

The Albany Register.

VOL. 3.

ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1870.

NO. 13.

The Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
COLL. VAN CLEVE.

OFFICE ON CORNER OF FERRY AND FIRST STS.

TERMS—IN ADVANCE.
One Year, Three Dollars
Six Months, Two Dollars
Single Copies, Ten Cents

ADVERTISING RATES.
Transient advertisements per square of ten lines or less, first insertion, \$2; each subsequent insertion, \$1.
Larger advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms.

JOB WORK.
Having received new type, stock of colored inks, cards, a Gordon jobber, etc., we are prepared to execute all kinds of printing in a better manner and fifty per cent. cheaper than ever before offered in this city.

Agents for the Register.
The following gentlemen are authorized to receive and receipt for subscription, advertising, etc., for the Register:

HIRAM SMITH, Esq., Harrisburg,
Judge S. H. CLAYTON, Esq., Lebanon,
PETER HUME, Esq., Brownsville
W. B. KIRK, Esq., Salem,
T. H. REYNOLDS, Esq., Salem,
O. P. TOMPKINS, Esq., Harrisburg,
L. P. FISHER, Esq., Harrisburg.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. C. MENDELHALL,
Notary Public,
ALBANY, OREGON.
LEGAL INSTRUMENTS OF ALL KINDS made and attested. Conveyances, wills, etc., promptly attended to. 36-70

L. STRUCKMEIER & CO.,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
ALBANY, OREGON.
JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE AND WELL selected stock of Fancy Goods, consisting of Cashmere, Beavers and Doeskins, and all manner of Fancy Goods of the best quality. 22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100

J. W. Bentley.
GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS MADE TO ORDER on short notice, and with neatness and dispatch. All kinds of Repairing Done. Albany, June 11, 1870

D. B. RICE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALBANY, OREGON.
OFFICE—ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF MAIN Street, Albany, April 20, '72

N. S. DuBois,
CONSTANTLY on hand and receiving, a large stock of Groceries and Provisions, Wood and Willow Ware, Tobacco, Cigars, Coffee, Tea, etc., and all other goods, Wholesale and Retail, opposite R. C. Hill & Son's drug store, Albany, Oregon. 34-37-70

E. A. Freeland,
DEALER IN EVERY DESCRIPTION OF School, Miscellaneous and Blank Books, Stationery, Gold and Steel Pens, Ink, etc., Post-office Building, Albany, Oregon. Books ordered from New York and San Francisco.

J. R. MITCHELL, J. S. DOLPH, A. SMITH,
Mitchell, Dolph & Smith,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Solicitors in Chancery and Probate in Admiralty. Office on the old Post Office, Front street, Portland, Oregon.

JAMES A. WARNER,
Civil Engineer & Surveyor.
IS PREPARED TO DO SURVEYING AND ENGINEERING. Uses Improved 18 Star Compass. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Residence on 4th street, Dr. Tate's residence, Albany, Oregon. n19-6

Powell & Fling,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW and Solicitors in Chancery and Probate in Admiralty. (L. Fling, Notary Public.) Albany, Oregon. Collections and conveyances promptly attended to.

GEO. W. GRAY, D. D. S.,
WOULD SOLICIT THE PATRONAGE of all persons desiring ARTIFICIAL TEETH and FIRST CLASS DENTAL operations. Nitrous Oxide administered for the painless extraction of teeth, when desired. Charges moderate. Office in Parbitt & Co.'s brick block. Residence, first house south of Congregational Church, Albany, Oregon, July 2, 1870-71

NOTICE!
I HEREBY GIVEN, THAT I HAVE opened a Livery and Feed Stable! in the town of LEBANON, where I will be constantly on hand to attend to the wants of the people. I will run a hack from Albany to Lebanon and Soda Springs, on Saturdays, each week. All business entrusted to my care will be promptly attended to. W. B. DONACA. Lebanon, Sept. 10, 1870 12m3

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,
Corner First and Washington Sts., ALBANY, OREGON.
H. BRENNER, Proprietor.

