

The Albany Register.

VOLUME V.

ALBANY, OREGON, MAY 2, 1873.

NO. 35.

THREE.

"Eve!"

We three looked up. She had come into the drawing room, a star of silver on her forehead, her gray silken robe trailing behind her like the surf of the sea.

"Eve!"

The voice called again through the hall.

"But I came for Daisy."

The little child, hiding in the fold of the long red curtain, shook his curls, and betrayed himself by a laugh. She drew him out with one milky hand; glimmering with pearls.

"Naughty pet!"

She lifted him in her arms, and bore him away.

Rolfé and I turned to Miss Blair.

"Who was that, Mattie?"

"Mrs. Eve Amberly. Isn't she beautiful?"

"A queen!" cried Rolfé.

"A vision!" I replied.

"A lady!" said Malcolm, gently.

Poor Malcolm! He was more delicately made than his brothers. No doubt, we tried him sorely at times—Mattie Blair petted him; but Mattie was one of those peculiar people, adapted to the whole universe, who can please everybody. She turned to him now, her good face, sadly pitted with small-pox, lighted by a sweet smile.

"Yes, she is a lady, Malcolm. She is gentle and serene and pure as that lake yonder. She is a widow, staying here at the Grove House for the season, with her brother and little child."

I did not speak, but I was conscious of feeling supremely blessed for the information.

We strolled out into the grounds.

"It's pleasant here, Rolfé."

"Very."

"Suppose we stay here for a few weeks, instead of going further?"

"Agreed, if Malcolm is willing."

"Malcolm, will you stay?"

"I have no objections, if we can get a mail every day."

Malcolm must always be where he could hear from our invalid mother daily. But, then, he was her boy.

As we turned toward the house, we saw Mrs. Amberly standing on the piazza, her little child on her shoulder catching at the white butterflies in the air.

I don't know how my brothers made her acquaintance. I was introduced to her at the Spring House where she was vainly and laughingly trying to make Daisy drink a glass of the mineral water, the taste of which he did not like. He was less than two years old, and at last cried in real baby fashion.

"Come to uncle, boy!" said a stout gray-haired gentleman, and the child ran to his arms.

"Spoiled little elf!" laughed Eve, throwing the water among the grass. "If any person wants an utterly ruined child, I have one to give away."

She walked with me up the path to the house, her dusky hair in a silken snood, her face reminding me of an exquisitely cut cameo, her smile unlike anything that ever brightened stone.

And I? Well I had loved her from the first moment I saw her.

We staid at Grovelands for a month. It was a retired place, in New York State. I have never seen it since that Summer.

Never before to me were there such excursions. Trips on the river, ascents of mountains, and long drives; hunts, on foot, for azaleas, fern, and finally, for the scarlet cardinal flower. For silver-voiced, light-footed, fair and serene Eve Amberly was always one of us.

She never seemed to know that she was admired. Indeed, how

could she? The boldest of her admirers never dared pay her a compliment. There was something in the calm sincerity of her manner that forbid. No longer a timid girl, self-poised, unselfish, kind, she was cordial and friendly in her manner, that was all. In us, the men of her acquaintance, she commanded a steady high courtesy, that hid a secret enthusiasm.

On the day that we searched on the banks of the river for the cardinal-flower, I realized that our six weeks of vacation were approaching an end—that these days of happiness were drawing to a close. With a pang, I turned to look for Eve. She was walking close to the water, and Rolfé was carrying her basket, filled with scarlet blossoms. The sunset struck the swart bloom of Rolfé's manly face, and I realized with a sharp sting of annoyance, that my brother was very handsome. He was my twin; but we were unlike, I having blue eyes, and a blonde beard.

"Will he dare?" I asked myself. When Rolfé joined me at the hotel, after we had returned, for the first time in my life I spoke to him coldly.

The balmy September days, how painfully fast they were passing!—Malcolm said that I appeared unlike myself.

My fine-tuned artist brother, he seemed the only happy one of the three, for Rolfé grew rough under my unkindness. I envied Malcolm—his composure and unruffled reserve of manner. I who felt myself brutal, while I accused Rolfé of being a bear.

We had an amateur concert one evening, during which she sang divinely. The fine, sweet strains of the music tortured me I had never and have never since, heard any so sweet as one song that she sang with Malcolm:

"I have placed a golden Ring upon the hand Of the sweetest little Lady in the land!"

"When the royal roses Scent the sunny air, I shall gather white ones For my darling's hair!"

Hasten, happy roses— Come to me by May; In your folded petals Lies my wedding-day!"

That was the last song she joined in. She rose from the piano, with a flush upon her cheek, and, I thought—avoided my eye.

