Bible.

Never stand at the corner of a street.

Never take a second nap.

Never eat a hearty supper.

Never insult poverty.

Never eat between meals.

Never fret; it will only shorten your days.

Gov. Flanders, of Washington Territory writes a long letter to some gentlemen at Walla Walla assuring them that he wanted Anderson Cox, Esq., appointed Governor and didn't want the appointment himself, but President Grant forced it on him. Certainly! The President is noted for this sort of thing! His only trouble has been to find men who would take appointments!—Oregonian.

CRYSTALLIZING FLOWERS.—This is done by suspending or repeatedly dipping them in water saturated with alum. This, however, can only be done with dried specimens. The freshness and beauty of flowers can be preserved by dipping them in glycerine.

What did the potter say to the clay? Be-ware.

Law vs. Cats.

There were two Arkansas lawyers. They were good fellows—I mean good for lawyers—and being members of the hardsell Baptist church, for a wonder, or for effect, just as you like, and were each called "Judge." And they hated cats as much as country editors hate each other.

Court was being held in the town of L., and our two judges (Clark and Thomas) were in attendance.

The town of L. consisted of a courthouse built of logs, a jail built of logs, a hotel built of logs, and a surrounding forest, which was also of logs.

The jail, as I said before, was built of logs, and was without a foundation. It was a one story building, and it was said the prisoners used to dig themselves out with the ace of spades. But I always thought the rumor had no more foundation than the jail had.

The hotel was quite a large structure. The partitions which divided the rooms of the hotel were of logs, and guiltless of chinking or daubing.

They used to make splendid corn dodgers at that hotel, the best I ever ate. In fact, there was but one objection to the corn dodgers, and I only discovered that the morning I left. It was this—the dogs were allowed to sleep in the meal chest.

But to my story. It had been a hot day. The judge upon the bench had been hot, the lawyers had warmed with their subjects until they had become perfectly fiery; the sheriff, poor fellow, had "cried" both at the opening and closing of the court, and of course, he was warm, too; several fieri facias had been issued—though many of the fiery faces were attributed as much to a portable billiard saloon, which was kept in a gallon jug back of the court house, as to the weather. The jury had disagreed, and you may be sure they were warm. So, you see, I was right in saying it had been a hot day. Supper was hastily swallowed, and everybody being tired, became untired and sought rest in sleep.

But, to my story. The beds were were shakedown, six or eight in a room. Judge Clark lay with his head to the north, on one side, and Judge Thomas lay with his head to the south, on the other side of the room. So far as that room was concerned, it might be said that their heads represented the north and south poles, respectively.

All the other beds in the room were occupied. In the center of the room was a comparatively large space of neutral ground in which the occupants of the different beds had equal rights. Here in picturesque confusion lay the boots, hats, coats and breeches of the sleepers. There were no windows, and though the door was open, there being no moon, the night was very dark in that room.

And, now to my story. It was a peaceful scene. The wily lawyers, who had been contumacious as wild pigs through the day, were now the very incarnations of meekness; for when the hungry swarm of mosquitoes settled down and bit them on the one cheek, they slowly turned the other to be bitten also.

But hush! hark! A deep sound strikes on the ear like a rising knell.

"Me-ow-ow!"

Judges Clark and Thomas were wide awake and sitting bolt upright in an instant. Again the startling cry!

"Meow, ye-ow!"

"There's a cat!" said Clark.

"Scat, you!" hissed Thomas.

Cat paid no attention to these demonstrations, but picked herself a softer spot on the log upon which she was sitting, and gave vent to another yowl.

"Oh, Lord!" cried Clark, "I can't stand this. Where is she, Thomas?"

"On your side of the room somewhere," replied Thomas.

"No, she's on your side," said Clark.

"Ye-ow-ow!"

"There, I told you she was on your side," they both exclaimed in a breath.

And still the "yowl" went on.

But to my story. The idea now entered the heads of both the lawyers, that by the exercise of certain strategy they might be enabled to execute a certain flank movement on the cat and totally

demoralize her. Practically, each determined to file a motion to quash the cat's attachment for the room.