WITH A NEW BUILDING, NEWLY furnished throughout, the proprietor hopes to give entire satisfaction to the traveling public. The beds are supplied with spring-bottoms. The table will receive the closest attention, and everything the market affords palatable to guests will be supplied. Jan 9-1

FRANKLIN MARKET,
Main street, - Albany, Oregon.
Meats of All Kinds, AND OF THE VERY BEST QUALITY. Constantly on hand. A. E. SBARS. 4-5

PORTLAND CARDS.

E. F. RUSSELL, Attorney at Law, C. P. FERRY, Notary Public.
RUSSELL & FERRY.

Real Estate Brokers & Collecting Agents
Portland, - - - Oregon.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE Sale of Real Estate, Real Estate Litigation, and the Collection of Claims.
Office, No. 100 corner of First and Washington Streets, Portland, Ore. feb 6-70-5

GEO. SMITH, JAMES ROBERTSON,
INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
Formerly New Columbian,
Corner First and Washington streets,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
Noah & Morrison, Proprietors.

Free Coach to and from the House.
AMERICAN EXCHANGE,
—CORNER OF—
Front and Washington Streets,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

L. P. W. Quimby, - - - Proprietor.
(Late of the Western Hotel.)

THIS HOUSE is the most commodious in the State, newly furnished and it will be the endeavor of the Proprietor to make his guests comfortable. Nearest Hotel to the steamboat landing.
The Concert Church will always be found at the landing, on the arrival of steamships or river boats, carrying the passengers and their baggage to and from the boats free of charge.
House supplied with Patent Fire Extinguishers.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FROMAN BUILDINGS,
WHEAT AND FLAX SEED DEPOT.
CLEANING AND HOISTING capacity 40,000 Bushels per Day. A share of patronage solicited. 43-70
E. CARTWRIGHT,
The highest cash price paid for Wheat.

LADIES' EMPORIUM.
MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY,
DEALER IN Fashionable Millinery and Fancy Goods. Makes Dress and Cloak Making in all their varied branches.
Dresses and Presses STRAW GOODS in Latest Style and best manner.
STAMP FOR BRAID AND EMBROIDERY.
Corner First and Broadway streets, Albany, Oregon. Jan 14-70

C. MEALEY
DEALER IN A MANUFACTURER OF FURNITURE!
—AND—
CABINET WARE!
Bedding, Etc.,
Corner First and Broad Albany streets,
ALBANY, OREGON.

ORDERS OF ALL KINDS in his line.
October 1868-8

BLACKSMITHING!
PLOW! PLOW! PLOW!
THE undersigned gives notice to the general public, that he is now manufacturing the Gaiesburg Patent Plow!
And any other style of plow that may be ordered. Also, particular attention paid to Wagon Making and Horse-shoeing.
Wagons for sale at my shop at \$140 and \$160. Horse shoeing as follows: Calf, \$2; credit, \$3. All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention, and be executed in the best possible manner with good material. A share of public patronage is solicited.
Shop on corner Elsworth and Second streets, opposite Pierce's Ferry. J. WOOD. Albany, November 1, 1868-11

ALBANY BATH HOUSE.
THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Albany and vicinity that he has taken charge of this establishment, and is executing in the best possible strict attention to business, expects to suit all those who may favor him with their patronage. Having heretofore carried on nothing but a First-Class Hair Dressing Saloons, he expects to give entire satisfaction to all.
Children and Ladies' hair neatly cut and shampooed. JOSEPH WEBBER. sep 19-2

FURNING. - - TURNING.
I AM PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF TURNING: I can pen hand and make to order RAWHIDE-BOTTOMED CHAIRS, AND Spinning Wheels. Shop near the "Mitschella Mill." JOHN M. METZLER Albany, Nov. 8, 1869-1

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SAN FRANCISCO STORE!
CORNER FIRST AND FERRY STREETS,
ALBANY, OREGON.

Keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of STOVES, PUMPS & TINSWARE!
I will have for sale the celebrated Diamond Rock cook stove, and other leading styles.
—Also, manufacture all kinds of Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron Ware, in the best style, at lowest rates, FOR CASH OR COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Always on hand a full supply of The Purest Wines and Liquors, for Medicinal purposes only.
A well selected stock of Groceries and Crockery! will always be found at my establishment. I will sell all goods in my house, for Cash or Produce on delivery, cheaper than ever before offered in this market.

All kinds of repairing done, on short notice, and entire satisfaction warranted, at my Store and Tin Shop.
JULIUS GRADWOHL.
Nov. 19-11

BUILDERS, ATTENTION!
SASH, BLIND AND DOOR FACTORY!
S. H. ALTHOUSE, S. WRIGHT, J. F. BACKENSTO.
LYON STREET, (ON THE RIVER BANK), ALBANY, OREGON.

KEEP ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT of Sashes, Blinds, and Doors, and all other kinds of Building Material!
—ALSO—
Are prepared to do MILL WORK; furnish Shaker Fans, Zigzag Shakers, Suction Fans, Driving Pulleys, of any kind, at our Factory on Lyon street, (on the river bank), next below Markham's warehouse.

ALTHOUSE & CO.,
LYON STREET, (ON THE RIVER BANK), ALBANY, OREGON.

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The Mysterious Organist.

Years ago at the grand cathedral overlooking the Rhine there appeared a distinguished organist. The great composer who had played the organ so long had suddenly died, and everybody, from the king to the peasant, was wondering who could be found to fill his place, when one bright Sabbath morning, as the sexton entered the church he saw a stranger sitting by the craps shrouded organ. He was a tall, graceful man, with a pale but strikingly handsome face, great, black, melancholy eyes, and hair like a raven's wing for gloss and color, sweeping in dark waves over his shoulders. He did not seem to notice the sexton, but went on playing and such music he drew from the instrument no words of mine can describe. The astonished listener declared that the organ seemed to have grown human—that it walked and sighed and clanked as if a tortured human heart were throbbing through its pipes. When the music at last ceased, the sexton hastened to the stranger and asked: "Pray, who are you, sir?" "Do not ask my name," he replied; "I have heard that you were in want of an organist, and have come here on trial."

"You'll be sure to get the place," exclaimed the sexton. "Why, you surpass him that's dead and gone." "No, no, you overrate me," said the stranger with a smile; then, as if declining conversation, he turned from old Hons, and began to play again, and now the music changed from a sorrowful strain into a grand old piece, and the mysterious organist—

Looking upward full of grace,
Plays still from a happy place—
God's glory unto him in the face,
and his countenance seemed not unlike that of St. Michael, as portrayed by Guido.

Lost in the melodies which swelled around him, he sat, with his "far seeing" eyes fixed on the distant sky, a glimpse of which he caught through an open window, when there was a stir about the church door and the royal party came sweeping in. Among them might be seen a bright young girl, with a wealth of golden hair, like violet's hue and lips like wild cherries. This was the Princess Elizabeth, and all eyes were turned towards her as she seated herself in the velvet cushioned pew appropriated to the court. The mysterious organist fixed his eyes upon her and went on playing. No sooner had the music reached her ears than she started as if a ghost had crossed her path. The blood faded from her crimson cheek, her red lips quivered, and her eyes met those of the organist in a long yearning look, and the melody lost its joyous notes and once more wailed and sighed and clanked.

"By faith," whispered the King to his daughter, "this organist has a master-hand. Hark ye, he shall play at your wedding."

The pale lips of the Princess parted, but she could not speak—she was dumb with grief. Like one in a painful dream, she saw the pale man at the organ and heard the melody which filled the vast edifice. Ay, full well she knew who it was, and why the instrument seemed breathing out the agony of a tormented heart.

