



"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A gem that every woman possesses—Strategem.—*McGregor News.*

The running race that benefits the world is the mill race.—*Adams.*

Don't let your angry passions become yeasty.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Farmers, look to your interest—particularly if it is overdue.—*W. S. Way.*

A suitable texture for a baldheaded person would be mo'hair.—*Marathon Independent.*

Nausea seldom affects an acrobat. He is used to having his stomach turned.—*N. Y. News.*

A man never knows how many friends he has until he goes into office, or how few until he goes out.—*Balt. Every Saturday.*

The secret of many a man's unbounded success is that he always kept himself and his ventures within bounds.—*N. Y. News.*

Should the people of Leadville ever run short of bullet material, they might start a crematory and sift the ashes.—*Rock. Express.*

A cotemporary speaks of its "corps" of contributors. The intelligent compositor should be added to them.—*Norristown Herald.*

The individual who wrote "O, Solitude, where are thy charms," was a business man who didn't advertise.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

"Dare to do write," would be an excellent motto for editors who never have anything original in their papers.—*Gowanda Enterprise.*

A young lady attending balls and parties should have a female chaperone until she is able to call some other chap her own.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The Ute Indians are a mean treacherous lot, but none of them wear their watch chains from the top outside pockets of their coats.—*Whaling Leader.*

If a hunter will only hunt long enough he will be sure to pull his gun over the fence by the muzzle, and the day he does that he quits hunting.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The saddest hour of a young bride's life is when she discovers that she hasn't got a mother to get up of a cold morning and start the kitchen fire for her.—*Way.*

"Chicago has *chie*," says the Cincinnati *Commercial*, in a complimentary mood. Very true; but the English way of spelling that sort of *chie* is check.—*Balt. Gazette.*

"Revolutionists," said DUMAS, "are a good deal like the street-sprinklers—they can make it muddy in sunshine, but they can't make sunshine when it is muddy.

It is not strange that writers sometimes get puzzled in their choice between "that," "which" and "who." Relatives are always more or less troublesome.—*Boston Transcript.*

Some unscrupulous paragrapher has been listening to what young ladies on the street were talking about. But all that the abandoned wretch could make out was, "A—nd he said."—*Ev.*

You nail a political lie by hammering it down with a bigger lie.—*Modern Argo.*

Every lady who goes to the theater has a perfect right to wear a high hat. The people behind her should have secured the seat in front. If they did not she is not to blame.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The boy looked on the burning deck,
His parent tossed in the fire;
And fervently wished to wring the neck
Of that sanctimonious sire.
—*Oswego Record.*

A Chicago belle, while traveling through Rhode Island, put her car out of the window to hear the distant roar of the ocean; all the fowls in the State went to roost and the cows turned homeward.—*St. Louis Spirit.*

The New York *Star* relates that a Boston woman cut her dress from a pattern in a magazine dated 1873, before she discovered that it wasn't 1879, and it took two doctors to tide her over that long, lonely night.

Although fraud may be written on the face of the insurance companies, and though corruption may be their head-light, we cannot but feel kindly toward them when we reach out after a blotting pad.—*Fulton Times.*

JONAS SAUNDERS, of Indiana, tied a cow's legs to keep her from kicking over the milk pail, and when she tried to kick she fell over on him and broke his back. There is such a thing as being too smart.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A drink-as-you-please society has been organized in New York City. In other cities that we know of, whole blocks of citizens have long belonged to such an organization, by a mutual though unexpressed understanding.—*Chicago Journal.*

It used to be a common thing at a social gathering, for one man to get another's hat, but now things have changed, and if you succeed in getting away without wearing off some woman's hat, you are a lucky chap.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

The weird glory of Halloween fell upon Danbury, Friday night. Sentimental young ladies looked timidly into the future for the coming husband, while the coming husband was around heaving cabbages against people's doors.—*Danbury News.*

One of the most pleasing illustrations of check is when a man writes a letter to a newspaper, of no earthly interest to anybody but himself, and not only demands its publication, but that five or ten copies be sent him. They are always sent.—*Boston Herald.*

Mother—"His name is GEORGE SMITH."
Father—"You mistake; it is JACOB."
Son and Heir—"M! 'tain't either; it's JOHN."

