

The Albany Register.

VOLUME V.

ALBANY, OREGON, MARCH 21, 1873.

NO. 20.

SCHOOL DAYS.

A TRUE STORY.

I always recall with keen relish, the joke which Fanny Burns played on our school-master. It was altogether unpremeditated and involuntary on her part, but that made it all the more enjoyable.

Mr. Charlton was very dignified, stern at times, and prided himself on the strict discipline enforced in his school. But Fanny Burns, with her black eyes, irrepressible love of fun and ready wit, was almost too much for him.

Fanny and I were very good friends. I used to draw her home on my sled, run races with her, gave her dainty morsels out of my dinner basket, and perform various other gallantries suited to our juvenile ideas of such things. And when we were a little older, I walked home with her instead of drawing her, and made purchase of oranges in lieu of bestowing on her tarts and baked apples. Although we saw each other before school, at recess, at noon, and after, it invariably happened that during study hours matters of sudden and vital importance would arise, demanding epistolary communication between us. Notes would be written and passed from hand to hand until they reached their destinations, for there was a mutual agreement between all the pupils to perform such offices secretly and faithfully. Sometimes, indeed, we would sit near together—on opposite sides of an aisle, for instance—so that we could deliver our missives directly to each other.

This practice of writing notes was of course strongly condemned and strictly forbidden by our teacher; and as Fanny and I were especial and frequent offenders in this particular, he managed to glance towards us many times in the course of a day. We were generally successful, however, in eluding his watchfulness, but managed to exchange great numbers of small bits of paper, on which messages were scribbled.

But one day our hour of grief came—or at least so I thought for the time being. Fanny had handed me several notes to which, for some reason, I had neglected replying. And soon came another neatly folded, which she reached over to me with considerable exertion. Accompanying it was a lead pencil, though for what purpose I could not imagine. I was just reaching over to receive it from her hand, when a loud stern voice paralyzed us both for an instant.

"There! Miss Burns! I have caught you at it at last!"

Fanny's bright eyes dilated with fright. I shrank back in my seat, leaving the note still in her hand.

"You will please step forward, Miss Burns, and bring that note with you."

Fanny obeyed with a subdued air, though not without first turning up her nose furiously. I trembled with apprehension, more for her sake than my own.

"Stand up there on the stage," said Mr. Charlton, sternly. He took the note from her.

"I have often spoken of this despicable practice of writing notes," he said, turning so as to view Fanny and the whole school simultaneously—"of its wrongfulness and bad influence. I have given warning repeatedly that it must not be done, and have threatened to visit with severe punishment the first offense of the kind, coming within my knowledge. The silly and base love-trash with which they are filled should never pass between young people. In fact persons of your ages should never say to each other, by word or letter, what you would not be willing the whole world should

hear. I cannot say that I am surprised, Miss Burns, but I am deeply grieved, that you should disobey me in this instance, as you have doubtless in many others. It becomes my duty to make an example of you, which I shall do by mortifying you. I presume you would dislike exceedingly to have me read this note aloud to the school."

Fanny started violently, and seemed about to speak, but checked herself. Mr. Charlton paused, but she was silent. I, who was watching intently, noticed a curious expression on her face.

"Is there anything written in this note that you would be ashamed to have the pupils hear?"

"No, sir," she faltered.

"I presume not," said Mr. Charlton, sarcastically.

Was it possible, thought I, that Fanny's apparent difficulty in speaking was caused by suppressed merriment? Her face certainly indicated it, for while she bit her lip her shoulders moved convulsively, and there was an unmistakable sparkle in her black dancing eyes. I watched the proceedings with intense interest.

"I shall read it aloud," said Mr. Charlton, relentlessly, and somewhat excited with the prospect of making such an impression as he expected to, "and I hope it may prove a lasting lesson to you."

He unfolded the paper with a pompous air and held it before his face. The attention of the pupils was almost breathless, and the hush of expectation was almost profound.

But instead of reading the note Mr. Charlton looked at it with an expression of utter astonishment. Perplexity, dismay and anger flitted by turns across his face, which was finally overspread by a violent red flush. He turned to Fanny furiously.

"Was this done to entrap me, Miss Burns?"

"No, sir?"

The astonishment of all knew no bounds now. The scene was inexplicable to all except the two chief actors in it.

"What does this blank piece of paper mean?"

An audible titter suddenly arose, like the first pattering of a summer shower. The true state of the case began to dawn upon our minds.

Fanny was using all her energies in endeavoring to retain a sober and respectful air toward her questioner.

"He didn't answer my note," she said, "and so I was going to hand him that piece of paper and a pencil to—as—a—sort of a hint?"

The titter now swelled into a roar, in an instant every boy and girl in the schoolroom laughed uncontrollably. Fanny buried her face in her handkerchief, and also laughed violently, but silently. Peals and cheers arose, and it was simply impossible to pursue further a "serious" treatment of the school.

