LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

WIVES SAVE YOUR HUSBANDS.

The following should be read by every woman in the country, married or unmarried--yes, it should be committed to memory and repeated three times a day, for it contains more truth than many volumes that have been written on the subject:

"How often we hear men say, I am going to California, Australia, or somewhere else:—You ask him the reason of his going away, and the answer is, in nine cases out of ten, I am not happy at home. I have been unfortunate in business, and I have made up my mind to try my luck in California. The world seems to go against me. While fortune favored me, there were those whom I thought to be my friends, but when the scale turned, they also turned the cold shoulder against me. My wife, she that should have been the first to have stood by me, and encouraged me, was first to point the finger of scorn and say it is your own fault, why has not this or that one been so unfortunate? If you had attended to your business as they have, you would not be where you are now. These and other like insinuations, often drive a man to find other society, other pleasures in consequence of being unhappy at home. He may have children that he loves; he cannot enjoy life with them as he would; he may love them as dearly as ever; yet home is made unpleasant in consequence of that cold indiff rence of the wife. Now I would say to all such wives, sisters and in fact, all females, deal gently with him that is in trouble; remember that he is very easily excited. A little word carefully thrown out may inflict a wound time never can heal. Then be cautious, a man is but human—therefore he is liable to err. If you see him going wrong, ever meet him with a smile, and with the kiss of affection; show that you love him by repeated acts of kindness; let your friendship be unbounded; try to beguile his unhappy hours in pleasant conversation. By so doing you may save yourself and children from an unhappy future.

When a man is in trouble it is but a little word that may ruin him, it is but a little word that may save him.—*Merchant's Ledger.*

We quote from "Fun Jottings," by N. P. Willis, the *declaration* to an angelic creature, fair, fat and twenty:

"I found her one morning sipping her coffee at twelve, with her eyes wide open. She was just from the bath, and her complexion had a soft, dewy transparency, like the cheek of Venus rising from the sea. She put away with her dimpled forefinger as I entered, a cluster of rich curls that had fallen over her face, and nodded to me like a water lily swaying to the wind when its cup is full of rain.

"Lady Albina," said I, in my softest tone, "how are you?"

"Bettina," said she, addressing her maid in a voice as clouded and rich as a south wind on an eolian harp, "how am I to-day?"

The conversation fell into short sentences; the dialogue became a monologue; I entered upon my declaration. With the assistance of Bettina, who supplied her mistress with cologne, I kept her attention alive through the incipient circumstances. Symptoms were soon told. I came to the avowal. Her hand lay reposing on the arm of the sofa, half buried in a muslin *foulard*. I took it up and pressed the cool soft fingers to my lips—unforbidden. I rose and looked into her eyes for confirmation. Delicious creature! She was asleep!

I never had courage to renew the subject."

Green Veils.—Somebody, a great many years ago, said that the bitterest of earthly afflictions was—

"To love and not be loved again."

Next to it, certainly, is the affliction, pain and annoyance of meeting on a sidewalk a pretty female figure with its head tightly wrapped up and enveloped in an impenetrable green veil, which green veil aforesaid, bows to you in a wo fully bewitching manner, and leaves you standing bareheaded on the walk in a fever of wonder, curiosity and wrath.

We are about petitioning for a law making it a capital—meaning thereby a kissable—offence, for any female under the age of thirty-five, whose face is not scarred with the small-pox, nor otherwise disfigured, and who was not born with features like Medusa, to be found wearing a green veil, at any time or under any pretext, on any sidewalk.

A pretty woman is like a great truth or a great happiness, and has no more right to bundle herself up under a green veil, or any other similar abomination, than the sun has to put on spectacles. We like masks, and are fond of masquerades but regulate our fondness by Solomon's injunction that there is a season for all things. These perambulatory female riddlers we do not like—at least, until we know who they are. Then, we are as willing as any one to acknowledge that

"A thing of beauty is joy forever."

