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THE TRANSCRIPT.

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By HENRY A. CUTLER.

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TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
Give me the man who'll say,
When e'er a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day.
We may all command the present,
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past, that comes too late.
Don't tell me of to-morrow!
There is much to be accomplished
That can never be accomplished
If we throw the hours away.
Every moment has its duty—
Who the future can foretell?
Then why put off till to-morrow
What to-day can do as well?
Don't tell me of to-morrow!
If we look upon the past,
How much that we have left to do
We cannot do at last!
To-day! it is the only time
For all on this frail earth;
It takes an age to form a life,
A moment gives it birth.

Dead in the Desert.

On the banks of the Rio Colorado, near the borders of the territory of Nebraska, and in a direct line from "the high prairies" of Texas, through New Mexico, to Salt Lake city, in Utah, is a solitary grave. By this grave has been erected a strong and substantial headboard, over which has been stretched and securely nailed, a buffalo hide, with the flesh side outward, so that in drying it has shaped itself to the wood. Upon the parchment surface, with a hot iron, has been signed the following inscription:

"HENRY UDOLF lies here,
Dead Sept. 14th, 1854.
PRAY FOR HIS WIDOW AND SORROWING BOY."
Thousands know of the existence of this grave who have never passed it—and why? More than a hundred miles to the northwest, and on the banks of a crystal stream bearing an Indian name which signifies "Sweet-water," is another grave with a headboard of a similar construction. On this, too, is inscribed—
"THE WIDOW OF HENRY UDOLF lies here.
HIS GRAVE IS ON THE COLORADO.
PRAY FOR THEIR ORPHAN BOY.
January 1, 1855."

Within a little more than three months of each other, the husband and wife—the father and mother—lay sleeping in death with more than six hundred miles of desert between them. What then of the orphan boy? More of his anon.

"Dead in the Desert," said an old Hudson Bay trapper, one of the company who, upon a bright moonlight night, in the month of October, 1860, on board a river craft, were dropping down the stream of the Sacramento toward San Francisco. The mountaineer had passed through hardship and perilous adventures; he bore the scars of many Indian conflicts, he could count his fights with the fierce grizzly of the mountains by scores, he knew well the meaning of hunger and thirst, had buried many a companion in the lone wilderness; stern and rugged in his appearance, with a voice like the low growl of a lion, nevertheless lacking nothing of true sympathy, his heart beat with the tenderness of a woman's, and the rough, sunburnt hand wiped away the starting tear, as he told us of his noble sons who were dead in the desert.

"The ashes of my eldest son," said the old man, "lie on the shore of Clear Lake, on the little island of Alampo, and in by the densely green foliage of the Manzanita, at the foot of the mountain Co-noke-te, or High Mountain, whose steep sides are clothed with the tall dark pine which, locking with the evergreen oak, sheds a funeral gloom over his resting place. My boy was loved by the Indians who had seen his courage and admired his manly spirit, and that he might be undisturbed by the beasts of the mountains, they raised a funeral pile, and on the smoke of the blazing pyre twined around the tree a mournful wail, prolonged by the echo of the mountain, rose from the assembled Indians, while to complete they pointed to the western whither said they, 'his spirit going to its far-off home, for he was dead, and his spirit has traveled

toward sundown, where the earth and sky meet, and he has become a star.'"
"And what of your youngest son?" we inquired.

The old man's eyes fell, his breathing was short and quick, and the violent heaving of his chest indicated the deep agony of his soul; at length, in the deepest accents of his rich bass voice he replied: "He sleeps on the banks of the Sweetwater," and hastily leaving us, he paced in moody abstraction up and down the deck. There was a sorrow in connection with the death of his son, too deep for inquisitive curiosity to meddle with, and we made no further effort to renew the subject.

Two hours or more had elapsed, and our vessel was nearing a little wooden island about a mile below what is now the landing place of the village of Rio Vista. The old trapper was reclining upon the deck wrapped in silent musings; the silver rays of the moon bringing out in fine relief the careworn, rugged features of this grand old man of the mountains.

