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Don't Stay Late To-Night.

There be some wot of, who, if they chance to read the following exquisite and truthful lines, will see themselves reflected, and pause and think:

The hearth of home is beaming
With rays of rosy light;
And lovely eyes are gleaming,
As falls the shade of night.
And while the steps are leaving
The circles pure and bright,
A tender voice, with sighing
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."
The world in which thou movest,
Is busy, brave and wide;
The world of her thou lovest
Is at the single side;
She waits for thy warm greeting;
Thy smile is her delight,
Her gaze is voice entreating,
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."
The world, cold, inhuman,
Will spurn thee, if thou fall;
The love of one poor woman
Outlasts and shames them all;
Thy children will cling around thee,
Let fate be dark or bright;
At home no shaft will wound thee—
Then, "Don't stay late to-night."

The Twin Sisters.

"Well," said Ned Arlington, "for my part I have never loved but one woman, and she is now my better half."
"I tell you," replied a fellow stage-coacher, "you had an easy courtship. I was compelled to love two ladies."
"Two ladies?"
"Yes, sir, two ladies."
"But you did not love them both alike?"
"Now, stranger, there was just the trouble; I was thinking of this precise difficulty when I remarked you had an easy courtship."
"You puzzle me," exclaimed Ned. "Suppose you relieve our minds by a rehearsal?"
"It will afford me pleasure and you entertainment," rejoined the handsome and social fellow traveler.
Here we leaned forward, intent on hearing how a man was compelled to love two girls with the same degree of fervor.
"My friends," said he, "if you ever visit New Haven, Connecticut, you will hear these expressions: 'As much alike as the Grover girls'; or this: 'You can no more distinguish them than you can tell Sue from Hannah Grover.' I say, ladies and gentlemen, when a New Havener is discussing a point of similitude, he is sure to refer to the Grover girls."
I had not been in the Elm City six weeks before I heard these comparisons.
I went there intending to enter a business firm. On my arrival I stopped at the Tontine. At this hotel two gentlemen were arguing a point of law, and it was then I first heard this language. One was proving that two expressions meant but the same thing, and paralleled the two propositions with the notorious twins.
Now there is one thing I have in common with women—that is curiosity. I own it, and will confess that I was on nettles. Never could I be appeased until I had a near view of these females.
"Tell me," said I to the book-keeper, "are these Grover girls so very much alike?"
"Are they?" said he in surprise.
"Well, I will tell you, Mr. Miller, if you can distinguish them after a week's acquaintance, I will pay your bill at this house for the balance of your residence."
"How can I see them?"
"I'll tell you. Observe that bright looking gent with the white hat. That is Mr. Potter, one of our rising lawyers. He is intimate with the sisters. Obtain an introduction to him, and he will see you through."
"Are these ladies in good standing?"
"Oh! among the first people."
"Can Mr. Potter distinguish them?"
"Never, sir, never; and he looks with the eye of a detective."
"How long has he known them?"
"Three or four years, to my certain knowledge; it may be longer."
This determined me. I soon established myself with the lawyer by retaining him in an important case. I found

