



"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A carpenter's fare—plane board.—*Yawcoo Strauss.*

When a soldier is ill he becomes a six-shooter.—*Yonker's Statesman.*

After all an ordinary saw-horse pays better than the average trotter.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A hen doesn't mingle in promiscuous society; she has her own exclusive set.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

Young men are not very far-sighted when they take to their rye-glasses.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The driver of the iron-horse must well know how to handle his steam.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

It is a sober question whether money will do as much for men as men will do for money.—*Somerville Journal.*

A man's relatives are often a great source of trouble to him—his carb uncles for instance.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

A tramp we saw last summer called his shoes "Corporations" because they had no soles.—*Marathon Independent.*

JAY GOULD made only \$15,000,000 last year. But, never mind, Jay, poverty is no disgrace.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

"The men of to-day are too high strung," says a Chicago paper. Some of them are not strung high enough.—*Norristown Herald.*

We cannot all be saints, although none of us are so thoroughly demoralized but what we can close the door behind us.—*Whitchell Times.*

We have had one offer, but the lady couldn't promise to support us in the luxury to which we have been accustomed.—*Boston Post.*

A new paper called *Woman* has been started at Paris. Of course it will require a new dress every two months.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

There's no crowd, or no person, so uninteresting as that one which does all the talking when you want to do it all yourself.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Remember girls, it is possible for a young man to show a great amount of interest in you, and possess very little principal.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The most dismal feature connected with leap-year is the revival of old maid jokes. The jokes are all older than the old maids.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

Some men have such an abundance of "cheek" that it is perfectly justifiable for a barber to clip off a chunk once in a while.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

A young lady was seen to emerge from a second-story window at midnight, and descend a ladder. "There was a man at the bottom of it," of course.—*Norristown Herald.*

The young man who is determined to cause a rupture between his girl and "that other fellow," embraces the valentine season like a long lost brother.—*Elknebeck Gazette.*

"What we want is more work and less talk!" said a political speaker. "Exactly." responded an auditor, "then why in thunder don't you shut up and go about it."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Many a young lady who aspires to fame via pencil, brush and canvass, would become a "rising artist" at once if she would turn her attention to bread making.—*New Haven Register.*

We saw some puns by G. O'METRICAL, in a paper, the other day, which led us to suppose that in his geometrical studies he had never got further than the "puns ass-inorum."—*Wheeling Leader.*

Neighbors are a great convenience, for some of them always know more about your business than they know about their own. Besides, they are handy when you are just out of tea.—*Gowanda Enterprise.*

"We must agitate," exclaimed an earnest political speaker—"we must agitate or we shall perish!" and then he agitated it gently with a spoon, and pretty soon it perished—all but the sugar.—*Ripon Commonwealth.*

Said a parent to his little son who had committed some act of indiscretion, "Do you know that I am going to whip you?" "Yes," said the boy. "I suppose you are, because you are bigger than I am."—*Herald P.I.*

All mankind is accustomed to call the dust from which man sprung, Mother Earth. Many men are, however, a disgrace to their maternal ancestor, for she always settles in the spring, whereas they never settle.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Some persons can project the lower joint of the thumb almost into the hollow of the palm, and yet not be able to raise one finger to help an unfortunate neighbor. Marvellous are the mysteries of muscularity.—*Hackensack Republican.*

Professor PROCTOR says the earth, now full of life, will only last 2,500,000 years longer, and yet people continue holding building lots at fifty dollars a foot front just as though they had a permanent thing of it.—*Middletown Transcript.*

"You have not given me my change," said the gentleman to the saloon-keeper: "I gave you a \$5 bill, you know." "Schlange, schlange?" was the astonished reply; "not you mean? Vasn't you a gandidate don'd it?"—*Orphaned Paragraph.*

Now we know all about the "What is It!" It is a book-agent. We saw one ring a door-bell on Race street the other day, and a woman stuck her head out of the second-story window and yelled: "Hello! What is it?"—*Philadelphia Item.*

This being leap year, a young lady thought she would make a proposal, and she did. She proposed to the young man who had been keeping her up nights that he clear out and give some one else a chance, and he took the hint and cleared.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

She never will crown with her earnest love  
The life of some honest, loving man;  
For she kindled the fire in the kitchen stove  
With the lightsome tilt of the kerosene can.  
And he—his work has been laid away  
Almost before it was well begun;  
For he didn't know, they heard him say,  
There was any load in the empty gun.  
—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

An Iowa woman wanted a divorce, because as she said, her husband didn't provide her with the necessaries of life. She was asked to enumerate them, and the first two things she mentioned were a seal-skin sacque and a diamond ring.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Because JOHN TIMBER married ANNA PINE recently, the Des Moines *Register* calls it a "regular wooden wedding to begin on." We suppose they will board while the honey-moon beams on them, rather that they will decide weather boarding or housekeeping is preferable.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"Young man," said the orator impressively, "do you want to go down to a drunkard's grave?" "Well," replied the young man, with the careless grace of a man who isn't accustomed to refusing, "I don't care if I do. Whereabouts is your grave?"—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A sentimentalist says that an ounce of heart is worth a ton of culture. We have no doubt that this is true, especially if a man is real hungry and the heart is nicely fried in bread crumbs or chopped up and put in the gravy. There is no way of cooking culture so that it will take the place of either heart or liver.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

We saw a man on Main street this morning whose legs were so crooked that he couldn't tell his right foot from his left without following his legs down to their terminus.—*Bridgeport Standard.* Oh, dear! that's bad enough, to be sure. But there is a man in Danbury who can't wear a cork sole on his shoe, because his leg is so twisted. It draws the cork right out.—*Danbury News.*

Show us a man who has a lively vein of humor in his composition, and we will show you a man who is full of sentiment, whose heart is tender and sympathetic, and who is ever ready to lend a helping hand to a fellow traveller on life's highway. Humor, sentiment and charity are the three golden links that bind the paragraphic fraternity together.—*Hackensack Republican.*

"The true gentleman never uses slang," says a writer on etiquette. Well, we'll admit it just to give you a show. But then there are lots of other things a true gentleman never does. He doesn't forget to pay his bills; he doesn't walk home at night with his boots thrown over his shoulder; he doesn't expectorate on the mantelpiece, and above all, he doesn't club his wife with a wash-board.—*N. Y. Express.*

Next to the newspaper-office towel the newspaper-office window is the wonder and the glory of every well constructed printing office. When the sun beams out in his majesty, penetrating the nooks and crannies and showing his smiling face in out of the way places, he stops in disgust at the newspaper office window, for it would take all his rays, concentrated to a focus and propelled at the rate of 10,000,000 miles a second to make an impression on the glass.—*Sacramento Bee.*

The patient preacher plods along  
Through theologic deeps,  
The while the deacon, bless his soul,  
Bows down his head and sleeps.  
—*Syracuse Times.*

And when the preacher takes a rest,  
From theologic matter,  
The drowsy deacon rises up  
And passes round the platter.  
—*Rome Sentinel.*

And some put in a penny,  
While others put in two;  
They count their money over,  
To make the smallest do.  
—*Waterloo Observer.*

And when they count it over,  
Which doesn't take a minute,  
How great their consternation  
To find six buttons in it.  
—*Baltimore Eo. Saturday.*