

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Parisian to his friend: "Now, you won't fail to be at my marriage to-morrow?"

"Impossible for me to go, old fellow; I have sworn never to witness a marriage ceremony. Bad examples are contagious."—*Progress*.

Hostility to New England has not died out entirely in the South. A Georgia paper starts the rumor that Oscar Wilde is to be married to a Boston girl.—*Texas Siftings*.

The Arkansas journalist who some time ago proposed to reform the world, now sells cat-fish for a living. His friends are very much gratified to see that he has done so well.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

Did you ever notice how soon a girl, when she meets a baby carriage with a baby in it, will take hold of the handle and push it a few steps? She's practising.—*Kentucky State Journal*.

The Century's story about a man in Georgia who could yell so as to be heard five miles will be hardly credited by those who have tried to make a horse-car driver hear at a distance of four rods.—*Boston Post*.

One of the United States Consuls in Italy began a magazine article twenty-five years ago with this glowing statement: "Julius Caesar was a Consul; Napoleon Bonaparte was a Consul; and so was I."

An exchange devotes three-quarters of a column on "When to Cut Timothy." The best advice on the subject can be given in a few words, viz., cut him when he's broke.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," says the poet. The inference is that as soon as we get big enough to talk we can be relied on to rely upon ourselves. If we do not our enemies will lie about us.—*Texas Siftings*.

People make a great fuss about taking coin with holes in it, yet we have yet to see the first person who objects to taking a greenback with holes in it. This is certainly a good greenback argument.—*Oil City Blizzard*.

A young fellow had the habit of addressing one of his neighbors as "papa." Finally the latter asked him not to do it. "Not," he said, "because it makes me feel so old, but on account of your bad bringing up."—*Figaro*.

"George, what a lovely color for a reception dress," said Mrs. Jones to her husband, viewing the electric light on Niagara Falls from the balcony of the Clifton House. "Yes," said Mr. Jones, "and what a bath for Jumbo."

Hamlet Shakespeare Felton is the name of a notorious counterfeiter, forger and confidence man just arrested at St. Louis. Peace, gentle William, peace. 'Twas your loveliest creation who asked: "What's in a name?"—*St. Louis Post Dispatch*.

The greatest poet known in history is Mr. Augustus Snodgrass, an account of whom is to be found in the works of Mr. C. Dickens. Though a poet, Mr. Snodgrass had the howling good sense never to write any poetry.—*Somerville Journal*.

It is said that Jessie James once thought seriously of "going through college." The outlaw "went through" nearly everything else, and the reason he didn't "go through" college must have been because he couldn't see any money in it.—*Norristown Herald*.

"Your honor and gentlemen of the jury, I acknowledge the reference of the counsel of the other side to my gray hair. My hair is gray, and it will continue to be gray as long as I live. The hair of that gentleman is black and will continue to be black as long as he dyes."

A Chicago editor had an experience with a cat which turned out to be something else. When he got over it a little so he could speak, he remarked: "My lord, what a hand that critter would be to write political editorials."—*Boston Post*.

The transit of Venus is going to occur next December; but, if you want to take a little prelude as a sort of preparation, go and sit on the pier and watch "Venus rising from the sea" in a blue flannel bathing suit, with a hideous shade hat strapped down over her ears.—*New Haven Register*.

"If old two per cent. Hubbell imagines that I am going to pay \$1,000 assessment on my salary for political purposes, he will find that he is removed several degrees from his base. He may be able to chisel it out of the pages and scrubbing women around the capitol, but not out of Chet."—*Chester A. Arthur in Check*.

"What are you going to eat for lunch?" said a Fulton-street man to his friend, as they sat in a restaurant glancing over the bill of fare. "Let me see; I guess I'll take some pickled pigs' peal extremities," he replied. "Of course," suggested the other, "for you always try to be one of the big feet-chewers on an occasion like this."—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

A London surgeon says that only one fashionably dressed woman in five hundred can draw a full breath with her clothes on; but he must admit that it wouldn't look well for a fashionable woman to disrobe in the street, in order to draw a full breath.—At the opera or a French ball, however, it is different, and she should have no difficulty in drawing a full breath.—*Norristown Herald*.

