



"The Fun is mightier than the Sword."

How to take medicine without experiencing any unpleasant taste—take it and throw it out the window.—*Meriden Recorder*.

He who has ridden in a country stagecoach knows how cream feels when it is being churned into butter.—*Boston Transcript*.

The ancient maiden who defers her proposition much longer will soon have Mr. chances for this leap year.—*Modern Argo*.

A facetious burglar, who had broken into an editor's house, said the only thing he struck was a match.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

The man who knows more about your business than you do yourself, has always leisure to entertain you.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

All editions of "Fox's Book of Martyrs" without the picture of the man who carries a sixty pound basket at a picnic are spurious.—*Puck*.

A new piece of music is entitled "Dance me on your knee, darling." She evidently wants to find out if he is ringing in a wooden leg on her.—*Peck's Sun*.

A Keokuk man has a dog by the name of Eucher, but he don't mean anything particularly disrespectful to the dog when he says, "Get out Eucher."—*Constitution*.

EVE was the first (and we reckon the only) woman who didn't gather her dress in both hands and yell at the sight of a snake.—*Meriden Recorder*.

Autumn gilds the leaf. Of course she does. That's her business. If she didn't we'd get some sort of a machine to do it for her and dock the old gal's wages.—*Free Press*.

The beet has its admirers, and there be those who up hold the merits of the cabbage; but all agree that the onion is a soup herb production.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

A Chicago paper asks, "Will the coming man use both hands?" If the coming man takes to politics he probably will when the ball is opened.—*Modern Argo*.

It is high time SARA BERNHARDT was robbed of her diamonds. Not that we would encourage crime—far from it: but business is business.—*Lockport Union*.

The average individual pays off debts of gratitude when he cannot help himself, but he pays off old grudges when the other fellow cannot help himself.—*Whitehall Times*.

A doctor went out for a day's hunting, and on coming home complained that he hadn't killed anything. "That's because you didn't attend to your legitimate business," said his wife.—*Albany Argus*.

"Yes, Charlie, 'a gem of thought' is very valuable, but an Alaska diamond would suit your purpose better—the lady wouldn't know the difference, and they cost but fifteen cents.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

They were in the woods. Said he looking things unutterable: "I wish I were a fern, Gussie." "Why?" she asked. "Why—praps—you—would—press me, too." She evidently hated to do it, but it is best to nip such things in the bud, so she replied, "I'm afraid you're too green, Charlie." The poor boy almost blubbered.—*Boston Transcript*.

An inquiring man thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth it had, and the horse closed its mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

The other afternoon while MRS. MISS SARAH BERNHARDT was rehearsing a tragedy in a New York theatre, she was suddenly missed from the stage. It was shortly afterward discovered that she fell through a crack in the stage floor.—*Ky. State Journal*.

"A Newspaper Man's Sad Fate," is the title of a touching article which we did not read. We suppose it is the old, old story of some editor who married a girl and then the old man refused to lift the mortgage on his son-in-law's office.—*McGregor News*.

Perhaps the happiest moment of a man's life is when he wakes up from a life-and-death struggle with a collar that won't stay buttoned behind, to find that it is only a dream, and remembers that he kicked the collar under the bed when he retired.—*Oil City Derrick*.

A Newark lady on entering the ladies' cabin of a ferry boat and finding the seats occupied by men, remarked to a friend that she had often noticed in the paper quotations of prices of dressed hogs and it had never dawned on her mind what the article was until then.—*Newark Sunday Call*.

She yawned and told him she wished he was a fire. He wanted to know why, and she said: "Oh, fires go out late in the night." Then he looked at her, and she looked at him, and he said he had to be at the store early to-morrow, and guessed he would go.—*Peoria Transcript*.

"ELLA, is your father at home?" said a bashful lover to his sweetheart. "I want to propose something very important to him." "No, CLARENCE, papa is not at home, but I am. Couldn't you propose to me just as well?" And he did with perfect success.—*New York Telegram*.

"Her love, her love is dead," sadly sings "Claude Melnotte" in a poem entitled "Brightened Hopes." It wasn't love, Claude, not real sinuous pure love. She was fooling with you. Pure love never dies. It gets dreadfully sick, sometimes, but it never, never expires. Brace up, Claude.—*Rockland Courier*.

