#### AGRICULTURAL.

CARE OF YOUNG FRUIT TREES. Young fruit trees, either apples or pears, need careful attention for three or four years from the time they are transplanted into permanent place, until the roots are fairly established. During these years the best results are brought about keeping the surface soil loose, either by frequent disturbance, or mulching the ground as far as the roots extend Frequent stirring will accomplish the same ends, although for young trees transplanted the past spring, a mulch will keep the soil more moist, and on this account a more certain and uniform growth of wood will be made the first year than without the mulch. Drawing the soil away from the body of trees, bowling them out, is sometimes practiced by fruit-growers, so that an extra amount of rain water will remain near the roots during the summer months, about young fruit trees. This plan will entail more labor than mulching, and the results will not be as certain. When young fruit trees are planted in grass, a circle should be kept dug around the body of the trees further than the roots extend, and under no circumstances allow the grass to encroach on this space. If it does, in eight cases out of every ten the trees will be stunted in growth and present a sorry appearance, growing smaller instead of larger each year. When fruit trees are eight or ten years old, strong, and vigorous, before allowed to go into grass they may live and bear some pears, but with young trees this method of grass culture is a poor one, judging it from the experience and observation of the writer. Six years ago a neighbor planted a hundred fine twoyear-old Standards in a meadow. The ground was in good heart, and the trees set out with care. Since the time these trees were set out, no pains have been taken to keep the grass away from these trees. The result is that now these trees will not average as large in size as they were when taken from the nursery row: or rather those that are living, for during these six years a number of trees have died. This is only one of a great many instances that have come under the writer's notice of the foolishness of planting young pear trees in grass, with any hopes that they will make strong, healthy trees in a few years. That there may be exceptions to this rule, there is no doubt; but there is no doabt in the writer's mind but what they are very rare exceptions. Although being familiar with pear growing for the past 15 or 20 years, and during that time have visited many of the leading pear orchards, the writer has never been able to find 50 trees in one lot where the growth in grass would equal the same number of trees where he soil was kept cultivated.

What I have seen of pear growing in grass has convinced me that grass culture, for profit, just about equals dwarf culture for the same object-very discouraging to the person who attempts the experiment. With young or old pear trees, it is

good plan in the fall, when the wood is ripe, and the fruit gathered, to raise the soil around the fruit trees. Beside casting the water during the winter and spring months, it is an excellent preventive to keep field mice from girdling the trees. In the garden, this can easily be done with a spade or digging-fork. In the orchard, for the purpose of raising the soil toward the trees, use a onehorse plow, throwing the furrow slices toward the bodies of the rows of trees. This I do late in the fall, before the ground freezes up; and when the ground has been turned in this way, I have never had a pear tree girdled during the winter, no matter how much snow, nor how long it had remained on the ground. While in the same orchard, trees standing in grass have been girdled at different times, one winter as many as fortyone trees, that were growing in a patch of grass, laid down for the purpose of testing this method in the writer's orchard. More than half that number of trees were girdled all the way round. Some of them were then ten inches in diameter two feet above the surface. During the writer's practical experience in pear growing for profit, he has never had a single tree girdled by field mice when the tree stood in cultivated ground. If for nothing else, this would be some inducement to keep the surface of the orchard under culture.

In the spring, when the ground is dry enough to work, the raised ridges along lines of the trees are thrown back with a one-horse plow and cultivator, so that by the first of June the surface is nearly or quite level. In the garden the raised mounds may be drawn partly away from the trees with a hoe or rake, when working over the soil in the spring. A thin coating of well-rotted yard manure may be scattered on the mound of earth in the fall, before winter sets in. This will encourage a more vigorous growth in the spring .- N. Y. Tribune.

