

The Nebraska Advertiser.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO MATTERS OF GENERAL INTEREST TO THE COMMUNITY AT LARGE.

VOLUME I.

BROWNVILLE, NEMAH COUNTY, N. T., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1856.

NUMBER 26.

Nebraska Advertiser

W. FURNAS,
Second Street, bet. Main and Water,
(Lake's Block),
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

TERMS:
Per Annum (in advance) \$3.00
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Three Months .75
Single Copies 25

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Second insertion, per line, one week, .75
Third insertion, per line, one week, .50
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Sixth insertion, per line, one week, .15
Seventh insertion, per line, one week, .10
Eighth insertion, per line, one week, .05
Ninth insertion, per line, one week, .03
Tenth insertion, per line, one week, .02

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BOOK AND FACTORY JOB PRINTING!

Posters, Blanks, Bill Heads, Checks, Labels, Catalogues, Circulars, Lading.

SHIPPING BILLS, BALL TICKETS,

and every article of work that may be called for. Having purchased, in connection with the "Advertiser," an extensive and excellent variety of JOB TYPE of the latest styles, we are prepared to do any kind of printing in the most perfect manner, with neatness and dispatch. The printer, who, having had an extensive experience, will give his personal attention to this branch of business, and, in his endeavors to please, will be the recipient of his work, and reasonable terms, to receive a share of the public patronage.

BUSINESS CARDS.

BROWNVILLE.
OSCAR F. LAKE & CO.,
GENERAL
LAND AND LOT AGENTS,
OFFICE at 10th, bet. 1st and 2d Sts.
Brownville, N. T.

A. S. HOLLIDAY, M. D.
SURGEON, PHYSICIAN
AND OBSTETRICIAN.
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

W. HOBLITZELL & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
Queensware, Hardware,
Stoves, Furniture,
COUNTRY PRODUCE.
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

MISS MARY W. TURNER,
And Dress Maker,
First Street, between Main and Water,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.
Dresses and Trimmings, always on hand.

C. W. WHEELER,
ARCHITECT AND BUILDER.
FIRST ST. BET. MAIN AND WATER STS.
Brownville, N. T.

T. L. RICKETTS,
CARPENTER AND JOINER.
BROWNVILLE,
NEBRASKA TERRITORY.

J. D. N. THOMPSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
LOT AND LAND AGENTS;
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

JAMES W. GIBSON,
BLACKSMITH
Second Street, between Main and Nebraska,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

R. W. FURNAS,
LAND AND LOT AGENT,
INSURANCE AGENT,
AND AGENT FOR
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

A. D. JONES,
THE WESTERN PIONEER LAND HUNTER,
AND
DEALER IN REAL ESTATE,
OMAHA CITY, N. T.
Lands carefully located, and entered for customers. Lots and Lands bought and sold.

E. M. M'COMAS,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON
AND OBSTETRICIAN,
NEMAH COUNTY, N. T.
Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Nemaha County.

H. E. HARDING, G. C. KIMBOUGH, R. F. THOMAS,
HARDING, KIMBOUGH & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
HATS, CAPS & STRAW GOODS,
No. 49 Main Street, bet. Olive and Pine,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Particular attention paid to manufacturing our finest Mole Hats.

C. V. SNOW,
SURGEON, PHYSICIAN
AND ACCOUCHEUR,
ROCKPORT, MO.

NUCKOLLS, RUSSELL, & CO.
Rockport, Mo.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
Medicines, Dye Stuffs,
Saddlery, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps,
QUEENWARE, STONWARE, TINWARE,
IRON, NAILS, STOVES, PLOWS &c.
Also Furniture of all kinds, Window Sash, &c

A. D. KIRE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Land Agent and Notary Public,
Archer, Richardson county, N. T.
Will practice in the Courts of Nebraska, assisted by Harding and Bennett, Nebraska City.

