



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A stuck up thing—a show-bill.—*Richmond (Va.) Baton.*

The old man of the sea was an ocean buoy once.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Fame might be aptly illustrated by a swing made of cobwebs.—*Whitchall Times.*

A witty orator is generally given to making jaw-ular remarks.—*Waterloo Observer.*

The wise man freezeth not to his fellow who is a chunk of vice.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The girl that brushes up the parlor in the morning uses a dust-stir.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Helen, of Troy, found Paris green. Death ensued as a matter of course.—*Boston Transcript.*

N. Y. People: It is always the smoke from the other man's cigar that is offensive to the young lady.

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women" want to ride on top.—*Baltimore Evening Saturday.*

The sun is 320,000 times larger than the earth, and yet it persists in striking so small a thing as a man.

A countryman seeing the sign, "Hands off," innocently asked if they had gone on a picnic.—*New York Herald.*

"I can't go myself, but I'll send a hand," remarked a mother, reaching for her boy and giving him a swipe across the ear.—*Steubenville Herald.*

A lady is very much like a gun. Her locks may be all right when she sets her cap, but she won't go off without powder.—*Toronto Graphic.*

Opium is a costly drug, but the young man who is unable to maintain a phial of paregoric, ought not to take his marriage vow.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

The name "eagle" was a happy designation for our gold coin, considering that riches are prone to take unto themselves wings and fly away.—*Boston Transcript.*

Some of the fools have gone to the country, but quite a number remain in the city and distinguished themselves by watch chains worn outside their coats.—*Puck.*

Milwaukee Sun: To illustrate that the climate of Minnesota is productive of softening of the brain, it is announced that the State is have a "croquet tournament."

The Ex-Khedive to New York: "Since I made you a present of the Egyptian obelisk I have failed in business. Couldn't you allow me \$30 or \$40 for it?"—*Cin. Inquirer.*

It is the man whose wife makes him stay at home to do a churning when he wants to go to the circus, that is most bitterly opposed to the exercise of the one man power.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Women are clamorous for honorable business at which they can gain an independent livelihood, but the trouble is, about the only openings they happen to discover are millinery openings.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

Music may have "charms to soothe the savage breast," but a sixteen octave dinner gong has a more soothing effect upon the civilized breast of a hungry man than a whole brass band.—*Middletown Transcript.*

Think of the gorgeous beauty of the butterfly, with his fluffy plumage decorated with the colors of the rainbow, and remember that he attained all his finery just as mortals have theirs—by grubbing for it.—*New Haven Register.*

Spelling reform has been advocated, with poor success, for many years. Many superfluous letters are used in spelling, but then many superfluous words are used in swearing. Let us have a swearing reform!—*N. Y. Express.*

That was a pretty compliment paid by a member of the Chinese Embassy the other night to a young lady. Gazing down at her really pretty shoes, the Oriental remarked: "I love your English large feet."—*Boston Journal.*

"What does 12mo mean?" asked a pupil of her teacher, a few days since. "12mo? Why, don't you know what that means? It means the same as d&d&w&w&w. Haven't you seen it in advertisements in a newspaper?"—*Oscego Times.*

News despatchers are becoming too laconic; here comes an item from Switzerland about a flash of lightning that killed a farmer and a cow he was milking, and not a word about whether it curdled the milk or not.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"Is that the way you go on all day?" said Mrs. Jobbins, as she beheld her husband going through the physical accompaniments of a yawn. "Oh, no!" he replied, "I always take care to save myself for the home-stretch."—*Andrews Bazar.*

It is said that "it requires a great deal of boldness as well as caution to obtain a fortune." If some the American people could swap off some of their boldness for a few caution, there would be less complaint of hard times.—*Marathon Independent.*

The father who is wondering what profession his son shall enter is hereby reminded of the fact that nothing is more standard than good bar soap. It sells in localities where the voice of law is never heard, and it sells for cash.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"They are trying a lot of Pinafore singers in there," said Smith to Jones as they passed a building whence floating strains of "A maiden fair to see," etc. "Glad of it," returned the misanthropical Jones; "hope they'll give 'em sixty days and costs."—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

WANTED TO OBLIGE.—Lady (to a servant who has given notice three days after her arrival): "But if you didn't mean to stay, why 'did you take the place?" Servant: "Well, 'm, when I see you at the registry office you looked so tired and fagged I took your situation out of charity like."