A Minister having occasion lately to visit one of his particular parishioners in the way of condolence regarding her husband, who, the worthy good wife had good cause to suppose was in the backsliding condition, remarked after some conversation, "Wheel Janet, could you think of any plan we could fall on to induce Andrew to attend the church again." "Aweel," said Janet, after a pause, "I ken o nane, sir, unless you would sit down a whiskey bottle and a tobacco pipe in the toy of the seat."

He who seldom thinks of heaven is not very likely to get there soon; as the only way to hit the mark is to keep the eye steadily fixed upon it.

A Good Reply.—A lady, paying a visit to her daughter, who was a young widow, asked her why she wore the widow's garb so long. "Dear mamma, don't you see!" replied the daughter, "it saves me the expense of advertising for a husband, as every one can see I am for sale by private contract."

"Fanny Fern" says it is provoking for a man who has worked all day at mending wood coat of her husband's, to find a letter from another woman in his pocket.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

The first settlers in Maine found, besides its red-faced owners, other and abundant sources of annoyance and danger. The majestic forests which then waved, where now is heard the hum of business, and where a thousand villages stand, were the homes of innumerable wild and savage animals.

Often at night, was the farmer's family aroused from sleep by the noise without, which told that bruin was storming the sheep-pen or the pig-sty, or was laying violent paws upon some unlucky calf—and often on a cold, winter evening, did they roll a larger log against the door, and with beating hearts draw closer around the fire as the dismal howl of the wolf echoed through the woods.

The wolf was the most ferocious, blood-thirsty, but cowardly of all, rarely attacking man, unless driven by severe hunger, and seeking his victim with the utmost pertinacity. The incident which I am about to relate occurred in the early history of Biddeford.

A man, who then lived on the farm now occupied by Mr. H.——, was one autumn engaged in felling trees at some distance from his house. His little son, eight years old, was in the habit, while his mother was busy with household cares, of running out into the field and woods around the house, and often going where the father was at work.—One day, after the frost had robbed the trees of their foliage, the father left his work sooner than usual, and started for home. Just by the edge of the forest he saw a curious pile of leaves—without stopping to think what had made it, he cautiously removed the leaves, when what was his astonishment to find his own darling boy lying there sound asleep! 'Twas but the work of a moment, to take up the little sleeper, put in his place a small log, carefully replace the leaves, and conceal himself among the nearest bushes, there to watch the result.

After waiting a short time he heard a wolf's distant howl, quickly followed by another and another, till the whole woods seemed alive with the fearful sounds.

The howls came nearer, and in a few minutes a large, gaunt, savage-looking wolf leaped into the opening, closely followed by the whole pack. The leader sprang directly upon the pile of leaves, and in an instant scattered them in every direction.—As soon as he saw the deception, his look of fierceness and confidence changed to that of the most abject fear. He shrank back, cowered to the ground, and passively awaited his fate; for the rest enraged by the supposed cheat, fell upon him, tore him in pieces and devoured him on the spot.

When they had finished their comrade, they wheeled around, plunged into the forest and disappeared; within five minutes from their first appearance not a wolf was in sight. The excited father pressed his child to his bosom, and thanked the kind Providence which led him there to save his dear boy.

The boy, after playing till he was weary, had lain down and fallen asleep, and in that situation the wolf had found him, and covered him with leaves, until he could bring his comrades to the feast; but himself furnished the repast.

The Philosopher and the Child.—The "Reaper" for November is an interesting number. We copy from it the following article:

A philosopher once asked a little girl if she had a soul. She looked up into his face with an air of astonishment and offended dignity, and replied—

"To be sure I have."

"What makes you think you have?"

"Because I have," she promptly replied.

"But how do you *know* you have a soul?"

"Because I *do* know," she answered again.

It was a child's reason; but the philosopher could hardly have given a better.

"Well, then," said he, after a moment's consideration, "if you know you have a soul, can you tell me what your soul is?"

"Why," said she, "I am six years old, and don't you suppose that I know what my soul is?"

"Perhaps you do. If you tell me, I shall find out whether you do or not."

"Then you think I don't know," she replied, "but I do: it is *my think*."

"Your *think*!" said the philosopher, astonished in his turn; "who told you so?"

