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L P Fisher

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A Balloon Voyage to Europe.

It is announced that Professor John Wise, of Philadelphia, an old and experienced aeronaut, is intending during the coming summer to attempt the dangerous feat of crossing the Atlantic Ocean in a balloon. He is represented as a man of solid ability and generous scientific culture, occupying at present the position of Secretary of the meteorological section of Franklin Institute in Philadelphia. The proposed transmarine voyage is not to be undertaken for pecuniary profit nor pleasure, but to demonstrate practically some theories which he has advocated for years. He believes that the entire upper atmosphere surrounding the earth has a constant movement eastward with the revolution of the earth; that its velocity is actually faster than the earth, just as water is spurted forward from a rapidly revolving grindstone. He says that all balloons after they attain an altitude of a mile and a half, go in an easterly direction. Out of the 446 balloon ascensions which he has made, in ninety-six times out of every hundred this was the case. He does not expect to be able to control the direction of the proposed air-ship, after it has reached this upper, strata of air; he expects it will then be swept eastward with tremendous velocity. He thinks the journey of crossing the ocean will not take over sixty or seventy hours, as he fixes the speed of travel at about one hundred miles an hour. He designs to start from Boston Common about the 4th of July. He will be accompanied by Washington H. Donaldson, aeronaut, and two scientific gentlemen, yet to be selected out of a number of applicants. Three balloons are to be constructed, one nearly three times the size of the others, the latter of which will be used to supply the larger one with gas. They will hold 325,000 feet of gas and will have a carrying capacity of 11,000 pounds, besides the weight of themselves. The riding basket is to be a covered room, with a cellar for storing food and water. The room will have windows on all sides, and be kept warm by a lime stove. At night a vacuum tube with platinum wire at each end will furnish light by sending a current of electricity along the wire. To provide against drowning should the balloon fall into the sea, an open platform is to be built beneath the chamber, and beneath that, one of the Francis metal life boats is to be suspended, provided with oars, sails, etc. The boat will have four large air chambers, and a cabin to protect from the weather. Provisions for thirty days in watertight bags, which may be used for life-preservers also, will be taken. This looks like a fool-hardy enterprise, but if the theory of the upper air-tide, constantly moving eastward, be true, the experiment will more than likely prove a success. Twice has Professor Wise asked Congress to help prove this theory with a trans-Atlantic voyage, but failed in obtaining assistance.

Stephen A. Douglas supported in a speech the last application. Now, the City of Boston has appropriated \$3,000 to prepare the balloon. All will hope the experiment may prove a success.

BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—

Many of our readers will thank us for the following prevention of facial bleeding. There are two little arteries which supply the face with blood, one on each side; these branch off from the main arteries on each wind pipe, and running up towards the eyes, pass over the outside of the jaw-bone about two-thirds of the way back from the chin to the angles of the jaw under the ear. Each of these arteries, of course, supplies just one half of the face, the nose being the dividing line; the left nostril is supplied with blood from the left artery, and the right nostril from the right artery. Now, suppose your nose bleeds from the right nostril, with the end of your finger feel along the outer edge of the right jaw until you feel the beat of the artery directly under the finger the same as the pulse in your wrist, then press the finger hard upon it, thus getting the little fellow in a tight place between your finger and jaw-bone; the result will be that not a drop of blood goes into the side of your face while the pressure continues, hence the nose instantly stops bleeding for want of blood to flow; continue the pressure for five or ten minutes, and the ruptured vessels in the nose will by that time probably contract so that when you let the blood into them they will not leak. Bleeding from a cut or wound anywhere about the face may be stopped the same way.

DISPOSING OF A DUELIST.—

A case which is likely to call forth all the emotional resources of a French jury is told as follows: "A young man having accepted a challenge from a noted duelist, goes home and tells his mother all about it. The good lady rushes to the house of the duelist, whom she finds practicing with a pistol in his garden, and what is worse, hitting the mark every time. She implores his mercy, but is coldly repulsed by the marksman, who declares his intention to kill her son. Thereupon in her wrath and terror, the poor woman snatches up a pistol and shoots the duelist dead. The chances are that she will be acquitted, and indeed it is difficult to imagine any case that offers more genuine extenuation. A jury of mothers would not deliberate long on their verdict."

