THE SHROUDED FORM.

At the Sandwich Islands, in 17——, I concluded to ship. It was high time as my board bill was up to a high figure, and I had no chewing tobacco.

The only craft then in port worthy of consideration was an English whaler, the North Light, Captain Waugh, an old tar who had passed fifty years of his life on blue water.

So I shipped in the North Light, and a day after we went tumbling out of the harbor, with the cross of St. George at our mizzen half hidden by the smoke of our ten pounder, with which we had fired a parting salute.

The man at the wheel, on this occasion was a youth—a mere stripling in fact, named Ben Wikes, noted for his skill in sea-faring matters, and his gentle, amiable disposition, which made him liked by all his shipmates old and young.

"Steady there!" shouted the skipper, as the young man allowed the ship to swing a quarter of a point off her course.

We all were surprised that Ben should have made such an error, but glancing aft I soon divined the reason. On the quarter-deck, near the rail, I beheld one of the fairest creatures that ever blessed man's vision. She was a passenger for San Carlos with her father, an old doctor, who now stood by her side.

To describe the beauty of Ella Morris I should be obliged to translate that indefinable sweetness of expression pervading every feature—the light from the soul within—and who can give a perfect idea of that?

We see it—we feel it, but how can tongue or pen frame it into words? There are certain kinds of music which with mystic, inexpressible sound, seem at once to declare what words may not. The music of a mellow flute at night on the water excites in me the same feeling with which I was inspired by Ella's beauty.

Well, there stood Ben Wikes, his eyes turned full upon the young girl, who seemed fairly to so entrance—so bewitch him that he scarcely knew what he was about.

She turned, saw him, and blushed.

He was a wild, peculiar-looking young fellow, with fiery eyes, coal-black hair, and lithe active figure, with the magic power which woman feels the moment she comes near one of the other sex thus gifted.

The Captain, in a passion at such indifferent steering, rushed aft, and, picking up a handsdike, threatened to knock the young man down if he did not do better.

Ben had never before been spoken to in this manner, and it galled him very much, especially as the speech was made before a young girl.

"Two can play at that game," he answered, indifferently, and quietly drew his sheath knife from his belt.

With a terrible oath Captain Waugh lifted the handspike, and the next moment the young man must have been knocked down but for the interpositien of Ella Morris.

In a voice that tinkled like the musical chime of bells, she besought the captain to stay his hand. She pleaded with him so earnestly that the rough sailor was ashamed, and lowering his handspike without a word, turned away, coloring to his very brow.

Several hours after, when the girl had gone below, Ben was pacing the forecastle deck when the Captain called him into the cabin, and held him with a lengthy conversation.

He spoke kindly but firmly to him, and Ben promised that he would be more careful in future, acknowledging at the same time that it was the beauty of Ella Morris that put him out while at the wheel.

A week after, the third mate having been killed by a blow on the temple from the flukes of a sperm whale, Ben was promoted to the vacant berth. This gave him an opportunity to be nearer Ella; in fact he was soon on such friendly terms with the girl that hs would seek her side and converse with her whenever she came up from the cabin. Pleased with each other the young people soon learned to love; and then what happiness to them whenever they met.

The old doctor soon discovered the state of his daughter's heart—soon heard from her own lips, in fact, that she loved the handsome third mate, Ben Wilkes.

Mr. Morris was a stern, haughty old man, who could not bear the idea of his daughter marrying an officer aboard a whaleship, i. e. blubber hunter.

The captain, overhearing him thus contemptuously expressing himself, could not help "giving him a piece of his mind" the moment the doctor came up from below.

"See here!" quoth the sturdy skipper, seizing the man of physic by the button-hole, "why, blast ye, what d'ye mean, sir, by runnin' down whalin', which for sartain is the honorablest callin' of us two, seein' as you deal in castor ile, and I deal in sparm, which is the most useful of the two."

"Let go of my button-hole!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Why by the mast!" exclaimed the skipper, "I'm a respectable member of society, seein' as I have killed one hundred and fifty whales in the course of my life—mark ye that! one hundred and fifty, sir. I rather calculate you haven't killed as many patients!"

"Let go my button hole!" exclaimed the doctor, louder than before, and turning quite pale.