"Nobody. I should be ashamed if I did not know that, without being told."

The philosopher had puzzled his brain a great deal about the soul, but he could not have given a better definition of it, in so few words.

Pure Water.—Prof. Siliman says "If you wish for a clear mind, strong muscles, and quiet nerves, and long life and power prolonged into old age, permit us to say, although I am not giving a temperance lecture, avoid all drinks but water and mild infusions of that liquid; shun tobacco and opium and everything else that disturbs the system; rely upon nutritous food and mild, dilutent drinks, of which water is the basis, and you will need nothing beyond these things except rest, and due moral regulation of all your powers, to give you long happy and useful lives, and a serene evening at the close.

Young Men.—Tell me what are the sentiments that occupy the minds of your young men, and I will tell you what is to be the character of the next generation.—*Edmund Burke.*

Plato says that there is nothing so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of the truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

When we see birds, at the approach of Fall, anointing their plumage with oil, to shield off the drops, should it not remind us, when the storms of contention threaten us, to apply the oil of forbearance, and thus prevent the chilling drops from entering our hearts.

Errors in me are the worst of all errors. They are of the heart and corrupt the whole man, and cannot remain long without corrupting the intellect also. True life is true prayer, and without it the prayer of the lips brings little benediction.

FARMERS' DEPARTMENT.

From the American Farmer.

WORK FOR THE MONTH.

Collection of Materials for making Manure.—In the present rage for *Guano*—in this day and hour of its popularity—when there are so many unmistakable evidences of its potency and power as a renovator of worn-out soils—of its surety in producing large crops out of poor lands, it may appear adventurous in us to enjoin the duty upon the owners of landed estates to haul and compost rough vegetable materials as a means of making manure. But be it adventurous or not, we shall continue to do so. In despite of the virtues of *Guano* as a fertilizer of the soil—and no man thinks more highly of it in that connection than we do—none have taken more pains to introduce it to public favor and use: notwithstaning we hold it to be one of the most effective concentrated animal manures ever applied to the enrichment of the soil, still we believe it would be true economy for planters and farmers to convey every thing on their estates that is susceptible of being made into manure, into it—still do we think that their interests would be greatly promoted by employing their teams and spare hands from this until the forest arrests such labors, in the accumulation of rough materials and the forming them into composts. Every dollar which might be thus expended, we feel assured, would bring from five to ten back in the shape of increased crops, provided the compost heaps were properly formed and protected. Let no man say that he has no materials on his estate; for there is scarcely a farm or plantation, where, if sought for, such substances may not be found in abundance, as the roadsides, woods, creeks, marshes, rivers, headlands abound with them. If *two* loads of the substances to be found in the places enumerated, be composted with *one* of stable or barn-yard manure, and to each twenty loads, *one* bushel of plaster be incorporated, and the whole thoroughly mixed together, by being shoveled over next spring, the whole body will be as good as any barn-yard or stable manure that a farmer or planter ever applied to his land. The value of which would be greatly increased, if, with every double-horse cart load, there were mixed *two* bushels of ashes. Refuse salt or packers of meat, would also make a good addition to the compost heap.

Again, the cow-yards and pig-styes on every place should be covered with rough vegetable matters, to the depth of ten or twelve inches, to absorb the liquid excretions of the animals. In giving form to these materials, the dish-like shape should be aimed at, to prevent the escape of the urine, while plaster should be dusted over the surface once or twice a week.

If it were practicable for every culturist to obtain guano, we are free to admit that it would be the cheapest and best manure that could be used; but the experience of all must tell them that it is impracticable to obtain supplies. The present as well as the last fall are lamentable proofs of the truth of this proposition. Such being the case, we would, if it were in our power to do so, enjoin it upon all to adopt the formation of composts as a part of their systems of agricultural economy.

Fattening Hogs.—See to it, and have your fattening hogs regularly fed; see that their sleeping apartments are dry, warm, and well supplied with litter, which, at least once a week should be removed, and fresh litter put in its stead.