## Knocked About in the World.

It is a good thing for a young man to "knocked about in the world," though his soft-hearted parents may not think so. All youths, or if not all, certainly nineteen-twentieths of the sum total, enter life with a surplusage of self-conceit. If, in measuring themselves with wiser and older men than they are, they discover that it is unwarranted, and get rid of it gracefully, of their own accord, well and good; if not, it is desirable, for their own sakes, that it be knocked out

of them. A boy who is sent to a large school soon finds his level. His will may have been paramount at home: but schoolboys are democratic in their ideas, and, if arregant, are sure to be thrashed into a recognition of the golden rule. The world is a great public school, and it soon teaches a new pupil his proper place. If he has the attributes that belong to a leader, he will be installed in the position of a leader; if not, whatever his own opinion of his abilities may be, he will compelled to fall in with the rank and file. If not destined to greatness, the next best thing to which he can aspire is respectability; but no man can either be truly great or respectable, who is vain, pompous, and overbearing.

By the time the novice has found his legitimate social position, be the same high or low, the probability is that the disagreeable traits of his character will be softened down or worn away. Most likely the process of abrasion will be rough, perhaps very rough; but when it is all over, and he begins to see himself as others see him, and not reflected in the mirror of self-conceit, he will be of gold and silver valuables, and no thankful that he has run the gauntlet, large income to support the owner's gold and arrived, though by a rough road, at self-knowledge. Upon the whoie, what ever loving mothers may think to the contrary, it is a good thing for youths to be knocked about in the world—it to be knocked about in the world—it list a pure Baking Powder.

To have elegant light Biscuits, Rolls, Buckwheat Cakes, Fruit Dumplings, &c., you should use Dooley's Yeast Powder. Ask your Greece for it. It is a pure Baking Powder.

The Jewels-A Rabbinical Tradition,

The celebrated teacher, Rabbi Meir, sat during the whole of one Sabbath day in the public school, instructing the people. During his absence from the nouse his two sons died, both of them of incommon beauty, and enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to her bedchamber, laid them upon the marriage-bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. In the evening, the Rabbi Meir came home.
"Where are my two sons," he asked,

that I may give them my blessing? I repeatedly walked round the school, and I did not see them there." She reached him a goblet. He praised

the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked: "Where are my sons, that they, too, may drink of the cup of blessing?"

"They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him that he might est.

He was in a gladsome and genial mood; and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him : "Rabbi, with thy permission I would

fain propose to thee one question."
"Ask it, then, my love," he replied. "A few days ago a person intrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again; should I give them back?"

"This is a question," said Rabbi Meir. "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What! wouldst thou hesitate, or be reluctant to restore

to every one his own?" "No," she replied; "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting you therewith."

She then led him to the chamber, and, stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies.

"Ah, my sons, my sons!" thus loudly

lamented the father; "my sons! the light of my eyes, and the light of my understanding! I was your father, but ve were my teachers in the law." The mother turned away, and wept

bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand, and said : "Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was intrusted to our keeping

See; the Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Meir; "and blessed be

His name for thy sake, too, for well it is written, 'Whose hath found a virtuous wife, hath a greater treasure than costly pearls; she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

#### A Laughable Love Story.

A rich old gentleman had only one daughter, possessed of the highest attractions, moral, personal and pecuniary. She was engaged and devotedly at tached to a young man in every respect worthy of her choice. All the marriage preliminaries were arranged, and the wedding was fixed to take place on a rtain Thursday. On the Monday preceding the wedding-day the bridegroom elect (who was to have received \$50,000 down on his wedding-day, and a further sum of \$100,000 on his father-in-law's death, an event which would probably soon occur) had a little jealous squabble with his intended at an evening party. The "tiff" grose in consequence of his saying more attention than she thought ustifiable to a lady with sparkling eyes and inimitable ringlets.

