



## "The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The cannibals are captive-ating as the Irishman remarked.—*Kookuk Gate City.*

"Gentlemen make room for one mower," said the farmer as he set to work a new band in the hay-field.—*Kookuk Constitution.*

During the summer some are going to summer here and some are going somewhere else to summer.—*Stouenville Herald.*

Take care of the onions and the scents will take care of themselves.—*Wheeling Sunday Leader.*

It was the man caught by a prairie fire on his own section of land who ran through his property rapidly.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The following notice may occasionally be found posted upon the door of a Parisian newspaper office, "Gone to fight a duel, back in half-an-hour."—*N. F. Com.*

The reason more umbrellas than watermelons are stolen is thought to be because the thief doesn't have to plug the umbrella. It is always ripe for the harvest.—*Fon du Lac Reporter.*

Since the introduction of female postmasters, a girl goes up to the window and says, "Is there a letter for Miss Margaret Robinson?" "Yes," says the female postmaster, "here is one from John McDJones."

Dr. Ely claims that tobacco injures the eyesight. That is all well enough in theory, but if you have got an extra cigar about your person, a snoker is pretty sure to discover it.—*Dandbury News.*

If there is anybody who has our sincerest sympathy, it is the dear young man who has on a white vest so stiffly starched that he feels as though he was clabboarded in front.—*Lockport Union.*

"You can't bring decency out of dirt," says a modern philosopher. Can't eh? Then you never looked at the water in the laundry tubs after the clean white clothes were taken out of it, did you?—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A dashing young maiden of Holly,  
Had a lovely green parrot named Polly,  
But it gave her away  
To her beau one fine day,  
By shrieking, "By gum! ain't he jolly?"  
—*Albion Republican.*

"If this coffee is gotten up in boarding-house style again to-morrow, I think I shall have good grounds for divorce," said a cross husband the other morning; "I don't want any of your saucer," retorted his wife, "and what I've sediment."—*Kokomo Tribune.*

The foolish man stayeth at home, and to! his wife setteth him to beating carpets. But the wise man hath business down town, that taketh him away early and keepeth him away late, and when he cometh home, behold! the carpets are already beaten.—*Kokomo Tribune.*

### A TOO PREVALENT EVIL.

(Scene—Outside a public school; two boys about to fight over a game; Clergyman passing.)

Clergyman—Come, come, boys, that's very naughty! It's only cats and dogs that fight.

One of the boys—That's no' true, sir, for as I cam' awa' this mornin' I saw oor twa cocks at it.—*Glasgow Bailie.*

"When Eve brought woe to all mankind  
And Adam called her 'woe-man';  
And when she woo'd with love so kind  
He then pronounced it 'woe-man';  
But now with folly and with pride  
Their husbands pocket-trimming  
The ladies are so full of whims  
That people call them 'whim-men.'"  
—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A sure cure for corns has been discovered, which will be a boon to the suffering. It has been ascertained that the worst case of corns in the world can be cured by washing the feet in clean water every night before going to bed for a month or so. To many people this will seem like one of those desperate emergencies where the remedy is worse than the disease.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun.*

Words ending with the syllable "age" are awfully punable, and newspaper wits would do well to send a copy of a dictionary to their readers, with those words duly marked in blue pencil. It would save lots of wear and tear of brain tissue.—*New Haven Register.* Remarks like the above from a young paragrapher would be excusable, but such language is bad, bad, bad-in-age?—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

Two young men in light plaid clothes were riding down town on the Metropolitan "L" road, reading their papers, when one of them saw an item about a robbery in a boarding house, in which it was said that the perpetrators of the crime took the jewelry of the landlady and of three boarders. "It is funny, Billy," said the reader, "that they always get away with the jewelry in a boarding house. They never steal anything to eat."—*New York Herald.*

"Somebody'll Come To-night" is the title of a poem in an exchange. How we tremble as we read it, and what thoughts of our boyhood steal over us, of the nights when we slept in the garret, back room, and had played hookey from school all day, forgot to chop the firewood, and had sassed mother, and stolen the biggest piece of pie from the top shelf. We thought, and we laid and twisted, that, "somebody'll come to-night." And weren't mistaken. That somebody was dad with a strap.—*New York Express.*

