



## THE JOKER.

**"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."**

Trance fixed; Cured by clairvoyant.—*McGregor News.*

Boat race in future will be spelled bought race.—*Somerville Journal.*

Never kick against a thermometer when it is down.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

The most popular suit in Chicago is the divorce suit.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Caught in the act—The performer who forgets his part.—*New York News.*

Is a logger-head one made by the consumption of too much lager beer?—*Waterloo Observer.*

"Doing to others as you would have them do to you."—Kissing pretty girls.—*Waterloo Observer.*

The editor who calls on his girl the oftenest attends the most Press excursions.—*N. Y. Monthly Union.*

Some women were evidently "born to blush unscen," at least, they are never seen to blush.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

It was a Yankee wrestler who went over to England and got floored, who didn't like English downs.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The ugliest suits a woman can get into are a red flannel bathing-suit and a suit for breach of promise.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Never look down upon a man because of his occupation. The collector of kitchen refuse may be an offal nice man.—*Boston Transcript.*

The small boy now goes swimming, and when he comes out of the water and looks for his clothes he finds they are koot.—*Wm's report Breakfast Table.*

"Honesty is the best policy," but as the world wags now-a-days, it is no small matter to earn money enough to pay the premium.—*Turner Falls Reporter.*

It's swimmin' the boys like these hot days, and it's women they don't like—their mothers, you know, who forbid them going near the water.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

An amateur punster informs us that some houses have wings, and he has often seen a house-fly. We thought no part of a house save the chimney flue.—*Norristown Herald.*

An impecunious man generally designates a \$10 note as a "William," because he is not on such terms of familiarity with it as would entitle him to call it "Bill."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Every once in a while some bloated bondholding editor slings off an article headed "Pay as you go." Well, that's been our invariable rule for years. But we seldom go.—*Meriden Recorder.*

GRACE held a rope while WILLIAM attempted to climb up to her window. But when she heard her parent's footsteps on the stairs and let go of the rope, then it was that her lover fell from Grace.—*Proof Sheet.*

We have been obliged to cancel our trip to the Thousand Isles and Coney Island this summer, on account of particular business this month. If we get the man to renew the note before next month, we may go, anyhow.—*Breakfast Table.*

The *Whitehall Times* sagely asks, "Are the ladies in favor of a free press?" A man who has been married thirty years and doesn't know how this is by experience, would need a diagram to understand the answer to that question.—*Oil City Derrick.*

"Unless you give me aid," said a beggar to a benevolent lady, "I am afraid I shall have to resort to something which I greatly dislike to do." The lady handed him a dollar, and compassionately asked: "What is it, poor man, that I have saved you from?" "Work," was the mournful answer.—*Ex.*

An obstinate problem will occasionally obtrude itself upon the simple mind. How is it that so many men who have nothing wherewith to pay for their bread, their clothing and their newspapers at home, are able to pass themselves off as millionaires during a long season at Saratoga and the Thousand Islands?—*Fulton Times.*

An article now going the rounds of the press, entitled "The Disadvantages of Wealth," is supposed to have been written by a newspaper man who never had over twenty-five cents in his pocket at one time, and who has been sold out by the sheriff three times in six years. The greatest disadvantage of wealth is its distant, unsociable manner.—*Norristown Herald.*

The inscrutable beings, known as "boys" are proverbially more quick-witted than men in getting out of a scrape. A lad was being catechized by his pastor, and had the question put to him as to the number of things necessary in the right of baptism. He replied, "Three." "Stupid boy!" exclaims the holy man, "everybody knows that there are only two—the prayer book and the water. What do you mean by three?" The boy's prompt answer came in the form of the question, "And how about the baby?"—*Ex.*

