



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A stern necessity—a rudder on a ship.

The barber's maxim: "Let's soap on, soap over!"—*New York News*.

A lone exhibition—a full stage, but an empty house.—*Waterloo Observer*.

As the Prince of Wales grows balder his crown becomes more apparent.—*Every Saturday*.

Take a close inventory of a man's size before you sass him. Look before you lip.—*Whitehall Times*.

Running your business is very much like courting a girl. No one else can boss the job but yourself.—*Whitehall Times*.

"Oh, for the sound of a voice that is still," sings TENNYSON. Why didn't he marry a deaf and dumb woman?—*Salem Sunbeam*.

It has been discovered that the "four o'clock" is a male flower. It shuts up in the afternoon.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item*.

What is so rare as a day in June?
A beefsteak removed from the fire too soon.—*Steubenville Herald*.

A man can get along without a stitch in his side, but a patch on the pants is often a stern necessity.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item*.

Jokers' wives do not, as a rule, wear pun-gee silks.—*New York News*. But the jokers themselves need muzzlin'.—*Hackensack Republican*.

We are told of a woman who calls her husband "peach." She says his heart has ossified and his cheek is all there is of him.—*Waterloo Observer*.

What worries the strawberry dealers now is, whether to bring the small ones to the surface or throw away the large decayed ones.—*Bodie Free Press*.

It cost SARA BERNHARDT 144,000 francs to lose her temper. But she was so very mad that she probably got her money's worth.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

Cleanliness is next to godliness, but, whew, wouldn't the price of soap go down, if cleanliness were kept in its proper place by some people?—*Yonkers Gazette*.

An ordinary woman's waist is thirty inches around. An ordinary man's arm is about thirty inches long. How admirable are thy works, Oh, nature!—*Exchange*.

No man can truly say he is happy and healthy, and that he loves everybody, when he owes a year's subscription to a newspaper and has corns.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

The choicest perfume for a young lady is a sweet temper.—*Yonkers Gazette*. But unfortunately many sweet tempered girls are not worth a scent.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

At a camp meeting a venerable sister began the hymn, "My soul be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise." She began too high. "Ten thousand," she screeched, and stopped. "Start her at five thousand!" cried a converted stock broker present.—*New York Telegram*.

If the President of the United States, says the Boston *Courier*, felt in proportion to his place as big as a policeman in his new uniform, he'd grow round-shouldered trying to dodge the clouds.

"Twenty years ago," says a colored philosopher, "niggers was wof a thousand dollars apiece; now dey would be deah at two dollars a dozen. It's 'stonishin' how de race am runnin' down."—*Puck*.

The Boston *Globe* says it is a sign of good breeding to find fault with everything on the table at your summer boarding-house. The number of well-bred persons now boarding in the country is enormous.

"Pity is akin to love," he said. "Ah, yes," she murmured, with a flood of love-light in her eyes, "why not try me? I am akin to be loved." The ceremony came off in a week.—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

The young Englishman just over read to his wife the heading of a medicine advertisement—"Gained eight pounds in ten days," and remarked, "Hexcellent wages that MARY."—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

A newspaper up the Hudson solemnly announces that "Rev. Mr. GREENVILLE and Rev. Mr. STAATS will exchange pullets next Sunday." Hens there was considerable merriment.—*St. Albans Advertiser*.

The son of a clergyman was delivering a college valedictory, when, in pulling out his handkerchief, he pulled out a pack of cards. "Hul'oa!" he exclaimed, "I've got on my father's coat."—*American Punch*.

"I think, dear, the dew has commenced falling," he said, in his soft accents. "Yes," she yawned, "I've been hoping to hear a-dieu for some time." He did not call the next evening.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

Domestics belong to the hire class of society.—*Yonkers Statesman*. And "them literary fellers" to the lore class.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*. And prying gossips to the middle class.—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

"How slim is SARA BERNHARDT, pa,
That shadow of a shade?"
"My boy, she's just about as thin
As picnic lemonade."

—*Cincinnati Star*.

