



THE JOKER CLUB

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

When the day's work's done and the twilight hour
Is glinting from the west,
We wash our face in BANBURY'S soap
And reach for our Sunday vest,
And lie to the home of AMIGAIL,
Where her father owns the land,
To weigh ourselves on the old front gate,
Just to see how much the old gate can stand,
And when the stars do shine no more,
And *Pinafore* we hum,
We hear her brother at the door
Exclaim aloud: "Yum! yum!"

which is not right under the above circumstances.—CLAUDE DELHAVEN, in *Yonkers Gazette*.

Sighed tracks: wrinkles on the forehead.—*Chicago Journal*.

Strawberry boxes are always made to fit the price.—*N. O. Pic.*

How to spend a holiday—First, get your holiday.—*Lovell Courier*.

"Everything by turns and nothing long"—a circular saw.—*Thosville Item*.

The *Philadelphia Item* speaks of the turn of the organ handle as an Italian revolution.

A saw for the time—No man should live beyond the means of his creditors.—*Punch*.

Our advice to farmers: In setting out plum trees be sure they're plumb.—*Yonkers Statesmen*.

The Bradford *Era* thinks the only difference between a small boy and a glass of soda water is five cents.

The summer is young; but we never have Junier weather at this time of the year.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

The injurious effect of "forty rod whisky" we presume is attributable to the fact that forty rods make one rude.

There isn't much romance in the existence of a member of a horse company—his life is too reel.—*Des Moines Register*.

Erratic ENRIQUE has discovered that "In the lexicon of modern wheat threshing, there is no such word as flail."

A clock is about the only thing that can run on "tick," and give satisfaction to itself and every one else.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

The professional balloonist has a soar head.—*Detroit Free Press*. Which is one of the results of a state of inflation.—*Athens Frolic*.

The *Railroad Gazette* thinks that Hash Knife, the last new post office in Texas, may be fairly held to balance Fried Liver, in Arizona.

When you are losing money, the most economical thing you can do is to take a partner. That is the way careful business men do.—*Modern Argo*.

It was quite natural when Macbeth was all gooseflesh at the sight of the risen Banquo, that he should cry "down."—*Boston Transcript*.

The Merry Wives of Windsor scoffed at the fat Knight's love making because, they knew he was merely Sir JOHN FALLSTAFFY.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

Strangers have been thick in town the past week.—*Gowanda Enterprise*. Thith ith real thad. What made them thick?—*Hackensack Republican*.

The weather is hot. The girls in the parlor are considerably annoyed by hearing their mothers complain of heat in the kitchen.—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

The sea-serpent yawned and stretched himself the other day and then raised his head to see if the season had opened at Cape May yet.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

An owl, says the *Troy Press*, is the best watch-dog. We have often noticed that a watch-dog's owl is the most conspicuous part about him.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

An exchange enquires, "Does hanging prevent murder?" It certainly does. Who ever heard of a man committing murder after he was hanged?—*Buffalo Express*.

It takes a woman with a remarkably strong mind to gaze straight at the pulpit and not look around when a new soprano starts up a tune in the rear.—*N. Y. Uncle Sam*.

The Russian Arctic expedition cost only \$78,000, and it discovered a new kind of moss and saw a sorrel-colored fox. Who says that science doesn't pay.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Virginia bell-punch is forshadowed in SHAKESPEARE. MACBETH remarks to an attendant, "Go bid your mistress, when my drink be ready, she strike upon the bell."—*Exchange*.

Photographer (about to remove the screen from the camera)—"All ready! That is very good; but couldn't you—ah—put a little intelligence into your eyes?"—*Harvard Lampoon*.

PETER COOPER did not get his start in life by sitting on the grocery steps in twilight and believing all the yarns told by the man who has just returned from Leadville.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Now the winds that softly breathe, and the flowers that garlands wreath, a gentle hint of summer in the mind implants; and so do the beetles and the spiders and the ants.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

"BLONDIN, the rope walker, lost his money in a recent bank failure." It does seem queer that when it comes to modern banking, even a BLONDIN can't keep his balance.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph*.

An exchange says women never think. Perhaps the man who penned that statement thinks those spring hats and bewitching spring suits plan themselves, but we don't believe it.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

"Are empty houses dangerous?" is the title of a newspaper article that we frequently see. ELI WALKINS, who lectures to them frequently, says they are not dangerous but deucedly unprofitable.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

Two lovers, like two armies, generally get along well enough till they are engaged, and then the powder generally flies—from the girl's cheek to the young man's coat collar.—*Elmira Sunday Telegram*.

We read that a Berlin professor frequently drinks two quarts of beer at a sitting, and it occurs to us that a faculty of more than ordinary capacity could be found for some kind of an institution right here in Stillwater.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

No matter how indulgent a man may be, no matter how sweet a disposition he may have, he will feel considerably put out, if not totally wild, when he discovers that his wife has been driving nails in the wall with his razor-strop.—*Uncle Sam*.

Ingomar never finds out how *Parthenia* can wander about the woods for weeks and weeks in her only white Swiss muslin dress and keep it looking as fresh and clean as if the girl had just brought it from the hotel to the theatre.—*N. O. Picayune*.

"That man is rich," said the conductor. "You know him, then?" said a companion. "No; but he groaned when he paid his fare!" "Does every rich man groan when he pays his fare?" "No; but every one who does groan is rich."—*Rochester Express*.

An Irishman, at the imminent risk of his life, stopped a runaway horse a few days ago. The owner came up after a while, and quietly remarked: "Thank you, sir." "An' faith, an' how are ye a goin' to divide that betune two of us?" replied Pat.

Aunty—"Well, love, did Mr. McSILVER propose?" EDITH—"No, aunty; but he was on the verge of it when—" Aunty—"When what, darling?" EDITH—"When the clock struck and reminded him that there was only time to catch the last cheap train, and he had a return ticket."—*Funny Talks*.

The sea-serpent, "about the thickness of a junk's mast," was recently seen in Japan. His snakeship will have to travel faster than a campaign lie to reach the American sea-side resorts before the "season" opens. But that the monster will be on hand, there is not a particle of doubt.—*Norristown Herald*.

There are still too many men sitting with their hats on in restaurants, too many who will take lumps of sugar with their fingers when spoons in abundance are lying around; too many, in fact, who ignore the existence of a butter-knife, and, alas, yet too many who use their own knife altogether too much.—*New York Graphic*.

A four leaved clover discovered in the park yesterday was worn in her shoe by the fair and fortunate finder on her return down town. The luck it brought she would have preferred to have done without, for her pocket was picked in the car, she was too late for supper, and her lover went to the theatre with another girl.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

There was once a perfectly modern girl, With perfectly modern ways, Who saw perfection in everything That happened to meet her gaze.

Such perfectly lovely things she saw,
And perfectly awful, too,
That none would have dared to doubt her word,
So perfectly, perfectly true.

The weather, she said, in summer time
Was perfectly, awfully warm;
The winter was perfect, too, when there came
Some perfectly terrible storm.

She went to a perfectly horrid school,
In a perfectly horrid town;
And the perfectly hateful teachers there
Did things up perfectly brown.

Her lessons were perfectly, fearfully long,
But never were perfectly said,
And when she failed, as often she did,
Her face grew perfectly red.
—*Chicago Herald*.