



"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A cigar for a penny is quite enough for a scent.—*Waterloo Observer*.

When a man proposes he makes his maiden effort.—*Philo. Item*.

The man doth illy choose who chews tobacco.—*Marathon Independent*.

If wishes were fishes what a whaling time we would have.—*McGregor News*.

A young man should always question the pop before he pops the question.—*McKean Co. Miner*.

No kissing by telephone for us. We prefer to take the electricity direct from the battery.—*Whitehall Times*.

The parlor sofa: The shorter it is the longer you like to sit on it, with good company.—*New Haven Register*.

A celebrated Chinese engineer has invented a new style of engine. We presume it must go.—*Chicago Tribune*.

We have heard of some people who say they could live on music. Then it must be on note meal.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

The mania continues. Years hence our children will speak with pride of their Pinaforefathers.—*Bradford Era*.

Lock your four-year-old boy up in a dark closet and you will have some idea of the force of compressed hair.—*N. Y. People*.

"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is," than a whole hoghead of church festival soup where oysters are not.—*Whitehall Times*.

Time is money, and leisure is 5 cents to the man who reads the morning paper in a news depot without paying for it.—*Meriden Recorder*.

COURTNEY promises to row HANLAN next April. Better make the race on the first, and then we'll know what to expect.—*Waterloo Observer*.

Did it never strike you as remarkable that amid all the fluctuations in prices of commodities, paper remains stationary.—*New York People*.

Don't use your breath in blowing forth scandal. It can be put to a better use—whistling "Pinafore," for instance.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

A physiognomist says that large ears denote generosity, which is probably the reason why a mule squanders his hind legs.—*Herald P. I.*

It frequently occurs that the men who gave their whole mind to the sermon don't give anything to the contribution box.—*McGregor News*.

There was PAGANINI the fiddleist, and here's CAMPANINI the tenor. Rather singular how many ninnies get into the musical ranks.—*Rockland Courier*.

It is far easier to "raise the wind" for a church organ than to waft a denomination to financial prosperity on the breeze of promises unfulfilled.—*Blackensack Republican*.

Some of our exchanges are debating the question, "Is Life worth Living?" but we notice that they all give the affirmative side the benefit of all doubts.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

The youthful minor pants for twenty one,
The statesman pants for office and a haul,
The poet pants for an undying fame,
The tailor only 'tis who pants for all.
—*Keokuk City Gate*.

Ask your wife what kind of beef to get for mince meat and she will tell you the best. Ask the manufacturer of the prepared article, what kind he uses and he will tell you the neck's best.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

So many societies for the promotion of things are established, that JOHNNIE wants to know why somebody doesn't get up a society for the promotion of boys in schools, without making them study so.—*N. Y. Mail*.

The question is continually being asked, "What shall we do with our boys?" The people know what to do with their boys, but the trouble appears to be that the boys won't let them do it.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

When you see a fickle maiden,
Who is jesting all the while,
'Bout love affairs and flirting,
You may know that's jester style.
—*Sandie Stone*.

The average housewife will take more pains to carry a sickly fifteen-cent plant through four months of winter than she will to keep butter on the ice during three months of hot weather.—*Detroit Free Press*.

If you would show your new bought clothes,
Built in the latest style,
The safest way to do the thing
Is, when the choir stands up to sing,
Glide down the middle aisle.—*Puck*.

Yung Wing, the Chinese ambassador has had a son born to him. Paragaphers will be sportsmen enough to shoot this item on the Wing, and will please spare the Yung one.—*Meriden Recorder*.

In Japan they have iron coins worth about the one-hundredth part of a cent. If such a thing were known in this country, they would all find their way into the contribution box in about two Sundays.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

By a careful computation it is discovered that a child from five to seven years of age will assume three thousand seven hundred and sixty-one distinct and separate positions during an ordinary Sunday sermon.—*Erratic Enrique*.

We had heard so much talk about this self-raising flour that we bought a barrel of it, the other day, and yet, when the bill came in, we had to go and raise the amount ourself. There are all kinds of swindles now-a-days.—*Peck's Sun*.

"My, my," said an old lady, "who can these Vassar girls be? I hardly pick up a paper that I don't see something about them. The Vassar family must be an awful big one, or what there is of 'em must be mighty smart."—*Stubenville Herald*.

An excellent chest-protector for a cold day, is a folded newspaper buttoned under the overcoat. But in case a paper is used on which the subscription is unpaid the party is liable to be frozen stiff in a very short time.—*Rockland Courier*.

Some of PAT's companions were joking him on an alleged breach of propriety. He stood the chaffing a while, and then brought the session to an uproarious end by saying: "Bedad, you fellows who talk so much about the shortcomings of others should remember that people with glass eyes ought not to live in stone houses."—*Rome Sentinel*.

Says an exchange: "Happy is the man now whose chickens are laying eggs." We suppose then the ordinary chickens have been addicted lately to laying pipe stems, old shoes and rake-handles for a living. It is just like them.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

"Can alligators smile?" asked a studious subscriber. No, my son. The only living creature that can smile with any kind of success, is the politician. And his smile is as rare as it is sweet, and like an eclipse, we only see it semi occasionally.—*Oswego Record*.

"Are the girls of to-day fitted for wives?" asks an exchange. They may be up your way, sir; but down here they are better fitted for husbands.—*Waterloo Observer*. Up here they are oftener fitted for new dresses, and you should hear their "pa's" howl when the bills come in.

A dispatch from Fargo, Dakota, during the cold weather, stated that the thermometer was forty-six degrees below zero. They ought to have dug down in the ground so as to give the thermometer a chance. No thermometer can do anything if it is cramped for space. *Peck's Sun*.

The winter holidays are fairly over. The children are twisting themselves all out of shape on hard school-room benches, and the mothers of the land, bless 'em, where would we have been without 'em, calmly sit down in the forenoon and wonder where all the noise is gone to.—*New Haven Register*.

The Pope's new journal *Aurora*, already has five thousand subscribers, so the publishers will not be obliged to solicit wood and pumpkins in exchange for subscriptions. Although his paper is only a week old, he has received several communications signed "An Old Subscriber."—*Norristown Herald*.

There are some women so afraid of missing a particle of gossip concerning their neighbors that they haven't time to attend to their domestic affairs. These are the wives who make home so pleasant that their husbands spend their evenings in more congenial company.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

A famous teetotaler in England has inherited the finest lot of old wines in existence "to be applied to scientific purposes." He is puzzled to know what scientific purposes they can be applied to, but a good thing would be probably to use them in passing railroad and insurance bills in the legislature.—*Albany Times*.

Somebody asked a great German chemist, "What is man?" "A pinch of phosphorous and a bucketful of water," he replied. He referred to a temperance man, of course—or else an editor. He couldn't find a bucket full of water in one of those fellows who spend from five to fifteen dollars a week in coloring their noses.—*Ex*.

An exchange undertakes to tell how far bells may be heard. Careful observation convinces us that it depends altogether on circumstances. A school boy bell may not be heard by a boy in the next lot, while the faintest sound of a dinner bell will be readily caught by a man who is digging potatoes in an adjoining township.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

A bank cashier has come to be a very important personage in this country. Whenever he takes a trip to Canada or Europe for his health, the fact is telegraphed all over the land. Now, a country editor could go off and stay 150 years, and nobody would get excited about it but his washwoman and the man he owed for a pair of suspenders.—*W. Scott Way*.