Store Hogs.—These should be provided with good, warm, dry, well littered sleeping apartments throughout the winter and early spring. Their pens should be provided with two apartments—one for sleeping, the other for eating in, which should be accessable to an enclosed yard, the surface of which should be covered with rough materials to absorb the liquid voidings of the hogs.

The *litter* of their sleeping apartments should be removed into the yard once a week and spread over the surface, while the sleeping apartments should as often be supplied with fresh litter.

Each of the *in-pig sows* should be provided with separate apartments to sleep in, and, indeed, it would be better if they should each have a separate yard to breed in.

Fall and Winter Ploughing.—All stiff clays intended for culture next spring should be ploughed during fall and winter—let the ploughing be deep and thorough. It must be an object with you to seize those seasons when the soil is neither *wet*, nor too *dry*. Clays ploughed in either of these conditions are apt to remain intractable throughout the next session If, however, they be turned up in a state of moderate moisture, the effect of the winter and early spring frosts will be to break down their tenacity and render them comparatively friable.

And we will here premise, that if such clays need liming, no better time can be selected for putting on lime or marl.

Roots of all kinds.—These should be dug and carefully put away as soon this month as possible, so as to avoid injury from frost.

Corn Stalks.—These, if removed before their nutritive substances are bleached out of them, will form a valuable addition to the long food of the farm. Before being used as food they should be cut with a machine and undergo the process of cooking. We have seen the stalks of a 40 acre field rendered available in a very simple way, by a neighbor of ours. It was this: he had a large pot set up in his cow-yard in which he brought water to the boiling point—by it was a long box, with a tight cover, holding about 20 bushels. The stalks were cut into inch lengths, put into a box, pressed down, the boiling water poured over them, the cover let down and confined with a heavy weight. The stalks, when cooked, were mixed with cob-meal, or cob-meal and bran, and when cool enough fed out to the cows twice a day. Besides this food the cows received hay or straw in their racks twice a day.

In this way he carried 20 head of milch cows besides several heifers through the winter in excellent condition.

When the stalks may have been cut up and cured with the fodder and tops on them, before the juices were dried, the cooking of them may be dispensed with, though even in that case it would be true economy to pass them through the stalk cutter, as the provender thus prepared is more easily digested and much less loss from wastage ensues.

Corn Cobs.—If farmers and planters would *shell* all the corn they sell, reserve the *cobs* and have them ground into meal, they would find a great resource in them for the feeding of their cattle. *Cob-meal* we think may be set down at about one-third as nutritious as meal made from the grains of the corn. If cob-meal be cooked in the way recommended for stalks, and mixed with cut straw, it will make a strong nutritious food. Then why should the corn grower sell his corn on the cob? Why should he pay freight on the cobs for which he gets nothing, when he can use them to such advantage in the feeding of his cattle?—These are questions worthy of consideration, and we trust will be so treated. Surely, if *economy* be consulted, they will be so considered.

Half a peck of cob-meal and half a bushel of cut straw, hay, or fodder, fed out three times a day to a cow will make her give a good mess of milk, and keep her in good condition, provided she has good accommodations to protect her from the weather. Sheds, or stables, are indispensable to the comfortable keeping of one's cattle. The saving in food a single winter and spring would more than pay for the building of two sheds.

Wintering Milch Cows.—If you have not *shedding* already erected to give comfortable shelter to every head of cattle on your place, have sheds erected without delay.

Milch cows should be provided with warm, comfortable, dry lodgings, which should be supplied with litter twice each week; they should be curried, or combed, and rubbed down with a whisp of straw daily, watered night and morning, and be given an ounce or two of salt twice a week, or the same quantity of a mixture of oyster-shell lime, ashes or salt. They should have access to an enclosed yard—which should be provided with rough materials—at all times.

If economy should be consulted, all their fodder, hay, straw or stalks will be cut. To ensure their giving milk, the food of the cows should be cut hay, fodder, straw or stalks, mixed with cob-meal, corn-meal, bran, shorts, or roots of some kind; which should be formed into slop. This given twice a day with a good feed of long provender in their racks at night, will carry them comfortably through the winter, enable them to give generous sups of milk, and be turned to their pastures in good condition in the spring.

