



"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Down in the mouth—back teeth.—*Ottawa Republican*.

A thing that is never "too fresh"—The oyster.—*Ex.*

Cuba's greeting to GRANT: "Shake!"—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

To make a superb soup use the proper soup herbs.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

The gold headed hair-pin will never do. It can't be used for a button-hook.—*McGregor News*.

The man who is picking out a location for his new house is evidently site-seeing.—*Herald P. I.*

You can't make a horse drink; but if he will not eat, you can put a bit in his mouth.—*Boston Post*.

A firm advertises "raw silk stockings." Good gracious, who wants them cooked?—*Rockland Courier*.

Spilker, whose latest sweetheart is a blonde, calls the part in her hair the tow-path.—*Cleveland Voice*.

Where there's a will there's a way; and where there's a won't there's a woman behind it.—*Meriden Recorder*.

Nearly everything seems to be possible except to get an office-boy to trim a kerosene lamp so that it won't smoke.—*Rome Sentinel*.

A man can buy a hat for one dollar. It takes from ten to fifteen for a woman to go comparatively bareheaded.—*Vallejo Chronicle*.

Since Edison's horse shoe carbons have failed to succeed, the horse shoe as an emblem of luck must light out.—*Steubenville Herald*.

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*.

"Bring on your sahara," is what SMUGGINS said to his wife the other evening, after he had enveloped his pork and beans.—*Mid-report Advertiser*.

A new lecturer started in the field last week with "Milk" for a subject. It is needless to add his first audience soured on him.—*McGregor News*.

A man once asked of Echo, "what shall I do if my wife drinks liquor?" and the unfeeling nymph answered—"lick her."—*Marathon Independent*.

Rev. LOUIS WAZAWAGANAYANA is a Dakota clergyman. He has one satisfaction, however. Nobody opens his letters by mistake.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

This is leap year to be sure, yet it does not look very well for a young lady to be going home at two o'clock in the morning, after sparking her beau.—*Kingston Freeman*.

If the theorist who avers that animals can resist temptation will experiment by poking his neighbor's big bull-dog in the ribs, he'll find that his theory, together with his trousers, will be torn in shreds.—*Hackensack Republican*.

"Why am dis world a vagrant?" inquired one darkey of another. "Gib it up, eh? My chile, don't 'stronomers say it has no visible means o' support?"—*Keokuk Constitution*.

A rich man who had begun life as a boot-black, happened to remark that he had taken a box at the opera, and some one meanly asked if a brush went with it.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

AIMEE, the French opera singer, is very fond of monkeys, but it is said the sight of a young man with his hair parted in the middle makes her feel very sick.—*Rockland Courier*.

"SALLY," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from me, or you'll set me on fire." "No danger of that," replied the girl; "you are too green to burn."—*American Punch*.

When you see four or five children who need combing, washing and patching, holding a convention on the front step, you have come to a house where the mother paints pottery.—*Detroit Free Press*.

It is said a handful of salt thrown on a coal fire will hurry it up. And still many people will continue to practice the kerosene oil plan and hurry themselves up as well as the fire.—*Rome Sentinel*.

The Duke of ARGYLL was graciously pleased with the Niagara Falls. It is very gratifying to have our efforts at natural scenery meet the approval of the nobility abroad.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Maine man who didn't care two shakes of a lamb's tail for the newspapers rode fourteen miles through a fierce snow storm to get a copy of a weekly that spoke of him as a "prominent citizen."—*Boston Post*.

"This reminds me of Italy," remarked a suburban as he plodded home through the rain and mud last evening. "Why so?" "Because this is the sort of weather we had most of the time I was there."—*Boston Transcript*.

Kentucky girls have been married in the Mammoth Cave and Buffalo girls on the Niagara Suspension Bridge.—*Boston Post*. The first must have deemed matrimony a cell, and the latter a state of suspense.—*St. Albans Advertiser*.

"What a beautiful sight!" exclaimed Mrs. JONES, rapturously, as she looked over the beautiful scenery from a Pennsylvania railroad car. "Yes," replied JONES, without raising his eyes from his paper, "anthracite."—*Boston Transcript*.

If it turns out to be true that Edison will be able to harness electricity to coffee mills, the men who have to get up of mornings and grind the coffee, will arise as one man, hold a convention and ratify the invention.—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

The New York *Express* says that frauds in velvets have been discovered in the custom house. That's nothing new. Frauds in velvets can be found in almost any city, and you don't have to look in the custom house for them either.—*Waterloo Observer*.

Other papers are busy telling what they want to see. The *Argo* has two wants. First, it wants to see a show which surpasses its advertisement. Secondly, it wants, very much, to see a scribbler who uses a *nom de plume*, and don't use every exertion to let the public know his or her true name. The *Argo* will sail a good way to see the "rare and radiant" being who is satisfied with the chosen *nom de plume*.—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

If BENNETT's polar expedition be successful he will probably start places all over the country next summer for the sale of open polar water.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

The funeral of the printer, who made us say on Saturday that ADELAIDE NEILSON would sing Little Buttercup next Thursday night, will be from the City Hospital, save in the improbable event that he recovers from his injuries.—*Utica Observer*.

An exchange says: "There are three headless roosters being exhibited in a town in Indiana." There are four headless roosters being exhibited in this city, and the butcher sticks to it that they are spring chickens and cheap at eight cents a pound.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun*.

A living skeleton applied at a drug-store in this city yesterday for a situation as prescription clerk. "What do you know about drugs?" asked the proprietor. "Everything sir, everything; I was a juror in the HAYDEN case." He got the position at a large salary.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Children and brass bands in their extreme youth don't amount to much without a tutor.—*Owego Record*. Who ever saw brass bands in their extreme youth?—*New York Express*. Who ever saw them when arrived to years of discretion, would be a more appropriate question.—*Rochester Express*.

"Women" says a literary journal, "live on love." That may all be; but we notice all that have the pleasure of our acquaintance linger around the table three times a day and get on the outside of an awful lot of beef-steak and potatoes, as well as other substantial articles, of food.—*Elmira Sunday Telegram*.

"What is a home without a wife?" asks the *Yonkers Gazette*. It is the dining room in the parlor, the coal bin in the kitchen, the clean shirt in hiding, a depot for soiled clothes, a trysting place for divorced stockings, a smoking furnace, a private pandemonium, a cavern of profane rumblings, a lunatic asylum. More.—*Rochester Express*.

If Mr. TENNYSON's nonsense verses, "Minnie an Winnie," in the February *St. Nicholas*, had been tendered by an unknown poet, they would not have been printed on the first page of the book. They would have been inserted in the other end of the magazine, and charged for at the usual advertising rates.—*Norristown Herald*.

A boy once took it in his head that he would exercise his sled. He took the sled into the road. And, lord a massy! how he slid. And as he slid, he laughing cried, "What fun upon my sled to slide." And as he laughed, before he knewed, He from that sliding sled was slide. Upon the slab where he was laid They carved this line: "This boy was slide."—*Kansas City Times*.

The charity balls have been unusually successful this winter, and in many instances the poor dress-maker has realized a profit of \$75 on one costume, and the poor tailor has been scarcely less fortunate, while the poor florist has had more orders for \$8 bouquets than he could fill, and the poor livery men have had all their carriages out all night at \$2 an hour, and the poor caterer has realized his usual profit on Jersey cider at champagne prices. In the meantime we believe the poor people who don't know how to do anything but saw wood and dig ditches have gone on starving about the same, but then a charity ball can't be expected to take care of all kinds of poor people.—*Hawkeys*.