The gentleman retorted, and spoke tauntingly of a certain cousin whose e admiration of the company, and hinted that it was em-broidered by the fair heiress herself. He added that it would be soon enough for him to be schooled after they were married; and that she adopted the breeches" a little too soon. After supper they became reconciled, apparently, and the bridegroom elect, in taking leave, was kind and affectionate. Th next morning the swain regretted the angry feeling he had exhibited, and the cutting sarcasm with which he had given it vent; and, as a part of the amende onorable, packed up a magnificent satin dress which he had previously bespoken for his beloved (which had been sent home in the interval), and sent it to the lady with the following note :-

" DEAREST JANE-I have been unable to close my eyes all night, in thinking of our misunderstanding last evening Pray pardon me; and, in token of your forgiveness, deign to accept the accompanying dress, and wear it for the sake Your most affectionate

Having written the note, he gave it to his servant to deliver with the parcel. But, as a pair of pantaloons happened to need repairing, he availed himself of the opportunity (the servant having to pass e tailor's shop) to send them in another package to the tailor. The man made the fatal blunder! left the satin dress with Snip, and took the note and the damaged trowsers to the lady. So exasperated was she, at what she conidered a determined and deliberate affront, that when her admiror called she ordered the door to be clased in his face. refused to listen to any explanation, and resolutely broke off the match.

# A Father's Advice to a Bride.

Said a young husband whose busine speculations were unsuccessful, wife's silver tea-set, the bridal gift of rich uncle, doomed me to financial ruin. It involved a hundred unexpected expenses, which, in trying to meet, have made me the bankrupt I am." His experience is the experience of many others, who, less wise, de not know what is the goblin of the house, working its destruction. A sagacious father of great wealth exceedingly mortified his daugh-ter by ordering it to be printed on her wedding cards, "No presents except those adapted to an income of \$1,000. Said he, "You must not expect to begin life in the style I am able, by many years of labor, to indulge; and I know of nothing which will tempt you to try it more than the well-intentioned but pernicious gifts of rich friends." Such advice to a daughter was timely. If other parents would follow the same plan, many young men would be spared years of incessant toil and anxiety; they would not find themselves on the downward road, because their wives had worn all of their salary, or expended it Hawley," observed the brother, as he strove to on the appointments of the house. The fate of the poor man who found a linch pin, and felt himself obliged to make carriage to fit it, is the fate of the husband who finds his bride in possession

and silver style.

### THE PLOT AGAINST HAWLEY.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE PLOT ORIGINATED. Near noon, the 5th of September, 1852, a nan laboring under great excitement was walking hurriedly up Broadway, New York. His features were flushed and convulsed, his lances wild and restless, his whole mien inicative of keen anguish.

Turning to the right into Bleecker street, he oon reached a plain three story and basement brick house, to which he gave himself admitance.

" Are you there, Ruth ?" he called from the

A step was heard overhead, followed by the ustling of a dress, and a young lady descended he front stairs. Despite several points of marked contrast, there was a family likeness about the couple that proclaimed them to be brother and sister.

"Why, what's the matter, Luke ?" cried the latter, starting at sight of the disturbed countenance that met her view. "Are you

"I've just received bad news," replied th

"I've just received bad news," replied the brother, leading the way into the parlor—" news which has given me a terrible shock."

"Shocked? You! What has happened?"

"In a word, Clara Aymar is married!"

"Married!" echoed the sister, receiling.

"Clara Aymar married! Is it possible?"

"Yes, married! the girl I've been laying slege to for years past—the only girl I ever cared a pin for. Imagine the shock this event gives me. I'm nearly crazy."

"Then you really loved her?"

"Loved her! I must have worshipped her,

"Loved her! I must have worshipped her or else this thing would not have so completely mset me." "Oh, as to that, the loss of a thing always "Oh, as to that, the loss of a thing always gives us an exaggerated notion of its value," said the sister philosophically, as she sank languidly into an easy chair, and smoothed out a fold in her showy morning robe. "You are simply shocked, as you say. But by tomorrow you will laugh at the whole matter."

