

# The Albany Register.

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## The Parson's Trotter.

Parson Brackett had been settled over the first parish of Rustfield for several years, and a staid, solemn and temperate man, verging toward the frosts of three-score and ten. He was a kind-hearted friend, a faithful counsellor, and a very acceptable preacher. Once upon a time the parson's horse died, and he must purchase another. His salary was small, and he could not spare many dollars for anything luxurious in the way of horseflesh. His neighbor Richards had a horse in pasture which he thought would answer the parson's purpose. Said horse had been sent up from Portland by Babcock, in the spring, with instructions to the farmer that if he lived to be worth selling, he might be sold for what he would bring. The animal had come upon the farm with spavin and heaves, and to all appearances essentially used up, and, more than this, he was quite old, and blind of an eye.

But by the coming of autumn the old horse had picked up wonderfully and, Richards believed, would answer the parson's purpose as well as a better. Richards wrote to Babcock, stating the case, and George wrote back that the parson might have the animal for just what he was willing to pay, and so Parson Brackett became the owner of the horse.

Now there was a bit of history connected with that horse which had not been communicated to the farmer, and which was not known in Rustfield. The animal had been in his day, a noted trotter, and for ten years, at least, he had been one of the bright particular stars at Cambridge, having been pitted both against "Mac" and "Lady Suffolk," and it had been a remembrance of this brilliant career which had led the former owner to secure a good home for the beast in his old age.

On a bright, bracing Sabbath morning in October, Parson Brackett set forth from his home to preach in Dixford. The distance was twelve miles, and he was thankful, as he rode onward, that he had so good a horse, for the animal crept over the ground at a grand rate, considering his age and the price which had been paid for him.

Upon the outskirts of the town of Dixford the road struck a level plain of intervals, reaching thus for full two miles to the village, and just as the parson reached this point, two young bloods, with fast horses and sulkies, came up behind him, shouting in the heat of a race, and attempted to drive past him. The old racer smelled the battle in a moment. He gave a prolonged snort—then shook his head—then reared aloft—and when he came down he closed his teeth against the bit and shot off like a cannonball. The parson was a man of nerve and courage, but he knew nothing about race-horses. He did just the thing which he should not have done. He drew up the reins with all his might, and halloed: "Whoa! Whoa!" as loudly as he could.

Away went the old racer, at a trot square and honest, but fearfully rapid, and behind came the youthful bloods, whipping their horses to a gallop; and the welkin rang with the noise—the parson thundering his "whoa! whoa!" while the pursuers whooped and hurrahed.

The noise reached the village, and the people were out to behold the cause; and ere long Parson Brackett came flying in behind his trotter, leading the running horses by several rods, and when the parson reined up at the public house the old horse came to a stop as orderly and quietly as if nothing had happened out of the way.

At first the good people of Dixford were so shocked that they were tempted not to allow Parson Brackett to preach to them; but before the time for the service arrived he had so explained matters that the weight of blame was lifted from his shoulders. He preached on that Sabbath, and on the following day he sold his trotter at a big advance on the price he had paid for him.

## A REMARKABLE DESK.

An Omaha paper gives the following description of a magnificent desk, made by a man in Montana as a gift to President Grant:

Yesterday afternoon there arrived in this city, by the Union Pacific, a magnificent piece of handiwork in the shape of a desk, which was being taken on to Washington as a gift to Gen. Grant from the builder, Frederick E. Schultze, of Boreman, 100 miles from Helena, in Montana Territory. It was shipped in four sections, or boxes, and a description of it, obtained from one who knew all about it, is well worth producing for the perusal of our readers. It was moulded after rock at Wind river, and is four stories in height. In the first story there is a book-stand on each side, and in the centre there is a place for a seat. The second story is a secretary, and is composed of three revolving cylinders, which, upon merely touching a spring, can be turned around bringing into view six drawers, a mirror, ink-stand, pigeon-holes, &c. A library for fine books composes the third story, while the fourth is an arch which can be revolved so as to show either side. The desk, when placed into position, is 11 feet high. Nine hundred feet of cedar and 200 feet of pine were used in its construction, and it consists of 4,199 different pieces, and not a nail or screw can be found in it, none having been used. The weight is 2,300 pounds. The ornamental work is of the most ingenious design, being inlaid, and of the finest polish.

Two years were consumed by Mr. Schultze, assisted by his son Fritz, in building this remarkable piece of furniture. It was all done by hand, there being no machinery in Boreman, which is a place of only about three hundred inhabitants.

