



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A sickly argument is ill-logical.—*Ottawa Republican*.

The Gem Puzzle was invented by a block-head.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

The schoolmaster who sat on a bent pin got off a bright thing.—*Philadelphia Item*.

There is no home however watched or guarded but one 15 is there.—*Lockport Union*.

Selling 9 cent sugar for 10 cents is among the grocer pleasures of life.—*Marathon Independent*.

Fashionable young men are like theatre bills. They are posted on the waltz.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

Some moralists tell us to keep our tempers; others advise us to get rid of them. Which shall we do?—*Lowell Sun*.

"Paper bricks" are spoken of in a Western article. We have 'em here—fellows that pay their subscription in advance.—*Boston Com. Bul.*

Since the girls commenced to wear bangs, it is impossible to tell one who has combed her hair and one who has not.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

Now that diamonds can be made by the process of chemistry, it will be harder than ever to distinguish the common people from editors.—*Rockland Courier*.

The reason a man does not listen to anything when he is mad, says CARLILE, is not because he won't, but because he can't, being on his ear at the time.—*Danbury News*.

The man who will wait two hours for his turn in the barber's chair, will get mad and thrash and scold if a shirt button isn't sewed on in just ten seconds.—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

An exchange refers to the language of the postage stamp. But we do not think the postage stamp has any language that expresses anything. If it had we believe it would holler "enough" when it is licked.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

They talk about the weakness of our army, and the impossibility of putting one in the field at short notice, but let the government issue a call for 400,000 major-generals, and we'll bet they'll get 'em in two days.—*Boston Post*.

A New York weekly gives five rules for a reform in spelling, and in a postscript says: "No change in proper names." How are young ladies going to exercise their leap year privileges if there are to be "no change in proper names?"—*Norristown Herald*.

A lady in Louisiana demonstrates to her satisfaction that spring chickens can not be hatched from the aligator eggs. The venerable hen was as much astonished at the extraordinary result of her labors as the lady was.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

According to the *Oil City Derrick*, GILMORE has changed the last two lines of his "Columbia." They now read: "In awe and reverence we waits, for Thee to save the United States." If that won't do, try this: We've got the git, the vim, the sand, to make things boom in Yankeeland.

Leadville is rapidly becoming civilized. Six months ago a poor man who never kept his agreements went there and they roughly called him a low-lived liar. Now they use the more gentlemanly description of "a good fellow, but a little forgetful." He struck a rich mine about four months ago.—*Boston Post*.

A Tennessee man accidentally shot a dog, and in trying to explain to the owner how it occurred accidentally shot him. A coroner thought he ought to explain how he shot the man, but couldn't get a jury that was willing to listen to the explanation; they were kind of shy of him, as it were.—*Boston Post*.

A crimson rosebud into beauty breaking,
A hand outstretched to pluck it ere it full;
An hour of triumph, and a sad forsaking;
And then, a withered rose leaf—that is all.—
Chambers Journal.

An ancient toment on the summer kitchen;
A bootjack raised, a solemn caterwaul;
A moment's silence, and a quick departure;
And then, a wasted bootjack—that is all.—
Cincinnati Gazette.

The spring stock is now beginning to arrive at the millinery store, and, while speaking of the fact, we are reminded that here is where the bachelors have the advantage of our married friends. The bachelor can go by a millinery display without his heart jumping to his throat.—*Gowanda Enterprise*.

"How much are these goods a yard?" said a gentlemen in a dry goods store the other day, as he picked up and examined a piece of ruffled silk. "Good gracious!" cried the horrified clerk, "that isn't for sale! That's the end of a lady's train! She's just gone up to the third story in the elevator."

HIGHLAND SERVANT.—How much are your post-cards?

POSTMASTER.—Sevenpence per dozen.

H. S.—How much isa dizen?

P. M.—Sevenpence.

H. S.—Gie me twelve, and ho' much are they?—*Glasgow Bailie*.

Pleasure and business. Lady—"A pretty sight, isn't it, doctor? I don't see any of your little ones here! I hope you don't disapprove of juvenile parties?" Dr. Littlelums (famous for his diagnosis of infantile disease)—"I, my dear madam! On the contrary—I live by them!"—*London Punch*.

