

Will and Humor.

THE UNINTENTIONAL DIVORCE.
The dangers of log rolling with a Legislature are graphically described in the following sketch:

One winter there came to Trenton, New Jersey, two men, named Smith and Jones, who had both of them designs upon the Legislature. Jones had a bad wife, and was in love with a pretty woman—he wished to be divorced from the bad wife, so that he might marry the pretty woman, who, by the by, was a widow, with black eyes, and such a bust! Therefore, Jones came to Trenton for a divorce. Smith had a good wife, plump as a robin, good as an angel, and the mother of ten children, and Smith did not want to be divorced, but did want to get a charter for a turnpike, or plank road, to stand from Pig-Rue to Terminus Hollow. Well, they will three different erodes, came to Trenton, and addressed themselves to the Legislature, and were received with open arms, and composed of oysters, with a rich hand gaud of streaked oysters, 22d, liquors in green glass, form "Irish lightning"—which is a kind of locomotive at full speed, reduced to liquid shape—Newark champagne. To speak in plain prose, Jones, the divorce man, gave a champagne supper, and Smith, the turnpike man, followed with a champagne breakfast. Under the mollifying influence of which, the assembled wisdom passed both the divorce and turnpike bills, and Jones and Smith—a copy of each bill in their pockets—were rejoining home, over miles of sand, and through the tribulation of many stagecoaches. Smith arrived at home in the evening, and as he set down to his parlor, his pretty wife, beside him, how pretty she did look! and dove her children asleep over her, the other five studying their lesson in the corner of the room. Smith was induced to expatiate upon the good result of his mission to Trenton.

"Alas, you, my dears, I am one of the directors, and will be present; it will let us up, here; we can, and the children to board school and live in style, out of the tolls. Here is the charter, house!" "Let me see it," said the pretty wife, who was one of the prettiest wives, with plump nose and gaudy dimples all over her face, "let me see it," and he leaned over Smith's shoulder, pressing her arm upon his own as he looked at the parchment. But all at once Smith's visage grew long. Smith's wife's visage grew black. Smith was dismally pale, but, how he rippled out an awful oath! "Blit! Blit! Blit! the infernal scoundrels at Trenton have gone and divorced us!" It was too true, the parchment which he held was a bold divorce, in which the name of Smith and Jones's wife appeared in frightfully legal letters.

Smith snatched his eyes with the corner of his apron. "Here's a surprise!" said, and sadly, "and with the whole of our children staring me in the face, I am your wife! Here's a surprise!"

"Blit! Blit! and the legislature, and—"

"Well, the fact is that Smith, reduced to single bleariness, and 'caused' into a stranger to his own wife, swore awfully. Although the night was dark, and most of the denizens of Smith's village had gone to bed, Smith hit his wife put on her bonnet, and sum in arm they proceeded to the house of the clergymen of their church.

"Goodness bless me!" exclaimed the minister, good man, as he saw them enter. Smith looking like the very last of June, said, and Smith wiping his eyes with the corner of his apron—"Goodness bless me, what's the main?"

"The master, I want you to, marry us two right off!" replied Smith.

"Marry you!" ejaculated the clergyman, with expanded nostrils and awful eyes, "are you drunk or crazy?"

"I am crazy, and I wish I was drunk," said Smith despondently; "the fact is, brother Goodwin, that some scoundrels at Trenton, unknown to me, and at least of light and tattered epicure of their six children. The little Smith never knew that their father, and mother had been strangers to each other, by legislative enactment."

"Ten," suggested Mrs. Smith, "who was crying, "Brother's a scamp!"

"Well, the good minister, seeing the state of the case (the Trenton parchment was duly produced from the pocket of the lugubrious Dr. Smith), snatched their own straightaway, as he would do a dog, for the fact that the last, and most of the denizens of Smith's village had gone to bed, Smith hit his wife put on her bonnet, and sum in arm they proceeded to call on Mr. Justice of the Peace."

The widow (who was among widows as poor as poor girls) put on her blouse and jacket, and said, "I am your wife!"

"Just look how handsome it is put on to garnish!" cried Jones, pulling out the document before him. "Here's the law which says that Jacob Jones and Anna Caroline Jones are wife! Look at it! Future, you'll plump gloom hand on his shoulder, she did look at it!"

"Oh dear!" said, with her rose-bud lips, and snuck back, half fainting, on the sofa. "Oh blazes!" cried Jones, and said beside her, rustling the fatal parchment to his heart. "Here's lots of happiness and champagne gone to ruin!"

We had a case, instead of being divided, to give up the money to the widow, Jones was forced to marry the widow, Jones, in again; if they'd charmed me to be a turnpike, I'd have burnt it, but the very idea of building a turnpike from Burroughs to Bristol—

When you reflect that Burroughs and Bristol are located just a mile apart, on opposite sides of the Delaware river, you will perceive the extreme hopelessness of Jones' case."

"It's the fault of that turnpike man, who gave 'em the champagne supper, or was it a breakfast?" cried Jones, in again; "if they'd charmed me to be a turnpike, I'd have burnt it, but the very idea of building a turnpike from Burroughs to Bristol—

"And you ain't divorced? said Eliza, a tear rolling down each cheek.

"No! I blundered Jones, crashing his hat between his knees, "what is worse, the legislature is adjourned, and goes home, and the turnpike is not yet built."

The mink (I) had occurred on the last of the winter, when legislators and turnpike clerks were laboring under the effects of a champagne supper, followed by a champagne breakfast. Smith's name had been put where Jones' ought to have been, and "myself" as the Latin poet has it,

"Smart Yorshire—Thomas, my son, come here!"

"Yes, father!"

"Thomas do you like to go to school better than to stay at home?"

"Guess I do."

"Why?"

"Well, when I stay at home, I can't go about; and when I goes to school, I kin play with all the other boys, and every morning!"

Scientific and Practical.

SOUTHERN MODE OF COOKING RICE.
PASSENGER TRAINS.

WEALED IT THOROUGHLY IN COLD WATER, have a pint of water (two quarts for half a pound of rice) boiling—add salt at discretion; put the rice in and stir it while boiling; let it boil four minutes, (same lay ten or fifteen) then pour off the water as close as you can, without stirring the rice; let it stand twenty minutes, then stir it up. Each grain, by this method, will be swollen and soft; without having lost its individuality, and the dish will be light, palatable and nutritious. Those who prefer a sudden, sharp, porridge-like mass, have a hot longer, and let it steam to it. A very delicate and nice breakfast soup is made in Georgia, by mashing boiled rice, with rice flour and salt, in a saltwater, to whom an egg and salt may be added. It is light over night in a cool place, and baked, so as to be brought out on the breakfast-table.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

The following table of the number of pounds to the bushel may be of interest to farmers and dealers:

O wheat, sixty-five pounds.

O corn in the cob, seventy-five pounds.

O corn, shelled, sixty pounds.

O beans, forty-eight pounds.

O peas, forty pounds.

O okra, dried, forty-five pounds.

O dried peaches, thirty-three pounds.

O onions, fifty-five pounds.

CURE FOR HEADACHE.

A work has been published by Dr. W. H. Thompson, of Boston, on the subject of Headache, and is entitled "The Headache Remedy." It is a valuable work, and deserves a wide circulation.

HOURS OF FARMING PRACTICALLY.

WEEDS.

WEEDS.