

The Albany Register.

VOLUME VI.

ALBANY, OREGON, JULY 18, 1874.

NO. 48.

Never Say Die.

There's a way for the hand that keeps trying
Through mountains of burden and dread;
No good comes of groaning and sighing.
When your work tumbles over your head,
Dig out! You'll succeed by-and-by;
Never say die!

I'll frame you the rule in a story—
'Tis of Farmer John Andrews, who thrives
Years ago in the State of Missouri,
County Grundy, town Poplar Grove;
And a hap that the farmer befell,
Down in a well.

'Twas a new one, unvalled, white
In it
Alone with his pick he worked on—
Came a roar and a crash!—one minute,
Ane alas for poor Farmer John!
Underground, feet forty and five,
Buried alive!

And woe for the dear ones that love him!
He hears not their shrieks of alarm,
Nor the tread of the neighbors above him.
Who run from cottage and farm,
And lean o'er the ruin and stare,
Dumb with despair.

"Dead!" said the hush on their faces;
No help in their strongest hand,
They sadly stole back to their places
As night darkened over the land,
To dream of the search and the sorrow
Early to-morrow.

Seven hours the widow sat weeping
By the scene of her sudden woe;
Seven hours her orphans, unsleeping,
Cried out for their father below—
Then a form rose—fearful to tell!
Out of the well—

Tall, and covered with clay! In terror
The children with shrieks fled again;
The wife—woman's heart makes no error
When the lost of her love comes again—
"Tis John!" (and she sinks on the sod)
"Blessed be God!"

Brave heart, pent under the ground!
Brave hands—how they kept death at bay!
And Mercy, for struggle and travail,
Had left him an inch where he lay,
For a traverse of plank, like a shed,
Sheltered his head.

Wrestling with arm defiant,
He had dug to the hidden pole,
And fought his way up like a giant
Out of that horrible hole;
Every breath with burden unrolled
Sucked through the mold.

Till his head heaved clear of the clouds,
And he crawled to the surface free,
Fate's victor through terrible odds,
Alive—but a sight to see!
And home for the hero made room,
Risen from the tomb.

And swift over all County Grundy
And the prairie farms further on,
Rang glad as the bells of Sunday,
The story of stout Farmer John—
And the forty-foot tunnel he clave
Out of his grave.

There's a way for the hand that keeps trying
Through mountains of burden and dread;
No good comes of groaning and sighing.
When your work tumbles over your head,
Dig out! You'll succeed by-and-by;
Never say die!

Miscellaneous.

"Going Her Prettiest."

HOW A LOCOMOTIVE JUMPED A GAP.

Tom Potts, a well-known locomotive engineer in England and the States, is the self-accredited hero of the following wonderful story of successful darning. I will narrate it as nearly as I can in his own words. I have heard him tell it often:

"Well, gentlemen, I say you'll think it's a lie, but I can't help that; you have asked me to tell it, and all I can say is, if you'd been in my place you'd have seen it.

"I had been driving the Witch for about seven months, and a sweet thing she was. I never was half so fond of an engine as I was of her. She was the kind of machine a man only gets once in a lifetime.

"She made her steam quick, was easy on fuel, started off lively, and went like a deer. Her cylinders were 16-inch, her stroke 22, and her drivers seven feet six, and she was as kind to handle as a baby.

"To see her run off with a heavy load, light and gay, was enough to shame the Juno, Venus, and Helen, and other 18-inch machines.

"She never wanted fixing up. Venus was always going in and out of the shop to be titivated, and if there's anything I don't like it's an engine that all the time wants to be titivated. She was always ready and willing for work. Why, bless you! she was only washed out for the sake of cleanliness—she didn't need it a bit.

"She was the tidiest thing I ever seen—seemed as though dirt wouldn't stick to her.

"Well, what I am going to tell came off years ago, before I left the old country, and it was one of the best railroads—single-track, then, though it's got three now, and four in some spots.

"Well, the 'Witch' and I were put on the mail, one of the fastest trains, and they went like sixty in them days.

"The engineer was fined a shilling for every minute he lost. He dared not go slow for fear, unless he wanted to lose his day's pay. He had to keep going right along, and see things before he got in sight of 'em.

"We were running north one darkish wintry day, and were making our best streaks. I should reckon we were going about fifty miles an hour.

"I was saying to myself, 'she's going her prettiest,' when we suddenly shot ahead, as if we had been fired out of a cannon.

"I knew what that meant. We had broke loose, we hadn't a car behind us. The coupling had broken between the tender and the first coach.

"How we flew, to be sure! I whistled the guard to break up the train. How we bounded along!