JACOB SAFFORD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
GENERAL INSURANCE AND LAND AGENT,
AND Notary Public.
Nebraska City, Nebraska Territory.
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care, in Nebraska Territory and West.

SPRINGMAN & BROWN,
RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT
AGENTS,
And General Commission Merchants.
No. 46, Public Landing,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

A. A. BRADFORD,
W. L. McLENNAN,
BRADFORD, McLENNAN & MCGARY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITERS IN CHANCERY.
Brownville and Nebraska City,
NEBRASKA TERRITORY.

BEING permanently located in the Territory, we will give our entire time and attention to the practice of our profession, in all its branches. Matters in Litigation, Collections of Debts, Sales and Purchases of Real Estate, Selections of Lands, Leasing of Land Warrants, and all other business entrusted to our management, will receive prompt and faithful attention.

REFERENCES.
Nebraska City, Brownville,
St. Joseph, Mo.,
St. Louis, Mo.,
Keokuk, Iowa,
Cincinnati, O.,
June 7, 1856.

A. J. POPPLETON, W. N. BYERS,
POPPLETON & BYERS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
And General Land Agents,
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

Land Warrants Bought and Sold
LAND ENTERED ON TIME.
SPECIAL ATTENTION given to the selection and entry of Lands for Settlers, and all others desiring choice locations.
Land Claims, Town Lots and all kinds of Real Estate, bought and sold and investments made for distant Dealers.

JOHN S. HOYT,
County Surveyor and Land Agent,
Richardson county, N. T., will attend promptly to all business in his profession, when called out, such as Surveying, Recording Claims, Subdividing Land, Laying out Town Lots, Drafting City Plans &c. Residence and office, ARCHER, Richardson co., N. T.

J. HART & SON,
SADDLE & HARNESS
MAKERS,
Oregon, Holt County, Missouri.
Keep constantly on hand all description of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, &c., &c.
N. B. Every article in our shop is manufactured by ourselves, and warranted to give satisfaction.

W. P. LOAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LAND AND LOT AGENT,
ARCHER, RICHARDSON COUNTY, N. T.

OLIVER BENNETT,
JAMES E. FISKE,
OLIVER BENNETT & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 97 MAIN STREET,
(FORMERLY, No. 101, CORNER OF MAIN AND LOCUST),
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Miscellaneous.

INFIDEL AND FICTITIOUS READING.

The wholesome and soul-reviving truths and instructions contained in many of our religious periodicals, are too much supplanted by secular, fictitious, and infidel prints, that are flooding our country in every direction, and poisoning the minds of our youths and those of riper years.

My mind was forcibly impressed on this subject, something more than a year since, on being called to stand by the bedside of a dying fellow-youth, in the place of my former labors. He was a graduate of Union College—the youngest son of respectable and wealthy parents, residing in Onondaga county, New York. No money or pains had been spared by these indulgent and pious parents, to qualify this "Benjamin" of their old age for future usefulness. But while absent from the parental roof, during his academic and collegiate career, he found access to the writings of infidel poets and skeptics of different ages, in connection with much of the light reading of the day; in the frequent perusal of which he contracted a taste for this kind of reading and amusement, the native skepticism of the heart to that extent that the restraints of Christianity were measurably thrown off, and infidelity reigned triumphant.

Denying, as he did, the immortality of the soul, of course, looser rein was given to the baser passions. And cherishing a roving desire, which was also gratified, he soon found himself mingling in many of the amusements and games of the South; and in those hot-beds of vice and destruction the germs of premature disease and death were fast matured. On returning home, the wreck of blasted hopes and fondest anticipations, having, like the "prodigal," wasted his substance and ruined his character, he lingered here awhile under the hand of consumption's doom, occasionally lamenting his folly, and struggling to be released from the fatal grasp of infidelity, which had so strongly environed his soul.

