

# The Albany Register.

L P Fisher

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## Waiting for Papa.

There's a sweet and home-like picture,  
In the little parlor bright,  
With the sparkling, flashing firelight  
Shooting gleams of crimson light.  
O'er the window, framed in ivy,  
And the paintings on the wall,  
Lighting up three childish faces—  
Sweetest pictures of them all.

Without, the night is dark and cloudy,  
And the dreary autumn rain,  
Like the touch of ghostly fingers,  
Beats upon the window pane.  
But the wild and solemn voices  
Of the outward raging storm,  
Seem to make the contrast greater,  
In the parlor bright and warm.

Watching from the vine-wreathed  
window,  
In the fading light of day,  
Till papa shall turn the corner,  
Coming up the garden way,  
Three sweet, dimpled, childish faces—  
Katy in her dress of blue,  
Rosy cheeks, and sunny ringlets,  
And her eyes of heaven's own hue.

Quiet Mead, with hair-smooth-braided,  
And her tender, gentle way,  
Watching o'er the restless motions  
Of the pet, and baby, May,  
Hark! they hear a well-known foot-  
step,  
See a figure straight and tall;  
Forth they rush with eager faces,  
To meet father in the hall.

Oh, we read of white-robed angels  
Watching o'er this world of sin,  
Can they be much purer, sweeter,  
Than the childish forms within?  
Watching through the storm and dark-  
ness  
Till the well-beloved shall come,  
Where they wait to greet and bless  
him  
When day's weary toil is done!

## TELEGRAPHIC.

At Havana, on the 11th, Captain General Jouvellar issued an address to the inhabitants of Cuba, saying: "The moment a treaty is issued between the Governments of Spain and the United States, my duty, however painful it may be, is to comply faithfully with its terms. For this I have received final orders, and a failure to comply with the same would produce war, and war with a great Power without aid. Meanwhile, in obedience to the law of necessity and the orders of the Government of the Spanish Republic, let us deliver up the *Virginias* and the survivors of her passengers and crew. I have faith in the nobleness of your proceedings in compliance with my word."

### JOAQUIN JOUVELLAR.

At Washington, December 11th, the Senate confirmed the nominations of John A. Bingham as Minister to Japan, James H. Howe as Judge of the U. S. District Court of Wisconsin, Collectors of Internal Revenue: Edgar P. Snow for Wyoming Territory, and Thomas P. Fuller for Montana; Fred. Latorbe and (Consul?) General to Paris. The same dispatch says that at the next session the Senate Committee on Judiciary will make a favorable report on the nomination of George H. Williams for Chief Justice.

This from New York, December 12th: Spanish merchants here bought gold largely yesterday, on the strength of private telegrams stating that the *Virginias* was in the hands of the Volunteers, who have sworn to sink her rather than permit her surrender.

The continued activity in all our naval depots in pushing forward war vessels and supplies towards Key West and Cuba, indicates that our Government is still apprehensive of trouble in the premises. There is no longer reason to doubt that the Castelar Government will quietly acquiesce, if it does not actively co-operate in forcible measures by the United States to exact the terms of the recent protocol, if it is resisted in Cuba. All Havana correspondence tends to show the situation critical, because the population there is divided, and ignorant irresponsibles, who favor resistance at all hazards, are greatly in the majority, but it is hoped, nevertheless, that an energetic display of authority will overcome the mob.

A telegram from Halifax, N. S., December 12th, says: A steamer from Sable Island states that the schooner *Seymour*, of St. Pierre, loaded with fish, had drifted ashore there, and four bodies in a state of decomposition, were found on board. Her masts and rigging were gone, and her hull was covered with sea weed. From the date of papers in the cabin, the schooner is supposed to have been dismantled last July, and has been drifting since.

This from Havana, December 12th: The steamer *Virginias* was towed out of the harbor of Havana at half-past 4 o'clock this morning by a tugboat. She was escorted by the Spanish man-of-war *Arabella La Cuatros*. The tugboat returned to the city at 7 o'clock. The destination of the *Virginias* is supposed to be Key West.

