



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Fun is mightier than the Sword."

Wrestlers work when they wrest.—*Boston Post.*

FABER should have been a Pencilvanian.—*Waterloo Observer.*

People call you deer when they would fawn upon you.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Welsh language can never expect to be a pronounced success.—*Albany Journal.*

No man is smart who exaggerates lies when he can just as easily amplify the truth.—*New York News.*

We like a man with lots of temper. It is the man that gets out of temper that we don't like.—*Boston Post.*

Women should always avoid exhibiting bad temper. None of them care to show their rage.—*Boston Post.*

The great trouble with professional ball clubs is to find a pitcher that will hold water only.—*New Haven Register.*

A gun may not be sold at auction, yet if it is of any account, it always goes off under the hammer.—*Steubenville Herald.*

It is a noticeable fact that every man who has seen the sea-serpent states that its head is the size of a beer cask.—*Exchange.*

When they want to break the ice that obstructs NORDENSKJOLD's polar ship, they throw his name at it.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

The young man who prides himself upon looking spruce should bear in mind that the spruce is ever green.—*Boston Transcript.*

We cannot accept a story which begins, "It was the day of the picnic, warm and pleasant, a charming day"—*Boston Post.*

Why is it that there is always a look of patient misery on the faces of those just returning from a day's excursion?—*Newark Call.*

"Hire education for woman," said pater familias as he paid 50 for his daughter's last quarter of French lessons.—*Waterloo Observer.*

We see a great deal about "spelling reform" in our exchanges. We don't think "reform" is very hard to spell.—*Norristown Herald.*

A man with an overcoat on appeared on the street yesterday. He was received with every manifestation of delight by a grateful people.—*Danbury News.*

When a man makes up his mind that the world owes him a living, he has arrived at a point when the world can spare his services.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A Boston child remarked, after gazing earnestly at a man who was bald, but had heavy whiskers, "His head was put on upside down, wasn't it?"—*Exchange.*

The editor who quashed a juicy cockroach with the butt end of his lead pencil and afterward forgetfully sucked the same while wooing a coy expression, suddenly found a word, but it proved to be foreign to the subject under consideration.—*Rochester Express.*

We know nothing, personally, about hell being paved with good intentions; but we do know that all the pigeon-holes of the land are full of them.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

A young man at Long Branch was boasting of his ancestry. He said, "In the olden time they were very high." "Yes" said a wag, "as high as HAMAN."—*Herald P. I. Man.*

When a woman finds she cannot afford a new dress she economizes by spending as much as it would have cost in buying ribbon to cover the old one up with bows.—*Andrew's Bazar.*

Cleveland has a society of women whose main purpose it is not to go unattended after dark. All that is needed to make it a perfect success is a certain number of escorts.—*Buffalo Express.*

He was inclined to be facetious. "What quantities of dried grass you keep here, Miss STEPHENS! Nice room for a donkey to get into!" "Make yourself at home!" she responded.—*Hudson Register.*

A great many business men still use the old fashioned quill pen, but we notice that they don't pay any more on the dollar when they fail than those who write with a piece of chalk.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BUFFINS, in referring to the time his wife complimented him, says the coal fire needed replenishing and she pointed towards the fire-place with a commanding air and said: "Peter, the grate."—*Bradford Era.*

A lady passes on horseback—A Frenchman explains: "What a magnificent angel!" An Englishman cries out: "My h'eys, what a superb 'orse!" An American ejaculates: "That's a peeler of a saddle."—*Exchange.*

By knowing ones it has been stated that Satan never takes a summer vacation, hot as it is, but that is no reason why unacclimated clergymen should not go away and enjoy themselves.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A precocious youth in North Wheeling, prompted by an unpleasant recollection of the last term, says that school teachers are like dogs, because "they lick your hand." This carries off the palm.—*Wheeling Sunday Leader.*

A Norristown man who was advised to go to the Hot Springs for the benefit of his health, said blamed if he was going to do it, as it was about as much as he could do to worry through the hot summers.—*Norristown Herald.*

Why is it that the average young lady can remember accurately three hundred pages of a novel, but can never remember a single page of history? Psychologists will please come to the front on this question.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

"If you want anything to remember me by after I am dead and gone," said a drunken bummer yesterday, with a tear in his eye, "just hunt up one of the old busts I've been on and set it up in the parlor."—*Brooklyn Union-Argus.*

The three proudest moments of a man's life, between the cradle and the grave, are, when he gets the first pair of red top boots, when the girls first call him "Mister," and when the doctor tells him it's a boy.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Customer—"What did you think of the bishop's sermon on Sunday, Mr. WIGSBY."

Hairdresser—"Well, really, sir, there was a gent a sittin' in front o' me as 'ad 'is 'air parted that crooked that I couldn't 'ear a word!"—*Exchange.*

The mule has a national reputation as a great kicker; but is he a greater kicker than the average male parent is when his wife wants him to hold the baby "while she runs out a few minutes to see a neighbor?"—*Newport (Ky.) Local.*

This is the time of the year at which the sylph-like school teacher goes off to a realm of perfume and flowers, and presents to her rural relatives the jack-knives and other things taken from her pupils during the year.—*New York Star.*

A man may go fishing and catch a handsome string of fish, and lose them out of the back of the wagon coming home, or have them grabbed by the dog at the house where he left his team, but he can never tell the story and have it believed.—*Boston Post.*

We believe L stands for fifty according to the Roman notation, and that is the reason why a young man who had just inherited a fifty-dollar legacy won the consent of his girl's father by telling the old man he had just been left a bare L of money.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

JOHN SCRAWL, of Chicago, is a shockingly poor penman. Yesterday his friend, JONAS COPPERPLATE, of this city, received a telegram from him. "It's astonishing," remarked JONAS, "how much better JOHN writes when he sends a telegram than when he sends a letter."—*Detroit Free Press.*

RICHARD GRANT WHITE wanted to say that something was "too thin," but the horrible atrocity of the expression was so shocking that a stroke of paralysis was imminent, and he compromised at twenty-five cents on the dollar by saying that it was "of the utmost tenuity of fabric."—*Ocego Record.*

At the Brighton Beach concert: "You have excellent critical taste and seem to delight in good music. Tell me, then, my friend, why have you never mastered some instrument?" "Alas, my dear fellow, my ear is so delicately strung, I shrink from the horrible prospect of hearing myself practice."—*Puck.*

The ordinary life of a locomotive is thirty years. The locomotive, we are pained to observe, never marries.—*Phila. Chronicle.* Are you not mistaken about the locomotives never marrying? We have often heard of the locomotive "spark"-ing, and being coupled to a train—just the same as a young man, you know. When he gets coupled, the train often makes the biggest show.—*Norristown Herald.*

The musical critic of the *Commercial* doesn't like JACOBSON's fiddling because of his excessive use of the vibrato, or tremulous shake. He says, "at least nine out of ten tones in his solo were shaken into our ears instead of thrilled into them." But that, dear critic, depends on the size of your ears. Tones that might be thrilled into auricular appendages of ordinary dimensions have to be shaken into some ears by the bushel basket full.—*Cincinnati Sat. Night.*

"Chevaliers of the press! Down with the despotism of the dictionary!" Class in American history stand up. Read! "Wen JONAS WASHINGTON's was at Vale Fori, huz truzsz wur in ned of fud, klothng and liker. It wuz vere kold wether and fu of them hed shuz on ther fet. But JONAS WASHINGTON's kurij never fald, ann at last KONGRES sent him supliz' and he chact the enome ouvr to Nu Jerze and wipt him at the batel of Treh-tun." That'll do, boys. Run out now, and play.—*Phila. Bulletin.*