



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Howling swells—Operatic stars.—*Pat.*

Fare fighting—Disputing with Jarveys.—*Pat.*

Strikers are popular in no business but baseball.—*Meriden Recorder.*

It is the impecunious toper who always has a glass sigh.—*Whitehall Times.*

The cash drawer is the main feature of the lecture bureau.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

In peace prepare for war, particularly where it is a single piece of pie and two boys.

Merchants are generally noted for being peculiar in their weigh.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

The best frame of mind for a man to possess is a well developed skull.—*Every Saturday.*

It is funny but true that it takes a ten dollar rod to catch a ten cent trout.—*Lowell Sun.*

Every rural school house is a whaling station where blubber is extracted.—*Naugatuck Enterprise.*

A western journalist says he always gets one article without pay—he gets bored for nothing.—*Proof Sheet.*

The young woman who put butter on her hair said she believed in the Grecian style.—*Steu-benville Herald.*

"To arms! to arms!" said the young soldier when he opened his to enfold his lady-love.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

Raising a structure is like raising a baby—great care should be used in the underpinning.—*Meriden Recorder.*

The spots on the sun do not begin to create such a disturbance as do the freckles on the daughter.—*Ed. I. Torialle.*

It is said that the most unhealthy position a man can hold, is that of being "the oldest Mason."—*Somerville Journal.*

On seeing a house being whitewashed, a small lad asked, "Man, if you please, are you going to shave that house?"—*Proof Sheet.*

An inquisitive correspondent is informed that cremation is a recently adopted method of firing people out of the world.—*Oil City Derrick.*

The young lady who dresses to be looked at shouldn't get angry when a fellow takes a good square look at her.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

"Grammar don't amount to nothing noway," said the man with the greasy vest; and we see no reason to doubt his sincerity.—*Lowell Sun.*

A man never realizes how plenty mustard is and how scarce are bread and meat, until he tucks a railroad eating house sandwich.—*Fulton Times.*

When the girl sang to her lover, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," it was a sly way she had of getting him to become a tectotaller.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

If the ladies wish so much to vote, let a law be passed permitting all of the fair sex over 26 years of age to do so. It will be a safe experiment.—*Meriden Recorder.*

"Why is spring beautiful?" asks HERBERT SPENCER. We can't tell you, HEND., unless it is the halo of interest cast about this season by house cleaning.—*McGregor News.*

The New York *Express* announces that hotel clerks will not wear diamond pins this year. Diamonds are not brilliant enough, and the Edison electric light will be used instead.

When a back bay Bostonian gets raving and goes home and breaks up statuary and kicks the vases off the shelf, the highly cultured people say that he is in an iconoclastic mood.—*Lockport Union.*

We cannot be too grateful to the Naugatuck man who has invented a rubber shoe that can be carried in the pocket. This will obviate leaving it in the hall for some one to drain his umbrella in.—*Danbury News.*

WASHINGTON was a very busy man. He scarcely knew what an idle moment was, and when you read IRVING'S Life you begin to understand why GEORGE the Great never told a lie. He never had the time.—*Proof Sheet.*

YOUNG must have been a rich man. He says nothing in his "Night Thoughts" about waking up at three in the morning and wondering how you are going to meet a four hundred dollar note due that day.—*Wheeling Sunday Leader.*

First Irishman.—"Ah! bejabbers, I have a pain in me stomach."

Second Irishman.—"Shure an I shud think ye'd have a bay-winder there by the number of glasses ye tuk this morning."—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

A young lady complained to her escort at the hotel that she had lost a fan and silver chain attached which he had given her. "Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the gentleman to a friend, "she has lost her presents of mine."—*Meriden Recorder.*

When SMITH went to a physician to be treated for heart disease, and was asked if the palpitations were violent, he replied: "You bet they are! why, when she gets down to her work she sometimes palps a hundred flaps to the second!"—*Naugatuck Enterprise.*

Philosophers are fooling away their time with the spots on Jupiter, and chasing up long lost comets, and not one of them are trying to enlighten the world upon that question which has bothered mankind for nearly 6000 years, viz: Why are all women fond of pickles?—*Middle-town Transcript.*

A member of one of our learned clubs returned to the bosom of his family one night sadly "under the influence." As he cautiously steered himself upstairs, he met his wife, who at once upbraided him with his condition, and declared that he exhaled a strong odor of spirits. "Taint that," pleaded the sufferer. "Had my hair cut. It's bay run you smell!"

A little fellow of five going along the street with a dinner pail is stopped by a kindhearted gentleman, who says: "Where are you going, my little man?" "To school." "And what do you do at school? do you learn to read?" "No." "To write?" "No." "To count?" "No." "What do you do?" "I wait for school to let out."—*Albany Times.*

The other day several people stood before a show window looking at a classic medallion. "What is that?" inquired the smart boy, who had elbowed his way to the front. "That," replied a good citizen, "is ACHILLES wounded in the heel." "Oh, yes," said the boy, sententiously, and gazing at the picture with new interest, "stone bruises."—*Proof Sheet.*

A guest was eating more butter than buscuit, while the landlady looked on and fidgeted and hinted until she fairly went into a nervous fit. Finally she said: "Do you know butter is up to sixty-five cents a pound?" The hungry guest reached out and took what there was left. "Well," he drawled, approvingly and reassuringly, "good butter is worth it."—*Rochester Express.*

"Vell, vell," says ISAACS of the Prospect House, Niagara Falls, "I vonder vy it ish dot Brince LEOPOLD doand answer my ledder about boarding mit my hodell."—*Hotel Mail.*

"Oh, yes, yes," the old gentleman said, rather dubiously, when LAURA was telling him about Tox's ability and prospects; "oh, yes; good enough prospects, I reckon, but he lacks energy. There is no get up about him; it takes him till one o'clock in the morning to get started." But she only murmured that it showed he was a "laster" with great staying qualities, and then the committee rose.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a careworn expression hanging over her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

'Ma,' said the boy, 'that man's like a baby, ain't he?' pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

'Hush.'

'Why must I hush?'

After a moment's silence; 'Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?'

'Hush, I tell you. He's bald.'

'What's bald?'

'His head hasn't got any hair on it?'

'Did it come off?'

'I guess so.'

'Will mine come off?'

'Sometime, maybe.'

'Then I'll be bald, won't I?'

'Yes.'

'Will you care?'

'Don't ask me so many questions.'

After a moment's silence the boy exclaimed:

'Ma, look at that fly on that man's head.'

'If you don't hush I'll whip you when you get home.'

'Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at em.'

'Madam,' said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, 'what is the matter with that young hyena?'

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

'One fly, two flies, three flies,' said the boy, innocently following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a newsboy.

'Here, you young hedgehog,' said the bald-headed man, 'if you don't hush I'll have the conductor put you off the train.'

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

'Ma, have I got red marks on my head?'

'I'll slap you again if you don't hush.'

'Mister,' said the boy, after a short silence, 'does it hurt to be bald-headed?'

'Youngster,' said the man, 'if you'll keep quiet I'll give you a quarter.'

The boy promised and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper and resumed his reading.

'This is my bald-headed money,' said the boy. 'When I get bald-headed I'm goin' to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got monee?'

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose and exclaimed: 'Madam, hereafter when you travel leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto I have thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the she bears to kill children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain here.'

'The bald-headed man is gone,' said the boy, and the woman leaned back and blew a tired sigh from her lips.—*Little Rock Gazette.*