"Don't, Ruth!" implored the brother, sink ing heavily into the nearest chair. "Clara Aymar is more to me than my life! My love for her is a delirium! It's no such passing for her is a delirium! It's no such passing fancy as you suppose, but an everlasting passion—a rage—a flood of molten lava! And I've counted all along upon marrying her. True, she has rejected me twice, but I thought she'd change her mind—"

"She was in no way committed to you?"

"No, of course not. She has never given me any encouragement. But I am none the less surprised. I supposed that everything was favorable enough to my wishes. I knew that she was still young to marry—an orphan—without money and without triends—presumably without suitors; and I flattered myelf that she couldn't always remain insensib

my attentions."
"You reasoned wisely enough, of course Luke; but reason never decides these matters,' declared the sister, with a sort of contemp-tuous compassion. "A whim—a chance meet ng—a smile or a word—a moment's weakness—any trifle—these are the things by which marriages are brought about. But who is the "Ah, that's a point that will touch you a lit

tle, I think. Can't you guess who he is?
"I haven't the least idea."
"Well, then, he's Will. Hawley." The sister sprang abruptly to her feet, clasping both hands to her heart. The changing olors of her brother, his agitation, his anguish,

all passed to her own features.
"Will. Hawley?" she gasped. "Oh, you don't mean it, Luke!" "But I do, though. It's God's truth. Clara Aymar and Will. Hawley are husband and

A heavy fall succeeded. The sister had fainted. She lay upon the floor as one dead.
"Did she think that much of Hawley?"
muttered the brother, astonished. "I didn't

uppose—"
He hastened to bring a pitcher of water and

bathe the white features, and then set himself to chafing the clenched hands. Capt. Luke Pedder was twenty-seven years of age, with an originally light complexion, which had reddened with generous living and bronzed with exposure to wind and sun. His most ordinary type. was singularly selfish and unscrupulous, but of gentlemanly manners, being well educated and used to good society. His ability as a navigator was fair for a man of his age and experience, but he owed his position as com-mander of a fine Australian clipper, more to espect for his late father and to sympathizing

vor than to his own merits.

Miss Ruth Pedder was two years younge than her brother, and consequently twenty-five years of age, although she owned to only wenty. She was tall, thin, and a little inclined n her outlines, as in her temper, to angularity. She was not particularly bright, but was bold and unscrupulous, and possessed a fierce energy which was capable of compensating in any emergency for lack of genius.

The father of the couple had been a promi-nent ship-owner and merchant. But in his lat-ter days the senior Pedder had been unfortunte, and had finally been broken up completely —a result hastened, it was whispered, by the wild ways and financial irregularities of his son. The old man's failure had soon been fol-owed by his death, and already—for such is fame!—he was generally forgotten.

"How odd it is!" ejaculated Capt. Pedder, as he rubbed his sister's cold hands. "She madly in love with Will. Hawley, and I crazy after Clara Aymar! And now Will. and Clara are married, and Ruth and I are left out in the

Under the vigorous treatment he had adopt ed Miss Pedder soon recovered her senses. "Are you sure they're married?" she de-landed.

"Perfectly. I learned the fact half an hour since from Hawley's commander—Captain Greggs, you know. Captain Greggs was at the wedding. It took place last Friday evening— the first evening after Hawley's return from his last voyage to Rio. It was a quiet affair. Only a few friends were invited. But let me isk you a question. Did Hawley ever propose No. But I expected that he would soon

He has been here often enough-"Yes, he came several times to ask me for a berth in my clipper. I promised to think of him at the first opening, and I really meant to help him, for I knew in a general way that you

