



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A falls report: The roar of Niagara.—*St. Louis Spirit*.

Label for dice-box—shake well before using.—*Boston Post*.

"We meet to part no more," as the comb said to the bald-head.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

Charity sticks to home closer than any other of the virtues.—*Somerville Journal*.

Hotel keepers may be pugilistic, but you have to "put up" with them.—*Waterloo Observer*.

A Rockland weather prophet predicts that the coming winter will be as hard as a hotel bed.—*Rockland Courier*.

The doctor's wife should never call her husband a little duck. He may be over-sensitive.—*Boston Transcript*.

If you can't keep your resolutions, do not break 'em, but give 'em to some poor fellow who hasn't any.—*Meriden Recorder*.

Smith wants to know what good the new French cable is going to be to people who don't understand French.—*Syracuse Herald*.

There is always a woman in the case. A Miss TERRY is involved in every sudden disappearance.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item*.

"The balance of trade" is that portion of patronage which is waited for in vain by the business man who does not advertise.—*Rome*.

The whole family may be absent for a month and the gas meter will not find it out, but will keep performing its feats.—*N. Y. Star*.

London "Truth" sometimes belies its name. We suggest as a motto for it: Truth is mighty and will prevaricate.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

A young lady attending balls and parties should have a female chaperone until she is able to call some other chap her own.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

In the drama of life one round of applause from the orchestra circle is worth a thousand yells and cat-calls from the gallery.—*Hackensack Republican*.

When a man has a lot of shop worn goods in his store which he has tried to sell until he is all out of patience, he marks them, "Job lot."—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
My father's a walker, sir," she said.
And so he scooped her in.
—*W. A. Fuller*.

It is not strange that writers sometimes get puzzled in their choice between "that," "which" and "who." Relatives are always more or less troublesome.—*Transcript*.

When a tramp was offered his dinner if he would wield the scythe for an hour, he soliloquized: "To dine—no mower. Ay! there's the grub."—*Hackensack Republican*.

It is really wonderful the amount of assistance a young lady requires in holding up a five-ounce prayer-book in church, when she has a young man with her.—*Phila. Sunday Item*.

Several newspaper editors are very much troubled about the banged hair of the period. It is hard to be jilted; but, after all, the banged hair isn't to blame for that.—*Buffalo Express*.

A great deal of the *creme de la creme* of society when placed in the churn of public opinion and shaken up a little comes out a very poor article of axle grease.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

The *Herald* has not yet given us a map of the feelings of a man who buys what he considers a blue scarf in the gaslight, and discovers in the morning that it is green.—*R. K. Munckitrick*.

Some of the Cheyenne merchants are thinking of employing girls as collectors, giving as a reason therefor that when the girls present their little bills no man can refuse.—*Albany Argus*.

The small boy trying to play a jews-harp gets on that sweet seductive expression of countenance, assumed by the office-seeker when recounting the virtues of his party and himself.—*New York People*.

Although we have heard nothing ill of him, yet we cannot help thinking the gymnast who performs daring feats in the car of an ascending balloon, is a dangerous character.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

When he was asked why he did not dodge the ephemeral egg that struck him on the ear, he replied that he wished to show his audience how gracefully he could bear the yolk.—*Hackensack Republican*.

A country correspondent sends us the following soul-harrowing conundrum: Why do pigs thrive better on sour milk than they do on sweet? And the answer is—because they get more of it.—*Lockport Union*.

The girl she was pretty, accomplished as well,
And always mechanically neat,
But had in her make up a failing, to tell
All the slang that she heard on the street.

One day a poor beggar boy came by that way,
In his face much sorrow did lurk:
She gave him some food, and did feelingly say,
"My boy, 'has your father got work?"

At evening her feller did ask her to wed,
She thought he his business did shrink;
So saucily asked, with a toss of her head,
"Young man, 'has your father got work?"
—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Editors are generally poorly off for clothing. When you hear of one of them having two suits, you can calculate that one is the suit he wears every day and Sundays too, and the other is a libel suit.—*Rome Sentinel*.

It is dark enough for the young people to lean on the front gate at half-past five now. It is a singular fact that no matter how much earlier this business is commenced, it takes just as long to get through.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

A mastodon has been recently discovered in Missouri, and the most remarkable thing about it is, that not only are its feet much larger than those of the present inhabitants, but there are also twice as many of them.—*Boston Transcript*.

Porous plasters were marked down to fifteen cents by a Danbury druggist yesterday. This is much cheaper than an undershirt, to say nothing about the saving in washing. Besides, you always know where it is.—*Danbury News*.

Has any one solved the mystery how two young ladies that are sworn enemies—rivals in dress, society and love, too—will walk along a crowded street, arm in arm, engaged in earnest, animated, and even hilarious conversation?—*N. Y. People*.

A Rhinebeck man put up a stove last week, and got it into position, fitted the pipe, straightened the stove, and started a fire without having his temper ruffled once. We wish to have this placed on record among the deeds of heroes.—*Rhinebeck Gazette*.

"I want to sell you an encyclopædia," said a book agent to one of our foremost pork men, the other day, who, by the way, is better posted on pork than he is on books. "What do I want with your encyclopædia?" snarled the pork man. "I couldn't ride one if I had it!"—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

On a certain American railroad a young man put his head out of the car window to kiss his girl good-by, when the train went ahead so rapidly that he kissed an aged African female at the next station. This is supposed to be the fastest time ever made on a railway train.—*Elmira Gazette*.

A clothes line is a harmless thing,
When stretched from pole to pole;
Until you start across the yard
And step into a hole.
Then, as you make a forward lunge,
It stops you, so to speak,
And throws you down and jerks you to
The middle of neck's tweak.
—*Keokuk Gate City*.

The poet MOORE used to hunt for days for a single word to complete the musical cadence of a rhyme. When he mashed his finger with a hammer he somehow had no difficulty in instantly hitting on just the word he wanted to express the musical cadence of his emotions.—*Rockland Courier*.

The boy who doesn't leap over seven hitching posts, kick a lame dog, snatch a handful of navy beans in front of every grocery store, knock over a box or two and work the handle of every pump on the sidewalk on his way home from school, is either lazy or doesn't feel well.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

This country is full of suffering caused by underpaid labor. An industrious man in Chicago, last week, pried off the lids of six desks, broke the locks of four money drawers, and blew up three safes, and netted less than one dollar. Yet we are told that times are improving.—*Andrews' American Queen*.

In one of Chicago's suburbs, at a recent Sunday school meeting, a long-winded clergyman consumed too much of the time with a wordy address. When he sat down, the leader of the meeting announced a hymn—one by BLISS—beginning "Hallelujah! 'tis done!" He didn't mean it, but it was apropos.—*Ex.*

Just as everybody was settling down to enjoy themselves at a party the other evening, Master JIMMIE appeared in the room with, "Ain't you folks hungry? Guess you haven't been saving up your appetite for two days as I and moth—" The broad and generous hand of his mother suddenly stopped his conversation trap, and he had to save his appetite until morning, when it was satisfied with the broken bits of jelly cake left over.—*New Haven Register*.

It was at a woman's right meeting.—The speaker was saying: "Let us take our stand right here, and firmly resolve that neither the votes nor arguments of the opposite sex, nor any power on this earth, shall turn us aside or move us one inch from the position." Just here a wicked bat flew into the room, and the meeting adjourned with so much quickness that some of the members lost their back hair. The speaker, who could not be "turned aside," was seventeenth from last in getting out of the front door. And it is not certain that the bat was one of the "opposite sex," either.—*Norristown Herald*.