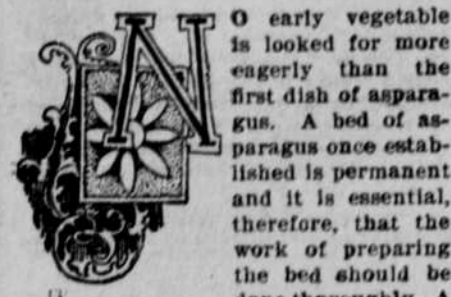


# FARM AND GARDEN.

## MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.



**A**sparagus is looked for more eagerly than the first dish of asparagus. A bed of asparagus once established is permanent and it is essential, therefore, that the work of preparing the bed should be done thoroughly. A well-drained sandy loam is best. T. D. Hatfield writes to Garden and Forest that his location is a dry one, but he has never known the bed to suffer even in the driest season. In heavy soils some artificial means must be adopted to relieve the soil of excessive moisture. Where asparagus is grown in the lowlands it is customary to cultivate it on ridges six feet wide, three rows to a ridge. The intervening hollows, or trenches, are filled during the summer-time with the litter gathered from the manure which has lain on the ridges all winter. When thoroughly decomposed this is thrown up again, with an additional dressing, and the trenches again left open during the winter. This plan will be a good one to follow in all heavy soil, and in such cases there is another advantage, that of having earlier asparagus than could be grown in beds on the level. The beds being permanent the ground must be deeply trenched with good loam to take the place of poorer soil. Six inches of good manure should be worked in deeply, as asparagus roots penetrate the ground for fully two feet, and this also is a safeguard against drought. It is not, however, recommended to make the plantation deep. Mr. Hatfield's original bed is now 20 years old, but it is equal in bearing and quality to plantations six years old. It is later, and this may be accounted for by the fact that crowns are yearly formed below, or behind the main one, so that now the original roots, once near the surface, are from 15 to 18 inches deep. When the cutting season is past, which is usually when peas come in, he has given an additional coat of salt with no injury to the growing plants and with advantage in destroying millions of small weeds. There is an excellent artificial manure, specially prepared for top-dressing. In city gardens this will be preferable to barnyard manure. Asparagus roots are sometimes lifted in the autumn and forced under benches in the greenhouse during the winter. The results are seldom satisfactory and the shoots are at best weak stringy and tasteless.

### Road Drainage.

With wet or clayey roadways, surface drainage alone is not sufficient. Without underdrainage the crown of such roadways will dry only by the slow process of evaporation, during which time the topping becomes more and more rutted by the passing traffic. A subdrain in such soils will not prove efficient for more than about twelve feet on each side; hence, two lines of longitudinal subdrains are needed on those parts of our country roads that pass through wet places, low-lying lands or clayey soils. They should have an average fall of about one in one hundred; minimum fall, one in one thousand. At short intervals, say from thirty-six to one hundred feet apart, are placed cross drains to discharge the water into the side ditches. These cross drains receive a greater fall, say one to one in thirty. Generally two and one-half to three-inch pipes are sufficient. It is advantageous to bed these tiles in well-rammed brick fragments and to cover them with road metal. Be certain that the tiles are correctly laid and that nothing interferes with their free discharge. As said before, unglazed round tiles, about three inches in diameter and, under certain conditions, jointed with loose collars, are most suitable for subdrains. The bottom of the tiles should be laid both to the proper grade and below the frost line, after which the tile trench is filled up to subgrade with clean gravel, small field stones, road metal, or broken bricks. The cross drains are also made of unglazed tiles, with the exception of their outlet sections, which should consist of vitrified culvert pipes. Regular branch pipes should connect the longitudinal and cross tiles. On level reaches the lateral roadway slopes for surface drainage should not be less than one in twenty-four, and side ditches should be provided, if necessary, as previously indicated. Finally, a rapid discharge of the side ditches, if required, through adjacent lands, is of the utmost importance to roadway preservation.—Gen. Roy Stone.

**Chicago as a Wool Market.**—Chicago lies 1,900 miles from the seaports and the freight on foreign wools from those points to Chicago is \$10 per pound. We do not for this our Western manufacturers would also work largely on foreign wool; consequently wool consigned to this market from the central states and western territories will net more to the shipper than by sending it to the far east, where it will come in direct competition with wool from all over the world, to be sold at very low prices, often requiring one year, and in some instances to our knowledge two years to get returns.—Ex.

Many a woman wants her husband to remember her birthday but to forget her age.

