

Humors of the Week.

A Marriage Extraordinary. Married at Sunbury, Mass., by the Rev. Cranberry. Mr. Nebemish Blackberry and Miss. Catharine Elderberry, of Danbury. We hope the descendants will not prove gooseberries.

"Woman is a delusion, madam," exclaimed a crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady. "And man is always hugging some delusion or other," was the quick retort.

"Miss A., what is your opinion of the weather?" "I think it indicates to clear, and I wish some folks would follow the weather's example and clear too." Mr. B., seized his hat, and has not been seen in that street since.

A Young lady at Troy, while engaged in conversation with a gentleman a few days since, spoke of having resided in St. Louis. "Was St. Louis your native place?" inquired the gentleman. "Well yes—part of the time," responded the lady.

Little Frank was taught he was made of dust. As he stood by the window watching the dust as the wind was whirling it in eddies he exclaimed, seriously, "Ma, I thought the dust looked as though there was going to be another little boy made."

A man who lately sued a lady for breach of promise was offered \$200 to settle. "What?" he cried, two hundred dollars for ruined hopes, a shattered mind, a blasted life, and a bleeding heart. Two hundred dollars for all this! Never, never. Make it three, and it's a bargain."

"Prisoner you are charged with begging on the public street on Sunday, on the pretence that you are suffering from a grievous wound." "Well, it is all true." "Why didn't you show the wound to the police, when they asked to see it?" "I couldn't your honor; my wound is closed on Sundays."

Jones meets Smith. "Why is this morning like a fat sheep?" "Fine weather of course," says Jones. Smith in return, "Why is it like the bombazine I sold your wife?" "Good morning," is the reply of Jones. They part happy, not withstanding Jones has lost his mother-in-law.

"My little angel," asks the husband of his wife in a railroad carriage, "are you comfortable in your corner?" "Very much so, thank you, my dear." "You don't feel the cold?" "Not at all." "The door closes well?" "Very well, thank you." "Well, then, come and change places with me!"

Says a writer in Blackwood—"I remember a cruel old schoolmaster of mine, who always accompanied his flagellations with the assurance we'd bless him yet for this scourging, and that the time would come when we'd thank him on our knees for those wholesome floggings; but after a long lapse of years I have felt no gratitude, nor ever met a school fellow who did."

Traveller says that if he were asked to describe the first sensation of a camel ride, he would say: "Take a music steel, and having wound it up as high as it would go, put it in a cart without springs, get on top, and next drive the cart transversely across a ploughed field, and you will then form some notion of the terror and uncertainty you would experience the first time you mounted a camel."

A lady of rural aspect entered a shop in Erie, Penn., the other day, and asked to see some "mournin' stuff." The clerk, thinking to expedite a sale, inquired in what manner the deceased was related to her. "Why," she replied, "fact is, there ain't nobody dead as I know of, but the doctor says my old man can't live more'n a week or so at furthest, an' bein' market day, and I was in town, I thought I had better be gettin' the funeral things, and make 'em up 'cause it's a real bother to get 'em made when there's dead folks in the house an' I hate to be waked."

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For the benefit of mothers and nurses, we would advise you, when the child is restless, feverish, thirsy, head hot, face flushed, tongue coated, pulse quickened, to give a warm bath, followed by appropriate doses of the nursing syrup, and its Medical effects will gladden your heart.

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PETER SWINK, Proprietor. THIS House has been thoroughly refitted, and the Proprietor is now ready to entertain all who may give him a call. A good team in connection with the House. All charges reasonable.

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ADAM SHULTS, Proprietor. This old and favorite resort for the traveling public and the citizens of Allegany county, has again passed into the hands of the proprietor, who, having thoroughly renovated and re-furnished it, is better than ever before. He desires to see his friends and the traveling public, generally.

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THE BEST LOCAL PAPER IN THE COUNTY.

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BARNARD & THACHER

New Fall Goods to be opened the first of next week, which will be one of the finest stocks of goods ever produced in Andover, at prices defying competition.

The Farm and Kitchen... What an old Experienced Farmer once told us... That the success of farming is in experience... That to ask a man's advice is not scooping, but often of much benefit... That to keep a place for everything, and everything in its place, saves many a step, and is pretty sure to lead to good habits, and to keep them in order... That kindness to stock, like good shelter, as a saving of fodder... That to fight weeds is to favor your neighbor and do justice to your neighbor... That in making home agreeable, you keep your boys out of the city... That it is a good thing to grow in farming—not jump into it... That it is a good thing to keep an eye out to experiment, and not a good and bad... That it is a good rule to sell your grain when it is ready... That the first mellow soil in your is your mellowest, and should first put in... The great changes of weather in cattle, as well as men... That all of farming is summed up in the nature heap made on the farm... F. G. in Prairie Farmer... Some cooks will throw out their in which meats have been boiled, out letting it cool to take off the fat... Bits of meat are thrown out, and would make hashed meat or hash... The flour is sifted in a wasteful way, and the bread pan left with it sticking to it... The crust is laid by to sour, in making a few tarts for tea... Cold puddings are considered for nothing, when oftentimes they are stannated for the next day... Vegetables are thrown away would warm for breakfast nicely... Dishcloths are thrown down, nice can destroy them... The scrubbing brush is left in water... Tubs and barrels are left in the to dry and fill again... Nice handled knives are thrown away... Silver spoons are used to scrape... An is allowed to mould and ten, paper, and get and open and lose their work is left out of the... the flies take possession... is drawn in a tin... to stank until both... are spoiled... ed fruit is not taken... and become wormy... tations in the cellar grow... are not removed until... are worthless... Pork spoils for want of salt... cause the brine wants scall... Bones are turned that... are spoiled... Clothes are left on the line... pieces in the wind... Browns are never hung up... are spoiled... AN EXCELLENT CAKE: Beat eggs, one half teaspoon of milk, four teaspoon of shortening, of butter—milk, one teaspoon non, one teaspoon salt, one cup unbolted wheat flour, an hour. A very healthful those who may give it a... be troubled with indigestion... INDIAN CAKE.—Take one pint of Sour milk, a teaspoon three tablespoonful of Indian meal to make it enough to pour. We by leaving out the molasses a spoonful of cream. You will have a cake fit... Colgate's Cream—On the thing of butter... is... Elavato...