

HUMOROUS.

AGRICULTURAL ADVICE.—Punch advises farmers to sow their P's, keep their U's warm, hive their B's, shoot their J's, feed their N's, look after the pot 8 os' I's, and, we might add, they should C's every opportunity to improve, and then take their E's after the work is over.

Throw up the chin and out the chest,
Assume the form of the letter S;
Like a kangaroo your arms extend,
And then you'll have the "Grecian Bend."

"Why is it, my dear sir," said Waffles' landlady to him the other day, "that you newspaper men never get rich?" "I do not know," was the reply, except it is that dollars and sense do not always travel together."

"Well, Mr. Sniffles, have you posted the ledger?" asked an employer of a new clerk.

"Yes, sir," said Sniffles; "I've posted the ledger, but it was too big to go in the letter-box, so I had to take it inside."

Some men can never take a joke. There was an old doctor, who, when asked what was good for mosquitoes, wrote back: "How do you suppose I can tell unless I know what ails the mosquitoes?"

"You politicians are queer people," said an old business man to an impecunious partisan. "How so?" asked the politician. "Why, because you trouble yourself more about the payment of the debts of the State than you do about your own!"

"Oh, heavens, save my wife!" shouted a man whose wife had fallen overboard in the Hudson river, recently. They succeeded in rescuing her. And her husband tenderly embraced her saying, "My dear, if you'd been drowned, what should I have done? I ain't going to let you carry the pocketbook again."

Child: "Who paid the expenses of the Prince of Wales' journey?" Rich Colonist: "English Government, my dear pet." Child: "Oh! Then are you a prince, too, for pa says English Gov'nment paid your journey to Botany Bay when you came first?"

A NEGRO WIT.—There is a tradition that one of the old esquires in Malden, Massachusetts, had a slave who had been in his family until he was about seventy years of age. Perceiving there was not much more work left in the old man, the esquire took him one day, and make him a somewhat pompous address, to the following effect:—"You have been a faithful servant to me, and my father before me. I have long been thinking what I should do to reward you for your service. I give you your freedom! You are your own master; you are your own man." Upon this the old negro shook his grizzly head, and with a sly glance, showing that he saw through the master's intentions, quickly replied, "No, no, massa; you eat de meat, and now you must pick de bone!"

"AWFUL SACRIFICE" TRADESMEN.—One of these generous, disinterested, sacrificing gentlemen had stuck upon every other pane of glass, "Selling off—no reasonable offer refused—must close on Saturday." This man once offered himself as bail, or security, in some case which was brought before a Magistrate. The Magistrate asked him if he was worth £200; he said, "Yes." "But you are about to remove, are you not?" "No." "Why, you write up, 'Selling off.'" "Yes, every shopkeeper is selling off." "You say, 'No reasonable offer will be refused.'" "Why, I should be very unreasonable if I did refuse such offers." "But you say, 'Must close on Saturday.'" "To be sure; you would not have me open on Sunday, would you?" A curious scheme to entice, if not to entrap, the unwary.

"How much do yez ax for twinty three-cint stamps, I dunno?" inquired Barney Dromgoole at the Postoffice wicket. "Sixty cints," replied the crupier. "Don't yer make any redushon at all fur buyin' thim that way?" "No." "Say half a dollar now?" "I can't make any reduction." "I'll give yez fifty-five cints." "If you don't want to buy stamps at the regular price go away and make room for other people," said the official savagely. "Well, ye needn't get made over it," said Barney, as he handed over the money. "Sure, it's mighty shtiff an' struck-up-like thim Poshtoffice people are. Faix now, av some av the people as have money would shart an opposition Poshtoffice, an' be more accomodatun', they'd take the left of the business away from thim, so they would."

The Farmer Boy.

I'm a happy farmer boy,
I rise before the sun,
"The fields are ripe for harvest,"
And reaping must be done.

It isn't much a boy can do,
To help the grown-up men,
But father taught me how to drag
When I was only ten.

He says all honest people
Will scorn a *lazy scamp*,
And every one, in harvest time,
If he don't work, must tramp.

Mother says, a boy of twelve,
Who never tries to shirk,
Is better than a regiment,
About the kitchen work.

And now I ride the reaper,
And help to toss the hay,
I used to play at circus,
After Forepaugh went away.

But once I fell and hurt me,
And now I play at war,
Old Rover he's the Turks,
And I'm the Russian Czar.