Mr. Charlton himself was obliged to smile, in the midst of his wrath and discomfiture. He handed the paper back to Fanny, and said a few words to her which none of us could hear in the uproar, and she, bowing, went to her seat.

The funny scene ended, and all was studious enough for the remainder of that day, and indeed for many days thereafter.

I will remember when we went up to the next "grade," Mr. Charlton was talking to the teacher whose department we were about to enter.

Fanny stood near, and patting her on the back, he said:

"This girl you will find, will always give her lessons, but look out for her, or she'll be too much for you. There's danger behind those black eyes!"

If this were a "story" Fanny would of course be my wife now, but as it is a simple reminiscence of real life, it doesn't end that way. Soon after our entrance into the higher grade, Fanny discovered charms in a youth named Smith that far outshone mine. This threw me into a cynical frame of mind, from which it took me fully two weeks to recover. Then to spite her I went with another girl.

Then came the breaking up of our class, some tears and hearty hand-shaking. That was a dozen years ago, and I believe Fanny is now the wife of a man "out west." Such is life!

Letter from Farmer Herryman.

Following letter to the N. Y. *Agri-culturist* contains good, plain, homely hints:

MR. EDITOR:—I am not in the way of writin much for the news papers, but I hav a wonderful habit of thinkin, and so I like to write it out the best fashion I can. I guess you can print it so as your readers will take the sense on it. I hav always been a farmer. In fact I was born a farmer, and my father and mother was both farmers before me. I study farmin, and live rite among farmers, but some of them hav wonderful bad notions on farmin. I will tell you how it goes with them.

About a week or so ago, I met my neighbor Allen on the road, and sez I to him, "Neighbor Allen, what do you think iz the difference between the native cows, and those brought over from England?" "Difference?" sez he. "Why, I think the native cows, sich as my father used to raise, iz all ahead of your English cows. The old fashioned cows are small and tough, and it takes but little to keep them, and they don't hav to be stabled and unseed, and petted, like your great short-horned, as you call 'em; and I would rather have the natives' anyway."

"Yes," sez I, "but then the natives are small, and when you are tired of milkin 'em and make 'em lute beef, you get but little beef; and when you offer your little calves to the butcher, you get only a small price; so also if you raise helters or steers to sell, it is in the same way; and it takes as much to keep a poor cow as a good one. Now, if you git some of the r'al short horn breed from a first rate 'milkin strain,' (I believe they call it), your calves will fetch as much agin as your little stunted things, and when you turn off a cow for beef, you have something worth while; and so, if you have helters or steers to sell, they will bring you as much agin money, which is worth looking after."

A day or so after, I met with neighbor Griukie, and sez I, "Neighbor, how do you come on raisin sheep and lambs? Your flock increased much the past season?"

"Not much," sez he, looking kindly sheepish. "I wintered thirty last winter, mostly ewes, and had about thirty lambs, but they came in a bad time, along in February, and with all the husk I could give 'em, I only raised ten. And my old ones became poor, and the dis-temper took hold of them and a number died. I hav't much faith in sheep."

"Yes," sez I, "this is the way it goes. I have a hundred real nice South Down. I wintered fifty last winter, and I raised fifty lambs, and now I have one hundred, in first-rate order. I kept my sheep under good sheds, fed 'em roots and a little oats, and didn't have any 'lamb' till the weather was gettin warm in the spring, and mine increased just double."

I called in last evening to see my neighbor Wilkins, and sat down in a cheer, and he and I had a long talk on farmin, on raisin critters, and poultry, and so on.

Sez I, "Neighbor Wilkins, do you git along pretty well with your hens and geeser? Do your hens lay in winter?"

"Not much," sez he. "I don't have much faith in poultry. I think they cost more than they come to. I keep a few, and let them take care of themselves as best they can. They are a great trouble any how."

"Now," sez I, "neighbor, I tell yee what, I think hens and chickens pay as well as anything in the way of farmin. I built a good house for mine and made it tight, and keep it clean; I give my hens and chickens corn, buckwheat, and meal boiled, cabbage and apple parins chopped fine, and fresh meat twice a week, and they lay straight through the winter, when eggs are from 30 to 40 cents a dozen."

Something New in Journalism.

The New York correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe* says:

The new journal, to be called the *Daily Graphic*, which I have already mentioned, will make its appearance in two or three weeks. It is to be an illustrated evening issue of eight pages, and something particularly new in journalism. The *Graphic* has a capital of \$500,000, gold, mostly furnished by Canadians. It has leased a very large building, six stories high, in Park Place, and has the amplest facilities. In connection with the paper the company expect to do a large amount of engraving and printing by a process altogether new, and which it calls the *Graphic*. The process seems to have been discovered and perfected in Quebec, and is known only to George E. Desbrosses, the proprietor of the *Montreal Illustrated News*. By it an artist can make the illustrations and have them ready for the press as soon as a reporter can write up an account, so that, if the Academy of Music were to burn down or the steamer Providence were to blow up at her dock at ten o'clock in the morning, the paper issued in the afternoon would appear with full illustrations of the occurrence. The artist is his own engraver, and the rapidity of the process is extraordinary.

