A Little Fun Now and Then.

Irrefragible Proof.—A Philadelphia gentleman of festive tastes, who takes a 'fair shake' at all the obtainable pleasures of the town, last week assisted at a heavy dinner, took much portable, and did not leave for home until ever so many o'clock. On reaching his door step and fishing up his night key, he became satisfied that he was essentially convivialized, and *not* precisely in that condition which a good husband should be to meet a good wife. Cautiously entering the hall, he stopped, listened a moment, heard no noise, and congratulated himself that the family were asleep Quietly he took off overcoat, drew off boots, turned off hall light, slowly ascended stairs to family bed room, hesitated at door, believed he was *reasonably* right, stealthily entered, found gas turned low, wife apparently asleep; thought she *was* asleep; sat down, listened again, no stir; began to undress; got coat, vest, pants, drawers, stockings, all safely off; was journeying carefully toward couch, when wife of his bosom quietly asked: 'Coming to bed, dear?' 'Yes, love!' 'Well, dear, *hadn't you better take off your hat?*'

Slightly Mistaken.—The following story is told in relation to the popular pernicious vice of 'fortune-telling': 'Not many evenings since, it is recorded that a sinner who had escaped hanging for lo! these many years, was in company with several ladies. The subject of fortune-telling was introduced. Several of the 'angels' plead guilty to the soft impeachment of having written to Madame This and Madame That to furnish leaves for their future history. Instances of some remarkable developments in a certain case hereabouts were mentioned. Old R— was asked for his opinion. He replied, 'So far as I am personally concerned, I know more about myself than I wish to. I don't think any good comes of these things. I had a friend who dressed himself in lady's apparel, and called upon a celebrated prophetess. He did not believe she would discover the disguise, but he heard what made him exceedingly unhappy' Here the old reprobate ceased. A lady who was much interested asked:

'What did she tell him?'

'She told him he was to marry soon, and become *the mother of ten children.*'

Theatrical.—During Mr. Kean's performance of Richard III, some years ago, at the Park Theatre, New York, a green Vermonter, who was a stranger to the mimic art, never having been at the theatre before, took a seat in the pit, near the orchestra, and was observed to watch the performance with absorbing interest. He neither joined in the applause bestowed on the performers, nor in the hisses lavished on the 'supes,' but silently and admiringly looked on at the play. He heard the drum beat to arms at Bosworth field—heard Richard's soul stirring address to his army, and that of Richmond also—he saw the onslaught, and heard the clash of arms—and still did he preserve his silence; but when at length Richard comes reeling in, almost overcome by the loss of blood and the disasters of the day, crying out, at the top of his voice—

'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!'

the Vermonter rose, and 'sung' out,—'Look here, stranger, I hain't got no horse, but I have a first rate bobtail mare round here at the stable—as sure footed a critter as ever cantered; just hold on there, I'll be blamed if I don't bring her to you right off!'

The Vermonter, as they say in critical parlance, 'brought down the house'

A Roarer.—The following annecdote is told of a Western Judge. He was once holding court at a place where a temporary jail had been concocted out of a stable. A case of local interest was brought before him, and the judgment given excited the intense admiration of one of the 'roarer' species present. His delight was too great to be repressed, and he burst forth with:

'Go it, old Gimlet eye!'

'Who was that?' said the Judge, quickly.

'I'm the hoss,' said the man, rising in the expectation of being complimented on his perspicuity.

'Constable,' said the Judge, quietly, 'take that *horse* and put him in the stable!'

Never Kissed a White Girl.—Some time ago a planter a short distance from Memphis gave a party to the young folks in the neighborhood. It was a gay one, and in the course of the evening the boys and girls played forfeits. While this was going on, it chanced that the son of the planter, a nice, modest fellow, had to claim a forfeit of some of the girls, but was overcome with diffidence. 'Go ahead, John,' said the planter, 'and kiss some of the girls.' John hitched from one foot to the other, blushed, and finally blurted out 'I—I never kissed a white girl, father.' The laughter that ensued may be imagined.

