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Miscellaneous.

A Sunday Story.

"I really don't see any reason why I mightn't go," said Mrs. Courtenay.

The fire blazed its blue-green spires of anthracite flame behind the polished grate; the satin damask curtains were closely drawn, and the shaded drop-light made a tiny circle of mooney brightness above the centre-table. Mrs. Courtenay had a bit of zephyr-wool work in her hand, and her husband was comfortably reading, with his slippers on an opposite chair.

"Go where?" demanded Mr. Courtenay, looking up from his book with something of a bewildered air.

"What places were we talking of just now?" said Mrs. Courtenay, slugging up her shoulders. "I declare it's enough to try the patience of Job!"

Mr. Courtenay made an effort of memory.

"Let me see—oh, yes, I remember now—Washington."

"The Hales are going, and Julia Everett, and Mrs. Ponsonby," added Mrs. Courtenay.

"Hale is a member of the House this year, and consequently obliged to go," returned her husband. "Miss Everett and Miss Ponsonby are—at least so I suppose—upon the important business of husband hunting!"

"You men are so uncharitable!"

"Well, isn't it so? While you have a home to look after."

"That's nonsense," said Mrs. Courtenay.

"Is it?"

"And I am sure," went on Mrs. Courtenay, feeling for her pocket-handkerchief, "if I had supposed that marriage meant a perpetual state of monotonous drudgery and endless slavery, I never would have let the wedding ring be placed on my finger."

Mr. Courtenay looked with real distress at his pretty little wife.

"Rosa," said he, "I am sure I have no wish to be unreasonable—but when a man marries he naturally expects his wife to be with him; and if you carry out this darling scheme of yours about a winter in Washington, pray what is to become of me? You know perfectly well that I cannot go to Washington with you."

"You could board at a hotel," suggested Mrs. Courtenay.

"That would be very delightful, would it not?" said Mr. Courtenay, a little bitterly.

"O, of course I did not expect you to consent," pouted Mrs. Courtenay, catching her bright blue eyes behind the face-bordered handkerchief. "You don't care how miserable I am, if—"

"Are you really so bent upon going, Rosa?" interrupted her husband.

"I've always longed to see a little of Washington life," Mrs. Courtenay made answer, between her sobs, "and now that the Hales have invited me to go with them, and Julia and Horatia, my own school mates, are to be of the party—"

"Well, well, go, if you're so set upon it," said Mr. Courtenay. "I dare say I shall do very well during your absence, although, of course, it will be very lonely."

"O, you dear, darling Harry," cried Mrs. Courtenay, brightening up like a flower after a shower. "Are you actually in earnest? May I really go? I'm the happiest wife in the world, and you are the best husband."

Mr. Courtenay lighted his cigar in silence. Even the blandishments

of his wife could not quite fill the aching void in his heart. It was all right, and natural enough he did not doubt; but were their relative positions to be reversed, he felt that he could scarcely have so rejoiced in a long separation from his wife while their marriage was as yet but a few months old. But, of course, women were different! Nobody could pretend to understand the ins and outs of a woman's nature.

So Mrs. Courtenay went to Washington with a wardrobe and jewels that quite satisfied her ideal; and Mr. Harrison Courtenay went to board at the Alexandria Hotel.

"My dear, are you sure you are doing a wise thing?" asked her mother.

"Why not, mamma? One can't live mewed up between four walls all one's life!" retorted Rosa.

"Your husband will be exposed to a great many temptations during your absence."

"Nonsense, mamma! what's the use of preaching in that sort of a way? It isn't as if Harry was a mere schoolboy."

"Of course I can trust him!"

Mrs. Harper sighed and made no answer. Rosa the wife was as headstrong as had been Rosa the maiden.

"Courtenay, will you come to an oyster supper to-night?"

Mr. Courtenay shook his head. He was leaning back in a velvet upholstered chair in the reading room of the Alexandria Hotel, two or three days after the departure of his wife for the gay world of Washington.

"I've forsworn that sort of thing," said he, laughing. "I'm a married man, and you know—"

"But your wife is out of town, and there is no earthly reason, you should not join us," persisted the friend, one of those genial, good-hearted men who are unconsciously responsible for so much of the mischief that is done in this world.

"Come! It will be like a *souvenir* of the jolly old premarital days! Only half a dozen of us, and every one of 'em an old chum of yours. Come!"

