The People's Press.

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The People's Press.

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THE ECCENTRIC NABOB:

OR

Generosity Rewarded.

Some two or three miles from the town of Aylesbury, England, there once lived three cousins of the family name of Barrett. They were all married and settled on farms within a few miles of each other and each of them had grown up children around them. They were not rich, but in fair circumstances—each had expectations. An eccentric uncle had gone out to India when quite a young man, and rumor told them he had grown quite wealthy and would probably die an old bachelor. Who, then, but themselves, would be heirs to his property—they being at the time his nearest relatives?

One day the families were thrown into a great commotion by each of them receiving a letter, which contained besides the signature and date only these words:

"I am rich. Fools here call me a nabob. I wouldn't give that title to a cat. No matter; I shan't live always, and when I die my property must go to somebody. I am coming to find an heir. I am coming to see you and hope you will please me. I hope you are not troubled with beggars. I do not like to see them around."

One dark, rainy night, about three weeks after the reception of these letters by the cousins, the family of Moses Barrett was thrown into a state of great excitement by the appearance at the door of two men in livery, who announced themselves as the *avant couriers* of Joshua Barrett, of India, who would claim their hospitality through the night.

Saying which, the messengers put spurs to their horses and dashed away, without giving the astonished listeners time to ask a single question.

Now, Moses Barrett was a hunks, his wife a shrew, and his three children chips of the two blocks, but all undertook to change their natures for the time, or rather to be ready to change them on the appearance of the rich uncle—for what was the use of acting with the curtain down?

"Now, Moses, you stingy old brute," said his wife, "if you know on which side your bread is buttered, it is to be hoped you will have some chickens killed for his excellency's supper, which is more'n you did for Christmas, and some of that wine fetched up which you've had in the cellar since the year one, and a fire made in the best room, that has not been there these ten years, and all your nice clothes put on—that isn't much, for you'll never allow us anything decent to wear."

"And it is to be hoped, old woman," replied the angry husband, "that you'll soften down that screeching voice of yours, and twist your wrinkles into smiles, and that'll be something I've never seen since the first week of our marriage."

Great activity was displayed by all in getting ready to give the uncle the best reception possible, and all rejoiced as much as a hopeful family could rejoice, that they would be first to receive a visit from him, hoping, of course, that they might forestall all the other relations in his good graces.

It would have been a strange way for any person to have made his first visit, but they knew the uncle was very eccentric, and his being so very wealthy made it all right in their eyes. He might have come and stood on his head, provided he paid for his antics.

In the midst of their hurried preparations, there appeared at the door, an old, feeble looking, white-haired man, thinly clad, and his soiled garments clinging to his shriveled form.

"Will you be kind enough, good people, to give me something to eat, and a place to sleep to-night?"

"We have nothing to eat, and if we had we don't harbor beggars," replied the master of the house, in a coarse, brutal tone.

"But I am old and feeble, and very hungry and tired," said the aged applicant, in a pleading tone, "and if you drive me away I may perish."

"Well, that's what you ought to have done long ago," put in the cross old dame. "When people get too lazy to work for an honest living, and start out begging, its my opinion they're better dead nor alive. Besides, we expect company soon—a rich gentleman from India,—and ain't got no room for the like of you."

"Well, then," said the old man, with a sorrowful look, "since you can't keep me over to-night, will you please give me something to eat? and I'll go farther."

The dame brought up a piece of brown bread, with an angry look, and was about to hand it to the mendicant more for the purpose, as it seemed of getting rid of him, than from any feeling of compassion, but her miserable husband interposed and said sharply:

"I told you we hadn't anything for you, so travel on."

"I'll set the dog on you if you don't, you old beggar," cried a lad of ten. "My rich uncle's coming here to-night, and he can't bear beggars, so you had better be going while your bones are whole."

"May heaven be more merciful than you," sighed the old man, as he turned and disappeared in the darkness.

Some half an hour later, he knocked at the door of Stephen Barrett, another of the nephews, and asked for food and lodging.

