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THE AMERICAN UNION.

A Weekly Newspaper of Current News, Literature, Poetry, Agriculture and Local Affairs.

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THE AMERICAN UNION
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J. MARION EMERSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

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A failure to notify us of a discontinuance of the paper will be considered as a renewal of the same; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions	$1.00
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Notices of marriages and deaths inserted free, but all obituaries are chargeable at our usual advertising rates.

☞All advertisements collectable on first insertion.

Job Printing.

Our office being supplied with a large assortment of JOB TYPE—and a press for the purpose—we are prepared to do all kinds of Job Work at short notice and on reasonable terms.

Dr. SAMUEL G. THOMPSON,

HAVING permanently located in Denton, offers his professional services to the citizens of said town and vicinity.
OFFICE—At R. A. Nichols' residence.
jly1-3m.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,
REGISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,
OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,
DENTON, MD.
Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline.
jan1-y

ROBT. J. JUMP. WM. S. RIDGELY.
JUMP & RIDGELY,
ATTORNIES AT LAW,
DENTON, MD.,
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [ja16-y

JOHN D. KEMP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
DENTON, MD.,
Will practice in the Courts of this and the adjoining counties.
OFFICE—Next door to residence, Main St.
my9-y

DR. P. STACK,
DENTIST,
DENTON, MD.
Teeth filled, extracted and inserted, from one to an entire set. All plate work warranted to fit, but must be returned within two weeks to entitle the party to the benefit of the guarantee.
dec19-y

BUY YOUR HARNESS
FROM THE SUBSCRIBER
IN GREENSBOROUGH
IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,
AT A VERY LOW PRICE
oct10-y J. P. FIEROE.

M. M. ANDREW,
Successor to J. Thomas Jarman
Cabinet Maker & Undertaker,
GREENSBOROUGH, Md.
ALL work executed in the neatest manner, at the shortest notice, and at the lowest rates. I work only for the cash and am therefore enabled to keep good my word.
My12-y.

B. F. STARR & CO.,
Mill Stone Manufacturers,
AND DEALERS IN
BOLTING CLOTHS,
Leather and Gum Belting,
No. 173 North Street,
ot29-1y BALTIMORE.

E. N. GOULD. I. R. DUKES. R. W. EARECKSON.
Gould, Dukes & Eareckson,
GRAIN & GENERAL PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
No 102 Light Street Wharf,
Below Camden St., BALTIMORE.
Consignments of Grain and Produce solicited.
Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers and Groceries promptly attended to. [je14-y

GEO. W. SPURRY,
Manufacturers' Agent for
Mill Furnishing Goods
OF ALL KINDS,
AND
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
Buckeye Mower and Reaper;
Cardwell's Thresher & Cleaner with Horse Power; Horse Rake;
Sweepstakes Horse Power and Thresher;
je10-y Zell's Super-Phosphate of Lime.

MOGEE & KILPATRICK'S QUICK LIME by J. K. SAULSBURY,
my21-tf Ridgely.

DELAWARE Rail Road Line.

PASSENGERS' TIME TABLE.

ON and after MONDAY, October 5th, 1868, Passenger Trains Northward will run as follows, until further notice. All trains Sundays excedted.

LEAVE.		
Crisfield,		7.00 A. M
Marion,		8.40
Kingston,		8.05
Westover,		8.30
Princess Anne,		9.10
Eden,		9.40
Forktown,		10.00
Salisbury,		10.30
Delmar,		10.45
Laurel,		11.05
Seaford,		11.30
Bridgeville,		11.50
Greenwood,		12.80
Farmington		12.15 P M.
Harrington,	7.00 A M.	12.35
Felton,	7.15	12.50
Plymouth,	7.20	1.00
Canterbury,	7.20	1.00
Willow Grove,	7.25	1.05
Camden,	7.35	1.15
Dover,	7.50	1.30
Mooreton,	8.05	1.45
Brenford,	8.10	1.55
Smyrna,	8.05	1.50
Clayton,	8.20	2.05
Sassafras R'd,	8.25	2.10
Blackbird,	8.35	2.20
Townsend,	8.40	2.30
Middletown,	9.00	2.45
Mt. Pleasant,	9.10	2.55
St. Georges,	9.25	3.10
Bear,	9.36	3.25
New Castle,	9.55	3.45
ARRIVE.		
Wilmington,	10.15	4.05
Philadelphia,	11.45	5.40
Baltimore,	1.15 P M.	8.10

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.

