THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

VOL. X. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1869. NO. 20.

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Md.

LATEST ARRIVAL

—OF—

Fall and Winter

GOODS.

H. BLACKISTON

Has just returned from the city with a large and well assorted stock, the largest ever offered by him in this town, consisting in part of

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES

For Men and Boys' Wear,

KERSEYS

Of Various Prices to Suit Purchaser,

ALSO,

Tweeds, Jeans,

COTTONADES,

Flannels, Domestics, Striped Cottons,

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and nearly everything usually kept in a Dry Goods line in a country store;

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A good stock, especially coarse boots and shoes for the winter,

HATS AND CAPS

Of the Very Latest Styles,

Queeensware, Crockery, Stoneware,

A stock unsurpassed in the town,

GROCERIES,

A full stock,

Hardware of Different Kinds,

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SPIDERS, SAUSAGE CUTTERS
AND STUFFERS.

All in want of goods will please call and examine the stock. I think I can suit you in price and quality. Call and be convinced.

Nearly all kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods.

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

HAVING RECEIVED A NEW SUPPLY OF

GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

Plain and Fancy

CASSIMERE COATS,

PANTS AND VESTS,

Together with an asssortment of

OVERCOATS

At Extremely Low Prices.

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A Good Assortment of

UNDERWEAR,

SUCH AS

FINE SHIRTS,
UNDERSHIRTS,
DRAWERS,
STOCKINGS,

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HANDKERCHIEFS.
COLLARS,
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AND TIES,

All Equally Low as City Retail Prices.

Call and See for Yourself,

At the old stand formerly occupied by Capt. A. but now conducted by

WM. L. TAYLOR.

J. W. Kerr.

Choptank Nurseries,

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KEMP & KERR, Proprietors.

APPLE TREES,
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PLUM,
CHERRY,
APRICOT,
NECTARINES,
and QUINCE,
SHADE and ORNAMENTAL TREES,
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BLACKBERRIES,
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STRAWBERIES,
CURRANTS
and SHRUBBERY.

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For Fall Planting of 1869.

Persons desirous of planting any of the fruits, vines or plants as enumerated above are cordially invited to come and make a personal inspection of our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

All Stock sent from our Nurseries is guaranteed to be Healthy and True to Name.

Orders by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. [jly22-y

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NEWARK, DELAWARE,

Prof. EDWARD D. PORTER, A. M. Prin.,

A First-class Mathematical, Classical and Scientific

BOARDING SCHOOL

For Boys and Young Men, will commence its one hundred and first Academic year

September 1st, 1869.

For full information, send for circular.

jy20-3m

THE AMERICAN UNION

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT

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Office, American Union Building, 2d St.

J. MARION EMERSON,

Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, in advance.

If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars will be charged.

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.

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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

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.

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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.

T. 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.

J. ALFRED MAY, Elkton, Md. I. REYNER DUKES, Denton, Md.

MAY & DUKES,

Grain and General Produce

Commission Merchants,

No. 24 South Water Street.

Between Chestnut and Market Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

Consignments of Grain and Produce Solicited.

Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers and Groceries promptly attended to.

Our customers can draw their proceeds or balance due them in Philadelphia, or by presenting account of sales or statement to I. R. Dukes (Gould, Dukes & Eareckson) No. 102 Light Street Wharf, Baltimore. [no4-tf

OYSTER SALOON.

THE subscriber; having fitted up a saloon, announces his readiness to dispense

FRESH OYSTERS,

cooked in any manner or raw, and solicits a call from all lovers of the delicious bivalve.

Families Supplied at Short Notice.

Saloon on Main street; opposite E. Pritchett's cabinet shop.

se30-1y JOHN E. WRIGHT.

Select Poetry.

NEVER SATISFIED.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily dressed wife by his side;
In satin and lace she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as he pass'd
The carriage—the couple he eyed,
And said, as he worked with his saw on a log,
I wish I was rich and could ride.

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,
One thing I would do if I could,
I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man who is sawing the wood.

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,
Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked in the carriage—the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said, in a whisper, I wish in my heart
Those satins and laces were mine.

The lady looked out on the maid with her work
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, I'd relinquish position and wealth,
Her beauty and health to possess.

Thus it is in this world: whatever our lot,
Our mind and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we *have not*,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

SPEECH OF VICE-PRESIDENT COLFAX,

Delivered at the Fair Held in Baltimore last week in aid of the Inebriate Asylum.