A Sangamon County girl is very indignant because in reply to her query, "What is suitable for a graduation speech?" we recommended a percale dress with the usual flounces, and a fuchu or two slung on where they would do the most good. The dear creature now says that she referred to her essay, and wants us to choose between "What Shall We Do With Our Boys?" "Life's Aims," and "Does Protection Protect?" In regard to the first, we should say that it was just as well to wait until the boys arrive before worrying about them. The second is all right, but "Do Bustles Bust?" would be more suitable for a woman than the third.—*Chicago Tribune.*

JOHNNY'S ESSAY ON DOGS.—Last summer our dog Towser was a lyin' in the sun trine to sleep, but the flies was that bad that he culdn't, cos he had to catch 'em, and bime by a bee lit on his head, and was wakin about like the dog was hisn. Towser he held his head still, and when the bee was close to his nose, Towser winked at him, like he sed you see what this buffer is doin' he thinks I'm a lily-of-the-valley which isn't opened yet, but you just wait till I blossom and you will see some fun, and sure enuf Towser opened his mouth very slow so as not to friten the bee and the bee went into Towser's mouth. Then Towser he shet his eyes, and his mouth too, and had begun to make a peaceful smtle when the bee stung him, and you never see a lily-of-the-valley ack so in your life.—*Ex.*

## Spoopendyke's Prayer Book.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. SPOOPENDYKE, cheerfully, "be lively. It's twenty minutes past ten and we musn't be late at church. Most ready?"

"Yes, dear," beamed Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE, "I'm all ready. Got everything?"

"I think so. Hymn book, umbrella and—where's that prayer book? I haven't got the prayer book."

"Where did you leave it?" asked Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE, turning over the volumes on the table hurriedly.

"If I knew where I left it I'd strut right to the spot and get it," retorted Mr. SPOOPENDYKE. "I left it with you. Where did you put it? Can't you remember what you do with things?"

"I haven't seen it since last Sunday," returned Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE, faintly. "I know," she continued; "perhaps it is at church."

"Perhaps it is," mimicked Mr. SPOOPENDYKE, "perhaps it got up early, took a bath and went ahead of us. Did you ever see a prayer book prowl off to church all alone? Ever see a prayer book h'ist up its skirts and strike out for the sanctuary without an escort? S'pose a prayer book knows the difference between a church and a ham sandwich? Where did you put it?"

"I mean you may have left it in the pew rack. You know you did ouce," suggested Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE.

"I didn't anything of the sort. I brought it home and gave it to you. Where do you keep it? What did you do with it? S'pose I'm going to swash around through the service without knowing whether they are doing the Apostle's Creed or an Act of Congress? Spring around and find it, can't you? What are you looking there for? Don't you know the difference between a prayer book and the Wandering Jew? Find it, can't you?"

"Never mind it, dear," fluttered Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE, "I know all the responses, and I'll help you along."

"Oh, yes, you know 'em all. All you know about religion wouldn't wad a gun. All you want is a bell and a board fence to be a theological seminary. Think you can find that prayer book between now and the equinoctial?" howled Mr. SPOOPENDYKE. "Got any idea whether you sold the measly thing for china vases, or stirred it into the wheat cakes?" and Mr. SPOOPENDYKE plunged around the room, tumbling books about and breathing heavily.

"I don't see the use of making such a fuss over a thing you don't really need," sobbed Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE through her indignant tears.

"Oh, you don't!" raved Mr. SPOOPENDYKE. "You don't see any use putting things where they belong, either, do you?" and Mr. SPOOPENDYKE spun around on his heel like a top, and knocked over a Parian jar.

"Wait a minute, my dear," said Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE, looking at him earnestly. Then she went behind him and fished out the prayer book.

"Got it, didn't you," he growled. "Had it all the time, I s'pose. Where was it, any way?"

"In your coat tail pocket, dear," and Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE jabbed the powder puff in her eyes, and stalked down stairs, leaving her liege to follow.—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle.*

A young lady in Wabash County who had charge of a toll gate, was dismissed last week because she failed to collect toll from her lover. She never tolled her love.—*Keokuk Tribune.*