AGRICULTURAL.

A writer in the *Practical Farmer* says that he finds the sugar beet very good to fatten his hogs with. He begins with the beets and finishes off with corn. As the result of his experience, he found that his hogs fattened earlier, with a material saving of corn.

SUGAR BEETS.—Whoever is wise enough to undertake to grow a few beets for his cows next winter will lose no time now in getting them in. Soak the seeds thirty hours before sowing, and they will get up ahead of the weeds if the ground is freshly worked. Roll in plaster and sow in drills, ten quarts of seed to the acre. Thin out to six inches.

ECONOMIZE THE WASTE.—A large quantity of valuable fodder may be secured by saving the leaves of turnips, beets or mangles by burying them in the ground. They should be packed tightly and covered closely, so that air is excluded. In this manner they will keep until spring. In the same way the pulp of beets from the sugar factory had been kept good for a lengthened period.

SALT FOR CATTLE.—Cows now in full flow of milk absolutely require salt, without which their milk will not be perfect. It is not only because the cows are fond of salt that it should be given to them, but also for the fact that if they are deprived of it either the yield of milk will become diminished or the quantity deteriorated. Further than this, salt is an assistant to digestion, and as such is conductive to the health of animals.

WHY DO ANIMALS NEED SALT.—Professor James E. Johnson, of Scotland, says more than half of the saline matter of the blood (50 per cent.) consists of common salt, and as this is partly dissolved every day through the skin and kidneys, the necessity of continued supplies of it to the healthy body is sufficiently obvious. The bile also contains soda (one of the ingredients of salt) as a special and indispensable constituent, and so do all the cartilages of the body. Stint the supply of salt, and neither will the bile be able properly to assist digestion, nor the cartilages be built up again as fast as they naturally waste.

NEW VARIETY OF CUCUMBER.—In *Land and Water* we have a figure and description of what is called the new white spine cucumber. This, when raised on a trellis, grows to an enormous size, one vine having three specimens, each of them three feet in length, besides many others over two feet long. The flesh is said to be very solid, with but few seeds; and the flavor very fine. This method of growing cucumbers recommended as furnishing a much superior result to that of allowing them to trail on the ground, as they thus grow finer, straighter, and with a larger yield. This new cucumber has the skin perfectly smooth. It is very short in the neck, and it is considered a decided gain to the resources of the vegetable garden.

OVERGROWN HOGS.—There is not one single advantage to be claimed in favor of big hogs. There never was a monster hog which did not make the man who raised him pay for every pound he weighed. They do not furnish an ounce of meat gratis, but charge full price for every atom of their carcass. When slaughtered, it takes a long time to get one cool to the marrow in the bone, and then when the hams are put in salt, it is troublesome to finish them to the center. Four hundred pounds live weight is as large as hogs should be to make good bacon. Beyond this size there is a loss somewhere. Either the feeder, butcher or consumer is cheated, and as a general thing every one who has anything to do with the big hog will find, if he observes closely, that they are not so profitable as the smooth, nice hogs of only 350 pounds weight. A small head, with little upright ears, and legs and ears delicate to perfection, are marks which indicate the greatest amount of food consumed; and will always draw more readily the attention of the butcher.