LEAVE.		
Philadelphia,	8.30 A M.	5.00 P M.
Baltimore,	7.25	2.15
Wilmington,	10.10	6.25
New Castle,	10.30	6.45
Bear,	10.50	7.00
St. Georges',	11.00	7.15
Mt. Pleasant,	11.15	7.30
Middletown	11.35	7.50
Townsend,	11.45	8.00
Blackbird,	11.50	8.05
Sassafras,	12.00 P M.	8.15
Clayton,	12.05	8.20
ARRVIE.		
Smyrna,	12.15	8.30
LEAVE.		
Brenford,	12.10	8.25
Mooreton,	12.20	8.35
Dover,	12.40	9.55
Camden,	12.50	9.05
Willow Grove,	1.05	9.15
Canterbury,	1.10	9.20
Plymouth,	1.10	9.20
Felton,	1.20	9.30
Harrington,	1.40	9.45
Farmington,	1.55	
Greenwood,	2.05	
Bridgeville,	2.15	
Seaford,	2.35	
Laurel,	2.55	
Delmar,	3.10	
Salisbury	3.45	
Forktown,	4.10	
Eden,	4.30	
Princess Anne,	5.15	
Westover,	5.40	
Kingston,	6.00	
Marion,	5.20	
ARRIVE.		
Crisfield,	6.45	

Also Freight train, with Passenger Car attached, will leave Wilmington about 4 o'clock A. M., New Castle, 4.50, Middletown, 6.40, Clayton, 7.30, Dover, 8.50, Camden, 9.10, Felton, 10.05, and to be due at Harrington about 10.30 A. M. Returning, to leave Harrington about 3.20 P. M., Felton, 4, Camden, 5.05, Dover, 5.30, Moorton, 5.55, Clayton, 6.25, Middletown, 7.40, New Castle, 9.20, and to be due at Wilmington about 9.50, P. M. Subject to delays incident to freight business. This train will stop to take up passengers only at stations named, but will set down passengers at any stopping place except Hare's Corner, State R'd, Del. Junction and Dupont.

Steamboat trains heretofore rnn are withdrawn. A boat, however, will leave Crisfield for Norfolk, in connection with local train, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

E. Q. SEWALL,
Sup't Del. R.R.

MD. & DEL. RAILROAD.

Change of Hours.

On and after Tuesday, Dec. 1st, 1868.
Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Leave	Hillsborough,	9.45 A. M.
	Ridgely	9,55
	Greensborough,	10,10
	Goldsborough,	10,20
	Henderson,	10,30
	Halltown,	10,40
	Slaughter's	10,55
	Kenton,	11,10
Arrive	Clayton,	11,00
Leave	Clayton,	2,05 P. M.
Arrive	Wilmington,	4,00
	Philadelphia,	5,25
	Baltimore,	8,00
	New York,	10,20

GOING SOUTH.

Leave	New York,	12,00 P. M.
	Baltimore,	7,25 A. M.
	Philadelphia,	8,30
	Wilmington,	10,10
Arrive	Clayton,	12,05 P. M.
Leave	Clayton,	1,00
	Kenton,	1,12
	Slaughter's,	1,25
	Halltown,	1,40
	Henderson,	1,50
	Goldsborough,	2,00
	Greensborough,	2,15
	Ridgely	2,25
Arrive	Hillsborough,	2,35

Passengers from Baltimore will purchase tickets for Clayton, and change cars at New Castle Junction. Passengers for Baltimore will change cars at Wilmington.

Until further notice, the office of the Superintendent will be at Greensborongh, Md,

G. W. GOLDSBOROUGH,
de3-tf. Superintendent.

LEGAL CAP PAPER and good FOOLSCAP at TODD'S.

Select Poetry.

ALONE.

'Twas midnight, and he sat alone—
The husband of the dead:
That day the dark dust had been thrown
Upon her buried head.

Her orphaned children round him slept,
But in their sleep would moan:
Then fell the first tears he had wept—
He felt he was alone.

The world was full of life and light;
But, ah! no more for him:
His little world, once warm and bright,
Was now but cold and dim.

Where was her sweet and kindly face?
Where was her cordial tone?
He gazed around his dwelling-place,
And felt he was alone.

The wifely love, maternal care,
The self-denying zeal,
The smile of hope that chased despair,
And promised future weal.

The clean bright hearth, nice table spread,
The charm o'er all things thrown,
The sweetness in whate'er she said,
All gone—he was alone.