"It isn't convenient for me to keep you to-night," said the master of the house, in a mild dignified tone. "Besides, we don't like to encourage beggars. If you are poor and not able to work, the parish where you belong is bound to support you. No one need starve in this country which the Lord, praised be His name, has so bountifully blest. I trust I am not wanting in charity—as an humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ—I hope I am not—but with taxes to support the government and the poor, donations to the benevolent societies, and heathen missions, it is as much as I can do to live and give my family a respectable maintenance.—Now, my friend, if you are poor and unable to work (though I don't see why you may not as well work as travel,) you had better throw yourself upon the parish where you belong."

"But I am tired, wet and hungry," said the old man, "and all the parishes in the world can't do me any good to night."

"But you should have thought of that before you left home," now chimed in the good house-wife, with a sanctified air. "It is sinful to tempt Providence, as it is called, and whoever sins must expect judgment. I never leave home without providing for the journey, and of course I don't expect anybody to feed and shelter me for nothing. It is a sin, too, to be idle, when one is able to work, and it is against my principle as a true Christian, to encourage one in sinning."

"Then I suppose I am to understand that you refuse me both food and lodging?" said the old man.

"As to the food," said the pious dame, glancing at her husband, "if you are very hungry, I suppose we can do something for you in that way, but lodging is out of the question, for two mounted couriers have been here to say that a very rich uncle of ours, from India, will be here very soon; and he wrote some time ago that he didn't like to have beggars around where he was, and we should not like to offend him. True, we hardly expect him to-night, but then, he might come you know, and we would not like to run any risk."

"Well, then," said the old man, with a sigh, "I will take the food, if you please, and go on, even if I perish."

"Put your trust in the Lord, my friend—put your trust in the Lord!" said Stephen Barrett, solemnly.

"Yes," echoed the wife, "put your trust in the Lord! that is what we do when we are in trouble. Sarah Jane, go down in the cellar and bring up a couple of those cold potatoes for this old man—they are very good eating when one is hungry—I like them myself. Yes, put your trust in the Lord, and do not leave home again without means. By-the-by, while I think of it, added the good woman laying down a cap frill on which she had been busily at work, while talking, and looking up with a bright twinkle in her eye, "I do believe you can get a good night's lodging at Harry Barrett's who lives only a half a mile from here on the road south. He is a good hand for taking in strangers."

She looked at her husband, and both smiled, knowingly, for both were thinking that in case the rich uncle should find the old beggar there, it might increase Stephen Barrett's chance of being the fortunate heir.

Sarah Jane now returned, and handed the old man two little cold potatoes. He took them, turned them slowly over, examined them on all sides, and then murmured:

"They have eyes—but can they see, I think not, for if they could they'd blush red instead of keeping such a dark color." Then, glancing around the neat, tidy cheerful room, taking in three prim girls and their pious parents, he quickly tossed the potatoes into the lap of the astonished mistress, saying, as he did so—"I beg your pardon, madam, but I did not intend to rob you."

"Oh! you sinful, wicked old creature!" exclaimed the good dame, in holy horror, as the ragged old man turned and went out, and shut the door with a slam.

In less than half an hour the unfortunate wayfayer was trying his chances at the house of Henry Barrett.

"Come in," said a strong, hearty and cheerful voice, in answer to his knock.

He entered a large plainly furnished apartment, and beheld a group of six persions—father, mother, two sons and two daughters—seated around a pleasant fire, with a bright light on the table near them, and looked contented and happy.

On seeing his visitor was an old man, and a stranger, the master of the house arose and invited him to walk forward and take a seat, and the others drew back, respectfully, to enlarge the circle, and gave him the best place at the fire.

"I have called," said the old man, stopping, and removing his hat from his white head, "to ask if you would give me some food and lodging for the night."

"Of course we will, my friend, and glad of the chance to help a fellow in need," said Henry Barrett, in a frank, cordial tone. "Sit down, and make yourself at home. Here, give me your hat. Come, girls, hurry up something warm for the old gentleman, who is chilled through, as I can readily see. You ought not to have been out so late in the storm, father.

