

Humors of the Week.

In a bowler a widow dwelt,  
At her feet three acres built;  
Each adored the widow much;  
Each essayed her heart to touch;  
One had wit, and one had gold,  
One was cast in beauty's mold;  
Which which was it on the prize—  
Wit, gold, or phase, or handsome eyes?

First began the handsome man,  
Pressing proudly o'er her fan;  
Red the tip, all it says his skin,  
"Could such beauty fail to win?  
Then stopped forth the man of gold,  
"Let be courted, coin he told;  
"Worth the burden of his tale,  
"Could such golden prospects fail?"

Then the man of wit and sense  
"I would have with his eloquence;  
"Then she blushed, scarce knowing why,  
"Then she smiled to hear him speak,  
"Then she laid her hand on his cheek;  
"Beauty, rankly, gold, desert,  
"Will hath won the widow's heart."

A Fair Broker.—The following of  
our new Secretary of State, is not  
without point to those who know that  
gentleman and the refined hospi-  
tality that has always characterized  
him. It is related that some years  
ago he was involved in a business  
deal that gave him some trouble. He  
consulted with his counsel,  
"What can I do to get out of any way  
of the difficulty except by a lawsuit,  
"I really, however, struck him, and as  
it did so he jumped from his chair so  
violently as to overturn it, struck his  
heels together twice while in the air,  
and slumped his thigh so violently with  
the chair as to raise a blister.

"What is it?" asked the lawyer, who  
was surprised at this demonstration.  
"I have it," replied the Knicker-  
bocker. "I will invite them to dinner—  
my opponent and his lawyer. You  
and I will do the honors, and if we  
don't bring them to terms there is  
nothing that can."

"My dinner was given, and worked  
to a charm. The affair was settled  
without recourse to the law, and Mr.  
Fish and the other party were over the  
best of friends.

The chivalrous character of Stonewall  
Jackson—the Cavalier Bayard of the  
Confederate army—is not more admired  
at the South, than it is by those who  
on many a hotly-contested field, battled  
against him for the North. On the move  
from Britton Run Gap, at the beginning  
of Jackson's celebrated valley campaign,  
his army marched until very late in the  
evening, and through a terrible rain.  
About midnight, Colonel Taylor, of the  
6th Virginia, heard one of his men, a  
Dutchman, grumbling and swearing to  
at least comrade, about the miserable  
leadership of his soldier-life; and he con-  
sidered his remarks upon the subject by  
saying:

"I was all do Yankees was in hell  
any how, I don't thin," said Paddy.  
"Der tells you ton't! and vat's de  
reason?"  
"He gerts, and wadn't ould Jack be  
after bettin' us up afore day ag'in, in  
der rain, wid free days' cooked rashins,  
pursuits' it was."

A Quaker lately popped the question  
to a fair Quakeress, as follows:  
"Hans—ye and verily, Penelope, the  
spirit, oughsh and moveth me wonder-  
fully to beseech thee to cleave unto me,  
"Hans—ye and verily, Obadiah, thou hast  
wielded said, inasmuch as it is written  
"What is it not good for a man to be alone,  
"to and behold! I will sojourn with thee."

The other night a convivially disposed  
person, retiring late, walked some what  
socially up the stairs and corridor to his  
room. "Why, what a night you make it,  
"said his wife, "how heavily you walk!"  
"Well, my dear, was the gruff response,  
"if you can get a barrel of whiskey up  
stairs with any less noise, I should like  
to see you do it."

A good story is told of a captain who  
went into a grocery where there were  
a lot of leaguers, and no one offered  
him a seat. Knowing everything about  
the grocery he went behind the counter  
and seeing a keg marked powder, threw  
it over his shoulder, exclaiming, "Gentlemen,  
"I have a notion that we've hired long  
leaguers. The way they ran out of  
the store was a regular to 'ground and  
lofty climbing." Of course the keg was  
empty.

"Your house a warm one, land-  
lady," asked a gentleman in search of  
lodging. "It ought to be," was the  
reply, "the painter gave it two coats  
of white wash."

The next day a little boy went to  
school. His mother asked him if he could  
read. "Yes sir," he replied. "Well, how do  
you do?" "Oh, just as other  
boys do."

"William, the Mayor knows I never call  
any body names; but, William, if the  
Mayor of the city were to come to me  
and say, 'Joshua, I want thee to find  
me the biggest liar in all this republic,  
"I would come to thee and put my hand  
on thy shoulder, and say to thee,  
"William, the Mayor wants to see you."

A little girl was very fond of preach-  
ing to her doll. Her mother heard her  
one day reproving one for being so  
wicked. "Oh, you naughty, sinful  
child," she said, shaking the wicker  
limbs, "you will just go to that river  
of brimstone and molasses, and you  
won't turn up—you'll just sizzle, sizzle,  
sizzle!"

A nine year old authoress in Belfast,  
Me., has written the first chapter of a  
novel. Two of her characters are de-  
scribed as "twins, one five, and the  
other six years old."

A dandy gives the following reason  
why the colored race is superior to the  
white race. He reasons thusly:—  
"That all men are made of clay, and  
like the merschaum pipe, they are  
more valuable when highly colored."

Bills differ. One that is payable has  
no pleasant feature—in fact it is ugly.  
A bill receivable is as pretty as the  
face of the girl you fancy, with the  
additional excellence that it is real.

