

RURAL TOPICS.

Some Practical Suggestions for Our Agricultural Readers.

Most people who grow garden peas have seen their seed injured by an insect which shows its attacks by making a hole in the pea. Of late years a somewhat similar insect has been rampant in bean fields, and instead of only one insect appearing in a seed, as is usual in the pea the bean has many insects in one seed. How best to get rid of this insect is an important question...

CLOVER. (Trifolium pratense.)

The common red or broad-leaved clover is a native of Europe, but completely naturalized in this country. It is usually a biennial plant—at all events, the varieties cultivated seldom live beyond the second year. There are numerous varieties, and they are sometimes described and separated into biennial and perennial clovers, although no great specific importance is attached to the accuracy of these distinctions.

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PRISON EXPERIENCES.

Little Red Cap Describes the Hanging of the Andersonville Raiders.

Although no authoritative announcement had been made from headquarters that the six raiders under sentence of death would be executed in accordance with the findings of the court-martial, it was pretty well understood among the prisoners that they would not escape the punishment which they deserved, and there was much speculation as to the place that would be selected for the hanging. Some were of the opinion that any attempt to execute them within the stockade would be sure to arouse the ire of their comrades and result in another desperate conflict between the raiders and regulators. The camp was by no means convinced that the raiders had been permanently suppressed, and even the regulators evinced some concern on the subject.

DEATH OF THE PALE HORSE.

Key detailed two men to pull away the staves from the platform at a pre-arranged signal, and everything being now in readiness for the execution, Wirz marched down to the stocks with his detachment of troops and notified the raiders that he was about to hand them over to the mercy of the regulators. As each man's name was called he answered: "Here, sir!" and promptly stepped into line with as much equanimity as if they had simply been ordered out on dress parade. The march to the south gate was then taken up, and Wirz, dressed in a suit of white duck and mounted on his white horse, rode into the stockade at the head of the procession. We had already come to think of him as "Death on the pale horse." Behind him walked the good old priest wearing the purple insignia of his church, the emblems of sorrow. As he walked he read the service for the condemned. The latter followed between the double ranks of the guards. The procession at last reached the hollow square, where the regulators were drawn up and halted. Then, turning to the crowd, Wirz said, in his broken English: "Prisoners, I return these men to you as good as I got them. You have tried them yourselves and found them guilty. I had nothing to do with it. I wash my hands of everything connected with them. Do with them as you like, and may God have mercy upon you and them." He then gave the order: "Right about face—forward march!" and led his detachment back again and out of the stockade.

THE EXECUTION.

He was by this time completely exhausted, and a few blows with their clubs grotesquely felled him to the ground and put him at their mercy. His recapture was greeted with a roar of applause from the spectators on the north side of the stockade, and the regulators on the south side of the stockade. They obeyed promptly, and the priest resumed the reading of the service. The day was very hot, as I have said, and I remember that the doomed men drank inordinately large quantities of water, two of the prisoners being constantly employed in fetching it. When Curtis was brought in by his captors he was allowed to sit down on the ground for a few minutes to rest himself, and then was ordered to join his companions on the scaffold. He clambered up the ladder slowly and painfully, and Delaney shouted to him: "Come up, now; show yourself a man and die game." Again the priest resumed the reading of the service, but Delaney paid no attention to it and passed the time in giving directions to one of his fellow raiders, who was standing near the gallows, as to the disposition of his stolen plunder—a ring for this one, a watch for the other, etc. Once during the service the good old father stopped him and said: "My son, let the things of this world go and turn your attention to those of heaven." The fatal moment now drew near, and the whole six occupied themselves in delivering farewell messages to their friends. At last Sergeant Key pulled out his watch and said: "Only two more minutes to talk." At this Delaney said, cheerfully: "Well, good-bye, boys," and added that if he had injured any of them, he hoped they would forgive him. There were many within the sound of his voice who had snatched at his hands, but they did not seem to be in a forgiving mood. "Time's up," called Sergeant Key, and raised his hand. The two men who had been detailed to pull away the supports from the platform laid hold of the ropes, while the six executioners took their heads, adjusted the nooses, and then jumped to the ground. The priest began praying about. Key dropped his hand, the supports were pulled away, the platform fell with a clatter, and five bodies swung dizzily in the air. The sixth lay motionless on the ground, where it had fallen through the breaking of the rope. It was that of Mosby, one of the most desperate of the gang. He was a big, raw-boned fellow, and had murdered, among others, a brother of Limber Jim. It was soon discovered that he still lived, and efforts were at once made to resuscitate him. The noose was cut from his neck, the meal-sack removed from his head, and water was thrown on his face until he recovered consciousness. "Where am I? Am I in the other world?" were his first words; to which Limber Jim replied that they would soon show him where he was, and set about arranging the scaffold anew. Meanwhile Mosby begged in piteous accents for mercy, and said that the fact that the rope had broken was a sign that God meant that they should spare his life. But the regulators were relentless in their purpose, and as soon as the scaffold had been made ready again and the rope adjusted, Limber Jim replaced the meal-sack, and, picking him up as if he were a baby, lifted him, with the assistance of a comrade, on to the platform again. Then the supports were once more pulled away, and Mosby's body dangled in the air. He died without a struggle.

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