HUMOROUS.

Jim Carey to The Rescue.

—o—

Jim Cary was an engineer who used to run the "Reeder" on the Hamilton and Dayton road. He was a blood-thirsty fellow, and when under his management the royal "Reeder" sped through the Miami valley screaming like an eagle.—She was the terror of the bovine tribe along the way. Cary didn't mind a bit about running over live stock, but he said it made him sorry like to run down a man, for he hated to help gather him up. One Indian summerr day, when, with a mixed train of passenger and freight cars, he was clipping down the road near Glendale, he saw ahead an old gentleman seated on the track, with his back toward the approaching train, reading a newspaper. The elderly party seemed deeply absorbed in what might have peen election returns,and did not notice the train. Cary's heart was little softened that day, perhaps by the mellow sunshine, or by thinking of his wife's aunt who lay sleeping in the churchyard, and he thought he wouldn't mash the old man without giving him fair warning. So he shut off steam and jerked the whistle-rope vigorously. Still the old gentleman kept on with the election news, as if he didn't propose to be disturbed by a railroad train, or what was more likely, his hearing machinery was somewhat out of gear.

Cary saw at once that he could neither call the man's attention from the newspaper nor stop the train in time to prevent an accident, and he instantly determined on a perilous feat, such as he had read in Sunday school papers as being frequently performed with neatness and success. He would go out on the cow-catcher and save the old man, or lose his own life in the attempt. He gave his hat to the fireman to hold, together with a message in case of his death, to his mother-in-law, that he died bravely in the performance of his duty, with his face to the front. Then he spit on his hands, wrote out a few instructions as to the disposition of his property, made some suggestions as to conducting the funeral, tried the water gauges' kissed the fireman goodby and went nobly forth. Well, Cary went out on the cowsmasher, leaned far over, and as the terrible engine dashed up, with one powerful sweep of his arm hurled the old man from the track into the ditch and into safety, and Cary swooned back against the head of the boiler for a few minutes. Then the train was slowly backed up to where the old man lay in the ditch, and the conductor and all the passengers got out and gathered around and every body laughed but Cary, he swore, and the old man in old clothes wasn't hurt a bit, being stuffed with straw, and the rascally boys jumped up from behind the fence, and ran away through the corn field and escaped.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A Strong Witness.

—o—

Some years ago a lawsuit occurred out West, growing out of the distruction of a quantity of standing corn, belonging to a Mr. Wilson, by hogs owned by a Mr. Brown. Lotte owned eight hogs, and Wilson declared that they were all, in his field, and that, consequently, the havoc was immense. Brown protested that he did not believe any of his hogs were in Wilson's field, but if any at all certainly not more than one or two, and therefore the damages could not have been so great as represented.

Jerry Parker, not very bright young man, but noted for having a wonderful imagination, He came in late, and had but a very distinct idea as to how the case stood, but he had a very vague notion that it was for Wilson's interest to make the number of hogs as near as large as possible.

When he took the witness-stand he was questioned by Wilson's lawyer, who asked;

"Jerry, did you see the hogs in Mr. Wilson's corn-field, on the day in question?"

"Yes, I did;"replied Jerry.

"Do you know exactly how many there were?"

"No, I didn't count 'em; but I'll take my oath there warn't less than thirty."

The consternation of Wilson and his lawyer at this unexpected reply, may be imagined; and it was not lessened when Brown's lawyer arose and said;

"Your honor, as my client has only eight hogs, it is very evident that those which destroyed Mr. Wilson's corn belonged to some one else, and I therefore ask judgment for the defendant."

The court granted this request, and poor Wilson by having too strong a witness, lost the case.

Robinson's wife having gone to the country, R. writes to an old college friend, named Polly, to come and have a good time." Arrangements scarcely made, when a note arrives from wife's uncle, who is rich, old and a bachelor, to say that he is on his way to put up with them a bit, plans thus frustrated, Robinson sits down and hurriedly writes three postal cards, namely.

No. 1, (to his uncle.)—Dear old boy, delighted to see you. Don't fail to come!

No. 2. (to his wife.)—My dear angel that confounded old bore of an uncle of your's is coming to stay. Hurry home.

No. 3,(to his friend.) —My dearest Polly, no go this time. Wife coming home. Better luck next time. Nil desperandum. Ever yours. R.

In his haste and irritation he turned the cards over on his blotter, and directed No. 1 to Polley, No. 2 to the uncle, and No. 3 to his wife. Slow curtain on very awkward tableau.

Why was Adam's first day the longest? Because there was no Eve. When did Absalom sleep five in a bed? When he slept with his fore-fathers. Why did Job always sleep cold? Because he had miserable comforters.

The hight of roughness—to come home at night when your wife is gone away for a day or two, and find that she has accidentally carried off the key to the closet where the consolation is.—*Harvard Advocate*

An Attorney about to finish a bill of costs was requested by his client, a baker, to make it as light as possible.

"Ah," replied the lawyer, "that's not the way I make my bread."

"Why," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray God to give us our daily bread? Why don't we ask for four days, or a week?" "We want it fresh," the ingenious child.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Thinning-out Pears.

