



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Grip, here's our flip. — *Lockport, N. Y. Union*.

Very many men cannot stand a moment without lying. — *Whitehall Times*.

Next to nothing—A girl walking with the average dandy. — *Yonkers Gazette*.

A contented sheep is a good sign of settled wether. — *Danielsonville Sentinel*.

Some men haven't courage enough to strike an attitude. — *Keokuk Gate City*.

Kangaroos are creatures that slide off on their rears, as it were. — *Salem Sunbeam*.

Of all things in this world, needed rest is the dearest rest. — *Marathon Independent*.

When a young gentleman doffs his hat to a lady, does it imply that in after years she can have free access to his tangled locks? — *New Haven Register*.

The young man who would scorn the idea of being a farmer is the very one who is apt to be an expert in sowing "wild oats." — *Danielsonville Sentinel*.

The man who engineers a cider mill can tell more about the influence of the press than any journalist that ever lived. — *Marathon Independent*.

At this season of the year some men think that it will be cheaper for them to take hot whiskey, than to buy a flannel shirt, to keep away colds. — *Gowanda Enterprise*.

If the surrounding circumstances are congenial, it is fair to conclude that the position preferred by lovers is juxtaposition which suits them. — *Hackensack Republican*.

A Modern Version. — Woman, with disheveled hair and marks of marital blows, asks anxiously: "Oh! have you seen—oh have you seen my flover pass this way?" — *Fun*.

Here is the choicest conundrum of the season. What is the difference between a pumpkin pie and a muzzel? One is good on dogs, and the other is dog-on-good. — *Cleveland Voice*.

"Poor X. was greatly affected by the death of his wife. At the funeral he kept his face buried in his handkerchief all the time." "That was that no one could see that he was not weeping!" — *Ex*.

Be patient. Wait. Don't fret over last summer's ice bill. Scientists tell us that in 17,000,000 years ice 16 feet thick will entirely envelop this planet, and then the ice man's extortions will end. — *Cinti. Sat. Night*.

A very indifferent litterateur has just been decorated. "I'm hanged if I can understand it," says one critic; "why, that fellow can't write." "Oh but don't you know that when a fellow can't write he makes his cross?" — *Ex*.

He looked over all the papers on the news stand counter, and not finding what he wanted, he said to the pump pretty girl clerk: "I want a Fireside companion." "What sir!" she blushed. "I want a Fireside Companion" he repeated. "Oh yes, sir, I hear you now," and she chewed the corner of her apron, "well—well—do you think I would do?" It turned out happily. — *Steuenville Herald*.

The anti-fat medicine men have struck a stubborn case—a 300-pound woman who refuses to be reduced in flesh. But the medicine men are cheerful and sing, "we'll lank her by and by." — *Meriden Recorder*.

Postman's Friend—"Got a heavy load, JOHN?" Postman—"Load? I should think so. Blow this wet weather, I say. Folks can't get out, so sit indoors and does nothing but write all this 'ere stuff to one another." — *Ex*.

Small husband (who whilst his wife is away in the country, asserts his authority): "It comes to this, cook; am I master of this house or am I not?" Cook—"Well, sir, you precious well ain't when the missus is at home." — *Judy*.

When a newspaper paragraph opens in language as soft as the bosom of love, and as sweet as the tinkle of a woodland brook, it is always safe to conclude that the virtues of some patent medicine are harnessed on to the end. — *New York Commercial*.

That wasn't very bad for the youngster who, speaking of a clergyman noted for his boisterousness on the street and his surliness within his own house, compared him to a lemon, in that he was "all yellor outside and all sour in." — *Yonkers Gazette*.

At a loan exhibition in Canada, the skull of RULOFF, and a manuscript of his, are shown: All of RULOFF's other skulls being in museums in different parts of this country, it is no more than right that Canada should have a little one. — *Syracuse Times*.

The *Pinafore* horror is extending to our three year olds. The other evening when the moon was shining brightly a little girl was heard to exclaim, "Oh, ma, see how they've polished up the handle of the big front door of the sky!" She was sent to bed without any breakfast. — *Lockport Union*.

