

The Albany Register.

VOLUME VI.

ALBANY, OREGON, MAY 16, 1874.

NO. 287

Miscellaneous.

How I Asked for Nellie Mayton.

I am a modest man. Modesty is in many people a virtue; in me it is an absolute fault. I have spent all my life in New York city. I have been in society for years. I have been a dry goods clerk, an advertising agent, and a custom-house broker, and yet I am, under certain circumstances, a sufferer from modesty, or bashfulness, or whatever people may please call it.

Notwithstanding ordinary good looks, respectable manners, a good business and plenty of affection, I remained unmarried and even unengaged, for years after the day I determined I had been a single man long enough.

Not that I did not fall in love, for I loved often and ardently; but it always happened that, before I could muster courage sufficient for a declaration and proposal, some other man would be smitten by the charms of the lady I was adoring, and I could do nothing but hasten to relieve my heart of affection for another man's wife.

Time after time this same thing happened. I could make myself agreeable in company, and chat pleasantly with all of my lady acquaintances, but the moment I found myself feeling unusual tenderness for any one of them I was sure to feel so terribly embarrassed in her presence that I generally put an end to my hopes by keeping out of the lady's presence as much as possible.

I finally began to doubt whether I should ever get a wife at all. I looked but a few years of middle age, and what tender, susceptible girl, such as I should hope to win, would marry an old man?

Frightened by the thought, I solemnly resolved that, should I ever again fall in love, I would promptly declare my passion, and earnestly press my suit.

My resolutions had not time to cool before I succumbed to the resistless power of Nellie Mayton's eyes. Nellie did not purposely look witchingly at me with her deep brown eyes—girls never do such things purposely—but by some fortunate accident she gave me a glance which immediately made me her adoring slave.

As she was an old acquaintance, I did not think a deliberate courtship was necessary; on the contrary, I determined to tell my story at once, come of it what might.

The time consumed at my toilet on that eventful night was far more than I had devoted to that duty even in my foppish days. But, in spite of all I could do, my nose would look a little red, and a slight razor-cut on my cheek insisted on looking angry; my cravat acted as if possessed by a human soul in the most abjectly depreaved condition, and my shoes took a mild polish only with reluctance.

I finally reached Mrs. Mayton's mansion and rang the bell. Fortunately for me, Nellie had neither father, brother or sister, and as her mother was the busiest woman in her set, I felt reasonably sure of finding Nellie alone.

I was not disappointed. As I entered the parlor, Nellie was at the piano, putting into sweet sounds an exquisite reverie of her own. She did not hear the servant announce me, so her dainty fingers continued to tenderly chase each other over the ivory keys, while the balmy air of the warm Spring evening and the soft shades of the gathering twilight seemed full sympathy with the beautiful girl and her feelings.

Never before had she seemed to

me so exquisitely beautiful as now; and as the purpose of my visit suggested itself to me, I felt more hopelessly bashful than ever—it seemed that only the perfection of all manliness should dare to ask for the heart of so angelic a being. I struggled desperately against an inclination to retire before she should know of my presence, and avert off any possibility of retreat. I cleared my throat violently.

Nellie turned quickly upon the piano-stool without recovering from the soulful trance into which she had fallen, and with her glorious eyes, she looked into my face as if she would read my soul.

"Nellie!" I exclaimed, but I could not remember another word of the tender declaration I had composed before leaving home.

I was conscious of flushing violently, and of opening my mouth to speak words which would not come; but the searching eyes which were fixed on mine read my story there, and the ripe, tender lips below them broke into a pleased smile. As she arose from the piano, I, with an imploring look, threw my arms about her, and the drooping of her beautiful head upon my shoulder answered all my unspoken questions.

I led my beautiful darling to a sofa, and there, with unobscured tongue, I whispered in her not unwilling ear a story which seemed to interest her greatly. In the enthusiasm which possessed me after I had regained my speech, I went beyond a mere declaration of love—I asked Nellie to be my wife. She answered in the sweetest whisper in the world, but in words the most terrible:

"Yes, it mamma is willing."

