

Humors of the Week.

THERE is a young man in Vermont who feeds his geese on iron filings, and gathers steel pens from their wings.

PREFERENCES.—An unknown writer prefers eggs of an hour old, fish of ten, bread of a day, wine of a year, a woman of eighteen, and a friend of thirty.

WHAT is the difference between the influenza and a church organist? One stops the nose, and the other knows the stops.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE once being asked which of Wordsworth's productions he considered the prettiest, very promptly replied; "His daughter Dorra."

A LEARNED coroner being asked how he accounted for the great mortality this year, exclaimed, "I cannot tell; people seem to die this year that never died before."

"Poor old General Debility!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, it is surprising how long he lives and what excitement he creates; the papers are full of remedies for him."

A LITTLE boy seeing a drunken man prostrate before the door of a grocery, opened the door and putting in his head, said to the proprietor, "See here, sir; your sign has fallen down!"

A CHICAGO paper says the women of Utah have recently altered the orthography of their creed. They now spell it *Moremen* instead of *Mormon*.

AN Irishman was going along a road when an angry bull rushed down upon him, and with his horns tossed him over a fence. The Irishman recovering from his fall, upon looking up saw the bull pawing and tearing up the ground, (as is the custom of the animal when irritated,) whereupon Pat, smiling at him, said,—

"If it was not for your lowing and scraping and your humble apologies, you brute, faix I should think you had thrown me over this fence on purpose."

"Ma I want some liquid generosity on my bread and butter."

"Some what, my child?"

"Some liquid generosity."

"What in the world does the boy mean by liquid generosity? What is it my son?"

"Gosh, man, don't you know? Why it's molasses, to be sure!"

A COOL HUSBAND.—There is one sensible married man in this State. He is a soldier, and was reported to have been killed, but was only a prisoner. He returned home to find that his wife had turned over a new leaf in the marriage service, and that another man occupied his seat in the chimney corner. Did he go to work slaughtering the false wife and her new husband? Not much. He walked in and said,—

"Well, old gal, how is things?"

"Putty good, Bill," said the double-married woman, not taken aback greatly.

"Which do you prefer, the old or the new love?"

She hesitated for an instant, and then said:

"I don't like to hurt your feelings, but—but—"

"Oh, spit it right out. Don't mind my feelings nor the other chap's! I won't be angry if you come down a little rough on my vanity. Count on me as being amiable. I won't cut up rusty if you should go back on me."

"I'm glad you're so thoughtful, Bill; and I acknowledge that I do like my present husband the best; but if anything should happen to him, I know nobody else I would so soon join fortunes with again as you."

"That's the way to talk. I'll now bid you good-by hoping that no accident will happen to the other fellow, and that he will live long to enjoy your delightful society. Good day."

And the careless husband traveled off, with his knapsack on his back, whistling, in a cheery, clear tone, "The Girl I left behind Me."

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LIZZIE was a pretty girl of eight years. She was fond of dress, and longed for "a handsome ring with a stone in it." Her brother bought her one of paste, which was just as acceptable to her as a genuine diamond would have been. One day, a friend, visiting the family, asked her,—

"Lizzie, where did you get your pretty ring?"

"Brother gave it to me."

"Is it a diamond?"

To which she very indignantly replied,—

"Well, I should think it ought to be, it cost twenty five cents!"

"Daddy," said a hopeful urchin to his paternal relative, why don't our school-master send the editor of the newspaper an account of the lickings he gives the boys?"

"I don't know, my son, replied the fond parent. "but why do you ask such a question?"

"Why, this paper says that Mr. B. has tanned three thousand hides at his establishment during the past year, and I know that old Grimes has tanned our hides more'n twice that many times!"

"Where shall I get a panel?" said the sheriff to the judge.

"Why, I suppose, sir, that you can get enough of panels out of doors."

ALWAYS TURN OUT FOR A HOG.—Thirty five years ago or more, a young man, then pastor of a rural church in the State of New York, was driving through the parish village in his buggy, having at his side the "senior deacon"—a very portly, heavy, good old gentleman, known, for excellence, as "the Squire." He was a very prudent man, rather timid and careful of his life and limb, all of which were of signal benefit to the church and society.

