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IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret and growl
When fortune seems our toe;
The better bred will push ahead
And strike the braver blow.
For luck is work,
And those who shirk
Should not lament their doom.
But yield the pay
And clear the way,
That better men have room.

It never pays to foster pride
And squander pride in show;
For friends thus won are sure to run
In times of want or woe.

The noblest worth
Of all the earth

Are genus of heart and brain,
And conscience clear,
A household dear,
And hands without a stain.

It never pays to hate a foe,
Or enter to a friend;
To fawn and whine, much less repine,
To borrow or to lend.

The faults of men
Are fewer when

Each rows his own canoe;
For fends and debts
And pampered pets,
Unbounded mi-chief brew.

It never pays to wreck the health
In drudging after gain.
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheaply bought with pain.

A humble lot,

A cozy cot,

Have tempted even kings,
For stations high
That wealth will buy
Not oft contentment brings.

Miscellaneous.**The Poacher's Story.**

It's worse than gambling, sir, and it beats drinking holler. Skittles is enticing, but poaching is the captain. Drop it, sir? I could wipe off my score at the Crowning Cock easier than I could drop my love of sport; and when I says that I says a good deal, for the landlord swears I shall die in his debt; and I believe him. If a fellow takes to poaching, he's done for as safe as houses. I've been a private sport now for twenty year come Martinmas, and I'm a bigger old sawney than ever in the way of liking it. O, sartinly, some gives it up but not without their eyes fail 'em. There's old Jacob Greene, the blacksmith; he's retired a good bit now. He do say it was because the Methody man made him uneasy in his mind; and he's a deacon now, and has had "a call" to preach. But the truth is, the blinds have got down, sir. He can't see it; and a good poacher must be able to hit a black cat at forty yards on a dusky night. Old Jacob Greene, sir, is like Solomon, sir, when he got so old he couldn't enjoy himself the same as he used, said it was all vanity and vexation of spirit. No doubt it is vexing when a fellow tries to carry on the old games and can't.

How did I begin the game? Well, it wur like this: At eighteen I wur in service with old Master Thurstone at the Dove Holes, and Will Oakley wur my fellow-servant. A fine strapping fellow wur Will. Gone to America now. He saved his money, sir, and I spend mine; that's the difference. Howther, as we sat on the sheltry side of a hedge eating our bread and cheese, we seed the plump pheasant strut so peert out of the wood, that skirted the field we were harrowing; and so tame, like our Cushing. Will looked at 'em ad-

miring-like for a minute, and says he:

"Them birds, Rooks"—that's my name, sir, you see—"them birds is like many silly men; they won't take a good thing when they has a chance. There's pans full of tommy for 'em in the wood, and yet they come dibbling in our field. I wonder," says he, considering a minute or two, "I wonder how they would taste baked?"

I hadn't no notion and I said so. Will sat twirling his billy-cock slowly, and looking at the pheasants.

"I was a-wondering why you and me, Rooks, should have to sit in the ditch eating barley-bread and skim-dick, whilst Squire Dormer eats pheasants and lives like a fighting-cock? Wild animals," says Will, a-pointing across the field to where the pheasants wur feeding, and a stretching out his fingers like the Methody man when he preaches on the horse-block at the Crowning Cock—"wild animals was sent for the service of men; they was give to everybody, not to the Squire. There's the book of Genesis on that, and parson can't deny it, though he'd like to."

"There's another thing, too. If you and me, Rooks, was to sneak round the corner of that wood, and floor a couple of them birds with a big hedge-stake, or if we was to to shoot 'em at nights, the Justice would lecture us like anythink, and swear we was rogues and vagabones. But if Squire and his lot wur to make a big bag, them very Justices would say, 'What noble sports-men; what a love of sport!' Laws is rum things," says he, a-scratching of his head, "and Justices ain't no better than they should be."