Bo-ton stands at the top of the polls with a first-class, elegant, esthetic, cultivated, romantic, artistic, bass-relieved, all-souled, yacht-loving, play-writing, heart-smashing, humblepie-eating, defaulting city governmental cashier. He was a man of large ideas and ethereal longings.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

"So enjoyed your visit to the menagerie, did you?" inquired young SHLEADOR of his adored one's little sister. "O, yes; and do you know, we saw a camel there that screwed its mouth and eyes awfully, and sister said it looked exactly as you do when you are reciting poetry at the church sociables."—*Yonkers Gazette*.

Both political parties have started in with tremendous kerosene brigades, and yet scarcely a torch bears enough to keep up the reputation of the oil by exploding. A servant girl can do more execution with half a pint of kerosene than a torchlight procession a mile and a half long can with two barrels and a half.—*New Haven Register*.

It is no use trying to explain to children that there is a difference between canary birds and women. A seventeenth ward lady who was visiting at a neighbour's, was asked to sing, and said that really she could not do so, under any circumstances, when a little girl went up to her and said, "Please, ma'am, is you a moultin?" Volumes would have had trouble in saying more.—*Peck's Sun*.

A Keokuk man recently discovered two oysters in a plate of soup, and he playfully spoke of them as a pair of slippers.—*Keokuk Con.*

She had sued for breach of promise, and the verdict of the jury was against her. "Want to poll the jury?" said the Judge formally. "Want to pole the jury?" she repeated. "Yes, I do, Jes' gimme the pole for two minutes," and she had thrown off her sun-bonnet and expectorated on the palms of her hands, before the legal phrase could be explained by her counsel.

The editor laid his half-smoked cigar on the table, and the candidate, dropping in to talk matters over, perched himself on the table and on a real Connecticut Havana. By and bye he sadly slipped off his high seat. "You are not lukewarm in my cause, anyhow," he said, plaintively. "Ah no," replied the editor, encouragingly, "the old fires are still burning." And then a great hush fell upon the busy sanctum, such a profound silence, that for a minute you might have heard a gum drop.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

"Have a blotting pad, sir?" said a peripatetic dealer, reaching out one of those absorbents. "How do you fasten the thing on?" inquired JONES, turning it over. "Fasten it on!" exclaimed the peddler, "what do you mean?" "What do I mean?" cried JONES, looking up. "Young man, I've had experience in this pad business. I've bought them for the head, stomach and liver, and this is the first one I ever saw with no tackle on it. No, I don't want it. Good-day!" The man saw it was no use to argue with JONES.—*Boston Transcript*.

In the course of a lecture on "The Wonders of Nature," a scientific gentleman informed his auditors that a series of exhaustive experiments had shown that the common house-fly lays upward of fifty thousand eggs in a single season. Among those upon whose ears the steep figures fell was a wide-awake, enterprising Yankee, who raised poultry for a living. No sooner was the lecture finished than he made for the platform and eagerly inquired of the lecturer "whether he thought it would be possible to graft a common house-fly on a hen."—*Albany Journal*.

Here is another straw. A man who went through an excursion train of nine hundred passengers taking a Presidential vote didn't find a single HANCOCK man. P. S.—He didn't find a single GARFIELD man either, for the first person he accosted knocked him down, and a dozen others wiped up the floor with him and wedged him so fast under a seat, that all the passengers, escaped before he could release himself. He has declared in favor of the anti Masonic candidate, his treatment in the car having made him opposed to grips. He was gripped too much.—*Norristown Herald*.

A woman will go on a shopping tour in quest of a score of dissimilar articles. The ribbon must be ten fingers and a half wide; the carpet must be like Mrs. SARGENT's only that she wants her's brown where Mrs. S's is green; the first knot in the string she carries in her pocket is the width of the window curtain; the second knot, the length of Susie's skirt; the third knot, of the picture cord, and the whole string the distance round the centre table. Besides these she has buttons to buy, cotton to select, silk to match, and Heaven knows what not; and she will come home at night without having made a single blunder, with a full satchel and an empty pocket book, and express packages will be arriving for a week to come. But the strangest part of this strange, eventful story is, that she can tell you off-hand the costume of every lady she saw during her tour, either on the street or in any of the numerous shops visited. Can a man do this?—*Meriden Recorder*.