He looked into his cold, wild heart,
All sad and unresigned:
He asked how he had done his part
To one so true and kind.

Each error past he tried to track;
In torture would atone:
Would give his life to bring her back:
In vain—he was alone.

He slept at last, and then he dreamed
(Perchance her spirit woke),
A soft light o'er his pillow gleamed,
A voice in music spoke:—

"Forget! forgiven all neglect—
Thy love recalled alone:
The babies I leave—oh! love, protect!
I still am all thine own."

THE FORTUNATE RUIN.

CHAPTER I.

George Bonton sat in his room in his hotel. He was a young man of twenty-six, tall and slender, with a face of extraordinary intellectual beauty. He was dressed in costly garments, though his toilette was but indifferently performed. He was an orphan, and for some time had lived at a hotel. It required but a single glance into his pale features to tell that he was an invalid. He sat with his head resting upon his hands, and his whole form trembled as though with some powerful emotion.

As the youth sat thus, the door opened, and an elderly gentleman entered.

"Ah, doctor, you are moving early this morning," said Bonton, as he languidly rose from his seat and extended his hand.

"Oh, not early for me, George," returned Dr. Melville, with a bright smile, "I am an early bird."

"Well, you have caught the worm this time."

"I hope that it may prove a valuable one."

"I don't know," sighed the youth. "I fear a thousand worms will inhabit this poor body ere long."

"Nonsense, yon are worth half a century yet," cried the doctor, giving him a gentle slap on the shoulder. "But tell me, George, how is it with Rowland?"

"Just as I told you. All is gone."

"I don't understand it, George."

"Neither do I," said the young man, sorrowfully. "That Charles Rowland could have done that thing, I could not have believed." Why, had an agel appeared to me two weeks ago and told me that Rowland was not trustworthy, I would not have given a moments, attention to it. But only think, when my father died, he selected for my guardian his best friend, as I even now believe Charles Rowland was, and in his hands he placed his wealth, and for him to keep until I was of age. And when I arrived at that period of life, I left my money where it was; I had no use for it. Several times within three or four years has Rowland asked me to take my money and invest it, and I would not. I told him to keep it and use it if he wished. I only asked that when I wanted money, he would honor my demand. I felt more safe, in fact, than I could have felt, had my money been in bank of deposit."

"How much money had he when he left?"

"How much of mine?"

"Yes."

"He should have had over a hundred thousand dollars."

"What do you mean to do?"

"Ah, you have me on the hip there."

"And yet you must do something, George. Heaven knows I would keep you if I could. I shall claim the privilege of paying your debts, however."

"No, no, doctor, none of that."

"But I tell you I shall. I shall pay your debts, but beyond that I can only help you to assist yourself. What do you say to going to sea?"

A faint smile swept over the youth's pale features at this remark.

"I should make a smart hand at sea, Doctor, I can hardly keep my legs on shore. No, no—I must—"

"Must what?"

"Ah, I know not. I shall die—that is all!"

"Nonsense, George. I say go to sea.—You couldn't go into a store, and you would not, if you could. You do not wish to remain here amid the scenes of your happier days. Think of it; at sea you will be free from all contact with things you loathe.—Think of it."

George Bonton started to his feet and paced the floor for some minutes. When he stopped, a new life seemed already at work within him.

"If I went to sea what would I do?"

"You understand all the laws of foreign trade."

"Yes. You know I had a thorough schooling at that in my father's counting house."

"Then you can obtain the berth of a supercargo."

"Are you sure I can get one?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, Dr. Melville, its settled. I will go."

George Bonton walked one evening to the house of a wealthy merchant, Andrew Wilson, residing on Washington street. It was a pallatial dwelling, and many a hopeful, happy hour had he spent beneath its roof.—He rang the bell and was admitted to the parlor. In a few minutes Mary Wilson entered. She was very beautiful, and was only twenty. She had been waiting until that age to be George Bonton's wife. Some words were spoken, then many moments of painful silence ensued.

"Mary, you know all. I am going from my native land a beggar. I cannot stay long now. Mary, did I know you less than I do, I should give back your promise, and free you from your engagement. But I believe I should trample upon your heart did I do that now. I know your love is too pure and deep to be torn from your bosom at will. So I say wait—wait! There are other feelings in the human heart besides love. That love is a poor, profitless passion, which puts aside all other considerations. We must love for eternity, and so our love must be free. Wait. I am going to work—aye, upon the sea to work."

"But why upon the sea? Why away, where my poor heart must ever beat in anxious fear and doubt as it follows you?"