him more than willing to afford the introduction, as he was anxious to see the fix their identity never failed to create in a stranger.
I will never forget that first interview. Two exquisitely beautiful ladies entered the room. I beheld duplicates. One the precise copy of the other. They dressed alike to a ribbon and a ring. Their voices and countenances gave no clue. Then their motions left you none the wiser.
Said Potter, "Now take a good look, for I wish you to see if you can identify them."
"Mr. Potter," said I, "you will embarrass the ladies."
"Not at all," said one. "We are used to this," said the other. "It is the great amusement afforded by our resemblance." Here both spoke, but on honor, it sounded like one voice.
"Ladies," said I, "pardon me; I know you are not horses, but allow me to look at your teeth!"
I desired this, deeming there would be found some little speck, indentation or irregularity that would serve as an index. They exhibited their pearly rows; but after a minute investigation, I was no better informed. I examined the finger nails, then their hands, still I had no point of distinction, and I gave it up that Sue and Hannah might forever exchange places without fear of detection on my part.
The ridiculous blunders of admirers were frequent. Mantuamakers, shoemakers, and tradespeople in general, were continually presenting Sue an account created by Hannah, or telling Hannah some lingo intended only for the ears of Sue.
The beauty of the ladies impressed me. They were of my style. An acquaintance of two months demonstrated their superiority in all respects. In brief, I found myself in love—but with which one?
When tender ideas arose, I found it just as natural to one as to the other. Yes, I solemnly aver I was in love—I had the conjugal article. I frequently took them out, yet never knew whom I had. If my lady would quote Sue, I thought it clear I had Hannah; or if Hannah was mentioned, I believed I was beaming Sue. Indeed, it was a mere matter of faith. There was no evidence, for as often one palmed herself on me as the other. This was a chronic dodge, played on their various admirers to suit convenience and insure rest. As far as these gallants were concerned, it was immaterial; although one might be called for by name, the other would do just as well, no one being able to detect the difference.
I often implored them to contradict themselves by some article of apparel or jewelry. "That would spoil our fun," they would exclaim, as though I meditated some terrible infliction. As I have told you, I felt that my happiness depended upon the possession of one of these twins. But for whom should I ask the parents? Honestly, it was no matter which one I had, as affection could make no choice.
On a lovely eve in September, one sister was from home. Now, thought I, here is a surety that I can talk a whole evening to one of this dual phenomenon. As she entered the parlor, said I, "How do you do, Miss Hannah?" "You are wrong, sir; it's Miss Sue." "Are you humbugging?" "Truly not; I tell you sincerely. You now address Sue Grover." I saw she looked unusually tender, and taking advantage of her faltering voice and tremulous manner, I declared my love, and she returned it with all the ardor of her true and impassioned nature. I summoned the old folks; told our devotion; gave prospects and made all essential revelations. The senior Grovers gave us their blessings, and assured us that they would see our course of true love "should run smooth."
But what if that other girl should come in? What a pretty mix! How would I ever know my girl? Though again I assure you it would have made no difference. I would have proposed to Hannah just the same. My only trouble was in the multitude of embarrassments

incident to non-distinguishment. On this ground I had a genuine trouble.
Before Hannah returned, I invited Sue to take a walk on the green. When opposite the center of the church, I spoke of the betrothal ring, and requested her to please let me see the ring she wore. She took it off, and I carelessly plied with it to throw her off her guard—then calling her attention to a party of students, took my Congress knife and drew the file blade through the inner part. It left a nice mark, and by this I hoped to identify her in future. On my return to the house I secretly posted her parents. They said that I did properly—that it was time Sue should be recognized by her affianced!
"You think you are smart," said she, ere I left her.
"Why?" replied I.
"Oh," responded she, "that ring game has been tried by half a dozen admirers. I suspected what you were at, but thought I would see how many heads would conceive the same plan."
The next day neither she nor her sister wore a ring. One week after they resumed them; but in neither was there a mark. It was evident that I was about to be out-generated, and would have to depend on the discretion of my intended, and the goodness of their parents.
At parties I had several trials. I never knew whom I took home; would talk a flood of love to the wrong girl, and receive a laugh for my enthusiasm.
"Hang it," said I, "the cream of the joke is—I can't be revenged for I might hurt the wrong lady."
The betrothal ring was given. Now, thought I, there is a termination to my discomfiture. Well, it did terminate in just twenty-four hours. Hannah took Sue's ring, went to a jewelry store, and ordered one precisely like it, bearing the inscription. Moreover, she charged him to see that the engraving was counterfeited beyond recognition. It was done. So was I. Now what could I do? Had Sue been willing I could have schemed forty devices. But she relished the dish, and would never co-operate. Wedding day came. I must take a young lady on the word of herself or her parents.
"Well," said I, mentally, "so I get one of the girls, my object will be accomplished."
The ceremony was performed before an immense throng, in the largest church in the city. The bridal dress, fortunately, enabled me to adhere to one. Congratulations being over, my bride and I journeyed to Niagara, and inspected several Canadian cities and towns.
"Ah!" said I, lovingly to my wife, "Sue, darling, I will know you now."
"How?" said she. "By the diamond ring," replied I. "Don't be too sure, Clarence." "Ah," laughed I, "Hannah told her sister the name of the New York importer, and on our return a small hand was proffered, on which was a fac simile of the bridal gift. She now went to her room, and attiring herself in one of the twin garbs, I was again unable to recognize my own wife.
Now, ladies and gentlemen, business suddenly called me to New Orleans. While there my treasure died. I was grieved, yet from the fact that Hannah lived, my agony was but temporary. I returned two weeks after the funeral. My sister-in-law wore neither betrothal nor diamond rings. There was nothing to be gained by it, and they were laid aside. My friends, I am extremely sensitive; a mere child; yet believe me when I tell you the presence of Hannah was a perfect and speedy restorative. It was impossible for me to weep. Was she not the same as Sue in all respects? True, when I saw the family sad, I was troubled; but only on account of their grief. I had none of my own. All that I loved was an exact duplicate, and that moved before as of yore. Yes, I confess that no husband ever suffered less.
In eighteen months I stood in the same church, and it seemed before the same concourse. As Hannah was given to me in the holy state of matrimony, it appeared that I was enacting a farce and re-marrying my own wife!

