Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1857. VOL. 3.—NO. 50.

For the Raftsman's Journal.

TO ERIE.

BY MYRRHA MAY.

Beautiful child, God has made thee
Lovely beyond compare.
Sparkling eyes of heaven's own blue,
And silken, dark brown hair;

Grace reigning in every motion;
Finished moulding of form;
Neck of imperial whiteness;
A young heart, pure and warm.

Oh, child! may the Father give thee
A mind with talents rare;
May thine own lov'd mother guide thee
To the palace of virtue fair.

May sorrow and care be absent
Ever, from that white brow.
What shall preserve thee, beautiful child,
And keep thee as thou art now?

Lumber City, July 27.

GUSTUS KARL.

THE WABASH ROBBER.

In the Summer of 1852, I was engaged with a young man named Lyman Kemp in locating land lots along the Wabash, in Indiana. I had gone out partly for my health, and partly to accomodate one who had ever been a noble friend to me and who had purchased a great deal of government land. At Logansport he was taken sick, and after watching him a week in hopes that he would soon recover, I found that he had a settled fever, and as the physician said that he would not probably be able to move under a month. I determined to push on alone. So I obtained a good nurse, and having seen that my friend would have everything necessary to his comfort, which money could procure, I left him.

As good fortune would have it, I found a party of six men bound on the very route I was going, and I waited one day for the sake of their company. At length we sat out, with three pack horses to carry our baggage, and I soon found that I had lost nothing by waiting, for my companions were agreeable and entertaining. They were going on to St. Joseph's, where they had land already located, and where they had mills upon the river, intending to get out lumber during the remainder of the season.

On the third day from Logansport, we reached Walton's settlement on the Little River, having left the Wabash on the morning of that day. It was well on into the evening when we reached the little log-built inn of the settlement, and we were glad enough of the shelter—for ere we had fairly got under shelter, the rain commenced to fall in great drops, and thickly too. And more still I had to be thankful for! My horse began to show a lameness in one of his legs, and when I leaped from the saddle I found that his foot pained him much, as I could tell from the manner in which he lifted it from the ground. I ordered the hostler to bathe it with cold water, and went into the house, where we found a good substantial supper, and comfortable quarters for the night—that is, comfortable for that section and that time.

About ten o'clock, just after I had retired, and just as I was falling into a grateful doze, I was startled by the shouts of men, and the barking of dogs, directly under my window. As the noise continued I arose and threw on my clothes, and went down.

"What is it?" I asked of the landlord, who stood in the entry way.

"Ah—don't you know, stranger?" the host returned. "You've heard of Gustus Karl, perhaps?"

Who in the West at that time had not heard of him—the most reckless, daring, and murderous robber that ever cursed a country. I told the host that I had heard of him often.

"Well," he resumed, "the infernal villain was here this afternoon, and murdered and robbed a man just up the river. We've been out after him but he's given us the slip. We tracked him as far as the upper creek, and there he came out on the bank, fired at us and killed one of our horses; and then drove into the woods. We set the dogs on, but they lost him."

"And you've come back bootless," I replied.

"Yes," the landlord growled. "But," he added with a knowing shake of the head, "he can't run clear much longer. The country is in arms, and he'll either leave these huntings, or be dropped."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"The very last man in the world you would take for Gus Karl. He's small—not a bit over five feet six; with light curly hair, a smooth white face, and not very stout. But, Lord love ye, he's quick as lightning, and his eye's got fire in it. He dresses in all sorts of shapes, but generally like a common hunter. Oho! he's the very devil, I do believe."

After the tub full of whiskey and water which the host had provided was drank, the crowd began to disperse, and shortly afterwards I went up again to bed; and this time I slept on uninterrupted till morning.

I had just eaten breakfast and he had gone out to the front door, when a horseman came dashing up to the place, himself and animal all covered with mud. It had been raining nearly all night. The first thing the new comer did was to inquire for me. I answered at once to the name; and he then informed me that Lyman Kemp could not live, and that he wished to see me as soon as possible!

"Poor Lyman!" I murmured to myself. "So young—so helpless—with so many friends and fond relatives in his far off home—and taken down to die in a strange land!" I told the man I would set out on my return as soon as possible. He ate some breakfast and then resumed his journey, being bound as far up as the Pottawatomie border.