Seating myself by his side, I said: "You mentioned a stream called the Sweetwater; have you ever seen upon its banks the grave of a widow named Udolf, a Swede?"

"Seen it?" said the old man, "ay, often, and full well I know, too, the grave of her husband on the far off Colorado;" and then beckoning me to follow him to the fore-castle, he pointed out the decaying trunk of a sycamore tree lying near to the water's edge, hanging from which by an iron chain was the rusty fluke of an old anchor, and a short distance further on, but almost hidden by the dense under-wood, he pointed out the ruins of a wooden shanty, the roof crushed in by a fallen sycamore, and the whole scene looking weird and desolate. "Now," said my companion, "sit down by me, and when I have lit my pipe I will tell you something of the orphan boy of Henry Udolf, the Swede, for a strange story hangs to that old anchor fluke."

"'Tis nearly twelve months ago," said he, "that toward the close of a sultry day I was seeking near this spot an anchorage for the night. For several days I had been successful in trapping beaver, and sought a suitable place for preparing my skins. As I neared the island on which we are now sailing I observed a man intently watching me from the shore, and he was evidently seeking to attract my attention; so just feeling that my six-shooter was in readiness, I pulled hard into shore and landed; the stranger advanced to meet me, and confidence was soon established between us. He proved to be a citizen of San Francisco, who had been spending some days in this solitary island to sport among the abundant wild fowl.

"You seek a camping place for the night?" said he. "If you will join me, we can occupy a ruined shanty close by; but first we must bury the body of its late occupant, for he lies cold and lifeless. 'Dead in the desert?' I found myself involuntarily grasping my revolver. Could my companion be a murderer? But my nerves were too injured to danger to feel fear, and so I followed on. We entered the dreary, desolate cabin, and there, upon a heap of withered tule rushes, lay stretched the body of a man in all the squalid wretchedness of poverty.

"Now," said the stranger, "a short distance away is a prospecting hole. We will place the body there and cover it in, and then I will tell you a strange adventure that concerns an orphan boy, the son of one Henry Udolf, a Swede." "Henry Udolf," the Swede said; "I know the grave of Henry Udolf, the Swede, on the Rio Colorado." "The same," replied my companion, "tis of his son I would tell you."

We hastened to bury the body, we burned the tule bedding within the cabin that we might purify it by fire, and then lighting our pipes, I called eagerly for this strange story, and thus he narrated it:
"Two days ago I was wandering near nightfall along the opposite bank of the river, when I saw near the shore of this island a man waist deep in the water. With a pole he seemed to be dragging the river's bed, and changing his position from time to time he continued his labors, until on the following evening I observed him in the same place similarly occupied. My curiosity was now excited, and proceeding to the spot where my skiff was moored I hastened to the lower end of the island. Having often hunted here I knew of a path through the tangled undergrowth that would quickly lead me to the scene of his operation. Hidden by the brushwood, I soon gained a position so close that I could distinctly hear his labored

breathing. He had in his hand a long boat-hook, which he had evidently fixed upon something, which dragging heavily he at length brought to the water's edge.

At this moment he suddenly dropped his boat-hook, and facing around toward the shore exclaimed in a voice of terror and defiance—"What's that you say?" But I had said nothing, and save the sound of his own voice and movements, everything around him was still as death. Again he stooped, and picking up something looked at it a moment in the moonlight, and then huddled it into the thicket. It fell almost close to me, and I involuntarily exclaimed aloud—"a human skull!" Then again his hollow, unearthly voice rang out in the solitude—"What's that you say?" And then listening a moment he added—"The boy seems talkative to-night." From that moment I believed him to be a murderer. He then gathered something up from the river, and wading into deep water flung it from him, and as he returned to the shore mutteringly exclaimed—"Now with head and body far apart, talk to me further if you can."

The hot blood was rushing through my veins. I could endure it no longer, so springing over the intervening brushwood, in a moment I was at his side. His glazed eyes shone by the bright moonlight and glared on me in mortal terror; while with a voice like that of a doomed man he cried, "Man or demon, have mercy upon me!"

Instead of being stalwart and strong, I found him a heart-broken, conscience-stricken, bowed-down man. I assured him I would show mercy, but insisted that he should at once clear up the mystery of his movements.