When about to take his leave of the world, he called the writer to his bedside; having previously sent him a request to preach his funeral sermon from a text of his own selection—Job vii, 21—and desired the privilege, through the preacher, of warning his young friends, on that occasion, to avoid the course which he had pursued—the rocks on which he foundered. Hear him on this point, as I recorded the sentiment from his lips:

"I ought to have been a bright and shining light in the world. My advantages have been good, but my life, for the most part, has been dark and dreary, for want of a firm belief in the Christian religion. Had I another life to live, I should pursue a different course; and to all skeptics I would say, the safer side is that of piety and religion. It is now too late with me to recall the past—the experiment is tried; through what scenes I am now to pass, is to me unknown. That fearful word—eternity—rings in my ears. Fictions and skeptical reading has been the *Bohnu Ups* of my soul! Warn the young everywhere to avoid this whirlpool of destruction—this rock upon which I foundered!"

SERMONS FOR THE LAZY.

The London Bookellers' Intelligence for November, says that very few genuine sermons, written expressly for preachers, are wanted of them, come into market now. They are manufactured in many ways. A clergyman who is unacquainted, doing no duty, gets acquainted with one of the dealers in manuscript sermons. He is immediately set to work writing sermons, which are soon set in lithographing. Sometimes these sermons are written by laymen, and sometimes they are copied up out of other books, if not entirely copied. But those persons who are engaged in the business some time, have in general accumulated such stocks that they never think of getting any more. The only way they replenish their stock after copying and multiplying, is, by buying a lot at a few pence each, of some clergyman's widow. A lot of two or three hundred comes as an immense addition, giving variety, introducing new texts, etc. It is a curious thing that all the manuscript sermons sold are evangelical or low Church. "No sermons of High Church principles will go down at all, nor will any dealer buy such." One reason why the sermon trade has so increased of late years is, the great number of ordinations; for the principal sale of manuscript sermons is to young clergymen. The principal cause of the standing for many clergymen, being standing also constantly use the

FRIGHTFUL DEATH BY A LION.

On Friday morning, the 13th of June, several wagons, forming part of the second division of the command, left Mooi River Drop for the lager at Mariko. They rode the first evening as far as Riet Spruit, a noted place for lions. Mr. Phillip Van Coller and his brother wishing to proceed, inspanned their wagons about midnight, although they were strongly advised by their companions not to ride before morning. They had scarcely ridden an hour when the oxen were suddenly frightened. Phillip Van Coller jumped off his wagon and endeavored to turn them, but not succeeding in doing so, sprang upon the wagon trap, from which he must have been immediately dragged by a large lion, with such force as to break one of the traprims.

He was heard to cry out twice for help, but in the confusion of the moment was not missed, his brother Adolphe being busy at the time on horseback, endeavoring to stop the oxen which were going at a fearful rate through the field. With much difficulty he succeeded in doing so, and then returned to look for his missing brother; whose body he found about twelve yards from it. With a feeling of desperation he levelled his gun and fired at the animal. The aim was good, and as the ball passed through its head, it fell down on the spot. On coming nearer to his brother's body the poor man was sadly shocked at its mutilated condition, the lion having carried it a long distance, and then devoured the greater portion. The remains were hastily conveyed to town and upwards of eighty persons attended the funeral. Poor Phillip Coller leaves a widow and several children to deplore their loss, and his untimely end.

P. S.—We have since learned that previous to the oxen becoming frightened, the lion first attacked, without any provocation, Adolphe Van Coller and three other men who were riding on horseback some distance in front of the wagon. Having endeavored to turn them with them, they jumped off their horses and stood between them and the lion. The lion, however, appeared more anxious to attack them than the horses, on which they shouted and threw their hats at him, and afterwards fired the grass, when he left them and went to the wagon. The surrounding country being all occupied, the lions appear to have concentrated themselves at this spot, where they are extremely hold.—*Cape of Good Hope paper.*

A GAMBLER.

Among the innumerable anecdotes related of the ruin of persons by play, there is one worth relating which refers to a Mr. Porter, a gentleman who, in the reign of Queen Ann, possessed one of the best estates in the county of Northumberland, the whole of which he lost in twelve months.