No roots should be fed to cattle without being mixed with cut hay, fodder or cornstalks.

Wintering Young Cattle.—If you wish to raise well sized, full developed animals, you must give the young creatures plenty of food. When we say *plenty*, we do not mean that you should keep them in good growing condition—that you should so feed them as that they shall have wherewithal to build up their frames.

They should be provided with a good, dry, comfortable shed facing the South or South-east, protected from the North and North-west winds; attached to which there should be an enclosed yard, the surface of which should be covered some inches deep with woods-mould or some kindred substances:—the yard should be dish-like in form.—The floor of the shed, whether of earth or boards, should be an inch or two higher than the yard, to ensure dryness and comfort.

These young cattle should be fed thrice a day, with long provender, in the rack in their sheds, twice a week they should receive an additional feed of grain—oats if possible. They should be watered twice a day, salted, or given the salt, ashes and lime mixture, twice a week. Attention must be paid to keep their lodgings under the shed dry and clean.

Once or twice a week they should receive messes of chopt roots and cut hay or straw—this latter food serves to keep the bowels open, the skin free, and the blood cool.

Working Animals.—Every horse, ox, or mule that labors on the farm, should have hay, or fodder thrice a day, say morning, noon, and evening, at regular hours; he should be fed with grain as often, which would be the better before being chopt or ground; he should be curried and brushed down night and morning, be watered thrice a day; be salted, or given the salt, lime and ashes mixture thrice a week; he should be well bedded each night, and the stable cleaned out every morning and evening. Immediately after each cleaning, the hind part of the stalls should be dusted over with plaster.

If a strong trough were arranged at the foot of the stalls, half filled with mould and leaves from the woods, sprinkled over with plaster to receive the liquid evacuations of the animals, the trough cleaned out every morning, and re-furnished with fresh mould and leaves, the air of the stables would ke kept pure, sweet, and healthy, while a vast quantity of the most fertilizing manure could thus be accumulated in the course of the season. The contents of the trough should be carefully put away out of the weather each morning as removed.

Winter Care of Sheep.—In the first place, *Sheep* should be provided with ample and warm accommodations for shelter. Therefore, if you have not one already, build a shed of sufficient dimensions to accommodate the number of sheep you have to winter. If the number of sheep be large, have a shed for every fifty or sixty head. Each shed must communicate with a tightly enclose yard. Access to each shed must be through an opening at one of the ends; ventilation other than the doorway must be provided. The floor of the shed should be covered in the first instance with 3 or 4 inches in depth of clean straw; when from the accumulation of sheep dung and discharge of urine the straw becomes dirty, the surface must be covered with fresh straw. Plaster should be strewed over the floor at least once a week.

For convenience of feeding grain or roots a trough ranging round the shed should be provided. The sheep should have *salt* always accessible to them. The best plan to secure this would be to have a trough in which *rock-salt* should be constantly kept.

The sheep should have access to the yard at all times.

Three pounds of hay, or fodder, or its equivalent in meal or roots per day will sustain each head of sheep, which should be given them thrice a day, viz:—early in the morning, at noon, and at an hour before sunset. Occasional feeds of roots, say twice or thrice a week, are conducive to health—potatoes, or Rutabaga, or common turnips, carrots, or parsnips, will answer.

Water should be given to the sheep twice a day, to wit, in the morning, and in the evening.

Apples.—Let these be carefully gathered by hand, and as carefully put away.

Wet Lands.—These should be drained, for no *wet* land will produce more than half a crop.

Gearing.—Gearing and harness of all kinds should be carefully overhauled and examined. All found out of order should be repaired, and such as may not be needed for use should be put away out of the weather. It should all receive a coat of oil or grease and lampblack.

Wagons, Carts, Tools and Implements of Husbandry.—Examine these, repair all that require it, give them a coat of cheap paint, and put all not required for use away under cover. By such attention they will last much longer.

Fire Wood.—Towards the middle of this month commence cutting a full supply of fire-wood to last a year. When cut have it hauled and piled up in your yard, or under your wood-house—if you have one.