"No, I know," returned the old gentleman, holding his trembling hand to the fire, "but the persons to whom I applied would not take me in."

"What! refuse lodging to an old man like you on such a night as this, in this Christian community!" exclaimed the indignant host. "Who were those inhospitable wretches?"

The man described the house and people where he had called.

"I see!" said the host, with a grim smile, "I understand! the first family kicked you out?"

"Almost."

"The second prayed you out?"

"Almost."

"They are both relations of mine, but I am ashamed to own them."

"They said, by way of excuse," pursued the old man, "that they were expecting a rich uncle from India, who wouldn't like to see a beggar about."

"Aye, my friend, and we are expecting the same rich uncle, too—an eccentric old bachelor, who says he wants to make one of us heir to his vast possessions. Two gaily-mounted messengers arrived here this evening to say that he would be here to-night or to-morrow, probably the latter. But whenever he does come, he will find us as we are, and if he don't like our looks or the company we keep, he can take himself off again."

"Nay, my friend," said the aged stranger, rising in some trepidation, "do not for the world let my presence jeopardize your interests with your rich kinsman.—I will merely get something to eat, and travel on until I find another lodging."

"No, you won't," said Henry Barrett, bluntly. "You won't leave this house to-night for all the uncles the Indies can turn out. Sit down again, sir; sit down and make yourself at home. I know the duty of a man who has faith in God, and I'm going to do it. What is his money to me? I can't eat it, nor drink it, nor carry it into the other world; and I'm sure it won't bring any happiness that I don't now enjoy, and I also know it would not compensate me for one mean action. No! let Joshua Barrett settle his money matters as he chooses—I'll arrange my conscience to suit myself.

"God bless you!" murmured the old man, in a trembling voice, and bowing his head upon his hands he wept in silence.

He remained at that hospitable house during the night, and was entertained like an honored guest.

The next day being fair he took his leave. As he was about to leave the house, Harry Barrett, putting a crown into his hand, said:

"Take it, my friend, and not a word. I don't know who you are, and I've not felt it my duty to enquire; but this much I know, from your appearance, manner and language, that you're not a common beggar, and that you have seen better days, which I sincerely hope you may see again. It's as much as my circumstances will justify, and may, perhaps, serve to keep you from starving some night, or sleeping by the way-side."

"God will repay you," said the old man solemnly, as he walked away, wiping the tears from his eyes."

"He has already," mused Harry, putting his hand on his heart. "I have in here principal and interest."

Long and in vain did the selfish families of Moses and Stephen Barrett look for the appearance of their rich uncle from India in a carriage and four, and great was their disappointment thereat.

Then came the intelligence that he was sick in the City of London. Next came that he was dead and had left a will.

What an intense desire to know the contents of the will! What a wild, furious excitement when the contents became known.

To Moses Barrett he devised one pound to buy a coffin for the dog his precious son had learned to set on a beggar.

To Stephen Barrett he bequeathed one pound three pence—the pound to be devoted to the parish poor—the three pence to buy cold potatoes for beggars, with the hope that he and his pious family would put their trust in the Lord.

To Harry Barrett, and his heirs, forever, he had willed the remainder of his vast wealth, some half million pounds sterling, with a hope that they would sometimes recall with pleasure the visit of the old white-haired man they once so kindly entertained.

The old beggar of that dark and stormy night was no other than Joshua Barrett himself.

Stephen Girard.

The following brief reminiscences of Stephen Girard are from the note book of Professor Wm. Wagner of the Wagner Free Institute of Science, Philadelphia, who was personally and intimately connected with Girard, and enjoyed the confidence of the millionaire banker until the day of the latter's decease:

When the British entered the Chesapeake and threatened an assault upon Baltimore, the citizens of Philadelphia became alarmed and many began to pack their goods and prepare for a hurried exit. Among this number was Girard, who at once secured ten large six-horse teams, loading four of them with silver contained in his bank, and the remaining six with rich India fabrics, silks of finest texture, teas and other valuable goods from the immense stocks of fine materials contained in his warehouses. These he destined removing to Reading, and in accordance with this plan, he placed Prof. Wagner, then a young man and his confidential clerk, in sole charge of the expedition, giving him a brace of pistols and the weather-browned sea coat, which had stood its owner in good need upon many a voyage. Of this coat he ordered particular care to be taken, and was more exact in his instructions upon this point than in regard to the safety of his goods.