### A Properly Managed Forest.

Biltmore Forest is the first practical application of forest management in the United States. Biltmore Estate, of which the forest is a part, lies near Asheville in the western part of North Carolina. Before its purchase by Mr. Vanderbilt the small farmers to whom the land belonged had pastured their cattle in the forest, had burned it over to improve the pasturage, and had cut a large proportion of the trees which could be used or sold for fencing, fuel or sawlogs. At the time when its management was undertaken comparatively few large, sound trees of white, black, and scarlet oak and short-leaf pine, which are the more important species, were still standing in the forest, and the condition of a large part of it was deplorable in the extreme. The prime object of the management at Biltmore is to pay the owner while improving the forest. To this end "improving cuttings" were begun in some parts of the forest, to remove old trees which had reached a merchantable size and were standing over and injuring good young growth. In other places the only measures required were to exclude cattle and fire, and give the forest absolute rest. In the process of felling the timber the trees to fall were first carefully selected and marked, then sawed down and reduced at once to cordwood or sawlogs or both. Great care was used in selecting the place for each tree to fall and in throwing it so that the top might not crush the young trees among which it fell. The result was a gain of probably 5% per cent in the condition of the young growth over that which usually follows ordinary lumbering, while the increase in cost was not more than 2 or 3 per cent. The output of the forest was sold at market prices in open competition, but most of it was consumed by the other departments of the estate simply because the prices charged made it worth while for them to purchase of the forest rather than elsewhere. During the first year a great improvement was effected in the condition of the forest at a very small cost. Out of a total expenditure of nearly ten thousand dollars the net cost of the improvement was somewhat less than four hundred dollars. During the year 1893, however, with woodsmen more fully trained and the whole force in better working order, the management yielded a net profit of rather more than twelve hundred dollars.

### Enemies of the Strawberry.

The worst enemy of the strawberry is a dry spell. In warm wet weather the fruit and leaf stalks are affected by mildew and the leaves are attacked by a rust. As this makes its appearance late in the season, it causes but little injury. Insects are more injurious to the strawberry than are diseases, and among the most destructive of these are the various species of May beetles (*Lachnosterna*). One or more species of these insects abound everywhere and the larva or grubs, commonly known as white grubs, without regard to species, are all destructive to the roots of various plants, especially those of the strawberry. The grubs are usually more numerous in old dry pastures or meadows. If the ground is thoroughly cultivated for a few years previous to planting it to strawberries, the grubs are not likely to be troublesome. All May beetles fly in the night and may be taken by a light placed over a tub of water. Birds and domestic fowls are the strawberry grower's most efficient helpers in destroying these insects. The strawberry brown moth, is a small worm which feeds on the leaves of the strawberry and causes them to roll up. There are two broods during the year, the first in June, the second in September. The remedy is to cut and burn the vines after harvest. There are many other insects which attack the strawberry, but if the vines are always burned after harvest and thorough rotation of crops is practiced, diseases and insects will seldom become very injurious.—A. M. Ten Eyck.

### Separate Troughs.

It is not a great undertaking to provide a small trough in some convenient corner where they eat their soaked corn and milk unmolested by older stock. They learn at an early age to visit their sideboard and their appreciation of its contents increases daily. As time goes on they will become more dependent upon their side ration, until, as you go the round with the feed buckets, you are reminded that you have another regular lot on your feed roll. By the time they are ten or twelve weeks old you have them weaned with but little ceremony. They have become so attached to their feed trough that they miss their mother but little, and the new will have reduced in the flow of milk, making weaning a very simple matter.—Pacific Rural Press.

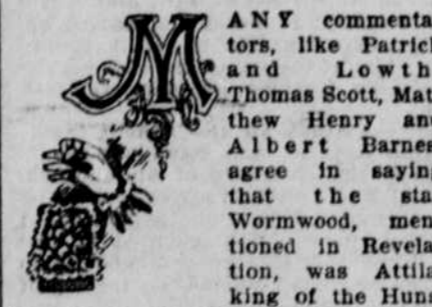
**Field Crops and Lime.**—The Maryland experiment station found that by an application of twenty bushels of stone lime a gain of 5 1-3 bushels of corn, and on the following crop of wheat 8.5 bushels. This is 34.7 per cent for the first crop and 37 per cent for the last crop. For a subsequent season when lime was tested on the hay crop a gain of 1.371 pounds was secured, an unlimed section giving but 1.391 pounds, and the limed section 2.662 pounds. This does not show a difference of 1.271 pounds (a slight mistake in the mathematics of the station), but nevertheless a good gain.