"Well, sir, I took up oncommon raw agin the Squire, and Will soon persuaded me to pitch into the pheasants. He was mixed up with a regular gang of poachers at Foosetown, and easily got a gun, which we used to hide in an old drain. The first night we went out, when we left our room over the stables it was terrible dark, even for country fellows that get used to it. Will led me over the fields to a wood right in front of Squire's house. They called it the Belt, sir, because it ran all round the home park. A nice wood it wur. I had nested in it when a lad. There wur dozens of squirrels in it. On common cute animals they be, sir—brushes away the dry beech-leaves with their tails, and then turns 'em round to pick up the nuts. Being so near Squire's house I felt afraid, and said so, "Never you mind," says Will; "the keepers is away up to the Asps spinneys, and we're as safe here as if we was in heaven, because they don't expect us. Ha'n't you heard parson say how we looks too high for things close by?"

Will sniggered quietly to himself at the thought of the parson. I felt very hunked, for the big hound at the stables yelped as if he knew we was there. The river washed over the ford with a dismal sound.

The toads on the lake croaked awful. The night wind sounded sad amongst the trees. The great bell at the hall rung for prayers. The church clock struck eleven. Gradually the lights went out one by one. I was sorry to see the last one go.

"Look up there, Rooks," said Will, leading me underneath some trees and pointing upwards. I looked up as hard as I could. But lor bless you, it was too dark to see even a white smock-frock. "Oh, it doesn't matter," says Will. "You keep quiet, hold the bag, and do as I tell you, and no mistake." Will put the gun to his shoulder and fired twice. In a minute the quiet wood was in an uproar. Thousands of wings flapped. Cock pheasants screeched with fright, and the hens cried chorus. Blackbirds and thrushes wanted to know what was up; and all the tiny birds twittered like mad. I was scared almost to death by a pheasant whirring close to my ear-hole, and was just bolting, only Will collared me. "Where are you off to, you fool?" he growled, a-laughing to himself like. "Give us the bag." I picked it up, for I had dropped it in my fright. Will shoves two birds in it, and strides away to the edge of the wood.

It wur a sight, sir, to see him slash off across the fields and clear the hedges. I followed. Right away from the hall we went, towards a wood two miles off. As we run we heard gates slam, and the big hound had stopped barking; so we knew that the Squire's folks was out, and that the dog wur loosened. When we got to the other wood, we wur dead-beat. I wanted to go home, but Will wur in high spirits, and swore the game wur only begun, and that he would have those birds. The devil wur in him, sur, and it would ha' been a bad night for Tom Jarvis, the keeper, if he had come across us then. Well, sir, after we had rested and got wind, Will did the same trick again, and brought down two more pheasants. Then we run for home like hares, and got in safe without seeing anybody.

We played this game pretty often, and the village got into a regular hubbub. The Squire swore there wur some of the cunningest thieves about the estate there ever was, and thought we was a gang that plotted to do business on different parts of the preserves. The first night we went out, old Jacob, the smith, wur suspected; but the old man knew we were out, and had been cute enough to go on that very night to a prayer-meeting at a chapel four miles away, along with one of the Squire's woodmen, who had also taken a pious turn, and they two easily cleared one another. But we got nabbed at last, sir; for one night, when we come home with the game, who did we find waiting for us in the farmyard—but Tom Jarvis, the keeper, and his man. They suspected us, you know, and as they couldn't catch us, they played us that deep trick. They threatened to pull us up the next

day. And after they went, Will Oakley got his little bit of money together and ran off to the coal-pits. I had no money, and couldn't go.

How did I get out of it, sir? Well, master persuaded me to go to the hall to ax Squire's pardon. Master went and told how Will was a bad lad and led me on; and that I wouldn't do it again. The Squire stormed and swore shocking; but he agreed to make it up. When it was all over, says I to him, "We ought to have a drop of drink about this job, sir, seeing as how it's all settled now; and a mouthful of bread and cheese wouldn't be amiss either."

"Why, you impudent scamp," says he, "if you ain't off sharp I'll have you put in the stocks yet." He went away and told his lady, for I heard her a-laughing hearty, and she come out into the passage, and holtered out to the footman, "Slater," says she, "give that man as much as he can eat and drink." And he did, too; and I didn't make a bad day, for a snare that I set a-going home agin had a hare in that night.

