

New York, October 14.—The shores around Hell Gate were black with people yesterday morning. They came on the electric cars and in carriages and poured their steady stream to where the blue-coated policemen and the huss of soldiers with gleaming bayonets arrested their progress. On the water, steamers and tugs and hundreds of rowboats were crowded with people, awaiting the great explosion. Thousands of eyes were fixed on Flood Rock, which was soon to crumble to atoms. The sheds and houses which for nine years have covered the rock, had been removed. A solitary derrick remained there, and it floated a United States flag. Workmen were moving rapidly about on the barren rock, and the navy launches steamed hither and thither warning vessels that sought to come through the Gate that the explosion was about to take place and that they better keep out of the way. The knowledge that tons of high explosives were under the innocent-looking rock, around which the flood tide lay with unaccustomed tranquility was a powerful argument in inducing the skillful and careful derrick to be extended there, and every building on Manhattan Island. The forces of science were to be employed on a gigantic scale. What would be the exact result no one knew, though such veteran dynamiters as Gen. Newton, Gen. Abbott, Lieutenant Deane and Captain Zalkin were pretty confident that the giant forces which had been conjured up could be properly controlled. General Newton felt no more anxiety in controlling the explosion than he would have felt in holding the reins over a dray horse. The dynamite was his slave, and while realizing the great forces being employed, he felt that it would obey him. All through the upper part of the city windows had been opened and pier glasses put to bed in preparation for the concussion, which was expected to be felt in each and every down crockery by those who realized more the force employed than the method of its application. In Astoria and on Ward's and Randall's Islands the same precautions were observed. The atmosphere was hazy but the sky was cloudless and the scene was flooded with the bright October sunshine.

The hour of 11, the time set for the explosion, approached, and a state of intense suspense took possession of every one. The flag was hoisted down from the derrick and a tug took the last cable and conveyed it and conveyed him to the shore. There was a hush of breathless expectation. Minutes glided away, and still flood rock reared its head in the glassy space of deserted water. The suspense became painful, and one felt like crying out or moving about rapidly.

General Newton's daughter Mary, who nine years ago with the touch of her baby finger destroyed Hallett's pier, pressed the key which fired the mine at 11:13 a. m., and like a flash the barren rock disappeared, and in its place a wreath of white smoke, 1,200 feet long and 150 feet high at its greatest altitude stood flashing in the sun. It looked like a miniature range of snow-covered mountains and seemed to stand stationary and firm. Then, like Niagara pouring over its precipitous rock, it fell immediately the space between Mill Rock and Hallett's Point was a seething mass of waves, some white as snow, some smoke-colored, and some black. They mingled and met and dashed against each other in wild confusion, striking at some of the turgid tins and some of the great boats. The large boats approached the place, but still kept at a safe distance. The air was permeated with an odor of carbonic acid gas, which was blown over the north part of the city by the wind.

Flood Rock had been shattered into fragments, but a few broken rocks and part of the derrick which had held the flag earlier in the morning, could be seen above the surface of the disturbed water. One of the greatest engineering feats ever known had been accomplished, the result of nine years of hard labor and a great expenditure of money had been reached and the show was over. Then came the rush home of the spectators, who will tell their grandchildren of the day they saw this great blow struck at Hell Gate. Those who have seen torpedoes sailing have seen more steady columns of water thrown into the air, and the sunset gun often makes more noise than did the explosion of Flood Rock. But high explosives never before accumulated so great a work and the whole thing will never be forgotten by those who were present.

Hell Gate is a narrow, rocky part of the East River, about one mile east of Central Park and seven miles from the Battery, or lower end of the city of New York. It is the most troublesome and dangerous obstacle on the path of navigation at the entrance of Long Island Sound into the East River. Nine acres of solid rock have been lifted from their position at the head of the river, and Hell Gate will thus be made a safe channel for vessels of the largest draught.

At the recent monthly meeting of the Berks County Agricultural Society, there was an interesting discussion of the following important question: "At what depth should wheat be sown, and what quantity should be sown per acre to give the best results?" Jacob G. Zerr, Esq., of Union Township, ex-president of the society, opened the discussion. He said that opinion differs; some favor deep and others shallow sowing. He had experience in regard to each. He thought that first of all ground should be prepared in the best possible condition for the farmer who stops the leak of milk from his cow by plugging the teats with little wooden plugs. This is a remarkable experiment and one to be recommended only with caution.

The Prussian Minister of Agriculture says: "I cannot only acknowledge that the application of artificial manure, in the shape of kainit, for districts of light, sandy soil, is of highest importance. One sandy field, sown to rye, produced forty or fifty bushels per acre, while another field near by and precisely the same, was covered with a miserable poverty-stricken crop, not more than six or ten bushels to the acre."