He axed if he might see her home;

She axed him in to tea;

He never hesitated, but

Axepeted speedily.

Axminister carpets on the floor,

And things axessory;

"I wonder," thought he, "is this all

Axessible to me?"

Just then the Widow B. came home,

Quite axidentally,

And with her broom that young man's leave,

Axelerated she.

Cincinnati Saturday Night.

"Porter," the fat passenger said, with just the intonation of ten cents in his voice, "Porter?" "Yes, sal," said the porter, with the clam, trustful inflection of a quarter in his reply. "Will you bring your brush for a few moments? Not that," he added, as the porter made a drive at him with a wisp broom, "not that; bring your shoe brush, I want to clean my gums." The porter's eyes walked out on his cheeks and looked at each other as he brought the shoe brush and stood staring to see the operation begin. But he was mistaken. The fat passenger only wanted to clean his rubber overshoes. And the porter heaved a sigh of profound relief when he saw it was so.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

At dinner she had a doctor on either hand, one of whom remarked that they were well served, since they had a duck between them. "Yes," she broke in—her wit is of the sort that comes in flashes—"and I am between two quacks." Then silence fell.

"You are an ojuz, hidjus, ijjit, my dear!" said a playful mamma to her daughter at dancing school the other day. "Oh, my dear Mrs. T—," sighed one of her neighbors, "what wouldnt I give to have your knowledge of Latin."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Art received rather an awkward criticism from a free-and-easy young man, who recently met a sculptor in a social circle, and addressed him thus:—"Er—er—so you are the man—er—that makes—er mud heads?" And this was the artist's reply:—"Er—er—not all of 'em; I didn't make yours."

It was a high school graduate,
Who biscuits tried to make,
Already having tried her hand
At a batch of pig-lead cake.
She stirred away quite faithfully
Until did ache her bones,
But the product of her long day's toil
Was sold for paving stones.
—*Mount Holly Herald*.

She wore the prettiest, frizzled hair,
Of yellowish, golden sheen,
Her style, it was so debonaire,
And haughty was her mein;
Her actions, grace in every move,
Her walk! oh, heaven's gait!—
In fact, a creature made for love,
But, alas!—her shoe was 8!
—*Derrick*.

R. J. BURDETTE, the *Hawkeye* man, has the following good word for the "commercial traveller":

"What would I do without 'the boys?' How often they have been my friends. I go to a new town. I don't know one hotel from the other. I don't know where to go. The man with the samples gets off at the same station. I follow him without a word or a tremor. He calls to the bus-driver by name and orders him to get out of this now, as soon as we are seated. And when I follow him I am inevitably certain to go to the best house there is in the place. He shouts at the clerk by name and fires a joke at the landlord as we go in. He looks over my shoulder as I register after him, and hands me his card with a shout of recognition. He peeps at the register again and watches the clerk assign me to 98. 'Ninety nothing,' he shouts, 'who's in 15?' The clerk says he is saving 15 for JUDGE DRYASDUST. 'Well, he be blowed,' says my cherry friend, 'give him the attic and put this gentleman in 15.' And if the clerk hesitates, he seizes the pen and gives me 15 himself, and then he calls the porter, orders him to carry up my baggage and put a fire in 15, and then in the same breath adds, 'What time will you be down for supper, Mr. BURDETTE?' And he waits for me, and, seeing that I am a stranger in the town, he sees that I am cared for, that the waiters do not neglect me, he tells me about the town, the people and the business. He is breezy, cheery, sociable, full of new stories, always good natured; he frisks with cigars, and overflows with 'thousand mile tickets;' he knows all the best rooms in all the hotels; he always has a key for the car seats, and turns a seat for himself and his friends without troubling the brakeman, but he will ride on the wood box or stand on the platform to accommodate a lady, and he will give up his seat to an old man. I know them pretty well. For three years I have been travelling with him from Colorado to Maine, and I have seen the worst and the best of him, and I know the best far out-weighs the worst. I could hardly get along without him, and I am glad he is so numerous."