Come out into the country,
And see us all some day,
And you shall see a farmer boy
Can work as well as play.

TEDDIE.



"DOS AMERICANUS,"
OR, YANKEE DEED AND BRITISH BUTCHERY.

A person, in the course of some remarks in a prayer-meeting, having several times observed that he should never forget the dying words of his brother, the pastor suggested that it might be well for him to repeat them; whereupon, with some hesitation and scratching of his head, he said that they had slipped his mind."

A SIMILE.—The griefs of wedded love unreciprocated, and the griefs of divorce, remind us of the teeth, which pain us when they come and when they go.

About the Fly.

When a Congress street woman answered the door-bell yesterday, she found a stranger on the step. He had a bundle in his hand, a smile on his face, and he said:

"Madam, can't I sell you some fly-paper?"
"Does the paper fly?" she asked.
"No, ma'am; but it makes the flies fly."
"What do I want the flies to fly for?" she continued.

"Every fly, madam—" he was explaining, when she called out:

"I want you to fly! I can get along better with flies than with agents!"

"But I am not on the fly," he softly protested.

"Our dog is," she grimly replied, and so he was. He flew around the corner, the agent flew for the gate, the roll of fly-paper flew over the curb, and the newsboy climbed a tree-box to be out of the muck, and shouted:

"She flew, thou flyest, he fled, and I believe the dog got something with that coat-tail!"—
McGee's Illustrated Weekly.

To Break Off Bad Habits.

Understand the reasons, and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject until there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, and the thoughts that lead to the temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge in the thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, thrice—a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolutions, just think the matter over and endeavor to understand why it is you failed, so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is a folly to expect to break off a habit in a day which has been gathering long years.

Trying to Live Without Work

The following, from the pen of Horace Greeley, is true and applicable to this day: "Our people are too widely inclined to shun the quiet ways of productive labor, and try to live and thrive in the crooked paths of speculation and needless traffic. We have deplorably few boys learning trades, with ten times too many anxious to 'get into business;' that is, to devise some scheme whereby they may live without work. Of the journeymen mechanics now at work in this city, we judge that two-thirds were born in Europe; and the disparity is steadily augmenting. One million families are trying to live by selling liquors, tobacco, candy, etc., in our cities, who could be spared therefrom without the slightest public detriment; and if these were transferred to the soil, and set to growing grain, meats, wools, etc., or employed in smelting the metals or weaving the fabrics for which we are still running into debt in Europe, our country would increase its wealth at least twice as fast as now, and there would be far less complaint of dull trade and hard times."

Floral Clocks.

We read that at the opening of each hour, by night and by day, somewhere, a band of "feathered quiristers" breaks into a happy song; from branch or roof-tree, skimming the waves, or stirring the stillness of forest depths, the sweet arousing strain awakens silvery echoes.

And so it is with flowers; each plant has its appointed season of awakening to a new day. And beautifully has one of our own poets given the story of this joyous greeting-time:—

"Ah! well I mind the calendar
(Faithful through a thousand years)
Of the painted race of flowers—
Exact to days, exact to hours,
Counted on the spacious dial
Yon 'broidered zodiac girles.
I know the pretty almanac
Of the punctual coming back,
On their due days, of the birds."

Of the waking and sleeping hours of plants the great Linnaeus has given us a list:—

The morning glory opens at about two in the morning, closing at ten; Rutland beauty opens at three in the morning, closing at eleven; vegetable oyster opens at four in the morning, closing at twelve; poppy opens at five in the morning; bitter-sweet opens at six in the morning; water-lily opens at seven in the morning; scarlet pimpernel (the poor man's weather-glass) opens at eight in the morning; garden marigold (*Calendula arvensis*) opens at nine in the morning; sandwort (*Arenaria rubra*) opens at ten in the morning; star of Bethlehem (*Ornithogalum*) opens at eleven in the morning; passion-flower (*Passiflora caruba*) opens at twelve in the morning; feverfew opens at two in the afternoon; four-o'clock opens at four in the afternoon; chatchilly opens at five in the afternoon; evening primrose opens at six in the afternoon; night-blooming corn-cockle opens at seven in the afternoon; night-blooming cercus opens at eight in the evening.

Young gardeners may find great pleasure in watching the unfoldings of their flowers, pets of their own planting, and will doubtless be able to add others to the lists already made out.

[We are compelled to lay over until next issue a very interesting letter from "Viator."]