When the services were over and the royal party had left the cathedral, he stole away as mysteriously as he had come. He was not seen again by the sexton till the vesper hour, and then he appeared in the organ loft and commenced his task. While he played a veiled figure glided in and knelt near a shrine. There she remained until the worshippers disappeared, and then the sexton touched her on the shoulder and said: "Madame, everybody has gone but you and me, and I wish to close the door."

"I am not ready to go yet," was the reply; "leave me—leave me!"

The sexton drew back into a shady niche and watched and listened. The mysterious organist still kept his post, but his head was bowed upon the instrument, and he could not see the lone devotee. At length she rose from the aisle, and moved to the organ loft and paused beside the organist.

Quick as thought the organist raised his head. There with the light of a lamp suspended to the arch above falling full upon her, stood the Princess who had graced the royal pew that day. The count dress of velvet with its ermine trimmings, the tiara, the necklace, and bracelets, had been exchanged for a gray serge robe and a thick veil which she now pushed back from the fair, girlish face.

"Why are you here, Bertram?" asked the Princess.

"I came to bid you farewell; and as I dared not venture into the Palace, I gained access to the cathedral by bribing the bell-ringer, and having taken the seat of the dead organist, let my music breathe out the adieu I could not trust my lips to utter."

"A lone woman was the only answer, and he continued: "You are to be married on the morrow?"

"Yes," sobbed the girl. "Oh! Bertram, what a trial it will be to stand at yonder altar and take upon me the vows which will doom me to a living death."

"Your royal father has requested me to play at the wedding, and I have promised to be here. If I were your equal I could be the bridegroom instead of the organist; but a poor musician must give you up."

"It is like reading my soul and body assunder to part with you," said the girl. "To-night I may tell you this—tell you how fondly I love you, but in a few hours it will be a sin! Go, go, and God bless you."

She waved him from her, as if she would banish him while she had power to do so, and he—how was it with him? He arose to leave her, and then came that he had her to his heart in a long embrace, and with a half smothered farewell, left her.

The next morning dawned in cloudless splendor. At an early hour the cathedral was thrown open, and the sexton began to prepare for the wedding. Flaming colored flowers nodded by the wayside—flame colored lilies came dashing down the trees and lay in heaps upon the ground; and the ripe wheat waved like a golden sea, and berries drooped in red and purple clusters over the rocks along the Rhine.

At length the Palace gates were opened and the royal party appeared, escorting the Princess Elizabeth to the cathedral, where the marriage was to be solemnized.

I was a bright pageant—far brighter than the entwined foliage and blossoms where the turfs of plumes which floated from stately heads and festal robes that streamed down over the housings of the superb steeds. But the Princess, mounted on a snowy palfrey and clad in snow-white velvet, looked pale and sad; and when on nearing the church, she heard a gust of organ music, which, though jubilant in sound, struck on her ear like a funeral knell—she trembled and would have fallen to the earth, had not a page supported her. A few minutes afterwards she entered the cathedral. There, with retinue, stood the royal bridegroom, whom she had never before seen. But her glance roved from him to the organ loft where she had expected that mysterious organist. He was gone, and she was obliged to return the graceful bow of the King, to whom she had been betrothed on motives of policy. Mechanically she knelt at his side on the altar-stone; mechanically listened to the services and made the response.

Then her husband drew her to him in a convulsive embrace, and whispered: "Elizabeth, my queen, my wife, look up."

Trembling in every limb, she obeyed. Why do those eyes thrill her so? Why did that smile bring a glow on her cheeks?

Ah! though the King wore the royal purple and many a jeweled order glittered on his breast he seemed the humble person who had been employed to teach organ music, and had taught her the lore of love.

"Elizabeth," murmured the monarch, "Bertram Hoffman, the mysterious organist, and King Oscar, (the Royal Preceptor) are one. Forgive my stratagem, I wished to marry you but I would not drag to the altar an unwilling bride. Your father was in the secret."