"Ay, blast your eyes!" exclaimed the captain; "whalin' is the honorablest, most respecktablest callin', and if your darter, sir, should have turned an eye upon me, who have killed my one hundred and fifty whales, you sartainly wouldn't think that any disgrace!"

"Let go my button hole!" shouted the doctor, growing red in the face.

"Well, then," added the skipper, "Ben Wilkes is as promisin' as me; so you needn't feel at all bad about the choice of your pretty darter."

"Let go my button hole!" roared the doctor, in a voice of thunder.

"Ay, ay! let go it is!" said Waugh, regretfully, as he complied; when the doctor, turning upon his heel, strode majestically into the cabin.

Meeting Ben Wilkes, he drew him aside, and told him that he would not permit him (Wilkes) to speak to his daughter again while she was in the ship.

"I will not promise that!" cried Ben, decidedly.

The doctor glared at him, then passed on, without another word.

Next morning, after Ben had drank his coffee, he was taken sick. He lay in his bunk, raving in a wild delirium.

The doctor would not allow his daughter to go near the young man. Pale, half wild with anguish, the fair girl begged and pleaded in vain. The irascible doctor, unmoved by her pleadings, thrust her into her room and locked the door upon her.

In the middle of the following night a shriek and a splash were heard.

"Man overboard!" rang dismally through the ship.

Ben Wilkes had come up and flung himself into the sea.

A hen coop, several spars, and an empty barrel were thrown over, that the swimmer might have a support if he wished to save himself. Then a boat was lowered, but in the fog and darkness the unfortunate man could not be found. The boat's crew returned disconsolately to the ship, and now the doctor, making his appearance, was observed to look very uneasy.

"He is lost—Ben is lost!" said the skipper, disconsolately. "We shall never see him again. He handled a harpoon better than any man in the ship," continued the speaker, with a regretful sigh.

When Ella heard of the loss of her lover she uttered one wild, despairing shriek and fell senseless.

The doctor soon restored her, but vainly endeavored to console her. She tore her beautiful hair, and raved incessantly of her poor, drowned lover.

For two days the captain cruised near the spot where the tragedy had occurred, but he met with no success; no sign of Ben could be discovered.

On the third day, however, just at dusk, a fog, which for many hours had obscured the sea, having cleared, the watch on deck beheld a human figure, lashed to a spar, showing distinctly right ahead.

"Ben Wilkes! Ben Wilkes!" resounded on all sides, when, among those who hurried on deck was the doctor, looking strangely agitated.

Soon a boat was down, and the form of Ben Wilkes, lifeless and chilling, was deposited on the main hatch.

The doctor gazed at the still features; then staggered back, leaning against the rail for suppert.

"He is dead!" exclaimed a number of voices.

At this the doctor advanced, scrutinized the features closely, and felt of the heart.

"I am afraid you are right men," he gasped.

Toward night the body was sewed up in a canvas to be launched into an ocean grave.

Ella Morris came frantically up from the cabin, as the men were about to place the shrouded form upon the gangway board.

"Let me see his face once more!" she exclaimed. "I will see it! I must see it again!"

The canvas about the face was therefore ripped open, when gazing with inexpressible anguish upon the still face for an instant, Ella stopped down and kissed it.

As she did so the doctor started back; the next moment Ella, with heart-rending sobs of anguish, turned and tottered against the mast.

"Do your duty, men!" she screamed. "Do your duty, but I shall precede him!"

So saying, she sprang to the gangway and must, the next instant, have gone over but for the doctor, who, clutching her arm, exclaimed:

"Hold! Hold! He lives! He lives!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the skipper who could not see the slightest sign of life in the man before him.

The doctor, however, drawing from his pocket a vial, applied it to the nostrils of the prostrate form which, immediately after began to move.

Then the canvas was torn away, and the next moment Ben was upon his feet, staring around him in a bewildered manner.

The young man was an instant after clasped to Ella's bosom.

"Take her! take her for your wife!" said the doctor, "there is no help for it now."

"Well, now, who'd have thought," said the captain, "that there was any life left in that young chap. These doctors are cute fellows, and no mistake."