Each kept his plan to himself, and, in the dark, unable to see each other, prepared for action. Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that the same plan suggested itself to both. In words, this plan was about as follows: The yowler is evidently looking and calling for another cat, with whom she has made an appointment. I will imitate a cat, and this cat will think to other cat's around. This cat will come towards me, and when she shall have arrived within reach, I'll blaze away with anything I can get hold of, and break the neck out of her.

But to my story.

Each of the portly judges, noiselessly as cream comes to the surface of milk, hoisted himself on his hands and knees, and, in hippopotamus fashion, advanced to the neutral ground occupying the central portion of the room. Arrived there, Judge Clark selected a bootjack, and Judge Thomas a heavy cowhide boot, from the heap, and settled themselves down to the work. Clark tightened his grip on the bootjack, and throwing up his head, gave vent to a prolonged "and unceasingly "ye-ow-ow!" that would have reflected credit upon ten of the largest kind of cats.

"Aha!" thought Thomas, who was not six feet away, "he's immediately close around! Now I'll inveigle him!" and he gave the regular dark night call of a feminine est.

Each of the judges advanced a little closer, and Clark produced a questioning "Ow! ow!" Thomas answered by a reassuring "Pur-ow! pur-ow!" and they advanced a little more.

They were now within easy reach, and each imagining the cat had but a moment more to live, wheeled away, the one with his boot, the other with his bootjack. The boot took Clark square in the mouth demolishing his teeth, and the bootjack came down on Thomas' bald head just as he was in the midst of a triumphant "Ye-ow!"

When lights were brought the cat had disappeared, but the catastrophe was in opposite corners of the room, with heels in the air, swearing blue streaks.

On the Square.

"Do you make calls on New Year's?"

"Never," said Tom. "I used to, but I'm cured."

"How so?" said I, anxious to learn his experience.

"Why, you see," said Tom feelingly, "as I was making calls, some years back, I fell in love with a beautiful girl—that she was. Well, sir, I courted her like a trump, and I thought I had her sure, when she eloped with a tailor—that lovely creature did."

"She showed bad taste," said I compassionately.

"More than that," remarked Tom, nervously. "Downright inhumanity is the word. I could stand being jilted for a down town broker, a captain with whiskers, or anything showy, that I could—but to be cut out, like a suit of clothes, by the ninth part of a man—that was brutality. But I swore vengeance—that I did."

"Vengeance?" I nervously inquired.

"Yes, sir," said Tom with earnestness. "and I took it. I patronized the robber of my happiness, and ordered a full suit of clothes, regardless of expense. The tailor laid himself out on the job, I tell you; they were stunning, you may believe it."

"But your vengeance?" said I, prompting him.

"I struck that tailor in the most vital point—that I did; I never paid that bill—no, sir, I didn't. But those infernal clothes were the cause of all my future misfortune—that they were."

"How so?" said I, with a smile of compassion.

"Wearing them, I captivated my present wife. She told me so, and I haven't had a happy day since. But I am bound to be square with that wretched tailor, in the long run. I've left him a legacy, on condition that he marries my widow."

Query—Is the wheel of time ever tired?

The Old Bachelor.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

A chronicle old bachelor is invariably of the neuter gender, don't care how much he may offer to bet that 'tain't so. They are like dried apples on a string—want a good soaking before they will do to use.

I suppose there is sum of them who have a good excuse for their neuteriness; many of them are too stingy to marry. This is one of the best excuses I know of, for a stingy man aint fit to have a nice woman.

Some old bachelors git after a flirt, and make a great show of her, but then konkludes all the female group are hard to ketch, and good for nothing when they are ketched.

A flirt is a rough thing to overhaul, unless the right dog gets after her, and then they are the easiest of all to ketch, and often make the very best of wives.

When a flirt really falls in love, she is as powerless as a mown daisy.

Her impudence then changes into modesty, her cunning into fear, her spurs into a halter, her pruning hook into a cradle.

The best way to ketch a flirt is to travel the other way from which they are going, or sit down on the ground and whistle some lively tune till the flirt comes round.

