



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Fun is mightier than the Sword."

Money in it—everybody's pocket-book but ours.—*Marathon Independent.*

If you would reach the people's eyes, arise, be wise, and advertise.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

The good mother and the accessible slipper always make a spanking team.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

A gap in the carving knife betokens that a spring chicken has been in the house.—*Boston Transcript.*

A gamester calls his fortune "E pluribus unum" because it is won of many.—*Marathon Independent.*

The foraging of a pig in a strange garden may be referred to as the root of evil.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.*

A great many men who start out to reform the world leave themselves off for the last job.—*Middleton Transcript.*

A Quiney man blew into the muzzle of a shot gun "to see if it was loaded," the other day. It was not.—*Modern Argo.*

Now they say the real grievance of the Cincinnati people with THEODORE THOMAS is that he would not beat time with a ham.—*Exchange.*

A man will complain of his wife's extravagance, and yet treat a crowd to a dollar's worth of cigars without a murmur.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A correspondent asks: "What will cure an actor of ranting?" Rant back at him; for will not *simila similibus curantur?*—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

Postage stamps must not be used more than once. To go through the mails a letter must bear the stamp of originality.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

When a fond parent sees a boy walk through a gateway instead of climbing the fence, he is worried for fear the lad isn't quite himself.—*Boston Post.*

A Whitehall lad, complaining of sore gums, was told that he had a gum boil. "Oh, no," said he, "for I hain't chewed any gum in a month."—*Whitehall Times.*

Birthplace is not comparable to intrinsic worth. Flowers bloom as gloriously in an old tomatoe can as in the richest and rarest Etruscan vase.—*Bloomington Eye.*

Household decoration makes great progress in tenement quarters. We notice that old hats have taken the place of cast-off clothing in broken window panes.—*Puck.*

"You look good enough to eat," said he, looking over her shoulder into the mirror. "Food for reflection," she replied without a smile.—*Boston Transcript.*

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

A drunken Scotch parishioner was admonished by his parson. "I can go into the village," concluded the latter, "and come home again without getting drunk." "Ah, meenster, but I'm sae popular!" was the fuddled Scotchman's apologetic reply.—*Ex.*

"If you grasp a rattlesnake firmly about the neck he cannot strike you," says a western paper. "To be perfectly safe," remarks the *Elmira Free Press*, "it will be well to let the hired man do the grasping."

There is a possibility that in the near future the American Indian may become a citizen of his native land. Foreigners and the descendants of foreigners are talking about it very seriously.—*Philadelphia News.*

A "sum" in arithmetic. If you can get one towel out of one yard of cloth, how many towels can you get out of two yards? It depends altogether on how many there are on the clothes line.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

It is claimed that a man never loses anything by politeness, but this proved to be a mistake. As an old Philadelphian lifted his hat to a young lady the wind carried away his wig.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

The editor who wrote his editorials with stolen chalk on the soles of his shoes, and went barefooted while the boys set up the copy, has purchased a ream of second-hand envelopes, and engaged a girl to turn them out.—*Ex.*

A writer says when JEFFERSON became president he carried his simple manners and tastes into official life. There are lots of men like JEFFERSON; they carry their tastes into official life, but they taste rather too often.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

It will soon be time for rattlesnake stories, and the newspaper office that hasn't already in type an account of a reptile ten feet long, with sixteen rattles, killing the farmer's hired man and two cows, is neglecting the best interests of its readers.—*Norristown Herald.*

Agitators who are crying loudly for equality among men are more willing to rise to the equality of a millionaire than they are to seek that equality below their present standing. Human nature preserves a fair average among all classes.—*Whitehall Times.*

"Why don't he come when the moon is full?" is the first line of the sentimental poem. We can only conceive two substantial reasons why he don't. The first is that probably it is not his desire, and secondly, it is possible that he is in the same condition the moon is.—*Riley.*

A father told his charming daughter lately that she must not listen to flatterers. "But pa," she replied, "how can I tell they flatter me unless I do listen?" "Tur-rue-tur-rue daughter." And he leaned over the end of the piano and commenced to think.—*Vallejo Chronicle.*

