



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The Chinese are a rice ing nation.—*Waterloo Observer*.

A senses taker—whiskey.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item*.

The teamster's favourite letter is "gee" of course.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

We all have our birthdays, while the sailor has his berth nights.—*Proof Sheet*.

BEN JONSON was the first Englishman who dropped his "h."—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

Dead business men tell no tales in the advertising columns.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

Musicians should not drink; they might get into the habit of wanting to rest at every bar.—*Philadelphia News*.

The young man who wants to get up with the sun must not sit up late with the daughter.—*Middletown Transcript*.

The Czar escaped being blown up by being late for dinner. Most married men meet with a different fate.—*Seth Spicer*.

Many people are like matches—when it comes to the scratch, they always lose their heads.—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

If we could see others as we see ourselves, there would be more good-looking people in the world.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Old BEN FRANKLIN once said that widow's were the only second-hand articles that went off at first cost.—*Somerville Journal*.

It has been discovered that the Dutch baby cries for its mudder and fodder at the same time.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

We sympathize with the man who has a sore thumb. Still, we don't want him to carry our plate of soup.—*Danbury News*.

Chicago makes \$15,000,000 worth of cloth a year, and many of her stories are made from the whole piece.—*Boston Transcript*.

You can't always tell by the fit of a young man's clothes how much of a mortgage the tailor holds on them.—*Steubenville Herald*.

The Shecawgo Trybune haz assumed the fonetic duty of korektin the spelin ov the English langwage.—*New Orleans Peckayune*.

He had evidently been through the alphabet of affliction and had an X S of it, for he looked D ejected, K-daverous and C D.—*Ex*.

VICTOR HUGO avers that woman is a conundrum. And this is why the best women stay most at home. Like good conundrums they are hard to find out.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

The happiness of life does not depend so much upon the thoughts of your quality as upon the quality of your thoughts.—*Hackensack Republican*.

Country debating societies should discuss the question, "Is it really necessary to spoil good brandy by putting poor mince pies into it?"—*Herald, P. I.*

Has any paragrapher ever called a young lady speaker at a woman's rights meeting a wind-lass? He's "a real mean thing," if he has.—*Norristown Herald*.

What mean all these hairbreadth escapes of the Czar of all the Russias? Do they portend a starring tour through the United States?—*Boston Transcript*.

These Greenbackers might as well take in their sign and shut up their shop now. If paper keeps on going up it will soon cost about \$7 to print a \$5 greenback.—*Ex*.

When a woman sails along the street with a majestic stride, you admire her graceful carriage, but the charm vanishes after she has become a little sulky.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

We hope our readers will excuse our local columns this week, but really it has rained so much that nothing could happen out of which we could make a local.—*Winston Leader*.

SMYTHEKINS is such a bashful old bachelor, always running away from the girls that his friends say that if CUPID ever does shoot an arrow at him it will hit him in the back.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

CHARLES READE says that all children should be taught to have presence of mind, but havn't they got it. Catch a boy in the sugar box, and isn't he looking for flies?—*Detroit Free Press*.

There is a man living at Canton, named DEAL. His daughter is a Miss DEAL. If the young man play his cards right, the deal will eventually come out all right.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

A Connecticut woman has been appointed constable of her native village. If she does not catch a man now there is no virtue in writs of seizure and leap year changes.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

It is easy enough to advise a boy to tell the truth, even if it brings him a licking, but it comes hard to live up to the principle where one is trading horses two or three times per month.—*Belton Journal*.

There was certainly thrift on the part of that lady who made a dozen bed-spreads within the past two years out of the sample cloths she had collected during her shopping excursions within that period.—*Somerville Journal*.

When a California editor gets ready to call a contemporary a "prevaricator" or some other word of a little higher proof—he is always careful to tell the foreman the style of funeral notice he wants.—*Middletown Transcript*.

When a New Yorker has his house burgled he goes down to the detective headquarters and asks them if they've got any clews in stock that will fit his case, and if they have they send a man around to hitch 'em on.—*Boston Post*.

A medical journal has discovered that mental or physical labor before or after eating is one of the most exciting causes of dyspepsia. This must be the reason why so many people object to working between meals.—*Middletown Transcript*.

Some one says that good digestion will do a good deal more to keep a man straight than good resolutions. Did he ever test his philosophy in the face of having nothing to eat, and no money or credit through which victuals could be provided?—*Somerville Journal*.

Everybody is interested in the fact that the Russian newspapers think it probable that it will be necessary in the spring to ship grain into that country from America. Long live every Russian consumer, and may his appetite crave bread more than anything else.—*Fond Du Lac Reporter*.

"My dear Mrs. Jones, won't you subscribe a little money for the relief fund of foreign sufferers."

"My dear Mrs. Smith, I just sent all my spare change to a poor family on Seneca street, who haven't anything in the house to eat."

"You don't say so? Why don't they go to the poor house?"—*Oil City Derrick*.

When you find a sun bonnet floating around on the surface of a pond, it is not always safe to conclude that there is a woman at the bottom of it. She may have eloped with the hired man and thrown the bonnet in there so as to get a good start, while the neighbors are dragging the pond and the husband is trying to beat down the undertaker on the price of a rosewood coffin.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

When the long-haired lunny poet isn't present,

When the wild-eyed office-seeker isn't there,

Their places then are filled with fiends less pleasant,

Oh, never can we find a vacant chair.

When the scandalized maiden and her father Are not present for to shoot you if they can,

There are other men and women then to bother—

The editor is not a happy man.
—*Cincinnati Inquirer*.

AND MORE TO COME.

He was a well-dressed, pleasant-faced man, and he carried a small black box in his hand. He entered an insurance office on Congress street, with familiar air, walked up to the sole occupant, who was writing a letter, and began:

"Excuse me, sir; but I represent four different kinds of pads, viz: Lung—"

"I am busy," interrupted the letter writer.

"Viz: Lung, liver, stomach and kidney, and in a few days we—"

"Didn't I say that I was busy?" demanded the citizen as he put down his pen.

"You did, sir, and in a few days we shall bring out the heart-pad, the throat-pad, and the ear-pad. Excuse me if I sit down. Please let me feel of your pulse."

"I want none of your pads, sir! I am busy, sir, and I want my office to myself!"

"Nevertheless, you do want a pad, and I can prove it. A healthy pulse should not beat over eighty-five per minute. I'll bet your's goes to a hundred. Anyone can see that you are ailing. I can sell you a beautiful stomach-pad at reduced rates. How much do you—?"

"Didn't I say I didn't want any of your pads, sir?"

"Correct, you did. Do your lungs trouble you?"

"No, sir!

"Heart all right?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Hearing good?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Ever have the back-ache?"

"No, sir!"

"Spleen all right?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Throat bother you?"

"No, sir! I tell you I don't want any of your pads! I want to be let right alone! I've got a headache this morn—"

"Eureka! Keep still—not a word! You furnish the capital and I'll put in my time, and we'll bring out a head-ache pad! Capital idea—rich thought! Go ahead and write your letter, and I'll be—"

The citizen ran for his cane in the corner, but the pads had walked out to hunt for ailing humanity.—*Free Press*.