

The Albany Register.

VOLUME VI.

ALBANY, OREGON, FEBRUARY 28, 1874.

NO. 25.

Wriggles.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Wriggles is a little boy
Who never can be still.
Squirring is his only joy,
And squirm he ever will.
Jackets will not stay on him,
And buttons will not hold;
Then he has a funny whim
For jumping jacks, I'm told.

Wriggles loves the butterflies
And birds; but then he feels
Very kindly toward and sighs
For tadpoles and for eels.
With the boys he went to school—
'Twas down a winding lane—
He set them squirming, 'spite the
rule;
They all squirmed home again.

Wriggles went to fly a kite
Upon the house's top;
There he ran with all his might—
So fast he couldn't stop!
Down he spun! The folks below
Looked up in fear and pain.
Little Wriggles wriggled so,
He wriggled back again!

Miscellaneous.

The Young Governess.

A bitter day. Not a pleasant day to travel on by any means; but then Lettice Mainwaring was one of the sort that makes the best of every thing.

"It's a long journey over the hills, miss," said the wife of the landlord of the little one-story tavern that was perched on the crest of the highway, "and the snow is powerful deep."

"I think a Winter landscape is the prettiest thing in the world," said Lettice, cheerily as she wound her fur round and round her neck. "And old Stokes' stage is awful uncomfortable," said the landlady. "I like stage riding," asserted Lettice.

"You'll not get there till dark." "Oh, that is sooner than I expected."

And Lettice climbed up into the stage coach, which stood creaking and groaning at the door, having just rumbled up from the next village, a mile or so down the hill.

One solitary passenger occupied the opposite corner—a tall, dark man, with a Spanish sort of complexion, and clear dark eyes, who wore an odd sort of olive green cloak or mantle, heavily trimmed with sable fur.

He nodded briefly, in return to Lettice's smiling recognition.

Our little heroine would have talked with a polar bear, had a polar bear chanced to be her traveling companion.

Lettice arranged her rugs and her basket and her bonnet strings, and wondered secretly how far the tall man was going.

"Can I be of any assistance to you?"

"Thanks—no," said Lettice, coming up again with very red cheeks, and curls a little dishevelled. "Are you going all the way through?"

"As far as the stage goes—yes."

"O," said Miss Mainwaring, "so am I."

The gentleman nodded interrogatively, and immediately lapsed into an unapproachable silence.

"Cross thing!" thought Lettice, involuntarily pointing her cherry lips. "Why can't he talk and make himself agreeable? And he knows very well that we are to be shut up here together for eight long hours."

But the wild landscape, as it flitted by, white, gloaming with snow, and darkly fringed with waving boughs, was, after all, nearly as good a study as the human face divine.

Lettice soon forgot her temporary annoyance and chagrin in the white skeleton-like walls of a deserted paper mill, long since disused and fallen to ruin.

"I wonder if it is haunted," said she aloud.

The stranger smiled, and again appeared conscious of the presence of a fellow traveler.

"Do you believe in such things?" he asked.

Lettice Mainwaring laughed and colored.

"Of course not. And yet—are you much acquainted in this part of the country?"

"I have lived hereabouts a good deal."

"Oh! then perhaps you know Easterham Hall?"

His face brightened.

"Oh, yes. You are going there?"

"Yes. I am to be governess to the little children," said Lettice, making haste to enlighten him as to her true position, in order that he should fully comprehend that she was no elegant lady coming to the Hall to make a visit, but a humble little working bee who was compelled to toil steadfastly for her daily bread.

"Indeed?" he said.

And Lettice was vexed at herself for noticing the polite indifference into which his tone subsided.

"I suppose it is a very fine old place?" she went on.

"Very—for those who fancy 'fine old places.' To my taste they are apt to be overrun with rats, full of draughts and picturesquely inconvenient."

"And haunted, perhaps," mischievously put in Lettice, the roguish sparkle coming back to her eyes.

"So far as I know, Easterham Hall is free from any supernatural occupants."

"I am sorry for that," said Lettice. He arched his eyebrows.

"You would like to share your room with a ghost or two."

"No; but I do like a little romance about the place—something to set it a little above and beyond the level of the common place."

He did not answer, and talkative Lettice once more set the conversational ball rolling.

"The Easterhams are very rich, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"I never heard of them until last week," she said musingly; "and now—how strangely things are ordered in this world!—I am going to cast my lot among them."

"How does that happen?" said the gentleman. He could not very well say less in ordinary politeness; and yet Lettice felt triumphantly that she had "drawn him out."