Having ascended a slight elevation in the road, the deacon observed, about a hundred yards ahead, stretched on his broadside, right across the narrow track, basking in a mud puddle, a huge, fat, lazy hog, weighing, probably, more than three hundred pounds.

"Look there, elder," said the deacon, nervously, "see that old hog across the road. Turn out."

"I see, sir," said the elder. "I can't turn out."

"But you must, or we shall be turned over."

"Can't do it, sir. I have the right to the road. The hog must give way."

Pony trotted on. They drew nigh the hog.

"I tell you," said the deacon, now nervously excited, "turn out, or we are gone."

"Never fear, sir; the hog must clear over."

By this time they were nearly to a stand-still, the elder presuming that if he could arouse the attention of the sleepy beast, he would at once rise and clear the track. But no; his hogship just raised his head, gave a slight glance at the little buggy, and with a short grunt, laid itself down in the mud. The end was, that the elder had to make a short turn out and take a circuit round, while the hog remained master of the situation. The elder having regained the track, and the squire his composure, (the driver rather crestfallen) the deacon said,—

"Elder, when I am on the road I never stop to contend with a hog. I think it is better to turn out."

The deacon ended, and the elder sat for some minutes, silently revolving in his mind the deacon's rule about hogs, and obvious moral. And the rule—"never to stand in the road to contend with a hog," has been one of the most useful rules of his life.

It is not great wealth or high station which makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched being on earth have. But it is a radiant sunny spirit, which knows how to bear little trials, which thus extracts happiness from every incident of life.

Up jumped the Devil all in a rage, and set two lines to fill this page.

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The Farga.

Agricultural Fairs.

We are in the midst of fall-fairs. The lists are so long that we can give our readers only the dates of those which have wide interest, as being national in their scope, or as having the dignity of State patronage.

What are these fairs worth to the rural population? The old ideal of an agricultural fair was to bring cultivators together for a comparison of their products, and for a comparison of their views in regard to different cattle and different methods of culture. It was rightly supposed that such comparison of views would stimulate to renewed enterprise, and give that degree of mental attention which farmers (like every one else) need for effecting the best results.

Up to a certain point, and more especially in connection with town and county fairs, this aim, with its accompanying advantages, holds good. With the larger fairs there is a ground for apprehension that trophies and medals and the juggling of betting are usurping an influence in their control and conduct which are putting the needs of ordinary farmers at a distance, and making such disposition of the grounds and of the produce of the fair great fairs as to alienate the sympathies of those who are in most need of a encouragement, and whose interests should cut for the live stock concerns of the State boards of agriculture.

We have nothing to say against the horses, and have shown our regard for the equine interest by giving the best portions of the trotting-horse executed in the country; we will moreover, in horse-shows where trotters may be matched, and where our progress in this direction may give fullest recognition. But we should be made to overshadow the body, and general interests of farmers, at the annual fairs, in the interest of their advantage.

Good fair roadsters and draught-horses, with all that their breedings should be a matter of concern to every farmer, and they should give him opportunity to see and try their qualities; but a goodly section of the trotting-horse, and a five tag on whom bets are placed, crowds the farmer out of his own interest to those whose needs and local prejudices are not even on the Union Course, or the respectable Prospect Fair Ground.

No agricultural fair should put out its fine horses, any more than church without its music; but lamentable condition of things in our country cannot get its complete workshop without an eye, and when a State fair comes, it kills without matches between horses with "neck" drivers.

In the one case, wind relays the wail, and in the other, the bleat, and the beef cattle, and the farmer goes the way. There is a debauchment of overlooking the whole matter of our larger fairs, which our farmers would do well to check.

We are stating no new thing. Practise farmers have for some time we speak of for. But, unfortunately, practice are the men who have the faculty for organization; and all these respects, at the time we have. And those who have the faculty, direct matters of profit.

We can give no better advice than the one of our farmers than to cultivate this faculty. Let them begin in a body of five or ten, in a corner of Canada that