



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Jonah was the first man to go a fish in.—*Ex.*

Bald heads can never dye.—*Merriden Recorder.*

Misers generally die of tightness in the chest.—*Merriden Recorder.*

As between Bob Ingersoll and the potato-bug, give us the potato-bug.—*Ex.*

A perfume dealer often gets five dollars for one scent.—*Kokomo Tribune.*

As the days grow shorter we want the bed-clothes longer.—*Mauch Chunk Democrat.*

Widow's weeds are easily removed by an active young husbandman.—*Merriden Recorder.*

A man's slippers are made for comfort and a woman's to show her colored stockings.—*Lowell Sun.*

Editors are always wealthy. Even their composing rooms are filled with coins.—*Kokomo Tribune.*

The fellow who picked up the hot penny originated the remark, "All that glitters is not gold."—*Proof Sheet.*

DEMOCRATIC CITIZEN. "What did you nominate HANCOCK for?" DEMOCRATIC STATESMAN. "To reduce the army."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Darwin says, "Man, only, can whistle." Darwin certainly never lived anywhere near a railroad crossing.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Female economy—buying a half-dollar straw hat, then putting eleven and a half dollar's worth of trimming on it.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

No, Charlie, Rhein wine is not made of melon rinds nor banana peels, but it will throw you just as often, if you fool with it.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

"Two of a trade can never agree," said the old adage. What nonsense! How could they make a trade unless they agreed?—*Merriden Recorder.*

Lung pads and liver pads were unknown a century ago, but the foot-pad managed to keep things in a healthy state of excitement.—*Modern Argo.*

"Go see what I have seen; go feel what I have felt," remarked a chap who had made a critical examination of a hornet's nest.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

"What a blessing it is," said a hard-working Irishman, "that night never comes on till late in the day, when a man can't work at all at all!"—*Proof Sheet.*

No fewer than 141 duels have been fought in France this year. And they have been bitter disappointments to undertakers, too.—*Norristown Herald.*

"What was it that Romeo and Juli-ate?" asks a correspondent. Cold pizen, thou unsophisticated deliver into the mysteries of ancient literature.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

An old gentleman of this city has an heirloom in the shape of a padlock his grandfather used. The original grandfather's keylock, we suppose.—*Kokomo Tribune.*

When a saw-mill is run by water isn't it a boarding-house on the Tanner principle?—*Rome Sentinel.* Certainly not. You can always obtain plane board there.—*Yawcob Strauss.*

Since the ladies began to wear their dresses so tight about their forms, man has surrendered the exclusive monopoly of having the best place on which to strike a lucifer match.—*Whitehall Times.*

A woman near Cairo dressed up as a man to see how much bluff her old husband would take from a stranger. She got forty-six bird-shot in various parts of her body.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

Despite all the evil qualities of the fly he is as devoted as a Puritan. You will find him at church three times a day if you chance to go, and he never slumbers, like many of the wicked congregation.—*Marathon Independent.*

"Are you there, my love?" he whispered through a hole in the fence of his beloved's garden. "Yes, darling," was the reply; "jump over." He did so, and alighted in the presence of an enraged mother, a broomstick and a guard-dian of the night.—*Every Saturday.*

Seventeen obelisks have been removed from the banks of the Nile and set up in various parts of the country. If our poor people can get bread to eat and clothes to wear this winter, they will try to worry along without an obelisk.—*Norristown Herald.*

"A teacher of a brass band is a tutor, and so is every member of the band a tooter," remarks the *Keokuk Constitution*. We have heard of a member of a brass band "blowing on the big base drum," but we thought the report was an invention of the enemy.—*Ex.*

A girl with a nice clear complexion, is of no account nowadays. It doesn't show that she has been to the seashore or mountains. A rich brown, that makes blonde hair look like thistle down blown against a barn beside it, is the proper thing.—*New Haven Register.*

"Any letter for me?" asked a young lady of the female postmaster, in a country town. "No," was the reply. "Strange," said the young lady aloud to herself as she turned away. "Nothing strange about it," cried the f. p., through the delivery window, "you ain't answered the last letter he writ ye!"—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A new book is called "The Horse's Foot and How to Shoe It." The author, of course, is a man. When you see a book entitled, "The Hen, and How to 'Shoo' It," you can lay a heavy wager that the writer is a woman. What woman doesn't know about "shoo"-ing a hen; no man can teach her—not by a large majority.—*Merriden Recorder.*

