

Humors of the Week.

"SAVE MY DAWTER."

A GENTLE ROMANCE. I will now unfold the Mournful Tale of Hanner Skippis, who was beloved by a young man, which his betroth name was Joseph. I call it Joseph, because it was his front name.

Hanner's cheeks was as fare as the D. ask rose; her teeth was as white as the Snows, as many winters as you choose to offer up; she had a complexion of black hair, which she paid \$5 dollars for the lot. Her bust could't be say buster without bustin her bust.

To make a short story longer, she was as beautiful as a Poit's Dream—the I've never seen a Poit's dream. Not to the best of my knowledge. I don't allude to a Dutch Poit's Dream in competition, for they generally dream of Swiss cheese and lager beer, and this is not beautiful. Not much, you see.

Hanner followed the fashions to an alarmin' extent. And Joseph followed Hanner to an alarmin' extent.

Hanner had trunks full of fashionable things and such—an' many more.

One day when her crool Par remonstrated putty emphatically with her fer being so extravagantly fash'nable, she replied with a big tear in her I, an' her waterfall in her left hand, as viz: "Why Par, I mit as well be out of the World as out of the Fashion."

Then her par, who hed lost sum currency in Erie Stox, & was in a bad humor, tole her she cood find the place. "I will," sez his Dawter.

Then straitway did the high-spirited Hanner Skippis embark on the Camden & Anby R. R., an' go to Scobbs Neck, N. J., with only 11 trunks, remarkin, as how she was gone out of the world, an' cood't be fash'nible, she didn't want her other 23 trunks of close along.

But the old man Skippis related. His Addyuantine heart softened like his hed, and he put a personal into the Herald to these effect, to-wit:

Readers—Hear these tears. See these sighs. Feel these breaking heart. Come home, or I'll break you within an inch or your life. There now, you'd better come. jall-eltzrd.

Of course, no outsider cood see any one in those person—or any other person fer that matter, for the simple reason that thar air no sense in 'em.

But when Hanner got the paper out of the P. O. at Scobbs Neck the followin' day her eye soon rested on this notice. She anticipated it. She cood read Greek, henz she wasn't long findin' out what it meant when freely translated.

She took her 11 trunks and Scouted Home.

She came back a mere Wreck of her former self. But a few dips into the trunks which was left at home restored her, an' she fho'd 4th once more in all her former pristine grandeur—what'er those is, I don't know, but it sounds nice.

As I previally mentioned, Joseph had a yearnin' fer this maiden. He hed it bad. He wrote her name onto bond fenses with a piece of chalk; Skulpt it onto trees with his Jackknife, an' behaved like a sick kitten in sevral respicks.

An when he larned that she had 50 thousand dollars, an the toe take, an the Grecian Bend, all at once, it didn't dampen the order of Joseph's lov a particle. Nary. He just loved rite strait at the mark, an' he won.

Joseph askt her if she wood hev him for her Troo love.

Hanner said "No."

But she ced it with such a proodjus sigh, and leaned her hed so lovingly onto his weaskit, that he knowed full well that she meant 'yes.'

An he was happy.

They was to be married in 2 weeks. But there's many a slip 'twix the cup an' the lip,—which frase is not 'riginal with the undersigned.

A week afore they was to be hitcht into matrimonial harness, so to speak, a insiden made its debou (French) which effectually squasht all the love out of Joseph.

The son had sot, an mte crept on space. By the way I note that nite afore dat crop on space seemly after the son setsteth. Lis the nite's biz to do so, I suppose.

At midnite, when the son was low, there was a 'larn' ov fire. Joseph was still in his offic porin over some books.

Three helthy yooths was helpin him to pore over 'em. They called Whist—whatever that means.

Joseph struck for the seen ov cen'a candle. He soon discovered that one of the yooths was on fire.

The noble firemen they stood round with thara trousers in their butes, cus-

sin one another promiscuously—one company preventin another company from squirtin bekaws they hadn't enuff hose to squirt onto the baidin themselves—which is very unright for the noble fireman to do so. Engine No. 63 just bekaws it coodn't squirt out the flames skittet onto all the people who stood near 'em.

The seethin flames hisst and sishst an' protodled thare serpentine an' grey tongue out of the winders, lickin off the shutters and other combustibili matter in the twinklin' ov an I, an classin thare destructiv jaws with diabolike relish which seemed to say, 'Its hunty, you bet?'

Thare 't hats written in the sensation stilo of the New York reporters I want do so no more.

As Joseph stood gazin onto the burning edilia, wantin to do everything, an not knowin which to do fast; henz doin nothin, he heard Ole Skippis ringin in his hands, an seein him exclaim in tone ov anguish:

'Me child! O, me child! Save her! 'I'll reskoo her,' remarkt Joseph.

He plunged into the baidin like a potato into a dinner pot, as it were, & hid him into Hanner's room.

But there was no Hanner there. Apparently not much.

His vision rested onto a elderly lookin female in a complete case of fright, an not in a very complete wardrobe.