"Because I cannot remain here. Hundreds of poor fools have imagined that I shunned them because I was rich and proud. They know not that it was the tainted atmosphere of their moral life that I shunned. They gloat over my sudden misfortune.—Men may call me foolish; but it would kill me to remain here."

"Alas! must it be?"

"It must. Will you wait?"

"I will wait even to the gates of the tomb!"

"Then Heaven bless and preserve you."

CHAPTER II.

The ruined youth was upon the ocean—his voyage commenced—his duties as a laborer for his own daily bread fairly assumed. Ah, it was a strange life for him to enter upon; for from the ownership of immense wealth, to the trade of books of a merchant ship was a transition indeed. But ere he went on deck again, he had fully resolved that he would do his duty, come what would. He would forget that he ever did else than work for his livelihood. With these resolves clearly defined in his mind, he already felt better.

At first our supercargo was too weak to do much. He was very sick, and it lasted nearly two weeks; but when that passed off and he could face the vibrating deck with a stout stomach, his appetite grew sharp, and his muscles began to grow strong. At first his appetite craved some of the delicacies he had long been used to; but they were not to be had, and he soon learned to do without them. The result was that his appetite became natural in its wants, and his system began to find itself invigorated by simple food, and fresh air and healthful exercise.

For years he had looked upon breakfast as a meal which must be set out and partaken of from mere fashion. A cup of coffee, and, perhaps, a piece of French roll, or a seasoned and highly spiced titbit had constituted the morning meal. But now when breakfast hour came, he approached it with a keen appetite, and felt as strong and hearty as at any other time of the day.

By degrees the hollow cheeks became full, the dark eyes assumed new lustre; the color rich and beautiful, came to the face, the breast swelled with increasing power, the lungs expanded and grew strong, the muscles grew more firm and true, the nerves grew steady, and the garments which he had worn when he came on board had to be let out some inches, in order to make them encompass his person. His disposition became cheerful and bright, and by the time the ship had reached the shores of the Old Word, the crew had learned to love him. Through storm and sunshine, through tempest and calm, through dark hours and bright the young supercago made his voyage. In one year from the day in which he left his native land he placed his foot again upon the soil of his native State. But he did not stop. The same ship with the same officers, was going upon the same cruise again, and he meant to go with her. He saw Mary Wilson, and she would wait. He saw Dr. Melville, and the kind old gentleman praised him for his manly independence.

Again George Bonton was upon the sea, and again he assumed the duties of his office, and even more. He stood watch when there was no need of it: and during seasons of storm he claimed a post on deck.

At the end of another year he returned to his home again. He was now twenty-eight, and few who knew him two years before could recognize him now. His face was bronzed by exposure, his cheeks full and plump, his frame stout, strong and erect. His muscular system was nobly developed, and among the men there were few who could stand before him in trial of physical strength. When he first left the city years before, he weighed one hundred and thirty pounds avoirdupois. He now brought up the beam fairly at seventy-six. Surely he was a new man in every respect.

On the afternoon of the third day, as he entered the hotel, one of the waiters handed him a letter. He opened it and found it to be a letter from Mr. Wilson. It was a request that he would call at the merchant's house at 9 o'clock that evening.

"George," said the doctor, after Bonton had given a full account of his adventures while at sea, "I should think that you would almost forgive poor Rowland for having made off with your fortune!"

"Forgive him!" returned George, "Oh I did that in the first place."

"Well, George," resumed the doctor, "Mr. Rowland is here; will you see him."

"See him? See Charles Rowland? Of course I will."

The door was opened and Mr. Rowland entered. He was an elderly gentleman, but hale and hearty.

The old man shook hands, and then inquired after each other's health.

"You received a letter from me some two years ago," said Mr. Rowland, "in which I stated that one in whom I trusted had got your money, and mine with it."

"Yes, sir," whispered Bonton.

"Well," resumed Mr. Rowland. "Dr. Melville was the man. He had your money and I believe that he has got it yet."

"How? What?" gasped George, gazing from one to the other in blank astonishment.

"Hold on, my boy," said the doctor, while a thousand emotions seemed working within his bosom. "I was the villian. It was I who got your money. I worked your ruin, my boy. And now listen, and I will tell you why."

