L. P. FISH
ADVERTISING
Room 21
Francisco, Cal.

The Albany Register.

VOLUME XIII. | ALBANY, OREGON, NOVEMBER 26, 1880. | NO. 9.

Georgie's Lovers.

"It's all humbug!"

"What is all humbug?"

"To talk about being resigned to one's lot in life. I am not resigned. I hate being poor, and I hate—oh, I do hate wearing that shabby old thing!"

Georgie Casterton marched up and down her meanly furnished little bedroom, flourishing her hair brush vehemently in indignant protest against her special lot in life. She was dressing for an evening party, and a curly mass of tangled brown hair streamed over her scarlet dress gown far below her waist. "That shabby old thing" lay spread out on the bed. It was a dress of black alpaca—not a bad dress of its kind, and nicely made. White tulle ruffles lay beside it.

"Horrid old thing," said Georgie, coming to a standstill in front of it, and giving it a contemptuous twitch, "I do hate you!"

"Oh, Georgie!"

"Yes, I do; and you need not sit perched up on the bed, Esther, saying, 'Oh, Georgie!' in such a horrified tone. I do hate it, and it is horrid and poverty stricken. Just think of going to a party in it! I would rather by half go in sackcloth and ashes."

"How lovely you would look in sackcloth garment with a rope round your waist!" said Esther dryly, from her perch on the bed.

Georgie gave an unmerciful pull at the curly brown hair.

"I wish you would be sensible, Esther—you are so dreadfully literal. At any rate, if I might dress like a sister of charity, it would be a merit to look shabby and woebegone."

"Sisters of charity don't look woe-begone. At St. Mary's Home they are quite merry, and not at all miserable. But you would look a fright in a great black bonnet."

"I don't suppose I should, and at least it would be no pretence of dressing as well as other people."

"There is no pretence, Georgie. The alpaca is a good one, and it does not pretend to be silk," remarked Esther, sagely.

"You are always so aggravatingly wise, Esther, but just look at that dress."

"Well, you can sit in a corner and no one will notice you," was the comforting reply.

Georgie gave another spiteful tug at the tangled hair, as if the anticipation of spending an evening alone in a corner was not very charming.

"Oh, dear," sighed she, throwing herself into a chair. "Just think of Lillie Ball to-night in her silks and velvets, as gorgeous as a fashion plate, and then look at that wretched dress."

But the vision of Miss Ball rrayed *a la* fashion plate was too much for poor Georgie's philosophy. She threw down the hair-brush, burst into tears, and sobbed away as if her heart would break. Poor child, she was only seventeen, and to go in the poor alpaca—which was the best dress her father could afford—among well dressed people was a trouble and a trial to her.

"Oh, Georgie, don't cry! It is not such a bad dress, really," said Esther, leaving her perch on the bed and coming to the rescue. "Besides, you have something that Lillie would give a great many of her silks and satins to have."

"What?" sobbed Georgie, disconsolately. "I have only the string of pearls that belonged to grandma."

"This," said Esther; and, taking her sister's face in her two hands, she turned it round to the looking-glass.

Georgie involuntarily stopped sobbing, pushed the tangled hair aside, and looked at herself. Through the mist of tears she saw a fair girlish face, beautiful with the round soft outlines and fresh purity of early youth, a pair of large wistful eyes, gleaming larger through the tears that glittered on the fringe of curly black eyelashes, a straight little nose, and a delicate creamy complexion, with no spot of color save in the rich scarlet lips—all framed in the wonderful masses of bright nut-brown hair.

Georgie gazed at herself intently for a minute or two, and then smiled through her tears. It was very pleasant to know she was so fair that even the alpaca dress could not quite hide her beauty.

"There, Georgie, you need not be so disconsolate," said Esther, seeing the tears had nearly vanished. "When you have finished admiring yourself, I will do your hair for you."

Georgie resigned the brush, and her sister, taking the wavy, curly masses, brushed and twisted them deftly into a loose coronet all round the graceful little head. Then Georgie donned the despised black dress—somehow it looked well on the rounded lithe figure—fastened the ruffles on, just permitting a glimpse of fair white throat, encircled by the prized strings of pearls, to be seen, and stood forth at last a very dainty lady indeed.

"If it had only been white muslin!" sighed she, giving one more look in the glass, and feeling considerably comforted by her appearance therein. "Perhaps I may not have to sit in a corner all the night, Esther," said she, hopefully.