The Boston Transcript says: "It is hard to believe that that noisy boy, whose hands are always on the most intimate terms with all manner of grime and dirt; whose hair is never combed, save on compulsion; whose clothes samples everything it comes near, till 'it is a sight to behold'; whose hooting and yelling are constant reminders of aboriginal memoirs, and whose whistling is an aggregation of three steam bands and a brace of locomotives—it is hard to believe that he ever will become transmogrified into the amiable and tractable young gentleman so particular in the fit of his coat, the shade of his kids and the immaculate whiteness of his shirt front, so execratically clean of person and so eminently proper in word, act and deed. But he will be. The answer to this enigma is, Calico."

In many parts of the country women will be appointed as census enumerators, with the probable result something like this:

Neatly dressed women of an uncertain age with big book under her arm and pen in hand rings the door bell. Young lady appears at the door.

Census enumerator—"Good morning. Lovely morning. I'm taking the census. You were born?"

Young lady—"Yes'm."

Your name, please? What a pretty dust cap you have on. Can I get the pattern? It's just like the one the lady in the next house has. Let's see, your name?"

"I haven't the pattern. Don't you get awful tired walking around taking the census?"

"Oh, yes, it's wearisome, but I pick up a

great deal of information. How nice your dinner smells cooking. Plumb pudding?"

"In Maine. No, I haven't plum pudding today. I'm looking for a new recipe."

"I've got one that I took down from a lady's cook book across the way. Are you married?" "No. Want an invitation to the wedding, don't you? It will be a long time before you get it. You can keep your plum pudding recipe, thank you."

"I sh'd think 'twould be some time. Have you chil—O, of course, I forgot. This hall carpet is just the pattern of Aunt Prudy's. She's had it more than twenty years. How many are they in the family?"

"If this hall carpet don't suit you, you can get off from it and go about your censusing."

"Well, you're an impudent jade, anyhow. You haven't told me when you were born or what's your name, or when you expect to get married, and there's ten dollars' fine for not answering census takers' questions, and if I was you I wouldn't be seen at the door in such a slouchy morning dress, so there."

"Oh, you hateful thing. You can just go away. I'll pay ten dollars just to get rid of you, and smile doing it. It's none of your business, nor the censuses' either. No, it isn't. You can keep your pattern and your plum pudding and your saucy, impudent questions to yourself—I-I."

"Good morning. I must be getting on. I haven't done but three families all the forenoon," and an energetic bang of the door just missed catching a foot of her trailing dress skirts.

The other afternoon the tools, implements, fixtures, appurtenances and whatever else belongs to the game of croquet, were put in position on a lawn up Woodward Avenue, and as a young lady and a young man who seemed to be her lover took up the mallets to start the balls, a bony-looking old tramp halted and leaped on the fence and got his mouth puckered up for something good. The young man took the first shot, and, before the ball ceased rolling, the girl's voice was heard calling—

"You didn't knock fair—you've got to try it over."

Before either of them were half way down she had occasion to remind him that he wasn't playing with a blind person, and that she could overlook no cheating. As she went under the last arch he felt compelled to remark that her playing would rule her out of any club he ever heard of. On the way back she asked him why he couldn't be an honest man as a jockey and a falsifier, and he inquired why she didn't write a set of rules to tally with her style of playing.

"It's coming—'t ain't five minutes off!" chuckled the tramp, as he took a new grip on the fence and shaded his eyes with his hat.

"Don't you knock that ball away!" shouted the girl, a minute after.

"Yes I will!"

"Don't you dare to."

"I'm playing according to the rules."

"No you aren't! You've cheated all the way through!"

"I never cheated once!"

"And now you are aiding the crime of perjury! Sir, I dare not intrust my future happiness to such a man! I could never trust or believe in you!"

"Nor I in you!"

"Then let us part forever!" she said as she hurled her mallet at a stone dog.

"So we will!" he hissed as he flung his at her sleeping poodle.

She bowed and started for the house to pack up his letters.

He raised his hat and made for an approaching street car to get down town in time for the Toledo train.

"That's all I wanted to know," sighed the tramp as he turned away. "I've been out in the woods for a few years past, and I didn't know but there had been changes made in croquet, but I see it's the same old game clear through!"