



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Man wants but little here below and he gets it.—*The Eye*.

Youth, mumps; middle life, bumps; old age, dumps.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

There's many a slip 'twixt the pave and the hip nowadays.—*Det. Free Press*.

John Sherry repairs boots and shoes in New York city. A sort of a Sherry cobbler, as it were.—*Yankee Strausser*.

Why hasn't somebody trotted out that phrase about Hanlan being the noblest rowman of them all.—*Det. Free Press*.

If the Freemasons run out of badges they can get all the Maltese crosses they want at the feline pound.—*Puck*.

Too many pins go to waist.—*Newburgh Register*. How dare you sir? Take your arm away this instant!—*Cutskill Recorder*.

Krupp, the Prussian cannon man, once ran for office, but they got up a Krupp-shun fund and defeated him.—*Det. Free Press*.

King Calico, of the Sandwich Islands, threatens another visit to this country. He evidently wants to see himself in print.—*Det. Free Press*.

"Grate seize her!" was the exclamation of an unkind husband on seeing his wife's new silk dress entangled in the fire place.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Wife (he had brought her a little present)—"No, William, I will not have him brought up by the 'bottle'! Look at your own nose, dear."—*London Punch*.

The Czar's yacht makes fifteen knots an hour, and it isn't a circumstance to a needleful of thread that a man is trying to fasten a button with.—*Boston Post*.

"Well, miss," said a knight of the birch rod "can you decline a kiss?" "Yes, sir," said the girl, dropping a perplexed courtesy, "I can but I hate to most plaguily."

Theodore More had married eight different women. So whenever he joined a party of villagers in a frolic they welcomed him with "The More, the marrier."—*Rome Sentinel*.

When Brutus and Cassius were boys the girls used to say that Brute was such a nice fellow, but they preferred Cash. The girls haven't changed one bit.—*N. Y. Commercial*.

A convict wanted a pen to suit him, and the sheriff, ble-s the old codger, took him to the pen-itiary, suited him with striped clothing, and yet he was not happy.—*Bloomington Eye*.

The price of a bonnet in Lima depends on the currency you have. If Peruvian, the figures are \$150; if gold, you can "take it along for \$2 and please call again."—*Nashville Sunday Times*.

'Tis easier to rush into print than into office.—*New York News*. We just now met a sad eyed young poet, coming out of the editor's sanctum, and he assured us to the contrary, that it is a great deal easier to rush into the office than into print.—*Rodman*.

The world isn't growing more wicked although thousands of American women have sat down upon the Bible. They were merely pressing autumn leaves.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald*.

A boy who had been engaged in a fight was reproved by his aunt, who told him he ought always to wait till the other boy "pitched upon him." "Well," exclaimed the little Caesar, "but if I wait for the other boy to begin, I'm afraid there won't be any fight."—*N. Y. Graphic*.

Said the angry judge to the lawyer: "The prisoner would steal horses, and I consider you no better!" And the lawyer said he flattered himself that he did know better, and wished he could return the compliment, with justice. And this was one of the most enjoyable incidents of the trial—for the audience.—*Boston Post*.

"The cheapness of the American newspaper is simply wonderful," said Mr. SALA during a recent speech in London. We should smile. There is the Conway (Ark.) Traveller, for instance, which calls the Republican party a yellow dog, mongrel, two-faced, pop-eyed, flat-nosed gang of marauders—all for two dollars a year in advance.—*Ouray Solid Muldoon*.

"Sal says you cant come to see her any more;" remarked a Marathon boy to the admirer of the youth's sister, "Why not?" "Because you come seven nights in a week now, and how could you come any more without spreading the week like blazes?" A stillness as big as a Cortlandt girl's foot then spread itself all around the rooms.—*Marathon Independent*.

A little boy named Johnny, from the interior of the State, who had been raised on a stock ranche, and had heard a good deal about the consequences of stockmen killing yearlings that did not belong to them, came to Galveston to live. The other day Johnny's Sunday school teacher asked him; "Why did not Abraham offer up Isaac?" "Perhaps Isaac didn't belong to the old man's mark and brand."—*Galveston News*.

Mr. O'RAFFERTY is sitting in his room with his head tied up and his arm in a sling, when a little boy sticks his head in and asks:

"Me feyther sint me to inquire how your eye was coming on this morning?"

