



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

The early circus catches the quarter.—*Whitehall Times*.

A good writer's maxim: "Have some style about you."—*Monthly Union*.

Air castles, we presume, are built of sunbeams and herc-rafters.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The ship that often carries its passengers into troubled waters—courtship.—*Whitehall Times*.

A devout friar knows but little of the mysteries of the frying pan.—*Huckensack Republican*.

Carpenters should be honest. Their life is a plane one, and they do things on the square.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

The world owes us all a living, but she is just as hard to collect from as any other debtor.—*Philadelphia Item*.

Every cloud has a gilt edge. Even tight boots make us forget other cares and troubles for awhile.—*McGregor News*.

An American lady recently said that she was going to Europe in a thorough artistic way to attend "the saloons of Paris."—*Boston Globe*.

They have a race-horse out west called "Chicago Girl." Of course the horse-shoer has a double rate price for shoeing it.—*Somerville Journal*.

You can't suit a man anyway. He will scoff at the microscopic bonnet on the street and growl at the aspiring one in the theatre.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Come John, do get up. This is the second time I've awakened you." "A plague on both your houses! go 'way, and let me sleep!"—*Salem Sunbeam*.

Help from an unexpected quarter, as the tramp remarked when a twenty-five cent piece was handed him by the "lady of the house."—*Boston Traveler*.

A dealer in fruit trees should understand the business in all its branches, and then make his little bough in behalf of the public patronage.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

When a woman runs after a street car, waving her handkerchief wildly, the conductor knows well enough what the wild waves are saying.—*Fat Contributor*.

It is upheld that the proverb, "Two heads are better than one," only applies to a bass drum. But what about the innocent game of kissing, eh!—*Somerville Journal*.

Can you call a woman who laughs while she has her seven-year-old across her knee and is giving him fits with her shoe, a Lady Gay Spanker.—*Vallejo Chronicle*.

A disappointment.—EDWIN: "Dull paper this morning, ain't it ANOY?" ANGELINA: "Yes! Not a soul one knows mentioned?—not even in the deaths!"—*Punch*.

Speaking of the sudden variations of the weather and the danger of taking cold, a friend says it isn't safe to change a pocket handkerchief now a-days.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Whenever the mail from Ontario brings us an illustrated weekly journal, brimful of spice, instinctively we tighten our Grip upon it, while our sharpest scissors goes for its best jokes.—*Meriden Recorder*.

The man who went into a newsroom and asked the proprietor if he had a Chaucer, was informed that gentlemen bought their tobacco, and didn't beg it.—*Waterloo Observer*.

There are two kinds of oranges grow in this country; one is the kind that is good to eat, and the other is the kind that is sold on the railroad trains.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

There are seven different names for a whale, but the small boy says that a "whale" by any other name would raise just as big welts, and smart just as much.—*Naugatuck Enterprise*.

That Canadian weather prophet VEXNOR now peers ahead into May, and says he doesn't like the looks of it. Got a three-months note coming due then, doubtless.—*Rockland Courier*.

A small pox convalescent upon being questioned as to how he felt, said as he passed his hand across his furrowed brow, "I feel a marked improvement."—*Balt. Every Saturday*.

Why is a white child reaching for a desired object like a colored infant? Because it's an eager baby. (The point to this master-piece is barely visible to the naked eye.)—*Modern Argo*.

It may be that the reason why they put such a pretty red blanket over the back of the big elephant is to cover and keep from sight his totally dirty old hide.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

You can capture and utilize the lightning as it leaps from the angry heavens, but you can't make a boy stop sucking his thumb when he goes on a visit to relatives.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

Few barbers shave their own faces. This is explained by the perfectly reasonable fact that no barber is foolish enough to make himself the voluntary victim of his own stories.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

Her maid of all work, broom in hand,
Playing truant at the labor,
Beside the front gate takes her stand,
To scandalize her neighbor.
—J. S. Watkins.

"What shall we do to keep our girls at home evenings?" asks an anxious mother. Why, give them the key to the front door, a hunk of chewing gum, go to bed at dusk and ask no questions.—*Waterloo Observer*.