Gen. W. W. Belknap, Secretary of War, was married at Harrisburg, on the 12th, to Mrs. H. T. Bowers, daughter of John A. Tomblinson. The ceremony, owing to a recent affliction in the family of the bride's relatives, was wholly private.

The removal of Wm. Gouverneur Morris, as U. S. Marshal of California, was made at the special instigation of the Department of Justice, on account of matters growing out of acts of the late incumbent during the late trial of Captain Clarke for cruelty practiced on the ship *Suarise*.

## Ingenious Mechanical Operation.

Coaxing iron tubes to accommodate themselves to circumstances is something new in engineering. The *St. Louis Republican* describes the mode of operation:

The weight of the St. Louis bridge is at present supported by cables, and while this is the case the expansion and contraction of the tubes by heat are of no consequence. It will be different when the last tubes have to be fitted. From the slackening of the cables the arch in the center will "settle" about three inches. Provision has been made for this by increased length of tubes, all the calculations being based on a temperature of 60 degrees. At the temperature of 60 degrees it is known to the sixtieth of an inch what would be the intervening space between the approaching tubes, and the dimensions of the last joints were adjusted accordingly. Only once, however, has the weather been favorable for the operation, and, after wasting some time, it was determined to reduce the heat artificially. Early one morning 42 tons of ice were applied to the tubes, and bound on by gunny bagging. At 3 P. M. the expansion had been reduced about two inches. Finally the application proved successful. On the following day the connecting tubes were put in, and the first arch completed.

## How they Grind Flour in Texas.

A correspondent of a New York paper writes:

In Sherman we saw for the first time an ox-mill for grinding wheat into flour. It was a great novelty, and reminded us of the dog-churn days of boyhood, when faithful "Watch," the time honored house dog, and the writer hereof used to tramp together on the tread, to make the wheel go around, that the churn-dasher might be sent up and down till the butter was made. That was years ago, but the memory of those days lingers like an eventful dream. Here we found an old brown building. In it was the machinery of a grist mill, complete. Just outside the main portion, but under cover, was the motive power—seven long-horned, sublimed steers, chewing their cuds as they lazily climbed a great wheel fifty feet across, and ground out three thousand pounds of superfine flour every day of the year.

We crawled through a hole to see how the old thing worked, and looked down upon the plodding cattle. One of them rolled an eye around to see who it was, and gazed at us with an expression that seemed to say: "Don't laugh at us for you know how it is yourself."

Indeed we did. Those ox-mills were quite numerous in the South, and are profitable institutions, by the way. About half a dozen oxen will keep the great wheel in motion, and turn out as fine an article of flour as can be produced by water or steam power. It is barely possible that the two women who were grinding at the mill, as mentioned by our Saviour, made better flour, but it is not on the record, although it is proof that the boys of to-day make the oxen do what the fathers of old compelled the women to do. Verily, verily, the world moves!

Just outside the mill, in an inclosure, were several cattle waiting, but in no hurry, for the hour when they were to go marching on, and their fellows should rest. We saw the engineer of this establishment as he was wading up with a fork full of new-mown hay; and when asked if his engines ever blew up, he gazed on us with a look of admiration a less observant man might have taken for disgust.

## A Strapping Joke.

A French musician has been creating considerable social and public disturbances by his inveterate disposition to play practical jokes. His chief object in life seems to be to worry custom house officials. Arriving at a place on the frontier, provided with a quantity of luggage, he would pretend to conceal a huge trunk and a smaller one from the eyes of the officials, only the more to excite their curiosity. At last the larger trunk would be opened. It would be found to contain thousands of second-hand shoulder straps—an appendix of trousers now perfectly obsolete—which had evidently been packed by hydraulic pressure, for the most frantic efforts on the part of the employees could not put them back again into the trunk. In the meantime hundreds of passengers storm at the detention, while the practical joker calmly looks on at the bother he is causing. But the second and smaller trunk has now to be examined, and the custom house people hope there to find him in default. They ask for the keys. The practical joker draws bunches of ponderous keys from every one of his pockets: none will fit, until, at last, their patience exhausted, the custom house officers threaten to burst the trunk open. Then the possessor of the trunk calmly asks the angry officer if he is married.