A Perilous Adventure.

The following account of a perilous adventure with Indians is from the *Osage (Kansas) Chronicle* of June 20th. The Schuylers whose gallant conduct and wonderful escape are here recorded, are brothers of P. C. Schuyler, Jr., Esq., of Portland:
On Monday evening Governor Harvey arrived in our town, bringing the news of the late attack of the Cheyenne Indians upon Col. Greenwood's surveying party. Knowing that our young fellow-townsmen, Howard Schuyler, had charge of one of the corps of that party of which his younger brother James was a member, both sons of Judge P. C. Schuyler, considerable anxiety was felt as to the result of the attack. The stage that same evening brought the additional news that both Howard and James Schuyler were wounded. Next morning Fred Schuyler started for Sheridan to learn the worst. At this writing he has not returned, but from other sources we learn the following particulars:
The surveying party were out some fifteen miles west of Sheridan on last Saturday morning. Howard and James Schuyler were some ways in advance of the main party when suddenly and unexpectedly a large number of whooping, yelling red devils arose from the grass, surrounding each one of the boys separately. A most desperate hand to hand fight ensued, in which James was very severely wounded. Thrilling and dangerous in the extreme, as was the position of these brothers, yet they displayed such coolness and bravery that their courage can only be described as "heroic." Alone upon the prairie, twenty miles away from aid, surrounded by yelling, blood-thirsty demons, we find nothing but admiration in our minds for the conduct of our friends. The fight became a running one in which the Dog Soldiers discharged their deadly missiles from gun and bow so thick, that the "fortune that favors the brave" could only have preserved their lives. No lines of romance could be more thrilling than the description we heard of Howard's race for life. Having left his revolver in camp he had only an eight shooting rifle, and as they pressed upon his fleeing and wounded horse he would turn in his saddle and fire, and at each successive pull of the trigger a brave would bite the dust. A big chief riding along side of him discharged five shots into Howard's clothing and horse then nearing him exclaimed, "Ugh! you come off." Howard answered, "Ugh! you come off," at the same time showing the end of his rifle against the Indian's breast, and the contents, with a flash, sent the soul of the screeching devil to the bourne where may the rest of them soon follow. So did our brave, noble young friend continue to fire until five of his relentless pursuers had uttered their last whoop. One ball was lodged in the stock of Howard's carbine, another in the heel of his boot, and wonderful as it may seem, he received but two or three slight flesh wounds. The race was kept up until they reached their friends, when one of their horses sunk down exhausted and bleeding. Jimmy was taken in to Sheridan, his wounds were properly cared for, and whence he will come home as soon as able, when our citizens may hear from his own lips the recounting of the perils of that morning in which he and his brother displayed a manly and noble courage than the histories of Indian wars give few more startling.
Since the above was put in type Fred Schuyler returned, bringing additional data and corrections to the above, but nothing that in the least detracts from the brilliancy of the adventure. It appears that Howard was alone some three miles in advance of his party. Seeing a large number of ponies, which he took to be wild, in the distance, he rode toward them, when from fifty to sixty Indians sprang up all around him. Believing that there remained no show for his life he instantly resolved to make it a costly prize to his enemies, and before they were able to discern his resolve he had shot two of them dead in their tracks. In the precipitate flight and fight of three miles back to his party he killed two more. The surveying party were afoot, and still some three miles from their wagons. James Schuyler received his wound in the retreat to camp. After reaching the wagons, Hod again turned, laid his gun across a wagon wheel and brought down the fifth Indian. The Indians followed the whole party fifteen miles back to Sheridan. James Schuyler is now at Topeka and doing well. Other than these items the statement first written is substantially correct.
If you want bone and large development of red flesh in your hogs, give them as good pasture through the Summer as your beehives have. It costs less every way to make a big hog weigh 500 by Christmas than to get two small swine up to 250 apiece.