When she saw our Hero, for now he is a hero, (Walter Brown is a hero) she clung to Joseph an cried aloud:

'O, my dearest Joseph, you've cum at last, O, at last! Save me! Save your Hanner!'

'That's my bizin at the present moment,' replied Joseph; 'only tell ware she is; put her out!'

'Here she is; I'm yer Hanner!'

'Not much,' sed Joseph. 'Not for Joe, and ef he knows it, O, dear no, none for Joseph, an' I'm a cryed aloud:

'What! them Bald hed his Hanner! Those toothless mouth his Hanner! That 40 year old female his Hanner! Well, yes, I must confess it ware Too troo. While the firemen cust without, Joe cum pretty near cussin within.

But he had a hart. He graspt the 80 lbs of a—masel (I never swarc profane oaths) an plaved her in her father's arms.

The ole man gave Joseph a witherin look an sez he:

'Young man, this is a base imposition. 'The basest I ever witness,' quotht Joseph, alludin to the girl.

'Save my dawter! sa—'

'Mr. Skippis,' very solemnly sed Joseph, 'those is your dawter, all which is left ov her. The other 3 forthe ov her is lyin round loose in her chamber. I know 'tis the most valuable part but it air too late to reskoo 'em. Farewell.'

Reader, this tail is nearly unfolded; But little remains to be told.

Joseph hastened away. He went to Sheengo where, he sez, ef he marries a woman, an she's not all his fancy painted her, or all she paints herself, he'll bedivort the next day. Ef Joseph had red the proceedings ov the Delaware Legislature, no dowt he wood hev struck for the little Dimun State, called 'Bloo Hen's Chickens' for short.

An did Hanner Skippis pine and fade away, an refuse her matotential fash? Not much. She jest went & married a Bold Handed man, hoom she had 4 times previally refused, an his tin cup ov misery was heast. His life was one rowtime of—

Here to borrow the novel writiat's privilege, we draw a wail.

That's all. A. WARD, JR.

A burning shame: Incendiarism.

What word of case is like a call to meals? Com-fer-table.

What ship would be freighted with knowledge? Scholarship.

Why is a bald' head like Heaven? Because there's no partin there.

When can donkey be spelt with one letter? When it's U? Nothing personal meant.

What is a man like in the midst of a desert without meat or drink? Like to be starved.

Why does a lazy man resemble an industrious one? Because he hardly earns his bread.

Why does a salmon die before it lives? Because its existence is over before it comes to life.

Why is playing chess a more exemplary occupation than playing cards? Because you play at chess with two bishops, and at cards with four knaves.

A gentleman at a masked ball, meeting a lady whose husband he knew to be exceedingly jealous, exclaimed, 'Good heavens, madam, you here! I thought your husband kept you under lock and key?' So he does,' replied the angelic creature; 'but he's down with the typhus fever now, and I take the advantage to have a little fun.'

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Vol. I The Farm.

Potato Bugs.

Every year in different parts of the country there is a continual increasing complaint of the damage done by "potato bugs." The staple articles of food, and the most nutritious, which would naturally result were it for a single wholly or partially cut off, would be of the utmost importance that every likely to work injury to it, with proper investigation, and preventive cures. The American Entomologist of a recent date elaborate and extended treatise this subject, the main facts of are presented in the following table. The public are frequently informed that the potato bug has been abundant, and destructive in "geotian" at such a time, by agricultural and newspaper writers, and such and such remedies have been effectual in destroying them, they are preyed upon by certain insects, which it is hoped will check or finally drive them from the United States. There are more than ten distinct species of bug prey upon the potato plant; and of these ten species are confined in certain geographical limits, habits and history of several varieties vary as widely as does the hog from the horse. Some the potato in both the larva a perfect or winged state; others winged or perfect state alone, others in the larva state alone. Of these insects raise but one young every year, while three raise two or three broods; and raised by females belonging to the same brood.

Three of the ten feed exclusively upon the leaves and tenders while two burrow, like a bore, into the larger stalks. Every one of these has its peculiar enemies; and a mode of attack will prove successful with some will very often turn out worthless employed against others. As occurs to us to suggest that the writer of editor talks of the potato gives us a scientific name, confusion. This failure of give a name by which all of the individual species of insects are varieties in plants cause of much misunderstanding prolonged discussion.

We are enabled in this give only the names and pro of the more common characters the different families of these First we will take the "She (Gortyna Norika Gortyna), is not peculiar to the potato, infests tomato, dahlia, aster, garden-hoover-stalks. The larva stalk the latter part of seeds a little below the surface earth, where it changes in a days into the chrysalis and emerges as a perfect moth last of August to the middle of September.

The potato stalk weevil (trichodes), according to De-a more peculiarly southern ranging from the Middle States and unknown in New England places it utterly ruins. So far as known it infests potato plant.

The potato, or tomato weevil (trichodes), is well known growers as the tobacco moth, and needs nothing, plantary.

The striped Blister beetle follows. Four varieties are mentioned as belonging to family. They are only the foliage of the plant in winged state, living and feeding upon the ground, in state. They belong to the (Lygaea) Spanish fly, and just as good blisters as the are equally poisonous taken