



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A contented sheep is a good sign of settled weather.—[*Denielsonville Sentinel*.]

Reformed gamblers may be classed among the ex sports of this country.—*Marathon Independent*.

All that the American Navy needs is some boats. It has plenty of water.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Don't laugh at the cat for running round after her tail. She is only pursuing her end.—*Boston Transcript*.

Knows no bounds: A played out rubber ball.—*Yonkers Statesman*. Knows no bounce: A tramp.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

Between keeping her sauce from working and her girls at work, the housewife has her hands full.—*Syracuse Times*.

One way to let people know you are not going to the poorhouse, is to wear rings outside of gloves.—*C. B. Lewis*.

A reporter on a daily paper got some good points recently by climbing over a spiked fence.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*

The chromo that comes with a package of tea is less a work of art than is the stuff called tea.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

If those who over-eat and those who half starve were to strike a balance, the world would be pretty well fed.—*New York Mail*.

Girls are wearing boys' hats, boys' ties, and boys' cravats.—*Yonkers Gazette*. And boys about their necks, the darlings.—*Lockport Union*.

When he sighs for her and she sighs for him, the sighs of the times may be considered auspicious for a wedding.—*Steuenville Herald*.

COURTNEY'S song: "Hop bitters 's my lot! How could these fellows do it! They sawed my boot in two, and no one there to glue it."—*Syracuse Herald*.

Some influential papers announce that they are "entered in the post-office as second-class matter," and they do not lie.—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

"I rise for information," said a member of a legislative body. "I am very glad to hear it," said a bystander, "no man wants it more."—*Andrews Bazar*.

GASPERONI, a noted Italian brigand has recently died aged ninety; from which we infer that brigandage in Italy is ten per cent. below par.—*Steuenville Herald*.

The man who has got the sweetest little wife in the world is surprised to find that it takes just as much saccharine matter for his coffee, as it did before.—*N. Y. People*.

There are lots of men who have attained high reputation for strict attention to business, but the trouble has been it wasn't their own business.—*Marathon Independent*.

GEORGE R. WENDLING has named a new lecture "The Problem of the Ages." If he means the ages of the fair sex, and has really solved the problem, he is a genius.—*Chicago Journal*.

The only difference between a restaurant and a boarding house is that at one you order what you want, while at the other you order what you don't want.—*Lockport Union*.

Young man, a diamond pin looks real nice and glistens brightly, but when four dollars a week supports a man and pin both, one or the other is not genuine.—*Oswego Record*.

Solon was one of the seven wise men of Greece. He never stopped to argue when his wife told him to get out of his warm bed and build a fire in the kitchen stove.—*Wheeling Leader*.

—Scarce do we bid adieu to ills
That mark the reign of summer,
Than premonitions bid us grieve
The stove man and the plumber.
—*Lowell Sun*.

Why will people insist in commending honest industry when they see, every day, that it brings thousands of masons, carpenters, and plasterers to the scaffold?—*Somerville Journal*.

An article is going the rounds treating on the best method of putting away potatoes. A family of about eight, including three boys and three girls, can put away potatoes about as successfully as is necessary.—*Rome Sentinel*.

When you see evidences of hair on the lappel of a young man's coat, and the concave side of his sleeve worn threadbare, it is tolerably safe to conclude that he has been hugging something more than a delusion.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

No boy of ordinary ability, who has to manipulate the buck saw and axe, and furnish the family with fire wood, will think of going to work before he has selected a convenient place where he can hide the knots that split hard.—*Oswego Times*.

"Yes, Robert," said Mrs. Yeast to her young hopeful, "indulging in forbidden fruit in our neighbor's orchard, especially while a policeman is in the vicinity, is often attended by very unpleasant results. You may feel a very severe attack of collarer."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The engagement of Miss HELEN ASTOR, of New York, to Mr. J. COLEMAN DRAYTON is announced.