Mr. Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

My visit to this city—the Monumental City of the United States—this evening was, to some extent, accidental. Passing through it on my return to the capital of our nation, I stopped to visit valued friends in your midst, intending to go on this afternoon, but could not decline the kind and courteous invitation I received from the officers of this fair to tarry a little longer, so as to be present with you at the inauguration of the first fair, within my knowledge in the Union for the benefit of an inebriate asylum.

A work of benevolence and of humanity towards our brethren like this should enlist every heart that is touched with the feeling of human infirmity. There is a question that comes down to all of us through the procession of centuries from the very birth-place of mankind, full of momentous interest to every one upon this footstool of God. It is that question which Cain asked of the Almighty, not as a question, but as a defense against the arraignment for his crime to his brother. It was, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

In every civilized land throughout the globe—in every civilized nation and State and community, the answer comes back to that question—"You are your brother's keeper."

It is a responsibility that none of you can deny or evade. Every statute that you find on your statute book for the punishment of crime and fraud is the answer to the question—"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Every jail and prison that cast their shadow of gloom over the land is the answer that the community makes to this question as old as mankind itself; and besides this, and better than this, every reformatory and ameliatory institution that blesses this land of ours is the answer to the question that comes to us almost from the very gates of Eden itself.

In those institutions of which we are so justly proud, where the mind is restored to those whose reason has been dethroned, in the asylums for the insane; in the institutions where the blind are almost made to see, the dumb to speak, and the deaf to hear; in every institution for the relief of the poor or the distressed, we have the answer of society to the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and in this noble work which you have inaugurated here to-night for those who have been the deluded and the self-destroying victims of the temptation that even the most gifted in our land fail to resist, bring the answer to the benevolent of the State of Maryland that they are their brother's keeper. [Applause.]

Godspeed you and bless you in this noble work. You shall have your reward, not in gold and silver, not in fame and reputation for yourselves, but you shall have your reward in that land where the streets are gold and the gates are pearl, and where the walls are jasper and saphire, where every deed of humanity throughout the world is recorded in that Book which shall never be destroyed. In this world of ours, four thousand years later, spoken by the lips of Him who spake as never man spake before, the answer was again given to this question, one which was announced as the second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." That answer was imprinted upon us in words as clear as the firmament, in letters of living light, on this world of ours, springing as we all do from the hand of a common Creator, believing in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man every one you meet on your pathway is your brother. He may be poor; he may be penniless; he may be humble, criminal or fallen but they are brethren of the same dust—pilgrims on the same journey—travellers to the same tomb.

If God has blessed you with strength of will, that you have been enabled to fortify yourselves, it is for you to lift him up from that depth to which he has fallen, and put him upon his feet, and to redeem him, if possible, from a living death—worse even than the death of the tomb. Do you say here that you, this intelligent population before me, are exempt from this temptation by which so many have been enthralled? Go back in your own memory and bear testimony every one of you, if I say not the truth, and answer, if there is one before me, looking back in the years of the past, that fails to find some friend or relative, near or remote, who has fallen a victim to this foe of mankind? Do you say that you have strength to resist this temptation, if you are willing to dally with it? I confess I do not feel that strength myself. Look at the history of some of the most brilliant minds in past years of your State of Maryland, at the history of the great men of every State of this land. The noblest intellect has not preserved some of your citizens from the thraldom of this vice. The most brilliant intellect and the greatest learning have not given them strength to resist the wiles and snares of this tempter. They have fallen victims to it, as they have elsewhere in the world.—Not the coronet on the brow of the noble, nor the crown on the head of the monarch, nor the ablest judicial talent, nor the most brilliant statesmanship, have preserved them from this seducing sin. There is, however, one class in the community which it never attacks, who are proof against this temptation. It is the miserly; it is the stingy, the penurious and tight-fisted who are free from this evil. It is the large-hearted, the social man, who cannot resist the temptation of a social glass—the genial man, the generous man, whom this tempter finds its victim. It assails all classes alike. You can find it crouching at the hearthstones of the poor, and it casts its gloomy shadow over the marble mantels of the rich. The most brilliant worshipping at that shrine in the torrent that they cannot resist, which urges them on to a drunkard's death and to a drunkard's grave. I tell you, my friends, there is only one way in which you can resist the temptation. There is only one talisman, and that is, "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing." In the earlier years of my manhood, when I saw a young friend who had been travelling the same pathway with myself—when I stood by his bedside and saw his soul leave his body, calling upon God to damn his soul, in his delirium, I for one resolved that I would turn my back upon it, henceforth and forever. It is the true pathway in private life, in public life, in social life, and in individual life; and I rejoice, here, that your hearts have been moved to organize this noble institution for those who, yielding to this temptation, have succumbed to the wiles of intoxication. It is indeed a noble act, worthy of all commendation and worthy of all honor. I will not extend these remarks or detain you longer: but I cannot leave you without telling every one of you that there is a glory exceeding all the glory that can be won in martial life, in civil life, or in political life.