WHEN TO USE A ROLLER.—A correspondent of the *Rural World* writes: "It may seem like presumption to attempt to tell a man when and how to use a farm implement, but no man knows a thing until he learns it. A very mistaken notion prevails as to the effect of rolling land. The most common one is that it packs the soil. This is never true except when the surface is smooth and the soil fine, and then perhaps only an inch deep. Usually the land to be rolled is uneven and rough, as the plow leaves it, or is lumpy as after the harrow. The roller will crush the lumps in one case (if they are not too hard,) and the lumps, although crushed, have buoyed up the roller so that an examination shows that the loose soil is not packed—only the lumps are crushed. But to roll directly after the plow is, above all, the proper time to do it. Even when the soil is apparently dry and hard and comes up in chunks, there is a little dampness in it that enables a heavy (weighted) roller to crush it; but if it be delayed six hours, and even three sometimes, it dries out so rapidly that it is past care. A very foolish idea prevails among many that it tends to form a crust and bake. This can never be the case, because, first, one cannot roll land at all that is wet enough to bake; and, second, soil will "run" and crust more not rolled than if it is. First, and most important of all keep the roller in the field with the plow, and always "roll up" before noon, and again before night, except on a damp and cloudy day. Second, roll all plowed land, no matter what use it is to be put to, except fall plowing for spring crops. Third, always roll before the harrow, and then keep rolling and harrowing until the soil is in condition, no matter if it is packed with continual tramping if it is dry. It may be crushed to powder under the horses' hoofs and be all the better. Fourth, if the crop is planted and is up (if corn) a foot high; or if nothing is planted and the soil is nothing but a mass of hard lumps, stand ready, watch the weather closely, so as to let nothing interfere except the observance of the sabbath, and as soon after a shower as the soil will not stick to the roller, put it on, weight it down, have a change of teams, if necessary, and do not let the roller stop at breakfast, dinner or supper, till darkness stops you; thus by "striking while the iron is hot," *i. e.*, rolling while the lumps are wet, you will have mastered the situation, The text is roll; roll your meadows, your wheat, your corn, your turnips, your fresh plowing and your fallow, and if you are in doubt how to subdue an unpromising seed-bed roll it. Finally, during plowing time, do not lend your roller for over three or four hours at any time.

Wool Market.

The Michigan *Farmer*, which is generally regarded as reliable authority in regard to the wool markets, states that it has but little to advance on this subject during the present week. It says there is always a calm before a storm, and the wool business looks throughout the country as if the dealers and manufacturers were fairly obliged to fold their hands and wait for the crops to grow, and come to market before they could do anything. It is now close to the first of June, and it will certainly be two weeks yet before much, if any wool will be taken from the sheep. Corn planting is not entirely over yet, the weather is cool and none of the sheep are washed, or likely to be for the next ten days, unless we have much warmer weather than we have yet had except for a day or two. We can, therefore, hardly expect the wool clip to be offered generally in market before the third week in June. Of course, as usual, there will be numbers of small, loose, rough clips that will be first in the market, and that will be picked up at low prices, and we shall have these sales heralded all over the country as the prices at which wool has opened.

But our wool-growers must remember that wool this year is good to keep. We have yet seen nothing to change our views, or those that we have repeated week after week. There will be a great scarcity of wool during this year, for there is no chance to grow it, and we see that it is probable also that cotton may not be in such supply as to be relied upon to make up for a deficiency in textile material, and hence there may be an advance in that article, which will have a tendency to keep wool very firm.

Buyers and dealers are talking a good deal about getting the new clip for 60 and 65 cents at the West. Wool bought at these rates will be a prize wach they will keep, for it will be worth a great deal more before three months are over. Very many of the Eastern dealers and manufacturers are filled with the notion that there is likely to be plenty of wool to be got as soon as the new clip comes in. They had this idea last year and especially the year before, and they learned differently before the first six months had passed. Then they must learn that there is ability enough now amongst the farmers of the wool growing States to hold their clips, which was not the case five or six years ago. So that a general and preconcerted indifference on the part of buyers or manufacturers, won't "work now worth a cent!"

We notice that the New York *Economist* and the New York *Journal of Commerce*, are quoting sales of double X Ohio at 77½c, and of Ohio fine wool at 78½c. Unwashed at 56c; California at 45c; Texas at 45 and 50 cents. But we also notice that Mextizx scoured sold at $1 22, and fall California scoured sold at $1 10 to $1 17.

Pawing Horses.