A Keokuk boy has built a small engine or motor which runs by the power of Limburger cheese. The stronger the cheese the stronger the engine runs. He thinks he has struck a big bonanza, and by adding a few onions and a small quantity of boarding house butter, enough strength will be obtained to hold a mule by the hind legs while the smallest kind of a boy twists the mule's tail. — *Keokuk Constitution*.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS, the champion clubber of the New York police force, has been convicted of assault and battery for using his club unanimously on the head of a man name SMITH. Very unfortunate man, that SMITH. He is always getting hurt. No accident seems complete without him. He is maltreated, robbed and left for dead oftener than any other man living. If we were SMITH we would apply to the legislature to have our name changed and see if that wouldn't change our luck. — *Saturday Night*.

Brevity may be the soul of wit, but it isn't the sole of a Wheeling girl's shoe. — *Steuenville Herald*. If a Wheeling girl should stick out her sole suddenly and plant it in the middle of the *Herald* man's cheek—where there would be plenty of room for the whole of it, and acres to spare—it would serve him right. — *Springfield Republic*. The *Herald* man's cheek happens to be about six feet from the ground, and a Wheeling girl couldn't lift her foot that high—it's too heavy. P. S.—Judging from a last we saw going through here the other day in sections, on two flat cars marked Springfield, we should judge that Wheeling girls did not stand alone in the matter of ponderous pedality. — *Steuenville Herald*.

The Career of the Rag Baby.

ONE-RHYMED VERSES PICKED UP IN ALBERT HALL TWO WEEKS AGO.

What did the little baby say
To BUCHANAN, while it lay
Rocked by his paternal hand
Near the Hamiltonian bay?
"Take me up," said little baby,
"Praise my lovely rag array."

Honest ISAAC then straightway
Praised the child for many a day,
Said that in its breast was hid
Knowledge of the art to pay
Everybody's debts—the baby
Joyed to hear its parent's bray.

Five and twenty years away
Did BUCHANAN sing his lay
In the little infant's praise;
But the people thought it gay
To deride the wondrous baby,
Till it seemed to pine away.

ISAAC still—though human clay—
Faltering never, loud did pray
That the infant should be tried,
Till it chanced that WYNNE did stray
From afar, beheld the baby
And its parent's words did weigh.

Struck the noble WYNNE did stay,
Gazed and gazed, and fell a prey
To the charm of ISAAC's voice,
Said, "Oh, master, if I may
I would help to rock the baby;"
— Could a parent say him nay?

Double praise without delay
Rose around the pining fay;
Then came WILLIAM WALLACE wight,
Joined in praise and furnished wright
From his store to feed the baby,
Swore to make it strong to slay.

All the banks and bankers, aye,
With its aid he hoped to flay
And fleece the public creditor;
Brooks and GRIFPIN joined the fray,
Then ICK EVANS saw the baby,
And pronounced it all O K!

If now PHIPPS a wreath of bay
Would place round its brows, JOHN A.
Might see promise in the child.
How the *Mail* would then display
Loving kindness for the baby
How the *Globe* would shriek dismay.

The Farmers who would be Everything.

There were a num-ber of lit-tle farm-ers, and they said one to an-oth-er, "There are a great ma-ny mid-dle-men, and they make lots of mon-ey. So we will be our own mid-dle-men, and we will haul all the grain to mar-ket, and send it to Europe in our own ves-sels, and build them our-selves, and run our own rail-roads, and put our cash in our own banks, and get our own goods from the whole-sale stores, and be our own car-riers, build-ers, bankers, store-keep-ers, and every-thing, and get all the mon-ey that these peo-ple all get now, and put it in our pock-ets." So the lit-tle farm-ers who would have every-thing went to work and built them-selves a big store-house and put seven-ty-five thou-sand bush-els of bar-ley in. And they did not know how to build, and it burst, and all the bar-ley ran out, and a great deal of it is spoil-ed. And all the lit-tle farm-ers are ve-ry sor-ry, and think they had bet-ter in fu-ture at-tend to their own bus-i-ness, and let other peo-ple at-tend to theirs. And all the mid-dle men are laugh-ing at all the lit-tle farm-ers. And all the lit-tle farmers are cry-ing over the big heap of bar-ley which has tum-bled out.