He who stands in the pass between sobriety and intemperance and turns back his fellow man from the pathway to a drunkard's grave, restores him clothed in his right mind to a worse than widowed wife and worse than orphaned children, shall win a greater glory than the pæns of victory sung to a Cæsar, the acclamations that hail the mightiest of earth, or even the world-wide fame that clusters around the name of Leonidas, the hero of the Thermopylean pass. For he may save not only a life but an undying soul.

However narrow or wide your sphere in life may be, there is work for all. And it will bring its rewards to your own heart, as well as memories that will survive long after the funeral church flowers have blossomed over your grave. George Peabody, your honored townsman for a number of years, when he died had the whole civilized world mourners at his tomb. [Applause.] It was not brilliant talent nor heaped-up wealth for which he was honored and for which national vessels are bearing his remains across the ocean to be interred in his native land. But it was because he sought to make those less fortunate than himself happier for having lived in the world. It is a noble example, worthy to be followed by all to the full extent of their power. And it is in a spirit akin to this that this noble charity was conceived.

I will not detain you longer, except to quote an allegory of Mohammed from the Koran, who, though a false prophet, left behind him many teachings far in advance of the barbaric age in which he lived. Said Mohammed, "When a man dies, the people, as they cluster around his grave, will ask: 'What property has he left *behind* him?'"—and they do so to this day. "But the angels, as they bend over the grave, will inquire, 'What good deeds has he sent before him?'"

Need I ask you which is best of these two records to live for and to die by? And if you will, by precept and example, by influence and aid, do good to your tempted and fallen brethren, as you have opportunity, you shall win a fame more enduring than earthly honors, and that is better, far better than that of warrior, statesman and sage.

IMPOSIBILITIES.

Things that you never can, by any accident, get a lady (be she young or old) to confess to:

That she laces tight.
That her shoes are to small for her feet.
That she is ever tired at a ball.
That she paints.
That she is as old as she looks.
That she has been more than five minutes dressing.
That she has kept you waiting.
That she blushed when a certain person's name was mentioned.
That she ever says a thing she does not mean.
That she is fond of scandal.
That she—she, of all persons in the world—is in love.
That she can't keep a secret.
That she doesn't want a new duck of a bonnet.
That she can do with one single thing less when she is about to travel.
That she hasn't the disposition of an angel or the temper of a saint—or else how could she go through one-half of what she does?
That she doesn't know better than all the rest of creation what is most desirable for her.
That she is a flirt or coquette.
That she is ever in the wrong.

A BOSTON philanthropist, visiting the State prison, remarked to a prisoner:

"Most of your friends think your sentence was excessive; nothing like it was ever known."

"Yes, I suppose so," was the prisoner's reply, "but then, you know, every thing has gone up since the war."

A FRENCH girl asked the priest the other day, "Why is it, father, that we ask every day for our daily bread instead of asking it for a week, a month or a year?" "Why, you little goose, to have it fresh, to be sure," was the reply.

NASBY.

MR. NASBY IN NEW YORK AGAIN—HE IS STARTED IN BUSINESS BY THE DEMOCRATIC MANAGERS AND HAS A GOOD THING IN HIS HANDS BUT WHISKEY BLIGHTS HIS PROSPECTS, AS IT HAS MANY TIMES BEFORE.

NOO YORK, Nov. 9, 1869.

Retrospex may be profitable, but when yoo cast your piercin eye back and onto a time when yoo made a cussid ass uv yoorself, they are far from bein pleasant. I am doin that thing at this present moment. Wunst agin a forchoon hez been within my grasp, and wunst agin hev I permitted it to slip from me! Ijeot! Fool! Loonatic! I arrived in this city two days before the recent eleckshun, feeling that where votes waz in sich a demand there must be suthin to be made for me. By inquiry I found where the headquarters uv the Democratic General Committee for the city wuz located, and at about 10, A. M., which means in the mornin, I went there intendin to offer myself ez a man uv all work for the two days succedin. I found there a vast crowd uv men, who were all uv em like me in some respects varyin uv course in many pints, but all uv the same species. The chairman uv the committee was distributin funds to em to be yoosed, and they waz a walkin up to get instructions in a sort uv a procession. Noticin that the bizins wuz bein done loosely, I dropped into the procession, and shoor enuff the man distributin handid me a package, sayin "Terence, be shoor yoo git em all up from the ship—BARNEY MCSHANE will give yez the papers for em, and tell yez wat names to vote em under!"

