

# The Albany Register.

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**A REMEDY FOR COUP.**—We have been interested in reading the following statement made to us by an intelligent mother. We give our readers the benefit of it, or at least give them the opportunity to test whether it has any benefit:

A remedy for the croup was given me by a sister who heard it from Prof. Bronson, a physiological lecturer, since deceased.

"Let a healthy person fill his lungs with pure air, then slowly breathe upon the patient's throat and chest, commencing at the point of the chin and moving slowly down to the bottom of the wind-pipe. Repeat for a few minutes and it will give relief in cases when all others fail."

My boy was always subject to croup; came near dying with the rattling, noisy, kind at about even months old. I saved him with water and ever after prevented an attack by watchfulness and water. But when three years old, I let him play in the brook one warm rainy day, and he took a severe cold and had a still kind of croup, the first and last time he ever had it. In spite of all I could do he grew constantly worse until he could only gasp and breathe with his head thrown back. We thought his last moments had come, when I thought of, and tried Bronson's remedy for a minute. When I stopped he looked up and said, "Do so again, mother, do," though he could not speak when I began. You may be assured I did so again, and I believe saved his life.—*Laws of Life.*

**GOOD MANAGEMENT OF THE GRAPE-VINE.**—J. R. Nickerson, the well known orchardist and vintager of Lincoln, Placer county, has hit upon a most excellent plan for the management of his vines to prevent injury from late frosts. He commences pruning in December, or any time during the winter when convenient; but instead of completing the operation, he only cuts off such canes as he wishes to remove entirely from the vine, leaving all those upon which he proposes to produce the next season's crop untouched and the full length. These he allows to remain in this undisturbed condition until all danger from frost is past, when he again goes through his vineyard, merely cutting these canes back to the desired length. The advantages of this plan are—

First—That by it a plenty of time is had in which to do the first pruning, by far the largest bulk of the work.

Second—That all the wounds thus made are dried over and healed up without bleeding the vine.

Third—When the sap starts in the spring it runs up through the canes left on the vines, and forces out the buds at their extreme ends first, leaving those nearer the main branch or old wood unaffected in proportion as their distance is the least from such old wood. When a late frost shall happen these buds so located and which are intended to produce the season's crop are but little swollen, and consequently but little exposed to danger from such frost. Mr. Nickerson's vineyard was so treated the past winter, and the second pruning had not been done at the time of the severe frost the first week of this month, and his vines are, therefore, uninjured. It would be well for all the vineyardists of the State to make a note of the facts above stated, and hereafter to practice on the same plan.—*Sacramento Record.*

A malicious libel is going the rounds that vegetation is so scarce at Cape Cod that two mullen stalks and a whortleberry bush are called a grove. The truth is that unless there are three whortleberry bushes I never think of saying grove.

**WHO HAD A HAND IN IT**—The following squib was "perpetrated" in one of the public schools in Philadelphia county. It seems that a few hours' exemption from mischief had greatly enlarged the bump of "trickery" in the upper stories of some of the young "ideas," and they took and smeared the balustrades from top to bottom with tar, and when the master came in, he very naturally laid his hand on it when he surmounted the stairs. He was soon aware of his sad mishap, but said nothing about it until the scholars had been called in and taken their seats, when he acquainted them with the fact, and said he would give any one five dollars who would inform him who had a hand in it. At this moment, up jumped a little red headed urchin, who said:

"Ther, you seth you'll give any one five dollars who'll tell who had a hand in it?"

"Yes."

"Now, thir, you'll not whip me, will you?"

"No."

"Well, thir,— Now, you won't whip?"

"You young scamp, I'll lick you if you don't tell pretty soon."

"Thir, y-o-u—oh, I don't like to."

"Go on, or I'll skin you alive!"

"Well, thir, you had a hand in it!"

The master gave in, and forked over.

**A INDIRECT REMEDY**—Doctor W— tells the following story of himself, which is certainly very amusing, and characteristic of the skilled practitioner:

One evening I received a call from a seedy-looking individual, who, with a snarl, informed me that he had a cussed sore throat, which he thought ought to be tended to at once.

I examined his throat, and found it to be very much inflamed, gave him the necessary medicine, and advised him to go home and stay there until his throat got well.

About two months afterward, the same party slouched into my office and asked for some more of that air medicine, remarking that he was wanted it for a friend, and not for himself. Having put up the medicine, I handed it to him, and inquired if his throat was quite well, when the fellow coolly replied:

"Yes; but that medicine you giv me didn't do it a d—d bit of good. It cured an ulcer on my leg, though, and that's what I want this other for. Good day."

