



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

In Zululand young folks fight and get married. Here they get married and fight.—*Cincin. Sat. Night.*

Advice to oyster-eaters, candidates, and American mothers in Europe—Watch the count.—*New York Star.*

It is stated that EDGAR A. POE was an inebriate. He even confesses in one of his poems to one sup on a midnight droary.—*Ev.*

The recent cold snap warns the humane owner of horses that the clipping of the animals cannot be delayed much longer.—*Danbury News.*

A young man never asks to have his mustache colored when his girl's other fellow occupies the next chair in the barber shop.—*Carthage Republican.*

When a man is badly afflicted with the itch for office, it isn't quite the thing to place himself "in the hands of his friends."—*Turners' Falls Reporter.*

JOHNNY says sometimes he is ornamented with wood cuts and sometimes with steel plates, just as his mother happens to get a shingle or the shovel.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Paragapher HOYT, of the Boston Post, doesn't see why folks should go out after dark when they can find plenty of dark down cellar or in a room with the curtains drawn.

Bliffers says he has a bang-up picture of his wife. She had her hair done up in the latest style before going to the photographer's which accounts for her success.—*Yanook Strauss.*

"Another Statesman Gone!" But don't grieve. He has merely gone around the corner to get a glass containing a little water and so forth. He'll come back.—*Norristown Herald.*

"What became of poor LUCY NEIL, anyhow?" asked one colored brother of another. "Well," was the reply, "she couldn't git no one to marry her, till finally Old DAN TUCKER."—*Griswold.*

Three hundred and eighty-three years ago CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS made it possible for "real Havana cigars" to be made in Hartford from Connecticut tobacco, by discovering Cuba.—*Boston Post.*

Another good one from the Cincinnati *Saturday Night*: Nothing but wild duck can get even with a book-agent, for when the book-agent attempts to canvass the duck, the duck can canvas-back.

This country is no sooner saved by an election than the politicians go into training to save it again. What people want is a country that can be salted down to keep awhile.—*New York People.*

The Toronto corset makers are on a strike; their employers have pulled the strings too tight for them, and the girls won't be solaced, but have instituted a stay of proceedings, declaring they won't waister their time; and of corsets too much to expect that they will bone down to work without proper pay. Hip! hip! hurrah! for the girls.—*Toronto Graphic.*

There is a lady in Whitehall who is so fashionable that she won't eat boarding-house butter unless the hair in it is frizzed.—*Whitehall Times.*

We call the attention of the Government authorities to the fact that many firms are advertising that their agents are coining money.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.*

Did you ever notice the fact, of course you have, that the tramp who claims to have a trade, but can get no work at it, in winter is a brick maker, and in summer a lumberman or ice sawyer?—*Lockport Union.*

It is said if you sit down when assaulted by a ferocious dog, the beast will not touch you. But the judicious man will select as high a seat as possible—at the top of a tall tree for example.—*Boston Transcript.*

Last Sunday a certain Newport mother asked her daughter if she wasn't going to wear her cloak to church as it was kind of chilly. She immediately replied, "Why, no; I'm going to wear my new belt."—*Ky. State Journal.*

A philanthropist passing one of our numerous "sample" rooms, saw a drunken man lying near the door, and looking in he said to the proprietor: "I say, man, one of your samples has tumbled down."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

If children were taught to say "Mother" instead of "Ma," the blood-curdling cry of a young goat in the adjoining field would never cause an anxious parent to rush out and see what is the matter with her darling.—*Hackensack Republican.*

Old JACKSON is sure that goats can read, for he caught one the other morning, demolishing his Sunday hat, which had fallen out of the window, near a fence on which was painted in big letters, "CHEW JACKSON'S BEST PLUG."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A principal of a female college in Elmira told his lady pupils that so far as dropping love letters out of the windows was concerned, he did not raise so much of an objection as he did to the poor spelling some of them contained.—*Binghampton Republican.*

