



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A suitable texture for a bald-headed person would be mo' hair.—*Lowell Sun.*

Many a property owner is poor in purse but rich in deed.—*Yonkers Statesmen.*

In a corset manufactory a great deal of material is cut to waist.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

Boots are fashionable with men, but milkmen should wear pumps.—*Whitehall Times.*

The third party movement—the intrusion of the mother-in-law.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.*

You may break, you may shatter a dead man's last will, But for the last cent, the lawyer will hang 'round it still. —*Salem Sunbeam.*

You can't pull up an old carpet without having the tack gatherers around.—*Whitehall Times.*

And now, brethren, can we not refer to it as the hellodious voice of the telephone?—*Quincy Argo.*

Job is the patron saint of the politicians. There are two ways of pronouncing Job.—*Steu-benville Herald.*

It is easy enough to be agreeable if you can forget that you are trying to be so.—*Hackensack Republican.*

We don't exactly wish that Kearney and the Kallochs were dead, but we would like to see them know more.—*Vallejo Chronicle.*

Times are so hard just now that when we send a postal to a delinquent subscriber, he won't even pay attention.—*Vallejo Chronicle.*

It hurts a man just about as much to burn him in effigy as it does to have his shadow on a stone wall butted by a goat.—*Meriden Recorder.*

The man who goes into a barber shop on Sunday morning may not know what it is to labor, but he knows what it is to wait.—*Munketrick.*

"JOHN." We do not know whether beer is called a maddening draught because it froths at the mouth of a pitcher, or not.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

When you send a communication to a newspaper always tell the editor he needn't publish it if he don't want to.—*Spencer (W. Va.) Interior.*

Many oppose GRANT for a third term not because they are opposed to him as president, but because they are opposed to the precedent.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Young men persist in hugging delusions and that's the reason probably that so many young ladies wear those delusion shawls.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

A man never appreciates the keen enjoyment of fishing, on the part of the fish, until he gets his hook well into the ball of his thumb.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

There isn't quite so much reading matter on a promissory note as there is on a theater programme, but a man will ponder over it much longer.—*Vallejo Chronicle.*

The man who drives oxen knows all about haw-ticulture and ge-o-logy.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Hoe up deferred maketh the potatoes small.—*Marathon Independent.*

We have yet to see the telephone that will give an intelligible reply to the question: "Can you square that little account to-day, old man?" —*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

There is a good chunk of moral implied in the answer given to the inquiry,—“Under whose preaching were you converted?” which was—“Under the practice of my aunt.”—*Somerville Journal.*

The word “dear” is one of the greatest inventions in the English language. Every married man can say “my dear wife,” and no one can tell just exactly what he means.—*Gowanda Enterprise.*

We feel called upon to state that it is not half as much fun to run a lawn mower the last ten minutes as it is when you first take hold of the machine. Familiarity breeds contempt.—*Kokomo Tribune.*

Old brass and iron kettles are comparatively safe unless a boy and a cicens come in conjunction. About this time also the junk shop is always found to be in perihelion with the sun.—*Lockport Union.*

The recent cold snaps have had no injurious effect upon the apples. Now, if they can get safely past the boys, there is a splendid prospect for lots of orchard fruit this year.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The young Englishman just over read to his wife the heading of a medicine advertisement—“Gained eight pounds in ten days,” and remarked, “Hexcellent wages that, MARY.”—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

A man named STILLPERS has brought suit against an Arkansas woman for slander. We will run the risk of having this paper arraigned for libel by softly remarking, that “the villian, STILLPERS, sued her.”—*Modern Argo.*

It has been scientifically determined that Niagara Falls are 100 feet higher up the river than they were in 1852. Everything about the Falls including hack fares has moved up in the same proportion.—*Meriden Recorder.*

“Save me from my friends!” Artist—“Oh, so you think the background's beastly, do you? Perhaps the cattle are beastly, too, though I flatter myself—” Friendly Critic—“Oh no, my dear fellow. That's just what they are not!”—*London Punch.*

“LUCY” wants to know “what will take the smell of onions from my breath?” Don't eat them, dear; but if you must, take your breath out, boil for two hours, and then sprinkle with a little cologne. This will do the business.—*New York Express.*

“Yes,” said Mrs. U. P. START; “my husband is a great admirer of fine horses, and he thinks the most admiral kind are those lively, high-headed, spiritual horses, that's always kicking out of the traces; but I could never endure spiritual horses; I like quiet ones.”—*Steu-benville Herald.*