With weak and tottering steps, that gave too certain evidence that his days were nearly numbered, he guided me to his cabin, and throwing himself upon the pallet and pointing me to a seat beside him, he gave the following narrative:

"My real name is Douglas; I am English by birth, and from my earliest recollections I labored with my father in the Northern collieries. In 1845, I sailed for America, but in 1850 I settled in Texas; there I lived for four years, but at length determined to strike over-land for California.

In company with a Swede named Rawne, I traveled across the high prairies of Texas into New Mexico, as far as Santa Fe on the Rio Grande. Here we made the acquaintance of one Henry Udolf, a Swede, who with his wife and child—a little boy six years of age—were preparing to start for California. Udolf had money, and in addition to his teams and rolling stock, some fifty head of cattle.

It was soon arranged that we should join them, and we engaged ourselves for six months. Crossing the New Mexican Cordilleras, we reached the banks of the Rio Colorado, in the territory of Utah. Here Udolf was taken ill and in two days died. We buried him and raised a headboard on which we inscribed his name. We continued our journey with the heart-broken widow and her fatherless boy, who became the darling and pet of myself and companions. We reached the grassy meadows of the Carson, and here Mrs. Udolf was seized with cholera. In a few days she was dead, and we left her body in a deep grave upon the banks of the Sweetwater.

Rawne and I now took control of the party, and dismissing the other man who had accompanied the train, with the orphan boy and the property we continued our route to California. And now for the first time came over me the thought that I might enrich myself at the expense of the boy, but I had no thought of destroying him, for little Charlie grew every day in our affections.

We found nearly two thousand dollars in Udolf's wagon; and on reaching Sacramento, we sold the wagons, teams and cattle for three thousand dollars more—all of course the property of the orphan boy.

The desire to possess this money now haunted me day and night. We had been residing in Sacramento City about three weeks, when one day, as though by way of joke, I proposed to Rawne deserting the boy and taking the property. There is a better way than that," replied Rawne; "for in that case the boy might tell on us." Thinking that I had in my companion a ready accomplice, I at once divulged to him a plan I had formed for murdering the boy, and it was thus we carried it out.

old anchor fluke and that which you see now on the spot where I was dredging.

On the second day we were joined by two men, who kept company with us for several days, camping with us at night. With these men was a huge English mastiff to which our little Udolf became greatly attached, while the affection manifested by the dog for the child was truly remarkable. At an earnest entreaty of the boy we purchased the dog, and on the next day parted with its owner. We had reached the little island, and found my companion ready to show me any method I might suggest for disposing of little Charlie, but he let me off the planning to me. And now for the part of my story that I would for God were blotted out from my memory. I proposed to Rawne that toward night he should drag the boy to the water's edge, and when all else failed, I would do the rest. We then pulled our most valuable effects into the boat with the money, all but about fifty dollars which I had in my pocket.

It was agreed that when night came I should leave the camp, taking the mastiff with me; that the moon's rising should be the signal for my return, and for Rawne's departure with the treasure boat to the lower part of the island, where he was to await my arrival, having first placed the helpless but not lifeless body of the boy, encircled by the chain, and attached to the old anchor fluke in the bottom of the other boat. I was not to see him place the lad there; he was not to see me draw the plugs from the boat and cut it adrift.

Twilight came. I rose to depart, and though a murderer at heart, I felt a choking sensation in my throat, and the great hot tears chased down my cheeks as I gazed upon the utter helplessness of my victim. Soon after my departure I missed the dog; he had probably returned to the camping ground. At length the moon rose; and stealing my heart against every generous impulse and every touch of pity I hastened back. Rawne had departed, leaving every thing ready; I approached the water's edge, laid my hand upon the boat, and could distinctly hear the half-suppressed breathing of the child as he lay wrapped in blankets. I waded as far as I could toward the boat, drew the plugs, held to the boat by a short line, heard a low, gurgling groan and the waters closed over it.