"Tell yer feyther to attend a Galveston ward-mating himself and call the chairman a liar, and he will foind it all out for himself widout askin'."—*Galveston News*.

Pat—"Och, Bridget, did ye niver hear uv my great spache before the Hibernian society?" Bridget—"No, Pat, how could I? For sure I was not on the ground." Pat—"Well, Bridget, you see I was called upon by the Hibernian society for a spache, and, be jabers, I rose with the inthusiastic cheers of thousands, with me heart overflowing with gratitude, and me eyes filled with tears, and divil a word did I spake."—*San Francisco Wasp*.

"You ought ter have been ter the pantermine," and Jimmy Tuffboy. "That's the fun. More pounding with stuffed clubs, and smashing window glass, and stealing sausage, and getting the best of the 'cop,' and, and oh." "Twas't half so funny as the picnic at our house last night," said the listener. "Pa chucked the servant girl under the chin and ma caught him at it. Maybe there wasn't a pantomime then."—*New Haven Register*.

"What do you charge for a shave here?" asks a dusty travel stained man, entering a barber shop. "It just depends on a man's occupation," was the reply; "what do you do?" "I'm a book agent." "Then it will cost you twenty-five cents." "Why, you charged the man who went out only five cents." "I know it; but he's a lightning rod agent and a peddler of photographic tickets, and he allows me to hone my razors on his cheek."—*Somerville Herald*.

SPOOPENDYKE AND THE TOWEL.

"No, my dear," said Mr. SPOOPENDYKE "just wait until I wash my face and hands and I'll be ready," and Mr. SPOOPENDYKE plunged his fists into the basin and began polishing his face with soap. Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE primed around before the glass putting on the finishing touches. For the worthy couple were getting ready for the theatre.

"Where—where—where's the towel?" gasped Mr. SPOOPENDYKE, holding his head down and clawing around with both hands. "What—what's become of the towel?" he sputtered, rasping handfuls of soap out of his eyes.

Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE glanced at the rack and saw that the towel was gone.

"I don't believe that there's a towel up here," she commenced.

"What d'ye suppose I'm going to do?" howled Mr. SPOOPENDYKE. "Think I'm going to the theatre looking like a soda fountain?" Gimme something to wipe on, will ye? Dod gast the soap; I've got my mouth full! Ain't ye going to get a towel? Going to let me hang out and dry like an undershirt?"

"Wait and I'll ring for one," said Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE, toiling away at the bell. "Be patient a moment."

"How's a man going to be patient with his eyes full of soap? What d'ye mean by keeping house like this? Think I'm going to stand around here till winter and then freeze up? Gimme something to wipe on. Fetch me a door. Tear up a carpet. Gimme a skirt. Where's the bed-spread? Dod gast this measly soap," and Mr. SPOOPENDYKE tore the shams off the pillows, but being smooth they slid around on his visage as though they were skates. "What am I going to do with these?" he yelled. I won't be dry in four months," and he grasped the sheet and rubbed his eyes as though he were polishing silver.

"Ain't you got something coarse?" and he hauled the flannel blankets off and got the wool in his mouth, and finally he emerged with great globs of soap hanging to his forehead and chin.

"Never mind, dear," consoled Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE. "You're all right. Take this handkerchief and wipe your face."

"Oh! I'm all right, ain't I?" raved Mr. SPOOPENDYKE. "You've only got to say so, and anything is all right. Some day I'll sew your heels to your head and hang you over a roller. Look at that chin. Is that all right? See that eye. Think that's all right? I'll go to bed and wait for a towel," and he spun around like a top and turned over the centre-table.

"Why here," said Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE, "What's this?" and she untied the towel and took it off his neck. "You must have put it there when you were shaving," and Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE smiled sweetly as her lord growled away through the rest of the toilet.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"Know all men by these pre-ents," read the old bachelor lawyer. "Why don't they put in women, too?" asked his lady client. "Because," said the o. b., "if one woman knows it, all women know it."—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

A sad-looking man went into a Burlington drug store. "Can you give me," he asked, "something that will drive from my mind the thoughts of sorrow and bitter recollections?" And the druggist nodded and put him up a little dose of quinine and wormwood, and rhubarb and epsom salts, and a dash of castor-oil, and gave it to him, and for six months the man couldn't think of anything in the world except new schemes for getting the taste out of his month.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.