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Miscellaneous.

[Written for the Register.]

OLD SUMNER'S BANK ACCOUNT.

BY OWL.

The 9:10 Night Express train on the O. Q. R. R. stood at the depot in Alden, with steam up, waiting for President Sumner and two of the directors of the road to arrive at the station, to take passage in this train.

At 9:20 these officers drove up in a carriage, and alighted, when Charley Brooks, the conductor, gave the cry "all aboard."

A few of the passengers who had been lounging around the depot, bothering the station agent and telegraph operator with meaningless questions, on hearing the above, sprang aboard with more haste than elegance.

A young lady ran towards the locomotive and said to the engineer:

"Jack, can't I take a ride with you to-night on 'old 32'—I am going up the road with Father?"

The engineer turned around, and greeting the young lady, said: "Yes, certainly, Alice; but please jump aboard, for we are 10 minutes behind already, and only have six minutes to make Westfield for the down express."

Just then the conductor called out, "Jack, for God's sake are you never going to start? We'll run into the down train sure as—!" Then turning to the young lady said: "Alice, you cannot ride on the engine to-night. You will have to come in the coach."

On hearing this, Jack Miller, the engineer, replied: "Charlie, Alice can ride on the engine and will; so you better be getting aboard if you go with us."

Suiting the action to the word, he pulled the throttle and the engine bounded away so quick that Brooks hardly had time to spring upon the platform of the last car, muttering, "Curse Jack Miller; I'll be even with him yet, if I have to run this train clear through the down express; he shan't get the best of me with that girl."

Charley Brooks was a young man of 26, who had, by a series of fortunate changes, risen from a brakeman to the conductorship of the best train on the road. He had resided in Alden for two years previous to the time our story opens, and had become acquainted with Miss Alice Sumner, an only daughter of Wm. Sumner, President of the road. He was smitten by her charms and beauty, and he vowed that he would win her by fair means if possible; if not, by foul.

He paid assiduous attentions to Alice, which were not accepted by her except on occasions when it was impossible to do otherwise.

Alice, being a young lady of handsome appearance and much spirit, had heard of several remarks made by Brooks concerning her, and was only waiting for a good opportunity to send him adrift. Such an opportunity came when she made

the acquaintance of Jack Miller, a young man of intelligence, and who was as handsome as he was strong. He was the son of an old friend of President Sumner, and had been transferred from an Eastern Division of the road to run the express train out of Alden. He had been living in Alden for nearly a year and a half previous to this time, and having been so warmly welcomed by Father Sumner and Alice, he spent a good deal of his spare time at the house.

He had become interested in Alice from the first time they met; and this interest increased until at length nothing kept him from declaring his love but the knowledge that he was poor, and the impression would be he was after "Old Sumner's bank account."

Thus matters stood at the time Alice boarded the express locomotive for "up the road."

After leaving A—, nothing was said by any one on the engine till at last Jack blew the whistle for Westfield, when, turning around, he exclaimed:

"Thank God! I made it and have half a minute to spare."

At Westfield President Sumner and party, except Alice, alighted and went into the city, Alice intending to go on to Marshfield, the next station.

Just as the train was ready to start, Brooks came along and remarked, "Jack, we have orders to 'meet' the down mail here; but she is 10 minutes behind and we can make Marshfield for her."

Miller protested against it, until at last Brooks said, "Jack Miller, I believe I run this train; now I order you to go on; you are under my command."

Miller could not do otherwise but obey; but calling the attention of by-standers said: "Brooks, I will go on, but if any thing happens you will have to stand the blame, as it's against orders."

So on they went, and Jack, thinking if he was in a bad scrape the sooner he got out the better, he "opened her out," and if they went lively before, they fairly flew along the track then.

After getting within three miles of Marshfield, Jack, turning to his fireman, remarked: "Joe, if we were only by the 'Devil's curve' safely, I would feel easy." This curve, bearing his Satanic majesty's name, was a dreaded part of the road, it being long, sharp and dangerous.

He had scarcely got through speaking when Joe cried: "My God! Jack, breaks!"

Jack, looking forward, saw the down mail just coming around the curve, and not over a thousand yards ahead. Jack immediately "reversed" his engine, and turning quickly caught Alice in his arms, and lifting her as if she had been an infant, threw her from the engine into a marsh (covered with rushes), along which the road had been built. Alice was taken completely by surprise, the act being done so quickly, but she picked herself up feeling somewhat damp but entirely

uninjured.

Jack succeeded in stopping his train, and had they been as prompt on the other train, no serious trouble would have ensued; but before Jack could "back out," the mail train bounded into him, completely mashing "old 32," into pieces, injuring the mail engine badly, besides mashing up three cars on the express train.

Jack got one of his lower limbs broken, and the other mashed in a terrible manner, and also received a severe contusion in the side of his forehead, which caused him to become insensible. As it was he did not hear the exultant remarks made by Charley Brooks—who, by the way, "saved his bacon" by jumping from the train on first scout of danger—and who had just come up, saying, "he was glad Jack got hurt, d—n him; and the girl, too, she ought to be served the same way, and he hoped she would have some sense next time."

A ringing, scornful voice caused him to turn and he beheld Alice Sumner with her eyes fairly ablaze with indignation. It was some time before she could control her feelings sufficient to speak. At length she broke out:

"Mr. Brooks, you are a great deal lower than I ever thought any human being capable of getting. I probably would have been killed, as you tried to serve Jack and me both, had not Jack saved my life by lifting me into the marsh. I charge you with this whole accident. It never would have happened had you remained at Westfield as it was your duty to do, and so Jack told you. Here are several killed and a great many injured." Then turning to one of the passengers said, "Arrest Charles Brooks, on the charge of manslaughter, preferred by me." Brooks blustered around some, and said that was all very well but he would like to see the authority for so doing.