Old bachelors make the flirts; and then the flirts get more than ever, by making the old bachelors.

A majority of the flirts get married finally, for they have a great quantity of the most dainty titbits of woman's nature, and always hev shrewdness to back up their sweetness.

Flirts don't deal in poetry and water gretel; they hev got tew hev brains, or else somebody would trade them out of their capital at the fust swap.

Disappointed luv-must of course be all on one side, and this aint any more excuse for being an old bachelor than it is for a man to quit all kinds of manual labor, jist out of spite, and jine a poor-house becuz he can't lift a tun at one pop.

An old bachelor will brag about his freedom to you, his relief from anxiety, his independence. This is a dead beat past resurrection, for everybody knows their aint a more anxious dupe than he is. All his dreams are charcoal sketches of boarding school misses; he dresses, greases his hair, paints his grizzly moustache, cultivates bunyons and corns, and pleases his captains, the women, and only gets luffed at for his pains.

I tried being an old bachelor till I was about twenty years old, and came very near dieing a dozen times. I had more sharp pain in one year than I have had since put it all in a heap. I was in a lively fever all the time. There is only one person who has inhabited this world thus far that I think could hev been an old bachelor and done the subject justice, and he was Adam; but I hold it is every man's duty to seleck a partner and keep the dance hot.

TAKE THE PAINS.—Never think it too much trouble to answer your children's questions. How often do we hear the tart reply:

"I am sure I don't know child—don't tease me, when you see I'm busy!"

This is the surest way to stunt the growth of your child's mind. It is the most cruel and ruthless conduct possible, thus to deny a child the information which he craves, and allow him to feel all the awkwardness and pain to which ignorance exposes him. Rather hail with joy these indications of a growing mind, and make the little inquirer happy by drawing him to you with a kiss, and give him as full and patient an elucidation as he may require.

DOES IT EXIST.—Wendell Phillips says: "The south creates an ideal Yankee; he does not exist; he never did exist. The North creates an ideal Southerner; he never existed. The United States lavishes thousands of millions of dollars in an endeavor to deal with an ideal Indian; he never existed."

The blacks are rising in Kansas for a war of extermination—that is, the black birds are cleaning out the grasshoppers.

AGRICULTURAL.

A LITTLE WHITEWASH.

Yes, a little whitewash will do a great amount of good; but a full supply, enough to cover the inside of barns, stables, cellars, etc., with two good coatings, is much better. The lime which enters into this composition is a purifying agent, and the wash serves as a disinfectant. The benefits conferred in this regard compensate for all the labor and expense involved in whitewashing; but the clean tidy appearance which it gives to farm premises is most pleasing and salutary. In no way can a farmer make so imposing and even elegant a show, for a trifling expenditure, as by a free use of whitewash. Even old buildings glow and glisten under the whitewash brush, and assume a new and fresh appearance. Buildings, in the eye of the owner, as well as those of his neighbors, have a higher money value after the process is completed.

A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* keeps the curculio from his plum trees this way: "As soon as the blossoms are fairly open, I sprinkle common salt around the trunk of the tree, covering a space as far out from the trunk as the limbs extend, making the ground fairly white with salt, using from one to two quarts to a tree, then, with an iron tooth rake I give the ground a thorough scratching, working more or less of the salt from one to two inches into the ground. As soon as the blossoms have fairly fallen from the tree, I repeat the operation, which will usually be in about ten days from the first application. Two applications are all that are required to obtain a crop of plums."

No artificial food can compete with grass, its juices matured and sweetened by growing widespread under the sun. Improve your pastures, and, meanwhile, do the best you can with substitutes.

Muck should not be taken to the field direct from the swamps. It should be exposed to the atmosphere for six months or more, the longer the better, and composted with lime or unbleached ashes.

An English farmer, by picking over wheat with the utmost care, and planting a grain in a place, at intervals of a foot each way, produced 162 bushels to the acre.

A colt that measured only 9½ inches in height was lately foaled in Kentucky.