The lady who has invented a method for women to put on their clothing without the use of pins deserves to have her name inscribed head and shoulders above every other name in the temple of fame. She probably knows something of the dangers that beset a fellow who gets too near the pin-protected female.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Well," said an old maid, "things have come to a pretty pass with these nice young men always flirting with their hankerchiefs. Why, a girl can't wipe her nose on the street unless she starts a whole line of signals from every corner!" "Then let her wipe her nose on her sleeve," sung out a dirty little urchin sitting on a fire-plug.—*Ex.*

The close-fisted man is confident the generous man has plenty of money or he wouldn't give it. A well-known giver in one of our churches was solicited for a contribution to an organ fund. To the surprise of the committee he flatly refused. He said: "I've made up my mind that I shall not give another cent to anything till I get me some new shirts."—*Danbury News.*

She had a pretty diploma tied with pink ribbon, from one of our best young ladies' colleges. In conversation with a daring and courageous young man, after he had detailed the dangers and delights of riding on a locomotive, she completely upset his opinion of independent education of the sexes by inquiring, "How do they steer locomotives, anyhow?"—*Rochester Express.*

An insurance agent seeing a would-be insurer had, in filling up the proposal form, answered the questions, "Age of father, if living?" "Age of mother, if living?" by making the one 112 years and the other 103 years old, congratulated him on coming of a long-lived family. "Oh," said the applicant, "my parents died many years ago; but, if living, would be aged as there put down."—*Ex.*

The *New York News* got the following from a small boy: The cat which we had afore we got Mose was yellor, and didn't have no ears, and not eny tail, too, cos they were cut off to make it go way from where it lived, for it was so ugly, so it cum to our house. One day my mother she sed wudent my father drown it, cos she knew where she cud git a nicer lukin one. So my father he put it in a bag, and a brick in the bag, too, and threw it in the pond and went to his office, my father did. But the cat busted the bag string, and wen my father cum home it was lying under the sofa, but come out to look at him. So they looked at one another for a long wile, and bime by my father sed to my mother, "Well you are a mity poor hand to go shoppin for cats. Thish is a site uglier than the other."

He barked as though his throat was all the ram's horns of Jericho. He was after that squirrel which was just as far out of his reach as the clouds. And the squirrel wasn't paying any attention to the dog, and indeed, didn't know what he was barking at. I am not positive that it had not gone off into another tree, an hour ago, and was away off in another part of the woods, down near the country line. So I patted the dog's head as I came away, and said to him: "Carlo, keep it up. It seems to do you a heap of good, and doesn't bother the squirrel a particle. So keep it up. You never can climb the tree; you never can catch the squirrel; when he wants to come down, he will come down another way, and you will not see him. He will live just as long and be just as happy with your noise as without it. It occupies your mind and doesn't distract him, and it shows a very human trait in you, Carlo. I have known men just like you; men who spend their lives doing just what you are doing—barking at people who are out of their reach. Keep it up Carlo, good dog."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

We have "the" smart boy in Centreville. To explain all I must first tell you of his father. Like many gentlemen here he takes his cod liver oil and whiskey each morning. Of course such an opportunity of impressing temperance principles upon the youthful mind could not be lost. So—each dose went down with a shiver, terrible frown and exclamation, "Boo! I could stand the cod liver oil, but this whiskey"—another shiver—"is dreadful."

Our boy listened and stored it all up in his youthful mind. The other day he was cleaning out the top shelf of a closet for his mother. "Ma, what's this?"

"Mother looks cautiously and smells. "Oh! rancid cod liver oil." Soon another bottle is handed down, another and another; contents varying from a teaspoonful to half a cup, all "spoilt cod liver oil." At last the youngster raised his eyebrows and gravely remarked:

"Ma, it's funny that pa let's all this good cod liver oil spoil, but never a drop of the whiskey!"—*Alameda Reporter.*