While tears of joy rained from her blue eyes, and the new-made queen returned her husband's kisses, and for once two hearts were made happy by a royal marriage.

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.—The Register (Ill.) Register of October 22d says: Dropping into the court room the other day, we were struck with the hallowed precincts wherein his honor, Judge Brown, presides and dispenses impartial justice to all applicants. We observed fewer boot soles resting upon tables and railings, and less lounging in uncouth attitudes than usual, while we remarked an unobtrusive spruceness of attire and evidence of more than ordinary attention to their back hair on the part of the younger members of the bar, like our friends Cross and Warner. Looking around for the cause of this altered aspect of affairs, we soon discovered it in the person of a charming young lady, who occupied a chair within the bar, and was watching the process of a case with as much interest as any of the legal gentlemen present; indeed it is our opinion that she gave it closer attention than did some of the younger attorneys already alluded to, whose eyes would occasionally go astray. Upon inquiry, we learned that the young lady, whose name is Miss Alta M. Hullett, is pursuing a regular course of legal study with Messrs. Lathrop and Bailey, with a view to her own practice of the law.

She is a young lady of more than ordinary personal attractions, bright and prepossessing in appearance, and evidently in earnest in her purpose to acquire a profession.

A LONG KICK.—Two Irishmen, engaged in peddling packages of linen bought an old mule to aid in carrying the burdens. Each would ride awhile or "ride and tie" as the saying is. One day the Irishman who was on foot got close to his muleship, when he received a kick on his shins. To be revenged, he picked up a stone, and hurled it at the mule, but by accident struck his companion on the back of his head. Seeing what he had done, he stopped and began to groan and to rub his shins. The one on the mule turned and asked: "What's the matter?"

"The cratur's kicked me, was the reply."

"Be jabers," said the other, "he's did the same to me on the back of me head."

THE CANAL AND LOCKS.—Capt. J. F. Miller informs us that the canal and locks at Williams Falls are to be constructed next year. The corporation has engaged the services of Isaac Smith as the Chief Engineer for the construction of the works, who has been and is now occupied on the surveys of the N. P. R. Co.—Statesman.

The Governor of Wyoming has appointed Mrs. Martha West a Justice of the Peace for Corbin county. There are now two women holding this position in that Territory.

Asleep at His Post.

A young soldier, the son of a Vermont farmer, while acting as sentinal after a wearisome march, during which he had carried the knapsack and musket of a sick comrade, fell asleep at his post, and was of course sentenced to be shot. Prior to the time of execution he wrote to his father, explaining the facts, and closing as follows:

"To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from the pasture—Daisy, and Brindle, and Bet; old Billy, too will noigh from his stall, and precious little Blossom stand waiting for me, but I shall never, never come. God ble a you all! Forgive your poor Bennie!"

Late that night the door opened softly, and a little figure glided out and down the footpath that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor left; starting as the full moon burst through fantastic shapes all round her; looking only now and then to heaven and folding her hands as if in prayer.

Two hours later the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train, and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her in, wondered at the sweet, tear-stained face that was up-turned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand.

A few questions and ready answers told him all, and no father could have cared more tenderly for his own child than he for our Blossom.

She was on her way to Washington, to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good, kind heart like the President's could refuse to be melted by it.

The next morning she reached New York, and the conductor found suitable company for Blossom, and hurried her on to Washington. Every minute now might be a year in her brother's life.

And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the Capitol, and was hurried at once to the White House. The President had just seated himself to his morning task of over-looking and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with eyes down-cast and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said in a pleasant tone, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life! please, sir!" faltered out Blossom.

"My brother, sir? They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh! yes," and Mr. Lincoln ran his eyes over the papers before him, I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," said Blossom, bravely, "but my poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jenny so weak. He did the work of two, and it was Jenny's night, not his; but Jenny was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself that he was also too tired."

