



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

Love-ly—telling your best girl she's an angel.  
—*Waterloo Observer*.

The girl with a falsetto voice also had a false set o' teeth.—*Gale City*.

'Well,' whispered daybreak, 'I'll be dawned if I ain't broke!'—*Keokuk Constitution*.

It don't take a very fast horse to catch the epizootic.—*Lowell Citizen*.

The song of the bricklayer: "Still there's mortar to follow."—*Salem Sunbeam*.

A recent experience has convinced us that Jon never tackled a stovepipe.—*Hackensack Republican*.

A physician, like a glazier, gains fame from the number of pains he sets right.—*Lockport Union*.

A woman who goes to church to show her sealskin sacque is sacque religious.—*Steubenville Herald*.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, but ointment sticks to bullets on the west.—*Modern Aago*.

The young man who was kicked out of his girl's house very properly styled her father a free booter.—*Ex*.

Have you hunted up your ulster?—*Boston Post*. Can't find the ticket, say nothing about ulster.—*New Haven Register*.

Men are like pins. One with a little head may be just as smart as one with a big head.—*Agent's Herald*.

When the baby cries for "bread" it is the most natural thing in the world for the mother to give it a rook.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

It does not help the temperance movement a particle for our young men to take the pledge at the pawnbroker's.—*Modern Argo*.

How many clergymen rob themselves of sleep by midnight toil in order to generously bestow it upon their congregations.—*Ilofer*.

Nothing surprises a man more, for the moment, than sitting down quick in a chair that is not there.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

An Italian Count has been discovered in the person of a New Jersey tramp. He was the noblest room 'un of them all.—*Modern Argo*.

"Over the Way" is the title of a new Sunday-school book, probably the history of an honest coal dealer.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

Dr. Bossio, of St. Louis, attempted to stab his wife with a carving knife because she stuffed a duck with onions. This shows that it isn't always the husband that is to blame in those affairs.—*Peck's Sun*.

We take it that the enterprising man who goes about the country embellishing fences, trees, rocks, etc., with flaming advertisements is a genuine landscape painter.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

A man who is true as steel, possessing an iron will, some gold, and a fair proportion of brass should be able to endure the hardware of this world.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

BRET HARTE is said to be a "lion" at London clubs.—*Ex*. Yes, and any place else he can. He ought to break himself of the propensity.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

An exchange speaks of a man being "gored" by an angry bull," as if a good-natured bull would do such a thing.—*Fon du Lac Reporter*.

If the BERNHARDT wants to get fat she should secure board in a second-class house, and just, help herself every time the butter is passed.—*Modern Argo*.

Its wonderful how many things a boy can hit with a coal-scuttle on his way down cellar when he has had his feelings ruffled.—*Newark Sunday Call*.

A cannibal who made a meal off his scolding wife jocosely remarked that he was a Roman prize-fighter, because he was gladiator.—*Waterloo Observer*.

A gentleman of this city has a small piece of tobacco which has travelled all over the world. Its sort of wandering chew, isn't it?—*Meriden Recorder*.

Pushkin is not to have a statue. Pushkin was a Russian poet. Any one who could make poetry out of the Russian language certainly ought to have a statue.—*Detroit Free Press*.

In England, native oysters cost eighty-seven cent a dozen. England must be the place where they make fair stews with the photograph of an oyster.—*Norristown Herald*.

The worst hit at a big mouth we ever heard was perpetrated by an unregenerate sinner on a Quincy girl. He said he could see her smile when her back was turned.—*Modern Argo*.

One of the greatest pleasures of railroad travelling to lovers has been destroyed. Now, just before a train enters a tunnel, a buccaneer goes through the cars and lights all the lamps.—*Norristown Herald*.

"Science enumerates 589 species of organic forms in the air we breathe." Just think of it! Every time you draw in a breath a whole zoological garden slips down your windpipe, and no free tickets to the press.—*New Haven Register*.

An Iowa farmer declares upon his solemn honor as a gentleman that the last grasshopper leaving the State stood on a gate post and said: "Get some more fence rails ready for us by next June."—*Norristown Herald*.

