

## The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

To Herr is German.

Vegetarians have "got the bulge" on the corner in beef.

The secret of the Keely motor has been divulged. It is money.

The Turkish cavalry is quite as well drilled as the ordinary artesian well.

Ben Jonson was the first Englishman to drop his h.—*Boston Transcript*.

In charity it may be better to give than receive; but in kissing it is about equal.—*Picayune*.

A man does not necessarily talk cents when he speaks in money-syllables.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Oni, eet eoz true. I sings ze opera of ze Offenbach in ze Anglaise. I sings him so next season.—*Aimee*.

"Ah, ha," said Mrs. Partington, "it takes all sorts of folks to make a world, and I'm glad I'm not one of 'em."

Oscar Wilde was the first to discover that there are greenbacks to sunflowers.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

The Ladies' Work Society—Ah! that they do, and don't they go about it in an artful manner, neither!—*Quiz*.

"The crops are backward this spring," said the fox, as he slung the hen over his shoulder.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

The euphemistic way of saying that Gail Hamilton is over 80 is to say that she has a last-century face.—*Lowell Courier*.

A poet asks: "Why is the nightingale's song so sad?" Perhaps it is because the nightingale has to get up so early in the morning.

"What are you blowing about?" said the tree to the tornado. "Blowing about eighty miles an hour," was the reply.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Sophronia—"What is philosophy?" It is something that enables a rich man to say there is no disgrace in being poor.—*Somerville Journal*.

Fashion permits women to wear false hair, but the poor, bald-headed men who need it the most cannot even wear bangs.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

### THE NEWER ARITHMETIC.

If a man buys a box of strawberries with the bottom shoved up half-way to the top for twenty-five cents, how many can he buy for \$2?

Bought a horse 14 years old for \$65 and sold him to an editor for \$120 as a 6-year-old stepper. How much did I make?

If it takes eighteen men to do the bossing and four men to do the lifting when a street car horse falls down, how many bosses and lifters will it take to put five horses on their feet?

Julia has 5 beaux and Emily has 3, while the old maid next door has none. How many beaux in all, and how many would be left if they should give the old maid half the crowd?

How many are \$18 less the \$5 you lent a Congressman's son to help him pay his fare to Iowa?

A certain city has a population of 420,000. The census man can't find but 231,580. What

is the difference, and where did the remainder hide during the census taking?

A. has an overcoat for which he paid \$18, and his wife trades it off for two red-clay busts of Andrew Jackson, worth thirty cents each. How much money will she get from her husband to buy a fall bonnet?

If six men who talk politics and dispute on Biblical questions can build a wall in five days, how long will it take two men who whistle and flirt with the widow on the corner to do the same work?

A man pays thirty cents for three pounds of evaporated apples, and gets a \$14 newspaper puff for sending them to an orphan asylum. Did he gain or lose, and how much?

How many peck peach-baskets, each holding six quarts, will be required to hold seven bushels of peaches, each bushel of which is short four quarts?

How do you obtain an abstract number? Answer: Hire a strange boy to take a dozen oranges to your house.

How do you obtain a concrete number? Answer: Mix one part Akron cement with two parts of sand and spread.—*Detroit Free Press*

### RULES FOR WEARING TIGHT PANTS.

When we started out with the above we thought that the subject would bear elaboration, and that we might, upon consideration, be able to append a number of suggestions that would be valuable to the stern and interesting, perhaps to the gentle sex. Having chewed our pen-holder for half a hour, we are prepared to declare that there is but one rule for wearing tight pants, viz:—stand up.

There are several places about a pair of very tight pants that are subjected to such tension that the act of seating one's self in them is an extremely precarious one, and certainly it will be universally conceded that man is never so wretched looking as when endeavoring to appear at ease thus clothed and seated, wriggling now one leg and now another, and pulling his pants down at the knees as he notes the too great exhibit of sock, and ever and anon pulling his pants at the knees as he reflects with dismay how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have bagginess at the knees.

Come to think it all over, there is one other suggestion regarding tight pants; don't wear them. Like the kid glove, they are peculiarly ill-adapted for comfort in any season, being cold in winter and hot in summer.

It was a Cincinnati young lady who remarked last Sunday concerning a knot of young men, all clad in the tightest fitting of light pants, that they resembled nothing so much as a bunch of spring onions, for there were the slender white ends and the green tops were not probably wanting.


About thirty years ago extremely tight pants were the fashion; now a gentleman completes his toilet by drawing on with the greatest care a pair of close fitting kid gloves; but in those days the last thing to be accomplished was the donning of the pants, and an extremely delicate operation it was. The boots of that period were made to lace tightly to the limb, and after they had been adjusted and every other portion of the attire subjected to a most critical examination and found to be perfect, and the mind thus left free to concentrate itself upon the great final act, the pants were tackled, and after being subjected to a glove stretcher and filled with French chalk, the long and laborious operation of fitting them without a wrinkle was entered upon. This process in some cases involved the solution of the most intricate problems, as for instance where a gentleman possessed a foot that wore a No. 11 boot and an ankle that measured an inch and a quarter in diameter.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

### JUST AT THE WRONG TIME.

Mr. Robert Wilson, of the City Surveyor's office, and Street Commissioner of the Eastern Division for the Board of Public Works, Toronto, Ont., who is very fond of shooting, says: "To lose a duck hunt is a loss for which there is no adequate recompense. This misfortune lately overtook me. The boys got together recently and made arrangements for a good hunt. At the time the arrangements were entered into I was in good health generally; but, just as the shooting was to take place, my old enemy, the rheumatism, came back to stay with me awhile again, and I had to forego the pleasure. The rheumatism has been a source of great bother to me, and I have done a great deal of doctoring for it, without much good. When this last attack came on me and crippled my hands so that they were drawn up, a friend of mine recommended St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. I tried it, I am happy to say, and the result is that I am now cured and as well as ever. St. Jacobs Oil succeeded where more than a score of other liniments and medicines had failed."

Rev. Mr. Lyon, of Bridgeport, preached Sunday night on the national sin. There was a universal exchange of umbrella's the next morning.—*Danbury News*.

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