According to the story told of this madman—for we can call him nothing else—when he had just completed the loss of his last acre at a gambling-house in London, and was proceeding down stairs to throw himself into a carriage to convey him home to his house in town, he resolved upon having one more throw, to try to retrieve his losses, and immediately returned to the room where the play was going on. Nerved for the worst that might happen, he insisted that the person he had been playing with should give him one more chance of recovery or fight with him. His proposition was this, that his carriage and horses, the trinkets and loose money in his pockets, his town-house, plate, and furniture, in short, all he had left in the world—should be valued in a lump at a certain sum, and be thrown in a single cast. No persuasion could prevail on him to depart from his purpose. He threw and lost; then conducting the winner to the door, he told the coachman there was his master, and marched forth into the dark and dismal streets without house or home, or any one creditable means.

Thus beggared, he retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, subsisting partly on charity, sometimes acting as marker at a billiard table, and occasionally as a helper in a lively stable. In this miserable condition, with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he once supported, he was recognized by an old friend, who gave him ten guineas to purchase necessities. He expended five in procuring decent apparel, with the remaining five he repaired to a common gaming-house, and increased there to fifty, he then adjourned to one of the higher order of houses, sat down with former associates, and won twenty thousand pounds. Returning the next night he lost it all, and was once more penniless, and after subsisting many years an abject pauper, died a beggar at St. Giles.

Splinters.

Among Hoosiers, they call cotton thread "boss," a term few Yankees understand it that way. A fair brunette (?) one day stepped into the store of a young man and bought a dress of the clerk. After it was cut off, she addressed herself to him: "Well, I reckon you'll throw in the 'boss'?" "Certainly," replied the clerk, with his mouth stretched from ear to ear, "we'll throw in the 'boss'—there he is, you're welcome to him."

Did you ever buy a horse? If so, you have been struck with surprise at the great number of horses just seven years old. A shrewd Scotch jockey whom I once employed to aid in the selection of a horse, as he examined the animal's mouth inquired of the seller "how old is he?" "Seven years," "Ah," said Johnny, "that seven years ago was a tremendous year for colts."

LIFE'S SHADOWS.—The following sad mortuary record is from an Eastern paper:

At Bridgewater, Connecticut, September 28, Mr. B. Mallett to Miss Mary Warner; Mr. Stephen Partridge to Miss Maria A. Andrus. Mrs. Mallett died four days afterwards aged 20, and Mrs. Partridge twenty-four days after her marriage, aged 26.

What is the difference between filling a pitcher with water and throwing a woman over-board? One is "water in the pitcher," and the other "pitch her in the water."

A country girl coming in from the field, was told by her cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew. "Well, it wasn't any feller of that name—it was Bill Jones that kissed me, and confound his ugly picture, I told him before he done it that everybody would find it out."

"SHE'S GETTING UP STAIRS."—The *Scientific American* says that a man in Orange County, N. Y., was found one night climbing an overshot wheel in a fulling mill. He was asked what he was doing. He said he was "trying to go up to bed, but some how or other these stairs won't hold still."

A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain.—*Johnson.*

A fellow at Stratford, C. W., made a wager that he would kiss the first woman that passed. He attempted to win the wager, and got his face slapped by the lady, who summoned him afterwards for the insult, for which he was fined five dollars.

For taking the romance out of young-folks, marriage is nearly as bad as a lawsuit. Think of that, ye votaries of hymen!

A WHISPERING GALLERY. For All Who Have arrived at Their Ears of Discretion.

He who plays at caustic wit often burns his fingers.

Don't stretch your legs beyond your carpet.

The blind man shouldn't attempt to catch fleas.

A good natured friend is often but an enemy in disguise.

The future blights more reputations than ever it opens.

A pigmy placed on a pedestal is only a greater pigmy still.

Get your money ready before getting out of an omnibus and before going into chancery.

