



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A drug on the market—quinine.—*Steubenville Herald*.

When a man gets tight the Devil generally gets loose.—*Steubenville Herald*.

Never lie to your lawyer—it is a waste of raw material.—*McGregor News*.

Catching the train—picking up the end of a lady's dress.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

The shortest joke often makes the longest run.—*Hackensack Republican*.

The words of a Governor's reprieve carry wait with them.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

Another good man gone wrong. He tackled the "fifteen" puzzle.—*N. Y. Express*.

Receipt for making your own eye water—stick your finger in it.—*Ottawa Republican*.

A question for bankers—Can a blind man be drawn upon at sight?—*Oil City Derrick*.

"Take care!" says a timid exchange. Yes, but take it in small doses.—*McGregor News*.

When is a book-keeper not a book-keeper? When he is an absconder, of course.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

Of all the works of man, he has never discovered a way of getting out of this world alive.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

A barber is always open to conviction. Tell him his razor is dull, and he will hone up.—*Boston Transcript*.

ADAM was not very fussy about his dress and we do not see why he is called the fussed man.—*Whitehall Times*.

About the time a statesman offers to sell his influence he suddenly discovers he has none left.—*Nat. Barbant*.

Three scruples make a dram, and yet many a man takes a dram without any scruples whatever.—*Rome Sentinel*.

The grocer who persists in using broken and therefore inaccurate scales, ought to mend his weights.—*Ottawa Republican*.

The most uncomplimentary thing you can say of a weather prophet in the future, is that he is VENNOR-rated.—*Sandy Stone*.

The biggest men we have in this country are policemen and captains of ferry boats, they outrank a major general.—*Peck's Sun*.

An American tallow candle makes just four bites for a Russian peasant, and the wick is used for a collar for his cat.—*Proof Sheet*.

When you can hardly say enough for a man, say he is one of a thousand. It will be true as long as there are 999 other men in the world.

The best newspaper men, it is said, boil down their matter, which probably accounts for their work being so well done.—*Rome Sentinel*.

A circus never runs too long for spectators, but let a sermon run over forty minutes and a congregation can't sit still.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A perfumer whose wife cloped with another man, says he resembles a portion of an army—the left scenter, as it were.—*Des Moines Register*.

Color blindness is thought to be growing prevalent. For instance, a man with a red nose thinks that nobody sees it.—*Binghamton Republican*.

A Dakota girl has married a Chinaman. He had some difficulty in explaining the state of his heart, but she finally got his cue.—*Boston Transcript*.

What is the reason the man who draws the big prize in the lottery always lives in a town about five hundred miles distant?—*Keokuk Constitution*.

Waiter—"What will you have, sir?" Clerk—"Oysters." Waiter (to another clerk)—"And you sir?" Second Clerk—"Oyster stew."—*Ex.*

The last words which would have gone down to history as the dying utterances of the Czar would have been, "Well, I'm blowed!"—*Oil City Derrick*.

In one of our exchanges we notice a lady gives "ten reasons for not dancing," and we'll bet if all her reasons were boiled down into truth she can't dance.

The young man who boasted of having been to three balls had only been to a pawnbroker's shop trying to borrow a second-hand dress coat.—*Picayune*.

In the stomach of a Pennsylvania cow, recently killed, were found seventeen wrought-iron nails. She had cowhide outside and oxide inside.—*Boston Transcript*.

When we see two fashionably dressed women pass one another on the street, we can't suppress the thought that they want looking after.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

It takes a butcher only thirty days to learn how to sell bones with the meat, while it takes a customer a lifetime to learn how to buy 'em separate.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Canada is trying to arrange matters so that a widower may marry his deceased wife's sister, thereby shutting out the chances of any girls outside the family.—*New Haven Register*.

The man who said he would pay his subscription as soon as his corn was all gathered is going to avoid payment by leaving a half dozen stalks standing till next fall.—*Salem Democrat*.

Division of labor—Aunt MARY: "Well, TOMMY, shall I carry your bat and cricket stumps for you?" TOMMY: "No, aunty, tanks. Me tarry bat and 'tumps. 'Oo tarry me."—*Punch*.

He told her that he loved her,
In tones so soft and mellow;
But she said she couldn't marry him,
For she'd asked another fellow.
—*Steubenville Herald*.

The Czar is determined to keep book agents out of his winter palace, hence the stories about maniac commanders, paralyzed Governors, dynamite explosions, and the like.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

A Connecticut widow, worth \$4,000,000, is ready to marry, provided she can "find a man who knows enough." Almost any man knows enough to marry such a woman.—*Norristown Herald*.

Bald-headed persons are recommended, by one who knows how it is himself, to have a spider painted on the top of their heads as a preparation for the fast approaching fly time.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

"You can never wear those boots out," said the shoemaker.

"Then I don't want them," replied the customer: "do you suppose I want boots to wear in the house?"—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

A St. Louis lecturer calls his lecture "Around the Horn," although there are very few men in that city who go around a "a horn." They approach it fearlessly and sieze it by both dilemmas.—*Norristown Herald*.

An exchange says. "Doves quarrel more than eagles." No doubt of it—but then, from what may be seen of the doves, they have such a nice time when they make up, and that accounts for the quarreling.—*N. Y. Expressions*.

If, as we have been taught, grey hairs are a sign of wisdom, we know of some men who will live to be one hundred and forty-nine years old, and still carry about with them a head as black as the raven's wing.—*Rockland Courier*.

The Chicago Tribune has a streak of typographical economy, thus:

Rev. Douglas got inebri-
But denies he was intoxica-
And wants to be renom-
By way of being vindic- } ated.

"Yon gorgeously attired dame is the Duchess of what?" asked a Yankee spectator at a royal reception at Buckingham Palace. "She hisn't a Duchess hat all," said the gold stick in waiting, "but I ear as how she be the wife of hau Hamerican plumber."

SETH GREEN says it is as easy to raise fish as it is to raise chickens; but it is not so. A man may sit on the river's bank with fishing tackle all day without raising a single fish, but he may go into his hen-house and raise a chicken—off its roost—in two minutes.—*Norristown Herald*.

"Pine, lovely flower, pine and die," sadly sings LEO C. EVANS in the *Yonkers Gazette*. But our flour don't need any such command as that. It pines away so rapidly without any special pleading on our part, that we are forced to roll in a fresh barrel about once a month.—*Waterloo Observer*.

A Danbury man resolved recently that he would conquer himself in all things for one whole day. He gave up about three o'clock in the afternoon. He says he did not know there was so much of himself, and when he again aspires to conquer anybody he will not take a man his own size.—*Danbury News*.

"Will you please pass the milk, Miss BROWN?" asked a young man of a fidgety old maid at the supper table. "Do you take me for a waiter, sir?" she answered. "Well" he added, "as no one has taken you thus far, and you've waited so very long, I should think you were one."—*Lowell Sun*.

A man of the tramp persuasion walked into the *Mail* composing room this morning and introduced himself thus: "I am the inventor of the gem puzzle." He was distributed so suddenly by the compositors that in four seconds and a half a button was the biggest piece of him that could be found.—*N. Y. Mail*.

When you hear a man, in the midst of an argument say, "Well, I don't pretend to be any judge of so and so, but, according to my idea, it is so and so," you can just bet that he does consider himself a judge of the matter under discussion, and calculates he knows all there is to know about it.—*Rome Sentinel*.