If the young woman who sent us the poem, “Our thoughts are far too sweet for words,” had stopped with that much, we would have been too gallant to have disbelieved her, but when she wrote sixteen verses of it, it looked a little as if the poor girl were mistaken.—*Steu-benville Herald.*

It is said that among the subscriptions to the relief of the famine stricken people of Ireland was a quantity of wood pulp, given by a number of paper manufacturers. Paper manufacturers may live and grow fat on wood pulp, but a starving Irishman would prefer something else.—*Peck's Sun.*

Young man, it is not always the girl that looks the loveliest in the moonlight that is the handsomest in the kitchen: and young woman it is not always the young man who says darling the tenderest who will say wife as gently. Ruminate upon this ye green and callow youth who expect to find fancy and fact identical.—*Steu-benville Herald.*

A fond mother wants to learn some way to tell how her son will turn out. That's easily done. If he's wanted to go out and weed the garden, he'll turn out slowly and reluctantly and be two hours dressing. If he's called to see a circus procession go by, he'll probably turn out quick and hurt himself trying to come down stairs and put a boot on at the same time.—*Lowell Sun.*

The boss fizzer is now frantically polishing his fountain preparatory to squirting vanilla juice into the bottom of a glass, as a sort of foundation on which he rears a superstructure of froth, total cost 1-16th of a cent, which he blandly presents in a medal-embowered salver to the over-heated school girl, and smiles and hopes for heaven, as he rakes in the five cents.—*Lockport Union.*

The master of a negro in Virginia threatened to give his sable attendant a flogging if he boiled his eggs hard again. “You rascal!” shouted the enraged planter, “didn't I tell you to cook those eggs soft?” “Yes, massa,” said the frightened negro, “an' I got up at 2 o'clock dis mornin' and biled dem five hours, and it seems to me I never kin git dese eggs softer!”—*Syracuse Herald.*

A patent medicine advertisement reads thus: “When a lethargic feeling pervades your system; when you have a disinclination to move about; when you have an abhorrence to exercise, your liver is inactive.” This will be glad tidings to many people who have always thought they were lazy when they felt that way. Now they will know that it was only their liver that was lazy.—*Middletown Transcript.*

“Don't get out of anybody's way,” advised HENRY WARD BEECHER. But, Mr. BEECHER, when you recognize your landlord only half a block away and it is three days past rent day, and there are two cross streets, an alley and three four-story stairways with rear exits winking at you from the near side of the street, are we—is a man, that is, to go straight ahead and collide with the landlord? Oh, nonsense! what kind of talk is that to give a debt-laden people, with money at eight per cent., and your summer clothes not paid for?—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

AUCHRAY MAKES A GRAN' SPOKE.

It'll pe fery strange indeedt ta Heelantalwaays pe attack apoot her langwinl, when she'll spoke goodt as Englis' as wha'll spoke she'll neffer. Alts andt moreofer, maype them say wan wordt against ta Heelant no ken ta single Englis' more as her nainsel' forpye. To pe surely ta fery instinet whateffer in effery way Heelant bluid knows ta injust' always pe laid on ta heelantmans' back—sneer andt scofft at ta ladis. But wan sing she'll adfoctate ta Heelant, andt that was worsy of keepit in remember—it was more intelligit to haf two langwinch in her he'd as shust wan ta scoff. That's what I look to, andt nopody couldt spoke somesing to that. No matter you'll be a German frae ta Anchor Line, or a Fifermans frae Aberdonay forpye, or maype a Portrush from Slico as well, sough you'll spoke a sousan' times worser andt worser again than ta accent of any wan haf would come in ta “Clydesdale” or “Clansman” poat whateffer, you wouk neffer pe torment as what ta Heelant pe.

Andt that's what she'll always said ta injust' an' wrong ta lowlant gifes, andt 'specially wan so high place as Pailie 'Onie spoke ta example—fye on her—woudt make ta fery bluid boil of a savage.

Proudt, proudt to pe a Heelant andt always standt ta Heelant cause 'gainst all ta Pailie 'Onie spokes, andt that's wan neffermore song a clear conscience wis ta wordts:—

“Neffer known to quail at ta fury of ta Gale,” as long's ta Heelant bluid's in—
AUCHRAY M'TAVISH, K. 71.
—*Glasgow Bailie,*