Long after the lovers were married, however, I met Ben Wilkes, who told me that the doctor, on his death-bed, had confessed that he had put into the young man's coffee on the day that he was taken sick, a liquid which he (the doctor) supposed would keep the offender to his bed until after the ship had reached San Carlos. The physician, however, had unfortunately given the young man an overdose, which was the cause of his falling into the trance so much resembling death.

Perceiving what he had done, the doctor concluded to allow the young man to be launched into his grave, as the best way of getting rid of a suitor so distastful to him. Hard as was his heart, however, he still had enough affection left for his daughter to change his purpose, when he saw how the girl was distressed.

Blunders of Actors.

A famous Lady Macbeth, "starring" in America, had been accidently detained on her journey to a remote theater. She arrived in time only to change her dress, rapidly, and hurry on the scene. At the conclusion of her first soliloquy a messenger should enter to announce the coming of King Duncan. But what was her amazement to hear to her demand, "What is your tidings?" not the usual reply, "The king comes here tonight," but the whisper, spoken from behind a Scotch bonnet, upheld to prevent the words from reaching the audience, "Hush! I'm Macbeth. We've cut the messenger out—go on, please!"

Another disconcerted performer must have been the provincial Richard III, to whom the Radcliffe of the theater—who ordinarily played Harlequin, and could not enter without something of that tripping and twirling gait so peculiar to pantomine—brought the information, long before it was due, that "the Duke of Buckingham is taken!" "Not yet, you fool," whispered Richard. "Beg pardon; thought he was," cried Harlequin Radcliffe, as carried away by his feelings or the force of habit, he threw what tumblers call "a catherine wheel," and made a rapid exit.

THE DETROIT SOLOMON.

JUST THE STORY.

"Is me Tommy in?"

It was the voice of a woman at the door of the ttation-house, and Bijah saw that she was poorly dressed and wore an anxious look.

"Is Tommy your husband?"

"Indade he is. Have ye got him locked up here? Ye'll know him by his red comforter and a scar on his nose."

"No, he isn't here. 'Is he on a spree?"

"He is that."

"Poor woman! And you are no doubt hungry for bread."

"And you are no doubt a fool!" she sharply retorted. "If me Tommy wants to go on a bit of a spree it's all right. As for bread, I could spare you a loaf the poorest day I ever saw."

Bijah sat down on a chair to get a fair look at her, and she continued:

"If ye should arrest me Tommy please sind me word at once, as I want to be on hand to pay his fine."

With that she bounced out and the old man watched her through the alley window until she turned the corner, and then resumed his sweeping with the soliloquy.

"She sat in the gloaming. There was no fire. The room betrayod the presence of abject poverty. Sobs of grief broke the stillness as the poor woman remembered that her husband had pawned the bed to raise money for a spree. Yes, it's just like a story in a yaller-kivered novel—in a horn."

DON'T COUNT HERE.

In answer to the call for Daniel Smith, a middle-aged man with long hair, greasy look and shabby dress, stepped to the front, placed his hand on his heart and bowed until he nearly bumped his nose on the iron railing.

"You were found sleeping in a hog-shed in the rear of a store," said his Honor.

"Yes, sir."

"And search of your pockets show that you have neither ready cash nor draft on New York. Have you a home to go to?"

The old man pointed in the direction of Heaven.

"Too far away," replied his Honor. "I shall be compelled to charge you with vagrancy."

"I'd like to put in a plea of insanity, your Honor."

"Very well, but I must inform you that insanity is no excuse in this court. How crazy are you?"

"Well, I have often felt it my duty to break show-windows, upset baby-carts and throw brickbats at policeman."

"That's simply deviltry, and counts against you? Anything further?"

"Well, I sometimes feel like jumping into the river.'t

"That's because you haven't had a good wash in three or four years. Go on."

"I sometimes feel inspired."

"That's nothing but the effects of beer or whisky. The difference between being gloriously inspired and gloriously drunk is generally too thin to be distinguished. I shall send you up for three months."

"How high up?"

"So high up that you won't get down a day soonor than your sentenee expires. It will be twenty-five minutes yet before tho omnibus leaves, and if you want to astonish the world, Bijah will hand you some bar-soap and a curry-comb and show you a wash-basin. Don't be afraid to bear right hard on, and if you need sandpaper, don't hesitate to ask for it."

NO TROUBLE AT ALL.

"Sorry that I had to trouble you," remarked Giles Smith, as he faced the clock.

