



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A capital thing—cash.—*Semerville Journal*.

A wide-awake fellow's life is not a nappy one.
N. Y. News.

A cure for felons ought to meet with a large sale at the state prison.—*Meriden Recorder*.

Naturally enough, the spot most dear to catfish is there folderland.—*Yonker's Statesman*.

This is the season when collegues utter their big, big D's.—*Foul dulack Reporter*.

KATE FIELD SAYS CASTELAR has no chin. KATE and CASTELAR are very different in that respect.—*Albany Argus*.

When some politicians are weighed they are found wanting every office in which there is a vacancy.—*Cin. Com*.

The young man who, in writing to his sweetheart, spelled it 'sweat' summer time made a serious mistake.—*Albany Argus*.

If you want correct information about any kind of business, ask the individual who has never engaged in it.—*Whitehall Times*.

In the bright lexicon of the smart merchant there is no such word as fail—with empty pockets.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

It isn't very probable that any inventor will be able to make a fish-pole that will fold up and look like a hymn book; but if it is ever done, the patentee's fortune is made.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

It is said that a local politician said to a friend to-day, "I am filled with amazement," and the friend went directly to the bar and called for "amazement."—*Kingston Freeman*.

It takes some men a lifetime to fly higher than they can roost.—*Hackensack Republican*.

A good part of our floating population quite naturally comes from Cork.—*Boston Transcript*.

In olden times, when crossed in love, a maid
Would pine and die; so it was writ and said,
But brave GIGERIE, ELIOT'S not a pining dove;
She's made most happy by a Cross in love.

—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

"I smell sutfin a burnin'," remarked an aged negro who sat at a camp fire, toasting his extremities. "Gosh!" he added in a moment, with a wild yell; "its dis nigga's own foot."—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

"No," she said when she sipped the cream it would take his last dime to pay for; "no, I never eat cake myself, but ma says she is getting awfully hungry waiting for a piece of my wedding cake."—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

A wild beast lies in wait for his prey, and a grocer lies in wait for—but hold on; let's put it this way: Why is a grocer like a wild—or, rather say, why is a—somehow, we can't get onto this just right.—*Modern Argo*.

One of our editorial brethren remarks: "We always keep our eye on truth." Ah, brother, if you knew how painful it was to feel your eye was constantly upon us, you would occasionally look toward ELI PERKINS.—*Whitehall Times*.

They are digging for Captain KIDD's gold back of Absecon beach. The most remarkable thing about the captain's gold is that it is just as easy to hunt for it in one place as another.—*Boston Transcript*.

When a female contributor to a monthly magazine speaks of "the most delicious, delightful, delectable, entrancing and distracting of all innocent indulgences," she means a kiss.—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

A lady lawyer out west, always addresses her husband at breakfast as "My learned brother;" at lunch she calls him "the counsel for the defence;" at dinner she calls him a brass mounted pettifogger with a cheek like an army mule."—*New York Herald*.

"Where is your other shirt?" she asked in tones of concern. "I have it on," he replied, calmly; and then he looked into his wife's face with a look of quiet endurance and went down to the office to get out the paper.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

They are building the private dwellings in Chicago with deadened walls to accommodate lovers and protect neighbors from annoyance. In the earlier stages of his courtship the kiss of an arduous Chicago man sounds like the splash of an empty bucket in a horse pond.—*Andrew's Bazaar*.

The length of time that that SNIFKINS girl will spend over a five cent plate of ice cream, when in company with her CHARLES AUGUSTUS, while at home she'll go through two complete editions of pork and beans in half that period is a subject worthy of scientific investigation.—*McGregor News*.

"The book to read," says Dr. McCOSK, "is not the one which thinks for you, but the one which makes you think." An empty pocket-book will do that. It will make you think that unless the butcher will trust, you will be obliged to do without meat for to-morrow's dinner.—*Norristown Herald*.

The latest rage among young ladies is to possess and old fashioned spinning wheel for a parlor ornament. The desire to possess an old-fashioned wash-board and tub as a kitchen ornament doesn't rage much among young ladies. They are about as handsome as the spinning-wheel, but they are not fashionable.—*Norristown Herald*.

A fashion item says broad soled shoes are to be the correct thing for ladies' feet this season. It would interest a certain class of young men more to know what kind of shoes is going to be the correct thing for the paternal foot. Fathers of young ladies have been wearing 'felt,' if numerous floating paragraph don't prevaricate.—*Norristown Herald*.