The day of our departure came. After a sleepless night I spoke to Rolfé.

"Why should we hate each other for nothing? Let us have some cause. Eve Amberly has gone into the arbor on the lawn with a book. I will be rational. Go you first and ask your fate. If she prefers you, she would not accept me if I asked her first."

With a quick breath, he rose up and followed my bidding. It was torture to see him go.

I walked the piazza. The path that led to the arbor was lined with tall gladiolus, in pink flower. I remember trying to think how fine the show was, and of other indifferent things, just to keep from quite losing my mind.

Rolfé was gone but briefly. He appeared—came up to me.

"It is your turn," he said, with a bitter laugh, and passed into the house.

I turned, and went across the lawn, as if walking on air. Was it to be Eve, would she accept me?

She sat in a rustic chair, the bland sunshine falling upon her dun hair, her hands folded, and lying upon the book open on her lap. But her eyes, bright as the famed Eastern star, were looking far away across the lawns, with a troubled expression.

I sat down before her, and told my story.

She waited to still her troubled

breathing before she replied. Then she spoke briefly, as seemed to be her mind, for she was very pale. Her gentle answer fell like thunder on my ear.

She was engaged to my brother Malcolm.

Ab, well, we outlive our sorest disappointments. Malcolm married Eve Amberly the next May. I had gone abroad. By and by, I learned that Rolfé had wedded Mattie Blair.

Let me see—that was twenty years ago. I have never married.

A WHISKY SWEAT.—A western paper furnishes the following, which is about the best told story of the season: It appears that Sergeant Samule Fifield has been troubled with a fearful cold, which settled on his lungs, and his friends held a consultation, and decided to give the gallant sergeant an old fashioned sweat. He was wrapped in a blanket, and placed upon a cane-seat chair, and about a pint of whisky put under the chair, and a match touched to the whisky. It is evident that too much confidence had been placed in the fact that Madison whisky was never before known to burn; but singular as it may seem, this particular whisky did burn, and Mr. Fifield, with his well-known astuteness, discovered the fact as soon as anybody. Without stopping to argue with his friends as to the singular phenomenon, Mr. Fifield arose as one man, and with his hand on his heart, thanked the audience for the warm and genial manner in which he had been received, kicked the chair over and jumped up. He jumped—well, it is said that if the ceiling had been higher he would have increased his leap at least eight feet. On his return to earth, elocutionary powers were brought into requisition, and he made a speech that for blistering sarcasm and burning pathos has never had its equal in the annals of legislative experience. Dr. Walcott was telegraphed for from Milwaukee, and came by special train, but gave it as his opinion that amputation would not be necessary. The party with whom Fifield boards, the telegraph informs us, has raised the price of Sam's board three dollars a week, because it is necessary to set table for him on the mantel-piece.

AN INTELLIGENT PARROT.—The natural history editor of the Lexington, Ky., *Press* tells this: "A lady residing in a city not a hundred miles from Lexington is the possessor of two pets—a monkey and a parrot—who are by no means congenial friends; in fact, Mrs. C. was in the habit of locking up the monkey whenever she left the house, for fear of his belligerent qualities. One evening, alas! she neglected to do so, and the monkey coming in found the parrot ready for a fight, and a very desperate one ensued. The monkey ruthlessly pulled out every feather of the unfortunate parrot, and broke up the mantel ornaments, and smashed things generally. When Mrs. C. returned she found the monkey chattering on the mantelpiece, and out crept the parrot, looking deeply injured, and greeted her with, 'We have had a hell of a time.' The appropriateness of the remark caused shouts of laughter."

THE WARM GROUND.—"She died," said Polly, "and never was seen again, for she was buried in the ground." "The cold ground," said the child, shuddering. "No, the warm ground," said Polly; "where the ugly little seeds are turned into beautiful flowers, and where good people turn into angels and fly away to Heaven."

ANECDOTE OF POPE.—Alexander Pope once received a sharp rejoinder, whereby a pointed hit was made at his diminutive and ill-shaped figure.

The poet was one night at Burton's Coffee-house, where himself and Swift and Arbuthnot, with several other scholars, were poring over a manuscript copy of the Greek Aristophanes. At length they came across a sentence which they could not comprehend, and as in their perplexity they talked rather loudly they attracted the attention of a young officer who chanced to be in another part of the room. He approached and begged leave to look at the passage.

"Oh, by all means," said Pope, sarcastically. "Let the young gentleman look at it. We shall have light directly."

The young officer took the manuscript volume, and after a little study and consideration his countenance brightened. "It is but a slight omission on the part of the scribe," he said. "It only wants a note of interrogation at this point to make the whole intelligible."