The procession filed slowly out of the old city, along the clay road which has now become Ridge avenue. The horses were all placed in tandem order, making a long line of sixty horses, interpersed with heavy wagons. Along the entire route the greatest alarm spread at the sight of the long parade, and the news of the near approach of the British flew far and wide. On the evening of the first day they arrived at Norristown, and the close of the third day saw them in Reading.

The large amounts of silver were removed to the Farmer's Bank and a large vacant house rented for the storage of the silks and other fabrics. There had been a continual rain throughout the entire journey, and as the wagons were without cover, many of the finest goods were wholly ruined. All the neighborhood of Reading was strung with the fabrics on lines to dry, but it was of but little avail, and the loss to the old merchant was great. But no one heard him complain; and his first enquiry on meeting young Wagner was concerning the safety of his old sea coat.

Girard at the same time sent five vessels lying at the docks and belonging to him, to Randocas Creek and moored them across the creek, arming their crews against assault from boats, should the British pass up the Deleware. These precautions proved useless, as all know, as the enemy never reached that point.

He seldom forgot anything to which his attention had once been called. As an instance, when in 1793 his ship Voltaire was built, laborers were scarce on account of a fever raging at the time, and Girard personally assisted his favorite carpenter "Jimmy Humphries," in driving in the copper bolts which held the breast-hook fastening in the bow.—In 1812, the Voltaire required repairing, and it was overhauled at Kensington. It was necessary to remove the copper bolts which held this fastening, in order to replace some wood-work, and it became necessary to know whether the bolts had been rivited from the inner or outer side. The same carpenter, Humphries, was assisting in the repairing of the vessel, but was unable to find the bolt heads. Girard, who was standing near, smiled quietly, noticing which, Humphries asked, rather jokingly:

"Perhaps you know something about them sir?"

The old man laughed and said: "Why Jimmy, don't you remember that hot afternoon in '93, when you and I put in these bolts? The starboard ones are rivited from the outside, and the larboard from the inside."

Thus did all the whirling machinery of that wonderful head, the old man's mind had gone back to the simple incident of nineteen years before with perfect accuracy.

On one occasion he directed Mr. Wagner to make out an account current, with interest, of his relation with the Barings of London. The work occupied several days in accomplishing and when the intricate masses of figures had been resolved to the simple account Mr. Wagner took the sheet into Girard's private office and asked him what he supposed the balance was, not supposing that Girard had any idea of the amount as the transactions covered millions of money and a system of continuous drawings and interchanges. Girard thought a moment and then said: "They owe me so much"—giving an amount that was within two hundred pounds sterling of the real sum. So it was throughout his entire business. He managed his affairs with the fewest number of clerks possible, and when he wanted anything well done, did it himself."

When the Commissioners sat in his bank to conclude the arrangements for starting the United States Bank, it was found that there yet remained about twelve millions unsubscribed for. The commissioners were deliberating as to the best method of securing subscribers for this amount. When it came his turn to speak, Girard, merely said: "I take the balance," and the difficulty was overcome. It is stated that upon his employing any one as clerk in any position of confidence Girard always said: "I would thank you sir, when you pass the sill of that door, to leave my business behind you," an admonition which experience had taught the financier was not unnecessary.

Like Mr. Greely, Girard was very fond of agricultural pursuits, and retired each afternoon, after business hours, to quiet enjoyment of his farm. Here, he was wont to engage actively in pruning, trimming, etc., and on a long ladder, resting against a tree would find his mind wandering off to China or the Indies, in company with his ships, until he would find, like the Sage of Chappaqua, that in his abstraction, he had cut off the wrong branch.