"Oh, no trouble at all, Mr. Smith. Let's see; the warrant says you were drunk."

"I'm afraid I was, and I'm grieved to think how much annoyance I have caused."

"Don't feel bad, prisoner, for I assure you that your presence is welcome. If I didn't want you here I should say so at once. You were drunk."

"I expect I was."

"Is it anything strange for you to get that way?"

"Not in the least. If it wasn't for trespassing upon your valuable time, I should tell you why I broke the law yesterday."

"You may give your reasons."

"I discovered that my wife had eloped."

"Ah, ha!"

"Yes, left the city with a patant-right man, and now—"

"And now what?"

"Would it be asking too much of you to elevate me for thirty days?"

"Oh, no; I think thirty days in the work house will calm your agitation."

"Yes, and make me forget my sorrows. Am I sent?"

"Yes."

"Thanks. I shall never forget your kindness to me in my hour of adversity."

HIS MOTHER WAS DEAD.

"Well, Charles Miller, what brings you here?" asked his Honor of the next.

"Dot boliceman," was the answer.

"And what do you think ailed you?"

"I felt very badt."

"Where abouts?"

"All aofer me."

"But the officer says you were drunk."

"Vhell, maybe, I hav a leedle peer in me."

"And you were fighting in a saloon."

"Vhell, don't you fight too when somepody calls you a liar?"

"I am not in this case. You were drunk and disorderly, and I want to know the reason?"

"Vhell, I git a ledder from Shermany, and I find mudder was deadt. Dot makes me feel badt all over. After I feels like dot I goes oudt for some peer. I put ten cents on der counter, und der man says I vhas a liar. Dot makes me feel badt some more."

"And then you tried to make him feel bad, too?"

"Vhell, I punch his head so, und so, und so; but I tell you it vhas awful to lose your mudder in Shermany."

"Yes, but I shall fine you five dollars."

"Vhell, I expect like dot, und Mary, she prings it down here last night. Couldn't you make it tree dollar?"

"No; couldn't do it."

"Call it four."

"Not a cent less than five."

"Vhell, here ish der monish, but it vhas pooty stheep von a man loses his mudder und feel badt all oafer. Shall I go oudt now?"

"Yes, you can go. Don't come again."

"If I do und don't you forget it! Good bye."

HE KNEW IT.

"Vagrancy," said the court, as James Clyde stood at the bar.

"That's me."

"No money?"

"Not a red."

"No work?"

"Not a stroke."

"I guess you're convicted of the charge."

"I know I am."

"And up you go for ninety days."

"That's me again. I'm tired of the alleys and dry goods boxes. Thankee, Judge; that fixes me."

Capitol Hill Chips.

Last night the silence of the Senate Chamber was suddenly broken by flowery Florida, who called out:

"I Call the Senate to order."

"That's a Plumb good one," remarked bleeding Kansas.

"I'll enter it in my Kel-logg," sang out Louisiana, the female privateer.

"That's Ferry good," responded sturdy Michigan.

"I'll give him a Garland," sang out the Arkansas traveler.

"Oh, pull down your Vest," cried merry Missouri.

"Hale fellow well met—shake," shouted Maine, still full of the happy New Year.

"La-mar, aren't these folks cranky?" simpered Mississippi.

"Don't Teller, don't Teller," shouted Colorado, the mountain climber.

"I ad-Vance the proposition that a Ransom is necessary," said old tarheal North Carolina.

"A Butler is a good thing to have in the house," suggested aristocratic South Carolina.

"Oh, Pugh!" sneered Alabama.

"I prefer a Miller," volunteered golden-haired California.

"I've got a Hill that's hard to climb," boasted gasconading Georgia.

"I can Walker log!" yelled Arkansas, the toothpick wielder.

"I can Groome him, if I am a Gorman!" cried My Maryland.

"If I can't, Logan, or I'm a sucker," shouted stalwart Illinois.

"Windom up! Windom up!" screamed Minnesota.

"I'm a Morrill young man!" vociferated Vermont, the Green Mountain boy.

"I Dawes n't interfere," explained cautious Massachusetts.

"Oh, Frye, Frye," exclaimed Maine in deprecatory tones, that sent them into a Brown study.