Superstitions would die, if so many old women wouldn't act as nurses to keep them alive.

We expend more time, and expense in conciliating a man we fear, than in obliging one we love.

The prouder a man, the more obstinate he is—as the state carriage is the most difficult to turn.

Beware of marrying a woman who does not sew; is not fond of reading, and cannot play on the piano. Restless and unoccupied, she is continually moving abroad, to seek amusement she lacks at home.

Success is the great absolution of snobs.

Critics are the brokers of the literary exchange.

It is sweet sometimes to abuse one's relations, but bitter to hear them abused by others. There are bores in the best families; the oldest houses have their landless spouts.

The man who is wedded to money has a shrew for a wife.

Farmers' Department.

(From the Rural New-Yorker.)

ARE YOU READY?

The weather indicates the proximity of Winter, and every farmer who is not prepared for its advent should be on the alert. Barns, cattle sheds and sheep yards need to be put in such order as will warrant the greatest protection to the animals to be placed therein. Feed what and when you will, it is of no avail, animals cannot be kept in good condition if exposed to the severities of the season we are entering upon. True economy would dictate the comfort of stock, for to reinvigorate a system impoverished by harsh treatment, undoubtedly costs more than to keep it in readiness to supply the demands of nature, not to mention the greater tendencies to disease developed by lack of food or want of protection from storms and cold. There is another point, connected with stock raising—upon which much of the logic of reason and argument ought to be brought to bear—that should receive the attention of those interested. Give them the best your barn and granary affords. Instead of marketing the cleanest and sweetest of the hay and feeding out such as was poorly cured or musty, reverse the mode. The richer the food the richer the manure—the more of concentrated fertility possessed by the latter the better for land and crops, both of which have a direct relation to the pockets of the owner. Keep no more stock than can be wintered well.—If, however, you should run short of long fodder, cut up into small pieces—an inch or an inch and a half long—the corn-stalks and steam them. A bushel will make a good meal for an ox or cow. We have, heretofore, published a cheap and convenient mode for performing this operation, but thinking it may prove of value to thousands in our now more extended circle of readers, give the method for the benefit of those who may be driven into close quarters in the commissary department before returning Spring clothes the pastures in their vernal robes. Take a box—made water-tight, and fitted with a close lid—that will contain one or two bushels of stalks, cut as directed, and after filling it with the fodder, pour into it a pot-full of boiling water, close the lid and let the steam do the work. When the water has become luke-warm the stalks will be cooked sufficiently to be fed out. For milk cows it will be, to them, an agreeable addition to stir up bran or mill-feed in their mess and they can be kept in this manner in good condition with but little hay.—Take a stroll among the homes of your domestic animals—see that everything is conveniently and comfortably prepared—hold yourself in readiness to give an affirmative response to the query *Are you ready?*

The long winter evenings are here again, and isolated as the farmer is, the question naturally arises in what manner is he to spend them? So much of life is made up of the hours of Nature's darkness, that our prosperity may depend upon their right use. The labors of Spring, Summer, and Autumn are of such character as to almost deprive the farmer of any opportunity for mental development, but Winter gives the time for obtaining a fund of information that will enable him, when the season of toil returns, to work with a confidence and earnestness that is its own guarantee of success. Have you with the agency of neighbors formed a club for the discussion of agricultural topics, the relation of experiences, and the comparing of matters relative to your avocation. The field, garden and orchard furnish a thousand subjects upon which almost every farmer may give light to his brother laborers and receive in return practical knowledge upon points to him clothed in darkness. Be observing, and if some in your vicinity have met with extraordinary success in the culture of any crop fathom the reasons therefor, and leaving the "beaten path" strike out anew in the cause of Progress. Think, study; lay plans and devise experiments for the coming season, and resolve to perform whatever portion of labor is assigned you in rolling forward the car of Improvement. Be a farmer, or else, by change of employment, seek an occupation more congenial to your tastes. Science is lending its light to agricultural pursuits—art and mechanical skill are devising and manufacturing aids to its promotion, and he who discards their assistance enters the battle-field of life half armed. Something beside bone and muscle strength of sinew and power of endurance is necessary to elevate the farmer's calling; these are necessities, but mental enlightenment must be the directing

force. Intellectual and mechanical agriculture are co-laborers, to meet the fullest reward both must be employed. Rural reader, where will you be classed? A position must be chosen—an elevated one can be taken and maintained, if the means within your reach are judiciously used; the stores of practical, scientific skill are open and you can mentally grasp what you will—*are you ready?*

APPLES FOR FOOD.