**Extreme Tendencies.**—The tendency in recent years has been to grow beef cattle and mutton sheep rather than dairy and wool breeds in many parts of the country. Those who pursue a middle or opposite course are apt to find an increasing demand. One extreme is usually followed by its opposite.—Ex.

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## "DESTINY OF NATIONS." LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"There Fell a Great Star From Heaven Burning as it Were a Lamp, and it Fell Upon the Third Part of the Rivers"—Rev. 8:10-11.



**M**ANY commentators, like Patrick and Lowth, Thomas Scott, Matthew Henry and Albert Barnes, agree in saying that the star Wormwood, mentioned in Revelation, was Attila, king of the Huns. He was so called because he was brilliant as a star, and, like wormwood, he embittered everything he touched. We have studied the Star of Bethlehem, and the Morning Star of the Revelation, and the Star of Peace, but my present subject calls us to gaze at the star Wormwood, and my theme might be called "Brilliant Bitterness."

A more extraordinary character history does not furnish than this man this referred to, Attila, the king of the Huns. One day a wounded heifer came limping along through the fields and a herdsman followed its bloody track on the grass to see where the heifer was wounded and went on back further and further, until he came to a sword fast in the earth, the point downward, as though it had dropped from the heavens, and against the edges of this sword the heifer had been cut. The herdsman pulled up that sword and presented it to Attila. Attila said that sword must have fallen from the heavens from the grasp of Mars, and its being given to him meant that Attila should conquer and govern the whole earth. Other mighty men have been delighted at being called liberators, or the merciful, or the good, but Attila called himself, and demanded that others call him, the Scourge of God. At the head of 700,000 troops mounted on Cappadocian horses, he swept everything from the Adriatic to the Black Sea. He put his iron heel on Macedonia and Greece and Thrace. He made Milan and Pavia and Padua and Verona beg for mercy, which he bestowed not. The Byzantine castles, to meet his ruinous levy, put up at auction massive silver tables and vases of solid gold. A city captured by him, the inhabitants were brought out and put into three classes: the first class, those who could bear arms, who must immediately enlist under Attila or be butchered; the second class, the beautiful women, who were made captives to the Huns; the third class, the aged men and women, who were robbed of everything and let go back to the city to pay heavy tax.

It was a common saying that the grass never grew again where the hoof of Attila's horse had trod. His armies reddened the waters of the Seine and the Moselle and the Rhine with carnage, and fought on the Catalonian Plains the fiercest battle since the world stood—300,000 dead left on the field! On and on, until all those who could not oppose him with arms lay prostrate on their faces in prayer, and a cloud of dust seen in the distance, a bishop cried: "It is the aid of God!" and all the people took up the cry, "It is the aid of God!" As the cloud of dust was blown aside the banners of re-enforcing armies marched in to help against Attila, the Scourge of God. The most unimportant occurrences he used as a supernatural resource, and after three months of failure to capture the city of Aquileia, and his army had given up the siege, the flight of a stork and her young from the tower of the city was taken by him as a sign that he was to capture the city, and his army, inspired by the same occurrence, resumed the siege, and took the walls at a point from which the stork had emerged. So brilliant was the conqueror in attire that his enemies could not look at him, but shaded their eyes or turned their heads.

Slain on the evening of his marriage by his bride, Ildico, who was hired for the assassination, his followers bewailed him not with tears, but with blood, cutting themselves with knives and lances. He was put into three coffins—the first of iron, the second of silver, and the third of gold. He was buried by night, and into his grave were poured the most valuable coin and precious stones, amounting to the wealth of a kingdom. The grave diggers and all those who assisted at the burial were massacred, so that it would never be known where so much wealth was entombed. The Roman Empire conquered the world, but Attila conquered the Roman Empire. He was right in calling himself a scourge, but instead of being the scourge of God, he was the scourge of hell. Because of his brilliance and bitterness the commentators were right in believing him to be the star Wormwood. As the regions he devastated were parts most opulent with fountains and streams and rivers, you see how graphic is this reference in Revelation: "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood."

