



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Cats are purr-ramble-late-ers.
A put-up job—Raising a parasol.—*Ex.*
Whom the gallery gods love, die in the last act.
The land trouble in Ireland made many Patriots.
A journalistic fight—A paper mill.—*Rome Sentinel.*
Walls may have ears, and keyholes often have eyes.
Parachutes—a brace of duck hunters.—*Marathon Independent.*
What's bonnet without a "b" in it?—*Hackensack Republican.*
Bad company is a bad thing for bad men.—*Philosopher Wilkins.*
Utah girls are earnest advocates of more-menism, not Mormonism.
Never count your cold chicken before it is hashed.—*Whitehall Times.*
A magnetic man should not possess too much irony.—*Hackensack Republican.*
No newspaper man ever died of swallowing a \$20 gold piece.—*Brooklyn Leader.*
MILTONIC motto for a waiter: "They also serve who only stand and wait."
The naked truth often makes evil-doers blush.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*
Sunday is decoration day with the average going woman.—*Steubenville Herald.*
It was so hot to-day that husbands and wives couldn't even get up a coolness.—*Ex.*
Gets the best of grub—Paris Green.—*Boston Jour. of Commerce.*
A very popular shade for the coming Summer is the shade of the trees.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*
The idle should not be classed among the living; they are a sort of dead men who can't be buried.
The society lady never sheds tears. She knows enough to keep her powder dry.—*Boston Transcript.*
Every year the winter grows milder. The time will come when sleighs will be fitted with mosquito nets.
There would be more Arctic expeditions if there were women at the poles.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*
"Ichabod." We are at a loss to say what blackmail really is—unless it be DRUM's lover.—*Yonkers Gazette.*
How to make a little money go a great way: Send a three-cent piece in a letter to China.—*Somerville Journal.*
There may be "just as fine fish in the sea as ever were caught," but the trouble is to hook them.—*Bloomington Eye.*
I. TOLDOUSO is one of the most knowing men in the country, though to be sure he is a little late.—*New Orleans Picayune.*
The railroad to the top of Vesuvius is now completed, and a crater enterprise the Italians have never seen.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Seneca is reported as saying, "I would rather make my fortune than expect it." So had we all, but the trouble is in doing it.—*Ex.*

When a Chinaman was saved from drowning by being pulled from the water by his pig-tail, he feebly murmured: "I thank queue."

The uses of adversity
May be sweet as honey's wing,
But we'd rather have some other chap
Than ourselves to test the thing. —*Lampton.*

"Woman," says St. BERNARD, "is the organ of the devil." And man, he might have added, is the monkey that dances to the music.—*Louisville Courier.*

Off in the stilly night,
E'er slumber's chain had bound me,
I lay and swear with all my might
At the cats communing round me.

A young lady of Vallejo is so modest that when she retires at night she puts a weight on the album containing the photographs of her gentlemen friends.

I'll winter night fair ISABEL;
I'll spring upon my knees and tell
No girl is hand summer than she,
And that she autumn marry me.

GRACE: "I am going to see CLARA to-day. Have you any message?" CHARLOTTE: "I wonder how you can visit that dreadful girl. Give her my love."—*Ex.*

So close is glory to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can. —*Emerson.*

It is well for a man to mind his p's and q's, but the married man who is an inveterate billiard player will find that his q's interfere with his peace.—*Ex.*

The housewife now busieth herself with the various berries, putting up all she can, that JOHN HENRY may put down all he can later in the season.—*Ex.*

Squash Pie—These pies are often made at picnics by young men wearing light trousers. When a blackberry pie is set down upon, the squash pie is made.—*Puck.*

Quack—"So you prefer my medicines to those of Dr. PILLSBURY?" Mrs. MULLIGAN—"Och, indade, dother, dear, ye're a deal better than the other old 'umbug."—*Ex.*

Putting it neatly. Said the little pet of the household on her last birthday: "It's a lovely doll, dear grandpa and grandma; but—I've been hoping it would be twins."—*Ex.*

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

PROCTOR says that the ocean contains about 2,500,000,000 tons of water. That's all right. Now let us hear from the back counties about lager beer.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

A Welsh society called the Eistedford has been celebrating a feast somewhere in the East. One can't help wondering how the society got such a cold in the head.—*Richmond Independent.*

"And now the prudent farmer man,
Into the town doth jog,
And gets a sign for apple time,
Which reads, "Beware, the dog."

Dr. HALL says that every blade of grass contains a sermon. We can understand why some people shave their lawns down so close; they want the sermons cut short.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

Life is like a pack of cards. Childhood's best cards are hearts; youth is captured by diamonds; middle age is conquered with a club, while old age is raked in by the insatiable spade.—*Whitehall Times.*

A lady says that one of the reasons why Gen. HANCOCK was so successful in getting the nomination at the recent convention was, that his badges were in the fashionable heliotrope shades.—*Ex.*

A heartless, wicked Burlington huckster woman, at that, successfully palmed off upon a young married man, six bantam roosters, about seven years old, for spring chickens.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

When reform spelling becomes universal a dime novel hero can write "I kum uv a proud an hotty rase" without giving himself dead away as regards his early education.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

An article is going the rounds, entitled "What Kissing Really Is." Gentlemen, there is no use in trying to explain what it is, for you can't. Be satisfied that it is, and always will be.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

Nowadays it is impossible to listen to the conversation of half a dozen young society people, without feeling that the American language should be more appropriately called the American slanguage.—*Norristown Herald.*

A beautiful widow of Newport, R.I., having her chalet to let for the season, was asked what induced her to desert such a charming retreat. "Too much balcony and too little Romeo," was her reply.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The table waiter was putting some butter on a small dish used for that purpose, when the call-bell tapped. "Hold on a minute," said the waiter to the dish, "I'm called little butter-cup."—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

A religious newspaper prints an article headed: "How to get and keep boys in the Sunday school." The surest way to get and keep them would probably be to have a Christmas tree every two weeks the year round.—*Rome Sentinel.*

The Elmira Free Press asks in a flaming head line; "Shall we drive away money?" Well, not much, MARY ANN. All that troubles us is not being a sufficiently powerful magnetizer. If you must drive it, however, head it this way.—*Ex.*

JOHNNY says it may be true that a women's work is never at an end, but he is of the opinion that it should be stated at which end, as his experience with his mother's slippers inclines him to the belief that the statement taken generally is incorrect.—*Steubenville Herald.*

JOHN BROUGHAM'S WIT.—The late JOHN BROUGHAM was well known as a wit, and his replies were always on the spur of the moment. At a banquet in New York he was seated next to Coroner CROKER. A toast was proposed, and BROUGHAM asked the Coroner what he should drink it in. "Claret," said the Coroner. "Claret," was the reply, "that's no drink for a Coroner! There's no body in that!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The great trouble about the summer complexion the girls get at the shore is that it takes so long to wear off. Of course one must look brown in the fall, but it is provoking to be obliged to look brown for two or three months. The Montfitzburgs, who spend the summer in the back part of their house, put their summer tan on with a brush. You can't tell it from the real article, and when you get tired of it, off it comes.—*Boston Transcript.*

Five entombed skeletons have been discovered in Switzerland, which, from the absence of metal ornaments and other indications, are supposed to belong to an age prior to that of bronze.—*Exchange.* Our exchange need not get so excited over the skeletons of the age of bronze. We in Toronto possess a Minister of Education who certainly belongs to the age of brass. GRIP has also the happiness of possessing over five thousand young lady readers who belong to the age of gold.