What is the difference between the  
outer wall of a bridge and two nice  
young ladies? The one is a parapet,  
and the other is a pair of pets.

Brains vs. Labor.  
The following beautiful passage is  
by the Rev. J. F. Corning. It will be  
appreciated by all "brain workers":—  
"While I sit at my study table with  
my pen in hand, the fingers moving with  
tardy pace at the becom of the brain, I  
hear right below my window, in the  
adjacent field, the monotonous ring of  
a laborer's hoe upon the corn hills.  
While he hoes, he whistles hour by  
hour till the clock strikes twelve, and  
then with ravenous appetite repairs to  
his bountiful yet simple meal, only to  
resume his task again and pursue it to  
the setting of the sun. As I stood at  
the window watching him toil, and  
turned again to my pen and paper, I  
asked myself how it happened that the  
man with the hoe will labor his eight  
or ten hours a day with less fatigue  
than the man with his pen; will toll his  
three or four. Hugh Miller was a  
great worker with the shovel and pick—  
would have made a good hand in a  
slate quarry, as you know, he shot  
himself in a fit of nervous fever. What  
was the difference between the great  
geologist and the man with the hoe  
whistling under my window? Simply  
this: the former was a worker of brain,  
and the latter a worker of muscle.—  
Let this man with a hoe lay down his  
handy for a little while and set  
himself to study one of the stalks of  
corn, or the chemistry of one of those  
hills of soil, and very likely he would  
soon learn what it is to lose one's ap-  
petite, and hear the clock strike nearly  
all the night hours in feverish wake-  
fulness. And thus we get at a great  
organic law of our being, to wit: that  
brain-work substracts vitality from the  
fountain, while muscle-work only makes  
draughts upon one of the ramifying  
streams of life. It is estimated by sci-  
entific observers that a man will use  
up as much vital force in working his  
brain two hours as he will in working  
his muscles eight."

Becher's Advice to Workingmen.  
A man who is working to secure a  
small piece of property substitutes a  
new and distinct ambition for a remote  
and vague one. Day-dreams about  
large estates and princely incomes may  
be very amusing, but they are not half  
so profitable as the vision of a lot one  
hundred by two hundred feet, with a  
 snug little dwelling-house upon it.  
With this before him, a man will rise  
early and retire late, turning his hand  
cheerfully to any and every kind of  
work. He will have a motive for  
rigorous economy which will make it a  
pleasure. He will have the vision of  
the last payment before him as a per-  
petual motive to moderation in passions,

economy in expenses, abstinence from  
expensive companions. Thus it will  
come to pass that a judicious dab-  
bler in the beginning of a journey-  
man's or laborer's career, will become  
his good genius, watching over him  
inciting him to all industry and self-  
government. Every laboring man  
ought to own his own home. The first  
duty of every workman should be to  
convert his earnings into real estate.

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Work for the

Month is usually well to get  
the mended and repaired, and  
or cut up the rank of a  
Closer, it is early when just  
into the season, and gives a light  
of plaster, or of any finer coat  
If the stools are strong, making  
one good growth, and ripen-  
ing crop of seed. Cut mize  
for hay, beginning when the  
full bloom, before the heat  
brown, and cutting those  
which have the most clove  
much as possible in the stalk  
in the cock, after thorough  
the stem. Pastures may be  
by top dressing at any time  
if close cropped.

Planting.—Early matu-  
of corn will do very well, if  
first week in June. Carry  
and best may be sowed as  
in June, with fair success.  
are preferably sown about  
good, deep soil, well nu-  
dressed with bone-dust, or  
plate of lime. White fields  
be ploughed any time during  
It is best to put them in  
only fresh, tender seed,  
crops of Cabbages, sow in  
near the land on which the  
grown, such varieties as  
Drumhead, Mason, etc. Be  
the middle of the month,  
was sown with fine  
top-dressed with

Butter.—Now that the  
pasture, and the fresh grass  
to the flow, rich and  
milk. I have butter in the  
ing the year. I can be  
keep the grass comes again  
no difficulty about it, if the  
be thoroughly worked out  
collected, one ounce to the  
worked again after standing  
hours. There should be push-  
ed in with a thin layer  
the bottom, and salt, by  
layer. The butter must be  
tight, if possible—that is,  
—and pounded down in  
The best butter is handled  
and the lower the tempera-  
ture is worked, provided it  
to work thoroughly, the  
and firm it will be. If the  
be filled at once, cover  
brins.

Stew.—As soon as  
entirely well, caused by  
the entire flock in some  
For this purpose, a  
made from carbonic or  
will be found the most  
ly for the safest.

Flour.—If they are  
water and fresh food, also  
to them daily, and every  
scratching ground should  
and freshened.

Potatoes planted late  
the rot which attacks  
varieties. Look out for  
month. Every large ve-  
place of one or two potato  
Select the largest plants  
bed, and on a rainy day  
them to the field, so as  
general planting about it  
late should be very firm  
and well tilled. Green  
Indian corn, sow in  
feet apart, in the most  
fertilizing manure  
stomach, but not the  
If an early lot, the  
good fields, and  
well somewhat exposed  
springs made vacant by  
or potato beds, pass  
beans, or some of the  
BARNARD'S ADVERTISER  
is a month of them at  
planting, and  
and potatoes, and  
and beans, and  
and potatoes, and