Of course we all love our neighbors as ourselves; but when our coal bin is full and his empty, somehow the news of an advance in coal doesn't make us look half so glum as when the conditions of the respective coal bins are reversed.—*Boston Transcript.*

There is such a thing as being too sentimental. The party afflicted that way had better be careful or he may come to grief. A few nights ago, when the moon was shining bright, a Louisville chap began to expatiate upon the "fair regent of the heavens," and was dubbed a "moonshiner" for his pains by a bright girl.—*Ev.*

When a man consents to sponge his reading he has taken his first step in the miser's path, and having lost a little self-respect, he soon secures the disrespect of his neighbor of whom he filches his reading. It makes no difference how well a man likes you, he don't care to have you dropping in every day just to read his newspaper.—*Modern Argo.*

"Dearest, the stars look like bright lamps of love, do they not?" he murmured just one year ago, as they sat on her father's front porch. Now as he picks himself out of the coal box where the eccentric evolutions of the frying pan finally deposit him, he generally remarks something about the stars being prophetic glimpses of a warm future.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A Danbury boy was discovered "playing hooky" yesterday by an uncle. He was working a velocipede in the suburbs. It was supposed by the uncle that the boy had taken advantage of his father's being out of town for the day. But the young man denied the impeachment, and claimed that he stayed from school because of a sore heel—not sore enough to prevent working a velocipede, but too sore for study.—*Danbury News.*

Do you pay for poems sent you for publication, and how much? E. B. G.

Ordinary poetry, known to the trade as "B1," and which grades a little above the productions of school girls, is quoted this week at \$3 60@65 per column agate measure, while the general run of lyrics are unsaleable. In all cases the poetry editor considers himself at liberty to reconstruct the little gems that come to this office.—*New York World.*

A Walnut street clerk was discharged and asked the reason. "You are so awfully slow about everything," said his employer. "You do me an injustice," responded the clerk, "there is one thing I am not slow about," "I should be delighted to hear you name it," sneered the proprietor. "Well," said the clerk slowly, "nobody can get tired as quick as I can." A motion for a reconsideration of his case has been referred to the proper committee.—*Des Moines Register.*

"I wonder what makes it so dark and gloomy out doors," said Mrs. HICKENLOOPER to the next-door neighbor, who had just run in a minute to borrow a couple of fresh-laid eggs. "I guess it's because your windows need washing," gently remarked the next-door neighbor, critically running her forefinger up and down the glass. And there was a sort of coolness fell like a wet sheet upon the assembled multitude, and the next-door neighbor's cake wasn't as rich by two eggs as it might have been.—*New Haven Register.*

A number of girls in a neighboring town organized a charitable and benevolent association, and the father of one of them gave her twenty-five dollars to help along in the good work. She added seventy-five dollars to her father's contribution, and relieved a great deal of real distress by purchasing herself a sealskin sacque. A girl with a new sealskin sacque can render more assistance to the deserving poor than one who is obliged to wear her last winter's thirty-dollar coat.—*Norristown Herald.*

December is here, the month when the Sunday school has its largest attendance, and the small boy skates into an air hole, gets wet and spanked; the month when ham and eggs take the place of lamb and greens; when the clerks in the country stores pack pork while resting; when winter hats have all blossomed; when the farm hand can tell how many acres of wheat he can cradle in a day; when the snow-bird takes the place of robin red breast, and the baby refuses to sleep in the crib.—*Carthage Republican.*

A young farmer in the country wants us to give him some hints about fall plowing. All right, we will do it. In the first place, select your fall. Don't pick out a fall that is excessively cold nor yet too warm. And while a very dry fall doesn't plow easy, neither would we recommend one that was wet to an extreme. About a medium fall, we should say, if we were going to plow it ourself. Having selected a fall that suits you, take a plow and plow it. Don't be afraid to ask questions at any time. It is for the purpose of answering them that we are here.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*