—o—

Now is about the time that pear trees when they overbear, should be thinned out for the second time, by removing every knotty and wormy specimen.—There are some varieties that grow in clusters and do not generally everbear—from these the wormy or worthless ones should be removed; but where the trees are not too large to manage, and are not cluster-growing, no two specimens should be allowed to touch,as they are almost certain to become wormy and both are lost. Meny persons, not well acquainted with fruit raising, hesitate to thin out their trees, on the ground that their crop would be diminished. This may be possible but not positively true, unless the fruit is intended to be fed to the pigs. But even should it be otherwise true sometimes, who would not prefer to have one bushel of large, beautiful, luscious pears, to five bushels with probably not half-a-peck among the whole fit to put upon your table or send to market?

Trees,too, allowed to overbear will have a diminished crop next year. Upon our own primises, when two years ago one-half of the whole crop of a tree was removed, the remaining half so exhausted the tree that it bore not a single pear last year, nor grew an inch. This season, however, it showed its usual overload of fruit and early in June about three-forths of the crop was removed, but there was still to many left, so that we have gone over the tree a second time to remove the knotty, stinted and wormy specimens. The tree is a standard Belle Lucrative.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Cribbing Horses.

—o—

Mr. Ly man Thayer, of Franklin, Mass, a gentleman who has had a large experience in the care and handling of horses for the past thirty years, in answer to the question, "How to cure, crib-bing," says he has been quite successful by nailing strips of sheepskin on the edges of the manger, in every place where the horse could get hold with his teeth. The skin is put on with the wool side up, and if the horses attempt to play at his old trick or habit he will find himself pretty effectually gaged. We were shown an inveterate cribber which appeared to be thoroughly cured by this simple treatment. Mr. Thayer, like most others, considers cribbing more a habit than anything else. The sheep wool seems to be a little disgusting to the animal, and as he gives up cribbing in the stall he appears to forget his habbit when on the street. Cribbing is a disease, although,if persisted in,it may be be an indirect cause of disease.—*New England Farmer.*

Plaster as a Manure.

—o—

There seems to be little doubt but what plaster, or as it is called by chemists, sulphate of lime, is on some soils an efficient and cheap manure; while on other soils it seems to be of little or no value, as no difference can be detected in the crops following its use. Now, in order to tell the soil on which it will pay to use it, is a question that we shall have to decide for ourselves; for I am not aware that any man can tell by looking at the soil on which it will pay to use it, or where it will not pay. Therefore, if we would know for a certainty it is best to try small quantities on different parts of the field, either by sowing on grass as a top dressing, or by using as a manure for field crops in different ways, and the answer that may get will likely be a true one. After you have found out it pay,then use it liberally,and where it may be well to say here that if the crops are all consumed upon the farm, there need be no fears of ruining your farm by using plaster in a judicious manner.

Edible Qualities of Brahmas.

—o—

Fowl fanciers and writers often make great mistakes in speaking of certain breeds of poultry. Brahmas,for instance are said to be unfit for the table until they are seven or eight months old, and then set down as dry and coarse in flesh. Regarding myself as an epicure, and having raised fowls of all breeds, and eaten them at all ages,and with all sauces, I do pronounce Brahmas as equal to the best quality of fowls at the age of four and five months, being at that time from seven to eight pounds per pair. Brahmas hardiness, quick growth, good laying qualities of large and abundant eggs, summer and winter, should place them high in the scale of estimation, and of those wishing to keep a quiet, handsome, and useful fowl.

Condiment in Poultry Diet.

—o—

Cayenne pepper,mustard, or ginger can with great benefit,be added to the food of fowls to increase their vigor and to stimulate egg production. This apparently artificial diet will be seen to be natural, if we remember that wild birds of the gallinaceous species get access to very many highly-spiced berries and buds; articles that give the "game flavor"to their flesh. The ordinary food of the domestic fowl is not, indeed, entirely without some such addition,since there is more or less of an aromantic principle in wheat, Indian corn, and all other grains. Nevertheless, it is not sufficient in quality to supply the place of the stronger spices a taste for which is a part of a fowl's inherited constitution. A moderate quantity of cayenne, etc., added to the ground grain, is always productive of health and thrift in poultry.—*The poultry World.*

Geraniums, if watered with liquid manure once or twice a week during the summer, will blossom profusely, and if the bed is shaded some during the hottest part of the day, all the better. In order to produce fine clusters of flowers, pinch off the stalk above the buds. If you wish cuttings, take them in July from your best plants, and place them in pots of compost loam and sand, having one or two inches of the first on top. Insert the cutting firmly, and keep the soil well moistened until it is rooted. Remove to a larger pot when two or three leaves are developed. The compost should be new one-third rotted cow manure, and black loam and sand. By November you will have fine plants for the house.

A correspondent of The *Maine Farmer* bores holes, at intervals of two feet, behind his cattle in stable, and under these holes places an inclined trough made of two narrow boards, which conducts the liquid manure to the solid manure pile.—After the removal of the solid manure, he places muck under the end of the trough, and it becomes so thoroughly saturated as to make a good fertilizer.