☞The following Irish conversation was heard in a street in St. Louis: 'Pat, what do you think of President Johnson?' 'Faith, an' he's a good merchant.' How so, Pat?' 'Be jabers! he sold arms to the Fenians then took the arms back and sold the Fenians.'

Powerful Preacher.—'Ah, me,' said a pious lady, 'our minister was a very powerful preacher; for the short time he ministered among us, he kicked three pulpits to pieces, and banged the in'ards out of five Bibles.'

☞A Scotchman asked an Irishman why half farthings were coined in England? Pat's answer was: 'To give Scotchmen an opportunity of subscribing to charitable institutions.'

☞An editor out West has married a girl named Church. He says he has experienced more happiness since he joined the church than he did in all his life before.

AGRICULTURAL.

A Thousand Dollar Cow.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman tells a story of a remarkable cow owned by a Mr. Stratham of New Hampshire. If the statements are true, it is probably the most productive cow in the world. The record runs thus: 'It is stated, on the authority of the Massachusetts Agricultural Society, that this cow, in the first year after being bought, and with ordinary keep, made 180 pounds of butter. The next year she had twelve bushels of corn meal, and then gave 300 pounds of butter. The next year she had thirty-five bushels, and gave more than 500 pounds. The next year she had a bushel a week and all her own milk skimmed, and she then gave from the 5th of April to the 25th of September, 480 pounds, besides suckling her calf for five weeks. It was an extraordinary yield, but it seems the Scammon cow takes the lead by at least 130 pounds. The cow is of the Ayrshire breed, of a pale yellow color and was raised by Mr. S. When she was six years old, an account of butter made from her was kept. The number of pounds realized was six hundred and ten, and her milk fourteen thousand five hundred and forty pounds, being almost 40 pounds a day through the year, and nearly twelve pounds of butter a week through the year.'—That must be the cow the city lady was inquiring for—'the one that gives the *buttermilk.*'

Excellent Whitewash.

Whitewash is one of the most valuable articles in the world when properly applied. It prevents not only the decay of wood, but conduces greatly to the healthiness of all buildings, whether of wood or stone. Outbuildings and fences, when not painted, should be supplied once or twice every year with a good coat of whitewash, which should be prepared in the following way:

Take a clean, water-tight barrel, or other suitable cask, and put into it half a bushel of lime. Slack it by pouring water over it, boiling hot, and in sufficient quantity to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly until thoroughly slacked. When the slack has been effected, dissolve it in water, and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc and one of common salt. These will cause the wash to harden, and prevent its cracking, which gives an unseemly appearance to the work. If desirable, a beautiful cream color may be communicated to the above wash by adding 3 pounds of yellow ochre; or a good pearl or lead color, by the addition of lamp, vine or ivory black.—Turkish or American, the latter is the cheapest, one pound Indian red, and one pound common lampblack. For common stone color add four pounds raw umber and two pounds lampblack. This wash may be applied with a common brush, and will be found much superior, both in appearance and durability, to common whitewash now in use.

Weeds.---How to Dispose of Them.

A correspondent of the Rural American, writing on the subject says:

'This is the way to dispose of them: Clean out your garden, removing as far as possible every weed, root and branch, but do not leave them scattered all over the surface of the ground. If you do they will be very apt to take root and grow. Besides, if left exposed to the sun, their fertilizing value will be wasted, for the greatest part of their substance will decompose and escape by evaporation. The best way is to gather them in heaps, and cover with a little dirt, and leave them to decay. This will leave the ground clean, and it will remain so much longer than it otherwise would; and they will assist to improve the soil which their growth has helped to impoverish.

Save Your Oil.—Put the wick into the lamp, and fill the latter about half full with coarse salt, and then put in about one inch of oil, and it will be found that great saving will be the result. The salt wastes gradually away during the burning, and must therefore be renewed from time to time. The light is purer and more brillant than without the salt, and the wick needs no snuffing.

Labels.—In writing on wooden labels or marked sticks, with a common pencil, if the wood is first wet, the mark will last for two years; if written on dry, one or two rains will wash it all away.