A contributor sends an ode to summer. This is getting desperate. Every day now we receive an "owed to somebody," and if it don't cease we will be compelled to ask that a receiver be appointed.—*Keokuk City Gleaner*.

Father (who is always trying to teach his son how to act while at the table): "Well, JOHN, you see that when I have finished eating I always leave the table." JOHN: "Yes, sir, and that is about all you do leave."—*Exchange*.

The average person speaks about one hundred and twenty words a minute. This estimate is considerably short of that required when the speaker has a trunk-lid fall on his head while he is hunting for a sleeve button.—*Andrews' Queen*.

Beauty is shallow, and so is the pebbly brook. Is there bounty enough in the spring to keep the pebbles glistening? Is there goodness of heart enough to light the features up? these are the main questions.—*Fort du Lac Reporter*.

The Buffalo *Courier* announces: "A Niagara Falls hackman overtaken by justice." If the hackman wasn't driving faster than they usually do when paid by the hour, justice didn't need to get out of breath overtaking him.—*Boston Post*.

Here is an old rhyme which gives the art of riding in one lesson:

"Keep up your head and your heart
Your hands and your heels keep down;
Press your knees close to your horse's side,
And your elbows close to your own."

The report that there are more good looking widows than usual at Saratoga is being circulated and wives are not now urging their husbands to take them there for the summer, so much as they were, while the husbands are more inclined to do so.—*Boston Post*.

The Canadian Parliament has decided to permit hogs to be shipped to that country, but they are to be killed as soon as they arrive. This will deter a certain class of American and English tourists from including Canada in their route.—*Steubenville Herald*.

An Irishman who had a pig in his possession was observed to adopt the constant practice of filling it to repletion one day and starving it the next. On being asked his reason for doing so, he replied:—"Och sure, its bekase I like bacon with a strake o'fat and a strake o'lane aqually, one afther t'other."—*Eve*.

A hopeful case: Patient—"Then, according to you, doctor, in order to live at all, I must give up all that makes life worth living?" Doctor—"I'm afraid so—at least for a few years." Patient—"Perhaps you'd recommend me to marry?" Doctor (a confirmed bachelor)—"Oh, no! Come, my dear fellow, it's not quite so bad as all that, you know."—*Punch*.

Dat's de Boy's Name.

"My wife hez jes' presented me wid de fines' boy in dis country," said Black BRLT., entering a magistrate's office, taking off his hat and slinging the perspiration from his brow with a crooked forefinger. "Yas, gen'elmen," he went on, "de fines' chile I eber seed. An' I'se jes' got a twenty-dollar gold piece right heah ter gib de man what can guess what I hez named him. Ter keep yer from spreadin' ober de whole universe ob names, I'll state dat it's a Bible name."

"ABRAHAM?" guessed some one.

"No, sah."

"PAUL?"

"No, sah."

"JOB?"

"Guess ag'in."

"NICKODEMUS?"

"Keep er comin'."

"ABIMELECH?"

"Try me ag'in."

The guessing ceased after a time, and finally BILL said:

"I'se named dat boy JUDAS ESCARUT."

"What!" said the magistrate. "JUDAS betrayed our Saviour."

"Can't help it. Dat's de boy's name. JUDAS hez been slighted. Nobody hez eber had de immoral courage ter name a chile fur dat man. But dat ain't de main reason why I named him JUDAS. I'se got de Bible ter 'stain me in gibin' de chile dat name."

"How does the Bible sustain you in desiring to perpetuate that name?" asked the magistrate.

"It remarkin' ob JUDAS, it says dat it would hab bin better fur dat man ef he hadn't been born."

"Well?"

"An' considerin' how many moufs is opened at de doo' when I goes home wid a side ob meat, it would have bin better fur dat boy ob mine ef he had neber seen de daylight. I knows what I'ze a talkin' about. I take de Scriptur frum de references. In de futur, ef I finds dat de boy hez made a improvement on hisself, den I'll change his name ter JIM."—*Vallejo Weekly Chronicle*.