I bought a horse the first of last last winter which appeared to be all right—in good condition, hair looked nice, limbs all smooth—harnessed him to a sleigh and rode away. As often as I stopped and hitched he would paw with his fore feet and also with his hind feet so high as to get over the brace. Rode home and put him in the stable. Soon heard him pawing lustily. When I went to the stable he rushed up into the stall as far as he could—snorted, trembled and looked back at me as though he was frightened. This told me, as plain as any language could, that he had been whipped for pawing. Here I found a trouble worse than the pawing. There are but few more dangerous faults in a horse than to be frightened when you come near him. I first went to work to cure this fault by petting him, feeding him from my hand and in the stall with apples, pears, ginger-bread, popped corn and everything I thought would please him. Finally I made him understand that we never used whips in our stable. I watched him to ascertain the cause of his pawing; found he was inclined to rub his sides and neck, and his mane was mostly rubbed off. On close examination, found small patches of eruption on the skin; also found just below the lower end of the short ribs a soft wart about an inch long and half an inch thick; this yielded to ashes, and was well in less than two weeks.

I concluded that pawing was caused by itching, and that, whether the itching was caused by parasites, such as lice or itch, or by a tumor on the skin, sulphur would be the thing, gave a large tablespoonful every day in his meal. Turned him out half an hour three times a week to prance and roll, and decided if this course was not effectual, my next would be to give him more work and less grain, but he is cured. I never saw a better horse in the stable or hitched at a post. He has worms, which I shall treat with an injection of brine.—*Country Gentleman.*

TO BROWN POTATOES UNDER MEAT.—Boil some fine, large, mealy potatoes, take off the skins carefully, and about an hour before the meat is cooked put them into the dripping pan, having well dredged them with flour. Before serving, drain them from any grease and serve them up hot.

Gapes in chickens may be prevented or cured by mixing a tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine to three quarts of meal, two or three times a week, and feeding it to them. Black pepper is said to be also efficacious, when used in the same way.

A steadfast faith begets a constant peace.

The Plot Against Hawley.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE PLOT ORIGINATED.

Near noon, the 5th of September, 1852, a man laboring under great excitement was walking hurriedly up Broadway, New York. His features were flushed and convulsed, his glances wild and restless, his whole mien indicative of keen anguish.

Turning to the right into Bleeker street, he soon reached a plain three story and basement brick house, to which he gave himself admittance.

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

A stop was heard overhead, followed by the rustling of a dress, and a young lady descended the 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 ill?"

"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, recoiling. "Clara Aymar married! Is it possible?"

"Yes, married! the girl I've been laying siege 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, or else this thing would not have so completely upset me."

"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 to-morrow you will laugh at the whole matter."

"Don't Ruth!" implored the brother, sinking 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 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 confident I was 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 friends—presumably without suitors; and I flattered myself that she couldn't always remain insensible to my attentions."

"You reasoned wisely enough, of course, Luke; but reason never decides these matters," declared the sister, with a sort of contemptuous compassion. "A whim—a chance meeting—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 bridegroom."

"Ah! that's a point that will touch you a little, 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 colors 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 wife."

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 suppose—"

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 form was of the average size and height, and his features of the most ordinary type. He 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 commander of a fine Australian clipper, more to respect for his father's memory and to sympathizing favor than to his own merits.

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

The father of the couple had been a prominent ship-owner and merchant. But in his latter days the senior Pedder had been unfortunate, 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 followed 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 cold."

Under the vigorous treatment he had adopted, Miss Pedder soon recovered her senses.

"Are you sure they're married?" she demanded.

"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 very 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 ask you a question. Did Hawley ever propose to you?"

"No. But I expected that he would soon do so. 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 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 haughtily. "Hawley has neither name, nor money, 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 Hawley," observed the brother, as he strove to calm his painful emotions.

Miss Pedder moaned. Her eyes filled with tears.

"I thought all the world of him," she murmured.

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 matter shall not end here. That marriage—that abominable marriage—"

She clutched at her heart again, as if suffocating.

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."

Pedder started toward his sister, as if electrified.

"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 undo that marriage, or *die!*"

"Softly! 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."

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?"

"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 his using for her comfort every penny he earned. 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 that mutual bread and butter. In short, he'll have to go to sea again!"

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

"I thought as much. And the sea is full of terrible dangers! When do you sail for Australia?"

"In about two weeks—possibly in ten days, as the ship's filling up rapidly."

"Hawley is thoroughly competent to be your first mate?"

Pedder looked wonderingly at his sister a 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 account of his father's illness—"

"Good! That's fortunate. You must recommend 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 understood, 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. What then?"

