

L. P. Fisher 14

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A Poem - From the German.

When I was young and tender, too,
I had to mind and had to do—
Whatever mother bade me,
She used to have a walnut stick—
Which kept me on the double-quick—
And that is where she had me,
When older grow, and quite a bean
Among the girls, I used to know
A Miss Priscilla Cadmy:
And with the help of smiles and nods,
I fell in love at forty rods—
And that is where she had me,
When I was older, say sixteen,
I thought it time to have a Queen,
And asked her if she'd wed me,
She said she did not much object,
Or words to something that effect—
And that is where she had me,
And when, to make the matter straight,
I went down to negotiate
Affairs with Colonel Cadmy,
He said he did not care to sell,
He told me that I might go to—well—
That was where he had me,
I drowned my sorrow in the cup,
Until I got my dander up—
I could not have been madder,
When she proposed that we be one,
In spite of Pa—the thing was done—
And that is where I had her,
Two lovely children on my knee,
I'm proud to say belongs to me—
That is, to me and maiden;
For when we left our native sod
We spent a year or two abroad—
And that is where we had 'em.

Old Man Brown Plays Keno.

A procession of antique baboons marching down a street would not have attracted more interest than old man Brown, a very old, and very patriarchal and innocent, was his name. On one occasion he was sitting at a table, was playing a tried oyster to his mouth, somebody slipped him on the back so hard that he drove the fork half way down his throat, and a voice cried out—
"Why, daddy, when did you come to town?"
Old Brown turned round and beheld a very nice young man, with a diamond pin and a waxed mustache, who grasped him by the hand and seemed as though he never would get done shaking it.
"Don't you know me Smithy?" said the lively youth.
"My name is not Smithy, friend," said old Brown; "my name is Brown, I cannot at present recall you."
"Brown, I mean," said the young man; "why, don't you know your own nephew?"
"What? are you Sarah's son?"
"Certainly, that's what's the matter."
"Is it possible that this is Bob? Why, Bob, how are you? how is your mother?"
The old man was delighted to find his nephew, and insisted on some more oysters. They walked up the street together, and old Brown was very eager to know when his sister had come to town. The young man informed him that Sarah had been at home all summer, and was keeping a keno shop, and doing very well. Old Brown said he would go and buy some keno the next day, but Bob said he was going to invest that night, and that Brown had better come along.

AND SO HE DID.

They stopped at the door of a house which seemed perfectly dark, and Bob rapped, when the door was opened at once, and they passed up a flight of stairs. Here old Brown's astonished eyes fell upon a large room, handsomely carpeted and furnished with a great number of round tables. On a raised platform at one side sat a man at a cashier's desk with money in front of him, and another was waiting around a sort of wooden bottle, out of which, from time to time, dropped little white marbles with numbers on them, which he called out. Nearly all the tables were occupied by gentlemen, who had before them cards with figures upon them, and piles of buttons such as old Brown wore on his breeches. They raised their heads to look at old Brown, and then

HIVETED THEIR EYES

on the cards. All was silent except the rattle of the balls in the bottle, and the calm voice of the man, saying, "Forty-eight," "Twenty-seven," "Eighty-three," "Number blue," till suddenly somebody thumped the ta-

ble, and everybody look at him with indignation and disgust.
"What did he thump for?" said old Brown.

"He struck the table because he had struck a keno," said Bob. "But come, old gentleman, let's sit down and buy some cards." They took an unoccupied table and Bob explained that each card cost twenty-five cents, and that you might buy as many as you pleased. A man whom Bob called "Piggy" came up, and Bob told old Brown to buy two cards, which cost him fifty cents. Bob bought two himself.
Now there were on each card four horizontal rows, each having on it five figures. The only figures used in keno range from 1 to 90, but of course they cannot all be on one card. It happened that on one of the cards old Brown had bought there were these numbers on the upper row—5, 14, 30, 68, 69; with the rest of his numbers we are not concerned. Bob explained that if he could cover five numbers in any row with buttons he would get the pot.

"But I don't want a pot," said old Brown; "fifty cents won't buy a good pot."
"I've known it to buy a fifty dollar pot," said Bob. "A pot is a pool."
"What is a pool?" asked old Brown.
At this moment "Piggy" announced that the pool was \$17 75, and that the

GAME WOULD BEGIN.