A beautiful young girl was married in San Francisco last week, and at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony she turned to her husband and said, "George, kiss me, I am dying." The husband complied with the request, and at that moment the young bride fell dead to the floor.

One can be married cheap in New Hampshire. A clergyman of that State, having performed the interesting ceremony, was asked his price by the bridegroom. On replying that the law gave him two dollars, the newly married man promptly handed him fifty cents, remarking, "Well, that will make two dollars and fifty cents for you," and disappeared with his bride.

THE HEFT OF A MULE.—

Some men at Louisville were betting on the weight of a large mule, when one man, who was a good judge of the weight of live stock, got behind the mule and was measuring his hind-quarters, when something appeared to loosen up the mule. Just before the expert died he gave it as his opinion that if the mule was as heavy all over as he was behind, he must weigh not far from 27,000 pounds.

Savage Courtship.

THE BLACKS OF AUSTRALIA—NO DELAY IN COURTSHIP—HARD FATE OF THE WOMEN—SOME NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

In nothing is the brutality of the aboriginal blacks of Australia more clearly shown than in their treatment of their females. Amongst them women are considered as an inferior class, and are used only as beasts of burden: so that it is not at all uncommon to meet a huge black fellow traveling merrily along with no load but his spear or war-club, whilst his unfortunate leubra is panting under the weight of their goods and chattels, which she is compelled to carry from camp to camp. Courtship, as the precursor to marriage, is unknown amongst them. When a young warrior is desirous of procuring a wife, he generally obtains one by giving for her a sister or some other female relative of his own; but if there should happen to be no eligible damsel disengaged in the tribe to which he belongs, then he hovers round the encampment of some other blacks until he gets an opportunity of seizing one of their leubras, whom perhaps he has seen and admired when attending one of the feasts, or corrobories. His mode of paying his addresses is simple and efficacious. With a blow of his nulla-nulla (war club), he stuns the object of his "affections," and drags her insensible body away to some retired spot, whence, as soon as she recovers her senses, he brings her to his own gnyah in triumph.

Sometimes two join in an expedition for the same purpose, and then for several days they watch the movements of their intended victims, using the utmost skill in concealing their presence. When they have obtained the knowledge they require, they wait for a dark, windy night: then quite naked, and carrying only their long "jag-spears," they crawl stealthily through the bush until they reach the immediate vicinity of the camp fires, in front of which the girls they are in search of are sleeping. Slowly and silently they creep close enough to distinguish the figure of one of these leubras; then one of the intruders stretches out his spear and inserts its barbed point amongst her thick flowing locks; turning the spear slowly round, some of her hair speedily becomes entangled with it; then, with a sudden jerk, she is aroused from her slumber. As her eyes open she feels the point of another weapon pressed against her throat.

She neither faints nor screams; she knows well that the slightest attempt at escape or alarm will cause her instant death; so, like a sensible woman, she makes a virtue of necessity, and rising silently she follows her captors. They lead her away to a considerable distance, tie her to a tree; and return to ensnare their other victim in like manner. Then when they have accomplished their design, they hurry off to their own camp, where they are received with universal applause and highly honored for their chivalrous exploit. Occasionally an alarm is given, but even then the wife-stealers easily escape amidst the confusion, to renew their attempt at some future period.

When a distinguished warrior carries off a bride from a strange tribe, he will frequently volunteer to undergo "the trial of spears," in order to prevent the necessity of his people going to war in his defense. Then both of the tribes meet and ten of their strongest and smartest young men are picked out by the aggrieved party. These are each provided with three reed spears and a wommera, or throwing stick; and the offender, armed only with his

heilman (a bark shield eighteen inches long by six wide), is led out in front and placed at a distance of forty yards. Then, at a given signal, the thirty spears are launched at him in rapid succession. These he receives and parries with his shield, and so skillful are the blacks in the use of their own weapons that very seldom is any wound inflicted. Having passed through this ordeal, the warrior is considered to have fairly earned his leubra and to have atoned for his offense in carrying her off. So the ceremony generally concludes by the two tribes feasting together in perfect harmony.