Have you ever thought how many embittered lives there are all about us, misanthropic, morbid, acrid, saturnine? The European plant from which wormwood is extracted, *artemisia absinthium*, is a perennial plant, and all the year round it is ready to exude its oil. And in many hums, lives there is a perennial distillation of acrid experiences. You, there are some whose whole work is to shed a baleful influence on others. There are Attilas of

the home, or Attilas of the social circle, or Attilas of the church, or Attilas of the state, and one-third of the waters of all the world, if not two-thirds the waters, are poisoned by the falling of the star Wormwood. It is not complimentary to human nature that most men, as soon as they get great power, become overbearing. The more power men have the better, if their power used for good. The less power men have the better, if they use it for evil.

Birds circle round and round and round before they swoop upon that which they are aiming for. And if my discourse so far has been swinging round and round, this moment it drops straight on your heart and asks the question: Is your life a benediction to others, or an embitterment, a blessing or a curse, a balsam or wormwood?

Some of you, I know, are morning stars, and you are making the dawning life of your children bright with gracious influences, and you are beaming upon all the opening enterprises of philanthropic and Christian endeavor, and you are heralds of that day of Gospelization which will yet flood all the mountains and valleys of our sin-cursed earth. Hail, morning star! Keep on shining with encouragement and Christian hope!

Some of you are evening stars, and you are cheering the last days of old people; and though a cloud sometimes comes over you through the querulousness or unreasonableness of your old father and mother, it is only for a moment, and the star soon comes out clear again and is seen from all the balconies of the neighborhood. The old people will forgive your occasional shortcomings, for they themselves several times lost their patience when you were young, and slapped you when you did not deserve it. Hail, evening star! Hang on the darkening sky your diamond coronet.

But are any of you the star Wormwood? Do you scold and growl from the thrones paternal or maternal? Are your children everlastingly pecked at? Are you always crying, "Hush!" to the merry voices and swift feet, and their laughter, which occasionally trickles through at wrong times, and is suppressed by them until they can hold it no longer, and all the barriers burst into unlimited guffaw and cachinnation, as in high weather the water has trickled through a slight opening in the mill-dam, but afterward makes wider and wider breach until it carries all before it with irresistible freshness? Do not be too much offended at the noise your children now make. It will be still enough when one of them is dead. Then you would give your right hand to hear one shout from their silent voices, or one step from the still foot. You will not any of you have to wait very long before your house is stiller than you want it. Alas, that there are so many homes not known to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, where children are put on the limits, and whacked and cuffed and ear-pulled, and senselessly called to order, and answered sharp and suppressed, until it is a wonder that under such processes they do not all turn out Modocs and Nana Sahibs!

But I will change this and suppose you are a star of Worldly Prosperity. Then you have large opportunity. You can encourage that artist by buying his picture. You can improve the fields, the stables, the highway, by introducing higher style of fowl, and horse, and cow, and sheep. You can bless the world with pomological achievements in the orchards. You can advance arboriculture and arrest this deathful iconoclasm of the American forests. You can put a piece of sculpture into the niche of that public academy. You can endow a college. You can stock a thousand bare feet from the winter frost. You can build a church. You can put a missionary of Christ on that foreign shore. You can help ransom a world. A rich man with his heart right—can you tell me how much good a James Lenox or a George Peabody or a Peter Cooper or a William E. Dodge did while living, or is doing now that he is dead? There is not a city, town, or neighborhood that has not glorious specimens of consecrated wealth.

What is true of individuals is true of nations. God sets them up to revolve as stars, but they may fall as wormwood.

Tyre—the atmosphere of the desert, fragrant with spices, coming in caravans to her fairs; all seas cleft into foam by the keels of her laden merchantmen; her markets rich with horses and camels from Togamah, her bazaars filled with upholstery from Dedan, with emerald and coral and agate from Syria, with wines from Helbon, with embroidered work from Ashur and Chilmad. Where now the gleam of her towers, where the roar of her chariots, where the masts of her ships? Let the fishermen who dry their nets where once she stood, let the sea that rushes upon the barrenness where once she challenged the admiration of all nations, let the barbarians who set their rude tents where once her palaces glittered—answer the question. She was a star, but by her own sin turned to wormwood and has fallen.