In the matter of his will Girard pursued a course entirely foreign to his custom, and as he was unskilled in such matters, entrusted the whole charge to William J. Duane, Esq., Secretary of the Treasury, under the administration of Jackson. The will as is stands, is entirely the offspring of Duane's mind. Had Girard exercised his usual caution, he would probably have arranged some details in a different way.

Indian Hunting.

The Indian method of hunting the deer and antelope seems to a looker-on, not heated by the chase, cruel sport. But food is the object of the indian hunter, and he is wonderfully successful in securing it. Notwithstanding their great speed and bottom, these animals seldom escape their pursuers on the open prairie. Mounted on their swift ponies, the Indians become as it were a pack of hounds that run by sight. In all directions they move, searching the country with eyes that see everything. On discovering deer no attempt is made at concealment, but, with bridle rein between their teeth, loading their guns or adjusting their arrows as they ride, the hunters bear down on the doomed animals. Off bound the deer, but Indians are before them; they run to the right—more Indians; to the left—still Indians. The country, which at first seemed open, narrows to a small circle. The deer double on themselves. Hemmed in on every side, there is no escape; the bullet and the arrow do their work. All their hunting, whether man or beast, involves a system of surrounding. It is this method, thoroughly understood, and invariably practiced where numbers will allow, that renders the Indian so formidable on the prairie. Although numbers are in at the death, there is no dispute as to the distribution of the carcasses. *Hunt with the Yankton Sioux in the October Galaxy.*

Advice that was Heeded.

It is reported that a plain, honest farmer, the friend of Clay, being solicited to be a candidate for the Legislature, called on the great Mr. Clay, and sought his counsel as to the propriety of serving his country as the maker of laws.—"My advice to you," said Mr. Clay earnestly, "is to keep out of politics.—They will trump up all kinds of charges against you, and ruin your character." "But," replied the honest old farmer, "they can't say anything against my character Everybody knows that I have led a blameless life." "Try it," said Mr. Clay, who knew how it was himself. "Try it." The good old man did try it, and before the canvass was over he withdrew from it in deep discust. Meeting with Mr. Clay, afterward he asked what were his chances for election.

"I have withdrawn," replied he somewhat earnestly. "Do you think," said he, "they not only charged me with stealing a sheep once, but, what is worse, they came very near proving it? I am done with politics."

The following choice bit of obituary poetry recently appeared in a Philadelphia paper: "Our little Sallie did to heaven go, Baby life so fleet is, She was afflicted with cerebro-spinalmeningitis."

A Wonderful Clock.

The Philadelphia *Press* recently contained the following description of a wonderful clock, wonderfully made, from a correspondent at Shamokin, Pennsylvania:

"Karl Ketter, a poor German miner of the Excelsior Colliery, which is situated within a few miles of this borough, has exhibited a clock here during the past week, of a most remarkable character. He had been three years constructing it—the first two years at intervals of time, and the last year he worked day and night, scarcely taking time enough to eat.

"He became a monomaniac on the subject. The clock was in his mind during his waking hours and in his dreams at night. He occupied alone a small wooden shanty, where he worked, slept and cooked his food. Whatever sleeping and cooking he did however was but little. It was thought he would have nearly starved but for the kind interest which his neighbors took in him and his clock. They took him food and encouraged him to do so.

"The clock, was made with no other tools than two common jack-knives. It is eight feet high and four feet broad. Its frame is of the Gothic syle of architecture. It has sixteen sides and is surmounted by a globe, on top of which is attached a small golden cross. On the front of the clock are four dial plates; one shows the day of the week, another shows the day of the month, another shows the minutes and fractions of minutes, and the other the hour of the day. These dials are carved in the most unique manner, having emblematic figures upon them and around them of almost every imaginable description. Above the dial plates is a semi-circular gallery, extending around about half the width of the frame work of the clock. Immediately in front, in the centre of this semi circular gallery, is the carved wooden figure of our blessed Saviour.