He hed mistook me for Terence somebody. Shood I undeceeve him? Never! So, slippin the package into my pocket I answered, assomin the Irish brogue:

"Arrah, musha, be jabers my jewel, I'm the bye."

Fortunitly I wuz crowded out before I hed time to air much more Irish. I wuzn't a success ez a talkin Irishman. At the foot ov the stairs I opened my package. It wuz greenbax! "This money," I sed to myself, "wuz given me to further the coz uv Democrisy; for that purpose I'll use it. I'll start a grocery." And forthwith that day, I leased a room in a Democratic locality, purchased a counter, a barl of whiskey, a dozen tumblers, a lithograph portrate uv Gineral JACKSON and Gov. HOFFMAN, and wuz all ready for bizness the mornin uv eleckshun.

There wuz a rush the moment I took the shutters down, and I took in money faster than I ever had before in my life.

"At last," sed I to myself, exultinly, "at last I hev found my speer. NASBY, yoor in luck. I'll drink to my luck."

And I took a nip. Skasely wuz it down before a ward politishun cum in with three or four voters, wich he wuz takin care uv.—They drank, the leeder of the party askin me to jine em, wich I did. Ez they went out I coodent avoid drinkin to the success uv the ticket; then to the confooshen uv HORRIS GREELY, then to the memry of JAMES BOOKANNON, then to the memry of FRANKLIN PIERCE; then to JEFF DAVIS, and by this time I found myself outside of the bar, into the middle uv the room, in a confoosed state of mind and body. In short, I wuz very drunk. Noo York whiskey aint like the Kentucky article.

At this critikel moment a man entered hurriedly, and seein me leaning agin the wall, went behind the bar and helped himself.—Seein him behind the bar I forgot that I wuz the landlord myself. I knowed I wuz in a grosery—that bein where I am most uv the time—but in my intoxication I forgot that I was landlord, and the misable wretch behind the bar, comprehendin the sitoashen, let me go on in my delooshen. Staggerin up to the bar I sed, "set em up agin," wich he did and I drank solemnly to the memry uv GEORGE H. PENDLETON and the other dead Democrasy uv my own whiskey, and then, like the loonatic I wuz, I paid for it out uv my own pockit, and I kept paying for whiskey for others ez long ez I hed a dollar! The man behind the bar, then asked me to drink wich I did; then I asked a crowd uv fellows wich come in to drink with me, telling the new bar-keeper to charge it, wich he sed he wood, laffin uproariously.

Its astonishin how strong habit is! The moment I found I hed credit, I commenst improvin uv it, "set em up!" I shreekt ez each new squad com in. "set em up!" and the alercity with wich they drank waz wonderful. The news got out that in sich a place there was a loonatic treetin everybody who came in, and a perfect stream rushed in.

I remember but very little uv wat occurred. I recollect distinctly uv votin three or four times, and uv returnin each time to my place and treatin a crowd, tellin the barkeeper to charge it. I remember wunst feelin bad for him and sayin confidentially to a man who was takin suthin with me, that this house wouldn't last long ef it continyood to give credit missellaneously, forgettin in my drunkenness that it wuz my whiskey I wuz drinkin and given to others to drink all the time!

I needn't continyoo this confession. Suffice it to say, that the next mornin I awoke in that identical room chilled completely thru. There wuz no whiskey in the barrel, not enuff for my mornin's nip, and I hedn't a cent in my pockit, ez I hed paid all that wuz left uv the committee's money and wat I hed taken in early in the day for my own likker to the fellow who took advantage uv my condishun to usurp my place!

I shel never succeed on that side uv a bar. I am not kalkilated to take care uv my own whiskey.

I shel not however, leave Noo York. We hev got the Legislature now, and I shel find suthin to do. We shel, uv course, repeal the Metropolitin Poleec law and all other laws wich takes control out uv the hands uv Democratic offishels. and ef amonst so much steelin ez there iz goin to be, ther aint't suthin for me it will be singler. This is the troo Democratic paradise. We hev fat Ablishnests to tax, and the control is in our hands, and here I stay. To git an offis I may hev to change my name to Michael, ez I did wunst before, but I shel do it. I am too old to wander up and down the earth, and here I stick.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Wich wus Postmaster.