"I'll sharpen your wits on Mahone," said readjusted Virginia.

Just here Texas, fearing a Hoar frost, quietly put some Coke on the fire to produce a Maxey-mum heat, thinking no one was looking, but Wisconsin cried out exultingly:

"I Sawyer, I Sawyer."

"That's not Fair," expostulated silver-top Nevada.

"Hawley," chimed in steady-going Connecticut.

"If it is I don't Se-well," joined in sandy-headed New Jersey.

"Now, you've Don it," put in Pennsylvania, protectingly.

"Let's all Wade in," shouted irascible South Carolina.

The confusion began to Grover-y great when the great Blair from the White Hills recalled them to a proper sense of their senatorial dignity just as Kentucky was about to Beck-on to Rhode Island for a game of Anthony over, and silence once more brooded over the scene.—National Republican.

Justice for a Dancing Master.

The London Daily Telegraph is authority for the following: Considerable interest was excited in the Russian capital a short time ago by a curious case tried before the Chief Magistrate of the Eighth Police District, both plaintiff and defendant being persons well known in the upper circles of St. Petersburg society. The former, Michael Grusdinski, a noble by birth, is a fashionable dancing master, patronized by the Court and aristocracy; the latter, Capt. Bresenski, a staff officer of the Imperial Guard. It appears that Grusdinskis had given twenty dancing lessons at the rate of 2 rubles per lesson—his regular charge—to the Captain's youthful daughter, and had applied repeatedly for the payment of the bill, but in vain. One evening he called upon de Bresenski in person to collect his 40 rubbles, and was shown into the dining room, where the gallant guardman whose speech and demeanor exhibited unmistakable symptoms of vinous excitement, greeted him affectionately joviality, and in reply to Grusdkinski's respectful request for a settlement of account declared himself ready and willing to pay up on the spot to the last copeck, upon one trifling condition—that his creditor should there and then dance the "Kamarinski" for his (Bresenski's) special and particular delectation. This the terpsichorean professor steadfastly declined to do, whereupon Bresenski's cheerfulness incontinently forsook him, and, summoning his servants, he commanded them to "throw the dancing dog into the street." They fulfilled his orders to the letter. Charged with assault, Capt. de Bresenski attempted to excuse his conduct on the ground that he intended to pay Grusdinski a compliment in asking him to dance, and, on his abrupt refusal to comply with the request, had been moved by natural indignation to turn him out of doors. The Court, however, failed to recognize the force of this argument, sentenced Capt. de Bresenski to suffer three days' imprisonment and to pay the outraged dancing master's claim in full. Public opinion in St. Petersburg is unanimous in approving the justice of this decision.

The same indifference with which Prince Bismarck displays in his choice of political allies is shown by him in the selection of his medical advisers. When at Varzin or at Frederichsruhe, he always consults physicians who are acknowledged allopaths; when pursuing his arduous labors in Berlin, he consults as regularly a well known physician of the homœopatic school. He probably knows that the doctor who tells the best stories makes the best cures.

Arkansas lands are now somewhat in demand—those located in the cotton belt—by capitalists who intend engaging in cotton culture.

Medusa.

"What a creature!"

The words sprang involuntarily to the lips of the observer as an old woman hobbled past. Age had rendered decrepit her frame and wrinkled her face, but there was a look out of her hollow eyes that made one shudder.

"Yes, a strange woman, and with a history, too," said Mr. F.

"You know her, then?"

"Yes."

"Who is she?"

"A murderess."

"Is it possible?"

"Perhaps I should not say so much, but I will tell you her history. It has not been many years ago since she lived with her husband, honored and respected by every one. They had no children of their own, but they had adopted a child from an orphan asylum. It was a winsome creature, with laughing blue eyes and a merry smile that won insensibly on your heart. Years passed away and the orphan girl grew into a beautiful woman. Every one loved her, and society lavished on her caresses which only its belles receive. But the graces of her mind were not excelled by her personal beauty. Brilliant and fascinating, there was about her that charm which wins on the heart while it pleases.

