



"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Rolling ten-pins gives a man bowl legs.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.—Does -ing Bass Solo's give a man a bawl'd head.

Made of the mist—drizzling rain.—*Argo*. Maid of the mister—his sweetheart. Made of the mystery—hush.—*Marathon Independent*.

When a married woman buys a pug dog for a low price, she gets a bargain, and her husband gets something to boot.—*Somerville Journal*.

The ladies say that the power of the press depends upon the strength of his arms.—*Agent's Herald*.—Why could they not say contagious approximation and be done with it.

The *New Orleans Picayune* say—Apple Jack is a near relative of Jim Jams.—Quite true, but Old Tom and Jim Sling are much more closely related to Mr Jams than Apple Jack is.

Cincinnati Saturday Night says;—Probably the man who never made a mistake in his life never made anything else.—It is just possible he made his exit from this terrestrial sphere at some time.

The *Marathon Independent* says;—Business men who are in and out of the bright sunshine all day should try and carry a little of it home with them at night.—How can they when they go home in the shadow.

The present time.—Christmas.—*Salem Sunbeam*. Past time—continuing in a frolic when school is in. *Philadelphia Item*.—The come-in-time—nine p. m., when the old man stands at the front door and yells.

The *Marathon Independent* has the following: Mr. CHIRP says that when he dies he wants no cenotaph erected to his memory. He wants his descendants to be no taphy after him.—Eh mon-u-ment 'twould me't.

BRO. ADAMS in his food for thought says;—Where one is fagged, hungry, and depressed, the worst seems most probable.—Quite true; and it always comes in the shape of one's mother-in-law on washing day.

Potatoes are hoe made.—*Komoko Tribune*.—Servants are home aid too.—*Breakfast Table*. A girl who works in the cornfield is a hoe maid also.—*Stonewille Herald*.—Gurr will be Hoe made to o, when we get our new press.

An editor in Georgia says: "Gold is found in thirty-six counties in this state, silver in three, copper in thirteen, iron in forty-three, diamonds in twenty-six, and whiskey in all of them; and the last gets away with all the rest."

The proper month for street processions—March!—*Somerville Journal*. But what is the proper name for the month when the processionists get knOctober.—*Salem Sunbeam*—Depends upon the weather. June, o it May be in August.

A crew that can't man a boat—a cork screw. A tureen that won't hold soup—a p'streen.—*Wheeling Leader*. The cane that is not a walking stick—the sugar-cane. A key that first unlocks a man's tongue, and then locks his jaw. Whis-key.

A man who married a very rich old maid says that his fortune is maid.—*Whitehall Times*. He will probably find out where he's maid a miss take before he's a year older.—*Marathon Independent*.—But if he does he will miss a maid-en fortune too.

New York News says;—There is nothing new under the son except the patch on last winter's trowsers—As usual the *News* is right, but the boy who could come into a parlour full of company, and not show that patch to every individual present would be something new.

Nothing mads a man more than to come down to breakfast and have his wife tell him he has been talking in his sleep, and refuse to give away what he said. Not that his conscience troubled him; oh, no! He is only after psychological facts.—*Lowell Citizen*.

A correspondent wants to know the best method of feeding cattle. You might place them in rocking chairs, put napkins around their necks and feed them with a soup ladle. Or take 'em into the kitchen and let them eat with the hired girl.—*Marathon Independent*.

Our puzzle department—If three men working six days fill a straw bed, how long will it take 8men to Philadelphia? *Marathon Independent*.—This is 1derful and 2 much for us!—*Philadelphia Item*. It is a 4 gone conclusion with us that you "O-awa" with such nonsense.

The *Lowell Sun* says;—The man who advertises for a lost umbrella and expects to see it again, expects what'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.—And the man who leaves his in the cloak-room of a concert hall and ever expects to see it again is just the kind of an idiot that would expect to get it again by advertising.

There is a bean bakery in Boston, whose specialty consists in canned baked beans. They sell all they can, but paradoxical as it may seem they can-not can all they can sell. Bean as this is so, so many other folks have to can their own beans, otherwise they would not live, and move and have their beans.—*Meriden Recorder*.

There was a young rustic named Mallory,
Who drew but a very small salary;
When he went to a show,
His purse made him go,
To a seat in the uppermost gallery.
—*N. Y. News*.

The Editor of the *New York News*,
We do not wish to abuse;
But this we will say;
That not for a day,
Would we stand in that Editor's shoes.