"JOHNNY you must never use tobacco" said a fond mother, "even hogs don't do that." "I know they don't dear mamma, and hogs don't go to heaven, neither," and JOHNNY went out soon after and hid two cigar stumps under the door step.—*Steubenville Herald*.

A young man, having been requested at a dinner to reply to the time-honoured toast of "Woman," closed his remarks with the familiar quotation from SCOTT:

"O woman, in thine hours of ease  
Uncertain, coy and hard to please—"  
Here his memory failed him; but after a little hesitation he continued in triumph:

"But seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."  
—*Salem Sunbeam*.

Dr. Gordon Holmes advises singers to wear flannels. We have heard singers who should wear flannel quarter of an inch thick—wear it over their mouths. Though a piece of gutta serena would do just as well.—*Norristown Herald*.

There was a young rustic named MALLORY, who drew but a very small salary. When he went to the show, his purse made him go to a seat in the uppermost gallery.—*New York News*. Tune, Wont you come up to Limerick.

A new device for a bride's present is a silver arrow, with the initials of the bride and groom in gold. Of course her beau sends it.—*Boston Globe*. And its receipt must throw her into a quiver.—*Norristown Herald*. Ain't this harrowing?

Dr. STRANDING, a surgeon on board one of the Royal mail steamers plying between England and Brazil, has discovered an antidote for the cure of bites from rattlesnakes. He caused a rattlesnake to bite him on two occasions, and succeeded in counteracting the poison. The doctor will publish the secret of the remedy on his return to England. Gradually the excuses for drinking whiskey are being narrowed down, and soon a man will have to come right out and admit that he drinks it for his breath.—*Peck's Sun*.

I've a letter from your dad,  
Baby mine! Baby mine!  
Which makes me feel quite sad,  
Baby mine! Baby mine!  
He is coming home from jail,  
He just got out on bail,  
And my fate I now bewail,  
Baby mine! Baby mine!  
—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

Put the letter in the fire.  
Mother mine! Mother mine!  
For daddy is a liar,  
Mother mine! Mother mine!  
The yarns that daddy spins  
Whenever he begins,  
Are very awful sins,  
Mother mine! Mother mine!

Alice Oates has been quite ill in Texas. She has played all along regularly, with the exception of one night when her physician would not permit her to go on the stage. The trouble is pneumonia.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

Why, we thought she had got married again! Poor maligned Alice.

"Yes," said Michaelangelo Brown, his eyes beaming with loving pride upon his latest creation, "The Pensive Poetess"—"yes, I draw all my figures from the life." "Do you, my boy?" blurted out Jones; "but who the deuce is it that draws the life from your figures, you know?"—*Boston Transcript*.

He was saying, as he struck a lucifer on the side of the house, "I like these houses with sanded paint: nice when you want to strike a match you know." "Is that so?" she asked, demurely; "I wish I lived in a house with sanded paint"—and then she looked things unutterable. If he had asked "What for?" she would have hated him. But he didn't; he took the hint, and the match was struck then and there.—*Berea Advertiser*.

### Mrs. Brown's Disappointment.

(From the Kansas City Times.)

AT BREAKFAST; NOV. 3, 1880.

The saddest woman in this town,  
Is MRS. CAPT. KERKES BROWN.

Last Wednesday morn she toss'd her head,  
And to her CAPT. KERKES said:

"You promised me you'd buy me, BROWN,  
This day a gros grain silken gown."

He wildly dropped his knife and fork;  
He'd bet on HANCOCK and New York;

"And how about that winter bonnet  
With plumes and jet and bangles on it?"

His cheeks became of ashen hue;  
He'd bet on Indiana, too!

"And then, that nice new velvet sacque,  
With lace all up the front and back."

He quailed beneath her lurid glare,  
And thought of death and Delaware!!!

"And then those gloves!" but stay, no more;  
He, swooning, fell upon the floor.

Ah, me! to hear that woman tell,  
You'd think the country'd gone to—well,

No matter; but in all our town  
The saddest female's name is BROWN.

What a man the Rev. Mr. Talmage is for creating sensations by his sermons. Last Sunday he preached on religion.—*Peck's Sun*.