Mother—"So it is! I knew it was something that began with G." (*Applause*).—*Ev.*

The subject for conversation at an evening entertainment was the intelligence of animals, particularly dogs. Says SMITH, "There are dogs that have more sense than their masters." "Just so," responds young FITZ-NOODLE, "I've got that kind of a dog myself."—*Ev.*

We were thinking last night, as we ran through the elections returns, that it was singular that young men should persist in kissing their own girls at parties when they might just as well improve the opportunity and do a little general and promiscuous kissing. From our own limited understanding of the subject we should say this would be all clear gain, as they can kiss their own girls any time.—*Bridgport Standard.*

As the evenings begin to spin out, the young people begin to have sociables. A sociable is a place where you go and watch your hands and feel rigid till ten o'clock, when you refresh on all kinds of cake and coffee, and then go home to have the night mare.—*Marathon Independent.*

When an Ohio bank president will pay \$4,000 for a "gold brick," worth about a dollar and a half, can a newspaper man be blamed for buying a horse whose teeth have been ficed down?—*Detroit F. P.* We should say certainly not, when it is remembered a newspaper most always prefers a complete file.—*Richmond Baton.*

As Thanksgiving day comes next week, we trust we shall be very thankful, and while newspaper men are reveling in the luxuries of "roast goose stuffed with sage and inyanas," let us remember the thousands of poor readers who are unable to pay their subscriptions, and pity them.—*Toronto Graphic.*

"Those suspenders, madam, are long enough for the shortest boy or short enough for the longest man; they will just fit your fine looking youngster." "Perhaps so; but I don't want to see buttons on his boot-legs; I want them to hold his pants on. Them suspenders is long enough for the Colossus of Rhodes." "Just so, madam; I sold old Colossus a pair out of the same box yesterday."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

The other day there died a performing bear, the property of a brewer. The owner was so overcome with grief that he got drunk and went stumbling about, weeping sometimes over the body of the dead bear and at others over a barrel of beer. When rebuked for his folly, he replied that it was all the same thing, for whether he cried over the bear barrel or bear, he was certainly weeping "over the bier of his own bruin."—*Unknown Exchange.*

A piece of poetry written some years ago contains the line, "hear the muffled tramp of years come stealing up the slope of Time." This is all right and probably suited the age in which it was written, but now-a-days it would be more appropriate to say: "I hear the ragged tramp of 27 years come shuffling up the garden walk, and I'll fly and lock the door before he steals the overcoats in the hall." Time works wondrous changes, and poetry must be made to fit the age in which we live.—*Rome Sentinel.*

A young farmer in the country wants us to give him some hints on fall plowing. All right, we will do it. In the first place, select your fall. Don't pick out a fall that is excessively cold nor yet too warm. And while a very dry fall doesn't plow easy, neither would we recommend one that was wet to an extreme. About a medium fall, we should say, if we were going to plow it ourself. Having settled on a fall that suits you, take a plow and plow it. Don't be afraid to ask questions at any time. It is for the purpose of answering them that we are here.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

"I know I'm losing ground, sir," tearfully murmured the pale-faced freshman, "but it is not my fault, sir. If I were to study on Sunday, as the others do, I could keep up with my class, sir—indeed I could; but I promised my mother never, never to work on the Sabbath, and I can't, no-ne-ver," and as his emotions overpowered him he pulled out his kerchief with such vigor that he brought out with it a small flask, three faro chips, and a euchre deck, and somehow or other the professor took no more stock in that freshman's eloquence than if he had been a graven image.—*Phila. Telegraph.*