

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

An autumn idyl—the corner loafer.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A poor turn out—Bouncing a bummer.—*Richmond Baton.*

Trifles light as hair spoil our appetite for butter.—*N. Y. News.*

The batter always supplies "a long felt want."—*Wit and Wisdom.*

The bad boy takes the cake—away from his little sister.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

Graveyard insurance smells toomb much of a rotten policy.—*N. Y. Enterprise.*

"Come, birdie, come," is the sportman's song now.—*Hartford Sunday Globe.*

They say Sara Bernhardt is going into journalism. She is thin enough to go into politics.—*Hawkeye.*

A Yonkers man calls his dog Money, because he is never on hand when most needed.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"Oh, dear, I feel all dragged out," as the net said to the fisherman when it was drawn ashore.—*Yanvob Strauss.*

"The charge of the light brigade"—the exorbitant bills of the average gas company.—*Toledo American.*

Out west when a man dies of delirium tremens they say he died a natural death.—*Rochester Express.*

"Better rent than buy."—*Rochester Sunday Herald.* Of the two evils choose the leased.—*Elmira Free Press.*

Maid of Chicago, ere we join our forces, tell me, who shall pay for the divorces?—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

The Missouri train robbers transact business on the C. O. D. principle. Come Omedately Down.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"There is always room at the top," said the customer when he saw the way the grocer filled the measure with potatoes.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Plumber and plunder are not the same words, though, take it in the long run, there is only a little difference in the 'nd.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

It is rumoured around that boys having no other kind wear white pants, so do—their sisters and their cousins and their aunts.—*Meriden Recorder.*

Keenan, a Chicago murderer, who murdered a man whose house he was burglarizing, has actually been sentenced to be hung. Wonders will never cease.

"Sick" is an Americanism, often illy used.—*N. Y. News.* How about "illy"? Isn't "illy" also a frequently ill-used Americanism?—*Norristown Herald.*

The Des Moines girls are going to organize a Knitting Club to aid the poor. Giving the mitten has always been one of their strong points.—*Des Moines Mail.*

Venor announces that he will make no more weather predictions until October. This will give us a chance for a few weeks of decent weather.—*Meriden Recorder.*

"Do you drink?" said a temperance reformer to a beggar who had implored alms of him. "Yes, thank you," returned the candidate pauper, "where shall we go?"

The Philadelphia *News* hears that King Kalakaua mistook a reporter of that city for a lord. If the reporter asked the King for a loan of five or ten dollars, old Kalakaua's mistake was quite natural.

"Do you catch on?" asked the omnibus driver, as he swung his whip lash to the rear. "Yes, I tumble," answered the small boy, as he rolled into the gutter.—*Boston Transcript.*

At a ball a maiden named Peak,
Gave a wild and hysterical shriek,
When a splash of clam chowder
From her face washed the powder
And showed a big mole on her cheek.
—*Detroit "Chaff."*

A brainless swell resembles the first floral offering of gentle spring because he's a dandy lion. One is a plant with a naked, hollow stalk, and the other is a plant with a vacant, hollow head.—*Toledo American.*

An agricultural exchange offers some advice on "How to Tell a Bad Egg." Didn't read the article, but our advice would be, if you have anything important to tell a bad egg, why break it gently.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Topsy Venn is dancing and singing on the Philadelphia stage, while at the same time she is demanding a large sum of money for internal injuries, received through a railway accident, Venn she was turned Topsy-turvy.

Time is money, but it don't go into circulation again after it is once passed.—*Lowell Citizen.* Oh, yes, it does. Isn't playing baseball pastime, and there is plenty of circulation about that?—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

The barber's children are little shavers; the upholsterer's are little tackers; the butcher's are young lambs; the carpenter's are chips from the old block; the baker's are cram baby tarts; and the angry man's are little pets.—*New York News.*

Between "drouth" and "drought," the press of the country appears to have no particular way of spelling that which indicates a dry spell.—*N. O. Picayune.* Why not spell it "draught"? There is nothing better to put a stop to a dry spell.