It is not surprising that her protector loved her as if she had been his child; but it was the love of a father only. But somehow the wife grew jealous of the child she had reared, and this sentiment once excited can never be appeased. She may not have been a bad woman, yet that passion made her insensible to every just and charitable emotion. Unsuspecting and loving as one so circumstanced would be, the girl lavished upon both the affection her real parents would have obtained. But it had no power to disarm the fatal cruelty of a heart maddened by suspicion. Her caresses were torture and the sight of her at last became insupportable. Strange to say, the girl never dreamed of its existence. And as "trifles light as air are to the jealous-minded confirmation strong as proofs from holy writ," so the natural affection and innocent love of this young girl were made the means of confirming suspicions that at last destroyed her life.

You have often seen the home where they lived. It is a small two story dwelling. The dwelling of Louise adjoining that of Mr. T—— and his wife, but the door to it opened from the hallway which ran alongside both of them. The only means of access to the room was from a window which looked out into the court yard. This could only be reached by means of a ladder.

One morning the whole community was startled by the announcement that Louise Raynor had been murdered. Mr. I. and myself were among the first who entered the house. The door had been broken open, but everything remained as before. The young creature, scarcely 20, lay upon the bed as if in sleep. The golden hair lay like floss upon the pillow; the face was chill and white, but never more beautiful.

The long lashes rested lovingly on the cheek, and the blue-veined lids, so palely tinted now, looked as if they were ready to lift from the sunny eyes. No sculptor ever chiselled a form so fair. The drapery that hid her form could not conceal its delicate outlines nor the contour of the rounded limbs. A gash in the bosom and a crimson stain disclosed where the treacherous blow had been dealt. It had found her heart—that sharp, avenging steel—even as she slept. The young life had passed almost without a struggle, and the scream that the lips had opened to utter was lost in a smile.

The door of her room had been locked, and no answer being returned when she was called in the morning, the door had been forced open. The key was on the inside. The window, however, was open. The murderer must have gained access through it, many thought. My conclusions led to a different theory.

I soon became satisfied from all I could learn from the servants and the confused statements of Mrs. T—— that she had committed the deed. Still there was no proof of it, and I was equally satisfied there would be none. She had been far too cunning to leave a trace behind. She had, no doubt, concealed herself in the room, and, after Louise had retired, accomplished her purpose, and then, to avoid detection, had swung herself from the open window to the brick court beneath. No impression of her feet on the ground; no bit of torn apparel; nothing was left to give a clew. People wondered; the mystery became an item for the papers; and, after a while faded out of the public thought.

But although she escaped man's justice, retribution found her out. Her husband died, and the property he bequeathed her took wings and flew. Her face, once fair, become haggard, and, Medusa-like, was evil in its sorrow. Her sex avoided her, for strange suspicions had crept into people's minds. The face was hardened now, and the evil expression played upon the wall. Year by year her wretchedness increased, and scorn and opprobrium followed in her path. She returned it with all malice. She loves no one, lives with no one; but it is said that strange cries issue from her doors at night, and it may be that the brain of the old woman is crazed at last; and the phantom of the fair young girl, whose life she took, comes to disturb her repose. But it has no power to soften the evil face and hide the cruel gleam of the cold, gray eyes.

"And that is her history?"

"Yes."

"It is a strange one, indeed!"

"It is a true one."

WAGSTAFFE AGAIN.—Wagstaffe is incorrigible. Fifty summers have not sufficed to tame down his exuberant spirits. Mrs. W., on the other hand, has a proper sense of what is due her, and has a rooted antipathy to being "bad." Wagstaffe came home last night, popped his head in the door. "Nance," says he, with a face full of horror and alarm, and sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper, "have you heard anything of a double murder and suicide next door?" "Gracious merciful powers, no!" cries Mrs. W., jumping her spectacles into her tea, and knocking her bad leg against the chair, "not a word." "No more have I," says W., cheerfully. "Once more and got the money!" That's the reason of the coldness in the Wagstaffe family circle.—Judy.

Rain and Moisture.

Water is necessary to all animal and vegetable life. No seed starts without and no plant grows without moisture. The period of vitality of seeds is yet a wide field for scientific experiment, but certainly moisture has much to do with the vitality as well as growth of all kinds of seeds.

Moisture is applied to plants in these ways—rain, dew, evaporation from the soil and irrigation. It is conceded that frequent light rains are the most promotive of plant growth.