"At the ends of the gallery, on either side, there is a small door opening into the body of the clock. Over the door, on the right-hand side of the clock, as you stand facing it is an eagle. Over the door on the left-hand side, is a cock. Twice a day—that is at 12,05 in the day, and twelve five in the night—a sweet chime of bells begin to play, the small door on the right-hand side opens, and the small wooden figures, admirably carved, of the twelve Apostles, appear and walk out slowly and gravely in procession, Peter in the lead.—Advancing along the gallery until they get opposite the figure of Jesus, each in turn, except Judas, slowly turns round and bows his head to his Maker, then recovers his former position; as Peter does this the cock crows. They continue to advance to the other side of the gallery and enter the small door on the left. As Judas (who is in the rear), with his right hand shielding his face, and his left clasping the bag which is supposed to contain the thirty pieces of silver, comes in full view of the cock, the cock crows again.—By a simple arrangement this procession can be made to come out and pass around the gallery at any time desired.

On pedestals, at the extreme corners of the front of the clock, are wooden statutes of Moses and Elias. In the rear are two obilisks of the Egyptian style upon which are carved hieroglyphic characters to represent the ancient period of the world's history. The clock will run thirty-two hours without winding. Mr. Ketter who is a native of Feilburg, in Baden, is very proud of his workmanship.—He can scarcely bear to be away from it long enough to eat his meals. He has been offered ten thousand dollars for it by a person from New York, but he refused it.

"Mr. Ketter says he has often heard of the celebrated clock in Strasburg, but he never saw it, and he has no knowledge of how it was constructed, neither has he ever had instruction in mechanics of any kind. His purpose is to exhibit it for a few months in this country, and then take it with him to Germany."

Mollie Waterman and Her Dog.

In the private album of the Chief of Police, where all the celebrated women's pictures, or "mugs of the Molls," attached to the rogue's gallery are kept, there are many striking faces; some fair, beautiful and proud, others soft and delicate, others pinched and sharp, while again are those intellectual and with the stamp of refinement and wealth. Mollie Waterman's picture is none of these. It is that of a plain, cold woman, just like that of a statue would be, with her black hair folded back and bound around her head, while her dress, of rich black, is caught by the throat with a heavy clasp.

By her side, with its head in her lap and its intelligent eyes looking eagerly into her face, is a black and tan terrier dog, of medium size and with a plain collar.

A singular picture to see in a gallery of thieves, yet probably the most singular pair found in the long line of faces.

Mollie Waterman never stole herself. She trained her dog. Going into a store she selected various costly laces, jewelry, etc., and looking at them placed them back with a particular motion of her hand, shortly going out of the store. The dog remained, and seizing the article when the clerk's back was turned, made with it to her room, where it was received by Mollie and the dog rewarded.

For years she plied this with success, until one day the dog was caught there. Unheeding, of herself, she surrendered, imploring for the life of her favorite.

The pictures of the two were, however, taken together, and then the dog was killed, the body being, inhumanly, thrown into the cell where the woman lay.

So the police left them, but, when they returned with the morning, she was found dead, poisoned by her own hand, lying with her steadfast friend.

There was a rude inquest, of course—a coroner and a joking crowd—but when the two were tumbled into their old box, out into the Potters' Field, there was closed out forever two who might be an example to many loving friends.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"What is your consolation in life and death?" asked a Sunday-school Superintendent of a young lady in the Bible class, who blushed and said, "I'd rather be excused from speaking his name."

Found at Last.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 29.—Some two months since Mrs. Ruler, of Reading, Pa., had the following advertisement inserted in several English and German newspapers:

"Where is Eberhart Schomers, from Prim, District Friss, Prussian the Rhine, or his living sons and daughters? They are respectively invited to send their address to their daughter or sister Gertrude, who was lost or stolen about thirty-five years ago. Address Charles G. Ruler, Reading, Berks county, Pa."

When five years old Gertrude Schomers, now Mrs. Ruler, was taken from her parents in New York by a man named Lawrence, and they were never able to regain possession of her. She lived on Lawrence's farm near Patterson, N. J., until 14 years of age, then she lived three years in the family of a Mr. Van Buskirk. At 17 she learned the milliner's trade in Patterson. Soon afterward she was married. She has several times dreamed that her relations were living, and advertised for them, but without success until a few weeks ago.