I settled up my bill, and then went for my horse; but a bitter disappointment awaited me. I found the animal's foot swollen very badly, and it pained him so that he could hardly step on it—Had the road been good, I should have been tempted to try him; but I knew that in some places the mud would be deep. I went to the host and asked him if he could lend or sell me a horse. He could do neither. His only spare horse had been shot the night before by the Wabash robber. There was not a horse in the place to be obtained for any amount of money. I returned to the stable and led my horse out, but he could not even walk without great pain. I could not use him, I was in despair.

"Look'e," said mine host, as I began to despond, "can't ye manage a canoe?"

"Yes, very well," I told him.

"Then that's your best way. The current is strong this morning, and with a stroke of the paddle 'twould take ye along as fast as a horse could wade through the mud. You shall have one of my canoes for just what it is worth, and ye can sell it at Logansport for as much.

I caught the proposition instantly, for I saw that it was a good one.

"If ye daren't shoot the Rapids," added the landlord, ye can easily shoulder the canoe and pack it round. "Tisn't far."

I found the boat to be a well fashioned "dug-out," large enough to bear four men with ease, and I at once paid the owner his price—ten dollars—and then had my luggage brought down. I gave directions about the treatment of my horse, and then put off. The current was quite rapid—say four or five miles an hour, but not at all turbulent and I soon made up my mind that this was far better than riding on horse-back. The banks of the river were thickly covered with large trees, and I saw game plenty, and more than once I was tempted to fire the contents of my pistols at some of the boldest of the "varmints;" but I had no time to waste, so I kept on. Only one thing was wanting, and that was a companion; but I was destined to find one soon enough.

It was shortly after noon, and I had just eaten my dinner of bread and cold meat, when I came to a place where the river made an abrupt bend to the right, and a little further on I came to a broad basin where the current formed a perfect whirlpool. I did not notice it until my canoe got into it, and I found myself going round instead of going ahead. I plied my wood paddle with all my power, and soon succeeded in shooting out from the rotary current; but in so doing I ran myself upon the low sandy shore. The effort had fatigued me not a little, and as I found my bark thus surely moored I resolved to rest a few minutes.

I had been in this position some ten minutes when I was startled by hearing a foot-fall close by me, and on looking up I saw a man at the side of my boat. He was a young looking person, not over two and thirty, and seemed to be a hunter. He wore a wolf-skin shirt, leggins of red leather, and a bearskin cap.

"Which way ye bound, stranger?" he asked, in a pleasant tone.

"Down the river to Logansport," I replied as pleasantly.

"That's fortunate, I wish to go there myself," the stranger resumed. "What say you to my taking your second paddle, and keeping you company."

"I should like it," I told him frankly. "I have been wanting company."

"So have I," added the hunter. "And I've been wanting some better mode of conveyance than these worn out legs through the deep forest."

"Come on," I said, and as I spoke he leaped into the canoe, and having deposited his rifle in the bow, he took one of the paddles, and told me that he was ready when I was. So we pushed off and soon cleared the whirlpool.

For an hour we conversed freely. The stranger told me that his name was Adams, and that his father lived in Columbus. He was out now on a mere hunting and prospecting expedition with some companions, who had gone on to Logansport by horse, and having got separated from them in the night, had lost his horse into the bargain. He said that he had a great sum of money about his person, and that was one reason why he disliked to travel in the forest alone.

Thus he opened his affairs to me, and I was fool enough to be equally frank. I admitted that I had some money, and told him my business; and by a most quiet and unpresuming course of remark he drew from me the fact that I had money enough to purchase forty full lots.

Finally the conversation lagged, and I began to give my companion a closer scrutiny. I sat in the stern of the canoe and he was about midships, and facing me. He was not a large man nor was he tall. His hair was of light flaxen hue, and hung in large curls about his neck; his features were regular and handsome, and his complexion very light. But the color of his face was not what one would call fair. It was a cold, bloodless color, like pale marble. And for the first time too, I now looked particularly at his eyes. They were grey in color and had the brilliancy of glaring ice.—Their light was intense, but cold and glittering like a snake's. When I thought of his age, I set him down for not much over thirty.

Suddenly a sharp, cold shudder ran through my frame, and my heart leaped with a wild thrill. As sure as fate—I knew it—there could be no doubt—I had taken into my canoe, and into my confidence, Gus Karl the *Wabash Robber!* For a few moments, I feared my emotions would betray me. I looked carefully over his person again, and I knew that I was not mistaken. I could look back now and see how cunningly he had led me on to a confession of my circumstances—how he made me tell my affairs, and reveal the state of my finances.—What a fool I had been! But it was too late to think of the past. I had enough to do to look out for what was evidently to come.