"Well, I don't know. I'll see," hesitated Courtenay, and then Frank Pillsler knew that his case was as good as won.

That oyster party, followed by champagne and cards, was the first step, and the others came still more easily. "Facile est descensus," says the proverb, and so it proved in Harrison Courtenay's case.

He had been what the tongue of popular rumor termed "a little wild" in his bachelor days; but everybody said that Rosa Harper's influence would set that all right.

And so it happened, for a time, at least; but now that the check was temporarily withdrawn, all the old reckless madness seemed to return with tenfold force.

"What does Rosa mean by leaving her husband in this sort of way?" Mr. Harper anxiously demanded of his wife. "They tell me he was terribly intoxicated last night at Melthorpe's and his business is all running to the deuce! Write to her at once. Tell her to come home. I've no patience with these married women figuring away at public places, while their home duties are neglected!"

So Mrs. Harper wrote a piteous appealing letter, at which Rosa only laughed.

"Mamma always did take the gloomiest view of things," said she. "Of course I shall not come home, just as I am beginning to enjoy myself. I dare say Harry's all right, and if he isn't it will be a proper punishment for me to stay away from him."

But the next day came a telegram, whose imperious summons could scarcely be disregarded.

"Return at once. Your husband is badly hurt," it read.

For poor Harry Courtenay, reeling home late from a "friendly little supper" had hit his foot against the curb and fallen with fearful force.

"Rosa! Rosa!" her mother cried, when first the young wife entered the sick room, "if you had been at home, where you should have been, this never would have happened."

"Is he dead?" she gasped. "Is he dying?"

"Better, far better that he were!" was the solemn answer. "His brain is so seriously injured that the physicians predict a life of hopeless idiocy, if indeed he ever recovers."

The words were but too true. Harry Courtenay still lives, a harmless, gibbering creature, whose delight is to play with straws and sunbeams, while poor Rosa is expiating with a lifetime of remorse the folly she was so ready to commit.

And that was the secret of her winter in Washington. Was it not dearly bought pleasure?

A Lucky Find.

A MAINE YANKEE EXHUMES FROM AMOEBAS THE REMAINS OF A ROMAN EMPEROR AND HIS WHOLE ARMY—VALUABLE AND CURIOUS ANTIQUITIES RECOVERED.

According to a special correspondent of the New York World, the lion of Odessa just now is a lantern-jawed Yankee, all the way from the State of Maine, and who without being a scholar himself, has by shrewdness, grit and pluck become the greatest archaeological success of the day.

He has brought to light, after a strict seclusion of sixteen centuries, the Roman Emperor Decius and his army, camp chest, bag and baggage, bodies, gestamina and all, in a remarkably perfect state of preservation. The writer's account is substantially as follows:

Mr. Doolittle is a man past fifty years of age, and a native of some impossible place which he calls Moluitkas, away down in Maine, and is a railroad engineer by profession. After drifting around, after his kind, for a good many years, he joined the Wiggins Brothers, of Baltimore, about the time they completed their railroad to Moscow, and for some years drove an engine on that line.

Then he drifted down into the Crimea and bored for petroleum from the desert of Khiva to the Black Sea, often finding oil and driving good bargains. Although a rolling stone he is rich. In the spring of 1872 Mr. Doolittle was in Adrianople on his way to Belgrade. He there met a Dane named Peter Holst, and went with him to visit the flower farms of the lower Balkan, where ottar of roses is manufactured so extensively.

They found there a Frenchman from the neighborhood of Grasse who had rented a large farm from Achmet Bey, and had gone extensively into the cultivation of flowers and the manufacture of perfumes. Ottar of roses is commonly made in Turkey by the simple distillation of flower-leaves in water.

But Cedrat said he had found it much more profitable to make rose pomade by the favorite French process of maceration or *enfleurage*.

"I have here," he said, "a peculiar kind of fat that the peasants bring

to me from some distance. It comes to me white and clean, almost like spermaceti mixed with wax. It needs no purification or preparation whatever, and absorbs the odors of flowers more readily than any stock I ever used."

"That is not fat," said Doolittle, curiously. "I really do not know, answered Cedrat. Doolittle called to his traveling companion: "Come here, Holst, you're a scientific fellow; tell me what that is?"

Holst looked at the substance, examined, smelt, tasted and tested it, and replied, "It is adipocere." "But what the dickens is 'adipocere'?" asked Doolittle.

