



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Motto from an auction—Be contented with your lot.—*Judy*.

Burlington says: "Iowa half a million;" and Cleveland exclaims: "Ohio several millions."

White wash artists are studying up new designs for the coming campaign.—*London Herald*.

Gamblers are winsome creatures.—*GRIP*. Pawnbrokers are loansome creatures.—*London Tiser*.

A civilized subject of King CETYWAYO is looked upon by ethnologists as a *Zulusus naturæ*.—*Funny Folks*.

"Does top-dressing pay?" innocently inquires the *Utica Herald*. We think it does, just at this season, particularly if you are bald-headed.

The women are walking away from the wash-tub.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*. Let us soap they will suddenly return to it.—*Albany Argus*.

A young married lady who could not make pancakes informed her husband that she objected, on principle, to fritter away her time.—*London Tiser*.

Said the sailor: "We had a pet monkey on board, and when we struck the first bad weather you ought to have seen that monkey-wrench!"—*New York News*.

The *American Agriculturist* inquires "where does the dew come from?" Well, our collector finds that the heft of it comes from not exacting payment in advance.

Mr. HAYES, of New Milford, claims to have walked four miles in thirty five minutes. Unfortunately the name leads to a suspicion of the count.—*Dan News*.

An Ohio man had his neck broken while trying to break a colt. The safest way to break a colt is to hire one of your creditors to do it.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald*.

Very kind gent—"Do you know, my dear, that we have to-day the shortest day of the year?" Lady—"Very true! But your presence makes me forget it."—*Funny Folks*.

Suggestions for an artist—Cupid asking his mother not to tie the handkerchief over his eyes so tightly this year—he made so many mistakes last season.—*Funny Folks*.

It has been decided in the Iowa courts that a cookstove is a wife's personal property.—*Ex.*

Will Iowa wives stand on their legal rights next time the cook-stove has to be moved?

One of the greatest problems for foreigners to solve is which represented or represents the average American the most—GEORGE WASHINGTON or ELI PERKINS?—*Paul Dean*.

"There are too many women in the world; 60,000 more women than men in Massachusetts," growled the husband. "That is the 'survival of the fittest,' my dear," replied the wife.—*Ex.*

A down town man says he has the best auction ear in his family. It belongs to his wife, and it hears of every auction in the city, much to the lightness of his purse.—*New Haven Register*.

The driest place in this country is Greeley, Col. The region around has to be irrigated for crops, and the men in town have no saloon to call on when their crops feel parched.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

Young men sending spring poetry to this office will please enclose their names and addresses, not for publication, but as evidence of their insanity in case they are ever arrested for murder.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

Mary had a little lamp,
Filled full of kerosene,
She took it once to light a fire,
And has not since benzine.

—*London Tiser*.

"La Surprise" is the name of a new hat with three quarters of a yard of feathers hanging from the right side. It is so called from the surprised manner in which the husband says "Lal" when presented with the bill.—*Norristown Herald*.

"BLEU" is anxious to learn whether Mr. TILLEY's Budget speech was written on "foolscap" or "Elephant post?" We should say neither; but rather on blotting paper, judging by its absorbing tendencies, and the efficient manner in which it has dried up the anti-protectionists.—*Yester*.

A poet named WELLS thus exuberates in the *New York Mail*:

I am glad, I am glad—
I am glad that the summer is coming again,
With its sunshiny days and its showers of rain!

Of course. Wells have now a chance to get full.—*Boston Traveller*.

Remark of severe parent to blooming daughter upon discovering that one of the legs of the big chair in the parlour had been broken the Sunday evening previous: "I wish you to understand, SUSAN, that this chair was constructed with a view to the accommodation of one person at a time, and has not the strength and scarcely the capacity for two."—*Newark Call*.

Mr. OLIVER, of Iowa, wants to amend the calendar so as to make the lengths of the months correspond more closely with the variations of the seasons. If he gets the contract, we trust he will not neglect a long-needed reformation in the number of days that go to make up a week. If he can arrange them in bunches of six days, he will deserve the sincere gratitude of a large and influential class whose faces require tonsorial attention only on alternate days, and to whom each recurring Sunday looms up as an extravagant bugbear.—*Puck*.

Nothing can reach out further than a cough in church. It may come from the remotest corner in the rear, but its echo tickles the throats of those in front, and then creeps down the aisle, and touches the ushers, and floats from the choir to the minister, and never releases its hold until it has wrung a sympathetic explosion from every victim. Perhaps you've noticed it.—*Fulton Times*. Yes, we have Brother Williams, but cannot say exactly when without looking over our file.—*Dan. News*.

Two men doing business on Griswold street met on a corner Saturday, and indulged in hard words over a transaction which neither seemed to understand very well. At length to bring matters to a climax, one of the men called out:

"I denounce you, sir, as a malicious liar!"
"That's all right," coolly replied the other;
"I have made it a life rule never to pay any attention to anonymous communications, and you are perfectly safe!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

The child was evidently lost!—cried bitterly—could not tell us where its parents lived, or whether she was an orphan, or what her father was—or where she went to school.—*Enter Intelligent Policeman*.

Policeman (in a friendly whisper). "Where does your mother get her gin, my dear?"
And the mystery was solved!—*Punch*.

This is the week when the languid lady who finds the Sunday morning promenade to church, two blocks away, excessively fatiguing, takes in on an average ten "Spring Openings" every day, ascends and descends probably three miles of stair-case, and walks around several thousand counters and show-cases, without exhausting herself in the least.—*Puck*.

"Come here, you little myth," said JOHN, Then quick she seized the poker, And shrieked, as val'rously she strode Towards the heartless joker, "Why must you of our littleness Continually taunt us?"
Am I JOHN's myth? No! no! said he, "You're only Poker-haunt-us!"
—*Yonkers Gazette*.

The Poor Fox Hunters.

Many Americans will read with a pang of regret that the fox hunting season in England has been almost an entire failure. This deplorable state of affairs has been caused by the severe frosts. Not only has there been little chance for hunting, but the perils of the chase have been greatly increased. Those noble men—most of them are noblemen—who are willing to risk their lives in this hazardous business, have our deepest sympathy. How little we appreciate, as we sit here in America, the dangers these brave men encounter, and all for the public good. So patriotic are these fox hunters in the pursuit of this terrible animal that it is said, although the statement looks doubtful, they keep up thousands of dollars' worth of horses and dogs for the chase of the fox, and yet don't charge the government a cent for killing the ferocious beasts. An American went over there lately with a patent that he could prove would kill all the foxes on the island in two weeks, and yet they would not listen to him, although he showed them that for every \$10 they spent they only killed the one-third hundred and eighty-fifth part of a fox, while his plan would slaughter them at the rate of five cents a dozen. The people over there seem to be very brave, but they are undoubtedly behind the age on modern improvements.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Lord Dufferin in Russia.

When along Neva's frozen banks
My sledge-bells cleave the air,
It may be I shall turn with thanks
To him who sent me there.
Yet deem not that the arts of BEN
Have bonds of Party cleft,—
Mine be the measures of the men
Who dined me ere I left—
And still,—my light through snow and storm,—
Shall shine that Spread at the Reform!

It may be in a mouth or two,
When I'm thought "well in hand,"
Lord B. may think, 'By Jove, he'll do!
There's nothing he won't stand."
But if some Jingo point to score
They have a sudden mind
And wire to me, then all the more
I'll think of where I dined.
And, - like a beacon through the storm,—
Shall shine that Spread at the Reform!
—*Punch*.