**WAR RAVAGES**—Since the creation, 14,000,000,000 of human beings have fallen in the battles waged by man against his fellows. If this amazing number were to hold each other by the hand, at arm's length, they would extend over 11,583,333 miles, which would encircle the globe on which we live 500 times. If the average weight be 100 pounds (this is below the mark), the conclusion is that 6,250,000 tons of human flesh have been mangled and trodden under foot.

To make the calculation more striking, if only the index finger of all those 14,000,000,000 human beings were placed in a straight line, they would reach more than 600,000 miles beyond the moon, and if a person were to undertake to count the number, allowing ten hours a day, and seven days in a week, at the rate of 5,000 per hour, it would take 856 years.

The oldest man now known to be living in the world is Joseph Martin Couthing, a resident of Cape Frio, in the province of Rio Janeiro, Brazil. He was born May 20, 1698, and is therefore nearly 175 years old.

## A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

MADAME PAULINE LUCCA AS A THREE-CATCHER.

For cool resolution, the following incident related to me by my friend, cannot well be surpassed: Madame Pauline Lucca usually resides in the Victoria Strasse, Berlin. Last spring, however, she occupied temporarily, at some distance outside the city, a gartenhaus, or country house, consisting of only a spacious, rambling basement story, surrounded by a veranda. One night, about 10 o'clock, she was sitting there in her bedroom. Her chair was placed before her toilet table, which was lighted by a wax taper on each side of the glass. The two tapers were not sufficient to illuminate the rooms very brilliantly, and the further end lay in a sort of semi-obscurity. Madame Lucca was busy reading some letters concerning engagements, when suddenly she imagined she heard a noise. She looked around, but, seeing nothing, concluded she had made a mistake, and resumed the perusal of the letters. She had forgotten all about the noise when she heard it again. This time, instead of looking around, she happened, without moving her head, merely to raise her eyes to the glass. She beheld reflected in it the face of a man peering cautiously from out a cupboard behind her. At first she fancied she was dreaming. She quietly looked again. No, it was no dream. There was the man, who she now recognized as having been formerly in her service, whence he had been discharged for general bad behavior. She had also suspected him of purloining several objects, which she had missed from time to time, but not being certain on this point, she had kept her suspicions to herself. Yes, there he was; there could be no mistake about the matter. Madame Lucca's first impulse was to start up and give the alarm. But there was not another habitation within a mile or two, and she recollected that the only person besides her in the house was her maid, who, though a very good girl, and extremely attached to her mistress, was by no means celebrated for her nerve. The other servants, including the gardener and coachman, had been granted permission to attend a friend's wedding some miles off, and were not to return till the next day. It flashed across her mind that the man, who, as she knew, had been loitering about the neighborhood for two or three days, had learned that she would be alone, and meant to rob the house, or perhaps, murder her if his project of robbery could not be executed without the perpetration of greater crime. What was to be done? Again she glanced toward the mirror. The eye was still there, glaring on her through the gloom. All at once she remembered that a revolver belonging to her husband, the Baron Von Rhaden, ought to be lying on a shelf in the dining-room; but she was not quite sure. "If it is there, and I could only get it," she thought, "I should not mind." While she was reflecting, a knock was heard on the door of the room. She saw the man instantly draw back into the cupboard, and close it after him. She felt relieved that those two horrible eyes were taken off her; they seemed to pierce here like daggers.

"Come in," she said.

Her maid entered.

"I thought you had gone to bed, my good girl," observed Madame Lucca, in a tone of unconcern.

"I was going, please your ladyship—but I thought you might perhaps want something," replied the maid.

"I told you I would be my own mistress de chambre to-night," No;

the only thing I want is to stretch my limbs a little, for they are cramped from long sitting."

Speaking thus Madame Lucca arose with an air of admirably acted indifference, and took a turn or two across the room, passing close to the cupboard as she did so, she afterwards declared she thought she could hear the man breathe in his hiding-place. He, on his part, might have heard her heart beat, she said, when, on looking at the keyhole, she found the key had been removed. She was filled in her plan, which had been to lock him in. Still her presence of mind did not desert her.

"Ah, dear me!" she said, gasping, "I feel very sleepy!"

"Sleepy, your ladyship! I wish I did," replied her maid. "I don't feel sleepy. I'm too frightened."

"Frightened! What are you frightened of, you foolish goose? Nonsense!" replied Madame Lucca. "Oh begging your ladyship's pardon, it is not nonsense, and that's just it! How can you be sure that some villain, hearing you and I are all alone in the house, may not murder us in our beds? But he shan't murder me in mine, for, with your ladyship's permission, I will sit up all night in your ladyship's easy chair."