Returning to the shore, I hastened to the appointed place of meeting, when judge of my rage and disappointment, I found Rawne was not there—he had taken boat, money, valuables, and dog, all with him—all snatched from me when almost in my grasp—left me without means of escape from this horrid place; but what was worse, I was alone with no covering but the angry sky. A murderer alone! alone! with no screen from the flashing eye of God. Alone! all alone in this awful silence, where every sigh of the night wind seemed speeding up toward heaven, laden with the cry of blood. From that hour I have been more a demon than a man. At the end of two days I was obliged to drag up the sunken boat as my only means of escape, and now again my heart sank within me.

I felt a cold terror at the thought of gazing again upon the accursed corpse of my victim, but overturning the boat before it reached the shore, I saw nothing of the burden it had borne.

For three long and weary years I have wandered over every part of the State, from town to town, from camp to camp, seeking the hated object of my revenge, but all in vain; and now with the terrors of death upon me, with remorse eating out my soul—oh that I might sink into forgetfulness and the grave!

"Stranger," continued he, "that is the dark mystery of my life, the seal of blood is on my forehead, the cry of blood ever rings in my ears. Yet oftentimes in my dreams, while sleeping here, close to the moldering bones of my victim, with fiends and demons shrieking and dancing around my head, I see the radiant face of that poor murdered boy, and what is stranger still, it seems to beam with pity and forgiveness."

The recital of this fearful tragedy proved too much for the shattered system, and he sank back in a death like torpor; reviving again, however, he pointed to yonder wall, and in broken accents, and with labored breath, asked me to hand him an old coat that hung there.

He tore apart a portion of the lining, and produced a letter with the seal unbroken, for he could not read. It was addressed—John Douglas, San Francisco. 'I have had that letter by me for three years,' said he, 'but I dared not ask any one to read it, fear-

ing that it might divulge the great crime of my life. It can do no harm now, for I shall soon be beyond man's reach; read it to me if you please."

I broke the seal and read as follows: "JOHN DOUGLAS: Should this letter ever reach you, it may possibly relieve your mind of a great burden. (What is it?) eagerly inquired Douglas. You must know the truth that Charles Udolf still lives. In place of the boy I substituted the mastiff, having first dragged him, bound the chain heavily around him, placed him in the boat and covered him with the lad's blankets. Then I took the stupefied body of the boy with the treasure, and proceeded hastily to San Francisco and in two days we were on the ocean homeward bound.

The lad is with his father's relatives in Brooklyn. From the first I never intended you should destroy him, and I pray God that ere you die, you may learn that you were not his murderer.

Yours truly, "THOMAS RAWNE."
"I raised my eyes," said the narrator, toward Douglas; his bony hands were clasped together, a smile seemed struggling to play over the pallor of death—the eyes were fixed with a glassy stare, and with a death-rattle in his throat he exclaimed, "God have mercy upon me—Christ have mercy upon me, and he fell back—'Dead in the desert.'"

Fenian Excitement on the Border.

One of the greatest sells of the time has just been perpetrated at Derby Line, and fully illustrates the anxiety of our neighbors in Canada, at the present time, in regard to the great Fenian movement which they evidently think is destined to annihilate their fair domain. It seems that a Yankee pedlar who was accustomed to peddle this Northern country selling corn brooms, and who was called by his numerous acquaintances by the euphonious title of "Brooms," happened in Montreal about the time of the St. Albans raid. Unfortunately he was suspected of being engaged in the "sub" business, and by the jealous Canadian authorities was placed in duress vile, where he remained for some time, until he finally procured bail and returned to the "Land of the free and the home of the brave."

"Brooms" not relishing the treatment he had received at the hands of the Canadians, determined to pay them the first opportunity. Being at Derby Line last Friday he telegraphed to the authorities at Montreal that a band of Fenians were organizing on the border for a grand raid on the Province, and that they had better send down men to note progress and be prepared. He signed himself "A former resident of Montreal," but failed to state under what circumstances. The telegram brought three detectives, one of whom came across the line and put up at the Derby Line Hotel. It so happened that there was to be a military funeral at the Line the next day and the boys had sent to Newport for an extra supply of guns. These were stored in a room adjoining the one occupied by the detective, and the boys were occupied most of the night in counting and fixing the guns for the special benefit of the Montreal man, who no doubt, thought he had at last found the great Fenian rendezvous, which has been so much sought for of late. How the poor fellow shook in his boots, and what exciting dispatches he sent to his brethren across the line will, perhaps, never be fully known; but the thing proved a source of infinite amusement to the "Line boys," who well knew that there was not a Fenian circle within fifty miles.—Newport Express.

