



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

The phrase "too thin" is vulgar. You must say "too Bernhard."—*Whitehall Times*.

A Whitehall man who has a little wife who is very cross calls her his wee tart.—*Whitehall Times*.

It costs nearly as much sometimes to keep friends as it does to keep a pet elephant.—*Whitehall Times*.

Why should we presume that the angel Gabriel is an expert gambler? Because when the last card is played he will trumpet.

"Distance lends enchantment to the few"—defaulting bank cashiers.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

A counter-irritant.—The woman who is for ever shopping and never finding anything she wants.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Finding himself unable to express his sentiments, the pent-up orator forwarded them by mail.—*Erratic Enrique*.

JACOB SUREN proposed last week, and got the mitten. SUREN didn't suitor as a suitor.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

They think of changing it to Chichogoh since they have got to such figures on their pork packing.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

A Baltimore clergyman recently preached on the subject, "Why was Lazarus a beggar?" We suppose because he didn't advertise.—*Hawkeye*.

The latest thing East are short sermons for summer use, called sermonettes. A sermonette, we think, would be easily digested.—*Steuenville Herald*.

What is a reasonable length of time?—*N. Y. News*. If waiting for a woman is meant—about three quarters of an hour.—*Lockport Union*.

We are informed by a fashion exchange that clocks are to be worn. We think it about time a clock were put upon the fashion.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

It is said that CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG never appears without diamonds. Undoubtedly her popularity is due to her precious tones.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The water is very low in the springs and rivers all over the country. It is said that in Florida you can "Wade down upon the Swanee river."—*Yawcob Strauss*.

It's hope that keeps us up.
It's hope that keeps our memories green,
It's hope that makes our lives sublime,
It's soap that keeps us clean.

—*Yonkers Gazette*.

The Grand Marah Jah of Calcutta
Got tipsy and fell in the gutta;
He was found by a lucky,
Who shouted "O, crackey!"
And toted him home on a shutta.

—*American Queen*.

Mr. PRIGSBY (at dinner, to a fair Knickerbocker on a visit to Boston for the third or fourth time)—"I've heard you are so awfully ah, clever, you know." MISS SHARP—"Excuse me, Mr. PRIGSBY, you must have made a mistake, for I assure you I'm next to an idiot."—*Columbia Spectator*.

JONES said, looking into the glass the other morning, "I am a man with three heads on my shoulders—the one I see, the one I feel, and the one BROWN put on me."—*Meriden Recorder*.

A certain young doctor was so joyful lately over his success in curing his first consumptive patient that he went home and smiled exactly 319 times over his cough fee.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

A New York preacher tried Wednesday for the eighth time to kill himself, and failed. He should get somebody to point a gun at him that isn't loaded. That never fails.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

The editor looked at his hand in euchre, before the trump was turned. It was fearfully black, and he murmured in semi-unconsciousness, "Now is the time to get up clubs."—*Salem Sunbeam*.

SIMPKINS says they use white and colored napkins at his boarding house. They are white when they are first placed upon the table and pretty well colored before they are taken off.—*Agent's Herald*.

An inveterate wag, seeing a heavy door nearly off its hinges, in which condition of neglect it had been for some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one that it would probably be hung.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

The observing maidens and fastidious old maids, since the season for gathering shells from the seashore has gone down the channel of time, now spend their precious moments collecting "pretty" leaves.—*Hartford Journal*.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," remarked a naturalist, as he picked up a delicate looking insect—but when it prodded him with a sting as warm as a base burner stove he quickly dropped it and indulged in a little Pinafore.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

Some one said, remarks the *Yonkers Statesman*, that whiskey will take away corns. We were always under the impression that this article had a tendency to make a person "corned." Yes, and it not infrequently makes business for the corouer.—*Somerville Journal*.

The *Steuenville Herald* tells about the singular elasticity of the tongue of "single women." Gracious heavens! Can it be that there are double women—and that their gustation organs are duplicated?—*Salem Sunbeam*.

What's "gustation" anyhow, *Sunbeam*?