I at length managed to overcome all my outward emotions, and I began to watch my companion more sharply and closly. My pistols were both handy, and I knew they were in good order for I had examined them both in the forenoon when I thought of firing at some game. They were in the breast pocket of my coat, which pockets had been made on purpose for them, and I could reach them in an instant. Another hour passed away, and by that time I had become assured that the robber would make no attempt upon me until after nightfall. He said that it would be convenient that we were both together, for we could run all night, for one could steer the canoe, while the other slept.

"Aye," I added with a smile, "that is good for me, for every hour is valuable. I would not miss of meeting my friend for worlds."

"Oh—you'll meet him never fear," said my companion.

Ah—he spoke that with too much meaning. I understood it well. I knew what thy sly tone and that strange gleaming of the eye meant. He meant that he would put me on the road to meet poor Kemp in the other world! I wondered only now that I had not detected the robber when I first saw him, for the expression of his face was so heartless, so icy—and then his eye had such a wicked look—that the most unpracticed physiognomist could not have failed to detect the villain at once.

During the rest of the afternoon we conversed some, but not so freely as before. I could see that the villain's eyes were not so frankly bent upon me as he spoke, and then seemed to avoid my direct glances. These movements on his part were not studied, not even intentional; but they were instinctive, as though his very nature led him thus. At length, night came on. We ate our supper, and then smoked our pipes, and finally my companion proposed that I should sleep before he did. At first I thought of objecting, but a few moments reflection told me that I had better behave as though I were an honest man; so I agreed to his proposition. He took my seat at the stern, and I moved further forward, and having removed the thwart upon which my companion had been sitting, I spread my cloak in the canoe, and then having placed my valise for a pillow, I laid down. As soon as possible I drew out one of my pistols, and beneath the cover of a cough I cocked it. Then I moved my body so that my right arm would be at liberty, and grasping my weapon firmly with my finger upon the guard, I drew up my mantle, slouched my hat and then settled down for my watch.

Fortunately for me, the moon was up, and though the forest trees threw a shadow upon me, yet the beams fell full upon Karl, and I could see his every movement. We were well into the Wabash, having entered it about three o'clock.

"You will call me at midnight," I said drowsily.

"Yes," he returned.

"Good night."

"Good night—and pleasant dreams. I'll have you farther on your way than you think ere you wake again."

"Perhaps so," thought I to myself as I lowered my head and pretended to lower myself to sleep.

For half ad hour my companion steered the canoe very well, and seemed to take but little notice of me; but at the end or that time, I could see he became more uneasy. I commenced to snore with a long regularly drawn breath, and on the instant the villain started as starts the hunter when he hears the tread of game in the woods.

But hark! Aha—there was before one lingering fear in my mind that I might shoot the wrong man; but it was now gone. As the fellow stopped the motion of the paddle, I distinctly heard his mutter:

"Oho, my dear sheep—you little dreamed that Gus Karl was your companion. But he'll do you a good turn. If your friend is dead, you shall follow him, and I'll take your traps to pay for your passage to Heaven."

I think these words were the very words.—At any rate they were their drift. As he thus spoke he noiselessly drew in the paddle and then rose to his feet. I saw him reach up over his left shoulder, and when he brought his hand back he had a huge bowie knife. In it I could see the blade gleam in the pale moonlight, and I saw Karl run his thumb along the edge, and then feel the point! My heart beat fearfully, and my breathing was hard. It was with the utmost exertion that I could continue my snoring, but I managed to do it without interruption. Slowly and noiselessly the foul wretch approached me—Oh! his step would not have awakened a hound—and his long gleaming knife was half raised. I could hear his breathing plainly, and I could hear the grating of his teeth as he nerved himself for the stroke.

The villain was at my side, and he measured the distance from his hand to my heart with his eye. In his left hand he held a thick handkerchief wadded up. That was to stop my mouth with! Every nerve in my body was now strung, and my heart stood still as death. Of course, my snoring ceased; and at that instant the huge knife was raised above my bosom! Quick as thought I brought my pistol up! the muzzle was within a foot of the robber's heart—he uttered a quick cry—I saw the bright blade in the moonlight, but it came not upon me. I pulled the trigger, and the last fear was past. I had thought that the weapon might miss fire, but it did not. There was a sharp report, and as I sprang up and back I heard a fierce yell, and at the same moment the robber fell forward, his head striking my knee as it came down.