"I am sure not—that was only my nonsense. Here are your gloves and handkerchief. Be quick! I heard papa go down five minutes since."

Georgie took them wrapped a large shawl round her, tied a little scarlet hood over her bright hair, and walked down-stairs very soberly, pondering many things.

Mrs. Ball's was the great house of the neighborhood. On this evening the large parlors, with their handsome massive furniture and rich, sober coloring were filled with almost a crowd of people, for her evening parties were a popular institution. When Mr. Casterton and Georgie entered the room, she came forward with a cordial greeting, and, after introducing Georgie to the one or two strangers present, consigned her to the care of her daughter Lillie, who, to Georgie's relief, was almost as plainly attired as herself.

Still feeling very conscious of her alpaca dress, Georgie shyly buried herself in a portfolio of Italian photographs on a stand near her. Presently she heard her name softly repeated behind her, and, glancing up, recognized Captain Day, one of the strangers who had been presented to her, and Mrs. Ball's nephew.

"May I get you some coffee?" asked he, smiling down at her.

"Yes, please," said Georgie, diffidently, her mind instantly reverting to what he must think of her shabby dress.

He made a sign to a servant, who came up with a tray. Helping Georgie to her coffee, he took another cup himself, and then, drawing a chair beside her, began to talk in a light, careless manner that speedily set her at her ease. Even the troublesome dress was at length forgotten, and Georgie bore her fair share in the half-laughing, half-serious conversation that ensued.

After a while he drew the stand of photographs forward, and turned them over for her to look at, telling her about Italy, in a soft low voice, that seemed meant for her alone. He was a tall, handsome man, rather fair, with bright blue eyes, and a moustache and whiskers that seemed to require an immense amount of attention to keep them in order. He possessed in perfection the art of being all things to all women. His indolent, graceful air of deference and intense devotion, his low caressing voice, were irresistibly flattering. His words were simple enough, neither very wise nor very witty; but they might have been very pearls and diamonds of wisdom from the veneration with which Georgie listened to them. He stayed by her side for a long time, turning over and discussing folios and albums. At length Mrs. Ball captured them for a round game at cards, much to Captain Day's disgust. However, he managed to obtain Georgie for a partner, took care of her counters, and contrived to throw an immense amount of earnestness into the simplest questions. He conducted her into supper, and took care to have a snug corner all to themselves and then he bestowed on her all those *petits soins* and delicate attentions which are the right of some favored mortals, but which were something very new and very charming to his unsophisticated companion.

Georgie was completely fascinated. She was very young, very simple, and very romantic, beautiful, impulsive, frank as a child, with all sorts of wonderful ideas floating about her graceful little head; and Captain Arthur Day was the handsomest man she had ever seen, and one of the most consummate flirts in existence.

Had Georgie's eyes and ears not been too entirely engaged, she might have discovered that one person at least showed considerable disapprobation either of her or of her cavalier's proceedings. More than once a tall gentlemanly man had tried to gain Miss Casterton's ear, and a grave face with dark, suspicious eyes had watched them more or less all the evening. A good many angry glances had been wasted on Captain Day's imperturbable face—wasted, because, though he had seen the glances plainly enough he had taken no notice of them.

When the time for departure came, Captain Day slipped into the hall, and was ready with Georgie's shawl and little scarlet hood. After one long pressure of her hand, one lingering look into her dark lovely eyes, one soft low "Good night," she passed out into the dim night with a swift subtle delight in every nerve, a feeling of sweet shy joy stealing into her heart, which would never be the simple child-heart again!

As Captain Day turned to re-enter the hall, he encountered his brother, the gentleman whose wrathful eyes had so suspiciously watched him all the evening.

"Anything the matter, Frank?" asked he, lightly. "You look particularly grim."

The grave face grew a shade graver as he turned to his brother and said, emphatically and suddenly—"You have no right, Arthur, to pay such devoted attention to any lady, much less Miss Casterton."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. You have no right to sacrifice that trusting sweet little thing for your amusement."

"How excessively ridiculous, Frank? I meet a young lady for the first time in my life, try to amuse her for an hour or two, and you get up a tragic air and talk of a sweet little thing being sacrificed for my amusement! It is too absurd."

"I have seen too many of your flirtations not to know the signs of a new one. I know what your hour or two's amusement means, and I say you have no right to raise hopes and wishes, you have not the slightest intention of fulfilling."

