



"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Confidence game—Decoy ducks.—*N. Y. Star.*

A star performer: The astronomer.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Charity covereth a multitude of church lotteries.—*Whitehall Times.*

The word "boom" is beginning to have a "hardly ever" nausea about it.—*Wheeling Leader.*

The game of "high-spy" was introduced into this country by Major ANDRE.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

Young men may be made of brass, but the Cincinnati Commercial says young ladies are made of belle metal.

It wouldn't be exactly the thing to call chestnuts eggs because they are burred fruit, would it?—*Ed. I. Torrielle.*

It has just been discovered that MURPHY was able to make a mile easier because he's a Milesian.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Professor—"Can you tell of what parents the great Napoleon was born?" Student—"Of Cors-I-can."—*Fale Record.*

If it wasn't for the weather there never would be any variety in some people's conversation.—*Middleton Transcript.*

I never had a man cum to me for advice, but before he got thru he had more advice to offer than to ask for.—*Josh Billings.*

Pinafore is degenerating—its Ralphs are winning for themselves the sobriquet of "Sing-bad, the sailor."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

If Edison can render sound available in so many ways, why doesn't he utilize the howling wilderness?—*Philadelphia Saturday Night.*

Little Gertie (after waiting some time for dessert)—"Uncle, don't you have anything after dinner?" Uncle—"Yes, dear; the dyspepsia."

"That puts a different face on it," said the swindler when he raised a check from twenty to two hundred dollars.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

The only difference between some Catholic and Protestant girls is that one goes to church to count their beads and the other to count their beaux.—*Owego Record.*

The successful man is he who looks out for number one, and adds a lot of ciphers to himself in the shape of weaker-minded toadies and tools.—*N. Y. Mail.*

Whisky puts on some of the colors we see in autumn leaves, but who ever heard of admiring young ladies doing red noses in wax work?—*Fon Du Lac Reporter.*

They wanted COURTNEY to row in FRENCHY JOHNSON's boat, but how could they expect a man to do any good work with his scull sawed in two?—*Buffalo Sunday Times.*

In his "Kin Beyond the Sea" Mr. GLADSTONE wrote President with a large P and Queen with a small q, which would seem to imply that GLADSTONE, in minding his P's and q's has respect to Republican rather than monarchical institutions.—*Meriden Recorder.*

Beware of little things! A black seed no longer than a pin point will produce an onion that may ruin a Sunday school or break up a sewing circle.—*Eric Herald.*

Mr. GRIN, of Detroit, wanted to join LAWRENCE BARRETT's company here, as he thought that GRIN & BARRETT would make a strong combination.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A DOWN town citizen found a basket on his door steps one night containing a little waif. He was awful mad! and declared he wouldn't have any little waifers stuck on to him.—*Dilldock.*

A person who looks over another person's shoulder to read what he is writing, may be depended upon as telling all he sees, and as much more as will make the story startling.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Let some of the men engaged in running six-day matches try running a newspaper for a while if they would understand the difference between go as you please and please as you go.—*Monthly Union.*

Life insurance companies should make it a point, when insuring a man's life, to find out if he is loved madly by some female that is on the shoot. If he is, he should be arrested as a swindler.—*Peck's Sun.*

"It is too cold for ice cream now,"

And he softly winked his eye;

"Oh, yes, dear Dolf, I know it is,

But I'll take an oyster fry,"

—*Buffalo Sunday Times.*

It is said that Indian babies never cry. This is because they are never taken to public entertainments. We believe an Indian rubber baby would yell frightfully if it were taken to a place of amusement. They all do it.—*Nor. Herald.*

"My son is a good boy, and would succeed in life, but he won't make an endeavor," said a fond parent to his neighbor. "What, no endeavor?" "Well, hardly endeavor." Their pistols were discharged at each other simultaneously with fatal effect, and now they both sleep in one grave.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

Love tied his little arrows up and thrust them in his quiver:

Love took me by regretful hand and said, "Good-bye forever."