"I say, sir, do you want to hire a boy, sir?" said a bright-looking little fellow, as he stepped into a business office. "What can you do, sir?" was the respondent's inquiry. "I can tell the truth, sir," was the bright reply. "Don't want you, my little man; my business can't stand truth-telling."—"Better take the boy," said a bystander. "I know him. When he says he can tell the truth he lies like blazes. He can't do it, nor his father before him couldn't either." Boy engaged on business principles.—*Fic*.

A warning to ladies.—To be too fashionable is often disastrous. A Bloomington lady nearly bothered her husband to death last week trying to get him to buy her a new hat. He did so, and on the following day the servant girl left; that evening their dog died, then the family horse ran away and broke the buggy all to pieces. Two days afterwards her husband skipped out with a handsomer woman and the poor wife grieved herself to death. The house cat is yet to be heard from. When full reports are in we may set out an extra. Ladies wanting new bonnets, remember the sad warning given above.—*Bloomington Eye*.

One of those little incidents which always cause considerable annoyance to the prime mover but some amusement to the onlookers, occurred a day or two since in Elmira. The Northern Central Railroad officials had commenced examining employes of the road to ascertain whether or not they were color-blind, or deaf, and thus fit or unfit for service. An official approached one of the local employes with, "Now, Blank, take the cotton out of your ears and listen! Can you hear this watch tick where I now hold it?" "Oh, yes, very distinctly," replied Blank; "I believe I could hear it twice as far." "Look here, Blank," said the official, assuming a more serious air, "do you know that you're an awful liar? I wasn't examining your capacity to tell the truth, but your hearing; or it might go hard with you. This watch is broken, and hasn't ticked for ten years! I don't wonder you could hear it just as well at two rods as two inches!"—*Elmira Advertiser*.

"I called to see if I could interest you in the subject of brain waves, this morning," said a quiet young man, who stood at the table for a brief moment.

"Brain waves! Sir, what do you mean?" was the inquiry of the news editor.

"I mean that peculiar sympathetic action on the part of extraneous substances that so impinges upon the nerve centres of the brain that a slight movement, called a wave, is perceptible."

"And you want me to get interested in this sort of thing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, I am not interested in brain waves. But I have a little experience in foot waves, and I have one of the most vigorous waves of that kind just itching to swing."

At this point the news editor arose, and the quiet young man rolled over and over down stairs. Something had struck him.—*New Haven Register*.

A HUSBAND'S PREPARATIONS.

The other morning when a Detroitier seated his wife in a car on the Michigan Central to make the journey to Chicago alone he took a look around him and said to her:

"Now, love, if you should want the window raised, here are a dozen gentlemen who will break their necks to accommodate you."

"Yes, dear."

"If you feel lonesome and want somebody to talk with about affairs in Egypt, Nough's ark or the ice period, don't hesitate to call upon any of these gentlemen."

"I understand."

"You won't know enough to leave the car at noon and get your dinner, and you had better ask some of them to accompany you. If they offer to pay for your meal, don't be squeamish about it."

"Of course not."

"You may want to read to pass away time.

If so, any of these gentlemen will be only too happy to purchase you half a bushel of the latest books and magazines. Be careful to save 'em for me to read when you get home."

"I'll be certain, love."

"And you can say to them that we have been married four years; we do not live happily together; I am a domestic tyrant; you have strong thoughts of procuring a divorce; you feel that you could love the right sort of a husband; you like oranges and peanuts; you are innocent and confiding; you have never travelled; you are afraid of getting lost in Chicago, and you will be ever so much obliged to any one who will get you a hack, see to your trunk, and pay all the expense. Good-bye, love."

"Good-bye, dear."

And wasn't it strange that not one single man in that car even spoke to that lady in a ride of three hundred miles?

MISERABLE FOR THIRTEEN YEARS.

In order to acquire the rights of full citizenship in the United States, the native born must have reached the age of 21 years, and have gone through two full, but short courses—of rheumatism, says a growler at our elbow. In Canada, however, the courses of rheumatism are not so short, running, it would seem, as long as thirteen years;—at least in one instance, that of Mr. James Mahoney, Sr., of Orillia, Ont., who says: "I have been a sufferer with rheumatism for the past thirteen years, and have tried, during that time, very many of the remedies advertised for it, but all without effect. Upon recommendation I was induced to try a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. The first application relieved me, and upon the second application the pain disappeared entirely and has not since returned. It affords me much pleasure to make this statement of my experience with St. Jacobs Oil and I sincerely wish that every sufferer could know of its wonderful virtues."