"I thought he'd realize that you could be of to him," explained Miss Pedder. "I thought he'd remember that mother left me this house and a few thousand dollars to do as I pleased with. I was conscious, too, that I possessed a fair share of personal attractions. And as I supposed him to be entirely heart-free, I took it for granted that I should get the I was the state of the stat His attentions seemed marked enough "He treated you politely, of course," inter-rupted Pedder, "and he couldn't have well done less, after asking me to befriend him. But he never made any formal decharation?" "No, he didn't. As mate of a Rio ship, he

was away seven-eighths of the time, and I didn't expect a regular courtship. But I took it for granted—"
Pedder made an impatient gesture. "We've deceived ourselves," he muttered. "We've been carried away by our feelings. The girl's rejection of me was really intended to be final, and Hawley's visits here were merely visits of business and friendship. But why Clara should prefer Hawley to me I can't imagine," added Pedder, drawing himself up

aughtily. "Hawley has neither name, nor coney, nor position."
"Nor can I see why Hawley should prefer Clara Aymar to me!" said Miss Pedder, as she glanced at her reflection in one of the long mirrors near her. "She's a hired attendant, or something of that kind—the creature." "I'd no idea that you thought so much of

aughtily.

alm his painful emotions.

Miss Pedder moaned. Her eyes filled with

"I thought all the world of him," she mur A long silence fell between the couple

A long silence fell between the couple.

"Well, well, they're husband and wife," at length muttered Pedder hoarsely, "And this, I suppose, is all there is to be said."

Miss Pedder compressed her lips until they bled, staring at her brother with a fixedness amounting to ferocity.

"No! no!" she breathed fiercely. "The that had been and here. That marriage. atter shall not end here. That marriage-

She tlutelied at her heart ogain, as if suffo-

eating.

Pedder opened his eyes widely.

"Why, what can we do?" he queried. "You wouldn't have me murder Hawley, I suppose?

That wouldn't make him your husband. And, on the other hand, it wouldn't do me any good if you were to kill Clara Aymar."

"But there is a way, Luke, of undoing that marriage."

narriage."
Pedder started toward his sister, as if elec

"Do you mean it ?" he demanded. "I mean it, and I swear it! I'll never consent to that girl's having Hawley! I'll dig a gulf between them as broad as the ocean! I'll

"Sofily! Where is Kate?"
He referred to their single servant.
"She's out for the day," answered Miss Pedder, arising and planting herself in a chair.
"There was little to do, you know, as I did not expect you home until dinner."
"Then no one will hear us."
"Then how a chair marror to that of his sister.

He drew a chair nearer to that of his sister and sat down beside her.

"What's your idea?" he asked, in a whisper.

"My idea is to separate them; to turn their love to hate; to dig a pit beneath their feet that

will remain open forever!"
"But how?" "But how?"

"Will. Hawley is poor, isn't he?"

"Certainly; there is no mistake about that. His mother was a helpless invalid for the last ten years of her life, and Will. Insisted on her using for her comfort every penny he carned. It hasn't been six months since he was relieved of that burden. He's poor, therefore, as you say—poor as Job's turkey!"

"Then he'll have to leave his darling Clara," sneered Miss Pedder venomously. "He'll have to absent himself from his deary in order to earn their mutual bread and butter. In short,

to absent immerit from his dearly in true to earn their mutual bread and butter. In short, he'll have to go to sea again."

"Well, yes; I suppose he will," assented Pedder. "He can get better wages at sea than elsewhere. He'll sall again soon, no

"In about two weeks—possibly in ten days, s the ship's filling up rapidly."
"Hawley is thoroughly competent to be your first mate?"
Pedder looked wonderingly at his sister:

moment, and then answered:

"Of course. I know of no better man for the post."

"He must be your first mate, then. You have influence enough with your owners, I hope, to turn out the present incumbent?"
"Why, the post is already vacant. Mr. Jarding—you have seen him—Mr. Jarding has just been called home suddenly to Ohio, on

ecount of his father's illness—"
"Good! That's fortunate. You must ree ommend Hawley for the vacant place to your owners, and get them to engage him. The thing can be done?"
"Without the least doubt. It was under-

stood, you know, as I just now remarked, that I was to help. Hawley at the first opportunity We'll accordingly suppose that he sails with me as first mate the next voyage. Wha

"You must leave him—not dead, but a pris-oner—on some desert island between here and Australia!" Pedder looked his astonishment. 'If it can be done," he said, after a pause,

what next?"