Pope saw in an instant that the officer was right; but the thought of being outdone in Greek translation by a mere youth, and red-coat, piqued him, and with a sharp, bitter twang, he cried out:

"And pray, young sir, what is a note of interrogation?"

"A note of interrogation," answered the officer, surveying the wizened, hunch-backed poet from head to foot with a contemptuous look, "is a little crooked thing that asks questions."

THE FAMOUS FIGHTING EDITOR OF PARIS.—An English journal says: "Those who were at Chislehurst on the occasion of the lying in state of the Emperor Napoleon must have noticed a very tall broad-shouldered man, who, in evening dress, with a fur cape over his shoulders, was unceasingly smoking cigarettes. This was M. Paul de Cassagnac, the celebrated fighting editor of the *Pays*, who has slain eighteen men by his small-sword practice in duels, and who was one of the most vigorous supporters, by pen and sword, of the Bonaparte regime. He is now suffering slightly from rheumatism, but when his fit is over he has to undergo a duel with M. Mancé, the fighting editor of the *Gaulois*, also an expert swordsman and duelist."

Annexed is the report of the surgeon accompanying the Modoc expedition, on the wounds of the Peace Commissioners, received at the hands of the Modocs in the late massacre:

General Canby—A gun-shot wound of the left parietal bone of the face, tearing the skull and penetrating the brain. A gun-shot wound in the face, entering about the inner corner of the left eye. An incised wound of the neck, under the right ear, at about the angle of the jaw. The lower maxillary bone was also fractured.

Meacham's Wounds—A lacerated wound of the forehead and nose, fracturing the nasal bone. A gun-shot wound of the left index finger, fracturing the bone. A gun-shot wound of the right forearm. A gun-shot wound of the right ear. An incised wound of the scalp, extending for six inches on the left side of the head; the result of an attempt to scalp him.

Dr. Tomas's Wounds—A gun-shot wound, entering the right side of the chest, about half-way down the nipple and breast bone. A gun-shot wound in the backside of the head, at the right, coming out at the left side of the head above the temple, fracturing the skull terribly.

The book of job—Oakes Ames memorandum book.

DO YOU THINK IT FAIR.—I know a young man, a noble fellow, who carries on a successful manufacturing business. Although possessed of an abundant competence, he devotes himself with untiring assiduity to the interests of his factory ten hours every day. His eyes and hands are everywhere.

Half a year ago he married a beautiful, accomplished girl, who is said to speak four of the continental languages with the fluency of natives, while she touches the keys with infinite skill. Four months ago they began housekeeping. A week since they gave it up in utter disgust. Three servants figured conspicuously in their griefs. The coffee was execrable, the steak abominable, the cruet-stand and silver not fit to be seen, and the whole house in confusion.

The husband bore it as long as pride and patience could endure, and then sacrificing everything at auction, returned to boarding, resolved never to suffer the miseries of housekeeping again. I was never more indignant than when I heard of it. If that beautiful bride had learned one less language, and devoted the year to the mysteries of housekeeping, she might have made my friend's home a paradise. Suppose her husband's management of his business had been like her management of the house, what would have become of them?

I don't think the match a fair one. On one side it was a cheat. A young lady of the same ornamental class, in discussing the case exclaimed, "She did not agree in the marriage contract to play the part of a household drudge! Did the husband agree to play the part of a factory drudge?"

AN OLD WOMAN PUZZLED.—A customer entered a store one day and said:

"Old woman, what do you ask for herring?"

"Three cents apiece," said the old lady.

"I will take one," said the customer, and the aged vender proceeded to do it up.

"What do you ask for beer?" said the customer, as the parcel was handed him.

"Three cents a glass," said she.

"On the whole," said he, "I'll take a glass of beer instead of herring." So he took the beer and started to go.

"Beg your pardon," said the old lady, "but you haven't paid for the beer."

"Paid for it! Of course not. Didn't I give you back the herring for it?"

"Well, but," persisted the old lady, "you didn't pay for the herring."

"Pay for the herring! Of course I did not! I didn't take it, did I?"

"Well," said the old woman after a pause, in which she strove in vain to master the mathematics of it, "I presume you'er correct, but I wish you wouldn't trade here any more."

LAYING ON OF HANDS.—The Post-mistress at Villa Ridge, Illinois, has resigned in order to get married. In her letter of resignation that she sent to the Postmaster-General she remarked that she would rather have one man where she could lay her hands on him when she wanted him, than to be handling mail bags irregularly on a small salary, and getting sworn at by people who expected letters that never came.

A Chicago *Times* editor has discovered that Victoria Woodhull has feet of enormous size. As it is not stated how the circumstance came to his knowledge the inference is that Victoria fanned that fellow with her brogans.