"I saw that you were dying. Your father died of the same disease, A consumption was upon him—not a regular pulmonary affection; but the wasting away of the system for the want of vitality, occasioned by a want of proper, wholesome food, and physical exercise. The mind was wearing away the body. The soul was slowly but surely eating its way from the chords that bound it to earth. I knew that you could be cured; and I knew, too, that the only thing in the world which would cure you was to throw you upon your own resources for a livelihood. There was a morbid willingness to pass away. You would have died ere you would have made an exertion, from the fact that you looked upon exertion as worse than death.—It was a strange state of both mind and body. Your fortune was ample and rendered work unnecessary, so there was no hope while fortune remained.

"Had it been wholly a bodily disease, I could have argued you into the necessary work for a cure. And on the other hand, had it been wholly a mental disease, I might have driven your body to help your mind.—But both were weak, and I knew that you must either work or die. I preferred that you should do the former.

"And now, my boy, I'll tell you where my hope lay. I knew that you possessed such true pride of independence that you would work. I saw Mr. Rowland and told him of my plan. I assured him that if he would contrive to get you to sea for a year or two, and make you start out into active life, for the sake of life, you would be saved. He joined me at once. I took your money and his, and bid him clear out. You know the rest. And now tell me my boy, if I give you back your fortune, will you forgive me?"

"Forgive, Doctor! yes, with all my heart; for have you not taught me the necessity and nobility of labor?"

"I hope," continued the Doctor, "the lesson you have learned will not soon be forgotten. Your money is safe—every penny of it—to the amount of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Poor Rowland has suffered much in knowing how you looked upon him; but I know he is amply repaid by the sight of your noble, powerful frame as he sees it to-night.

It was a full hour before all the questions of the happy friends could be asked and answered; and when the Doctor and Rowland had been forgiven and blessed for the twentieth time, Mr. Wilson, who had been let into the secret that evening, said "wait!"

He left the room, and when he returned, he led sweet Mary by the hand, looking, if possible, more lovely than ever.

A few words sufficed to explain to her the ruin that had been practiced upon her lover by the Doctor and Mr. Rowland; and while she rejoiced at the sudden turn which had taken place in Mr. Bonton's prospects, she regretted that the return of his fortune would deprive her of the romantic privilege of marrying a man who earned his living by honest labor. Late in the evening, after our friends had fairly begun to grow tired of joy, George asked Mary how much longer she was willing to "wait."

Her heart was too full for utterance; but turning her face to his with a dreaming smile and with sparkling eyes, which spoke more eloquently than words, he read his answer. A few weeks after there was a gay gathering of friends at Mr. Wilton's. Mary Wilson was dressed in a white silk dress, and encircling her pure white brow was a wreath of orange flowers. She looked happy, as did also George Bonton, who stood by her side. On inquiry we learned that, on that evening, Mary had changed her name, and was now the wife of the supercargo.

A TRUE CHRISTIAN.—This story—good to read in these days of business avarice—is told of Nantucket a generation ago:

It was a very severe winter, and the harbor had been frozen four weeks. The coal in store had long been exhausted, and there was much suffering from lack of fuel. Even the fences had been torn down and burnt to eke out the scanty supply of wood. To the great delight of the townspeople the ice broke up one fine morning, and a schooner laden with coal was seen approaching.—There was much excitement, and before the vessel was moorod a coal dealer boarded her and eagerly addressed the honest Quaker skipper, Captain Gifford. "Wall, Cap'en," said he, "you've about hit it this cruise. I guess I'll hev to take y'ur hul cargo, S'pose you'll want more'n the usual $7 a ton. Wal, I like to do the squar thing by a friend, and I'll give you $12 a ton for it." "Friend," said Captian Gifford, "thee can have one ton of my coal if thee likes for $8, but only one ton; all must have a chance." Just then one of the richest men in the place joined them, saying: "I want ten tons of your coal, at your own price—name it. I have suffered enough for once. He received the same answer, and so did all—one ton for each family, and $8 as the price of each ton. No love of gain, no solicitation, no regard for individuals could move honest Captain Gifford.

TAKING WINE.—Gov. Briggs once said to a lady, "Madam, if you will go by yourself in some corner here, and spend half an hour thinking over your acquaintances and friends, and count the number of each family, and can then come back to me, and say that you think me fanatical in doing all I can to keep others from an evil so common and so dreadful, I will take wine with you if you wish me to do so; for I know you are a reasonable woman; but I know that you will come back agreeing with me that 'touch not, taste not,' is the only safe rule." She replied, laughing, "Of course I'll do it, or any thing else that you request, but don't expect me to be converted; for you radical reformers always exaggerate danger." She went, and in half an hour returned pale, her eyes filled with tears, exclaiming, "O Governor Briggs! how could you ask me to do such a thing at a party? I am appalled; it is so dreadful to find that I do not know a family that does not number one victim, and some have had their brightest fall by it—fathers, husbands, children—it is too dreadful to think of. I would not have believed it. You are quite right, and I will never ask you again to drink wine nor call you fanatical for not taking it."