The company anticipates effecting a revolution, not only in engraving and printing, but in chromo, lithography and electrotyping, and to beat the illustrated weeklies all hollow in furnishing pictorial accounts of contemporaneous events. Its publishers declare that they can make their daily pay with a circulation of 10,000, though they hope to carry it much beyond that. Newspaper men here feel a good deal of interest in the novel enterprise, and wonder what it will achieve. One thing appears certain—the *Graphic* company has money and means business. Within two or three weeks, as I have said, the paper will be out, and we shall all be able to judge of it for ourselves.

The Duk.

The duk is a fowl. There aint no doubt about this—naturalists say so, and common sense teaches it.

They are built sumthing like a hen, and are an up-and-down, flat-footed job.

They don't kackle like the hen, nor kro like the rooster, nor holler like a peacock, nor scream like the goose, nor turk like the turkey; but they quack like a rook dokter, and their bill resembles a veterinary surgeon's.

They have a waven fut, and kan float on the water az natural az a soap bubble.

They are pretty mutch all feathers, and when the feathers are all removed, and their innards out, there iz just about az mutch meat on them az there iz on a kook-necked squash that huz gone tew seed.

Wild dunks are very good shooting, and are very good to miss also, unless you understand the bizness.

You should aim about three foot ahead of them, and let them fly up to the shot.

I hav shot at them all day, and got nothing but a tall feather now and then; but this satisfied me, for I am crazy for all kind of sport, you know.

There are sum kind of dunks that are very hard tew kill, even if you do hit them. I shot, one whole afternoon, three years ago, at sum dekok dunks, and never got one ov them. I have never told of this before, and hope no one will repeat it—this iz strikly confidential.—Josh Billings.

The *Salt Lake Mining Journal* reports a lecture delivered in that city by a Mr. Waidell, who, in speaking of a little girl who was rescued from death at the Mountain Meadow massacre, but whose mother was killed in that fearful slaughter, said: "She had recognized her mother's dress on a Mormon woman at Cedar City. The child was at once suspected of knowing too much to be permitted to live. A council of the priesthood was at once called, who took her out to a convenient place, and after considering her case, doomed her to die. A priest, who had received his endowments, was ordered then and there to execute the sentence. He seized her, dashed her upon the ground, planted his knee upon her abdomen, with his left hand seized her by the hair, and with the other hand drew his knife and cut her throat."

Applications to reflex at Washington are very numerous. Secretary Fish received over 100 letter in one day. But few changes comparatively will be made.

Diphtheria is now prevalent at the Daktes.

Three hundred liberal Catholics of Paris have united in an address to Pere Hyaciuth, urging him to resume the pulpit. The Father made a favorable reply, saying he was willing to preach to those who have resolved not to surrender to either ultra montanism or unbelief.

The American Legation at Berlin gave a dinner on the night of the 4th in honor of the inauguration of President Grant, at which Minister Bancroft presided. Bismarck sat at his right and offered a toast to the President. Bancroft gave one to the health of the Emperor.

The body of Clarence Cole, aged 15, of Eaton, Pa., was found dead, hanging in his father's garret at the end of a rope, recently. He was compelled to do the washings and ironings, dish wash and sweep and make beds, and these duties being distasteful, it is supposed he sought death as a relief.

Chief Justice Chase is represented as having change' from the handsome, smooth-faced, portly man of the past, to a tall, heavy, thin man, with a yellow beard. His mind is clear, but his voice is weak and the thin lips quiver from paralysis. He is the ghost of his former self.

Charleston, S. C., City Council have resolved to invite President Grant to be the guest of the city.

The impression gains ground in London that Don Carlos will succeed.

Thiers has recognized the belligerent rights of Carlists in Spain.

The Senate has passed a bill establishing a military prison.

The Texas and Pacific railroad bill has passed the Senate.

New York does not like her new city charter.

Dorsey, the new Senator from Arkansas, is only thirty.

A citizen of Helena, Montana, was discovered in the street with his garments on fire in the rear. He had put a pipe which he had been smoking, into his coat pocket. He remarked that he "thought the weather was moderatin' d—d sudden."

A Buffalo paper announces that by the recent burning of an ice house there, 200,000 tons of ice were reduced to ashes.

The rivers in the northern part of Maine are frozen solid down to the bottom, and the people are blasting for fish.

A cathedral is to be built in the midst of the South African diamond fields.

An Iowa man lay under a snow drift forty hours, and was dug out safe and sound.

J. B. Norris has been appointed a commissioner of deeds for Washington Territory, to reside at New York city.

At Louisville, Ky., on the 10th, the tents of the Great Eastern Circus were blown down killing one boy and injuring another.

Gov. Ferry has commissioned John L. Shearer notary public of Lopez Island, Whatcom county, W. T.

The last concert given by the Old Folks at Olympia netted some \$60.