



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A noise annoys one.—*Boston Transcript*.  
 Light houses—tents.—*Marathon Independent*.  
 Forced politeness—Bowling to necessity.—*Proof Sheet*.  
 The war-ery of the army of tramps—to alms.—*Berlin News*.  
 Sailors always have a hard time of it. They are always in a mess.—*Boston Post*.  
 Fly time—when you hear her father's heavy cane thumping along the hull.—*N. Y. Truth*.  
 Some one inquires: "Where have all the ladies' legs gone?" Gone to waist long ago.—*Lowell Sun*.  
 A man's slippers are made for comfort and a woman's to show her colored stockings.—*Lowell Sun*.  
 Sightless individuals should avoid liquor. It is very easy to get blind drunk.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.  
 STIGGLES says there is too much roamants about camp life to please him.—*Syracuse Sun-Jay Times*.  
 Buttonless shirts make a man swear. Nice clean collars make a man's wear, too.—*Breakfast Table*.  
 Nature saw the bicycle in the dim future when she created a bow-legged man.—*Norristown Herald*.  
 The reason some people are so frightfully empty is, that they are full of themselves.—*Steubenville Herald*.  
 There may be such a thing in man as perfect goodness, but it hasn't effervesced in these parts.—*Yonkers Gazette*.  
 Another triumph of modern science. A Broadway firm advertises: "Artificial flower boys wanted."—*Proof Sheet*.  
 If you want to feel a smart breeze at sea, when on a pleasure steamer, go up on the hurricane deck.—*Somerville Journal*.  
 The man who said he was fond of the hops at the seaside, forgot to mention that he took them in his lager.—*Somerville Journal*.  
 Better is a lone fish-ball at your own fireside than the big bowl of a bouncing baby at a summer resort.—*Hackensack Republican*.  
 Faith moves mountains but it takes a couple of express wagons to move a fashionable woman's baggage.—*Balt. Every Saturday*.  
 The woman who keeps the candy store thinks nothing finer ever was written than, "The sweet buy and buy."—*Somerville Journal*.  
 There's a chap in Fulton street who actually started an opposition business in a basement to undersell his rival on the first floor.—*New York News*.  
 If it was right for man to pay his just debts and repudiate his unjust ones, he would never contract any of the former.—*Whitehall Times*.  
 Man fastens his smallest virtue to his eye-winker when he gazes upon his largest fault. That is the reason he can never see his fault.—*Whitehall Times*.

A market report says:—"Cheese is active." It is an excellent opportunity for the Limberger to skip off for a warm weather vacation.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Come, gentle SARA, ethereal thinness come, but don't expect us to pay \$5 for seats, Miss BERNHARDT, that would be altogether too thin.—*Syracuse Times*.

Yes, MELINDA, chunks of wisdom are much safer to carry in your hat than chunks of butter, especially at this season of the year.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

When ADAM was asked if he wasn't happiest in the early morning of his existence, he answered, "No, he was happier after EVE came."—*Somerville Journal*.

"Another man overboard," the landlady remarked when the dead-beat skipped on Saturday night without paying for his week's board.—*Cincinnati Times Star*.

Young folks grow most when in love. It increases their sighs wonderfully.—*Gocanda Enterprise*. Is this the way fat women are constructed for the circus.

An old lady with several marriageable daughters feeds them on fish diet because it is rich in phosphorus, which is the essential thing in making matches.—*Lowell Sun*.

"None but the brave deserve the fare," said the conductor, when he took off his coat and lammed a passenger to make him pay for his ride.—*Steubenville Herald*.

When one of the Mute base-ball team gets hit on the thumb with a ball, it is perfectly shocking to observe the profanity of the fingers.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

Some unknown philosopher evolves the following: When you get on the right side of a person, be sure to stay there, and don't trouble yourself about any other side."

BOB INGERSOLL is growing old, and therefore approaching the threshold of his everlasting home. But when BONNIE gets home, oh! won't he catch it?—*Keokuk Constitution*.