"Looks like a case of righteous indignation," said the Captain, coolly, smoothing his moustache. "Thanks, your lecture might be more effectual were you not an interested party."

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Day, haughtily.

"Who is it talks about 'volumes in looks,' or some such sentimental nonsense? I have never seen you bestow two glances on any young lady before; but to-night you have honored us both with your most distinguished regards. If Miss Georgie Casterton is wise, she will turn the cold shoulder on my irresistible self; you are a much more eligible *parti* than your scapegrace brother."

Mr. Day turned his eyes contemptuously on his brother.

"Your remarks are most uncalled for," said he. "However, I don't care to discuss the matter further. Nothing that I can urge is likely to stay your hand."

"Not with the prospect of a rival in the field, and such a rival."

With another indignant glance Mr. Day turned on his heel and walked away.

"Fancy I had rather the best of that little game," thought Captain Arthur, as he took out his cigar-case. "Not pay any attention to Miss Casterton! Thank you, Mr. Francis Day; you shall not find the course so easy to walk over. If I can help it;" and the Captain took out his silver match-box and struck a light, with a vindictive determination to thwart his brother, come what might.

Alas, for poor Georgie! She was very young and very childish, and it was the old, old story. Two months flew by on silver wings. Captain Day had the field all to himself, and he made the most of his opportunities. Georgie innocently wondered how it was that, go where she would, he always contrived to meet or follow her in her walks. It was always so naturally done that she never suspected how very carefully it was planned, or that all her goings out and comings in were quite familiar to him.

One thing, however, Captain Day had not bargained for; and, had anyone suggested the idea to him, he would have repudiated it with scorn—he had not bargained for falling in love himself. Nevertheless two months' almost daily intercourse told upon him; Georgie's fresh young beauty and sweetness won a great deal more than admiration from him, and he cared a good deal more for her than he would have confessed to himself—more than his easy graceful selfishness would care to think of seriously. At last they were engaged for better or worse—so far as anything could be called an engagement which was neither known nor sanctioned by the powers that were.

On the last afternoon of his memorable visit they stood together in the wood which adjoined Mrs. Ball's grounds. Her hand was in his; her sweet eyes raised to his in mute entreaty.

"Not even a letter, Arthur?" said she.

"My pet how can I write to you without its being found out? And then just think of the consequences. If Frank knew of our engagement he would be furious, and that would ruin everything."

"But," hesitated Georgie, "how can his being vexed make any difference to you?"

"Because he is rich and I am poor; and he holds the purse-strings," said the Captain, bitterly, sitting down beside her; he might have added that to his half-brother he was likewise indebted for his very handsome allowance and sundry other small favors, the continuance of which he did not choose to risk at the present moment.

"Perhaps he would help us as he is so rich!" suggested Georgie, timidly.

"Not he; besides, I won't ask him. Georgie, darling, we must just wait and hope for something to turn up; and, my pet, our engagement must be a secret between ourselves."

"If I might only tell mamma!" pleaded Georgie.

"No, no, Georgie. No one must know. My darling, is it not the sweeter to you that no one know or meddles with our happiness?" And he pulled her down to him and kissed her passionately.

"It seems so like deceit," sighed she, wistfully.

And then Captain Day set to work to explain away her scruples. It was not very difficult. Georgie's faith and trust in her lover was boundless, and it never entered her head to question the wisdom or propriety of anything he might wish; so before his specious reasonings her hesitation soon vanished, and she promised all he asked—not quite blindly, perhaps, but with all the trust and confidence of a fearless, guileless love.

When the time came they parted with one long, mute caress, and Georgie, her lips tremulous, her sweet eyes full of tears, turned quickly homewards.

Captain Day stood under the trees till the slight dark figure vanished, and then he too strolled homewards, considerably perturbed in his mind. He did love Georgie, after his own fashion—he did honestly mean to be married to her some day; but it was not in him to make any effort to shorten that time, and things just now were not very propitious for any scheme of matrimony.

"Little darling," thought he—"what a sweet wife she will make! It's a confounded shame we can't be married now—and a precious long time it will be before we shall. I've half a mind to tell Frank—he might help us, perhaps. No; I won't. I'm certain he is rather touched himself; so of course he would do nothing. Hang it all, I wish I had not got into such a confounded mess."

