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Judge Not.

How do we know what hearts have vilest sin?
 How do we know?
 Whose outward garb is as spotless as the snow,
 And many may be pure we think not so.
 How near to God the souls of such have been,
 What mercy secret penitence may win—
 How do we know?
 How can we tell who sinned more than we?
 How can we tell?
 We think our brother walked guiltily,
 Judging him in self-righteous. Ah, well!
 Perhaps had we been driven through the hell
 Of his untold temptations, we might be
 Less upright in our daily walk than he—
 How can we tell?
 Dare we condemn the ills that others do?
 Dare we condemn?
 Their strength is small their trials not a few.
 The tide of wrong is difficult to stem,
 And if to us more clearly than to them
 Is given knowledge of the good and true,
 More do they need our help, and pity, too—
 Dare we condemn?
 God help us all, and lead us day by day,
 God help us all!
 We can not walk alone the perfect way,
 Evil allures us, tempts us, and we fall.
 We are but human and our power is small;
 Not one of us may boast, and not a day
 Rolls o'er our heads but each hath need to say,
 God bless us all!

Miscellaneous.

The Wife's Mistake.

BY PHLOMELA.

"What ails you, Kate? Are you ill?"
 Kate shook her head. "I'm well enough, she said. You can't expect every one to look as cheerful as you do, unless they lead the same happy life. Not a care, not a pain, not a worry—I do envy you, Nellie."
 Nellie stared at her friend in astonishment. "You envy me! Why, I thought young married women were the happiest in the world."
 "Don't fancy that, Nellie," said Kate; "and if you desire to be happy never think of marrying. It's a thankless thing. Take the word of one who knows all about it."
 "I declare you astonish me," cried Nellie. "Why, when I was your bridesmaid you give me the very reverse of that advice, and that is exactly two years ago next Wednesday."
 Kate burst into tears. "It's a very short time to change in, I know," she said, "but it's a dreadful truth I would not reveal to any other creature under the sun. Harry has entirely ceased to care for me."
 "That can't be possible," said Nellie.
 "Ah," said Kate, "you know how he used to make love to me; almost too painfully when other people were present. I thought to myself there never was so devoted a husband for the first six months. You would not know him now. I'm the most miserable creature in the world," and her tears fell still faster.
 Nellie looked grave. "When did all this trouble commence?" she asked.
 "When? I don't precisely remember," said Kate. "He began to show his neglect by staying out late, and being cross. Then he flirts abominably, and almost lives at his mother's, and makes comparisons between my looks and the

looks of other ladies, and wounds my feelings continually."
 "He must be a very worthless creature," said Nellie, quietly.
 "He is a splendid man," said Kate, indignantly; "it's only his want of affection I complain of. My admiration of him makes it all the worse to be ar."
 Nellie took her friend's hand. "Is any of this your fault?" she asked.
 "Mine! I'm sure a better wife could not be found," said Kate. "Oh, they are all alike; Aunt Jennie says so, and she ought to know."
 Nellie looked at her friend's dress and hesitated. At last she said, "You say Harry makes comparisons between your appearance and that of other people. You know perhaps, you are one of those women who alter with their dress; your style of hair and other things make a mighty difference to you."
 "I know that," said Kate. "Bridget has the impudence to tell me she would not know me for the same lady when I was dressed to go out."
 "I remember that you would never see Harry without your hair dressed carefully and every pin in properly," said Nellie. "Now, excuse me, but you have breakfast with him with your hair tucked up with one pin, and by no means smooth, a rumpled robe, no collar, and slippers down at the heel. You really do look like a fright, and five years older than I ever saw you."
 "Oh, he is used to that," said Kate; "I can't bother to fix every morning, with Bridget and baby, and his buttons and things to think of."
 "You have better dresses, haven't you?" asked Nellie.
 "Plenty, of course; and if I had expected you, I should have put on something else."
 "Then why not for your husband?" asked Nellie.
 "Nobody fidgets so," said Kate, "Aunt never did."
 "And your uncle admired her as much as ever?"
 "Oh, dear, no; he was like all the rest of the men. Aunt was always complaining of him. He eloped with her, too, and it was a desperate love match."
 Nellie put her hand on Kate's arm, "There is no way of losing a husband's admiration so certain as being a dowdy. You dress when you go out and when you have company, and look like this in your husband's presence. Why, if I were married, my morning robe should even feel anxious to have becoming nightgaps."
 Kate laughed. "You'll do as the rest do," she said; "but it is not all that, Nellie; it began by his staying out late."
 "Why?" asked Nellie.
 "Oh, I don't know. I sat up until three o'clock, and when he came home I told him my opinion of him. All he said was, 'Very well.' The next morning I would not speak to him, and yet he stayed out for a week the same way. After that I gave up. Then Jessie Brown comes over as much as once a week, and I'm sure he admires her; and when I say anything he calls me jealous, and because Bridget won't have lunch at twelve exactly he takes it at his mother's. Its perfectly ridiculous; and we never have a pleasant hour together," and Kate stopped quite breathless. "I asked him to go to the theater with me on Wednesday, and he said he was too busy."
 "Perhaps he was," said Nellie.
 "Nonsense! So of course I refused to go out with him on Friday. We must show a little spirit, as Aunt says, or be trampled on."
 Nellie laughed. "You'd better not quote your aunt so much," she

