

The Albany Register.

VOLUME V.

ALBANY, OREGON, JULY 18, 1873.

NO. 46.

The Family Altar.

There are few memories that are so fresh and powerful in after years as the memories of the household altar. I can travel back over the path of forty years and recall the very tones of my father's voice, as he reverently read the Bible, and devoutly prayed, in the midst of his children; how faithfully he taught them lessons of Christian truth and duty, in those thoughtless days of youth, and I bless his memory now for what I did not appreciate then. I believe that the memories of Christian parents, and the early associations of a Christian home, scarcely ever die out of the heart. Rev. Dr. Adams, in his beautiful book on "Thanksgiving Memories," gives us the following incident: "In the Cathedral of Limerick there hangs a chime of bells, which were cast in Italy by an enthusiast in his trade, who fixed his home near the monastery where they were first rung, that he might daily enjoy their sweet and solemn music. In some political revolution the bells were taken away to a distant land, and their maker himself became a refugee and exile. His wanderings brought him after many years, to Ireland. On a calm and beautiful evening, as the vessel which bore him floated on the placid bosom of the Shannon, suddenly the evening chimes pealed from the Cathedral towers. His practiced ear caught the sweet sound, and he knew that his lost treasures were found. His early home, his old friends, his beloved native land, all the best associations of his life were in those sounds. He laid himself back in the boat, crossed his arms upon his breast, and listened to the music. The boat reached the wharf, but still he lay there, silent and motionless. They spoke to him, but he did not answer. They went to him, but his spirit had fled. The tide of memories, that came vibrating through the heart at that well known chime, had snatched its strings."

And so, sometimes, in after life, when feet of wayward man have strayed far away from the home of his youth, and his heart has wandered far from his father's God, some memory of the past, like the sad melody of the evening chime, may wake long-slumbering echoes, and stir long-sealed fountains; and a father's counsels and a mother's prayers will come up again from the sacred burial places of the past, with wondrous power to melt and win the wayward heart.

Yes, a family ought to be a little Church of Jesus Christ. The father should be its pastor, conducting its daily worship and leading the dear circle in the way of truth and duty. Every tie which binds one living heart to another, should be made stronger and more tender by the influence of a common tie to Jesus. Such a household will have a happy home. Their circumstances may be humble and their lot may be lowly, but if they have Christ in the family there will always be sunshine and peace. That house cannot secure the highest domestic joy, which, like the inn at Bethlehem, has no room for Jesus.

The most original spelling we have ever seen is the following: It beats phonetics.—80 you be—a tub, 80 oh! pea—a top, be 80—bat, see 80—cat, Pea 80—pat, See oh! double you—cow. See you be—cub, See a bee—cab, Be you double tea—butt, See a double ell—call.

A worthy old farmer who was being worried in his cross-examination by a lawyer in Maine, exclaimed: Look here, Squire, don't you ask a good many foolish questions?"

A Major General in the Gutter.

To-day there is a man going about the streets in this city, ragged, dirty and penniless, subsisting on free lunches and the charities of gamblers, has not slept in bed for months, who, during the war, was one of the most dashing cavalry officers in the Union army, and promoted from the rank of first lieutenant to full brigadier and brevet major-general for brilliant exploits on the field of battle, and who for a long time had a large and important command.

He has been here for two or three months under an assumed name, being ashamed to dim the brilliancy of his record in service of his degradation under his former honored name. He is generally very reticent, having little to do with any one, or talking but little, save when "engineering" for a drink, at which he is remarkably successful.

A few weeks ago, while lying helplessly drunk in the rear part of a Third street saloon, some men thought to play a joke on him by stealing his shirt, and proceeded to strip him. Underneath his shirt and suspended by a string around his neck, was a small canvas bag, which the men opened, and found it to contain his commission as Brevet Major General, two congratulatory letters, one from Grant and one from President Lincoln, a photograph of a little girl and a curl of hair—a chestnut shadow that doubtless one day crept over the brow of some loved one.

When these things were discovered, even the half-drunken men who found them felt a respect for the man's former greatness and pity for his fallen condition, and quietly returned the bag and contents to where they found them, and replaced the sleeper's clothes upon him. Recently a news reporter tried to interview the man and endeavor to learn something of his life in the past few years, but he declined to communicate anything. He cried like a child when told his name and former position were ascertained, and with tears trickling down his cheeks, said: "For God's sake, sir, don't publish my degradation, or my name at least, if you are determined to say something about it. It is enough that I know myself how low I have become. Will you promise that much? It will do no good, but will do my friends a great deal of harm, as fortunately they think I died in South America, where I went at the close of the war."