On the last day in August John Michael Keim, who had married her sister, saw the foregoing advertisement in a newspaper. He called his wife's attention to it, and a letter was immediately addressed to the party advertising. A reply by telegram was received, and after a few exchanges of pictures and letters, the fact became conclusive that the lost waif had at last been found. Soon after, Mr. and Mrs. Ruler came on here and remained two weeks. Few who were not witnesses to the scene can imagine the joy and satisfaction when the "lost baby" was folded in the arms of those who had thought her dead. Both her parents were dead, but brothers, white with age, wept as they caressed her, and sisters who had shed many bitter tears, received the lost one with outstretched hands. The sight of Mrs. Ruler was sufficient to prove her identity. She is a small, lithe lady, with dark, dazzling eyes, fair complexion, dark hair, and greatly resembles her sisters. Then followed narratives of their lives. They called her "Gerty," as of old, and when she told of her youth, her final marriage and her success, the past was forgotten, the long years of sorrow and despair rolled away, and all again was sunshine and happiness.

Twenty-three natives, residing in this city and vicinity, gathered about the little waif, and listened to the story. Their happiness at meeting their lost one cannot be described. After spending two weeks in visiting the principal places in this section, including Niagara Falls and a trip on the lake, the happy people seperated and Mr. and Mrs. Ruler returned home.—*Correspondence of the Sun.*

The Mystery of the Death of Captain Hall.

The Buddington party of the Polaris have arrived in New York recently, and its members were evidently glad to find themselves at home once more. But with them comes another and a fuller chapter of the painful mystery surrounding the death of Captain Hall to be read. We do not care, at this time, to pronounce positively on the startling statements of Morton, the second mate, or to give undue prominence to the dark hints of Sailing Master Buddington. All parties to the mystery are in a very disagreeable situation, which only a complete thorough and public investigation can remove. We hope that plain, candid statements will be made by every officer and blue jacket attached to the Polaris, and that the crime—if there has been one committed—will be brought to its author's door. Meanwhile we commend the carefully written correspondence published in this morning's *Herald* to the thoughtful examination of the Navy Department and the public. It will supply many important points bearing on the guilt or innocence of the officers inculpated by the grave charges. Morton, it will be seen, distinctly charges that Dr. Bessel has committed the awful crime, and so positive and persistent is he in his belief that he has made official statement to the American Consul at Dundee. This is the most positive evidence yet offered, and as Morton enjoys the reputation of being a good officer and a reliable man we must add that his statements will amaze the public. Taken in connection with the revelation already made, the insignificant observations or theatrical silence of other officers involve the matter of Captain Hall's death in still greater mystery.

Captain Buddington and his rescued companions of the Polaris arrived in New by the steamer City of Antwerp, and were hurried off by the four o'clock train to Washington, in charge of the United States authorities.

The Situation of an Orchard and Soil.

The situation of an orchard or fruit-garden should be one that has the advantage of a free circulation of air, and is exposed to the south, with a slight inclination to the east and southwest. When the situation is low and close, the trees are very liable to become mossy, which always injures them, by closing up the pores of the wood; they are also liable to be affected by light. Although having an orchard closely pent up by trees, etc., is injurious; nevertheless, a screen of forest-trees, at such a distance from the fruit trees as that the latter will not be shaded by them, is of very great service in protecting the trees in spring from severe cold winds.

A good, strong, loamy soil, not too retentive of moisture to the depth of thirty inches, or three feet, is most suitable for an orchard. Great attention must be paid to the substratum, as the ground must be well drained; for, if the top soil be ever so good, and the bottom wet it is very rarely the case that the trees prosper many years—they soon begin to be diseased and go to decay. As it is so indispensably necessary to the success of fruit-trees that the bottom should be dry, if it is not naturally so, it must be made so by judicious draining.

"Bobby, what does your father do for a living?" "He's a philanthropist, sir." "A what?" "A phi-lan-thro-pist, sir; he collects money for Central America, and builds houses out of the proceeds.