Next morning a bouquet of exquisite flowers was left at the Parsonage for Miss Casterton—roses of all kinds, from the richest damask to the delicate subtle-scented Provence. As Georgie stood at the window looking at them, and pondering the message of farewell and secrecy they conveyed, the Balls' carriage dashed past; she caught a glimpse of a handsome face, a pair of blue eyes glanced eagerly out, a hand was waved to her, and that was the last Georgie Casterton saw of Captain Day for a very long time.

* * * * * *

It was the fifth of November, a foggy wet, miserable afternoon; but there was a glorious fire in the old schoolroom; at the Parsonage. Esther Casterton sat on the hearthrug in front of it, reading the newspaper; Georgie was at the table painting. A sort of frame stood before her, on which were arranged a wild tangle of the small tree ivy, sprays of plants, tinted red by the frost, and a few scraps of moss. She was copying them with rare delicacy and skill.

"I wish I had a few blackberries," said she presently.

"We could not find any this morning," returned Esther, looking up from her paper. "It is too late for them; can't you manage without them?"

"Yes, I think I can," said Georgie, giving a few bright touches to the leaves.

"How much do you think the man will give you for that picture, Georgie?"

"I don't know—five dollars, I hope."

"It's not half enough—why, it is exquisitely done! I know Mr. Day would get you twice as much, if you would let him. Why don't you accept his offer, and allow him to dispose of your paintings for you."

"I like to manage my own affairs dear," laughed Georgie. "Besides, it was he who introduced me to this man. He took a great deal of trouble at first; and, of course, I cannot trouble him always with my concerns."

"Of course not," said Esther dryly; then after a short silence—"Georgie, do you remember that party just two years ago, and how you cried over that alpaca dress? You would be able to appear got up regardless of expense now."

"Not quite," returned Georgia, smiling: "we are always so poor, and the money is so wanted for things it is hard to be without, that I don't think I should be more gorgeously arrayed than I was then."

She sighed a little, for the troubles of poverty came home very keenly to her, and she knew, though Esther did not, that half at least of her poor little earnings went into the family exchequer. She would have cared nothing for the little trials and stings of her daily life had she nothing else to bear; but for eighteen months she had never seen or heard one word of Captain Day, and the blank silence was a cruel hardship. The constant wearing uncertainty had brought an anxious look to the fair young face, as of one waiting and watching continually, and the lovely eyes looked sweeter, sadder, and more wistful than ever.

Presently Esther put down her paper and sauntered to the window, gazing disconsolately out at the fog and the rain.

"Oh dear, Georgie, there he is again, coming in at the gate," exclaimed she, abruptly, in a few minutes.

"Who?" asked Georgie, absently, her thoughts far away, her fingers busy with the complicated shades of a scrap of faded moss.

"Who! as if you didn't know," retorted Esther, incredulously. "Mr. Francis makes it sufficiently clear who it is he comes to see in this house!"

"What do you mean, Esther?" Georgie asked, aroused.

"Mean? Oh, nothing particular!" returned Esther dryly. "No doubt he takes an immense interest in papa's pet grievances, and comes to condole with him. My entertaining conversation of course counts for nothing; in fact, I have ceased to waste my eloquence upon him, since I found out that Miss Georgie Casterton's silence was more appreciated than all my wit and wisdom."

Georgie flushed painfully.

"What nonsense you talk, Esther. When you know how kind he has been, and what trouble he has taken about my drawings, it is absurd of you to invest reasons to account for such a simple thing as his coming here sometimes."

"'Sometimes'!" echoed Esther, satirically.

Georgie thrust her brush into a pool of neutral tint, and stirred it round and round and round half angrily. Esther, with a shrewd glance at the crimson face and an emphatic shrug of the shoulders, betook herself to her newspaper again, and began to study the marriage list.

"Why good gracious, Georgia," exclaimed she, in a few minutes, "his brother is married!"

"What?" said Georgie, sharply.

"He is, really! You can read it yourself if you like."

She paused. There was a dead silence in the room; the clock ticked with startling distinctness. Esther, staring at the paper in her surprise, never noticed her sister.

"I am surprised! Isn't it strange Mr. Day never told us? I shall go and ask him what it all means. Here is the paper for you;" and, throwing it on to the table, she left the room without even glancing round.

Georgie dropped into a seat, stunned, turned to stone. She uttered no exclamation, gave no sign that she had heard what had just been read. She sat perfectly still, grasping the rail of her chair fast with both hands, and staring with wide-open startled eyes out of the window.