If you want to get an idea of what is the meaning of the term "confusion worse confounded" just take a look into the cellar after the servant has had the run of it for the entire winter.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

You can't have everything as you want it in this world, boy, but when you succeed in getting a tin can in one hand and a dog's tail in the other it's your own fault if you don't have some fun.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

And now as spring is coming on,
The season fresh and sweet,
The housewife takes a big, long stick
And doth the carpet beat.
—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

Frosted cakes and cookies are a desirable side dish for the youth of the land, but he doesn't seem to take half the enjoyment devouring them as he does demolishing a fruit cake cut in the shape of an elephant.—*Fulton Times*.

For at least one half of the ills to which human flesh is heir, there is more real curative power in well regulated doses of wood sawing than there is in physic enough to fill a gas reservoir—and don't you forget it my friend.—*Modern Argo*.

Girls in China are believed to have no souls, and to kill them is not murder. In this country some girls are believed to have no hearts, but if a jilted young man was to kill one of them, the law would make as much fuss about it as if she had a heart as big as a water bucket.—*Norristown Herald*.

"An Indiana girl who was suddenly kissed at a party has become insane." This paragraph was read by SKINNER to his girl the other evening, and then he queried: "Do you s'pose that's true?" She blushed slightly, and then like a true girl replied: "I don't know, but I think I'd risk it."—*Oil City Derrick*.

Nothing is more pathetic than to see a gentleman rise in a street car and offer his seat to a lady who has been standing for a mile, overcome her protestations and finally receive her gratitude, and then, with a benignant and satisfied smile hop right off at his own store.—*Andrew's American Queen*.

A poor up town man fairly danced with joy when the doctor told him he had BRUNT'S disease. "What will the SMITH girl say now?" he exclaimed triumphantly. "She always said there was nothing bright about me! O, I guess not; but the doctor's certificate will show what sort of a hair pin I am."—*Burbank*.

You see that boy? How timidly he approaches every dark spot as he hurries through the night! how warily he watches every tree box! how he jumps aside at the slightest rustle! how tremblingly he meets every wayfarer! Well, that is the same boy who is just dying to go out West and slaughter the pesky redskins. You wouldn't think so, to see him now; now, would you?—*Boston Transcript*.

"A Mother of Girls" asks, in a London newspaper: "The question is, what is to become of the girls who are not (and perhaps never will be) perfect in the trois temps?" "A mother" shouldn't worry about such a trifle as that. If the girls are perfect in cooking, are good conversationalists, can sew on trousers buttons, and have a few thousand pounds, sensible young men will not care if they haven't got a trois temps to their backs.—*Nor. Herald*.

To make a two-cent newspaper, take one part money, one part brains, one part friends, one part fighting material (highly colored), one part brevity, two parts independence; stir well together over a hot fire, and just before it comes to a boil add sufficient pluck to outlast the money and friends. Then find a place needing the mixture, and apply as hot as the patient can stand. Circumstances being favorable, the advertising will be attracted to the concoction without much effort on the part of the doctor.

LORD BEACONSFIELD once said of Mr. GLADSTONE that he was a sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, etc., etc. It is now Mr. GLADSTONE'S turn to style LORD BEACONSFIELD a meretricious mercator sublimated with the effluence of his own medulla oblongata, who has precipitated an avalanche of contumelious obloquy upon the devoted pericrania of his compatriots, and who is now about to be relegated to that Acherontic oblivion which, in the gorgeous imagery of his own Oriental vernacular, fits him like the paper on the wall.—*Puck*.

"Oh, MRS. BLANK!" exclaimed a Philadelphia woman, rushing into the house of a neighbor, "your son has gone off to fight a duel!" "Gracious! you don't tell me?" shrieked the mother, throwing her arms wildly over head. "Has—is—oh, dear!—has he gone—tell me quick!—has he gone as a second or is he one of the principals?" "Why, he's the challenged party, and he's one of the principals, of course." "O, what a shock you gave me," said the mother, becoming calm in an instant. "I feared he had gone as a second, and would be brought home badly wounded. If he is only a principal, of course he's safe from all harm," and the sensible woman dismissed the duel from her mind, and entered into an animated conversation anent the spring fashions.—*Norristown Herald*.