After all, there is nothing like a classical education. A certain Boston paper's special correspondent, at the Republican Convention, remarks that Senator CONKLING entered the hall bearing upon his shoulders the weighty influence of the great state of New York as *ÆNEAS* bore the venerable *ACHILLES*.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A doctor being out for a day's shooting took an errand boy to carry the game bag. Entering a field of turnips the dog pointed, and the boy, overjoyed at the prospect of his master's success, exclaimed: "Lor, master, there's a covey; if you got near 'em won't you physic 'em?" "Physic them, you young rascal, what do you mean?" "Why, kill 'em to be sure," replied the lad.—*Boston Transcript.*

An Irishman commences a description of a city, in a letter to his friends, in this wise: "Talkin' about the place, it's a very nate an' hansom' place, considerin' its plainness, an' there ain't a shmallier city in the younyun, nor out of it nayther, what can bate it for size, while for popylation it goes ahead av any place in the worruld with less inhabitants into it, an' as to healthfulness, there ain't a single livin' person dead since I was here."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Our Grip Sack.

OLE BULL's death was not the result of violins.

How many quads to a wrangle? One—at the University.

GREAT extravagance in the City Council—JOHN BAXTER's waist-full-ness.

A MAN "shakes in his shoes" just about the time he sees "snakes in his boots."

DR. MELEN, the great temperance orator, is not a watermelon, as has been maliciously asserted.

Nobody's child—The mariner's buoy.—*Merriden Recorder.* What did he mean by marryin' her, then?

Mary's lamb story has become considerably Molly-fied.—*Merriden Recorder.* And the history of Napoleon is bony-fide.

Chicago girls never find it hard to elope. They make rope-ladders out of their shoestrings.—*Proof Sheet.* A case of shoe-fly, isn't it?

CAMERON, of the *Commonwealth*, has started on spec—somewhere in the direction of Hamilton. He tackles the *Spec* under most favorable auspices.

Now there is a cry-sis in the court of Spain. The *Infanta*, to wit.—*Ex.* All right; but whose sis is she? She wasn't "born a twin," you know.

Chic, our lively and most promising New York contemporary has some verses this week on the "Grip-sack man,"—meaning us. But he makes us out to be fearfully bloodthirsty.

It was reported that "the Bernhardt" was coming to the Grand. Our funny man, when he heard it, remarked sententiously, "Too thin!" No amount of persuasion, however, could induce him to explain whether he meant Sara or the report.

Fact for Naturalists. At Bridgeport, Pa., there was seen, this week, a curious freak of nature, viz: a *whistling bee*. Like trade, bees were wont to *hum*, but the theory of development has evidently been at work—with the result indicated.

A recent Mongolian import into this city went into ecstasies in front of an open drawing-room window, where a young lady was singing "Kate Kearney." The innocent and bland-smiling Celestial thought the refrain of the melody was "Kick Kearney!"

"Of course, MARY, if you wish to be married there can be no objection; but don't you think it rather foolish?" "P'raps it is, m'm. Do ye think it's my money he's after? May be I'd better wait till I go off on my looks."—*Harvard Lampoon.* Note—MARY is as ugly as sin, —*Ah Sin*, we mean.

QUEEN VICTORIA is a poor speaker. She wouldn't draw worth a cent as a lecturer. Her last speech had the effect of dispersing Parliament, to which it was addressed.—*Detroit Free Press.* Pity they could not get her induced to visit America; she would come in very handy for dispersing some of those electi'n meetings in the States, and that would be surely "a sweet boon," as Artemus Ward used to say.

Marshal Bazaine is said to be greatly affected by the comments of the French journals at the time of, and since, the false report of his death, and he is greatly broken down in health.—*Ex.* We don't see that he has much to complain of. If he had run for President of the United States on the Democratic ticket and been treated to samples of the Republican newspapers' abuse, he might get sick over it; but—the French papers!—pooh!—they can't begin to scold.