The Farmer's Column.

An Experiment in Wheat Culture.

MAXEY, GA., July 15, 1869.

I take the liberty of giving you the result of an experiment of wheat culture just concluded in this vicinity. Mr. Samuel Baily, of this place, was the experimenter, and he has succeeded in raising nearly fifty-seven bushels of wheat from one acre of ground. This astounding yield was produced, as told to me, by the following means:

In the first place the land was thin and exhausted—had been in corn the previous year, and by the use of manure he succeeded in making seventeen bushels of that crop on the acre.

About the last week in last October he broke it up with a two-horse Brinley plow. Upon this he spread, broadcast, six two-horse wagon loads of well-rotted stable manure, which was turned under by a cross-plowing with the same plow. Upon this he sowed, broadcast, two hundred and fifty lbs. of dissolved bone, which was harrowed in with a two-horse revolving harrow. He then sowed one hundred and twenty pounds of wheat on the acre and covered it with a heavy brush, dragged over it by two mules. The clods were beat down with a maul in the absence of a roller. This was on the 2d of November. In the early part of February, the wheat being then about six inches high, he sowed, broadcast, a top dressing of two hundred and fifty pounds of ammoniated phosphate. Late in March, when the wheat was in the boot, he applied two hundred and fifty pounds of ammoniated dissolved bone and seventy-five pounos of salt ground together. This was applied early in the morning on the dew, one-half the mixture first and the other half at the end of a week.

The grain was cut off with a common reap hook as it ripened in places, commencing on the 4th of June. The production of the acre was three thousand four hundred and fifteen pounds of good wheat, of the variety known here as Johnson wheat. Mr. Baily does not know what the six loads of stable manure cost him, but the prices of the others are as follows:

250 lbs Dissolved Bone,	$ 8.75
250 " Ammoniated Phosphate,	7.50
150 " Dissolved Bone,	10.00
75 " Common Salt,	1.30
Total,	$27.55

The land was measured and the wheat threshed and weighed by disinterested persons.—*Nashville Union.*

Club Root in Cabbage.

In the proceedings of the American Institute Farmers' Club, as published in *Hearth and Home*, we find the following letter from C. A. Dunning, esq., Denton, Md.:

"I see that Mr. P. T. Quinn is troubled with 'club-root' in his cabbage, and tempts with lucre any 'man, woman or child' who will tell him how to prevent it. Now, I will give him a sure remedy, and accept his hundred dollars (with a copy of his *Pear Culture for Profit* as part payment.) If he will give his ground fifty bushels of shell lime per acre, every five or six years, or whenever his cabbage begins to 'club,' he will have no trouble with it, and can raise it on the same ground two or twenty years in succession, if he wishes to. I have cabbage this year on ground that has been in cabbage *thirty* years in succession, and it has not been limed but *once* in that time, but begins to need it again. He should apply the lime this fall or winter, after he takes his crops off, and next spring prepare his ground as he has always done. If next summer he is troubled with 'club-root,' I have wasted my stamp; if he is not, I will accept *his stamps* right willingly.

Hogs Want Sulphur.

Whether hogs require sulphur as an essential to their health, or whether it is sought by them as a condiment, may not be known for certainty. But one thing is sure, they devour it with greed whenever it is to be found. It is for this purpose, probably, that they eat large quantities of soft coal, which contains a large amount of sulphur. Perhaps this is the most economical method of supplying hogs with sulphur during the winter, when they require a good deal of carbon. But in the summer it is better to feed it to them in substances which contains less carbon, on account of their producing less heat. Mustard is one of the best things for this purpose, and on that account some of it should be sown in every pasture into which hogs are turned. If hogs are kept up, or are in small yards, it is well to supply them with the wild mustard that grows in the fields, or highways, or to cultivate some of the better varieties for them. They will eat its leaves, flowers, seeds and stalk.—*Prairie Farmer.*

POULTRY MANURE.—The productive power of the droppings of the hennery is very great as compared with ordinary barnyard manure, yet many farmers, with a score or two of fowls, take little or no pains to preserve and apply it to the purposes of vegetable production. It is an excellent dressing for gardens, and will repay a hundred fold the care and expense of preserving and applying it.

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