Prof. Hayden, who, when he was West saw the desk, says that it is one of the finest pieces of workmanship in the world, and he is lending some assistance to Mr. Schultze in bringing it to Washington. An influential man named Beck has already gone to Washington to make preparations for the reception of the desk upon its arrival there.

This is a strange country. The obstinacy with which it refuses to become bankrupt is a striking illustration of the unreasonableness of the Anglo-Saxon race. Here we have been going down hill at brake neck speed with all the breaks off for twelve years, during which time the most fearful and destructive war of modern times has raged within, our nation is richer now than it was in 1860. In 1850 our aggregate wealth was \$7,000,000,000, in 1860 it was \$16,000,000,000, in 1870 it was \$30,000,000,000. Our Democratic brethren tell us things would have gone differently if their party had remained in power—*St. Louis Democrat*.

The Mormon conference was in full blast on the 7th. The attendance was large. Brigham Young delivered a long discourse, the main point being against the Gentile sectarian schools being introduced from Babylon. Urged mothers to educate their own children and not allow outsiders to interfere with the kingdom. He denounced their growing disinclination to pay tithing, as imperilling the salvation of the people.

## A Pair of Spectacles.

The late General B—going post haste to Ireland on some extraordinary business which would not permit the incumbrance of a retinue, stopped to dine at the inn on the Chester road, and ordered a pair of ducks which he saw ready at the kitchen fire, up to his table.

The General's desire had just been complied with when some country chaps came in, hungry as hawks, after the morning sport. They eagerly inquired what could be had to eat. Like a true Boniface, the landlord enumerated what he had not, to apologize for what he had, and, among others things, mentioned the ducks which had been only a moment before served up for the Irish gentleman's dinner. "Irish jontleman?" glibly exclaimed one of the group. "I'll lay fifty to five that he don't know B from a bull's foot. Here, waiter, take my watch up to the jontleman, presenting my compliments, and request him to tell me what o'clock it is."

The General heard the message, took the watch, and with great temper returned his respects, with the assurance that as soon as he had dined he would endeavor to satisfy their inquiry.

The jesters chuckled at the embarrassment which they imagined the ignorant Irishman was led into: sat down to regale themselves on whatever they could get; but their jolity was presently disturbed by the entrance of a military figure, who, with the politeness which is the peculiar characteristic of the army, advanced toward the table where they were seated and presented the watch.

"Gentleman," said he, "I wish to know its owner, as, from a message sent to me a little while ago, I presume he is short-sighted, and I have brought him a pair of spectacles," pointing to a pair of pistols under his arm, "to remedy the defect."

The joke was gone—the jesters were silent. The General deliberately put the watch in his fob, with a declaration that secured it to him forever.

"Gentleman, I am sorry for intruding, as I find the owner is not among you; whenever he claims it he shall have it, but never without a trial of the spectacles."

At Rathdowney, in Ireland, the other day, one Edward Dowling proclaimed that, being too good for this world, he would be translated at a certain hour from the public square of the town. Two thousand people got together to see Mr. Dowling go up. He then told them that the fiery chariot would soon arrive to carry him off, but unfortunately the vehicle didn't come. He waited and waited, and at last was compelled to announce that the ascension was indefinitely postponed. In all other respects the miracle was a perfect success.

A man who scores was described by his friend, the other day, as follows: "Scores? Oh no, I guess not—no name for it! When you wake up in the morning, and find that the house you lodge in has been removed half a mile during the night by the respiratory vehemence of a fellow-lodger, you may get some idea of that fellow's performance. His landlady gets her house moved back by turning his bed around."

Always avoid the company in which you are willing to tell a coarse jest, because for you it is a demoralizing company. Grossness is never humorous, profanity is never admirable; and if your manner and speech once begin to ravel out on that edge, all its manliness and charm are in danger.

## The Best Stimulant.

There are times when the pulse lies low in the bosom, and beats low in the veins; when the spirit sleeps the sleep which, apparently, knows no waking, in its house of clay, and the window-shutters are closed, and the door is hung with the invisible crape of melancholy; when we wish the golden sunshine pitchy darkness, and are very willing to fancy clouds were no clouds be. What shall make the heart beat music again, and the pulses dance to it through all the myriad-throated halls in our house of life? What shall make the sun kiss the eastern hills again for us, with all his old awakening gladness, and the night overflow with "moonlight, music, love, and flowers?"

Love itself is the stimulant, the most intoxicating of all, and performs all these miracles; but it is a miracle itself, and is not at the drug-store, whatever they say. The counterfeit is in the market, but the winged god is not a money-changer, we assure you.

LENGTH OF DAYS.—The days of summer grow longer as we go northward, and the days of winter shorter.

At Hamburgh the longest day has seventeen hours and shortest seven.