When DRAYTON Astor to be his,
Miss HELEN grew quite happy,
And warmed J. COLEMAN so by "yes,"
He forthwith Astor Poppy.

—*Lampton*.

They have found a big lot of ancient Roman coins, gold and silver, near Zurich, and you bet when the ancient Roman hears of it, he will be dreadfully sorry that he didn't spend the money instead of hiding it. Nobody will ever find any coins we hide.—*Hawkeye*.

A man has just died in the Portsmouth, N. H., poor house, who was 118 years old, and who had been an inmate of the poor house for 76 years. Young men, if you want to live to a good old age, quit your carousing and go to the poor house. It beats a liver pad.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun*.

"Well, my son," said a good-natured father to an eight-year old son, the other night, "What have you done to-day that may be set down as a good deed?" "Gave a poor boy five cents," replied the hopeful. "Ah, ah! that was a charity, and charity is always right. He was an orphan boy, was he?" "I didn't stop to ask," replied the boy. "I gave him the money for licking a boy who upset my dinner basket!"—*Ec*.

The average small boy's ambition is to be a trapper, or pirate, or song and dance man. "When I wath a little boy," lisped a very stupid society man to a young lady, "all my ideath of life were thentred on being a clown." "Well, there is at least one case of gratified ambition," was the sharp reply.—*Meriden Recorder*.

Three or four pretty good men, pastors of Massachusetts churches preferred, are wanted immediately to go down to the Grand River Divide and talk pleasantly to the Ute Indians about the pleasures of peace and the tranquil enjoyments of domestic life. Good salary and short hours. Hair restoratives for sale at this office in pints and quarts.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

"What is nobler than a man wrestling, his bread from the stubborn soil by the sweat of his brow and the break of his back?" asks a philosopher. We don't recall anything nobler at this moment, but we know what is a blamed sight more popular—hiring some other fellow to do it, while you sit on the fence and superintend him.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

A "cap festival" is the latest social caper. Each lady makes two caps of paper cambric, one of which is sold for fifty cents, while the buyer seeks one to match it, and escorts the lady to supper. These "festivals" cap the climax in the way of offering a young lady an opportunity to "set her cap" for a man. The ingenuity of woman is past finding out.—*Norristown Herald*.

A fashion item says: "The drawers this year are made very short, and some have lace ruffles." Some fashion reporter has evidently been looking over our back fence at the clothes line. But they got awfully fooled. The shortness of those drawers was cause by the flannel shrinking and the lace ruffles the reporter noticed is where a calf chewed them when they were hanging out to dry last fall on Black Hawk Island, when a gun kicked us out of a boat. Some of these fashion reporter's think they are smart.—*Peck's Sun*.

An atom is indivisible and is a particle of matter; nothing is indivisible, therefore a particle of matter is nothing, and matter being composed of particles which are nothing is necessarily nothing, therefore the world and its people which are matter are nothing. Hence we are but creatures of imagination, which is a faculty of beings of nothing and consequently a creature of nonentity and—Professors HUXLEY and TYNDALL, will please take charge at this point and finish the train of thought.—*Steuenville Herald*.

Love and Poetry.

A practical man of business, with a poetic fancy and an eye to the main chance, thus opened up the tender subject of matrimony to the girl he had his eye on:

"Can my darling wash the dishes?
Can she scrub the kitchen floor?
Will she keep on mending stockings
When she hears the baby roar?
Does her nose detect bad butter,
With which the grocery stores abound?
Tell me, darling, are you careful
To keep tidy all around?"

And the equally practical maiden, in a straight-forward, mercantile manner, thus met him in his own vein:

"Can you black your boots, my darling?
Keep the sidewalk clear of snow?
Can you duly split the kindlings?
Will you go to the market go?
Can your eye detect the shoddy
Of which tailors' shops are full?
Tell me, darling, is your ulster
Lined with cotton or with wool?"

—*Exchange*.