There she sat for an hour awfully still and quiet, her eyes staring in blank bewilderment at the rain and fog outside, her face set and strained in white dispair. It grew perfectly dark, but she still sat on, her head erect, no tears in the wide-open dark eyes; only a long shiver shook her from head to foot every now and then, when she set her teeth hard and clenched the wooden rail anew.

The fire died down to red glow, the whole room was in deep shadow. Presently the door opened gently and some one came in.

"Miss Casterton," said a low voice, hesitatingly, and a tall figure approached the window—it was Mr Day.

Then Georgie rose, and steadying her hand on the chair, turned to him.

"Who was it?" called she, fiercely.

"I came to tell you," said he, and, taking her hand, he led her to the fire.

She was deadly cold. He took the poker and stirred the smouldering coals into a blaze; then, placing a low seat for her, he put her in it in the full light and warmth. He stood himself against the mantel-piece, looking down at her with a troubled face. At last he spoke.

"I have had a letter from my brother, and——" He hesitated.

"Well?" queried Georgie, her usually soft voice sounding harsh and dry.

He glanced at her, and then began to pace up and down the room.

"How can I tell you?" cried he, passionately, stopping in front of her. "It is so cruel, so unmanly, so dishonorable. In his selfishness he says I am to break it gently to you, to assure you of his grief and——"

"I know," interrupted Georgie, steadily. "Who was it?"

"It was Emilie Forest," answered he, reluctantly.

"Well?" queried the poor white lips, as if seeking for some shadow of excuse for her lover's falseness!

"She is a great heiress—her fortune is immense. They were married almost secretly; even I knew nothing of it till the day before. I will never forgive him," said Mr. Day, vehemently—"never! Georgie, Georgie, don't look like that!" for the fire flashed up, showing the poor miserable face with the blank bewildered eyes. He came and knelt in front of her and took her hand. "Georgie, if I could only atone for it! My poor little one, if I could only have saved you from this!"

She gave a long shivering sigh, and laid her head back wearily upon the cushion of her chair, as if tired.

"Thank you—you are very kind," said she dreamily.

He looked at her anxiously.

"I would give my life to make atonement—to make you happy. Georgie, will you marry me?"

"No—oh, no!" she replied shaking her head.

"Why not?"

"I cannot. Don't ask me."

"Georgie, since the first night I saw you I have loved you, or even now to atone for this great wrong. I would not have asked you to be my wife. Can it not be?" said he, anxiously watching the sweet fair face with the beautiful, miserable eyes.

She made no reply, but lay back in her chair and gazed into the fire, seeing, as in a dream, the desolate dim years stretching before her. Slowly her thoughts returned to the friend at her side, tried, trusted, and true, and she saw herself sheltered, loved, and honored, safe in his steady devotion from sorrow and trouble, shielded from every rude blast.

He waited a long time. The blaze of firelight lit up Georgie's face, sad and dreamy, lit up his own steadfast and true, his dark eyes watching anxiously every change that swept over her features.

"Shall it be as I wish?" said he at last, gently.

"Do you know that I can give you nothing in return?" was the answer, given very sorrowfully.

"I did not ask anything," was the quiet response. "I only want the right to take care of you."

She lay back again in her chair, gazing dreamily before her with pathetic, sad weariness.

"Shall it be, Georgie?" urged he again.

"I don't know—give me time. I am so tired. I cannot think now," said she wearily.

"Whatever happens, remember I am always your friend," said he gently, rising at once; "and if you decide in my favor, it will be the one thing to crown my life and make it full and perfect." Then he left her.

* * * * * *

The long brick front of an old-fashioned country house lay glowing in the sunshine of a summer day. The smooth lawn, dotted with spots of mixed scarlet, yellow, purple, and crimson, stretched away far and wide from the long French windows opening on to it. A damask rose-tree was trained all over the wall and round those windows to a considerable height.

A tall ladder, in a very shaky position, leant against the wall. Perched halfway up, clinging desperately to it with both hands and looking very frightened, was Georgie. Her light muslin dress was twisted and fastened firmly round both herself and the ladder, and several long festoons of flowers and frills hung on the sprays of the rose-tree, evidently torn away from the skirt in violent efforts to get free. She seemed in a deplorable condition of fright and helplessness on her precarious perch. Presently a step sounded on the gravel walk beneath.