Weak and faint I sunk back, but a sudden tipping of the cance brought me to my senses, and I went aft and took the paddle. As soon as the boat's head was once more right I turned my eyes upon the form in the bottom of the canoe, and I saw it quiver—only a spasmodic moment—and then all was still.

All that night I sat there at my watch and steered my little bark. I had my second pistol ready, for I knew not surely that the wretch was dead. He might be waiting to catch me off my guard, and then shoot me. But the night passed slowly and drearily away and when the morning broke the form had not moved. Then I stepped forward and found that Gustus Karl was dead. He had fallen with his knife true to his aim, for it had struck very near the spot where my heart must have been, and the point was driven so far into the solid wood that I had to work hard to pull it out, harder still to unclasp the marble fingers that were closed with the dying madness about the handle.

Swiftly flowed the tide, and ere the sun again sank to rest I had reached Logansport.—The authorities knew the face of Gustus Karl at once, and when I told them my story, they poured out a thousand thanks upon my head. A purse was raised, and the offered reward put with it, and tendered to me. I took the simple reward from the generous citizens, while the remainder I directed should be distributed among those who hnd suffered most from the Wsbash robber's depredations.

I found poor Kemp sick and miserable. He was burning with fever, and the doctors had shut him up in a room, where a well man must soon have suffocated.

"Water! Water! In God's name give me water! he gasped.

"Haven't you had any?" I asked.

He told me no. I threw open the windows—sent for a pail of ice-water, and was on the point of administering it, when the old doctor came in. He held up his hands in horror, and told me 'twould kill the sick man. But I forced him back, and Kemp drank the grateful beverage. He drank deeply and then slept.—The perspiration poured from him like rain, and when he awoke again his skin was moist, and his fever was turned. In eight days from that time he sat in his saddle by my side, and together we started for Little River. At Walton's settlement I found my horse wholly recovered, and when I offered to pay for his keeping, the host would take nothing. The story of my adventure on the river had reached there ahead of me, and this was the landload's gratitude.

☞Mr. James Thompsom, one of the locofoco candidates for the Supreme Bench, was a member of Congress in 1847, and voted for the *Wilmot Proviso* all through. He was so ultra, that he voted against extending the Missouri Compromise line to the Pacific, because that measure would give slavery additional territory. When a candidate for reelection in 1848, he published a letter, claiming that he was the real author of the *Wilmot Proviso*, and that his honors had been unfairly filched from him. When the democratic party of this State went over to Slavery, he was one of the foremost in the treason to freedom, and has ever since been violent ahd unrelenting in his opposition to every public man who would not exhibit a baseness equal to his own.—*Bellefonte Whig.*

NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—A tubular bridge is talked of, to connect the United States with the Canadas, and to take the place of the suspension bridge, the dimensions to be as follows:—Length of bridge, 840 feet; hight of piers above water, 225 feet, with a double railway track, carriage ways, etc. The reason given for this project is the familiar one, that suspension bridges are liable to failure. It is averred that the suspension bridge at Niagara Falls is not to be a permanent structure, that chain bridges cannot be depended upon for a longer period than seven years, the action of the weather and the ware and tear to which they are exposed rendering them dangerous after that time. We find the paragraph in our exchanges, and give it without endorsing its accuracy.

SUT LOVENGOOD'S DADDY ACTING HOSS.

AN AMUSING SKETCH.

"Hold that ere hoss down to the yearth. He's a spreadin' his tail to fly now. Keep him whar he is. Woa, woa, Shavetail. He's dancing a jig."

These and like expressions were addressed to a queer-looking, long-legged, short-bodied, small-headed, white-haired, hog-eyed, funny sort of a genius, fresh from some second-hand clothing-store, and mounted on "Tarpole," a nick-tailed, long, poor horse, half-brandy, half imp, and enveloped all over in a perfect network of bridle-reins, cruppers, martingales, straps, circingles, and red feretin, who had reined up in front of Pat Nack's grocery, among a crowd of mountaineers, full of fight and bad whiskey.

"I say, you darned ash cats, jist keep your shirts on, will you? You never seed a raal hoss till I rid up. Tarpole is jist next to the best hoss that ever shelled corn nubbins, and he's dead as a still-worm—poor old Ticky-tail."