A London gentleman named JENVIS left \$30,000 to the owner of a hand organ who had ground out music for his delectation. This important item should be communicated to all the organ grinders in this country. There are a great many rich gentlemen still living in London, and the fare to Europe is low.—*Norristown Herald*.

"You army chap," said a girl to her military lover.—*Bangor Commercial*. "That's where you soldier self," he wrote back, when he cloped with another girl.—*Ottawa Republican*. This may be trooper haps. Hussar for the other girl!—*Boston Post*. Some militias mischief at the bottom of it, no doubt.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*. It's the regular thing of corps for a fellow to keep company with one girl.—*Post*.

Eminent medical authorities hold that the drinking of ice water is the worst thing a person can do. "It drives from the stomach its natural heat, suspends the flow of gastric juice, retards digestion, and shocks and weakens the delicate organs with which it comes in contact." And in the face of all this, barkeepers persist in setting it out to a man along with the other little tumbler. It is no wonder we are a nation of dyspeptics.—*Peck's Sun*.

It was in the Cedar Rapids sleeper. Outside it was dark as the inside of an ink-bottle. In the sleeping-car people slept.

Or tried it.
Some of them slept like Christian men and women—peacefully, and sweetly, and quietly. Others slept like demons—malignantly, hideously, fiendishly—as though it was their mission to keep everybody else awake.

Of these the man in lower No. 3 was "boss." When it came to a square snore, with variations, you wanted to count "lower No. 3" in, with a full hand and a pocket full of rocks.

We never heard anything snore like him. It was the most systematic snoring that ever was done, even on one of those tournaments of snoring—a sleeping car. He didn't begin as soon as the lamps were turned down and everybody was in bed. Oh, no! There was more cold-blooded diabolism in his system than that. He waited till everybody had had a little taste of sleep, just to see how good and pleasant it was, and then he broke in on their slumbers like a winged breathing demon, and they never knew what peace was again that night.

He started out with a terrific
"Gn-r-r-r-t!"

That opened every eye in the car. We all hoped it was an accident, however, and, trusting that he wouldn't do it again, we all forgave him. Then he blasted our hopes and curdled the sweet serenity of our forgiveness by a long drawn "Gw a h h hah!"

That sounded too much like business to be accidental. Then every head in that sleepless sleeper was held off the pillow for a minute, waiting, in breathless suspense, to hear the worst—and the sleeper in "lower No. 3" went on—in long-drawn, regular cadences, that indicated good staying qualities—

"Gwa a ah! Gwa-a-ah! Ghawahwah! Ghawahwah! Gahwa-a-a-h!"

Evidently it was going to last all night, and the weary heads dropped back on the sleepless pillows and the swearing began. It mumbled along in long, muttering tones, like the echoes of a profane thunderstorm. Pretty soon "lower No. 3" gave a little variation. He shot off a spiteful

"Gwoeek!"

Which sounded as if his nose had got mad at him and was going to strike.

Then there was a pause, and we began to hope that he had either awakened from sleep or strangled to death, nobody cared very particular which. But he disappointed everybody with a guttural

"Gurooch!"

That nearly shot the roof off the car. Then he went on playing such fantastic tricks with his nose, and breathing things that would make the immortal gods weep, if they did but hear them. It seemed a matter incredible—it seemed an utter preposterous impossibility—that any human being could make the monstrous, hideous noises with its breathing machine as the fellow in "lower No. 3" was making with his. He ran through all the ranges of the nasal gamut; he went up and down to very chromatic scale of snores; he ran through intricate and fearful variations until it seemed that his nose must be out of joint in a thousand places.

All the night he told his story:

"Gowah, gurrh! gn-r-r-r-knowff! Gawawaw awah! gawaha! gwonk! gwart! gwash-h-h-h! woof!"

Just as the other passengers had consulted together how they might slay him, morning dawned, and "lower No. 3" awoke. Everybody watched the curtains to see what manner of man it was that made that beautiful sleeping car a pandemonium. Presently the toilet was completed, and the curtains parted, and "lower No. 3" stood revealed.

"Great Heavens!"

It was a fair young girl with golden hair and timid, pleading eyes, like a hunted fawn's!—