said; "and if you care for Harry, begin by dressing to please him, by ruling your servant so as to contribute to his comfort, and by avoiding ridiculous jealousy. Try it a week and see what improvement there will be."
 Kate shook her head. "It's all his fault," replied Kate; "not one bit mine, I assure you."
 "Why, according to your own confession, you have sulked, scolded, been jealous for nothing, and neglected your appearance and your meals," said Nellie, good-naturedly.
 Kate blushed, and Nellie said no more, but went away, leaving Kate to reflect that there might be two sides to the question. That night Harry found her trim and neat as ever in her courting days, and his first question, "Who is here?" proved that Nellie was right in one thing.
 And Kate answered, "Nobody," in a rather conscience-stricken voice. It was plain that Harry was pleased; and after all it was easy to dress neatly always, but it was harder to take the first humble step. Kate did it, though, like a heroine.
 "Harry," she said, come home to lunch to-day. It shall be punctual."
 Harry kissed her. "If you'll promise me that I'll come," he said; "but I'm greedy of time—I'm alone in the office, you know."
 "Where is your partner?" asked Kate.
 "He has been ill for three months," said Harry. "I'll tell you all about it some other time," and he flew to catch the stage.
 At noon he was home again. Kate was tidy, the baby was fresh in its white robes, and the lunch was perfect. The old courting times seemed to have come back again in Harry's manner, and Kate was happy. But that night Harry was out late again.
 "Nellie may talk," said Kate, as she walked the floor indignantly, "but you can't manage them. He may be anywhere. He does not care for me—that's certain."
 But then the thoughts of Nellie's words rushed into her mind again. "I won't sulk, I won't scold," she said. And she did not. Only at dinner next day she gave a little sigh and said sadly:
 "Another lonely evening, I suppose."
 "Have you been lonely, my dear?" said he.
 "Of course, Harry."
 "It's a shame," said Harry, "and it's almost over now, Wentworth is nearly well."
 "Has your partner been so very ill?" asked Kate.
 "Why, did you not know it?" said Harry in surprise.
 "No; you never told me."
 Harry blushed. "The fact is," said he, "you blew me up and I got angry. I didn't like to be suspected of all sorts of naughty things, when actually I was wearing myself out, nursing at night and working by day. I thought you read about it in the papers and might guess."
 "I never read daily papers," said Kate.
 "Well," said Harry, "Wentworth was injured in a railway accident, and has had a fearful time of it. He's a bachelor, and has no relations, you know, and the doctors wanted to amputate a leg for him. I knew it could be saved, and I've held out against them and saved it. Wentworth will always limp a little I suppose, but that's not so bad, and he is coming on splendidly. He'll dine here next Sunday, and I wish you'd ask your friend Nellie. He's in love with the girl; and if she likes him she'll be Mrs. Wentworth before long. I think she will make a good wife for him."
 "I know she will," said Kate