"I could make out no objects alongside—we seemed to go faster and faster; we must have got as fast as 100 miles an hour.

"It was a straight piece of track for some miles. I did not shut off steam directly we broke, for I didn't want the train to run into us, which might happen if they did not hear me whistle for brakes.

"It was lucky I kept her going; for just as I had had about enough of such flying a man started out about six hundred yards before us holding a red flag.

"There was nothing in the way, so I knew something must be wrong with the track.

"You might as well have tried to stop a whirlwind as the Witch in that distance. Her speed was frightful.

"There wasn't much time to think, and, as we could not stop, the faster we went the better; so I gave her what more steam there was. She seemed to have some 'go' in reserve, for we shot past the red flag like a flash.

"I saw men standing horrid-struck.

"Bill," I said, 'quick! Get on the coke, and see what's ahead.'

"He looked, and went deadly pale, tottered, and fell back in a faint.

"By this time I could see plain enough what was wrong.

"There was a gap in the track where a bridge had gone down.

"You can't imagine my feelings, just then. Going to death—death, swift and terrible—at about two miles a minute—getting nearer, nearer! I thought of my wife and child—nearer! An instant more—the gap!

"God have mercy," I shrieked. "Well, would you believe it? That engine just cleared that gap!"

"It was fifteen feet across, and about sixty feet deep.

"She jumped that gap like a stag, and, what's more, she struck the rails a right on the other side, and kept right along, just as if she had not noticed the gap.

"I stirred Bill up, and, with both of us at the brake, we managed at last to stop the Witch.

"She was on a tear that day, but I never dreamed she'd jump the gap—that's a fact."—From *Taylor's First Life on the Modern Highway*.

A Very "Frenchy" American Story.

The following lively fiction is an extract from *Mons. Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days"*:

Scene—Pacific Railroad, near Fort Kearney.

The door of the next car opened, and Col. Proctor appeared on the platform, attended by a Yankee of his own stamp as his second. But just as the combatants were about to step from the train, the conductor hurried up and shouted:

"You can't get off, gentlemen!"

"Why not?" asked the colonel.

"We are twenty minutes late, and we shall not stop."

"But I am going to fight a duel with this gentleman."

"I am sorry," said the conductor, "but we shall be off at once. There's the bell ringing now."

The train started.

"I am really very sorry, gentlemen," said the conductor. "Under any other circumstances I should have been happy to oblige you. But, after all, you have not had time to fight here, why not fight as we go along?"

"That wouldn't be convenient, perhaps, for this gentleman," said the colonel, in a jeering tone.

"It would be perfectly so," replied Phineas Fogg.

"Well, we are really in America," thought Passepartout, "and the conductor is a gentleman of the first order."

So muttering, he followed his master.

The two combatants, their seconds, and the conductor, passed through the car to the rear of the train. The last car was only occupied by a dozen passengers, whom the conductor politely asked if they would not be so kind as to leave it vacant for a few moments, as two gentlemen had an affair of honor to settle. The passengers granted the request with alacrity, and straightway disappeared on the platform.

The car, which was some fifty feet long, was very convenient for their purpose. The adversaries might march on each other in the aisle and fire at their ease. Mr. Fogg and Colonel Proctor, provided each with two six-barreled revolvers, entered the car.

The seconds remaining outside, shut them in. They were to begin firing at the first whistle of the locomotive. After an interval of two minutes, what remained of the two gentlemen would be taken from the car.

Before shots had been exchanged, however, this affair was stopped, for a party of Sioux Indians attacked the train, jumping upon it, as is their custom, while it was going at full speed, some of them skipping about the roofs of the cars like monkeys, pistoling the passengers, while others throw the baggage out on the roadside. As for the head chief, he takes charge of the engine, which he runs at double the regular rate, so that it may pass Fort Kearney too rapidly to permit of interference by the United States garrison. This, however, is not the most remarkable thing that

happens to "Train No. 42."

Just before reaching a station called Medicine Bow, it came to a dead halt, the station-master at that point having sent on a signal-man to say that the suspension bridge over the rapids was shaky, and would not bear the weight of the train. At this the passengers poured out, swearing at the delay, our friend, Colonel Stamp Proctor, of course making himself very conspicuous. There is much grumbling and wrangling, till at last "the engineer, a true Yankee," suggests a plan which he has known to be successful in other instances.

"Gentlemen, perhaps there is a way, after all, to get over."

"On the bridge?" asked a passenger.

"On the bridge."

"With our train?"

"With our train."

Passepartout stopped short, and eagerly listened to the engineer.

"But the bridge is unsafe," urged the conductor.