A "Game" that Wouldn't Work.

There are a good many persons in this city, says the *New Orleans Picayune*, who are well acquainted with Sergeant H., late an officer of the police. Always genial and pleasant, the sergeant was an invaluable friend of the reporters, and afforded them many a morsel of social gossip, not unfrequently figuring conspicuously in it himself. The sergeant was widely known over the city, and particularly in the Second District, the theater, for a long time, of his official duties. While on duty there, he one day rescued a damsel from the flood on Canal street, by grasping her by the chignon, and pulling her from the gutter, into which she had accidentally fallen by reason of an overflowed banquet. A few evenings since he was inquired for by a female deeply veiled, who, on being shown to his presence, inquired—
"Are you Sergeant H., late of the police?"
"Yes, m'dam," courteously replied the officer.
"You once rescued a young lady from an overflowed gutter on Canal street, by pulling her out by her chignon?"
"Yes, ma'am, I had that pleasure."
"The chignon came off in the struggle?"
"Yes, I believe it did!" quite interested in the colloquy.
"And was not returned to the lady?"
"Indeed, I had forgotten about that."
"You retain it as a trophy, and I understand have exhibited it as such?"
"Oh, madam, impossible!"
"It is true, sir. I have now come to demand it."
"But I haven't got it."
"Oh, yes, you have."
"Indeed, indeed!" protested the excited officer.
"Stop," sternly enjoined the lady; protestations are useless. In that chignon was an old sock; in that old sock was concealed a paper; and that paper was—
"What?" fairly screamed the sergeant.
"A bank check for \$10,000!"
"Oh!" groaned the sergeant.
"There's no use mincing matter. You must either produce the chignon or marry me!"
"But I haven't got the chignon, and I am married already!" exclaimed the sorely troubled sergeant.
The young lady paused for a moment in deep thought, and then, raising her head as a bright thought seemed to occur to her, said:
"Sergeant, can't you say you loaned it to some nice young man whom I can scare into marrying me?"
The sergeant, much relieved, said he didn't know, but he'd try, and his unknown visitant departed as mysteriously as she came.
A JOSH BILLINGS PAPER.—The mind of the young is easily trained; it is hard work to get an old hop-vine to clime a new pole.
Just in proportion that a man is thankful to heaven and his naber, just in that proportion is he happy.
A man should learn to be a good servant to himself before he is fit to boss others.
The more exalted our station, the more conspicuous our virtues; just as a rich satin adds to the brilliancy of a jewel.
Blessed are the single, for they can double at their leisure.
If you want to learn a child to steal on in the bundle, make him beg out of you every thing that you give him.
There is nothing so difficult for the best of us as to get the approval of our own conscience.
Blessed is he who can pocket abuse and feel that it is no disgrace to be bit by a dog.
Punishment tw hit the spot should be few, but red hot.
Happiness consists in being perfectly satisfied with what we have got, and what we want not.
The State Board of Agriculture (Cal.), have decided that the next State Fair commence on the 6th of September next, to last six days, and have appropriated the sum of \$12,000 for premiums and \$8,000 for other purposes.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