Intemperance and the gambling table, he said, had wrought his ruin.—Kansas City Mail.

"Lame," sighed Mrs. Partington. "Here I have been sufferin' the bigamies of death for three mortal weeks. First I was received with a bleedin' phrenology in the Hampshire of the brain which was exceeded by the stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me the inflammation of the left borax, and now I am sick with the chloroform morbus. There is no blessin' like that of health, particularly when you're ill."

"Arrah, Pat, and why did I marry ye? Jist tell me that; for it's meself that's had to maintain ye iver since the blessed day that Father O'Flanigan snt me home to yer house." "Swate jewel," replied Pat, not relishing the charge, "an' it's meself that hopes I may live to see the day you're a widow waping over the cowl sod that kivers me—thin, by St. Patrick, I'll see how you get along without me, honey."

An earnest appeal is being made in California in behalf of the widow of Gen. Canby.

How to Get a Diamond Necklace.

A DIAMOND NECKLACE—How is it to be got?
By working?
No.
By dancing?
No.
By writing?
No.
By embroidering?
No.
By teaching music?
No.
By painting or being painted?
No, no, no, no—a thousand times no.

You shall see how it is done. The Countess T—, who possesses the most beautiful collar in St. Petersburg, if inquiry is made in regard to the price of this treasure, replies, "It cost me ten months in prison."

Here is the key to the enigma: The Countess had a revenue of about three hundred thousand francs a year.

One day a jeweler presented himself at the Countess' house with a famous necklace.

It pleased her immensely, of course; and she eagerly demanded the price.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand francs," reported the lapidary.

"It is a great deal. I haven't the money," sighed the beautiful Muscovite.

"Well, I shall take it to the Princess N.," he replied.

This lady was a rival of the Countess. It pained her to the heart to think the Princess should acquire these splendid jewels.

"Stop," said she, "Can you keep them for me for ten months? I engage to purchase them at the end of that time."

The jeweler was satisfied, and the bargain was concluded.

Thereupon the Countess went into a Greek convent for ten months. She bade adieu to all luxuries and vanities, discharged cooks, coachmen, and all other domestics, and devoted the expenses thus saved from housekeeping to the fund for acquiring the diamond necklace.

Ten months thereafter she returned to fashionable life more brilliant than ever, with a diamond necklace *de plus*.

"A necklace of two hundred and fifty thousand francs!" cried all the great ladies, her friends. "How did you manage it, Countess?"

"I have gained it by a certain method, and every one of you could do the same. But I know you will not try."

And that is true.—French Paper.

A friend, visiting in a minister's family, where the parents were very strict in regard to the children's Sabbath department, was confidentially informed by one of the little girls that "she would like to be a minister." "Why?" inquired the visitor, puzzled to understand what had given the child so sudden an admiration of that calling. She was quickly enlightened by the prompt reply: "So that I could holler on Sunday."

"Oh," gasped Mrs. Weighty, as she ascended the second flight of stairs in her new residence, "I really cannot run up any more stairs."

"Of course not," testily answered the husband; "but if the stairs were made of dressmakers' bills you could run them up very easily."

"I do detest puns," exclaimed Mrs. W. the next day, recounting the conversation to a friend.

"Where are the men of '76?" shouted a patriotic orator. "Dead," responded a sad-looking man in the middle aisle. The orator seemed to be disturbed by the information.

Literal Answers.

A lady noticed a boy sprinkling salt on the sidewalk to take off the ice, and remarked to a friend, pointing to the salt:

"Now that's benevolence."
"No it ain't," said the boy, somewhat indignant; it's salt."

So when a lady asked her servant girl if the hired man had cleaned off the snow with alacrity, she replied:

"No ma'am, he used a shovel."
A very polite and impressive gentleman said to a youth in the street:

"Boy, may I inquire where Robinson's drug store is?"
"Certainly, sir," replied the boy, very respectfully.

"Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting awhile, "where is it?"
"I have not the least idea, yer honor," said the urchin.

"Boy, I want to go to Dover street."

"Well, ma'am," said the boy, "why don't you go, then?"

"Did any of you ever see an elephant skin?" inquired a teacher of an infant class.

"I have," exclaimed one.

"Where?" asked the teacher.

"On the elephant," said the boy, laughing.

"I wonder where those clouds are going?" said Flora.