The dealer began to turn the bottle round, and the balls began to drop out. "Fifty-six," "Sixty-nine"—and here old Brown with his spectacles on, put a button on Number 69. "Forty-one," "Eighty," "Thirty-two," and all around the room the men were eagerly watching their cards, putting down buttons and listening to the numbers as they were called. "Thirty," and down went another of Brown's buttons, and soon after he had covered 5, 30, 69, 68, and Bob, who was getting excited, whispered, "All you want is 14; if he calls 14, you must call 'Keno on the top row.'" Old Brown never took his eye off the card, and sat like a statue, holding his button up in the air. "Forty-four," said the dealer and

KENO DON'T PAY.

thundered out old Brown.
"Don't make such a fuss about it," said a surly fellow at the next table.
"But I've got a keno!" said old Brown—"a keno on the top row."
"Well, you hadn't rub it in, daddy. I've been waiting here with two cases."
"What did he want with two cases?" said the old gentleman.
"Why, to take the pot with. Say! you ought to be in bed. An old man like you has no business running around and stealing pots this time of night."
Old Brown shook with indignation at this accusation, but Bob called his attention to a pile of ivory chips, which "Piggy" put before him, and told him that when he wanted to go, the cashier would redeem them at a dollar each. He bought some more cards and continued playing, but every time he had four figures covered in a row, or a "case," somebody else would thump the table and the pot was gone. The old gentleman insisted on buying a dozen cards at a time, and as he couldn't keep run of so many numbers, he lost all he had won and more, and became disgusted. He stopped playing and so did Bob, who was completely "broke," as he said.

A Pretty Good Story About a Dog.

An English friend of the writer, who resided many years in Texas, traveled, when a young man, in France. He became the purchaser of a poodle dog, belonging to a non-commissioned officer of an infantry regiment stationed in Paris. The dog was the pet of the whole command, from its great intelligence, and the many amusements as well as remarkable tricks it performed. Our Englishman, then a gay, wild, jolly young man of fortune, saw the poodle blow out a lighted candle every time it was held to his nose. John Bull like, he determined to own that dog if he had to box the whole regiment. It was with great difficulty that he could induce the sergeant to agree to part with the dog, so afraid was he of the anger of the regiment, and it was only by offering a very large price, half in advance, and balance on delivery, that the Englishman carried his point, and had to wait some time for the regiment to leave Paris ere the poodle could be transferred.
To describe all the strange and wonderful tricks that this sagacious poodle could perform—all taught their pet by over one thousand soldiers in their hours of leisure, during two or three years that he served with them—would be needless, for they would not be believed. Many a time during the war, the evening camp fire has been made gay and lively by the stories our English friend told us of his poodle dog. The incidents were comic and wonderful, and their effect heightened by his involuntary manner of telling them.
On one occasion, at a hot summer day, our English friend (whom we will call Illingsby) went with other

Englishmen to play a game of cricket, just outside of Calais. Such active exercise, and such hot weather, naturally made everybody thirsty, and it was not long ere all the party's drinkables had vanished in the way that drinkables generally disappear among thirsty men on a hot summer day. The game was a long one, and well contested, and by-and-by everybody got thirstier than before. Their disgust at finding nothing at hand to quench their thirst, and no place near by where quencherables could be obtained, was loudly expressed. Everybody declared that it was impossible to go on with the game without something to drink, yet to give up the game was not to be thought of by ye Britons bold.

Illingsby, who, with his poodle (named Zouzon,) had been quiet looker-on of the game, now stepped forward, and as some of the cricketers had doubted his stories of the poodle's intellectual capacity, offered to bet them, one and all, that he could send Zouzon back to the city, and get something to drink for them, and that the dog would not only get the refreshment, but would bring it back all by himself, and simply on his mere verbal instructions.
"Done?" cried every cricketer at once, with English faith in betting.
Illingsby called Zouzon. The dog came.

YOUR THEORIES.

"Sit up, sir, when a gentleman speaks to you!"
Zouzon sat up, looking as grave and dignified as could be.
"Now, gentlemen," said Illingsby, "I will whisper his instructions in Zouzon's ears, and after he is gone, I will tell you what I directed him to do."
"Agreed!"
Illingsby stooped down and whispered to the poodle, and then patting him on the head said, sharply:
"Go!"
Off started the dog, at a rapid rate, straight for Calais.