"What business is that of yours?" is the surly reply.

"Only this, that before you open that trunk I would advise you to go home, shake hands with your wife, kiss your little children, write your will, and call at an undertaker's as you come back. There are rattlesnakes in that trunk. I never travel without them."

Of course the man leaves the trunk instantly, and a messenger has to be sent to the head director, who is shrew enough to be aware that he has to deal with a practical joker. Presently the official returns and asks pompously:

"How many snakes have you, sir?"

"Only six," is the reply—"look for yourself."

"Oh, only six! The head of the department says that six snakes can pass, but that seven would have to pay duty. I am also directed to say to you that, if you do not leave this office—trouser straps, snakes and all—in five minutes, you will be forcibly ejected."

"And who is to repack my precious straps, a collection unequalled in the history of the world? The law entitles me to all my goods. You took them out; put them back again. The best period of my life is being devoted to fudging pairs of these straps."

## A Lake in Florida.

We take the following from an Eastern paper:

While people are crossing the ocean every year to see marvelous things, wonders are all the time being discovered in our own country. Quite recently a rival to the Yosemite and Yellowstone Park has been discovered in Southern Florida. With the exception of what we learn from the maps, we have known very little about the inland sea of Florida, known as Okeechobee Lake. This lake lies north of the Everglades, is nearly surrounded by vast swamps and cypress forests, and is only accessible at a few points on the north side. These points can only be reached by weary marches through thickets of reeds and sedge. Some daring adventurers, however, have succeeded not only in reaching the lake, but in partially exploring it. The lake was found to be dotted with islands, all of great beauty, and one of them containing some twenty-five square miles of land. The accounts of this island represent it as of exceeding beauty, containing high hills covered with forests of mahogany, palmetto, magnolia and other semi-tropical trees. A short distance from the island the water was found to be nearly two hundred feet deep. On one island the remains of the handiwork of civilized men were found, some of which were of peculiar character. The exhibition of animal life found here would evidently delight naturalists more than pleasure seekers. Huge alligators swarmed round the tourists, showing through ignorance, no signs of ferocity. On land wild animals approached them without fear, while spiders of every color, and larger in size than have been described, hung suspended from the trees or run along the ground. If the wonders of this region are as represented it is not strange that the Indians hated to leave the spot.

The best advice to farmers—take care of what you have.

## Buffalo Herds.

The Greeley (Colorado) *Tribune* reports buffalo as never so plenty. The meat, it says, sells quite readily at three cents a pound; a little has been sold for two cents. Recently thirty teams were met in one day going after the "game," and the whole valley is alive with hunters and teams. Even the Indians are taking advantage of the situation. The *Tribune* tells us that both Utes and Sioux "mix in," and get boiling mad if they find a hunter killing for sport. One hunter had fifty robes packed for transportation, and while on hunting for more the Sioux came up and burnt most of the lot. The Utes visit camps when hunters are away, and help themselves to sugar, coffee and flour, and also fire the prairies. Our Greeley cotemporary claims that the town is becoming quite a point for the sale of buffalo robes, as it is the chief town near the buffalo region, and adds: "On Saturday last three teams were in town, one drawn by four horses, loaded down with robes, almost as high as loads of hay. They were bought by Mr. Koogle, whose tannery is in full operation, and he hopes to cure 2,000 during the season."

I want to be an Injun,  
A Modoc or a Ute;  
I'm tired being a white man—  
An unprotected brute.

I want to be an Injun,  
With "a tall, commanding form,"  
And a greasy U. S. blanket  
To protect me from the storm.

I want to be an Injun,  
And learn the scalping art,  
For then the darling clergymen  
Will come and take my part.

I want to be an Injun,  
To beg, and lie, and steal,  
With that placid sense of safety  
That a white man cannot feel.

## NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES OF APPLES.

It is stated that by a careful analysis it has been found that apples contain a larger amount of phosphorus, or brain food, than any other fruit or vegetable, and on this account they are very important to sedentary men who work their brains rather than their muscles. They also contain the acids which are needed every day, especially for sedentary men, the action of whose liver is sluggish, to eliminate effete matters, which, if retained in the system, produce inaction of the brain, and indeed, of the whole system, causing jaundice, sleepiness, scurvy and troublesome diseases of the skin.