"what next?"

"You must come back and report that he is dead, furnishing full details and good proofs. Those details and proofs will not be difficult to manufacture. Then you must be all kindness and sympathy to the young widow, as she will suppose herself to be, and in less than a year the will be roughly a for wife."

suppose herself to be, and in less than a year thereafter she will be your wife."

"Oh, if this thing were possible!" sighed Pedder, beginning to look relieved.

Possible TI's as simple as kissing. And the moment you are married to Clara, I will take a trip to Australia for my health, and naturally enough, stumble upon the very island where you have left Hawley; effect his rescue; tell him his wife is dead; condule and symmet. where you maye left Hawley; effect his rescue; tell him his wife is dead; condole and sympathize with him like an angel; and conclude the whole comedy by becoming his wife and settling in Australia. You'll thus have your Clara on this side of the ocean, and I shall be happy with Hawley on the other."

She was smiling now, with every sign of anticipated triumph.

As to Pedder, he twisted nervously in his chair, scarcely venturing to breathe.
"There's just one difficulty," he muttered—

"that of getting Hawley on the desert island without his suspecting anything."
"It can be done," and the lips of Miss Ped-der came together like the Jaws of a vise. There's no difficulty about finding a suitable

"Not the least. I saw the island in my mind's eye the moment you uttered the word, and a glorious one it is for our purpose." "It will be easy for you to get Hawley upon it," suggested Miss Pedder thoughtfully. "If it's near your route, you can call there for water. If it's out of your way, you can be blown there by adverse winds, or be drifted there by unknown currents, or fetch up there by a mis-

take in your reckoning or a fault in your chro-nometer. And once there, you can have Hawley seized by some trusty agent, while he is ashore upon business, or you can send him ashore under some pretence, such as looking for a deserter from the ship or for a ship wrecked sailor, and then sail away withou "Say no more," interrupted Pedder, with

wild exultation. "I see how to manage the "And you now see that we can undo that inteful marriage?"

"Perfectly—perfectly. The affair will re-puire a little time and patience, of course, and a little expenditure of money, but we are sure

to triumph. Capital! glorious! What a load you have taken from my soul, Ruth! What a genius you are!"

He leaped to his feet and began pacing to

He leaped to his feet and began pacing to and fro rapidly, with the most extravagant signs and exclamations of joy.

"First to get Hawley on his island," resumed Miss Pedder musingly. "Next for you to marry the pretended widow. Then for me to rescue the prisoner and marry him. And finally for you and me to be happy, you in your way and I iff mine—you with Clara in New York, and I with Will. in Australia. You comprehend the whole project clearly?"

"From the lirst step to the last. There's "From the first step to the last. There's only just one possibility of failure—" "And that one ?"

"A refusal on Hawley's part to accept the post offered him—a refusal based upon his

marriage."
Miss Pedder turned pale at the thought.
"But he won't refuse," she soon declared, recovering her equanimity. "He has long been wanting just such a place. Married or single, he can't neglect his bread and butter."
"Well said, Ruth. I think we can count upon him. The post he came here to ask me for is now vacant, and I will accordingly have to the count of the property of the property of the property of the property of the property.

t offered to him, just as if nothing had hap-"Exactly. You needn't speak of his mar riage, or seem to know anything about it. You can simply offer him the post in question, in accordance with the old understanding. And he will accept it. He can't possibly have any suspicion of anything wrong. Outwardly and apparently we are all on good terms with one another, and will remain so. Let the wages offered him be liberal. Possibly he may ob-

eet to leaving his young bride so soon, but the ext voyage after this one—"
Pedder interrupted the remark by a gesture impatience. He was all eagerness now-determination.

"That next voyage after this one will not answer," he declared. "Hawley shall accom-pany me on my very next trip. To make all ure on this point, I will have him engaged this very day. In fact, I will see to this note."