"Gentlemen," said Illingsby, "I ordered Zouzon to go to my rooms in the hotel; ask the landlord for the key; go in my bedroom; he would find a bottle of burgundy on the centre table; he is to put it in one of my boots, which he will find in the corner, and bring them, boot and bottle, to me here."
An uproarious burst of derisive laughter greeted this announcement. "Will you double the bets?" said Illingsby. "Yes, yes!" said they, one and all.

THE DISTANCE TO CALAIS WAS CONSIDERABLE.

but Zouzon kept steadily and rapidly on, and presently was seen no more. After resting awhile, the cricketers resumed their game, determined to finish it as soon as possible and then go back to the city for an early dinner and plenty of lead thirsty quencherables. They put not the slightest faith in Illingsby's dog; his burgundy was a myth.
Presently, in the light of the game, Illingsby exclaimed, "There he comes!" Every player stopped and looked down the broad, straight, level avenue leading to the city. There was a dark spot dimly visible in the distance. "Two to one it's our the poodle!" exclaimed one cricketer. "Done!" said Illingsby beginning to get excited.
It was soon certain that the black spot was a black dog, and that the black dog was Zouzon; and, being a big, strong fellow, it was seen that he was holding his head unusually high in the air, and that he carried some object in his mouth.
"He has the boot!" exclaimed Illingsby, snapping his finger in triumph. "Two to one there's nothing in the boot!" shouted an excited cricketer. "Done!" shouted Illingsby, who would have bet any amount on his favorite.
Zouzon came slowly but proudly up to his master, Zouzon held the boot in his mouth. Zouzon felt that he had accomplished a remarkable feat. He evidently foresaw Darwin, and exclaimed to himself: "How is that for

HUMOROUS.

When Charles Lamb visited the Cathedral at Litchfield his guide told him that three men once dined upon the top of the steeple. "They must have been very sharp set," said Lamb.
A Dutchman getting excited over an elopement of a married woman, gave his opinion thus: "If my wife runs away with another man's wife, I shake him out of his proaches, if she pe mine fadder, mine Got!"
A widower who had never quarreled with his wife said that the last day of his marriage was as happy as the first. Another widower said the last day of his marriage was the happiest.
The Bridgeport man attempted to make his children afraid of fire by scorching the ends of their fingers, but his wife took him and so thoroughly toasted a much larger surface that he has taken no comfort since. He wants to know what is to become of the social fabric, if family discipline is to be undermined in this way.
The other day a little boy who had cut his finger run to his mother and cried: "The fire is quick, for the juice is all running out!" The same urchin, on one of the late excessively hot days, appealed to his mother for help, saying: "Ma, do fix me, for I'm leaking all over!"
Charles Lamb, one afternoon, in returning from a dinner party, took his seat in a crowded omnibus, when a stout gentleman subsequently looked in and politely asked, "All full inside?"
"I don't know how it may be, sir, with the other passengers," answered Lamb, "but that last piece of pie did the business for me!"
A mulatto girl, in attempting to cross the track of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, recently, was struck by the cow-catcher and thrown back upon the pilot. She was found to be unhurt, and remained there quietly enjoying the ride until the next station was reached, when she jumped off and exclaimed, "Dis is jes de place I wanted to come to!"
A boy got fooling around his father's horses, until finally one of them put his foot in his face. He was carried in and the doctor set up his lips and bandaged his eyes, and poulticed his cheeks, but he puffed up and laid about a number of days; and when he began to get a little better he called for a looking-glass, and casting his eyes upon it his countenance fell. "Father, do you think I will ever be as pretty again?" "No, my son," the old man replied; "you'll never be so pretty again, but you'll know a darned sight more."
A lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia: "Your Majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly." "That's none of my business," replied the King. "But he speaks ill of you," said the lady. "That," replied he, "is none of your business."
An old man who believed that "what was to be would," but who was very particular to have his gun with him when he went among the Indians, was once disappointed in one of his usual trips because his gun was not within reach. Tantalized by the suggestion that he "would not die till his time came," and that the want of his gun made no matter: "But," said he, "suppose I should meet an Indian whose time came, I would not like to be without my gun."
I am a lover rejected! Pray what shall I do? Shall I "shuffle this mortal," like some lovers true? A. Oh no; for such actions make waste of good blood. Just keep up your courage—your chance is still good. Remuster your forces, your colors unfurl, and go forth to the conquest of some other girl!
A dumb man recently went to law with a deaf man. The latter, of course, was the defendant.
They are still growling about the weather at the centers of observation. They invariably speak of the mean temperature.
A Memphis paper defines advertising to be a "blatter which drives customers."