Out Houses.—If these have not been recently cleaned and whitewashed, have this work done without delay. At any event give your poultry-houses a thorough cleansing and white-washing early this month.

Fences.—Let every panel of fence on your place be examined, and repaired without delay. Broken panels or weak points in a fence encourage cattle to commit breaches; to prevent which you should keep your fences always in good order.

REASONS FOR UNDER-DRAINING.

1. It prevents water which falls from resting on or near the surface, and renders the soil dry enough to be worked or plowed at all times.

2. By rendering the soil porous or spongy, it takes in water without flooding in time of rain, and gives it off gradually in time of drouth.

3. By preventing adhesion and assisting pulverization, it allows the roots to pass freely through all parts of the soil.

4. By facilitating the mixture of manure through the pulverized portion, it greatly increases its value and effect.

5. It allows water falling on the surface to pass downward, carrying with it any fertilizing substances, (as carbonic acid and ammonia,) until they are arrested by the absorption of the soil.

6. It abstracts in a similar manner the heat contained in falling rains, thus warming the soil, the water discharged by drain-mouths being many degrees colder than ordinary rains.

7. The increased porosity of the soil renders it a more perfect non-conductor of heat, and the roots of plants are less injured by freezing in winter.

8. The same cause admits the entrance of air, facilitating the decomposition of enriching portions of the soil.

9. By admitting early plowing, crops may be sown early, and an increased amount reaped in consequence.

10. It economises labor by allowing the work to go on at all times, without interruption from surplus water in spring or from a hard bake soil in summer.—*Albany Cultivator.*

Throwing Boquets.—The cantatrices of the concert room, the danseuses of the theatre, and young graduates at College commencements, have been deemed fair objects for that sort of tribute which is embodied in a carefully prepared and properly directed boquet; but now, we perceive, they have an equine competitor, and that race horses are hereafter to compete with them in the honors of such testimonials. At the late agricultural exhibition near Louisville, Kentucky, we read in the Courier, that while the race horse Grey Eagle was conducted around the ring, "boquet after boquet was cast at him from the amphitheatre, tributes from fair beings to the matchless beauty of this noble steed."

Guano.—The Guano mania continued unabated up to about the middle of the last month, when those who had been endeavoring to get their supplies, were either successful, or gave it up as a bad job, and countermanded their orders. A number of vessels have arrived during the month, and the supply is now abundant; but the orders which have been given on the vessels, cannot be filled until about the middle of this month—the scarcity of hands preventing the delivery when the supply became abundant. Those wanting can be furnished after or about the 15th of this month. The Agent sells not less than twenty tons. We will undertake to fill orders after that period, for any amount, at the Government price, ($46.20 per ton of 2,240 pounds,) at a commission of $1 per ton for purchasing and shipping. When taken from the wharf of the Agent, drayage will be saved—otherwise that will be an additional charge. Small farmers can, through our agency, obtain one ton, or more, as they may require. We act in this business for the accomodation of the farmers. It has been at great inconvenience, and with much perplexity, of late, but we hope the business can be managed better hereafter, and we will still give our services to our friends.—*American Farmer.*

Special Manure for Grapes.—The wine committee, at the exhibition of the Cincinnatti Horticultural Society, reported that of two specimens of wine, one from grapes to which a special manuring of potash had been given, the wine from the manured grapes was "bright, clear and mellow, like an old wine." The other was declared to be less matured in all its qualities, nor was it clear. The grapes themselves, from the two portions of ground, were also presented to the committee. "Both were delicious and well ripened, but it was considered that those from the manured land were sweeter, and that the pulp was softer."

Barley.—There are many names given to different kinds of Barley; but they appear to be divided into three kinds, the two rowed, the four rowed, and the six rowed. *Winter* Barley is mostly sown in mild climates, as in the south of France, Spain and Italy. This variety would suit the South best. Spring sown Barley, it is said, gives the largest products. The variety preferred for Spring Seed, is the two rowed.

HUMOROUS.

EPITAPH ON A KITTEN.

SUPPOSED TO BE BY BRIG. GEN. MORRIS.