A Boston reporter calls his darling's hair "Chaff," because it is considerably red.—*Mel-notte Tarheel.* And the Blonde of the Texas *Sunny Clime* calls her Detroit lover's hair "boz," because it is clipped so often.—*Bay City Boz.*

"We'll fillet," as the butcher said when his boy brought in an order from one of his best customers.—[Win Wurtle.] We'll steak four-quarters that we can fillet whole column with such puns, but we haven't the pluck to do it, as we wish to liver while longer.

Women barbers are multiplying. If they have pretty mugs they will, no doubt, keep their customers in hot water all the time.—*Boston Courier.* There will be one great difficulty to overcome. An unmarried woman barber will expect every bare-faced man to be hiruter.

Early rising is said to be the cause of many nervous diseases. Married men take the necessary precaution by heroically permitting their wives to get up first to make the fires, do the marketing, etc. A man can't retain his health without making some sacrifices.—*Norristown Herald.*

The "pink eye," the new horse disease, is spreading in Chicago. They probably take it from the hostlers, who are addicted to the old-fashioned "red eye," though the horses do not have it in so violent a form. Their blood being purer, it is only a sort of varioloid with them.—*Peck's Sun.*

A new book on "Word Building" was probably written by a man who struck a clothes line while splitting wood in the back yard. Very few aggravations will make a man build words more rapidly, but some of them possess too much emphaticness to preserve in book form.—*Norristown Herald.*

Customer—"I don't know how it is; but my clothes never fit me nicely. Now, you always make my friend Captain Stoller's coats to set beautifully!" Tailor—"Yes, sir; but he's got shoulders to hang 'em on! If a gentleman's made like a champagne bottle, no tailor can't fit him!" Exit customer in high dudgeon.—*Punch.*

The willingness of the people of England to help celebrate the surrender of Yorktown is not hard to understand. They have seen some of the so-called Americans who try to pass themselves off as Englishmen at home and abroad, and are thankful the land that raised them has no connection with England.—*Phila. News.*

A young lady who went fishing yesterday morning says she had "splendid luck." She got a boy to put the bait on her hook as soon as she got to the river, and she fished four hours without having to take a nasty worm in her fingers to renew the bait. She didn't get a bite, but that was a secondary matter.—*Norristown Herald.*

Bliffers said to us the other day: "There is nothing so good as cranberries for making a good 'fall sass.'" We agreed with Bliffers, at the time, but a few nights afterward we saw the play of "Midsummer Night's Dream," and we came to the conclusion that Bottom, the Weaver, in his ludicrous impersonation, with his donkey's head, made a far better false ass.

"The erubescent exoresence on your olfactory organ is yet in its adolescence," said a physician to the young man with an abnormal development of his *nez rebrousse*. The doctor merely meant that the boil on the youth's nose was not yet ripe. But the fellow thought he wouldn't live to get home. He now carries a dictionary in his coat-tail pocket, in place of a revised flask.—*Hackensack Republican.*

The sour kroust crop is reported short, and prices will be high this winter. There is likely to be much suffering in consequence among the thousands of Germans who have arrived in this country since the first of the year. But a person of delicate nostrils may be able to pass Hans Speethoefer's beer saloon when the door is open without being knocked off his feet by the odor wafted therefrom.—*Norristown Herald.*

A horse car conductor was before the court a few days ago, charged with assaulting his wife. It was shown in the evidence that he had struck her with his fist and knocked her down. He acknowledged the assault, but pleaded in extenuation that his calling led him into habits of punching the fair. The judge said it was all right as long as he confined himself to punching the fair, but he would fine him for knocking down the fair.—*Somerville Journal.*

Several waggon-loads of leather have been dug out of the ground near Sandwich, Mich., and the people have no recollection how it came there. The mystery is easily explained. A railroad restaurant once stood on the spot, and what is supposed to be leather is merely the remains of thousands of ham sandwiches, which passengers threw around promiscuously after vainly endeavouring to insert their teeth into them. Hence the name of the adjacent town.—*Sandwich.—Norristown Herald.*

Silence will sometimes waken a man more expeditiously than the loudest uproar. For instance: when a minister is discoursing at the top of his voice on a hot Sunday, how sweetly somnolence broods over half of the congregation! but let the minister stop suddenly in his discourse, and he is absolutely silent for half a minute, how wide awake they are! No thunder-clap in the country, or gong at a summer hotel, ever aroused slumberers more speedily or thoroughly.—*Earl Marble, Newton Republican.*