



THE JOKER CLUE

"The Sun is mightier than the sword."

Bar-room theologians are inn-sects.

A water spout—a temperance lecturer.

A shell race—oysters.—*Somerville Journal*.

The dissipated heir is known by his dizzy-pated air.

Out of doors—all the letters of the alphabet but five.

A four-in-hand is worth two in the bush.—*N. O. Picayune*.

The cucumber, when very young, is an important article of die it.

The sparrows are little thieves, but they don't do the robbin.—*Proof Sheet*.

The cold heartless maiden, whose glances are cutting, possesses eye sickles.

A sailors knot—a group of tars.—*Boston Jour. of Commerce*.

You can't build a caterwaul of brick.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

The mimic is sure to make his mock in the world.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

AMINADAB says that these new fountain pens are very ink-constant.

"Come up here" is what the striking laborer says.—*Steubenville Herald*.

The man who sits on an embroidered cushion is overworked, as it were.

In making wills some are left out and others are left tin.—*Whithall Times*.

We try to be right, and it was only yesterday we declined one of our own articles.—*Vallejo Chronicle*.

Repentance without amendment is like continual pumping in a ship without stopping the leaks.

Forgiveness and a smile are the best revenge. But don't forgive and smile if your heart is not in it.

A fifty dollar painted fan raises no more wind than a five cent palm leaf.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Both GRANT and GARFIELD were tanners. At least the latter once taught school.—*Morrisstown Herald*.

An apple threw the first man. Since then it has sorter let the business out to the banana.—*Danbury News*.

The pretty women in New Zealand are described as great talkers, and as rubbing noses instead of kissing.

We must beware of treating Bible statements as a kind of jelly, to be run into any moulds we think fit.

The prevailing style in spring bills is to wear them much longer than usual before being paid.—*Bloomington Eye*.

A woman cannot become a successful lawyer. She is too fond of giving her opinion without pay.—*Oil City Derrick*.

"You're a man after my own heart," as the blushing maiden confessed when her lover proposed marriage.—*Proof Sheet*.

We should give as we receive, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation, for there is nog ace ina benefit that sticks to the fingers.

The N. Y. Sun asks: "What is mud?" The Sun would not ask such a ridiculous question if it were to read its own columns. *Ec.*

As soon as it becomes too warm for a young lady to wear a cloth hat, she begins to think of wearing flannel dresses.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

When ADONIS gave his girl an onyx ring the other day, she could only remark that the gift was entirely onyxpected.—*Lowell Courier*.

No woman was ever known to marry a man whose first remark on being introduced to her was about the weather.—*Andrews' Bazaar*.

All errors spring up in the neighbourhood of some truth; they grow round about it, and for the most part derive their strength from such contiguity.

An exchange speaks of a man who "is one step removed from an ass." He'd better make it three or four. The animal has a long reach backward.

Rev. Dr. SWING expects the coming ideal woman to be a being infinitely sweet and sweetly infinite. Come along sweetness.—*New York Commercial*.

Dr. Tanner may succeed in his present feat and doubtless will, but did he ever undertake to live forty days in a boarding house?—*Petroleum World*.

A young lady will smile sweetly while the hairdresser is banging her over the head, while a similar treatment would make a young man ferocious.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

When a young man's pride stiffens his spinal column so that he can't conveniently bend, induce him to eat a green cucumber and that will double him up.—*Keokuk Tribune*.

An old bachelor having been laughed at by a party of pretty girls, told them, "you are small potatoes." "We may be small potatoes," said one of them, "but we are sweet ones."—*American Punch*.

The young lady who habitually receives her man on the back porch, where the vines are the thickest and the straggling moonlight has a hard time to straggle in their direction, "stoops" to conquer.—*Akron Breeze*.

It is true, that a drowning man will catch at a straw, but the puzzle is, what does he want with the straw? It isn't big enough for a life preserver, and the man is in no position to enjoy a cobbler, even if he had one handy.

"Just as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined" may have been very well in your time Mr. COOPER, but it doesn't follow that because a boy is switched with a twig in his youth, the tree will fall upon him in his maturity.—*Marathon Independent*.

Dr. Tanner, the faster, has been accused of taking nutriment out of a sponge. Well if this is so, the experiment has demonstrated a wonder, as it is the first time we ever heard of anybody getting anything out of a sponge. It has always been the other way.

They met, 'twas at a festival, he gazed with wondrous feeling; she smiled and then looked down, he felt his heart a "keeling." They gradually drew near, and then just like two callow loons, they tried to quench the fire of love with ice cream and two spoons.—*Corry Press*.

The reason why some men love their dogs better than their wives is probably because their dogs have not yet lost all respect for them.—*Free Press*. Another reason is, some women cause their husbands to lead dogs' lives.—*Richmond (Va.) Baton*.

A German living in New York has just been driven to suicide by the malicious and persistent whistling of a neighbor. It is supposed he was insane. If he had not been he would killed the whistler before taking his own life, and thus won the praise of all his neighbors.

"Are animals color-blind?" asks a scientific journal. Well, our opinion is, if that querist were to put on a red shirt and undertake to cross a lot containing a bull, he could most satisfactorily answer that question without submitting it to the press.—*Waterloo Observer*.

It was left for LIVES of the Lockport Union to discover that there is a bore more persistent than the lightening rod man, and more social than the life insurance misfortune, it is the dear boy who acts as advance agent for button hole bouquets at a church festival.—*Erie Herald*.

At a recent Sunday school session the superintendent was talking about idols, when, to ascertain whether the children were understanding what he was saying, he asked, "Children, what is an idol?" "Being lazy," was the loud and quick response of one of the infant class.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" was asked of a colored prisoner. "Well, boss," he replied, "I was in de na'bo'hood when dem hams was taken, but it doesn't look jis' right to beat dis respectat crowd outen de pleasureableness ob seein' a trial do it? Da'fo' I pleads n. g!"—*Modern Argo*.

Going home from church, she remarked to her husband: "Did you notice that bald-headed man in front of us, and how young he looked? I never saw anyone so young before with a bald head." Then he shut her up by replying: "My dear, I was bald-headed before I was a year old."—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

"Do you think a man can run a circus and be a Christian?" asked the serious man. "Well, I don't know—yes." "Do you think BARNUM, for instance, can go to heaven?" "I think he has a good show," was the rather equivocal reply. Strange that some men can never be serious.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Why is it," writes "LILIAN MAUD" poutingly to an exchange, "why is it that all the nice men are engaged?" They're not, LILIAN, they're not. Several of us are still in maiden meditation fancy free. Was there anything in particular that you wanted to know for?—*Rockland Courier*.

"MINERVA." Your beautiful lines "I can never let thee go" are recieved. You must, Minerv., you must. Just reflect a moment, dar—we mean Minerva, how our work would suffer if you held on all the time. This column must be kept up though the heavens fall, and the exchanges must be looked over, and proof read, and visitors entertained—well, send in your address.—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

It is said that Miss EMMA ABBOTT's kiss is just too sweet and long drawn and clinging for anything, and that the nectar, stirred with the fingers of a Venus and resting on the lips of Juno, is nothing to it. How we'd like to—He-r-e, quit! Ma'm? No, ma'am! No, indeed, we didn't write it. We clipped it out of another paper, and was going to say we'd like to thump any married man who'd write such stuff.—*Oil City Derrick*.