confidently. Then she put her arms around Harry.
 "Why didn't you tell me?" she said.
 "Why didn't you ask?" said Harry. "And then it was so provoking to be scolded, and to know you never cared what I thought of you. Did you want to provoke me with that everlasting old, faded wrapper?"
 Kate said nothing; but when Sunday came, and young Walworth with it, and Nellie too, she met them with beaming smiles. The house was redolent of comfort, and Harry as fond of his little wife as husband could be. And when late in the day, Kate coming upon the balcony suddenly found Nellie with her kerchief to her eyes, and saw Walworth just escaping to the parlor, she stood amazed.
 "You are low-spirited now," she said.
 "No," said Nellie, "I'm very, very happy; oh, Kate, you don't know how happy. But you told me it was the way to be miserable—to marry—and I have promised to marry Mr. Walworth."
 "I told you a heap of nonsense, and Harry has explained everything," said Kate. "He stayed out late because he was helping to nurse poor Mr. Walworth, acting only as a friend should act. Oh! Nell, I've been kept in the dark too long. You never said a word about him."
 Nellie blushed crimson. "How could I, Kate," she said, "when I didn't know he liked me at all. In fact, I fancied he loved that little flirt, Jessie Brown. I've had my troubles, too, Kate; but they are over now."
 "Like mine," said her friend. Oh! Nellie, the fact is, we don't understand these men. They are mysteries to us, and I do believe many a woman is unhappy who might be blest if her husband would only let her see what he really is, would confide more in her, and talk over his affairs with her; in fact, if both parties would think oftener and each mentally ask, 'Am I doing all I can to make our lives happy?'"
 "For keys of the heart that lie silent will rust,
 Will lose all their music, be covered with dust,
 Till selfishness, discord, impunity, strife,
 Will bury forever, the sweet songs of life."
 "The heart is an instrument, fashioned in heaven,
 And chords of pure harmony to it are given.
 That but lightly touched will awaken to birth,
 Sweet music to soothe the sad children of earth."
 These headlines from the Leavenworth Times are a sufficient inkling of a new "movement" that has been inaugurated: "Counter-Irritant!—The 'Brutes' put on their war paint—A masculine crusade against feminine extravagance—A meeting of the husbands, fathers, and brothers—They organize a counter-revolution and resolve to make war on false hair, feathers and corsets." A series of resolutions was adopted with enthusiastic applause, but one member still thought there was one great evil the resolutions failed to touch. He said many of our women make their homes so painfully pious that they drive the young men away from home and compel them to spend their evenings at saloons and other places where they contract habits of drinking and gambling, and fall into other vices. He thought a committee should be appointed to pray with the preachers until they sign a pledge to use their influence to eradicate this evil. His suggestion was adopted, whereupon the crusaders adjourned for three days.

Fashion Notes.

Invisible purple gloves are worn by ladies in mourning in preference to the dead black gloves that are so apt to crack.
 French *drop d'ete* is the fashionable Summer cloth for wraps. It comes in several shades, blue-black, and brown.
 The material used on hats, are all of the delicate shades of silk and are soft and pliant rather than rich or heavy.
 Black will continue in favor for the day costumes, but it will be less worn at night than heretofore.
 Black alpaca of the buffalo, beaver, otter, and sable brands are more popular this season, than for several years past. One dollar and a half a yard is charged.
 The "Louis" suit is the neatest design for suits in pique for boys of five. Plain white or buff pique should be used, and the outline defined by a braided trimming.
 For communion black silk made after the same fashion should be worn, only the skirt should be plain, and the platings should be lined with pearl-colored silk.
 Handkerchiefs are nearly all made with fancy borders. But few of the plain white ones are seen, while those not embroidered are finished in all the fancy colors used for other Spring and Summer goods.
 Shoes still match the dress in color for house wear; but for promenade black kid boots, buttoned at the sides, are popular. For home wear high black satin, with bars across the instep and almost to the top, with colored silk stockings that match the dress, are the handsomest articles to wear.
 Gold embroidery and gold lace are worn on evening dresses. A white faille dress was recently ornamented with this trimming, as follows: The lace encircled the shoulders like a fan, and chevrons were made on the front of the skirt. Gold tassels formed the ends of the gold embroidered sash.
 Chatelaines for parasols, tans, etc., are become articles of expensive luxury. They consist usually of short chains of ivory, mother of pearl, or oxidized silver, furnished on the lower rings with books which serve for holding the articles to be carried. Generally a medallion pin or a rosette of the same material as the chain is caught in the belt, while a clasp or hook secures it there.
 Fat beeves are sold at Fulton, Texas, for three cents a pound net, and the largest portion of the cattle are slaughtered there merely for their hides and tallow. The hide is removed in a unique fashion. The animal is knocked down, the skin cut around with a knife, a horse is hitched to the edge of the hide and in a minute it is whipped off, and the whole carcass thrown into an immense steam cauldron. It is boiled into a seething mass and the fat skimmed off. This is then poured into hogheads and the bones and flesh are thrown out. About six hundred animals per day are boiled at Fulton, meat enough being thus wasted to keep a good portion of New York city supplied.
 The Illinois railroads are beginning to want timber for ties badly, and some of them are encouraging the planting of the European larch along the lines of their roads by carrying the trees free of charge to planters. In Europe the wood of this larch makes the most durable ties.