He seized his hat and gloves, addressed a few words to his sister and quietly took his departure down town. The last glances the souple exchanged at the door were full of ju-illant wickedness.

The next three or four hours passed slowly

to Miss Pedder. She was beginning to fear that the whole project had miscarried at its very commencement, and was fretting herself into a fever, when Pedder suddenly made his appearance. One glance at his vivid flushes, at his dancing eyes, at his airy manner, was

"We triumph then?" she cried, throwing "Completely! I saw my owners on the subject, and they sent for Hawley. He at first offered some objections, as was natural, but the high wages, the great step upward, the

kindly interest we all manifested, soon brought him to a grateful acceptance." "Splendid!" murmured Miss Pedder, with a rippling laugh. "I knew the thing was fea-sible. And so in two weeks more our fond bridegroom will be plowing the sea again—"

Before buying Metal Trusses or Sup-send for a descriptive circular to the Truss Co., 683 Broadway, N. Y.

"In two weeks more, Ruth? We shall t "In two weeks more, Ritth? We shall be off in six or eight days. The eargo is fairly tumbling aboard the Flying Childers, to say nothing of a fair list of passengers. The honeymoon of our loving doves will be abridged to six short days more, you may be certain."

CHAPTER II.

A GREAT STEP TAKEN. In the midst of the Antarctic ocean, a little off the route from New York to Australia, there lies a large island named Kerguelen's Land, or—as Capt. Cook called it—the Island of Desolation.

It was discovered just one hundred years ago, in 1772 by the France and the route of t

(in 1772,) by the French naval officer whose name it bears. It was uninhabited then, and s to-day as deserted as ever.

The smallest school-boy among our readers can find it upon his map of the world, about midway between the south end of Africa and Australia, well up toward the South Pole. It is a hundred miles in length by fifty in It is a hituared inites in length by hity in breadth, and is consequently three or four times as large as Rhode Island.

Its coasts are so wild and dangerous that its discoverer, during the two expeditions that he made to it, did not once bring his ships to

anchor in any of its bays and harbors.

Its shape is very irregular, but something like that of an hour-glass, it being nearly cut in two by a couple of harge bays; but these two divisions are unequal in size, the northern peninsula being much larger than thosouthern.

Its coast line is widely broken and jagged, its innumerable gulfs being long and narrow, and its promontories are correspondingly sharp and slender, reaching out into the ocean like fingers. nchor in any of its bays and harbors.

fingers.

The body of the island indeed resembles that of some huge monster of the antediluvian world, even as its capes and headlands re-sembles such a monster's unsightly limbs and A more terrific solitude than this isle of

Desolation does not exist upon our wretche "I thought as much. And the sea is full of errible dangers! When do you sail again for Australia?"

Neither the snows of Himalaya nor the sand of Sahara can outyle its terrors.

No inhabitant is there, not even a savage-Neither the snows of Himalaya nor the sand house, no tree, no shrub, no fence nor road

no field nor garden, no horse, no dog—not even a snake or a wolf. Lone, blasted and barren, it looks like the skeleton of a land that has perished.

It may indeed be that Desolation is the relic—the surviving—fragment—of a continent—that

went down here countless ages ago, with hosts of inhabitants, in some vast convulsion of na-It has certainly undergone dreadful visita ions; been rent by earthquakes, pulverized t rosts, lashed and wasted by fierce tempests.

Its mountains are only of moderate height, but are capped eternally with snow.

Its vegetation is limited to a few dwarfish plants, including some mosses, a species of lichen, a coarse grass, a plant resembling a small cabbage, and a sort of cress.

Its winds are raw and piercing, its summers old and frosty, its winters those of the Polar The interior of the island is occupied by im nense boggy swamps, where the ground sinks at every step.