We know of no method of amusement so original as to fill a little boy's mouth with snow and tie a handkerchief around his jaws to keep the mouth shut. This was actually done at St. Cloud, Minnesota; but the fact that the boy died and some parties are in a fair way to be punished, has put a stop to the amusement for the present.

It is reported that the President has decided to appoint Robert W. Hughes, late Republican candidate for Governor of Virginia, as United States Judge for the Virginia District, vice Judge Underwood, deceased.

Western women are grumbling terribly because the managers of the agricultural fairs don't give at least a year's notice when they offer prizes for the finest babies.

Prof. F. A. Sophocles, of Harvard College, is going to Europe for a few months' visit. Probably going to see old Damocles, Pericles, Ripides, Cantharides and other Suchasthese.

President MacMahon has commuted the sentence of Marshal Bazaine to twenty years seclusion, and to bear the effects of degradation from rank.

A Gypsy woman promised to show two young ladies their husband's faces in a pale of water. They looked and exclaimed, "Why, we only see our own faces." "Well," said the Gypsy, "won't they be your husbands' faces when you are married?"

The Grangers of Fon du Lac county, Wisconsin, organized a Town Insurance Company during the past Summer, and its success is already assured.

## The Queen of Tragedy.

It is said that before the dawn of her splendid career, Mlle. Rachel, the French tragedienne, recited passages from Racine and Corneille in open air, collecting money from the passers-by as her reward; she was accompanied on those expeditions by an oldish woman, who tortured a fiddle as her share of the performance. Afterward when she took Paris by storm, no one recognized in the fiery-eyed queen of tragedy the pale-faced girl who used to recite under the stars in the Champs Elysees. When half her brief, splendid, extravagant and not blameless, reign was over, Mlle. Rachel gave a "house-warming" on the occasion of opening her new and gorgeously-furnished mansion in the Rue Troncin. During the evening the hostess disappeared, and the *maitre d'hotel* requested the crowded company in the great saloon so to arrange themselves as to leave space enough for Mlle. Rachel to appear at the upper end of the room, for she was about to favor them with a recital of passages from Racine and Corneille. Presently entered an old woman with a strip of carpet, fiddle, and tin pot, followed by the queen of tragedy, in the shabbiest of frocks, pale, thoughtful, inspired, and with a sad smile that was not altogether out of tune with her pale meditations; and then, the carpet being spread, the fiddle scraped, and the cup deposited, Rachel trod the carpet as if it were the stage, and recited two or three passages from the masterpieces of the French masters in dramatic poetry, and moved her audience according to her will in sympathy and delight. When the hurricane of applause had passed, and while a murmur of enjoyment seemed as its softer echo, Rachel stooped, picked up the old tin cup, and going round to collect gratuities from the company, acknowledged that she had given them a true picture of her past life.

## A Compost Dwelling.

The nursery of the harvest mouse is a curious affair. It is made of narrow grasses woven into a shell, which is hung to the stem of two or three stout grasses. This ball is filled with young mice, and though the mother mouse does not go in herself, she manages to take good care of her young. How she does it is one of those things that "no fellow can find out;" for she is very shy, and will not be watched. These curious creatures are not the common brown mice. Their coat is reddish brown on the back, and white on the under side. When full grown they are not half so large as a common mouse; so you can imagine how small the mice in the ball must be. In reaching their nest they run easily up the grass-stem, for besides the long, finger-like toes which they have on their four feet, they have a very useful tail, which is as good as a hand to hold on with. When they want to go down, they curl this little tail round a straw, and slide quickly to the ground again.

At a school in Newcastle the master asked a class of boys the meaning of the word, "appetite." After a short pause, one little boy replied, "I know; when I am eatin' I'm appy, and when I'm done I'm tight."

A LITTLE WARM.—"I thought you were born on the 1st of April," said a husband to his loving wife, who had mentioned the 21st as her birthday. "Most people would think so, from the choice I made of a husband," she replied.