Is twenty the score of the opera?
Is snoring sheet music?
Are twenty-four sheets of music necessary for a choir?
Do the ineffectual efforts of a man to lift a barrel of sugar come under the head of sweet strains?
What does the musical scale weigh?
Are the fingers hand organs?
A Friendly suit—A Quaker's dress.
A stamp act—Treading on people's toes.
How to stick to your oath—Swear by gum.
What is the most enlightened nation?
Illumination.
The Markets—Ladies' hair has an upward tendency.
A sweet sight—A pair of lovers chewing taffy in a theatre.
Sweetening one's coffee is generally the first stirring event of the day.
Stockings are now darned by machinery, and they are darned nice.
Why should a wood-cutter never be hungry? Because he can always have a chop by axing.
Can a civil engineer inform us how it is that the mouths of rivers are larger than their heads?
A wag of a boarder complained to the mistress that the sun must have gone under a cloud when the shadow of the chicken fell into the pot where her broth was made.
An inebriated man walking along the street regarded the moon with sovereign contempt. "You needn't be so proud, ole fellow," he said. "You're full only once a month, while I am full every night."
A New York cook recently give notice to the family in which she is employed, that she had made up her mind to go to Newport this summer, and if the family will go there she will stay with them; otherwise she must leave!
A handsome young bride was observed to be in deep reflection on her wedding day. One of her bridesmaids asked her the subject of her meditations. "I was thinking," she replied, "which of my old beaux I should marry if I should become a widow."
A cockney, who went out rabbit-shooting, observing a donkey peeping over a hedge, immediately leveled his piece, exclaiming: "By Jove! that must be the father of all rabbits."
"Well, miss," said a knight of the birchen rod, "can you decline a kiss?"
"Yes, sir," replied the girl, dropping a perplexed courtesy, "but I'd rather not."
Hans Wachenhusen, the German feuilletonist, says, in a recent article, that a certain Miss Arabella sold, at a fair in New York, 3,000 kisses for a dollar each.
We heard a good story the other night of two persons engaged in a duel. After the first fire one of the seconds proposed that they should shake hands and make up. The other second said he saw no necessity for that, for their hands had been shaking ever since they began.
Mr. Burlingame's two balls in Paris cost the Emperor of China \$20,000.
In San Francisco there have been returned ninety-two incomes in excess of \$20,000.
Paper petticoats are now sold in London at sixpence each. Shoes are made of the same material.
When did Moser sleep five in a bed? When he slept with his forefathers.
At Tacubaya, Mexico, recently, two young and pretty women fought a duel with pistols, and one was seriously wounded. Love was at the bottom of the affair.
P. T. Barnum is said to be worth one million dollars.
King William, of Prussia, is seventy-two years old, and reads without the aid of spectacles.
The other day, Mrs. Sarah Cook, of Fall river, Massachusetts, died, aged 108.
Of the 2,000 varieties of peas, only 70 or 80 are considered of any value.
Fifteen hundred eggs were accidentally broken in front of the Batavia (N. Y.) Post Office not long since, and the President of the village had to spread a barrel of coal tar over the street and then set fire to it, to destroy the smell of bad eggs.

P. P. Fisher
D. P. Fisher