Her brother replied:

"I think they are going to thunder."

"Halloo there; how do you sell your wood?"

"By the cord."

"How long has it been cut?"

"Four feet."

"I mean how long has it been since you cut it?"

"No longer than it is now."

This reminds one of an instance which is said to have occurred once in Chatlam street, where a countryman was besieged by a shop keeper.

"Have you any fine shirts?" said the countryman.

"A splendid assortment. Step in, sir. Every price and every style. The cheapest in the market, sir."

"Are they clean?"

"To be sure, sir."

"Then," said the countryman, with great gravity, you had better put one on, for you need it."

Marvelous Cavalry.

WHAT THE RUSSIANS EXHIBITED TO THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY DURING HIS LATE VISIT.

A correspondent of the *Daily News*, in writing of the late review of the Russian cavalry in honor of the visit of the Emperor of Germany, says:

In what other country can one see horses like those which dash along the Neveksa so free, and fresh, and graceful? In what other country do they have such a glossy skin, such swan-like necks, such delicate limbs? And in what other country do they offer such material for cavalry?

The sleek and muscular beasts had evidently been selected as carefully as the men themselves. For each battalion they were all of one color—now a glossy black, now a rich brown, now a light gray, and the uniformity seemed to extend even to their shape and motion. The effect was singularly striking. There were probably 15,000 men in all—the cuirassiers with their white coats and heavy black horses, the hussars with their pikes, the mounted grenadiers and dragoons, at the wings the reckless Cossacks again. The Grand Duke Nicholas waved his sword and the entire force moved toward the Emperor and the spectators. At first it was a light trot, then an easy gallop, then faster and faster, till one could

only see thousands of glittering uniforms and superb horses dashing madly toward the crowd. Nearer and nearer they come, and ever at the same terrific pace. It will be death for the Imperial party who are on the ground below! Suddenly the Grand Duke's sword flies up again in the air; the officers pass the word along; still the 15,000 horsemen shake the earth. The Grand Duke's sword falls and the mighty mass comes to a stop as if transfixed by an electric shock. Perfect silence reigns. The long line of cavalry is as calm and steady as the marble palace itself, and far back through the centers all is tranquil.

The Spider's Bridge.

One chilly day I was left at home alone, and after I was tired of reading *Robinson Crusoe* I caught a spider and brought him into the house to play with. Well, I took a wash-basin and fastened up a stick in it like a liberty pole or a vessel's mast, and then poured in water enough to turn the mast into an island for my spider, whom I named Crusoe, and put on the mast. As soon as he was fairly cast away he anxiously commenced running around to find the road to the mainland. He'd scamper down the mast to the water, stick out a foot, get it wet, shake it, run round the stick and try the other side, and then run back to the top again. Pretty soon it became a serious matter with Mr. Robinson, and he sat down to think it over. And in a moment he acted as if he wanted to shout for a boat, and I was afraid he was going to be hungry, so I put a little molasses on the stick. A fly came but Crusoe wasn't hungry for flies just then. He was homesick for his web in the corner of the woodshed. He went slowly down the pole to the water and touched it all around, shaking his feet like pussy when she wets her stockings in the grass, and suddenly a thought appeared to strike him. Up he went like a rocket to the top and commenced playing circus. He held one foot in the air, then another, and turned round two or three times. He got excited and nearly stood on his head before I found out what he knew, and that was this—that the draft of air made by the fire would carry a line ashore on which he could escape from his desert island. He pushed out a web that went floating in the air until it came on the table. Then he hauled on the rope until it was strong enough to hold him and walk ashore. I thought he had earned his liberty, so I put him back in his woodshed again.

The Des Moines man who wore a hat-band inscribed "sweet potato plants for sale," has committed suicide since he heard of the old Illinois farmer who walks around the streets of Springfield with a sign on the seat of his pants which reads: "Use Brown's patent bee hive."

The heat during the past week has been very oppressive, and those whose business did not call them out in the sun were glad to remain within door and sing

"Oh, for a lodge in a garden of cucumbers!
Oh, for an leek or two to control!
Oh, for a vial which at midday the dew
embowers!
Oh, for a pleasure trip up to the pole!"

The local editor of one of our exchanges has a bustling paragraph as follows: Delinquent subscribers should not permit their daughters to wear this for a bustle. There being so much due on it, there is danger of taking a cold."

What is the difference between a Jew and a lawyer? The one gets his law from the prophets, the other his profits from the law.