"You must leave him—not dead, but a prisoner—on some desert island between here and Australia!"

Pedder looked his astonishment.

"If it can be done," he said, after a pause, "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 thereafter she will be your wife."

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

"*Possible!* It'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 taken 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."

"Let your tongue and the lips of Miss Pedder came together like the jaws of a vice. "There's no difficulty about finding a suitable island?"

"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 mistake in your reckoning or a fault in your chronometer. 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 shipwrecked sailor, and then sail away without him—"

"Say no more," interrupted Pedder, with wild exhilaration. "I'll undertake to manage the affair from its beginning to its end."

"And you now see that we can undo that hateful marriage?"

"Perfectly—perfectly. The affair will require 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 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 restore him to his wife. Finally for you and me to be happy, you in your way, and I in mine—you with Clara in New York, and I with Will. in Australia. You comprehend the whole project clearly?"

"From this 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, my sister! I think we can count upon him. The post he came here to ask me for is now vacant, and I will accordingly have it offered to him, just as if nothing had happened."

"Exactly. You needn't speak of his marriage, 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 object to leaving his young bride so soon, but the next voyage after this one—"

Pedder interrupted the remark by a gesture of impatience. He was all eagerness now—all determination.

"That next voyage after this one will not answer," he declared. "Hawley shall accompany me on my very next trip. To make all sure on this voyage, I will have the wedding engaged this very day. In fact I will see to this *now*."

He seized his hat and gloves, addressed a few words to his sister, and quietly took his departure down town. The last glances the couple exchanged at the door were full of jubilant 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 sufficient.

"We triumph then?" she cried, throwing herself into his arms for the first time in years.

"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 feasible. And so in two weeks more our fond bridegroom will be plowing the sea again—"

"In two weeks more, Ruth? We shall be off in six or eight days. The cargo 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 a hundred years ago, (in 1772,) by the French naval officer whose name it bears. It was uninhabited then, and is 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 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 large bays; but these two divisions are unequal in size, the northern peninsula being much larger than the southern.

Its coast line is wildly 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.

The body of the island indeed resembles that of some huge monster of the antediluvian world even as its capes and headlands resemble such a monster's unsightly limbs and claws.

A more terrific solitude than this isle of Desolation does not exist upon our wrecked planet.

Neither the snows of Himalaya nor the sands of Sahara can outvie its terrors.

No inhabitant is there, not even a savage—no 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 ages ago, with hosts of inhabitants, in some vast convulsion of nature.

It has certainly undergone dreadful visitations; been rent by earthquakes, pulverized by frosts, 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, it summers cold and frosty, its winters those of the Polar Circles.

The interior of the island is occupied by immense boggy swamps, where the ground sinks at every step.

The rains in Desolation are almost incessant, in 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 gullies. The only other season than that of the rains is one of almost constant snow.

The fogs of that ghastly region are well worthy of, the rains, being of a cloud-like density, 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, scarcely brighter than the moon in other latitudes. As to the moon itself, and the stars, the clouds 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 beneath them.

Yet the dark grim sea inclosing Desolation has done something to repair the sterility of the island.

Peguins, ducks, gulls, cormorants and other marine birds are plentiful in some of its harbors.

Seals 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 recorded in these pages.

Near the middle of a dull, dismal afternoon, some eleven weeks later than the date of the preceding events, the good ship *Flying Childers* drew near to the island of Desolation, shaping her course toward its northernmost bay, called by Captain Cook, Christmas Harbor.

A fair breeze was blowing from the North, and the ship was carrying every stitch of her canvas, including studding-sails.

Her crew—both watches—were busy about the deck, and her passengers—a score in number—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 soul aboard of her having been since that date upon short allowance.

Upon the quarter-deck stood Capt. Luke Pedder, looking unusually happy, with Will. Hawley beside him.

"I mean to get our water aboard before dark, Captain Pedder, and so avoid losing a 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 13, and in it you will get the continuation of the story from the place where it leaves off here.

From the Nashville Enterprise.

The Grape Culture and Crops.