Liebig says:—"The importance of apples as food has not hitherto been sufficiently estimated or understood. Besides contributing a large portion of matter in the form of food, they contain such a fine combination of vegetable acids, extractive substances and aromatic principles, with the nutritive matter, as to act powerfully in the capacity of refrigerants, tonic and antiseptics; and when freely used at the season of ripeness, by rural laborers and others, correct the putrefactive tendencies of nitro-nitrogenous food, avert scurvy, and probably maintain and strengthen the powers of productive labor. The operators of Cornwall consider ripe apples nearly as nourishing as bread, and more so than potatoes. In the year 1801, a year of scarcity, apples, instead of being converted into cider, were sold to the poor, and the laborers asserted that they could stand their work on baked apples without meat; whereas potato diet required either meat or fish. The French and Germans use apples extensively; indeed it is rare that they sit down in rural districts without them, in some shape or other, even at the best tables. The laborers and mechanics depend on them, to a very great extent, as an article of food, and frequently dine on sliced apples and bread. Stewed with rice, red cabbage carrots or themselves, with a little sugar and milk, they make both a pleasant and nutritious dish."

(From the Rural New-Yorker.)

WORMY APPLES.

Some four or five years since, I recollect congratulating the fruit growers of Western New York on the fact that, while in Connecticut and Eastern New York and Long Island, perfect apples could scarcely be raised, because of the worm, we could still raise beautiful and perfect fruit in abundance. The present indications augur anything of the future; that phase of prosperity is passing, if not already gone by. In this vicinity the evil has been increasing for several years, and the present season the apple crop (where there is fruit) is both lessened and injured materially. The question is certainly worth discussing whether there is or is not a remedy, and if none is found, fruit culturists will do well to give attention to and report upon the varieties which seem most free from its ravages. The idea of expressing the juice of animal life in making cider, is somewhat annoying, at least to a nervous person, neither can a baked apple be peculiarly enticing to one who fears finding something in it.

The first wormy apples I remember to have noticed in my own orchard, were the Black Gillflower or Sheepnose, and the Seekonofurther; next came the Greening, Spitzenberg Roxbury Russet, Canada Red, Russet Sweeting, Swaar, &c., while the Baldwin and Twenty Once Pippin are scarcely affected, and the Golden Sweet, Sweet Bough, Northern Spy and Fall Pippin are as yet free. W. F. West Bloomfield, N. Y., 1856.

FALL TREATMENT OF ASPARAGUS.

As soon as the heavy frosts come to kill the tops, they should be cut and removed to the sty, or the compost heap. The surface of the beds which has become hard, and perhaps weedy, should now be thoroughly scarified with the toe, or forked over, taking care not to injure the crowns. About the last of the month spread on a heavy coating of stable manure, at least a half a cord to every square rod. The rains will carry down its fertilizing properties to the roots, and give them great strength and vigor for an early start in the spring. If near the shore, where marsh mud is accessible, a coating of this, one inch thick, in addition to the manure, will do good service. We have also found it an excellent plan to cover the beds with sea weed or old hay during the winter. The roots keep active longer before the ground freezes up; the ground does not freeze so deep, and starts sooner in the spring. The mulch of course needs to be removed as soon as the winter is over. Asparagus is a gross feeder, and can be had in its perfection only by high manuring. This we believe will pay, whether the bed has been thoroughly prepared or not.