Dew is but restricted rainfall. The moisture ascending from the soil raised by the sunbeams is precipitated at night, when the air is free from solar heat, and precipitated upon plants. Dews are heavier in the valleys than on the hills, because there is more moisture below. As moisture or evaporating water absorbs heat and produces cold, so for the same cause frosts are more common and more severe in the low lands than on the mountain tops. For this reason, peaches and other early blooming trees and shrubs should be placed upon high grounds.

Evaporation from the soil is the main support of plants. The roots of plants must not only have water, but air also; ever covered with water they perish: hence the necessity of deep plowing and drainage. Again, loose, pulverized soil, by capiliary attraction, holds more water than hard, solid soil; neither do the roots of plants well enter into hard ground. Hence deep plowing and frequent stirring of the soil are the best for plants.

I am now eating early Mexican sweet corn that has hardly had a rain upon it since it was planted. The ground was finely plowed, and during all the drouth it was cultivated with the hoe, without regard to weeds. Watermelon vines, grass, and all other vegetation, are all dead around, but the corn is green as ever. Dew not only descends from the near air, but is formed by contact with the cooling soil; as the moisture ascends from below, it reaches the cold surface, and is condensed on and within the finely pulverized soil. This is all proven by placing boards over early beans; the radiation of the heat is prevented being returned by the board, and frost is prevented when outside of the board the beans are bitten.

Irrigation, to be profitable, must be continued during all dry seasons. When flower vases are watered daily they will keep up the plants, but a single watering of outside plants sets up an immediate growth of succulent roots and stems; and if the watering is not continued the plants perish at once. Nature, by the slow process of subterranean evaporation, continually and gradually decreasing, carries the plant in a half dormant state through the drought. So it is better not to water at all than to water freely and then suddenly cease.

Pot plants should be well drained by holes in the tub at the bottom; over these pieces of broken crockery or stones should be placed to prevent the outflow of soil, but aid the escape of water. It is better to water pot plants at eve, when the heat is mostly gone; this prevents scalding by the sun's rays, and gives them a night of cooling growth. A little sand or fine gravel mixed with the pot soil also aids ventilation and the escape of surplus water. Occasional sprinkling of the leaves with a pot rose greatly refreshes the leaves by clearing off the dust and aiding the functions of the leaves. If the water stands awhile and assimilates its temperature to that of the plants, so much the better, as sudden changes of temperature in plants, as in animals, endanger the vital functions.—[Southern Planter and Farmer.

The Glory of Webster.

The longer I live and the more I study the Constitution of the United States, the more I am impressed with his claim to be regarded as its defender, and as the greatest of its expositors. It was not merely that he had a chief and most important influence in settling many of the specific questions of interpretation that arose during his day. It was in his relation to the paramount question of the nature of the union, as established by the Constitution, that his power was most signally exercised, and his most enduring laurels were won. In this respect it may, I think, be truly said of him that there has been no statesman in our age—perhaps there has been no one in all the ages of modern civilization, whose noble intellect has more impressed itself upon the destinies of a great country, than the intellect of Daniel Webster. There have been men whose will, whose ambition, whose selfish interests have enormously affected the fortunes of millions, for good or for evil. But where had there been a man whose intellect, apart from all passion, has determined the character of a great government, in such a manner as to furnish the basis, the justifiable, legal and moral basis, of a civil war of stupendous proportions, waged for the assertion of lawful authority? This is the glory, the untarnished, the unmatched glory of Daniel Webster, which will carry his name and fame farther down the course of the centuries than that of any other American statesman of our time.—[From George Ticknor's Eulogy.

Railway Mail Service.

It is true that the service is to some extent in a rather bad shape at the present time; but with us in this section it is owing to the fact that the population is increasing very rapidly, and there is a corresponding increase in mail matter, which has grown so large that it cannot be properly handled with our present force of employes. In my judgment the only way to place the service on a good and square footing at the present time is to urge on Congress the necessity for making additional appropriations at once, large enough to enable the postoffice authorities to increase the number of employes and establish additional railway postoffice lines and increase the car services on some of the lines already established. Our men are at present working exceedingly hard, many of them from fifteen to seventeen hours a day, and they have been unable to distribute all the mail they receive. What is true in this respect in regard to the railway mail service is equally true in regard to the large distributing postoffices throughout the country.—[Superintendent White, of Chicago.