Madame Pauline Lucca glanced at the cupboard. Her blood ran cold; she thought she saw the handle turn. What course was she to adopt? She dared not give her maid the slightest hint of the real state of matters; she felt that girl would go into a fit then and there, and thus bring on a crisis. Scarcely knowing what she was doing, Madame Lucca replied at random; "Murder us! What for?"

"What for, your ladyship! Why, for your money—for your jewels to be sure. Everybody knows you have plenty of them."

The girl might have been unconsciously sharpening, so to speak, the knife by which she and her mistress were doomed to perish.

"What absurdity!" said Madame Lucca, with a forced laugh. As she spoke her eyes wandered from the keyhole of the dreaded cupboard to that of an adjoining room. In the latter there was a key. Her face flushed, and a smile, as it were, of proud inspiration lighted it up though only for a second.

"Jewels!" she replied. "Why, every one with a grain of sense must know that I should not have them about me as a rule. They, of course, are generally safe under lock and key at Berlin. It is a strange thing though, Editha, that to-day is an exception. I expected the Countess Von Wartenstein to call, and I brought down all the jewels presented to me at my last visit to St. Petersburg to show her."

"Your ladyship did! Oh! but supposing a thief—"

"Well, if a thief did know it he might easily make his fortune!" she observed, interrupting her companion.

"By murdering us and running off with the jewels!"

Madame Lucca glanced at the cupboard; then, raising her voice, she continued: "Oh! there would be no necessity for murder. The door which leads from that room to the garden is unlocked; I forgot to lock it. A thief would merely have to walk in from the garden and take my jewel case from the table near the window. He might make his escape richer by 60,000 or 70,000 thalers, and never be detected. That's better than murdering people, is it not?"

"Oh, yes, your ladyship. And he might get over to England or America."

"Nothing easier," replied Madame Lucca. "However, that reminds me—may I not take the key or

leading to the garden. Run into the dining-room; you'll find the key on the table. Don't be long."

"Editha! Editha!" cried Madame Lucca, an instant afterward, "I have made a mistake; the key is in the Baron's study. Pshaw! she does not hear me," she continued, speaking aloud, "I must go and fetch it myself."

With these words she left the room. No sooner had she done so than the door of the cupboard cautiously opened. A man put his head out and glanced around. Perceiving no one he darted into the adjoining chamber. The next instant the door was shut to and locked behind him! But not by him. By Madame Lucca! When she left the room she did not proceed two paces; she stood outside listening. As she was in darkness, she could, without being visible herself, see all that was passing in her bedchamber. She beheld the stranger leave his hiding-place and dart into the adjoining room. She glided after him with the steadiness of a tigress and the courage of a heroine. The reader knows what followed.

"At Rappist!" (caught) she cried, rushing across the room with the key in her hand.

"I can't find any—" began Editha, entering the bedchamber. But Madame Lucca, pushing her on one side, disappeared. Editha looked after her in mute astonishment and remained as though rooted to the spot till her mistress re-entered with a revolver in her hand.

"O, your ladyship! What-a-t-a-t that?" inquired the maid with a strong presentiment that all was not right.

"The Baron's revolver, thank goodness!" replied Madame Lucca. "Why thank goodness, your ladyship?" inquired the maid.

Madame Lucca pointed to the door. Some one on the other side was turning the handle. Editha turned deadly pale, and dropped the lamp she was carrying. Presently there was a knocking and a voice exclaimed, "Open this door directly, or—"

The rest was inaudible. Editha's screams drowned aught else. Madame Lucca waited until the girl's first shock of breath was exhausted and her second not yet arrived; she then said, with comic severity, "Editha, if you are not quiet, I will begin by shooting you!"

Editha thought, apparently, that her mistress was in earnest, for the poor girl immediately rammed a large portion of a towel in her mouth, and restricted herself to swaying to and fro, and sobbing violently. The knocking grew more and more violent, but the door was massive oak and immovable.

"My friend," cried Madame Lucca in a loud voice, "you are caged. The garden door is as tightly fastened as this one, and the window is secured. Do not attempt to open the latter, for I am going into the garden, and the instant that I see you try to escape, you are a dead man."

Flinging open the door which led to the veranda she went out, followed by Editha, who, in her despair, had succeeded in pushing more of the towel in her mouth. The noise of a bolt being drawn was heard.

"Stand aside, my friend," said Madame Lucca, "or you are a dead man!"

A sharp report followed, accompanied by the sound of crashing wood and splintered glass.

"There! that is one barrel out of six. That is merely to show that I am armed. You had better remain quiet."

The visitor was also seemingly of the same opinion for he did not repeat the attempt. When the ser-