It is said that the "spores" found in the smut on corn are so small that they can be placed side by side in the space of one square inch. Dr. Brown stated before the Mississippi Horticultural Society that, automatically considered, the bark is an expended portion of the bark of the tree, and the work of which is usually done by the roots of the tree. The external leaf is covered with a layer of empty, united cells. The small opening in the leaves are connected by valves. The number of these is astonishing; single square inch of the leaf of our common corn contains 160,000. Our leaves also possess glands, which serve as vessels, containing peculiar secretions, such as aromatic oil, honey and poison.

In speaking of the mysterious burning of barns, the New York Tribune says: "That hay will grow in twice as long a period of time takes fire spontaneously, even in cases where it appeared to be well cured. There is more danger when new hay, not well cured, is put in stacks and very dry, as new hay bales by partial fermentation as nature heats in a pile, and the heat is such that it can be easily ignited."

The American Agriculturist says: "Have the roots of pits or cellars been the ground freezes; do not cover pits too much before cold weather; have earth ready to cover them with as they come up. It is well to protect the earth alongside the pits with tops, or potato vines, swamp hay or cornstalks, to keep it from freezing solid. The freezing line begins to move southward along our Northern line in October and November. Many a farmer will be caught with his root pits half protected and the ground frozen solid six inches deep before he thinks it is possible."

Professor W. J. Beal's experiments regarding the vitality of seeds are useful, but cannot be expected to show the remarkable vitality exhibited by wild mustard and other like seeds, which remain thirty or forty years in the soil unimpaired, as Professor Beal's experiments cover only a few years' time. Seeds possess an oily substance, which enables them to retain their vitality for a long time. The farmer who allows weeds to seed upon his farm begets an inheritance of toil and vexation upon his followers.

He drifted into a sample saloon the other day, wiped his forehead, left around in his pocket, and said, with a smile: "Well, as it seems I have just one ten-cent piece left to-day, I'll take it."

When the four fingers of Antioch nerve tangle had been secreted in his remotest recesses, the customer fumbled among his keys, and laid something on the counter. As he did so, he said: "Great Scott! Just look at that, now!"

"I see," said the barkeeper, scornfully regarding the alleged dime. "It's a suspender button; what of it?"

"Why, I didn't look at it, you know, I just felt in my pocket and I'm bluffed if I didn't think it was a dime. Ahem! I suppose you'll have to put it on the ice until tomorrow. Then I'll drop in and fix it."

"Oh, of course you will. Take this and fix it now." And the cocktail dispenser handed over a needle and thread.

"What's that for?"

"Why, for you to sew that button on with, right now. You may make the same mistake somewhere else; sew her on strong."

"There is a man," said his neighbor, speaking of the village carpenter, "who has done a great deal of business in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He isn't worth two thousand dollars, and it's but little that he can put down on subscription paper for any object. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find them to give them a neighborly welcome and offer any little service he can render. He is usually on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor and look after his affairs for him, and he sometimes takes a neighborly welcome and offer any little service he can render. He is usually on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor and look after his affairs for him, and he sometimes takes a neighborly welcome and offer any little service he can render."

At the old Hoffman homestead out Crooked Run there is a curiosity that many gardeners have been puzzled over for months, and to-day they are as far off as they were when first they saw it. The property is owned by Robert Gordon, and the peculiarity of the puzzle was first noticed by him when he moved to the property. It is a pear tree, but a most peculiar one. When first noticed it was thought to be a grape vine or other vines that had been blown there by the wind, but when close to the ground to the top of the house. The limbs are numerous and the size of a man's wrist, and cling to the wall as a grape-vine does. The leaves are those of a pear tree, and the most prominent proof that it is a tree is the fruit which it bears; are larger than the Grand Duchess pear.—McKeesport (Pa.) Times.

Colonel Nat Hammond was on the train not long ago, when a lank, inquiring looking stranger moved across the aisle and took a seat by him. He gazed attentively for a full minute at him and then said: "Howdy do?"

"I am well, sir," replied Colonel Hammond.

A pause for about two minutes; then: "What might your name be?"

"My name is Hammond, sir."

"A still longer pause, and then: 'I hope you are in the farm done?'"

"There is no sir."

An embarrassing silence, during which the stranger contemplated Colonel Hammond closely; then, "You see, I've got an uncle lives up in Tennessee, that I ain't never seen, and I thought I might come up on him some time by just asking folks their names."

"I notice by the papers," he said, as he waited for the troth on his beer to settle, "that a man in a Chicago saloon fed dead just as he finished drinking a glass beer."

"I see dot something in the paper, too," replied the saloonier.

"Well, I don't think so. You see, he drank out dot beer and said: 'Charge it to me!' and der bartender brings out his club and taps him on der head. It was almost eafery day somebody drops dead!"

He laid a hickory club on the bar and looked the other man full in the eye, and the beer was hardly down before it was paid for.

In regard to the merits of the small Yorkshire hog, Mr. Mangels, a celebrated English swine breeder, says: "The small Yorkshire is always ready to fatten and turn to account, either in the way of roasters, small porkers or bacon, all that may be given him. Three or four of them may be fed well and kept in good condition on food that would barely support some hogs of the larger breeds."

A cyclone is like a waiter. It carries everything before it.

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