"No matter," replied Forster, "I think by putting on the very highest speed we may have a chance of getting over."

"The devil!" muttered Passepartout.

But a number of passengers were at once attracted by the engineer's proposal, and Colonel Proctor was especially delighted, and found the plan a very feasible one. He told stories about engineers leaping their trains over rivers without bridges, by putting on full steam; and many of those present avowed themselves of the engineer's mind.

"We have fifty chances out of a hundred of getting over!" said one.

"Eighty! Ninety!"

Passepartout was astounded.

The engineer's advice is acted upon, which proves to be the best that could have been given under the circumstances. And they passed over. It was like a flash. No one saw the bridge. The train leaped, so to speak, from one bank to the other, and the engineer could not stop it till it had gone five miles beyond the station. But scarcely had the train passed the river, when the bridge, already dilapidated, fell with a crash into the rapids of Medicine Bow.

The New York *Tribune* has prejudices when it comes to orators. Says the *Tribune*: "On many accounts the demise of Dr. Livingstone is regretted—some mourn the missionary and some the explorer; be it ours to lament the loss of one who did not like to hear himself speaking! Of eloquence, so-called, the world has enough; and we moderns, especially we Yankees, live always in a rainy climate of platform volubility. Whenever we are called upon to defend our President—and we are often called upon to defend him—we always take refuge in the fact of his taciturnity. We say to fault finders, 'Suppose the General had been master of Andy Johnson's vocabulary?'"

CANINE SACRIFICI.—In Oakland, in Washington county, a child of James Armstrong, 18 months old, on Friday last was drowned in a stream near the house. The first the parents knew of the occurrence was by the house dog inducing the child's mother to go to the bank of the stream, where the dog had drawn the body from the water.—*Chicago Tribune*.

The world is a great mystery, with creation at one end of it and cremation at the other.

Scissorings.

Dumb pianos, for beginners, are advertised in London.

Epitaph for cannibal—"One who loved his fellow-men."

When is a bow not a bow?

When it is a bow-knot.

Why is a blush like a little girl?

Because it becomes a woman.

Cremation is economy, and economy is wealth.

Straining—sweetness—Kissing through a veil.

A model lodging house—The Patent Office.

Smoking may discolor but it prevents decay of the teeth.

And now the base voice of the umpire is halting o'er the land.

To have ideas is to gather. To think is to weave into garlands.

How to shorten Ocean voyages—Lengthen the ships.

Why is the letter D, in the alphabet, like a sailor? Because it follows the C.

A Harthard paper returns its thanks for 150 bottles of cough medicine.

What sort of a saint would a converted sailor make? Why an anchorite, probably.

The belle of an Ohio town is named Duty, and naturally where Duty calls there you'll find 'em.

A matter-of-fact old gentleman thinks it must be a very small baseball that can be caught on a fly.

"This is about the cheese," as the mouse remarked after taking a preliminary nibble at the box of a fine Cheshire.

Oh the earnest love of women lit-tle for itself it seeks; it is not a thing uncommon for its flame to last six weeks.

There are 40,000 commercial travelers in the United States and it costs over \$87,000,000 a year to keep them moving.

"Suicide now within reach of all—kerosene only fifteen cents a gallon," is the joyous announcement of a Tituville paper.

A deranged lover, living near Louisville, committed suicide by taking hold of the edge of a pond and holding his head under water.

Brotherly love is not the only kind they cultivate in Philadelphia. For 15,782 fond hearts were made to beat as 7,801 in that city last year.

A learned yong lady the other day astonished the company by asking for the loan of a diminutive argenteous truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations. She wanted a thimble.

A Junior asked a young lady the following conundrum: "If small girls are waifs, are large ones waifers?" "Certainly," she replied.

"At any rate, the boys are in the habit of applying them to their lips in sealing their vows."

The time has come when the wearer of the starched linen coats rises from his chair and goes forth, unconscious of the fact that the lower portion of his garment retains the position which it acquired while he was seated.

The time has come when the wearer of the starched linen coats rises from his chair and goes forth, unconscious of the fact that the lower portion of his garment retains the position which it acquired while he was seated.

The time has come when the wearer of the starched linen coats rises from his chair and goes forth, unconscious of the fact that the lower portion of his garment retains the position which it acquired while he was seated.

The time has come when the wearer of the starched linen coats rises from his chair and goes forth, unconscious of the fact that the lower portion of his garment retains the position which it acquired while he was seated.

The time has come when the wearer of the starched linen coats rises from his chair and goes forth, unconscious of the fact that the lower portion of his garment retains the position which it acquired while he was seated.