Reflections of a practical man: "We are going to have a bad year. I must undergo some hardships and make some sacrifices. First: I will lower my servants' wages. Second: I will give no more tips to the waiters at my club. Third: I will get invited out to dinner as often as possible."—*Paris Figaro.*

"What are you looking for?" asked one of the Widow Bedott's two daughters, who were entertaining two young fellows on the piazza, rather late, one night last summer, of their mother, who seemed to be hunting some time around the front yard. "The morning papers," answered the widow. The young men left.

"What! You are aware that this poor fellow had just lost his wife, and instead of sending him the smallest word of condolence, you dun him for the 200 francs that he owes you!" "Hem! I know that there are griefs which no words can console, and I thought I was doing him a service in giving another course to his sad thoughts!"—*French Paper.*

"The time of lovers is brief," sings SWINBURNE. He referred to an instance in his own experience, when he and his girl barely had time to spring to opposite ends of the sofa before the old man entered the door, ostensibly to hunt for his glasses, which excuse he gave himself deal away upon, as those articles of sight where conspicuously perched upon the top of his head.—*Rockland Courier.*

Boston Transcript: Mrs. A—"Somebody's in the next room. I wonder what they're doing." [Looking wistfully at the keyhole.] "I've got a good mind to peep." Mrs. B.—"Oh, I wouldn't; tisn't right." Mrs. A.—"I don't care; I'm just dying to know." [Puts eye to keyhole, but immediately takes it away, disconcerted.] "Hm! the key is in." Mrs. B.—"Yes; so I found before you came in."

GALILEO WAS RIGHT.—A drunkard is staggering along the boulevards, knocking against lamp-posts, and, with great dignity and earnestness, solving their problem how to be in two places on the side-walk at once. The passers stare at him and laugh till he halts, and, with a painful effort, collecting himself, says: "Galileo was right—the earth does move!" and crumbles upon a shapeless ruin upon the pavement.—*Paris Star.*

A correspondent of the New York Sun writes: "A farmer had a ten gallon keg of whiskey in his cellar; he was going away to be away ten days; before going he told his wife that for every day he was away she should draw one gallon off the keg, and put back one gallon of water; she continued this for ten days. How much whiskey was in the keg at the end of ten days?" This is an easy one although it may not appear so at first sight. At the end of ten days the keg contained ten gallons of whiskey—such as is sold at seaside and many other hotels.—*Norristown Herald.*

They walked out of the theatre arm in arm. She was as dainty as a princess and prettier than an opening flower. The long, soft, white feather hung gracefully to her shoulder, and her long, delicate, slender hand held a sumptuous fan.

He looked pretty spooney himself, but he felt good.

"How did you like the opera, pet?" he faintly inquired, and the delicious little angel looked up into his face, and while the gasbeams lighted up the bit of court plaster on her chin, replied:

"It's the boss!"—*New York Star.*

The baby rolls upon the floor,

Kicks up his tiny feet,

And pokes his toes into his mouth—

Thus making both ends meet.

The dog, attached to a tiny pail,

Goes howling down the street,

And, as he madly bites his tail,

He maketh both ends meet.

The butcher slays the pensive pig—

Cut off his ears and feet,

And grinds them up into a sausage big—

Thus making both ends meet.

The farmer scoops his skiny hens,

And feeds them with choice meat,

The means must justify the ends,

And so he makes them eat.

—*Hackensack Republican.*