A Thrilling Balloon Experience.

In 1862 a famous aeronaut advertised that he would make an ascension from Oakland, California. It was a total novelty to nine-tenths of those he addressed, and the public rushed to see him in crowds. In the centre of the space from which the ascent was to be made the huge sphere floated held down to vulgar earth by a dozen ropes, grasped by as many persons elected from among the bystanders. The navigator of the heavens had not yet made his appearance, and the audience were growing impatient, as manifested by their shouts and curses.

In a few minutes more the "machine" would have torn into threads, when a gust of wind arising, the balloon was suddenly wrenched from the hands of those that held it, and rushed like a rocket straight toward the clouds. Did we say wrenched from all? No, not all! A cry of horror rose from the lately turbulent crowd; for there, clinging to a slight wooden cross-piece attached to one of the cords, was a small dark object, which every one pronounced to be a human being. A lad who had been selling

newspapers among the crowd was one of those who volunteered to hold the guys, and, not being sufficiently alert, had been carried off with the balloon. Spectators were appalled, and every observer momentarily expected to see him drop. But the young adventurer had no such idea, and those who had glasses saw him clamber up the cord and seat himself astride the cross-piece. The balloon ascended upward until, in the glowing rays of the sun, it seemed like a speck, then vanished altogether.

It would have been difficult just then to have insured the life of that boy at any premium. As for the involuntary aeronaut, what must have been his feelings as he found himself thus severed from the firm earth to which he had been accustomed. At first his little heart was in his throat, and he seemed to have suddenly fallen from that vast height into an abyss of fathomless air. The world vanished instantaneously from sight. The boy had, unfortunately, wound the cord about his hand in such a manner that it was impossible to let go at once. Yet knowing the fate that awaited him should he fall, he had, by the exertion of an amount of strength wonderful in one so young, contrived to assume the position of comparative safety already noted.

There he saw the wind-driven clouds of different strata rush past him with frightful velocity, and, looking down, could dimly discern the landscape and the ocean, with its ships spread out as on a map. During the afternoon the people of Benecia saw the car dash by, and little thought of the throbbing heart that from that awful eminence, awaited in cold and anxiety the coming night. The blood began to congeal in the veins of the traveller; the act of breathing grew difficult; his muscles increased to such a fearful tension, were beginning to relax; a numbness was seizing on the fingers that grasped the cord. A few minutes more must evidently terminate the terrible ride through space. All at once the rope attached to the valve was thrown against the boy. He clutches it in his despair as an additional hold upon life. Joy! The valve opens! the gas rapidly escapes! The balloon is once more nearing the earth! It rushes into the leafy embrace of a grove of trees, and after a violent struggle rests. When some ranchmen, who had been watching the descent, reached the spot, they found the young adventurer seated on the ground at the foot of an oak, looking the very picture of astonishment, but none the worse for his journey, except a few scratches.

LIFE COMPARED TO A CLOCK.—Our brains are seventy year clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case and gives the key into the hands of the angel of resurrection. Tic tac! tic tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and seizing the ever-swinging pendulum which we call the heart, silence at least the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our aching foreheads. If we could only get at them, as we lie on our pillows and count the dead beats of thought, and image after image, jarring through the over-tired organ! Will nobody block those wheels, uncouple their pinion, cut the string which holds their weights? What a passion comes over this dreadful mechanism, unwinding the endless tapestry of time, embroidered with spectral figures of life and death, would have but one brief holiday!