Kisses Sold

Kisses are fast becoming an article of trade; in times past, it was said that "kissing went by favor" they now go for the highest bid. It is said that Pittsburg girls go about selling church tickets for a quarter a piece, and if these terms are not satisfactory, they throw in a kiss. Rather cheap. Some years ago when efforts were being made to complete the Bunker Hill monument, the ladies of Boston gave a fair for the benefit of the fund. When one of the most lovely and accomplished daughters of the "hub" was stationed at her table, a sailor stood gazing at her like a boy into a confectioner's window with no money in his pockets.

"Can I sell you anything, my friend?" asked the belle with a bland smile.

"In course you can, Miss," replied the tar; "I'll buy that ere baby's rigging for five dollars."

"Take it," replied the lady, laughing at the greenhorn, the article being worth less than half that amount.

"And—bless your pretty rosy cheeks," added Jack, twisting his quid about in his mouth—"I'll give you five dollars more for a kiss."

"Take it," said the patriotic beauty, pouting her lips, "it's all for the benefit of the monument fund."

Jack took the kiss, paid the ten dollars, and proudly walked off with the baby clothes.

"John Smith, come up with your lesson. What does g-l-a-s-s spell?"

"Well, I knew once, but darned if I don't forget now." "Pshaw! what's in your mother's window sashes?"

"There is so many things that blowed if I can remember them all. Let me see—there's the hoss blanket in one place brother Job's hat in another, sister Patience's bonnet in another, and dad's old breeches in the hole that Zeb and I made yesterday."

"That will do for the present; you may go out and play now Johnny."

From the *Gazette*, we learn that two little boys, of Corvallis, Willie Rutan and M'Lagan, aged 14 and 13 respectively, were hunting near Corvallis last week, with a shot gun. While preparing to shoot at a mark, the gun in the hands of Willie Rutan accidentally went off, lodging the entire load, some forty shot, in the body and hips of Olney. After being wounded, Olney walked about half a mile and waded the mill race to reach a house. He sank to the ground as he reached the gate. His case was very critical, but at last accounts the symptoms were better.

A high stage of water, it is feared at Portland, will prevail on the Columbia and Willamette rivers. Many persons, who reside along the bank of the lower Columbia, have already sought higher grounds.

Seeing The Point.

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the average.

"Well," said his father, "you've fallen behind this month, have you?"

"Yes sir."

The father knew, if his son did not. He had observed a number of cheap novels scattered about the house; but he had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself.

A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said:

"Empty those apples and take the basket, and bring it to me half full of chips."

Suspecting nothing, the son obeyed.

"And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket."

When half the apples were replaced the son said:

"Father, they roll off; I can't put in any more."

"Put them in! I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in! No, of course, you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips, and then fill it with apples? You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school, and I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket. It will not hold more than so much, and here you have been the past month filling it with dirt—cheap novels."

The boy turned on his heel, whistled, and said, "Whew, I see the point."

Not a cheap novel has been seen in the house from that day to this.

How Advertising Pays.

The Richmond State Journal tells how Edward Malley built up one of the largest dry goods trades in New England. It says: "About eighteen years ago Mr. Malley appeared in New Haven and opened a small 'seven by nine' dry goods store on the principal business street in that city. At that time the heaviest merchants on the street scarcely advertised in the local newspapers to the extent of more than two or three squares each, and then in standing advertisements for the season. Mr. Malley, with a degree of sagacity that no one else had ever dared to evince, struck out boldly in the advertising line, engaging a column in each of the three local dailies, with the privilege of changing every week and making his advertisement the most readable part of the newspapers. For this he paid each of the newspapers at the rate of one thousand dollars a year. The old foggy merchants stared aghast at his hardihood, and everybody predicted that he would go up in less than thirty days. And he did go up in less than that time—to the very height of the mercantile ladder. His store in a few months expanded from a 'seven by nine' room into the occupancy of the whole building in which it was situated, and in less than a year he was doing the largest business of any merchant in the city. He kept up his 'reckless advertising' as it was called, and to-day he has a store built by himself, 260 feet deep, 70 feet wide and two floors—the largest and most successful mercantile house in New England outside of Boston. He now pays the local journals not less than five thousand dollars a year for advertising and yet he frankly confesses that he has made all his money out of the newspaper."

Mr. Carter, of the Corvallis *Gazette*, was the victim of an equine freak last Saturday. Returning from compressing, the eccentric animal he was driving, unhitched himself from the buggy with his hind feet. Carter carries a damaged shot-gun as the result.