In an instant I was shivering violently. Ask Mrs. Mayton's consent! I had rather have proposed to half the marriageable ladies in New York! Not that there was anything frightful about Mrs. Mayton; on the contrary, she was the impersonation of politeness, goodness, tact, kindness, and all other virtues, as well as being brilliant, witty, and, despite her forty years, extremely handsome. But when she listened to any one, it was with a look which plainly said: "No nonsense, now." When she found occasion to use sarcasm, she was most numerically sharp and bitter, and her power of mimicry was such that she could imitate to perfection every tone of her miserable victim. To think of facing her with any possible risk of her disapproving of my suit was simply dreadful.

Suddenly Nellie, asking me to excuse her for a moment, left the parlor. Out of the darkness I conjured up dreadful visions of Mrs. Mayton in every pose and feature of disdain, and, aside from any other cause, I was thankful when the gentle step and rustling dress of my darling announced her return.

As she sat down on the sofa I stole my arm about her waist, and exclaimed:

"Nellie, I am not a coward, but how can I ever ask your mother's consent?"

"She trembled for an instant as she felt the pressure of my arm, but she made no reply. "She is so terribly sarcastic—so cutting, when she wishes to be," I continued.

"She certainly is," said Nellie, in a serious tone.

"So merciless—so pitiless, in fact," said I.

"Very true," replied Nellie, with considerable emphasis.

"So you do you know what she thinks of me," I asked.

"Well," drawled Nellie, rather reluctantly, "the truth is, she thinks

you're a goose—she said so this very day."

"Perhaps, she will pity me a little when she knows how I love you," said I.

"I don't know," said Nellie, doubtfully. "She says she doesn't believe you'll ever amount to anything, and she's sorry for the poor girl who is taken in by you."

Cold drops of perspiration stood on my brow. In one terrible moment I repented of having told Nellie of my love, but the taunting she had repeated so insulted my pride that I cried:

"You shall be my wife, despite anything she may think or say!" "Sh-sh!" whispered Nellie, as we heard footsteps near us—"perhaps that is mother now."

As the unknown touched the chandelier, I attempted to remove my arm from its resting-place, but my darling, apparently determined to force an issue at once, and to uphold me in my critical moment, caught my wrist tightly with ten soft but very strong little fingers. There was a hiss of gas, and then a bright flash, and, as with a desperate attempt at calmness, I raised my head to meet my doom, I saw under the chandelier, with a wonder-struck countenance, Nellie Mayton herself, while a loud peal of laughter escaped from her mother, who was tightly locked in my arms!

"What are you two people doing?" said Nellie, slowly recovering her senses.

"Why," said Mrs. Mayton, with an air of self-forgetful resignation, "I came into the parlor a moment ago, and took a seat on the sofa, in the dark, and this impudent fellow—I'm bold enough to be his mother—put his arm around me, and wondered how he could ever ask my mother's consent. When your father proposed, he was thoughtful enough to ask my consent first, but I supposed the fashion of courtship has changed since then. It made my blood boil to hear your saintly grandma called merciless, and sarcastic, and cutting, and all sorts of dreadful things, but I've borne it meekly for your sake, Nellie, that you might have a stepfather young and silly enough to sympathize with you, and—"

"He's my own lover," said Nellie, with a laugh and a blush, as she boxed her mother's ears, and hid herself in my arms. Mrs. Mayton gave us a look of mock indignation, but only for a moment, for two motherly tears entirely hid the sharpness of her eyes; then the lips I had dreaded so much gave each of us a kiss which was likewise a blessing.

THE ENDLESS-BURNING LAMP.

Among the lost arts is that of the endless-burning lamp. It is said that in the time of Edward VI, a lamp was discovered in the grave of Constantine, which had been burning since his burial to that time, a period of 1,200 years; also in the grave of Tullia, daughter of Cicero, was found a lamp which was lighted at her death, 1,500 years before. It went out as soon as daylight was admitted. It has been suggested that gold transformed into the shape of quicksilver, fed these lamps; but this is surmise only. Yet it was certainly a clever device of the ancients to invent a lamp which would illuminate through all time the homes of their dead.

"When our ancestors wanted a hot rum punch, they said so with out evasion; they did not call it 'kettled-rum.'"

An extraordinary circumstance in the history of the country occurred on the death of Mr. Fillmore. Never before since the administration of Jefferson has it happened that only one person was alive, except the incumbent, who had filled the Presidential office. Andrew Johnson is now the only ex-president living; and even he was not elected to that office, but came to it as Vice President on the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. While the younger Adams was President, the elder Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe were living. When Buchanan was elected, Van Buren, Tyler, Pierce, Fillmore were alive. When Lincoln was inaugurated, Van Buren, Tyler, Pierce, Fillmore, and Buchanan were living. Within the past thirty-seven years, seven Presidents have been elected besides Grant. It is an extraordinary fact that not one of the seven is now living.