"Go not!" I cried, but love held out a blunted barb and, said,

Replied, "My occupation's gone; hearts now are iron-clad."

—*Marie Le Baron.*

A father never thinks his ten year old son is stronger than a horse until he employs him to turn the grindstone to sharpen an old ax that is about as sharp at one end as the other. The old man bears on until the lad's eyes hang out and his trousers' buckle flies off, and just before he bursts a blood vessel his father encourages him with the remark, "Does it turn hard?" Thousands of boys have run away from home and become pirates and greenbackers in order to escape a second siege at the grindstone.—*Nor. Herald.*

A vendor of cheap jewellery was knocked down by an Irishman the other night, and at once brought an action against his assailant. The defendant protested before the court that the agent had called him a liar. The latter swore positively that he used no offensive language. Upon being asked to give the agent's exact words, the Irishman said, "He tried to sell me an old ring, yer honor, an' I towld him it was brass. He then turned round to another man and sez, 'It's alloy.'" The defendant was discharged.—*Utica Observer.*

If a hotel keeper smiles pleasantly when you ask him a question, that's a sign he hasn't been there long.—*Ey. State Journal.*

A new use has been found for many a new youth's headpiece, the utility of which had heretofore been questionable. It is discovered that such young men's heads are primarily intended to keep their neckties from slipping off.—*McGregor News.*

Hazel nuts are ripening. There is something saddening about these nuts. The first of the kind the writer saw growing was when he was a boy. They grew by a stream in which he was swimming. He gathered quite a number of them, which he carried home in the waist of his shirt and next to his flesh. The burr of hazel nuts is covered with a furze, something like needles. It comes off very easy—from the burr.—*Danbury News.*

How brilliant the woods in October!

Like the nose of a man never sober;

Like the red of the juvenile mitten,

Or the coat of a calico kitten:

Like the variant hues of a nice dream,

Or the tints of a harlequin ice cream;

Like changeful, e'er-changing mosaic,

With nothing stale, dull or prosaic,

But everywhere gleaming in splendor,

Like the sky in the west at day's end, or

The posters whose charms never irk us,

That tell of the forth-coming circus:—

Like the nose of a man never sober,

How brilliant the woods in October!

—*Boston Transcript.*

A certain old gentleman, very rich and still more stingy, is in the habit of wearing his clothes to the last thread. One of his friends, meeting him, exclaimed: "They told me that you had a new hat, and I'll be hanged if you haven't!" "Oh, yes," said the miser, looking as if he were a trifle ashamed of himself, "you see, my wife kept telling me that the old one was a good deal worn out. Well, yesterday was my wife's birthday, and I got myself a new hat for her birthday present!"—*Chicago Journal.*

We thought we would step into the Board of Trade yesterday and see how the boys were making it on the wheat deal. The first man we met was the Philosopher, just at the front door. The Philosopher was formerly a resident of Boston, and knows all about everything. "What's wheat?" said we inquiringly. "Wheat, sir," said the Philosopher, brightening up, "is one of nature's cereal productions involved in as impenetrable mystery as the occult sciences have brought to the cognition of man. The insolvable ego of bioplastic co ordination—" "Hold on! hold on! What I meant was, what is the value of wheat in—" "Oh! ah, yes, to be sure, I understand. Wheat, my dear sir, contains the greatest quantity of gluten and the smallest of starch. All of the middle part of the grain is occupied by large, thin cells, filled with a yellowish material very rich in nitrogenous—that is, flesh-forming matter. Beyond this again there are six thin coats or coverings containing much mineral matter. The mill product of these coverings of the seed are peculiarly rich in nutriment, and fine flour is robbed of its best elements, rendering it unfit for any creature except a Monophodont; fruges consumere nati." "But, my dear Philosopher, this is no time for limæ et mura. What I came here for was to get the latest Chicago quotation on wheat." "Ah, excuse me. Quod bonum, felix faustumque sit. Au revoir." And the Philosopher stepped out and left us to the mercenary pursuit of thereporter in search of news.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*