"A very curious substance," responded Holst, "from the words *adeps* fat, and *cere*, wax. It is produced by the decomposition of animal flesh. For instance, you are buried in a cemetery not well drained—the water leaks into your grave and you turn into adipocere."

"Humph," said Doolittle, "will it burn?" Holst rolled a bit of string in the fat and lighted it with a match—it flamed like the best stearine candle.

"Cedrat, do you know if there is much more of this where this comes from?" "Debro knows, the peasants that fetch it come from his village." Debro was summoned and said it was a secret of his people. It had been in their possession for generations and nothing should tempt him to reveal it.

"You are right," said Doolittle, giving him a handful of piastres, "you're a brave little fellow and I admire you. I am a traveler, Debro, and I will tell my people when I get home how noble you were not to let the Turks steal the secret of your village's good fortune. I will tell them, the brave man's name is Debro, and he comes from the village of —, what village did you say? I have really forgotten it, and it is such a pity, for I had intended to write it down in my little traveling book, here."

"Onzoon-Keupri!" quickly answered Debro, flattered out of his discretion. "Onzoon-Keupri? Very good, very good! That will do, Debro! Holst and Doolittle determined to have a look at this Onzoon-Keupri, before they went further.

"Let me look at your map," said Holst. "Onzoon-Keupri, Forsh Chebrone on the Isker-Nicopolis was here; what is Forsh Chebrone by Forum Terebronii? Ah! that is the place where the Emperor Decius and all his army were slain. When the battle was fought, the Goths, who were hard pushed, and desperate, formed a line with their front resting on a morass. The battle was terrible. The Romans attempted to charge across the morass. The Goths resisted their passage. The place was deep with ooze, sinking under those who stood; slippery to such as advanced; their armor heavy; the waters deep; nor could they wield in that uneasy situation their weighty javelins. The barbarians, on the contrary, were unused to encounters in the bogs; their persons tall; their spears long and such as could wound at a distance. In this morass the Roman army was irreversibly lost, nor could the body of the emperor

ever be found. You can read it all in Gibbon, who took his description from Tacitus. That whole army at the bottom of this marsh turned to adipocere! There is an emperor and his army of thirty or forty thousand engulfed in a quag, with their arms, armor, equipments and treasures. The camp chest alone, of such an army, will be a fortune to us. Those old Romans were hard-money fellows, and gold and silver don't turn to adipocere no matter what emperors may do."

So Doolittle and Holst had an interview with Kabil Pascha, the ruler of Nicopolis, and obtained an escort of one hundred soldiers, with whom they had full permission to drain the swamp. This was in August, 1872. They sunk shafts and came upon complete evidence that this was the actual scene of the battle of Forum Terebronii and of the great disaster to Decius and his army. A stately figure was found, clad in complete armor, with two gilt eagles; a bronze helmet, inlaid with gold, covered the head. The cuirass was of steel, elaborately enameled. The short sword was jeweled on the hilt, and half-way down the blade; the greaves were of silver and so were the knobs on the shield and the buttons on the sandals.

"It made me feel queer," said Doolittle, "when my men lifted that old fellow, and his body slipped out of his harness to the ground like a big tallow candle out of a mold." The camp chest with its contents was also found, and the entire plunder was very valuable, at least 500,000 roubles. There were about twenty silver C's, which families of senatorial rank wore inside of their buskins. A mule, probably belonging to the emperor, was found, not only splendidly caparisoned, but with steel shoes on, differing from those we use, in being simple plates, folded up over the hoof, and with a small hole open in the center, over the frog. Several bronze memorial axes with ivory handles; dial plates; great quantities of arms and armor; interesting fragments of military engines; jewel cases with a sardonyx seal ring; razors; kitchen and table apparatus, and a rare collection of coins were also found, making, perhaps, the best collection extant of Roman offensive and defensive arms and curiosities to be found anywhere in the world.

"When Henry VIII. proposed to send Bishop Bomier to France, in a diplomatic capacity, the king told him that he must speak to the French monarch in a very lofty tone, at the same time instructing him what he had to say. "Please your Majesty," quoth the bishop, "if I should hold such haughty language, King Francis, in all probability, would order my head to be chopped off." "If he dared to do such a thing," cried Henry, "I would chop off the heads of ten thousand Frenchmen for it." "Truly, your Majesty," objected Bomier, "but, perhaps, not one of those heads would fit my shoulders."

Texas women ride on both sides of the horse.