The rains in Desolation are almost incessant n their season, and the island is accordingly

veined with numerous torrents of fresh water some of which have worn out of the solid rock tremendous cavities and guilles. The onlother season than that of the rains is one of a nost constant snow.

The fogs of that ghastly region are wel worthy of the rains, being of a cloud-like den sity, and hovering almost continually over the whole face of the island.

The sun of Desolation is usually hidden by a canopy of lead-colored clouds, and appears on the rare occasions when it is visible, scarce ly brighter than the moon in other latitudes As to the moon itself, and the stars, the cloud and fogs rarely permit them to betray their existence No fish worthy of note, not even fishes of

prey, abound in the adjacent waters, by reason, perhaps, of their containing poisonous minerals, or deadly exhalations from the volcanic fires Yet the dark grim sea inclosing Desolation has done something to repair the sterility of the island.

he island. Penguins, ducks, guils, cormorants and ther marine birds are plentiful in some of its harbors. Scals also abound. Strange and terrible land!

Not a single human being, so far as is known, has ever lived there, save as is now to be reorded in these pages.

Near the middle of a dull, dismal afternoor some eleven weeks later than the date of the preceeding events, the good ship Flying Child-ers drew near to the island of Desolation, shapng her course toward its northernmost bay alled by Captain Cook Christmas Harbor. A fair breeze was blowing from the north

nd the ship was carrying every stitch of he canvass, including studding-sails.

Her crew—both watches—were busy about the deck, and her passengers—a score in num ber-had gathered in groups, mostly forward and were gazing with great interest upon the wild, rugged shores before them, so far as the

fog suspended upon those shores permitted them to become visible. The ship had come here for water, nearly all her water casks having been stove or started during a squall ten days previously, and every oul aboard of her having been since that date

upon short allowance.
Upon the quarter-deck stood Capt. Luke
Pedder, looking unusually happy, with Will. "I mean to get our water aboard befor dark, Captain Pedder, and so avoid losing

night here," said the young executive, totally unconscious of the plot to leave him alone on the desolate island, and of the extraordinary adventures which were before him. The strange events that happened there, and indeed the whole of this thrilling story, will be found only in the New York Ledger, which is now ready and for sale at all the book-stores and news-depots. Ask for the number dated July 3, and in it you will get the continuation of the story from the place where it leaves of

The New York markets undoubtedly afford a better variety of goods of any kind or character required, than any other in the world. Strictly cosmopolitan, New York city leads the world in this respect. Parties ordering direct from New York have been disappointed by want of attention and accuracy on the part of those receiving the orders. This is now entirely overcome by the establishment, under the auspices of some of New York's most prominent men, of a Purchasing Bureau whose duty it is to receive orders and place them where they can be filled to best advantage. In order to secure best market rates cash must accompany the order or goods sent C. O. D. Address the New York Purchasing Bureau, 704 Broadway, New York. Dealers and jobbers as well as consumers will serve their own interest by remembering the address. Send for circular.

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ment is, as a general rule, an elaborate eulogium on the merits of something which the advertiser desires to sell The editors and publishers of the paper in which it appears are not responsible for its statements. Sometimes, how-ever, highly important discoveries or inventions, announced to the world through the business department of the press, seem to demand a few words of editorial commendation. We have no hesitation in saying that the excellent medicine introduced by Dr. Joseph Walker, of California, under the name of VINEGAR BITTERS, belongs to this category, and has a just claim to a favorable notice. There can be no doubt as to its utility as a tonic, stomachic and alterative. We are cognizant of many instances in which it has cured cases of chronic dyspepsia supposed to be incurable, and know that the estimation in which it is held as a remedy for bilious and nervous disorders, intermittent and remittent fevers, rheumatism and general debility, is founded on experience and well de-served. The testimony of "a cloud of witnesses" goes to show that it is emi-nently useful in a large majority of the disorders to which the human family are subject. The fact that it contains no alcohol commends it to the confidence of that large and increasing class of the community who insist that all spirituous stin.ulants are active poisons.

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