Alas for veils! From the tiny infant in the nurse's arms to the ancient widow in her weeds, the whole sex is veiled. Veils answer many purposes. They conceal defects, they heighten beauty, they cover grief, and so we see a whole race of women of every age, size and condition laying foundations for diseases of the eye through an almost needless fashion. These blunders are of every conceivable style, from the white dot on a little child to the English crape on its grandmother. The best oculists give testimony against the whole sale wearing of veils, and we think they should make protest against it, even at the risk of injury to their calling. At least let the mothers of to-day look to it that they will be held responsible, in another generation, for suffering their little ones to go veiled, as the matrons of a past generation were for allowing tight lacing and all evils which that distressing practice entailed.

Dr. McCormac of London advances the theory that consumption or tubercular disease is caused solely by breathing air that has already been breathed. Vienna is a healthier city than St. Petersburg, because in the latter city close stores are in universal use and fresh air is carefully excluded from rooms. Eating the flesh of tuberculous creatures will not produce tubercle in healthy animals to whom it is fed. Fats counteract the tendency to consumption. Observation shows that persons who in early life show a taste for fat meat seldom fall a victim to this disease; and *visa versa*, that consumptives have early shown a repugnance to such food. It is suggested that if the appetite for it is wanting it should, if possible, be created by tonics and abundant exercise in the open air.

There is nothing so tends to shorten the lives of old people and to injure their health as the practice of sitting up late, especially winter evenings. This is especially the case when there is a grown-up daughter in the family. We publish this item at the earnest request of several young men.

Old Bill Lane, of St. Albans, Vt., was accustomed to insert into his mainy form much alcoholic fluid. On a Saturday night he was asked how much rum it took to last him over Sunday. He replied that he could do very well on a pint, but to keep Sunday as it ought to be kept he wanted a quart.

In Memoriam.

At a regular meeting of Brownsville Grange No. 19, of P. of H., held at their hall on the 9th day of May, A. D. 1874, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS: God in his allwise providence has, by death, removed from our midst our beloved brother, Obediah Thorp.

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission and affectionate confidence to this afflicting dispensation of our merciful Heavenly Father, knowing that trial, suffering, and even separation for a time by death are necessary to perfect our trust in the faithful promises of "Him who doeth all things well."

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Thorp, this Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry does duly appreciate the loss of a good friend, a faithful laborer and an exemplary member.

Resolved, That our Secretary be directed to furnish a copy hereof to the Albany papers for publication, and that he also present a copy to the bereaved companion and relations of the deceased, to whom the tender sympathies and fraternal condolence of this Grange are hereby tendered.

H. J. AVERILL,
W. R. BISHOP,
A. W. STANARD,
Committee.

It is one of the sweetest and most consoling reflections of the opening season of buds and flowers, when the brooks shall be released from their icy chains, and there is a fair prospect of the gentle lambs skipping from rock to rock and thistle to thistle, that the nights are rapidly growing briefer, and the iron rod of the oppressive gas-man has been broken at the fountain to some extent.

A lady at confession acknowledged that she used rouge "to make her appear captivating." "But does it make you more beautiful?" "At least, holy father, I think it does." The priest took the penitent out of the confessional into the light, and looking her in the face, said: "Madam, you may paint without offense, for you are very ugly."

We observe a tendency among newspaper writers to indulge in redundant expressions. For instance, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* says, "Two physicians are in attendance, and it is thought he cannot recover." It would have been sufficient in this case to have said simply, "Two physicians are in attendance."—*New York Mail.*

Col. Higginson has relieved himself by the following observation: "I would rather see too much enthusiasm than not enough. I often think that the spread-eagle of the stump orator is better than the cold spirit of the city editor who cuts him up. I would rather be choked with gas than smothered with starch."

A pair of roadbreakers are reported as having built their nests in the running gear of a gravel car constantly plying between Durwin and Capellen-Gilverath in Germany. A nest of young wagtails were also bred during the past summer under the plate of a railroad switch. Twenty-five regular trains, besides extra trains, went daily back and forth over them; yet the shy little family did not seem to be in the least disturbed.