At Stockholm the longest has eighteen and a half hours and the shortest five and a half.

At St. Petersburg the longest has nineteen and a half hours and the shortest five hours.

At Finland the longest has twenty-one hours and a half and the shortest two and a half.

At Waudorbus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 2d of July—the sun not getting below the horizon for the whole time, but skimming along very close to it in the north.

At Spitzbergen the longest day lasts three months.

CUT THIS OUT.—A tea made of chestnut leaves, and drunk in the place of water, is said to cure the most obstinate case of dropsy.

A tea made of ripe or dried whortleberries, and drunk in the place of water is a sure and speedy cure for a serofulous difficulty however bad.

A tea made of peach-leaves is a sure cure for a kidney difficulty.

HAM TOST.—When a ham is ready for the table, take off as much of it as you require, and mince it up very finely. To one pint of mince, put two tablespoonfuls of cream, or fresh, rich milk. Boil it five minutes; prepare well-buttered slices of toast, and spread the mince on them. Strew over this well-grated breadcrumbs, a little parsley, and some small pieces of butter. Brown in a quick oven, and serve hot.

TO MAKE COCONUT CANDY.—Rasp very fine a sound, fresh coconut, spread it on a dish and let it dry naturally for three days. Four ounces will be sufficient for a pound of sugar for most tastes, but more can be used at pleasure. Boil the sugar, and when it begins to be very thick and white strew in the nut; stir and mix it well, and do not quit it for an instant until it is finished. Keep the pan a little above the fire to prevent the nut from burning.

It will not do hereafter to say of the dullest boy in the family that he can be the farmer, because he is unfit for anything else. He must have all the elements of an earnest man in him, with good reasoning and analytical powers, and no slow blood or ill-directed brain; or else though he may make a poor lawyer, doctor, or politician, it is not at all probable he will succeed as a farmer.

## HUMOROUS.

Good news for husbands—Ladies were their dresses longer than they used to do.

People who are always wishing for something new should try neuralgia.

How do you know a house is often hungry? Because we see the chimney swallow flies.

A Bloomington, Ill., uncle lately held a young husband while the runaway bride was seized and spanked by the irate father.

"Let the toast be, dear woman," as the man said to his wife when he wanted to eat it all himself.

Some one, feeling that actions are better than words, has said: "We read of the Acts of the Apostles, but never of their resolutions."

"There, now," cried little Bessie, the other day, rumaging a drawer in the bureau, "Grandpa has gone to Heaven without his spectacles."

A Western man at a "prayer meeting" said, somewhat enviously: "Brother Lawson can sing better than I can, but by the grace of Heaven I can fiddle his shirt off."

If you don't look carefully after the bits of your horse, you may one day be looking after the bits of your wagon.

A certain clergyman who left a notice in his pulpit to be read by the preacher who exchanged with him, neglected to denote carefully a private postscript, and the congregation was astonished to hear the stranger wind up by saying: "You will please come to dine with me at the parsonage."

Carpenters frequently become not only bores, but also annoy people with their old saws.

A fop, in company, wanting his servant, called out: "Where's that blockhead of mine?" "On your shoulders, sir."

The maddest man in Camden is Smith. He wound up his clock regularly every night for fifteen years, and then discovered that it was an eight-day clock.

"When Shakespeare wrote about 'patience on a monument,' did he refer to doctors' patients?" "No." "How do you know he didn't?" "Because you always find them under a monument."

The Scarabeus, or that which we call the "tumble-bug," symbolized, in ancient days, the resurrection. The explanation is made because Western editors are using the compound term as one of reproach in their little name-calling tournaments.

An Ohio girl, who was jilted by her lover, spoiled his beauty by taking her little pistol and shooting his nose off.

Mrs. Minnie Myrtle Miller was well patronized in Ohio and Indiana.

It is estimated that between \$900,000,000 and \$1,000,000,000 of American railway bonds have been negotiated in Germany.

"I say, cap'n," said a little-eyed man as he landed from the steamboat Natchez—"I say, cap'n, this ere ain't all."

"That's all the baggage you brought on board, sir," replied the captain.

"Well, see now, it's according to list—four boxes, three chests, two ban' boxes, portmanteau, two hams, (one part cut) three ropes of inyons, and a teakettle; but I'm dubersum. I feel there's something short, though I've counted 'em nine times, and never took my eyes off ov' 'em while on board; there's something not right somehow."

"Well, stranger, the time's up. There's all I know of; so bring up your wife and five children out of the cabin, and we're off."

"Them's um! darn it—them's um!" he exclaimed. "I knowed I'd forgot something."