"What is that you say, child? Come here, I don't understand," and the kind man caught eagerly as ever at what seemed to be a justification of an offense.

Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed; and he was President of the United States, too! A dim thought of this kind passed for a moment through Blossom's mind; but she told her story now simply and straight forward, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully, then taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and rang the bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "SEND THIS DISPATCH AT ONCE."

The President then turned to the girl and said: "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his son's death, that he must be careful of the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or wait until to-morrow. Bennie will need change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered that request.

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room. Mr. Lincoln said, "that he could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the good act unconspicuously."

Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to the Green Mountain house, and a crowd gathered at the Mill depot to welcome them back, and farmer Owen's head bowed about them all; and as his hand grasped that of his boy, Mr. Allen heard him say fervently, as the best blessing he could have pronounced upon his child:

"Just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints."

That night Daisy, and Brindle, and Bet came lowing home from the pasture, for they heard a well-known voice calling them at the gate; and Bennie, as he passed great brown eyes, catches through the still evening air his Puritan father's voice, as he repeats his happy mother these jubilant words: "Fear not, for I am with thee; I bring thy seed from the east, and gather thee from the west; I will say to the north, give up; and to the south, keep not back; bring my sons from afar, and my daughters from the ends of the earth; even every one that is called by name; for I have created him for my glory, I have formed him; yea I have made him."—Soldier's Record.

A SENSIBLE CORPSE.
A REMINISCENCE OF THE BACK SITTLE-MENT.

Now that corpse (said the undertaker, patting the folded hands of deceased approvingly) was a brick—every way you took him he was a brick. He was a total accommodating and so modest-like and simple in his last moments. Friends wanted metallic burial-case—nothing else would do. I couldn't get it. There wasn't going to be time—anybody could see that. Corpse said never mind, shake him up some kind of a box he could stretch out in comfortably, he wasn't particular about the general style of it. Said he went more on room than style, say away, in a last final container. Friends wanted a silver door-plate on the coffin, signifying who he was and where he was from. Now you know a fellow couldn't roast out such a gaily thing in a little country town like this. What did the corpse say? Corpse said, whitewash his old canoe and do his address and general destination onto it, with a locking brass or a stencil-plate, long with a reverse from some likely hymn or other, and pint him for the tomb, and mark him C. O. D., and just let him skip along. He wasn't distressed any more than you be, on the contrary just as calm and collected as a hearse horse; said he judged that when he was going to, a body would find it considerable better to attract attention by a picturesque moral character than a sorry burial case with a swell door-plate on it. Splendid end, he says, I'd d-uther do for a corpse like that'n any I've tackled in seven year. There's some satisfaction in buryin' a man like that. You feel that what you're doing is appreciated. Lord bless you, so's he got planted before he sp'iled, he was perfectly satisfied; said his relations meant well, perfectly well, but all them preparations was bound to delay the thing more or less, and he didn't wish to be kept layin' around. You never see such a clear head as what he had—and so calm and so cool. Just a hank of brains—that is what he was. Perfectly awful. It was a ripping distance from one end of that man's head to t'other. Often and over again he's had the brain fever a raging in one place, and the rest of the pile didn't know anything about it—didn't affect it any more than an Injun insurrection in Arizona affects the Atlantic States. Well, the relations they wanted a big funeral, but corpse said he was down on sumnery—didn't want any procession—fill the hearse full of mourners and get out a stern line and tow him behind. He was the most down on style of any remains I ever struck. A beautiful, simple-minded creature—it was him he was, you can depend upon that. He was just set on having things the way he wanted them, and he took a solid comfort in laying his little plans. He had me measure him and take a whole raft of directions; then he had a minister stand up behind a long box with a table cloth over it and read his funeral sermon, saying "Angero, angero!" at the good places, and making him scratch out every bit of brag about him, and the hallelujah; and then he