

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

SAM WELLERISMS.

"That's a miss-take," as her friends said when an elderly spinster married a soft young man.

"I grow my own corn," as the man observed who wore tight boots.

"That's cool," as the young gentleman remarked when he first caught sight of Eton College.

"I thought I should have burst," as the empty boiler said when the servant put some cold water into it.

"Gin is a snare and a trap," as the Blue Ribbonist said, with a hiccup.

"I keep my own counsel," as the litigious gentleman with three Chancery cases observed, "and a very pretty sum he costs me."

"Laugh and grow fat," as the proprietor of the prize hog said.

"RICHARD's himself again," as he remarked after successfully passing through the Bankruptcy Court.

"Turn over a new leaf," as the proprietor of the new journal said to the public.

"The pink of perfection," as the young lady whispered when she rubbed the powder carefully into her cheeks.

"Teach the young idea how to shoot," as the man observed who sold toy pistols and catapults.

"To remain till called for," as the fellow said when he was remanded for want of bail.

"Laughing naturally leads us to coffin," as the phonetic professor remarked.

"Your age protects you," as the hungry man said to the stale fish.

"It all depends, sir, how you take it." For instance, if you take red rum straightforward and proper, it's a regular good drink and medicinal, but if you begin at the other end and read backwards it means murmur.

"What barbarity!" as the fish said to the hook. "It's sharp practice, I must admit," replied the hook.

"How do you do?" as the honest poor man inquired of the rich swindler.

Sacred hims—monks.—*Every Monday.*

THE MISERIES OF A MEAN MAN.

Sometimes I wonder what a mean man thinks about when he goes to bed. When he turns out the light and lies down. When the darkness closes in about him and he is alone, and compelled to be honest with himself. And not a bright thought, not a generous impulse, not a manly act, not a word of blessing, not a grateful look, comes to bless him again. Not a penny dropped into the outstretched hand of poverty, nor the balm of a loving word dropped into an aching heart; no sunbeam of encouragement cast upon a struggling life; the strong hand of fellowship reached out to help some fallen man to his feet—when none of those things come to him as the "God bless you" of the departed day, how he must hate himself. How he must try and roll away from himself and sleep on the other side of the bed. When the only victory he can think of is some mean victory, in which he has wronged a neighbor. No wonder he always sneers when he tries to smile. How pure and fair and good all the rest of the world must look to him, and how cheerless and dusty and dreary must his own appear. Why, even one lone, isolated act of meanness is enough to scatter cracker crumbs in the bed of the average ordinary man, and what must be the feelings of a man whose life is given up to mean acts? When there is so much suffering and heartache and misery in the world, anyhow, why should you

add one pound of wickedness or sadness to the general burden? Don't be mean, my boy. Suffer injustice a thousand times rather than commit it once.—*Burdette.*

Truth is stranger than fish stories.—*Ex.*

A simple but significant inscription in a western cemetery: "The editor was in."—*Boston Star.*

A well-known theorist says, "The great curse of Americans is riches." We desire to be cursed.—*Somerville Journal.*

Ben Butler does not wear a toupee, but then he never did have much sympathy with the wig party.—*Gloucester Reporter.*

An old proverb says: "The anvil lasts longer than the hammer." We'll take the top position in a fight if we can get it, all the same.—*Somerville Journal.*

J. Lewis, of Woodstock, N. Y., drank water in the dark and swallowed a live wasp, and wondered how the blazes he happened to get hold of whisky.—*Boston Post.*

Everything isn't a failure this year. It is estimated that the toothpick-toed boots have added at least 1,000,000 corns to the crop of this country.—*Cedar Rapids Stylus.*

The comet has traversed a distance of 90,000,000 miles in the last four weeks, which leads to the suspicion that the blazing wanderer is really a first class scandal.—*Boston Post.*

Somebody has discovered that the correct pronunciation of the word Khedive is "Kedowa." They might as well tell us that the proper way to pronounce beehive is beehowa.—*Norristown Herald.*

The Salem Sunbeam says, "grief counts seconds; happiness forgets the hours." It is presumed that "grief" has been married for some time and that "happiness" is about to be married.—*Toledo American.*

"I regard those buildings as perfectly safe," said a New York building inspector as he finished his rounds, and in ten minutes the walls caved into the street. They were an inch out of plumb and he couldn't see it.

Gen. Forrest says that he made his second start in life with \$1,500 won at poker, and that he won because his wife was home praying for his success. We pass the subject to anyone who thinks he can handle it.

A young widow in Brooklyn received \$18,000 insurance on her husband's life and handed it over to a lawyer to invest. He built him a house with it, and is so mean that he won't even let the widow in to see how it looks.

The Italians have gone into the cremation business more extensively than any other nation. An Italian widower who is permitted by custom to marry again in a few weeks can't bother to keep anybody's grave green.

Lightning struck a contribution plate in a western church just as the deacon was passing it round. "This is the first time that anything has struck this plate in three months," said the deacon, thoughtfully.—*Boston Globe.*

A LADY WANTS TO KNOW

the latest Parisian style of dress and bonnet; a new way to arrange the hair. Millions are expended for artificial appliances which only make conspicuous the fact that emaciation, nervous debility, and female weakness exist. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is sold under a positive guarantee. If used as directed, art can be dispensed with. It will overcome those diseases peculiar to females. By druggists.

Artists are fond of praising the "old masters" in oil. There are about a dozen old masters in crude oil that will find it to their advantage to keep away from this city. Even a lamb will turn when trampled on.—[*Pittsburg Telegraph.*]

A Nebraska clergyman who wouldn't accept two gallons of whisky for marrying a couple had to go without any fee at all. The bridegroom said he'd be hanged if Parker County wasn't getting altogether to tony for a common man to live in.

Probably not one preacher in fifty will ever say anything about it if the \$10 bill given him by the bridegroom represents a busted Canadian bank. Such bills can easily be secured for twenty-five cents each. Practice economy if you would get rich.

Paul Ford, who pretends to know what he's writing about, says: "An instance of a wife being jealous of the servant girl was never known in Russia." Fact is, gentlemen, that's the country for a married man to get along in without meeting trouble.

The *Philadelphia Chronicle* expresses the hope that during Thanksgiving week Republican papers will probably observe the spirit of the occasion and not call the Democratic party a set of bald-headed hyenas. Let us a east have one week peace during

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