A perpetual chill comes over the family that has omitted putting up the sitting room stove except, perhaps, the head of the house, who sits behind the screen in the bar-room toasting his shins, by a nice coal fire, and adding artistic coloring to his nose.—*Tom Weaver*.

"Etiquette" writes us to inquire if in our opinion it would be proper for him support a young lady if she was taken with a faint—even if he hadn't been introduced. Proper, young man, certainly—prop her by all means.—*Cleveland Sun*.

A Philadelphia quack informs the public that he is not exclusive. "If a patient wants it gentle and mild, I'm a homœopath; and when anybody wants thunder and lightning, I'm an allopath.—*Item*.

JOHNNY had a rooster he called ROBINSON, but he killed him last week, because, he said, ROBINSON CREW-so.—*Etc.*

"What do you eat those horrid mushrooms for, MATILDA?" asked the dainty APOCALYPTA. "I don't see how you can bear them. They're nothing but a nasty fungus, anyway." "That's just it," replied the fair MATILDA, balancing a bit of the libelled food on the end of her fork; "I eat them for fun, Gus."—*Boston Transcript*.

A tramp recently suggested to a beer saloon keeper the advisability of adding satisfy to his free lunch. It was a noble thought, no doubt, but if the tramp had got the boot that was aimed at his retreating figure, the probabilities are that he would never make another suggestion.

A handsome lady entered a dry-goods store and inquired for a bow. The polite clerk threw himself back and remarked that he was at her service. "Yes, but I want a buff, not a green one," was the reply. The young man went on measuring goods immediately.

Be good, young woman, be good. You may never be great and distinguished, and have the high people of the land kneeling at your feet, like SARAH BERNHARDT, and there's where she'll have the advantage of you; but you can be respectable, and there's where you'll have the advantage of her.—*Rockland Courier*.

A Dunsville paper tells of a man who fainted dead away while being measured for a suit of clothes. It was not so much on account of the novelty of the thing as the fact that he happened to glance up at the back end of the store and saw the legend "No Trust." Clothing dealers should have more regard for the health of their customers. The dreary sign "Terms Cash" has prostrated many a fair and "promising" youth.—*Norristown Herald*.

A two-foot rule was given to a labourer in a Clyde boat house to measure an iron plate. The labourer not being well up to the use of the rule, after spending considerable time, returned. "Now," asked the plater, "what size is the plate?" "Well," replied the man with a grin of satisfaction, "it's the size of your rule, and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick, and this trifle of pamble, the breadth of my hand, and my arm from here to there, bar a finger."

A Sunday school superintendent who was in the habit of using the blackboard after the most approved methods, one day found the following on his blackboard. The caligraphy will have to be imagined: PLEAS Mr. Superintendent DON'T FIRE OFF STORIES evRY SUNDY AT Us boys WITH an awFul EXampul OF A BAD BOY in EACH OF THEM.

GIVE US A REST.
IV IT TO THE GIRLS.
GO SLOW.

—*McGregor News*.

The *Alta Californian* tells this story: "An awful case of the consequences of refusing a young man's honorable love is reported on the West Side. A really nice young man fell in love with a handsome girl, the only daughter of a handsome and well preserved widow of thirty-eight, and offered her marriage. She ridiculed him because he was twenty-six, and said he was old enough to be her father and so on, and with her taunts goaded him to such a pitch of frenzy that he swore he would be fearfully revenged. Accordingly he proposed to, and married the wretched girl's mother. Now that wretched girl has to wear stout leather boots, two sizes too large for her, and go to bed at 9 p. m., and eschew the theatre, chocolate caramels, ice cream, and in fact everything that makes life worth living for, the stepfather's nominal object being that when she grows up she may be as splendidly matured a woman as her mother, the compliment implied in this inducing the mother to second him enthusiastically. When a young man comes round to see that wretched girl, her stepfather bounces him down the front steps, throws his hat after him, and tells the wretched girl the young man is not a fit companion for her, and that he is as solicitous for her as he would be of his own child, and altogether, in the kindest manner possible, he makes that wretched girl even wish she was dead as many as a hundred times a day."