



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

The man with the celluloid collar is bound to shine.—*Boston Transcript.*

To avoid a miss take always marry a widow.—*Marathon Independent.*

Can a Scandinavian puglist be called a noxious Swede?—*Rome Sentinel.*

The champion belt covers a great waste of time.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

People speak of going down by the salt sea to get fresh air.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A rumor comes from Paris that bonnets are to be worn on the head hereafter.—*N. Y. Star.*

Whom the gods wish to destroy they first induce to wear tight boots.—*Buffalo Evening Saturday.*

"That puts a different face on it!" as the boy said when the ball struck the clock dial.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

It is only the female sex who can rip, darn and tear without being considered profane.—*Chronicle-Herald.*

Turkeys are almost ripe.—*Free Press.* But not ready to pick until November.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

"Ah," said a deaf man, who had a scolding wife, "man wants but little hear, below."—*Steuenville Herald.*

It is a wise paragrapher that knows his own joke after it has been gone a week or two.—*Meriden Recorder.*

An honest chap contentedly lives on the level, but the confidence man lives on the "bluff."—*New York News.*

Columbus made the egg stand, but Italians of less renown have made the peanut stand.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

There won't be any Indian summer this year. The Indian agents have made arrangements to steal it.—*Troy Press.*

There are only three things you can get for nothing in this world—air, water and advice.—*Syracuse Herald.*

"Truth is stranger than fiction," and it takes some people a long time to feel at home with it.—*Baltimore Evening Saturday.*

Some men are so uncertain of themselves that nothing but a ward club can make them vote right.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

You never know that the country is on the verge of ruin until it becomes necessary to choose new officers.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

It was the condemned murderer just re-prived, who was the author of the remark—"No noose, is good news."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"When the corn is waving," means when a superabundance of the grain, in a liquid state, causes the sidewalk to oscillate.—*Corry Herald.*

The young man who consulted the goose-bone to find out what the weather would be, undoubtedly anticipated a bone-answer.—*Meriden Recorder.*

The last fashion item announces that the latest parasols are made of velvet. It doesn't give the shade, but we presume the parasol does.—*Danbury News.*

Mother (very sweetly) to children who have just had a distribution of candy—"What do children say when they get candy?" Chorus—"More!"

A Detroit restaurant keeper hangs out a sign of "Free Chops," and when the old loafers come around he shows them an axe and a woodpile.—*Free Press.*

There be those who are forever talking about themselves, and yet are extremely sensitive about being talked of by others. Strange, isn't it?—*Boston Transcript.*

A religious wag in a Fairfield prayer meeting recently prayed for the absent members, "who were prostrate on beds of sickness and chairs of wellness."—*Danbury News.*

The prevailing style of wide belts worn by the ladies is calculated to impress one with the belief that a great deal of leather belting is going to waste.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

The worst case of selfishness on record is that of a youth who complained because his mother put a larger mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him.—*Ex.*

If those splendid fellows who dye their moustaches, to show the girls that they have such an article, would let them alone, they would probably die themselves.—*Owego Record.*

The economical man now ponders on the problem of whether it will be cheaper to buy his wife a new pair of gloves every day or two or provide her with an elegant diamond ring.—*Ex.*

The fruit which city folks bring home from their country cousins is the only thing which they preserve. The memory of the said cousins' kindness doesn't keep well.—*N. Y. Mail.*

An exchange publishes an advertisement telling how to preserve "pianos." Some musicians hammer them as though they thought it should be done pound for pound.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

The Gentle Craftsman (?). IRASCIBLE ANGLER (who hasn't had a rise all day)—"There!" (throwing his fly-book into the stream, with a malediction) "take your choice!"—*London Punch.*

A young lady who didn't admire the custom in vogue among her sisters of writing a letter and then cross-writing it to illegibility, said she would prefer her epistles "without an over-skirt." Sensible.—*Steuenville Herald.*

A Milwaukee girl suffering from lockjaw was left alone with a mouse by the shrewd physician, and she contrived to open her mouth enough to give a yell that made the crockery in the china-closet rattle.—*Boston Post.*

Professor—"What is the fundamental condition of existence?" Student—"Time." Professor—"How do you explain that?" Student—"Very easily. How can a person exist if he hasn't the time for it?"—*Boston Journal.*

Little BILLY has been taken to see his old uncle, who is so deaf that he cannot hear a single word without recourse to his ear-trumpet. BILLY watches the movements of this instrument for some time with great interest, and then exclaims: "Mamma, what does uncle try all the time to play the horn with his ear for, when he can't make it go?"—*Ex.*

The Rev. ROBERT COLLYER commenced his pastorate in the Church of the Messiah in New York, with a conundrum. He preached on the topic "Why Should Men Go to Church?" We think they should go to church as well as women, even if they don't get a new hat to display as often as the latter.—*Norristown Herald.*

They were courting.—"What makes the stars shine so dim to-night?" she said softly. "Your eyes are so much brighter," he whispered, pressing her little hand. They are married now. "I wonder how many telegraph poles it would take to reach from here to the stars," she said musingly. "One, if it was long enough," he growled. "Why don't you talk common sense?"—*Rockland Courier.*

You will find him in every town and village in the land. Whenever he discovers a group of men together, giving scraps of history, he chips in and tells a little anecdote that happened when he was a boy, and by a singular coincidence he tells the same story every time. Thus do we see exemplified the truth of the ancient adage, which says that "his story repeats itself."—*Keokuk Gate City.*

A lady walking down King street, the other day, while she cast furtive glances at the store windows, was heard to remark: "That husband ermine is such an old muff he won't get me a new set this fall. I've a notion to gopher a new boa that sable to furnish such things as he had offer. He'll have to beavery careful; if I catch him trading with that young minx again, I'll make him pull his weasel, or seal his destiny for him. I won't bear it any longer, so now!"—*O. P. Dildock, in Toronto Graphic.*

The man who carries an umbrella all day without a drop of water falling has the consolation of knowing that if he had left it at home he would in all probability have been drenched.—*Yonkers Gazette.* You appear to have a true understanding of the many virtues of an umbrella. No one can be lonely in the society of that valuable protector. In winter it shields him for the snow and rain, in summer from the sun, and at a picnic from the gaze of the peering maiden aunt. It is a roof and walking stick all in one. Bless its old bones, we could not get along without it.—*New York Commercial.*

A restaurant is full of sad suggestions and pathetic possibilities, and we are constantly reminded of the flight of time and the mutability of all things. A young man, glowing with the fire of youth, and radiant with its alluring hopes, enters and sits down to a table; a waiter approaches, receives his orders, and departs. Years roll by; the young man becomes careworn and middle-aged. He eats his soup and orders a roast. The pitiless years shower their snows upon his head; he grows querulous and feeble, and is carried away to his long home just as the waiter heaves in sight, and the proprietor steps up to ask if any one has taken his order.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

Some pirate has sent us a paper published in Philadelphia called "Mind and Matter." It is a spiritual publication. It is possible that we have done something or said something to lead a Philadelphia person to believe that we are a spiritualist, but we are not. Since we sat in a spiritual circle a few years ago, with a she medium on each side of us, hold of their hands, and a spirit from above bit us on the left ear, whose breath smelt of onions; and when we attempted to bite back, a tambourine from above in the hands of a he medium in the ring, knocked a corner off our forehead, we have not desired to communicate with the spirit land *via* mediums.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun.*