"Esther do come here!" cried Georgie not daring to turn her her head for fear of losing her balance. "My dress is quite fast to those nails! I have been here for nearly half an hour. When I stooped to unfasten it, the ladder shook so that I nearly fell off. I am so frightened!"

"Keep quite still Georgie," said an unmistakable man's voice; and with one firm touch the ladder was steadied. "What are you doing up there?"

"I wanted some of those roses up near the water-spout," replied Georgie—"I thought I could reach them by just climbing a step or two."

"Foolish child!" said Mr. Day, as he proceeded to unfasten the pretty muslin from the nails and unwind the yards of frilling twisted round and round the rose-sprays. "Where is John? Could not he have got them for you?"

"He has gone to the village. I couldn't make anyone hear. Oh, be quick—I am falling!" And Georgie suddenly clutched the rungs of the ladder desperately, and her face turned ashy-pale.

In a moment Mr Day had mounted the ladder, put his arms round the slight figure, and lifted her down as easily as if she had been a kitten.

"Little wife, you should not do such things," said he, gravely, as he deposited her on a garden seat. "It was very dangerous."

"I was only faint with being in that cramped position so long," pleaded Georgie; "and it was so high up."

"Yes; a fall from there would have been no laughing matter. Don't try it again, Georgie."

Nevertheless he tried it; for, mounting the ladder quickly, almost as he spoke, he gathered a handful of the coveted roses, ran lightly down again, and laid them, all glittering with dew, in his wife's lap.

Very fair and dainty Georgie looked in the morning sunlight, the rich color coming and going in the creamy cheeks; a random rose-spray was fastened in the bright wavy hair; the sweet eyes too bashful to meet her husband's were veiled under their long fringes, the little hands nervously busy with the torn frilling.

Mr. Day sat down beside her, and, putting an arm around her, drew her close to him.

"Georgie, I have had a letter from Arthur; he is coming here."

"Coming here?" interrogated Georgie, wonderingly.

"Yes; that is," explained Mr. Day, "he wants to come and bring his wife with him, of course."

"Well?" queried Georgie, putting one soft little hand half bashfully into her husband's.

"It is for you to decide, little wife. But for your wish I should never willingly have spoken to him again; and he shall not come here unless you like."

Georgie rested her head with quiet content on her husband's shoulder, and looked up at him with shy, trustful eyes.

"Why should they not come, Frank?" said she, simply. "I will give them a welcome."

Mr. Day took the fair pure face in his two hands, bent down and kissed the sweet red lips, and then, drawing her close again said, laughingly—

"Do you know, sweet wife, I was grievously deprived of my rights of courtship? My lady-love has never even yet told me if she loves me."

"Perhaps she doesn't," returned Georgie, saucily. "Let me go, Frank—I hear Esther opening the window."

"Answer then"—keeping her firmly imprisoned. "Do you?"

"Do I what?"

"Do you love me?"

"Please let me go, Frank—she is coming, really!" And Georgie made a desperate effort to escape from his encircling arm.

"Tell me, then, my sweet wife"—in a slight anxious tone.

She ceased her efforts to escape, raising her eyes, deep and dark with emotion, and, clasping his hand in hers said gravely and steadily—

"I love you, Frank, with a love compared to which all other love seems poor and mean. I love you so much that I know that till now I did not know what love meant. My husband, I love you so that nothing but death can part us."

AN OYSTER YARN.

How a California Lady Disposed of a Hundred Raw.

I never found anything but once here in excess of my expectations, or even approaching them, and that was the New York oysters. I had then just come on from California, where oysters are very small and unimportant, not to say insignificant, and I had often eaten a hundred there at a time, and had always felt that I could eat more if I had them. So, when I arrived at the Metropolitan Hotel I ordered my dinner to be served in my room and told the waiter to bring with my dinner a strong cup of coffee and a hundred raw oysters. He looked at me a moment and then said:

"Did I understand you to say a hundred oysters?"

"Yes," I answered; "raw, on the half-shell, with vinegar; no lemons; and as soon as you can, for I am very hungry."

"Ahem! Miss, did you want a hundred?"

"Yes; I do. What are you waiting for? Must I pay for them in advance? I want nice, large ones."

"No, no, Miss. All right; you shall have them," and he went out. I continued my writing, and forgot all about my dinner till he knocked and came in with my dinner on a tray, but no oysters.

"How is this?" said I. "There are no oysters."