The passenger spoken to stepped forward and said "you are my prisoner. As for authority, I will merely say I am Sheriff of W— county, and was a passenger on your train from Westfield to-night."

In the course of a few hours, relief was obtained in the shape of a "special" train, and the dead and injured were taken to Westfield, together with the Sheriff and Charles Brooks, his prisoner.

But Alice and Jack, together with President Sumner, who joined them at Westfield, went back to Alden, where Jack recovered in the shortest possible time under the care of Alice.

Charley Brooks was charged by the Coroner's jury with the crime of manslaughter, by running, against the orders of the Company; and at next term of Circuit Court was found guilty and sentenced to fifteen years in the Penitentiary, where he can have plenty of time in which to meditate on his past acts and the following notice he read in the paper one day:

MARRIED.—At Alden, by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. John H. Miller to Miss Alice, only daughter of Hon. Wm. Sumner, President of the O. Q. R. R. Co.

Jack now being son-in-law to the Railroad Company, has a sure thing, and his prospects for getting "Old Sumner's Bank Account" were never better.

WONDERFUL MEMORIES.—There was an idiot in Edinburgh, the son of a respectable family, who had a remarkable memory. He never failed to go to the kirk on Sunday, and on returning home could repeat the sermon word for word, saying: "Here the minister coughed. Here he stopped to blow his nose." During the tour we made in the Highlands we met with another idiot who knew the Bible so perfectly that if you asked him where such a verse was to be found, he could tell without hesitation, and repeat the chapter. The common people in Scotland at that time had a kind of serious compassion for these harmless idiots, because "the hand of God was upon them." The wise as well as the foolish are sometimes endowed with a wonderful memory. Dr. Gregory, an eminent Edinburgh physician, one of the cleverest and most agreeable men I ever met with, was a most remarkable instance of this. He wrote and spoke Latin fluently, and Somerville, who was a good Latinist, met with a Latin quotation in some book he was reading, but not knowing from whence it was taken, asked his friend, Dr. Gregory, "It is forty years since I read that author," said Dr. Gregory, "but I think you will find the passage in the middle of such a page." Somerville went for the book, and at the place mentioned there it was.

Romance of a Restaurant.

A Chicago correspondent of the Troy Times says: A bit of romance recently came to my notice which has not before appeared in print. Some time in December last a girl about seventeen years of age, who at that time was serving as table-waiter in a large dining restaurant, was arrested for stealing a package of money from the pocket of a gentleman's overcoat which was hanging in the room while he was eating his dinner. At the preliminary examination a party swore to having seen her take the coat down and hang it up quickly again; that she soon left the room for a short time; and, as the money was not to be found, she was held for trial. In vain she protested that she merely moved the coat to avoid its getting soiled; in vain with tearful eyes she offered to be searched. The circumstances were suspicious, and the officers inexorable. In the meantime the gentleman who had lost the money became interested in her history, found she was an orphan girl, and, though comparatively friendless, bearing an excellent character. Further than this, he ascertained she was of English parentage, that her name was the same as his own, and, to make the story short, from evidence which he could not disbelieve that she was the daughter of his own brother, whom he supposed to have died childless in Australia several years ago. Of course he declined prosecuting her, and as he is wealthy and without near kin, he at once arranged to take her home with him on his return from the West, whither he was then en route. The other day he, with his newly-adopted child so strangely brought to him, started for New York, whence they will sail for England."

Traces of Animals.

It has been well remarked by a clever author that bees are geometers. The cells are so constructed as, with the least quantity of material, to have the largest sized spaces and the least possible interstices.

The mole is a meteorologist. The torpedo, the ray and the electric eel are electricians.

Whole tribes of birds are musicians.

The beaver is an architect, builder and woodenter. He cuts down trees, and erects houses and dams.

The marmot is a civil engineer. He not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry.

The ant is a soldier, and maintains a regular standing army.

Wasps are paper manufacturers. Caterpillars are silk spinners.

The squirrel is a ferryman. With a chip or a piece of bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream.

Dogs, wolves, jackals, and many others, are hunters.

Black bears and herons are fishermen.

Ants are day laborers.

Monkeys are rope dancers.

CRIMINAL LAWS IN JAPAN.

Criminal law in Japan still seems to be administered in a homely, easy style, free from the bondage to precedent which is found, necessary in countries which have been longer civilized. A short time ago a man belonging to the Japanese town of Omi was convicted of stealing, and sentenced to be hanged. Three days after the execution of the sentence his relatives came with a coffin and applied for his body, but as they were putting him in the coffin the man came to life again. The relatives then attempted to carry him away, but they were stopped by the police, who again brought him before the magistrate. After much discussion it was decided that, as the sentence had been executed, the man could not again be punished for the same offence, and he was set free accordingly, no one being hard-hearted enough to point out the fact that the judge's doom had most clearly not been carried out. Again, an obedient son, living with his aged parents, had a disagreeable wife, who made the old couple very uncomfortable. The son, in order to restore the harmony of the household, poisoned his wife. This act, though dictated by filial piety, could not be overlooked by the authorities. The man was therefore tried for the murder and sentenced to imprisonment for ten years, but on consideration of the circumstances, the Court decided that these should be spent in his father's house, on condition that he wore chains all the time.

A funny sort of "combined fishing and wedding trip" that must have been which the Mormon Representative Cannon took when he married his fourth wife. He took along (Belle Kimball says) his wives Nos. 1 and 4, leaving Nos. 2 and 3 at home. But which of 1 and 4 fished and which "cut bait" is the conundrum which that happy trio alone can answer.

A petition is being circulated at Salt Lake for the appointment of C. W. Bennett to the office of Chief Justice.