It's easy enough to dispose of the game, sir, provided you deals with a respectable man. The little hucksters will make their own terms as to price, or else they'll split on you; so it's better to go to an honest man at once. My man, Mr. Crouch, keeps the biggest shop in Foosetown, and deals with all the gentry. A very tidy man, sir, but a bit addled about old picters and crockery-ware. Says he to me one day a-sitting in his parlor, a-drinking a drop of sherry wine, "Mr. Rooks," says he, "that picter over by there," pointing to an old spudge so dark that I could hardly see it, "that," says he, "is a Tishun. My picter restorer won't tell me whether it's a copy or a horiginal; he won't commit hisself. It's the Tribune Money is the picter. Observe the hexpression of that Pharisee's eyebrow, Mr. Rooks."

"And so that's a Tishun, is it?" says I.

"It is," says he. "It's the picter that brought Tishun hout, and if its only a horiginal it's worth its thousands.

But Crouch is a good pay and an honest man.

Oh, yes, sir. I've been nabbed four times. We helps one another to pay the fine; but the last time I had three months on the wheel. No joke that, sir. It makes your arms and your thighs feel like babies'. I warn't good for nothing for a month after, and had to go on the parish. Everything else in jail, sir, is very comfortable; but the wheel is the very devil. I'll sartinly thrash Tom Jarvis for that, some night.

Yes, sir, I'm married, but my wife has got rumatiz by field work, and has half a crown a week from the parish! I'm a laborer, and earn ten shillings a week, besides what I can make by poaching, perhaps four or five shilling more. I've two boys, ten and twelve. School, sir? Oh, no, they're worth five shillings a week to me. Better drop poaching? No, sir, I'm blowed if I do.

The Fall of the Leaf.

Many persons think that when the leaves turn red and yellow in the fall it is because they have been killed by the frost. But a little observation will show that such is not the case, and that the autumns when the leaves are most beautiful are those in which the frost is the latest. This has been notably the case this year. Up to this time, the 9th of October, we have not had the slightest frost. All the most tender budding plants are still flourishing in the open air, yet the maples with crowns of gold, crimson and green, are beautiful, and even the horse-chestnuts, whose leaves are generally killed by the early frosts, are trying to vie with their more brilliant neighbors.

A severe frost kills the leaves at once, and they soon fall, brown and withered. To be brilliant they must ripen naturally, and our hot September and October midday suns have probably much to do with it; as in England, where the falls are apt to be damp and cloudy, the leaves are not so bright, and American artists, who strive to paint our maples and dogwoods as they see them, are unjustly accused of over-coloring.

The leaves fall because they are ripe and have performed the service that was allotted them. The leaf is the laboratory of the plant, and in it are performed most of the operations essential to its growth. It takes the crude materials gathered by the roots, refines them, rejecting all that is not essential to the plant, and out of the remainder constructs the highly complex bodies that are found in other parts of the plant. These rejected parts consist mainly of earthy matter that was in solution in the water taken up by the roots, and it is deposited in the cells of the leaf. This is shown by the fact that the leaf contains far more ash than any other part of the plant. In some plants the ash of the leaf amounts to over 20 per cent., while that of the wood rarely exceeds two or three. When the cells become completely clogged up with this matter, the leaf can no longer perform its functions, and so ripens and falls off.

Provision has already been made for this separation. If the footstalks of most leaves be examined, it will be found that a kind of joint exists near the body of the plant, even when the leaf is quite young; as it grows older this joint becomes more marked, and finally when it is ripe a gentle breeze will shake it off, and no wound is left, nothing but the scar; the wound has healed even before it was made. The same is also true of fruits, which by botanists are regarded as nothing but developed leaves; a joint may generally be found in the stem, at which it separates readily.

This is very marked in the grape; it is situated at a little swelling that is to be found on the stem. A slight bend will separate the stem at this point, while it takes a strong pull to sever it above or below. Even on the evergreen trees, which apparently never shed their leaves, the leaf exists at the most but two or three years, when they are replaced by new ones, the old falling away as they become unfit for active duty; but the leaves in this case being shed mostly in the spring, we do not miss them.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*