Hundred-gated Thebes—for all time to be the study of the antiquarian and hieroglyphist; her stupendous ruins spread over twenty-seven miles; her sculptures presenting figures of warrior and chariot, the victories with which the now forgotten kings of Egypt shook the nations; her obelisks and columns; Carnac and Luxor, the stupendous temples of her pride! Who can imagine the greatness of Thebes in those days when the hippodrome rang with her sports and foreign royalty bowed at her shrines and her avenues reared with the wheels of processions in the wake of returning con-

querors? What dashed down the vision of chariots and temples and thrones? What hands pulled upon the columns of her glory? What ruthlessness defaced her sculptured wall and broke obelisks and left her indescribable temples great skeletons of granite? What spirit of destruction spread the fair of wild beasts in her royal sepulchres, and taught the miserable cottagers of to-day to build huts in the courts of her temples, and sent desolation and ruin skulking behind the obelisks and dodging among the sarcophagi and leaning against the columns and stooping under the arches and weeping in the waters which go mournfully by as though they were carrying the tears of all ages? Let the mummies break their long silence and come up to shiver in the desolation, and point to fallen gates and shattered statues and defaced sculpture, responding: "Thebes built not one temple to God. Thebes hated righteousness and loved sin. Thebes was a star, but she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

Babylon, with her 250 towers and her brazen gates and her embattled walls, the splendor of the earth gathered within her palaces, her hanging gardens built by Nebuchadnezzar to please his bride, Amytis, who had been brought up in a mountainous country and could not endure the flat country round Babylon—these hanging gardens built, terrace above terrace, till at the height of 400 feet there were woods waving and fountains playing, the verdure, the foliage, the glory looking as if a mountain were on the wing. On the tiptop a king walking with his queen, among statues snowy white, looking up at birds brought from distant lands, and drinking out of tankards of solid gold or looking off over rivers and lakes upon nations subdued and tributary, crying: "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?"

I pray that our nation may not copy the crimes of the nations that have perished, and our cup of blessing turn to wormwood, and like them we go down. I am by nature and by grace an optimist, and I expect that this country will continue to advance until Christ shall come again. But be not deceived! Our only safety is in righteousness toward God and justice toward man. If we forget the goodness of the Lord to this land, and break his Sabbaths, and improve not by the dire disasters that have again and again come to us as a nation, and we learn saving lesson neither from civil war nor raging epidemic, nor drought, nor mildew, nor scourge of locust and grasshopper, nor cyclone, nor earthquake; if the political corruption which has poisoned the fountains of public virtue and beslimed the high places of authority, making free government at times a hissing and a by-word in all the earth; if the drunkenness and licentiousness that stagger and blaspheme in the streets of our great cities as though they were reaching after the fame of a Corinth and a Sodom are not repented of, we will yet see the smoke of our nation's ruin; the pillars of our national and state capitols will fall more disastrously than when Samson pulled down Dagon; and future historians will record upon the page bedewed with generous tears the story that the free nation of the West arose in splendor which made the world stare. It had magnificent possibilities. It forgot God. It hated justice. It hugged its crime. It halted on its high march. It reeled under the blow of calamity. It fell. And as it was going down, all the despotisms of earth from the top of bloody thrones began to shout, "Aha, so would we have it," while struggling and oppressed people looked out from dungeon bars with tears and groans and cries of untold agony, the scorn of those and the woe of those uniting in the exclamation, "Look yonder! there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood!"

St. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle or wing of the temple and then beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. John was put into a caldron of boiling oil at Rome and escaped death. He afterward died a natural death at Ephesus in Asia.

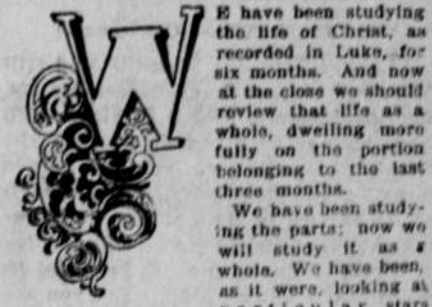
### WOMEN OF NOTE.

The Countess of Dunraven sings in the village choir. Taine's only daughter has married M. Dubois, son of the late director of the Beaux Arts. Though brought up as a Protestant, Mlle. Taine was married in a Roman Catholic church. Mrs. Sarah Frances Dick has been cashier of the First National Bank of Huntington, Ind., for fifteen years. She was also chosen a director at the time she succeeded her father as cashier in 1881. Miss Emma Thursby, the delightful singer, wears a handsome decoration consisting of a splendid turquoise in a quaint gold setting, which was presented to her as a token of admiration by the Czar of all the Russias. Miss Frances E. Willard, Lady Henry Somerset and Mrs. Pearsall Smith will be the central figures at the coming meeting of the British Woman's Temperance association. Miss Willard, who is the guest of Lady Somerset, is receiving pressing invitations to visit numerous English towns. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, ex-president of Wellesley College, is now in Venice. She has accepted the invitation of the American Missionary Association to be one of the speakers at the Jubilee of the association in Boston next October. Her subject will be "Moral Equipment for Missionary Service."