"What killed him, Sut?" asked an anxious inquirer.

"Why, nuthin, you tarnel fool; he jist died, standin' up, at that. Warn't that good pluck? Froze stiff; no, not that adzackly, but starved fust, and then froze afterwards, so stiff that when dad and me pushed him over, he jist stuck out so, (spreading his arms and legs) like a carpenter's bench, and we waited seventeen days for him to thaw afore we could skin him. Well, thar we was—dad an' me—(counting his fingers) dad an' me, Sal an' Jake, (foo! Jake we used to call him for short,) and Phineas, and Simeon, and Charlottean, and Calline Jane, and Cashus Henry Clay, and Noah Dan Webster, and me, and the twin gals, and Catharine Second, and Cleopatra Antony, and Jane Lind, and Tom Bullion, and the baby, and the prospect, and marm herself, left without any hoss to crap with. That was a nice mess fur a 'spectable family to be slashin' about in, warn't it? I declare if I didn't feel like stealin' a hoss sometimes. Well, we waited and waited until well into strawberry time, hopin' some stray hoss mout come along, but dog my cats ef eny sich luck as that ever comes whar dad is, he is so dratted mean, an' lazy, and stinkin', and ugly, and savage, and triflin'.

"Well, one nite, dad he lay awake all nite, a snortin' and a rollin' and a whisperin' at marm, and next mornin' sez he, 'Sut, I'll tell you what we'll do; I'll be hoss myself, and pull the plow, while you drive me, and we'll break up corn ground, and then the old quilt (that's marm) and the brats kin plant it or let it alone, jist as they please. So out we goes to the pawpaw thicket, and pealed a right smart chance of bark, and marm and me made gears for dad, and they became him mightily; then he would have a bridle; so I gits out of an old umbrella what I found—it's a little forked piece of iron, sorter like unto a pitchfork, ye know—and we bent and twisted it sorter untu a bridle bit, snail shape, [dad wanted it kurb, as he said he hadn't worked for some time and might sorter feel his oats and go to cavortin'.] Well, when we got the bridle all fixed on dad, he chomped the bit like a rale hoss, [he always was a complicated old fool, eny how, and marm allers said so when he warn't about,] then I put on the geers, and out dad and me goes to the field, I a leadin' dad by the bridle, and totin' the gopher plow on my back. When we come to the fence, I let down a gap and made dad mad, he wanted to jump the fence on all fours, hoss ways. I hitched him on to the gopher, and away we went, dad leanin' forward to his pullin, right peart, and we made sharp plowin' right over the bushes and sprouts, same as a rale hoss, the only difference is, he went on two legs.

"Presently we cum to a sassafrac patch, and dad, to keep up his karacter as a hoss, bulged square into it, and tore down a hornets nest nigh on to as big as a hoss head, and all the tribe kivered him right strate. He rared and kicked once or twice, and fetched a squeal wus nor any hoss in the district, and sot into runnin' away, jist as natural as ever you seed. I let go the lines and hollered, woa, dad, woa! but you mout as well have said woa to a locomotive. Gewhillikins, how he run! When he cum to a bush, he'd clear the top of it, gopher and all; p'raps he thort there mout be another nest of bald hornets in it, and that it war safer to go over than thrue, and quicker dun; every now and then he'd paw one side of his head with fust one fore leg and then tother, and then he'd gin himself an open-handed slap, that sounded like a wagon whip, and runnin all the time, and karryin' that gopher just about as fast and high from the yearth as ever a gopher was carried, I swar. When he cum to the fence he busted right thrue it, tarin' down nigh on to seven pannels, scatterin' and breakin' the rails mightily, and here he left the gopher, geers, singletree and klevis, all mixed up, noth wuth a durn. Most of his shirt stuck to the splintered end of a broken rale, and nigh onto a pint of hornets staid with the shirt, a stingin' it all over, the balance on 'em, about a gallon and a half, kept on with dad. He seemed to run jist adzactly as fast as a hornet could fly, for it war the tightest race I ever did see. Down thrue the grass they all went, the hornets making it look sorter like smoke all around dad's bald head, and he with nothing on but the bridle and nigh onto a yard of plow line a sailin' behind him.