"They wrote to Madame Moligny my old teacher, to select a governess qualified to teach two little boys; and Madame knew that I wished for a situation, and so I am here. I wonder how they will like me?"

"I hope you will like them," said the gentleman, stifling a yawn.

"That isn't the question," said Lettice, imperatively. "Mr. Easterham is a dreadful bear."

"You are acquainted with him?"

"Oh, no; only what I have heard," said Lettice.

"And what might that be?"

"You are a neighbor," said Lettice, doubtfully. "Perhaps I have said too much already."

He laughed with more animation than she had yet seen in his manner.

"Depend upon it, I shall not betray you to Mr. Easterham. So he is a bear? Well, I have thought so myself sometimes."

"But he won't bite me if I am a good girl, and do my duty to the little ones; and they tell me they are very nice little boys," persisted Lettice.

"They are very like their father, I believe."

"Oh," said Lettice, smiling, "I can tame young bears; it is only the full-grown specimen with sharp teeth and long claws, I am afraid

of. Only think," and a demure, apprehensive expression came over Lettice's round, blooming countenance, "he goes all around the house, all day long, and never says a word to any one."

"He must be a savage, indeed," observed the gentleman.

"And Miss Electa Easterham, the old maiden aunt, who keeps the house for him, has quarreled successively with every governess they have had," went on Lettice, patting her little foot on the rustling straw on the stage floor; "but she shall not quarrel with me. I won't let her. I'm too good-natured, and too accustomed to humoring people, especially old ones. Madame Moligny wrote me word that she disliked young and pretty governesses particularly. Now I'm not young—not very young, you see."

"No?"

"I was twenty last week," said Lettice, solemnly, "and I am only tolerably decent looking. Now, if Madame had selected Olive Daytors, who used to be in the same class with me—she was a regular beauty, with great shady eyes and a complexion all pearls and roses—there would have been danger then."

The stranger began to look interested.

"Tell me more about your school," said he. "I have a sister whom I think of placing in some desirable institution, and should like to judge whether Madame Moligny's would be a good home for her."

Lettice's eyes brightened, her cheeks reddened, and her tongue was loosed at once.

Her traveling companion was social and chatty, and the time passed swiftly away.

"You are going?" she cried, as at a lonely glen inn, overshadowed with silver-stemmed birches, a light chaise, drawn by two milk-white horses, was waiting.

"I have reached my journey's end," he said, courteously touching his turban. "I had intended to keep on to the end of the route, but I see they have sent for me here. I wish you every success and happiness in your new task of bear-taming."

As the chaise rolled away, Lettice felt herself blushing deeply.

"I am afraid I've been talking too much," thought Lettice; "but what is a body to do, shut up all day long in a stage coach with a conversable gentleman?"

And the rest of Miss Mainwaring's journey was a little tedious.

It was dusk when she arrived at Easterham Hall, a snowy, chill dusk, which made the glow of lights through scarlet moreen curtains, and the coral shine of a great wood fire in a stone paved hall, as seen through the half open door, most delightful and welcome.

Miss Electa, a tall, prim old lady, in snowy cap ribbons and a brown satin dress, stood ready to welcome her.

And just behind her Lettice saw a tall gentleman, with two little boys clinging about him.

"This is my nephew Phillip," the old lady said.

And Lettice felt as if the blood in her veins was turning to fire as she recognized her traveling companion of the day.

"Do I look very much like a bear, Miss Mainwaring?" he asked, laughing, as she stood trembling and tongue tied before him.

"No; don't color. I promise you to allow myself to become very tameable. And you must not cry, either," as the team came into Lettice's eyes. "There's nothing for you to cry for."

"Why didn't you tell me who you were?" she asked, pitiously.

"Because you never asked me."

Lettice resolved within herself that she would leave Easterham the next day.

But she didn't keep the resolution. At the year's end she had neither quarrelled with Miss Electa, nor Mr. Easterham, and the little boys thought Miss Lettice was perfection.

So did their father.

"Lettice," said he, "the year for which I engaged you is over."

"Yes," she responded softly.

"Will you stay another year? Will you stay with me always, Lettice?"

And so within the shrine of a wedding ring, Lettice found herself a prisoner forever at Easterham Hall.

Not in the Milky Way.