We have taken some pains to ascertain the grape prospects of our State this year, and we are glad to learn the yield is very fine and great additional labor bestowed upon vineyards. Last year they were good, but this will be far in advance. A few years ago and a vineyard in Tennessee was regarded as a hazardous experiment. Now they are no longer experimental tests, they are grown, full grown successes, to gladden the hearts of all, especially of those reaping such rich harvests of profits. We know of one in Giles County owned by a friend, A. Cox Esq., which we would rather own than the richest cotton plantation in the State. Those who at first looked upon his efforts with misgiving and doubt now concede him more entertaining and sagacious than any other citizen of the county. He branched out into grape growing and fruits, and he will lead the way in this new field of development, and is keeping pace with the science and demands of this new enterprise. He wins the success he deserves; and we hope others will take note of him and profit by his success. Tennessee ought to be the vineyard of America.

Since writing the foregoing we have read the following communication from friend Cox published in the Agricultural department of the *Union and American* with the comments of that editor, with the letter we commend to the attention of our readers:

GILES COUNTY FRUIT GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

We take pleasure in directing our readers to the subjoined letter from Mr. A. Cox of Giles county, who has done and is doing more than any man to the culture of grapes and other fruits in the State. We hope to be present at the exhibition. We can conceive of no place where so much valuable and reliable information in regard to fruit culture can be so quickly and so easily obtained. The exhibition last year was a triumphant success, and foreshadowed the high position which the State is destined to reach as a fruit growing section. We should like to see all Nashville turn out to see this display of fruits, and while, we encourage industrial pursuits by exhibitions at the capital, let us foster and stimulate our products by grand exhibitions in the country:

PULASKI, June 17, 1872.—The Giles County Fruit Growers' Society are now actively engaged in making preparation for their annual exhibition of fruits, wines, flowers, etc., which will open on the 13th and close on the 17th of August, 1872, at Pulaski. The splendid success that crowned their last exposition, together with the present charming prospect for large crops of all kinds, have inspired them with wonderful vitality, and unlimited confidence in their ability to produce the finest exhibition of the kind ever attempted in the *South*. This inspiration is not alone confined to the Society, but is caught up by our country people generally, and a popular enthusiasm is felt for the enterprise that will secure for it the grand success confidently expected. On last Saturday the Society completed their list of committees, all of which is composed of ladies and gentlemen whose known tastes and energy eminently qualify them for the positions. A large building, 150 feet by 50 has been tendered by the enterprising firm of Hill & Miller of this place, together with all the grounds necessary for the Horticultural Garden, ice cream, soda founts, etc. The building is within three hundred feet of the Public Square, and will be fitted up and ventilated in such manner as to secure the comfort of the visitors, and enhance the beauty of the exhibition. In a word nothing is to be done by halves but perfection in taste and arrangement is to be as nearly approached as possible.

It is expected that arrangements will be made for half fair with the railroads, and that special trains will be run, leaving Nashville early in the morning and return after the close of the exhibition at night of the same day. Allow me to say at this point that inasmuch as the people of Giles, almost to a man, women and child, visited the Nashville Industrial Exposition and were so delighted with what they saw, they claim the privilege of entertaining *thousands* of the citizens of Nashville together with the thousands expected from other sections of the country. They feel as though they had a *special* claim on Nashville citizens, and they hope inasmuch as they contributed so largely to the number of visitors to your Exposition, that they will not be denied the pleasure of seeing your citizens here in *large* number.

The fruit crop in this country promises an abundant yield, especially grape. I never saw such a prospect for grapes; the vines are utterly loaded from the ground to the top. Fruit growers from Northern States and foreigners are visiting my vineyards almost daily, all of whom say they never saw such quantities of grapes on vines in Europe or this country. They also unite in saying that the culture of grape culture in Tennessee is *established beyond all question*, and that our cold and climate impart a richness and fineness of aroma to wines made here that is rarely attained in the wine districts of Europe. Truly the day *will* come when Old Bacchus will have to yield his sceptre to the new king in America." A. COX.

We cannot feel the pleasures of devotion while the world is our delight.

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