

OUR WHEELBARROW.

Deception one can not see through—A glass eye. Spelt-bound—Spoken a word at a spelling bee. A Pleasant Reception—A great girl's face in a glass. Promising—Outside of a Philadelphia hall, where meetings have been held for revising English spelling, there was posted lately, "The Pillsbury Commission for revising the spelling of the English language has declined."

A boy's voice in smoking turned loudly pale and threw away his cigar. Said he, "There's something in that cigar that's made me sick." "I know what it is," said his companion, pulling away. "What?" "To-bacco."

The California Act, in a biography of Socrates, equips him as a sewing-machine agent. "That's perhaps why he died with a hemlock stuck in his side." Foot Bille—Avoid tight shoes. "How it," said a gentleman to Sheridan, "that your name has not an O attached to it? Your family is Irish and no doubt illustrious." "No family had a better right to O than our family," said Sheridan; "for we owe everybody."

A Yankee in Paris, who was listening to the boasts of a lot of English and French artists about the wonderful genius of their respective countrymen, at last broke out, saying: "Oh, pshaw! You get out! Why, there's Bill Devine, of our village, who can paint a piece of cork so exactly like marble that the minute you throw it into the water it will sink to the bottom, just like a stone."

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.—They are taking evidence in a divorce case for cruelty. The husband is under examination. His wife, prostrated with grief, is weeping bitterly, covering her face with her handkerchief. "Now," says the judge, "are you not ashamed to have thus brutally treated your wife a tender young woman of twenty-five?" The wife suddenly raised her head. "I beg your pardon," she sobbed—"twenty-four only." And she again gives way to her grief.

ENGLISH FUN.

From Punch.

Solving the Difficulty (2).—First Soldier—"So they say we're a chance of fighting the Roosians agin!" Second Soldier—"Blow the Roosians! Why don't ye go and take Constantinople, and a' done with it!"

An Unsettled Bill.—W. E. G.

Darwinian.—Elder Sister (wishing to show off her small brother's accomplishments)—"Now, Jack, who was the first man?" Jack—"Adam!" Elder Sister—"Quite right! And where did he live?" Jack (who has notions of his own about an earthly Paradise)—"In the Zlogical gardens!"

Diplomatic Difficulty.—To tell the truth, or to believe it when told.

(From Fun.)

When a donkey's in the pound he's more than ever a quod-ruped.

RYMES FOR TIMES.

Mem, for a poet when he want's a verse: When a man's christened he want's a nurse; When he is married he want's a parer; When he is buried he want's a hearse.

Beyond Compare.—"Vicar's daughter: "William Noakes, does your mother ever comb your hair?" William: "No, miss, nur of doan' want'er too, neither." V. D.: "Why, you horrid boy?"—W.: "Why? 'Cos father's stop out too late at the Three Tuns t'other night, an' 'e's abed neow with the cocabin 'isn't got!"

(From Judy.)

Notice to Mariners.—The sort of vessel for the Irish channel—A potato steamer.

Fashion Again.—Silk umbrellas, made to be fastened to the back instead of to be carried in the hand, are a New York sensation. This is, of course, one of the evidences of the decadence of fashion.

(From Fanny Folks.)

An Optical Delusion.—Rose: "Oh, den me, here comes that dreadful Mr. Snokin! I hope he won't see us." Augustus: "N fear of that, dearest. Don't you see—has his eyeglass in his eye."

Might have been Worse.—The ex-Mayor of Dudley has been robbed of the corporation seal. The baby was not in the cradle, was only silver, whereas the baby was, on the Mayor's own showing, as good as gold.

NING IN DEBT.

I on this point, for I would detest from entering that place of torment. Many old folks in this country, who shall be named, would do business—that is, into debt—to-morrow, if they could. Most poor men are so ignorant as to envy the merchant or manufacturer, whose life is an incessant struggle with pecuniary difficulties, who is driven to constant "shaming" and who from month to month barely evades the insolvency which sooner or later overtakes most men in business; so that it has been computed that but one man in a hundred of them achieve a pecuniary success. For my own part, I would rather be a convict in a State prison, a slave in a rice swamp, than to pass through life under the harrow of debt. Let no young man misjudge himself unfortunate, or truly poor, so long as he has the full use of his limbs and faculties, and is substantially free from debt. Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable, but debt is infinitely worse than all. And if he had pleased God to spare either of all my sons to be the support of my declining years, the lesson which I should most earnestly seek to impress on them is, "never run into debt." Avoid pecuniary obligations as you would a pestilence and a famine. If you have but fifty cents and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it, and live on it, rather than owe a dollar! Of course I know that some men must do a business that involves risk, and must give notes or other obligations, and I do not consider him in debt who can lay his hands directly on the means of paying, at some little sacrifice, all he owes: I speak of real debt—that which involves risk or sacrifice on one side, obligations and dependence on the other—and I say from all such, let every youth humbly pray God to preserve him evermore.—Horace Greeley.

POTATOES AN EXHAUSTING CROP.—Potatoes are by far the most exhausting crop usually sold off the farm. Turnips come next when they are sold off. Grain crops remove a comparatively small quantity of manurial constituents. These facts show the reason why, while wheat can be grown successfully year after year on suitable soil, without the return of any of the ash constituents, the same cannot be done with either potatoes or turnips. While potatoes and turnips contain much nitrogen, a nitrogenous manure is scarcely required for their growth, if the soil is in good condition. The fact that green crops are so far independent of nitrogenous matter in the soil is no doubt due to their having broad leaves to take the ammonia from the air, and keep spreading roots to gather what they require through a great mass of soil. The same remark applies to the leguminous crops—beans, peas, clover, clover, etc. During the growth of these crops, for instance, nitrogen even accumulates in the soil. So, although leguminous crops contain much nitrogen, nitrogenous light manures are found in practice not to be required. On the other hand, an application of phosphoric acid, sulphuric acid and lime which can cheaply be applied as a mineral superphosphate, generally produces a most marked effect.—PROF. STEWART in North British Agriculturist.

GATES ON THE FARM.—Good gates are a great luxury, and everybody can enjoy them if they will. We mean those who have use for them. Every farmer should have a good gate just where it is needed. It may cost some money, time and labor, but it will prove to be an economical investment. We don't mean to say you must go to town and buy one made to order, though you may do so, but you can have a better gate for the farm if you select a few good logs, take them to the saw-mill and have "edge stuff" sawed to

FARM, GARDEN AND HOME.

Farmer titles' Treasure

DR. C. D. GARDETTE. Giles was a farmer, old and poor, And a artless fellow, you may be sure. For instead of plowing and sowing seed, His fields went fallow or choked with weed. While his wife and thither, in rubbish old, He went poking about for a pot of gold. For pots of gold, he had read, were found In the queerest places under the ground. Poorer and poorer, and still no gold, Acre by acre the farm was sold. Till all was a little speck of gray, Thee was a little speck of gray. Give rose from his good wife's eye, Am, "I've found the treasure at last," he cried. "I saw it as plain as I now see thee— Three feet deep, by an apple tree!" Out to the orchard in haste they go, Four score feet, a score in a row, Begged of trunk and gnarled of bough, Bearing scarce ever a blossom now. Give rose to his drowsy head marked it well, But under which tree he could not tell; So hour by hour and day by day, With a steadiest toil he dug away. Round each old trunk, on every side, A trench he opened deep and wide, And heaped the mold in a circling mound.

To be Continued.