



THE JOKER CLUB

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

"What is power?" shrieks an essayist. Try raw onions and garlic.—*N. Y. Express*.

Can a lazy man be styled a murderer, when he takes life easy?—*Waterloo Observer*.

One of the hardest things to sweat off is swearing.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

When a man falls down his temper generally gets up before he does.—*Boston Transcript*.

The couple married on Christmas day are spoken of as the Christmas tied.—*Philadelphia Item*.

There's many a slip between a geranium root and the blossom on the top of the stem.—*Syracuse Times*.

Walking matches will be done away with, now that leap year has come, it is to be hoped.—*New York Mail*.

Betting is immoral; but how can the man who bets be worse than one who is no better?—*John McCormick*.

The weather-cock, vane though it be, has the merit of always facing the world's storms.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

A Sunday school boy was asked if his father was a Christian. He replied, "Yes, but he is not working much at it."—*Ex*.

"This thing has gone far enough," yelled the amateur balloonist, as he frantically tugged at the valve ropes.—*New York News*.

"That's what beats me," as the boy said when he saw his father take the skate-strap from its accustomed nail.—*Burlington Hawk-eye*.

"We regret to an ounce," quoth the grocer's clerk, who apologized for being sixteen penny-weights short in the cinnamon.—*N. Y. News*.

"Here's for a good night's leap," said the burglar, as he jumped from the third storey window with his plunder.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

During the past year, young ladies, you have been told to "look ere you leap," but now you can "leap year you look."—*Whitehall Times*.

Genuine diamonds are now made by chemical process. This is of more importance to young men than the electric light.—*Keokuck Gate City*.

Domestic economy in these days consists in growling about the price of flour at home, and because your friend won't take "another one" while you are down street.—*Wheeling Sunday Leader*.

"I have a theory about the dead languages," said a new student. "What is it?" asked the professor. "That they are killed by being studied too hard."—*Ex*.

What is it that makes a ship so prowed?—*Salem Sunbeam*. She must be influenced by something or rudder, as a matter of course.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

Since TENNYSON has shown an invincible repugnance to hearing his poetry read by ladies, it will no doubt be wrung out by the wild belles.—*Hackensack Republican*.

The quantity of sweetness visible upon the countenance of the office-seeker about election time, gives peculiar appropriateness to the name candy-date.—*New York People*.

"What is woman's will?" shrieks a social scientist of the bachelor persuasion. Experience in our younger days teaches us that it is the only will that heirs don't want to contest.—*Oswego Record*.

"The years are constantly passing by," pathetically sings a poet. We knew this long ago, and we also know that men who owe money are constantly passing by—on the other side of the street.

It is strange and sad to think that those twelve Indians don't come forward to be hanged. What are they thinking about? Where is the boasted kind-heartedness of the red man?—*New York Graphic*.

"How is your wife, Mr. SMITH?" Says SMITH, pointing to where his wife sat in the next room at work upon his coat: "She's sew-sew." Mr. JONES: "Oh, I see: she's mending sure enough."—*Boston Transcript*.

Mrs. ELIZABETH THOMPSON discovers from statistics that every man pays seventeen dollars a year for rum, whether he drinks it or not. We shall prosecute the person who usurps our share.—*Elmira Free Press*.

Proprietors of tobacco shops don't seem to shut up their shops to any great extent, notwithstanding the legions who swore off smoking on the first—and went at it again worse than ever, on the second.—*Lockport Union*.

A little girl of six or eight years dressed nicely, with curling hair and bright eyes, presents a pretty appearance, but she never seems quite happy, in spite of fine clothes, unless she can manage to step into every mud-puddle she comes to.

Considerable disgust was felt in Stratford, down by the sea, because its school teacher was drilling the scholars in drawing ovals, but on explaining that the ovals represented clams, a reaction set in, and he is now given a hearty good speed in his work.—*Danbury News*.

The *N. Y. Com. Advertiser* thinks that when a man's wife is able to walk three hundred and forty-two miles in five days, there ought to be no necessity for his walking the household track with a refractory infant when all the world is hushed in peaceful slumber.

So marvellous are the inventions and the discoveries of the present day, that we are ready to believe that nothing is impossible, and yet there has been nothing found that will scratch a man's back every time exactly in the right place so well as a man's hand.—*New York People*.

The *Syracuse Times*, in reply to a correspondent who wants to know what to do with a hard corn on the toe, says: "Take it off and let the blacksmith pound it on his anvil for half an hour. Success will be complete. It is somewhat expensive, but it never fails to soften the corn."

Large carbuncles are being revived. They are intended for finger ornaments, but some men will persist in wearing them on their toes. You can always tell a man who wears his carbuncle on his toe when you see him at a swell party. He stands on his other foot the most of the evening, and lies to the hostess about the bang up time he has had.—*Ex*.

ULSTER is a curious name for a young lady, but it is what an Irvington young man calls his queen. We suppose it is because he is so wrapped up in her.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

One of the lady teachers in a Reno public school a few days since was laboring with an urchin on the science of simple division. This is what came of it: "Now JOHNNY, if you had an orange which you wished to divide with your little sister, how much would you give her?" JOHNNY, "A suck."—*Reno Gazette*.

Many men think lecturing is their field, and take to the platform. All succeed in one way or another. Some succeed in pleasing the public, and others succeed in making their hearers wish they had been taken to the platform by the sheriff before they thought of taking to it of their own accord.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Now, JOHNNY, you've had a merry Christmas, and you must be good till next Christmas to pay for it." "Oh, yes, of course; be good. I don't b'lieve you can hire me to be good for a year for a tin horse and a story-book just like what BILL JONES was going to trade me for three marbles. Not much."—*New Haven Register*.

We observe with much pleasure and satisfaction that an attempt is being made to arrest the insidious progress of the French metric system in this part of the country. The metric measure is a subtle, crafty, possibly Jesuitical assault upon our institutions, under the pretence of giving us thirty-nine inches for a yard.—*Brooklyn Union*.

Two men halted on Christmas Eve before a brilliantly-lighted dry goods palace. "Do you know," said one, "that this store reminds me of my wife's mouth?" "How so, my boy?" queried the other. Then the first speaker pointed in silence to a sign conspicuously displayed in the window. "Open all the evening."—*Buffalo Sunday Times*.

Give a boy "leave" to throw a snowball at you and he will skim the silk hat from your head just as easy; but if you attempt to retaliate he will stand in front of a glass door in such a tempting manner that you "let drive," not for a moment thinking the young rascal will dodge, but he does, and your snowball gracefully introduces itself through the glass and eventually goes through your pocket.—*New Haven Register*.

Two of those ornaments made of plaster of Paris flavored with sugar were bestowed upon an urchin, with the usual warning, "Don't eat them whatever you do; they will poison you." For some time they were regarded by him and his younger brother with mingled awe and admiration; but at no distant day they missed one. "Tom," said she to the owner, who was just setting forth for school, "what have 'ee done with that figure?" "Giv'd it to DRUG," was the reply; "and if he's living when I come home, I mean to eat the other one myself."—*Ex*.

A poet in a contemporary sings this kind of a song:

"They tell me of Italian lands,
Where flowers, by zephyr breezes fanned,
Perfume the evening air."

We don't like to discourage poets. As a great public teacher we admire them. But truth is tantamount to poetry, and the writer of the above might as well know first as last that the "flowers, zephyr breezes," &c., are nothing more or less than Italian organ-grinders with monkey attachments. And the perfume! Save the mark! It's only garlic!—*N. Y. Express*.