THE UNARRRESTED ASSASSINS.—The United States Government withdraws the rewards specially offered in April last, for the arrest of Jacob Thompson, Beverly Tucker, George N. Sanders, William G. Cleary and John H. Surratt. Nevertheless, the personal safety of those individuals will not be worth much should they ever return to the United States. Against all of them the most convincing evidence was given during the trials of the assassins at Washington, and the policy of the Government in offering rewards for their arrest was vindicated. Thompson, as a member of the "detached service fund," was the inciter of arson, robbery, piracy and murder, and the paymaster of the villains who were engaged in the assassination plot. Tucker was general confidant and adviser. Sanders was "blower" for the conspirators. Cleary was a minor agent, whilst Surratt, as active messenger between Canada and Richmond, arranged all the particulars of the conspiracy. Sanders pretends that

he has been in great danger of losing his worthless life by the plots of adventurers from the United States, who were in want of the reward offered for his arrest. He may now breathe easier. There is no special fortune to be made by arresting him. He may drink his whiskey in peace, provided always that he does not attempt that operation in this country. The individuals named are in fact banished for their lives. They can never venture back to the United States, and they can never expect a pardon in advance.

HOW TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET.—John Johnson says that he has noticed that those farmers who have most difficulty to make both ends meet, always plough most and keep most stock. Now these men take the true plan to keep themselves always poor, and bring little. It is a good profit to raise three hundred bushels of wheat from ten acres; but when it takes thirty acres to raise that amount, it is raised at a loss. So it is with cattle and sheep. You will see the thinking farmer making four-year-old steers worth from \$60 to \$80 each, and his neighbors, at the same age, not worth over \$25 to \$40. If his land is exhausted—and a great many farms are—then he should plough no more than he can thoroughly manure. Seed with clover and grass, and let it rest for even two years, and that field will not only pay well for tillage but will furnish manure (if rightly managed) to make another field of the same richness also. It is bad policy, when a field is once highly manured, to continue cropping it with grain until the manure is used up. The latter end of that land will be worse than the first. But let that land lay in clover, even one year, but two is better, after it is manured, then it will stand perhaps six good crops before it requires manuring; if clay subsoil, it certainly will.

HOW COFFEE CAME TO BE USED.—At the time Columbus discovered America, coffee had never been known or used. It only grew in Arabia and Upper Ethiopia. The discovery of its use as a drink is ascribed to the superior of a monastery in Arabia, who, desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, upon the report of some shepherds, who observed that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant. Its reputation rapidly spread through the adjacent countries, and in about two hundred years it reached Paris. A single plant, brought there in 1614, became the parent stock of all the coffee plantations in the West Indies. The extent of consumption can now hardly be realized. The U. S. alone annually consumes at the cost of its landing from fourteen to fifteen millions of dollars. You may know the Arabia or Mocha, the best coffee, by its small bean and dark color. The Java and East India, the next in quality, is a larger bean and of a pale yellow color. The West India Rio has a blue, greenish gray tint.

ANOTHER HUMBUG EXPOSED.—The Florence Belge says that a singular discovery has been made in a church in one of the faubourgs of Milan. A statue of Saint Magdalen, which has long been famous for weeping in the presence of unbelievers, was recently moved in order to facilitate repairs to the church. It was found that the statue contained an arrangement for boiling water. The steam passed up into the head, and was there condensed. The water thus produced made its way by a couple of pipes to the eyes, and trickled down upon the cheeks of the image. So the wonderful miracle was performed.

REMEDY FOR DIPHTHERIA.—A correspondent of *Peterman's Magazine* sends to that periodical the following remedy for Diphtheria. Its simplicity, at least, should recommend it to our readers: The treatment consists in thoroughly swabbing the back of the mouth and throat with a wash made thus: Take salt, two drachms, black pepper, golden seal, nitrate of potash, alum, one drachm each. Mix and pulverize, put into a tea cup full of water, stir well, and then fill up with good vinegar. Use every half-hour, one, two and four, as recovery progresses. The patient may swallow a little each time. Apply one ounce each of spirits of turpentine, sweet oil and aqua ammonia mixed, every hour, to the whole of the throat, and to the breast-bone every four hours—keeping flannel to the part.

The use of hods, of suitable construction, for carrying wood, instead of baskets, or carrying in the arms, is recommended by the New York Farmers' Club.