Careful computation by an experienced ward politician, has demonstrated the fact that it takes seven drinks and a promise, to secure a weathercock voter.—*Lockport Union*.

A gentleman has been cowhided in Chicago, and no woman figured in the affair. This would seem to indicate that the millennium is only a day or two off.—*Petroleum World*.

"No matter how ill-tempered or resentful the ship may be on her voyage," said old Captain CROSSTREE, "she always drops her rancor when she comes into port."—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Some mean fellow has said that when one talks to women he must choose between lying or displeasing them, and that the only middle course is to hold one's tongue.—*Somerville Journal*.

"Ahem," said the sewing-machine, looking with love-burning eyes at the needle. "It's all in my eye!" said the needle. Do you catch the thread of their conversation?—*Philadelphia Item*.

A New Orleans woman, whose husband was killed by a pet bear, has sued its owner for \$55,000 damages. Now, there's a place where a husband is rated at his true value.—*Meriden Recorder*.

An exchange says that a new pattern of striped stockings is on the market. We always thought that striped stockings were on—our modesty can't stand it—we'll have to subside.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

An elderly maiden lady, who lives a short distance from the Hudson, hearing it said that matches are made in heaven, remarked that she didn't care a cent how soon she went there.—*Newmarket Era*.

Never run from the man who promises to chastise you. He's harmless. It's the fellow who walks up to you and plants his knuckles between your eyes that you want to be wary of.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

A young lady of Penir Yan, N.Y., wears twelve diamond rings on one finger, at which the Norriston, Pa., *Herald* suggests that she should also wear a gold band around her head to prevent the crack in her skull from becoming wider.

A Philadelphian contractor says whisky can be made out of a garbage. And we believe him. Whisky makes garbage out of man, and why shouldn't man make whisky out of garbage. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways.—*Norristown Free Press*.

There is a sort of betwixt-and-between age when it is surprising how much a person knows, self-estimated, and it is equally surprising how little the person knows, estimated by others. This for the youth from seventeen to twenty-two.—*New Haven Register*.

"A Colorado man can take a rifle and put a bullet into an old straw hat 1,000 yards away every time." But he might have a great deal more fun if he would simply put a brick in the hat and place it on the sidewalk. He would save his powder, too.—*Norristown Herald*.

"I don't like JONES," said SNODGRASS. "No," he added, after a pause. "I don't like him. The fact is, JONES speaks so much of himself, tells so much, you know, that he doesn't leave any room for the imagination." Does any reader know JONES?—*Boston Transcript*.

Some young ladies at the late firemen's picnic were speaking about the different kinds of material for ladies' belts, when one exclaimed, "I prefer a coat sleeve belt." "Yes," remarked another, "and the sleeve filled." All right, when you want one to wear let us know, and we will try and accommodate you.—*Danbury Globe*.

A scientist says 50,500,000 stars glimmer in the firmament. Will some one of our readers please count the stars and inform us how near this scientist is correct in his figures? If the count can't be made in one evening, the enumerator should make a chalk mark where he leaves off, in order to know where to commence the next night; otherwise he may count some twice.—*B. Dadd*.

The desperate straits to which "space" writers are put is illustrated by the following sentence from a description of Dr. Tanner in the *New York Times*: "It was just 8:30 when he returned, and there were then more visitors in the hall than there generally are. A lady was playing the piano, and the doctor seated himself on the little rocking chair inside the inclosure, put his feet up on the cot-bed, and looked at the people."

This comes to us by mail. If the writer will call at this office he will hear of something to his advantage:

"I wish I was a edytur,  
 I'd in my sanctum stand,  
 An' wear upon my countyanque  
 A smile jist orful bland,  
 An' when the candydade cum in  
 To try to taffy me,  
 I'd exercise no modesty  
 To any grate degree;  
 I'd tell him rite into his teeth  
 That our infloocence allers  
 Is lent to the aspirin' man  
 That has the shinin' \$\$\$\$  
 An' if he pungled up the dust  
 Forthwith my sheet'd praise him,  
 But if he didn't cum to time,  
 Grate Moses! how I'd raise 'im!"

—Argo.