The Farmer's Column.

☞This column is edited by one of our Caroline farmers of considerable experience.

How to Transplant Trees.

Nature indicates that most trees, shrubs, and plants will flourish most satisfactorily, endure longer, and be every way better when they send a strong taproot deep into the ground. And this fact is more particularly true when the subsoil is porous, that a long tap root will readily strike downward, as far as the stem grows upward. Were it not a habit of the tree or plant to send down such a taproot, it would be advisable to cut it off. But many nurserymen will persist in cutting this root off at all hazards; because they say ten roots will push out at the end of the stump where the taproot was severed, which will be more serviceable to the growing plant or tree, than only one taproot.

Those ten roots, it is true, will be more advantageous in sustaining the life of a tree, for two or three years, long enough for sellers to get trees off their hands, and get their money for them, even by warranting every tree to live one year. Most men think if they can make a tree live one year, the difficulty is all over; they may now count on a satisfactory and successful growth. But there never was a principle more erroneous. Every tree needs the advantage of a long taproot, to go down deep into the dry earth, and bring up moisture in dry weather, when the surface roots cannot furnish one drop of water to the growing plant. Therefore, when a tree or bush or vine is transplanted, make a deep and large hole with a long crowbar, four feet deep, put the taproot into it, and fill the vacancy with sand. If there is no taproot, bend down a lateral root into the hole, and encourage a taproot to strike deep into the soil. We are seeing the superlative folly, all over our country, in the failure of trees and vines, of all kinds, of cutting off the taproot.

Shrewd nurserymen have hoodwinked and bamboozled farmers long enough, by making them believe that the taproot should be cut off. Nature is a more reliable guide than the instructions of a nurseryman, who can sell more trees and make more money by recommending a practice that is diametrically opposed to Nature's law.

WHAT THE FARMER MUST KNOW.—The farmer, like the business man, must know what he is doing; he must have some pretty decided idea of what he is to accomplish—in fact he must calculate it beforehand.

He must know his soil—that of each lot; not only the top, but the sub-soil.

He must also know what grains and grasses are adapted to each.

He must know when is the best time to work them, whether they need summer fallowing.

He must know the condition in which ground must be when plowed, so that it be not too wet or too dry.

He must know that some grains require earlier sowing than others, and what those grains are.

He must know how to put them in.

He must know that it pays to have machinery to aid him, as well as muscle.

He must know about stocks and manures, and the cultivation of trees and small fruits, and many other things; in a word, he must know what experienced, observing farmers know, to be sure of success. Then he will not guess—will not run such risks.—*Rural World.*

DESTROYING STUMPS.—The Baltimore *Leader* suggests the following method for getting rid of stumps without making a large hole in the ground:

"We have heard of two methods of getting rid of stumps, which, as they appear feasible and inexpensive, we hope some reader will try and report upon: Bore with a two-inch augur to the heart of the stump; fill the cavity thus made with sulphuric acid, or with crude oil of petroleum. In the first case, the acid becomes the destructive agent within a few months; in the latter, when the stump becomes saturated with the oil it is fired, and will then burn out to the last particle, like a candle."

[A friend at our elbow, who has tried the experiment with the sulphuric acid, says it is sure death to stumps. One pound of acid, costing four cents, is sufficient for the largest stump. Put in about one-third at first and renew when the acid becomes exhausted.—The rotten stump becomes of great value to the land as a fertilizer.—ED. UNION.]

LAZY FARMERS.—Laziness prevents a man from getting off his horse to put up the first rail that gets knocked off the fence and thro' this lazy neglect a whole field of corn is seriously damaged.

Laziness keeps a man from driving one nail when one would do, and finally costs a carpenter's bill for extensive repairs.

Laziness allows a gate to get off the hinges and lie in the mud, or stand propped by rails—or a stable or barn to leak and damage hundreds of dollars' worth of provender.

Laziness, in short, is the right and proper name for nine-tenths of the excuses given for bad farming. But by far the most prolific of the many wastes that are due to laziness is the waste of ignorance. But this waste is in itself so great, and has so many ramifications, that we shall have to defer its discussion for another time.—*Dixie (Tenn.) Far.*

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