In the lower portion of the city of Sacramento, Cal., resides a widow lady who is in straitened circumstances. A few days ago she had an attack of fever and ague, and being alone, the circumstances were decidedly unpleasant. A young lady friend hearing of her illness, next morning, accompanied by a gentleman, proceeded to the widow's residence, where the young lady did her best to make the sick woman comfortable. She started a fire and made arrangements for the preparation of a nice cup of tea. The water being hot the tea was put to steep, but just then the discovery was made that there was no milk in the house. The young lady was aware, however, that the widow had four or five goats, and from these obtained a goodly quantity of milk. She did not know much about goats, but thought it would be possible for even her to obtain a sufficient quantity of milk from one of them to suffice for the cup of tea the sick woman stood in need of. Procuring a pail she went out to where the goats were and found them all loose but one, which was hitched to the fence. Of course she directed her steps to this one, as it might take some time to catch one of the others, but it so happened that the one tied up was not the one she should have chosen—in fact, it was a William goat! When the amateur milker got within a few feet of William he showed symptoms of restlessness—owering his head significantly, and prancing about. The young lady became frightened and went back into the house, but the sight of the tea made her think it was too bad there was no milk for it, and she remarked to her masculine companion that she thought she could milk that goat if he would take hold of its horns and keep it still. He consented, and they sallied out. He advanced promptly and caught the animal, but as she was approaching him with the tin pail the goat made a bound, which upset his captor, and proceeded to butt and prance upon him vigorously, doing his garments more hurt than a year's ordinary wear. When the couple returned into the house and informed the widow of their ill-luck, it did her more good than all the tea imaginable, especially when they happened to mention that the goat they had been operating with was the one which was tied up.

A Brooklyn young man, who sat down to meditate in his sweetheart's lap, had occasion to caution her against looping up her skirts with pins. He found that the consequences had a tendency to disturb his mental poise.

"Mary," said John Hener, as he reclined in the arms of his loving sweetheart, "can you tell me why my head at present is like what I was last night?" "No, my dear, why is it?" "Because," murmured John Henry, absently, "it is on a bear." The resemblance was not discernible the next moment.

"QUAT."

A GANG OF ROBBERS GO THROUGH A STEAMBOAT DOWN IN LOUISIANA.

From Dr. W. I. Jordan, a planter of Morehouse Parish, who has just reached this city, we learn the particulars of a most outrageous act of piracy, committed in that parish last Friday evening.

It appears that the steamer *Ellen D.*, which left here some mouths ago, fitted out for a trading expedition by Messrs. Krantzlass & Gerson, was tied up at Point Jefferson, on Bayou River, during the greater part of last week. They had been doing a pretty good business, and felt satisfied with the result.

On Friday, however, just before dark, five men, whom none of the traders had seen before, came aboard at nearly the same time. Some of them had crossed the river, others had ridden down the landing by different approaches. No two arrived together, yet all arrived within the space of fifteen minutes.

They were handsomely dressed, good looking men in every instance, and there was a striking air of intelligence and refinement about them. With the exception of this prevailing similarity, they seemed to be unknown to each other, bent on entirely independent errands, and only assembled thus by the most unaccountable of accidents. They were sitting or standing about, as all customers on a trade boat are in the habit of doing. One, a particularly handsome fellow, had just bought and paid for a pair of boots; another was rejoicing in a new hat; others were contemplating different purchases, and everything seemed going on as usual. Suddenly the handsome man cast his eyes around and said in a low, clear tone: "Shall we?" and instantly the other four started to their feet. "Ready!" they all answered, and quick as thought, their pistols were drawn and presented at the heads of the clerk, salesman pilot, and engineer of the hapless boat, and the laconic but suggestive command was given: "Squid!"

It was done like lightning. Before those unsuspecting traders quite comprehended the state of things, they were tied, blindfolded and lying helpless on the floor. The five elegant looking gentlemen then proceeded below, where the four deck hands were subjected to a similar operation.

After this the real business of the day commenced. It transpired that the five gentlemen knew each other quite intimately, for they laughed and talked in the pleasantest possible way, while they went through the safe and stock of goods, taking all the money—about \$1,000—and such of the goods as were at once valuable and portable. Their selections in the latter—which by the way, evinced the greatest judgment—amounted to \$500 and upward.

After accomplishing all this with a neatness and dispatch quite remarkable, the party made off at a great rate, and were far advanced on their road when assistance came to the disconsolate victims on board the *Ellen D.*

All sorts of speculations are rife, concerning the mysterious strangers; but little is known beyond the fact that nobody at Point Jefferson ever saw them before or has seen them since. It is supposed by some that they are a part of the famous McCoy band of Missouri, though this appears to be nothing but conjecture.

The Sheriff and a volunteer posse started in pursuit immediately; but when Dr. Jordan left Morehouse nothing in the way of success had attended their efforts.