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

## LESSON XIII., SUNDAY JUNE 29.—A REVIEW.

Golden Text: "Repentance and Remission of Sins should be Preached in His Name Among All Nations"—Luke 24:47.



We have been studying the life of Christ, as recorded in Luke, for six months. And now at the close we should review that life as a whole, dwelling more fully on the portion belonging to the last three months.

| LES.            | III. YEAR OF TEACHING AND WORKING. (Last Month.)  | A. D. 33. Dec.   | FESTIVAL WEEK. |
|-----------------|---|--|----------------|
| I. II. III. IV. | Warming of Parables and Discourses. The Parable of the Fish and Loaves and Lazarus.                   | A. D. 33. January, February, March.                                    |                |
| V. VI. VII.     | Last THREE MONTHS: Raising of Lazarus, Ten Lepers Healed, Lessons on Prayer, Parable of the Fig-tree. | April 1. April 2. April 3.   |                |
| VIII.           | Great Day of Teaching in the Temple. Last Day of Jesus' Public Ministry.                              | Tuesday, April 4.  |                |
| IX.             | Towards evening he discussed his teaching with the Olivet, on the last days.                          | Wednesday, April 5.  |                |
| X.              | Lord's Supper. (Evening.) Gethsemane.   | Thursday, April 6. Midnight.   |                |
| XI.             | Arrest and Trial. Crucifixion. Death and Burial.  | Friday, April 7. Early, 9 to 3 o'clock. 3 to 5.                        |                |
| XII.            | Resurrection. Five Appearances. Eleven Appearances in all. Ascension.                                 | Saturday, April 8. Sunday, April 9. Monday, April 10. Tuesday, May 18. |                |

### LESSONS OF THE QUARTER TABULATED.

That we can see but a sentence at a time, though full of meaning and blessing. Now we will read the story which the sentences form, and see deeper meanings and receive fuller blessing. The culmination of Christ's work was the crucifixion, Lesson XI. Here is found the statement of sin; the proof of the Father's readiness to forgive; the highest manifestation of the love of God; the strongest motives to lead men to repent of sin—hope, fear, duty, love. Lesson I warns us against sin, so that we may repent and come to the cross. Lesson II attracts by its heavenly feast, and sends the most pressing invitation. Lesson III shows how we go astray, the evils which follow, and God's welcome to the penitent. Lesson IV shows us a picture of the next world, to help us to live aright in this world. Lesson V teaches about the faith that saves and takes hold of Jesus. Lesson VI shows us how to use the heavenly powers, without which we shall fail. Lesson VII is a parable setting forth the evil of neglect, and the blessing of faithful service and of accepting Jesus as our king. Lesson VIII shows how Jesus offered himself as the Messiah. Lesson IX shows the calamities which come from rejecting him. Lesson X is the preparation of the disciples for the duties that were to come upon them after the departure of Jesus. Thus all these lessons lead us to the cross and its power to save, Lesson XI. Lesson XII is the beginning of the new era, the coming again of Christ to found his new kingdom and bring it to success. It makes the era of hope, of life, of salvation, of the power of the Holy Spirit. More than any other event in all history, it marks the dividing line between the past and the future, the old and the new.

### Good Manners and Health.

St. Louis' health board hopes to improve manners and increase sanitation by law. It will ask the municipal assembly, as the municipal legislative board in St. Louis is termed, to adopt an ordinance making it a misdemeanor for any person to expectorate on the floors of street cars or other public conveyances, or in hotel corridors, theaters, public halls and places of worship, also that the porters or persons in charge of the cars and public places be required to furnish cuspidors in sufficient number, and that they be required to clean the vessels daily, using some disinfecting fluid to be approved by the board of health.

### Story of a Chair.

In the museum at Cape Town is shown an old-fashioned, high-backed wooden chair, to which attaches a weird story. It is related that the chair is the one in which the Dutch Governor De Noords was found sitting dead a few moments after the execution of a soldier whom he sentenced to be hanged, and who on his doom being pronounced, solemnly called upon his condemnor to accompany him to the throne of the supreme judge.

### THE FIELD OF ELECTRICITY.

An advertising novelty in the shape of a hand, actuated by an electric motor, which beckons to the passer-by, has been placed on the market by an English firm. The use of electric lights by gardeners near the large cities for the purpose of stimulating the growth of vegetables is on the increase. Experience has shown that excellent results may be obtained from flooding the gardens with the rays of arc lights.