Here lies, by death smitten,
A hapless young kitten,
To moulder away in the dust;
Oh, had it lived longer,
It might have been stronger,
And died somewhat older we trust.

Had it grown up to cat-hood,
Then many a rat would
Have mourned in the deepest of woe;
Let the curtain be drawn to,
We hope it has gone to
Tha land where other cats go.

The Marriage Ceremony.—An anecdote related by Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, to the effect:

A couple came to me one night and asked to join them in wedlock. I consented to perform the ceremony, and said to the man:

"Do you take this woman to be your wife?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"Do you take this man to be your husband?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then you are man and wife—that's all."

Both looked with great astonishment, and the lady asked.

"Is that all?"

"Well," she remarked, "taint such a mighty affair after all."

"Already Married.—A gentleman having occasion to call upon a physician the other day, stopped at the door, and rung the bell. The summons was answered by the Irish servant, of whom he inquired if the doctor was in.

"No."

"Was his lady in?"

"Yes,"

"Was she engaged?"

The girl looked at him for a moment, with a curious expression rested on her features, and replied:—

"Dade, sir, she's already married!"

A Good Pun.—A gentleman named Dr. being present at a party where one of the company had made several puns on the names of persons present, remarked that he had never been name punned upon, and did not believe it could be done. "There is nothing in the world more easy, sir," replied the punster, "just *lop* off half the name and it is *Dun*."

Don't Care a Bit.—An Irishman going to market met a farmer with an owl.

'Say, misther. what'll ye take for yer bird? Turkey?'

'It is an owl, ye baist,' replied the astonished farmer.

'Divil a bit do I care whether its ould or young price the bird, ye *spalpeen*.'

There is a young lady at Saratoga of such exceeding lightness, that a whiff of wind blew her over the house, like a thistle's down. She is a fairy eyed creature, and so volatile and ethereal that she should not be at all surprised to hear that she had retired from the world, and taken up her residence in a honeysuckle.

An Alderman once called on Dr. Franklin, the following dialogue took place; "Doctor, I have a strong tendency to the gout; what shall I do to arrest it?" "Take a bucket of water, and a ton of anthracite, three times a week." "Drink the former and carry the latter up a pair of stairs."

Difference of Opinion.—Our idea is, of a fellow that got a shrew for a wife, that

Woman's love is like Scotch snuff
We get one pinch and that's enough.

Our old darkey says—

Woman's lub is Ingin rubber—
It stretch de more, de more you lub her.

A Postmaster puzzling out a very illegible superscription on an Irish latter, jocosely remarked to an intelligent son of Erin, who stood by, that the Irish brought a hard set of names to this country. "Ah! yes," replied the Irishman "but they get harder ones after they arrive."

Mr. Job Sass, of Walpole, Norfolk county, State of Massachusetts, at present residing at the Pavilion Hotel, Dedham, in a letter to the Herald, says that his wife "Deborarah's grandfather was, the first Man tu leave The battle feld on Bunker's hill."

An impudent fellow says:—"Show me a woman dresses a woman has worn in the course of her life, and I will write her biography from them."

"Those sewing-machines are great inventions," said a friend to a wag. "Yes sir," said he, "they sew it seams!"

The Relation.—What relation is the door to the scraper?

A step farther.

Men scorn to kiss among themselves,
And scarce will kiss a brother;
Women oft want to kiss so bad,
They smack and kiss each other!"

For the Southern Weekly Post.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

BY A DEAF-MUTE.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 1, 5, 17, 3, is the harmonious arrangement of a number of musical sounds.

My 2, 8, 17, is a domestic fowl.

My 4, 11, 17, is the name of a certain measure.

My 7, 15, 14, 8, is a bird of prey.

My 9, 16, 11, 1, 2, is a period of one's life.

My 12, 13, 10, 11, 15, 6, 12, is a title in common use among gentlemen.

My 15, 6, 16, 17, is a very common and useful metal.

I think my whole will be settled about Thanksgiving Day.

GONZALO.

Answer to Enigma in last week's *Post*: "The Southern Weekly Post."