"I seed now that he was aiming fur the swimmin' hole in the kreek, whar the bluff is over 25 feet perpendicular to the water and it's nigh onto ten feet deep. To keep up his karacter as a hoss, when he got to the bluff he jist leaped off, or rather, jist kept on runnin', Kersplunge into the creek he went; I seed the water fly plum above the bluff he jist leapt off, from whar I was. Now right thar, boys, he overdid the thing, if that war what he was arter, for ther's nary hoss ever lived durned fool enough to leap over sich a place; a mule might have dun it, but dad warn't acting mule. I krept up to the edge and looked over; there was old dad's bald head, for all the world like a peeled onion, a bobbin' up and down, and the hornets a sailin' and circlin' round, turkey buzzard fashion, and every once in a while one and sometimes ten, 'ud make a dip at dad's head. He kept up a right peart dodging under; sumtimes they'd hit him, and sumtimes they'd hit the water, and the water was kivered with drowned hornets.

"What on yearth are ye doin' thar, dad?" sez I.

"Don't [dip] you see these infernal varmints arter me?"

"What?" sez I, "them ar hoss flies thar; you are not really afeard of them, are you?"

"Hoss-flies!" sez dad; "they're rale [dip] genuine bald hornets, you [did] infernal cuss.'

"Well, dad, you'll have to stay thar till nite, and arter they go to roost, you come home and I'll feed you. And knowing dad's unmollified natur, I broke from them parts and sorter cum to the copper mines. I staid hid out until the next arternoon, when I seed a feller travlin', and sez I, What was goin' on at the cabin this side of the creek, when you passed it?"

"Why, nuthin' much, only a man was sitting in the door, with nary shirt on, and a woman was greasing his back and arms, and his head was about as big as a ten-gallon keg, and he hadn't the first sign of an eye—all smooth."

"That man is my dad," sez I.

"Been much fitin' in this neighborhood lately?" sez the traveler rather drily.

"Nun wuth speaking of personally or particulerly," sez I.

"Now, boys, I haint seen dad since, and would be afraid to meet him in the next ten years. Let's drink."

And the last we saw of Sut, he was stooping to get into the doggery door, with a mighty crowd at his heels.

A YANKEE BOY AT NIAGARA.—Coming home from the West, in the Spring, I went a hundred miles out of my way to see Niagara Falls. I found a snow-bank, "founded on a rock," just in front of the American Fall, and having made the acquaintance of an urchin of eight or ten years, from Vermont, who seemed to be roaming on his own account, we, by the aid of sharp sticks, clambered up to the top of this bank, and were within fifty feet of the fall, and were midway between the top and bottom. I was awfully struck by the terrible grandeur of the scene, the immense volume of water falling, roaring and rushing past us, like a *ghostly railway train behind time*, boiling, surging waters and vapor below. Judge of my surprise when on looking around, I saw my youthful *Yankee* companion pelting the falling waters with snow-balls, and when tired of that, gazing thoughtfully on the Canadian shore opposite, and exclaiming: "Ain't it a darned shame them British should have all that land over there! besides, what right have they to that side of the Falls, t'other side of goat Island; why'n thunder don't our Government put forts here, and blow 'em to smash, and take it from them!"—*Olive Branch.*

VINEGAR.—The juice of one bushel of sugar beets, worth twenty-five cents, and which any farmer can raise with little cost, will make from five to six gallons of vinegar equal to the best elder wine. First wash and grate the beets, and express the juice in a cheese press, or in any other way which a little ingenuity can suggest, and put the liquor into a barrel, cover the bung with gauze and set it in the sun, and in fifteen or twenty days it will be fit for use. By this method the very best of vinegar may be obtained without any great trouble, and I hope all who like good vinegar will try it.—*Ohio Valley Farmer.*

THE USE OF LIME.—The experience of agriculturists, for centuries, has proved that the use of lime has been of advantage on every variety of soil. Lime being an essential constituent of the pabulum of plants, is constantly being drawn from the soil; hence the necessity of applying it in some form, to prevent their exhaustion. All know this, but how few practice upon their knowledge. Judicious application of lime, or other alkalies, is necessary to the Farmers success.—*Ohio Farmer.*

The Indians, in the mountains, says a California paper, have a cunning device, by which they can get within arrowshot of deer. To accomplish this object, they stretch a hair string for a long datance, along the brow of a hill, almost as high from the ground as a deer's chest. The deer, coming across this obstacle, and not feeling always disposed to jump it, will follow the line, in hope for an opening to get by. While performing this manœuvre, he is very likely brought towards some ambush, from whence he gets an arrow in his ribs.