A CIRCUS DIRECTOR EATEN UP.—A Brussels correspondent writes: "Easter week has closed with a fearful occurrence at Baillieu. A troupe of performing lions had been visiting the place. On the night of the last performance the lion-tamer was suddenly taken ill, and in order not to disappoint the public, the director of the circus, M. Brennett, notwithstanding the opposition of his friends, was rash enough to undertake the "domp-teurs" part. Mr. Brennett entered the cage, and succeeded for a time in making the lions go through their performances; but when it came to the close, which consists in giving the animals raw meat, the director lost courage, and instead of keeping a firm eye on the animals, as tamers are wont to do, he trembled, and made for the door of the cage. This sealed his doom. A large lioness was the first to pounce upon him, and in a few minutes the rash unfortunate man was torn to pieces, spite of the efforts of a keeper, who endeavored with a pole to separate the animals. The excitement among the audience can be better imagined than described.

Many persons become so much affected with nervousness that the least annoyance greatly agitates them, and when they stretch out their hands they shake like aspen leaves on windy days. By a daily moderate use of the blanched stalks of celery as a salad, they may become as strong and steady in limbs as other people. Every one engaged in labor weakening to the nerves, or afflicted with palpitation of the heart, should use celery daily in season, and onions in its stead when not in season.

An old bachelor, seeing the words "Families supplied" over the door of a shop, stopped in and said he would take a wife and two children.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

Carpets are bought by the yard and worn by the foot.

What is the most popular kind of cuff? The hand-cuff.

What soup would cannibals prefer? The broth of a boy!

Why are clouds like a coachman? Because they hold the rains.

The artist who took a lady, returned her the same day.

Who was the first man condemned to hard labor for life? Adam.

When is a lawyer most like a donkey? When drawing a conveyance.

It is a very bad sort of education to be "brought up by a policeman."

Moving for a new trial—courting a second wife.

Why is misery like most young ladies? Because "Misery loves company."

He who assails a drunken man is like one who clubs a horse when the owner is away.

Many men who pretend to have grains of good common sense seem to have scruples about using them.

Why should a chimney sweep be a good whist player? Because he is always following soot.

Why does a waiter at the restaurant resemble a race-horse? Because he runs for the plate.

A punster says that New York city is now governed by Oakey Hall, Tammany Hall, and Alcohol.

When your pocket is empty, and your stomach also, sit down near a hot fire and read a cookery-book.

Josh Billings says that opera music don't have any more effect on him than castor oil would have upon a graven image.

A man turned his son out of doors lately, because he wouldn't pay him house rent—a striking proof of pay-rental affection.

Ladies are like watches—pretty enough to look at—sweet faces and delicate hands, but somewhat difficult to "regulate" after they are a-going.

An advertising tallow chandler modestly announces that without any disparagement to the sun, he may confidently assert that his octagonal spermaceti are the best lights ever invented.

"A lecture will be delivered in the open air, and a collection taken at the door to defray expenses," appeared recently on a poster in the west of England.

Happiness consists of being perfectly satisfied with what we have got and with what we haven't got.

The tobacco chewer is said to be like a goose in a dutch oven—always on a spit.

Some one has invented a new plan for cheap boarding. One of the boarders mesmerizes the rest, then eats a hearty meal—the mesmerized being satisfied from sympathy.

We yesterday saw three boys "playing horse" says the *Carson Appeal* of Sunday. A white boy and a little darkey were hitched up together and a China boy, was holding the reins and driving them. What will become of our Constitutional rights if this thing is suffered to continue.

One of the editors of the *Paris Siecle* lately committed suicide on being told that his brother's illness was mortal. He stabbed himself, crept to his brother's bedside, and died there. Both the brothers were found dead in the morning.

In Australia they have gone into a new kind of poultry raising. They have fenced in 10,000 acres, where ostriches are kept, and it is found that the feathers of a full grown bird will sell for \$100 a year.

The artesian well of the Insane Asylum, St. Louis, Mo., has been abandoned, after reaching a depth of four thousand feet. The last 1,000 feet cost \$500 per foot.

Let the man who will not forgive remember that he breaks the only bridge over which he himself can pass to heaven.

Our powers owe much of their energy to our hopes.