The *Whitehall Times* says;—The women are always looking under the bed for a man, but we will wager a pumpkin pie that their breaths don't smell half as strong as the chap who goes out between acts to look for a man.—Don't know about that; it depends altogether upon the style of hash kept at her boarding house, and the size of his "stick."

A "Young Naturalist" writes us to learn "how he can catch a live wasp for scientific purposes without injuring it?" Right by the tail son; right by the tip end of the tail. Squeeze hard, the wasp won't mind it a particle, and if it seems to be injured any way that you can see, send us the bill and we'll pay for a new wasp.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Glancing through a western exchange our eye catches a heading, "Boy Inventors." We'll get one right away. If there is a new kind of a machine that'll invent a boy who can go over a newspaper route two weeks in succession and not make the same twenty mistakes, we must have one. We don't care about the price—send it along.—*Rockland Courier*.

The *Sunday Breakfast Table* says;—A young man said to a girl named PETER. "Come, PETER, let's have a kissing match. I can kiss you faster than you can kiss me." She refused saying no one could compete with her.—We suppose if her name had been JOE she would have refused with the remark, that he could not ea-Jo-el her; or if it had been ZOE she would have consented because it is ZOE nice.

"What do you mean, playing marbles on the Sabbath, you young rascal?" exclaimed a father. "Oh! this is a sacred game of marbles, pa." That boy remembered that the old "rascal" attended a "sacred concert" the previous Sunday, whereat the "Fatiniza March" and the "Turkish Patrol" were the sacrodest hymns.—*Boston Transcript*.

SHE was singing "Ever of The I'm Fondly Thinking" for her Charles Augustus, but stopped in the middle of it to remark that she knew the neighbor next door had turned her last winter's dress because she had seen it on the clothes-line, and that Miss Brown just looked horrid in that Tam O'Shanter; and then CHARLES went away, a sadder but a wiser man.

The *Sunday Breakfast Table* says;—"Old iron rails are now the most active of any article in the market, and have also real'zed a greater advance in price.—We cannot say anything about iron rails, but we never saw anything that could equal the activity of steel rails in this country before the 17th September 1878. The "railing" about those rails was simply wonderful.

A correspondent writes that he would like to become an editor. You would, son. You would, eh! Well, after you become an editor and write, "I kissed her under the silent stars," and the compositor sets it up, "I kicked her under the collar stairs," you will just acbe to grow bow-legged following a pair of oxen along a crooked furrow across a forty-acre lot.—*Hawkeye*.

He was a seedy looking customer, and the worst bore in Galveston, but he was as bold as a lion. He walked right up to a newly elected candidate and said: "I want you to lend me five dollars for political services rendered you during the election." "Why you never came near me during the election." "That's just what I mean." He got a nickle, and said that he was doing better than he expected, now the business season was over.—*Sweet's Siftings*.

BEFORE.

What to me are heavenly pleasures
That from earth my fancy weans?
What care I for worldly treasures?
Send along some pork and beans.
—*Meriden Recorder*.

AFTER.

'Tis done! Father, take my confessions—
No time now to think of means
Grippe! Mon Dieu! All my possessions
To be rid of these vile beans.
—Big Lick, Va., *News*.

Castor oil and Paragoric
Take, or bid adieu to scenes,
Which have now become historic
All through eating pork and beans.

The *Bloomington Eye* says:—A queer case. —Mr. KHORN married a girl named COOKIE. He took the CAKE, and she had to acknowledge the KHORN.—Just so, and if he eats too much Cake he will be an Ache-Khorn, won't he? And their offspring will be Khorn Cookie's, won't they? And when he undresses will that be husking the Khorn? And if she is long out in the hot sun it will be baking the Cookie will it not? And then, Khorn-Cookie, don't be represent the raw material and she the manufactured article?

Naturally enough the manager who had "One hundred wives," has taken to "Diuk."—*Detroit Free Press*. And now he will see "Gob-lins." He had better stuck to an "American Girl," and not fooked with "Matrimony" so much.—*Noriatown Herald*. His only resort is "Divorce."—*Rochester Democrat*. This is a sad case of "Ied Astray."—*Binghamton Republican*. Yes, in "The Streets of New York," "Under the Gaslight," "After Dark."—*Marathon Independent*. But on his ashes will rise the "Phoenix," who will be "Too sweet for Anything," and who will probably reside in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."