"Dey's comin', Miss; dey's comin'," and the door opened and in filed three more sons of Africa's burning sands, each with a big tray of oysters on the half-shell. I was staggard, but only for a moment, for I saw the waiter grinning, so I calmly directed them to place one tray on a chair, one on the washstand and one on the bed, and I said:

"They are very small, aren't they?"

"Oh! no, Miss; de bery largest we's got."

"Very well," said I; "you can go. If I want any more I'll ring."

When they got out into the hall one said to the other:

"'Fore God, Jo, if she eats all them oysters she's a dead woman."

I did not feel hungry any longer. I drank my coffee and looked at the oysters, every one of them as big as my hand, and they all seemed looking at me with their horrible white faces and out of their one diabolical eye, until I could not have eaten one any more than I could have carved up a live baby. They leered at me and seemed to dare me to attack them. Our California oysters are small, with no more individual character about them than grains of rice, but these detestable creatures were instinct with evil intentions, and I dared not swallow one for fear of the disturbance he might raise in my interior, so I set about getting rid of them, for I was never going to give up beaten before those waiters. I hung a dress over the keyhole after I locked the door, and just outside my window found a tin water-spout that had a small hole in it. I carefully enlarged it, and then slid every one of those beastly creatures down one by one—102 of them—they all the time eyeing me with that cold, pasty look of malignity. When the last one was out of sight, I stopped trembling and finished my dinner in peace, and then rang for the waiters. You should have seen their faces! One of the waiters asked me if I would have some more. May be never know the internal pang he inflicted upon me; but I answered calmly: "Not now, I think too many at once might be hurtful."

In this last election, they have spoken in unmistakable terms from Maine to Oregon. We do hope the Democratic party will throw aside this old hackneyed doctrine, and bury it too deep for resurrection. It is absolutely false, for never in the history of this country has a single state exercised a sovereign power.

There are other doctrines which hang around the old moss-covered Democratic party as by instinct, and seemingly they never attempt to rid themselves of them. This specious cry for a change was synonymous with the cry for reform in 1876. Some empty howl with which to catch the unthinking voter is generally resorted to, and has become almost as much of a warning to the intelligent voter as the ghost of Banquo was to Macbeth. The appeals to the predjudices of the lowest classes of society has been a ruling feature of Democracy; and in order to do this, they have no conscientious scruples against using false representations or any unfair means. The Morey forged letter is a fair example of this in the last campaign, and also the statement that the Republican party was the pro-Chinese party of the country. Nothing could be falser, for in Congress the Republican representation from California and Oregon have always worked for restriction measures. The only court which has ever naturalized a Chinaman has been a Democratic New York court. The people have also spoken on all these questions, and the increased majorities given the Republican electors can but be taken as a veto of the sovereign people on the Democratic course.

The people have supported the Republican platform with its protection principles, and thereby denounced the free-trade (or tariff-for-revenue-only) doctrine of the Democracy. Notwithstanding Gen. Hancock says tariff is a local issue, we know that different Democratic platforms have embodied in them planks in favor of free-trade, and whenever the matter has been before Congress, the Democracy has been a solid phalanx against protection.

We shall see wheather in the future the Democracy will profit by these lessons taught by the ballot-box, and organize themselves on principles which are consonant to the ideas of the American people. If so, they may hope for succes; if not they are doomed to perpetual defeat.—Ex.

The Usury Law.

Below we give the full text of the usury law passed by the last Legislature of Oregon. By the Senate amendment the law goes into effect ninety days from and after the date of its approval, to-wit, ninety days from the 23d of October, 1880, which will be the 21st day of January, 1881:

Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon:

SEC. 1 That Sections 1 and 5 of Chapter 27 of the Miscellaneous laws of the State of Oregon as compiled by Matthew P. Deady and Lafayette Lane be, and the same are hereby repealed, and the following enacted in lieu thereof:

SEC. 1. That the rate of interest in this State shall be 8 per centum per annum, and no more, on all moneys, after the same becomes due on judgment and decrees for the payment of money; on money received to the use of another, and retained beyond a reasonable time without the owner's consent, expressed or implied, or on money due upon the settlement of matured accounts, from the day the balance is ascertained; on money due or to become due, when there is a contract to pay interest and no rate specified. But on contracts, interest at the rate of 10 per centum per annum may be charged by express agreement of the parties, and no more.

SEC. 2. Judgments and decrees for money upon contracts bearing more than 8 per centum interest and not exceeding 10 per centum per annum, shall bear the same interest borne by such contracts.