



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Sun is mightier than the Sword."

The rows that all are praising—Hanlan's.—*Syracuse Evening Herald*.

"Winter," says a Nevada paper, "is now after summer with an icicle."

A mixed up boy asked for a "ten-cent bake of loafer's bread."—*Boston Advertiser*.

The man and the umbrella that have lost a rib should be repaired.—*Boston Transcript*.

The new summer bonnet turns the head of every woman that does not wear it.—*New York People*.

"There's a woman at the bottom of it," as the man said when his wife fell in the well.—*Elmira Gazette*.

Many so called "self made men" relieve their parents of a fearful load of responsibility.—*Wheeling Leader*.

Mrs. JONES says her husband will never be struck by lightning, because he always gets insulate.—*Stubenville Herald*.

"Stand up and tell the truth like a little bell punch," is the latest addition to the phraseology of slang.—*Ex*.

No modern family can do without a piano, a sewing machine, a kit of mackerel and a Presidential candidate.—*N. Y. Herald*.

The man with a diamond stud never wears a lambrequin shirtcover scarf—unless his shirt is in the wash.—*Chicago Com. Adv.*

"And the iron entered my soul," said Grayhead, as he pulled the tack out of the bottom of his slipper.—*Boston Transcript*.

A farmer on the shores of Lake Ontario has had nine acres washed away in twenty years. He is evidently losing ground.—*New York Herald*.

A man never enjoys the keen enjoyment of fishing on the part of the fish, until he get the hook well into the ball of his thumb.—*Syracuse Times*.

Strange that it wearies a man's legs so much less to stand up in front of a bar, than it does to stand up by a work bench.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

A man will treat a crowd to seventy-five cents worth of liquor, and then tell his wife he is too poor to purchase a quart of strawberries.—*Oil City Derrick*.

The world is made up of two kinds of people—those who work and those who spend all their time in getting ready to work.—*Boston Transcript*.

When you come right down to "sounds of industry," a boy, a club and an old tin pan can do as much business as six carpenters working on a new house.

It is seldom you meet a chap who is more cleaver than the butcher. Why, even your wife is not ashamed to be seen smacking her lips over his chops.—*New York News*.

An old captain in the regular army says that a soldier can get drunk on cold water, if it is in a demijohn and there are stringent orders that all demijohns shall be suppressed.

"Swarm weather this," yelled a punster as he struck out over a ten acre lot followed by a secret society of hornets that he had fired into with a shot-gun.—*Wheeling Leader*.

If Mr. Ajax, hadn't just taken out a \$5,000 insurance policy on a \$600 house, he wouldn't have been so anxious for the lightning to strike in his vicinity.—*Owego Record*.

A Mississippi man puts in thus: "At the earnest solicitation of those whom I owe money I have consented to become a candidate for country Treasurer."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Scratch a Russian, and you'll find a Tartar," and scratch a match on the parlor wall, and you'll find the old lady down on you like a thousand of brick.—*New Haven Register*.

A great many people are going over to examine the effete monarchies of Europe this season. Some of them will go out in the first cabin and come back in the steerage.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

We buried him slyly on Monday night, the sods with our shooting-sticks turning, for he wrote a new poem and read it with might, in spite of the editor's snoring.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

If the man who gave us by mistake the lead quarter he was saving to put into the contribution box Sunday, will call, we will cheerfully allow him to rectify his error.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

A mother on Cottage hill saw her little daughter draw her sleeve across her mouth, and said, "Tilly, what is your handkerchief for?" "To firl with, mamma," was the innocent reply.—*Oil City Derrick*.

We presume the reason why a coachman possesses such a peculiar fascination for many young ladies, is because he is so closely related to the bridle halter, and is a sir-single.—*Hackensack Republican*.

A tinsmith will criticize a man's poetry to his face and tell him where it is weak and watery, but let the poet attempt to tell him where one of his kettles is defective and he will get mad.—*N. Y. Sunday Star*.

"Why, Alf, what in the world are you doing with that red paint?" exclaimed a fond mother, addressing her six year-old darling. "Why," replied the observing innocent, "I am paintin' my nose so it'll look like papa's."—*American Punch*.

The clown in the circus last week got off a new joke, and the audience were moved to tears by the wild and bewildered manner of the ring master to whom it came as unexpected as a snow storm in August.—*Marathon Independent*.

A little love will do for man,  
But woman claims it ever,  
Her heart, built on the broad-gauge plan,  
Transports without endeavour  
Whole tons of love, which she would fain  
Bestow at her sweet pleasure,  
But should you tread upon her train,  
Her hate will know no measure.

*New Haven Register*: A ten-year old boy will climb all over the frame-work of a new house like a monkey and never get a fall or a scratch; but when his mother, half scared to death, sees him on the ridgepole and starts for him, she will stub her toe over a half-inch board and go headlong into the dirt, disfiguring her face so badly that she can't go to the sewing society for three weeks.

The man who goes fishing and sits in a cramp-inviting posture on a narrow wharf from early morn till dewy eve, and calls it fun, is the same chap that never goes to church because the pews aren't comfortable.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

When a man is standing with one foot on a truck and the other on a case on the sidewalk, and the horse suddenly starts and causes him to open like a pair of shears, the rapidity with which he can't decide what to do is one of the most insoluble phenomena of human nature.—*New York Star*.

The play was at its height in the card room of a well know club, and from a distant corner was heard, "We are *two to two*!" "By Jove, we are *two to two* too!" responded a player at an adjoining table. No wonder that a German there present likened our language to a French horn.—*Judy*.

A young lady in town well connected, in her talk was very affected.  
For neither she always said nither;  
And one day at the dentist's,  
Before the tooth was ejected,  
She said she believed she'd take "ither."  
—*Wheeling Sunday Leader*.

A circular advocating a summer resort calls attention to "numerous cozy seats 'n forked trees and elsewhere—some of them just large enough for two persons." We defy the production of an attraction that can go ahead of that. We shall pass the major part of the summer there.—*New Haven Register*.

Little Billy was told, "Never ask for anything at the table. Little boys should wait until they are served." The other day little Billy was forgotten at the distribution, and was not served at all. What could he do? Presently, after reflecting seriously, he asked, "Mamma, when little boys starve to death, do they go to heaven?"—*French Paper*.

"A smile costs the giver nothing," says a good writer. Doesn't he? Perhaps not, but we know of a Rockland man who began to "smile" four years ago, and then got into the habit of generously giving his friends "smiles" also. He has smiled away a house and lot, a span of horses, a good business and his soul and character.—*Rockland Courier*.

'Tis the rose-bud with its delicate blush, that now adorns the lapel of the swell young gent. He would like to convey the impression that it was placed there by some fair hand that plucked it from its bush while yet it sparkled with the morning dew. This is not the case. It is one that he reached across the fence and stole from a front yard on his way down town.—*New Haven Register*.

A writer on archery says, "A lady walking through the fields or on unfrequented roads is well protected if she is an expert archer, for a thirty-pound bow will put an arrow through the stoutest tramp." A thirty pound bow might be useful, but a hundred-and-fifty pound beau would be vastly better. The lady could then be all the archer.—*Uncle Sam*.

A correspondent wants to know if wearing a hat tends to make a person bald. We believe it does. Women don't wear hats and they are not bald at least they don't wear them on their heads, and so they are not bald there. Hats destroy hair. A woman's hat is worn on the back of her head, and that is the reason why women have to buy so much back hair.—*Danbury News*.