



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

There is an oyster in my soup," shrieked a man at a restaurant. "Don't pay for it, then," said the man next to him.—*Sunday Breakfast Table.*

An arrow minded man—the toxophilite.—A private box—a prize fight on the sly.—A complaint and its cure.—ache o'night—Aconite.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

He was making considerable noise rehearsing his part of Othello, when a dog silenced him by his howling. This the star actor became a ear-bashed tragedian.—*Whitehall Times.*

"Is this our crowd?" asked a couple of agents, as they joined a party at a lunch counter. "No," replied one person, "this is not sauerkraut—it is ham."—*Sunday Breakfast Table.*

"Proposals for carrying the mails," mused Miss Mary, aged 36, looking up from a newspaper. Then she cried, in stormy tones, "I'd like to know who's to carry the females."—*Sunday Breakfast Table.*

Why is the meat in your sandwich like the large middle class of society? Because it lies between the upper-crust and the under-bred.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*—And is more use than both together.—*Philadelphia News.*

When you meet a man with a fancy pair of scissors in his vest pocket, you may set him down as a dry goods clerk or an editor. If his clothes are fine and fashionable, you may know he is not an editor.—*Waterloo Observer.*

A derrick is a bivalve, because it is a hoister.—*Whitehall Times.* The above paragraph explains why no man has ever been known to swallow a derrick while eating oyster soup. It wasn't there.—*Sunday Breakfast Table.*

A man wanted to buy a dozen of eggs from a market woman, but had no money. A bright thought struck him, and he asked her to lend him the price of the money. She agreed, remarking, "An eggs sell lent idea."—*Sunday Breakfast Table.*

A hang-up business—shooting glass balls in the air.—Great, lumbering fellows—the male inhabitants of Stillwater, Minn.—The farmer's favorite vest—harvest—*Agent's Herald.* The speculator's favorite vest—invest.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

Yesterday we observed a man dipping a piece of list into the bung of a whiskey barrel, after which he would withdraw it and then chow upon the woolen strip with great satisfaction. The fellow, no doubt, was of the spirit-chew-listic order.—*Whitehall Times.*

No, Sarah, you cannot make good pie out of pike rust.—Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of you.—Between Mary and the lamb there existed a strong friendship.—In an active career there must of necessity be great back-tivity.—When old Sol wishes to shave his face, he uses a sun ray sir.—*Whitehall Times.*

The story is told of a Williamsport young man who went to the Black Hills to seek his fortune, and wrote back to his father that he had done well, but added: "I will be home on Wednesday evening. Meet me at dark, just out of town, and bring a blanket or a whole pair of trousers with you. I have a hat."—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

The world should give us our daily bread for the world doughs us a living.—*Whitehall Times.* Kreet, and if some people "dough" a little work and not "loaf" around so much they would find no trouble in getting their daily bread.—*Cohoes Daily Register.*

There are two newspaper men in this State whose combined incomes amount to a trifle over \$400,000 a year. James Gordon Bennett's is \$100,000. Modesty forbids us to say more.—*Yonkers Statesman.* Ah, brother, we are glad that your modesty prevents you from "giving us away."—*Whitehall Times.*

Many sailors have their hands and arms marked with India ink. Some of this work is very fine, and the sailors exhibit it with pride, thinking it cannot be excelled. Yet almost any snare drummer can beat a tattoo.—*Rome Sentinel.* Many young ladies tat—who cannot crochet, and some can tat two collars while one is being knit.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

Conductors do the fare thing and masons the square thing.—*Erratic Enrigue.* And editors the write thing.—*Pocahontas.* The young Indian girl who saved the Smith family from being knocked into Smithereens.—"I never saw the beat of him," as the old gentleman remarked,—speaking of a policeman who was never on hand when wanted.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

A New York church choir is on a strike, owing to one or two of its members getting disliked by the others. You seldom find harmony in a church choir, anyhow.—*Norristown Herald.* There is an excellent city in New Hampshire for choirs who disagree. The singers there are always in harmony,—or Concord, which is the same thing. Capital joke, eh?—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

There is nothing like taking the conceit out of a young man. When young Ragbag put his flyer at his best speed, driving up Columbus avenue, and then hauled up to a policeman and asked: "Is it against the law to drive fast on the avenue?" The officer replied: "Yes, young man, and I'm glad you have taken care not to break the rule." And Ragbag felt awfully embarrassed.—*Boston Post.*

A matter of course—a horse race.—*Meriden Recorder.* Rather a matter of courser. We don't charge cent for the correction.—Rabbit hunters should always see that their rifles and shot-guns are provided with bare triggers, before joining in the chase.—"Though art so near and yet so far," sighed the shop girl, when a lady with a seal-skin cloak took a seat beside her in the horse car.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

South end maiden asks: "When a young man comes twice a week with a carriage and takes a young lady to the theatre and a supper afterward and makes her magnificent presents, what does it indicate?" It indicates, dear ma'am, that he has got more money to fool away than we have.—*Boston Post.* More frequently it indicates that he is spending what little cash he has laid up and after marriage his bride will have to take in sewing to get money to buy cooking utensils.—*Philadelphia News.*

Although there is no regular association of cooks in Boston, they are, as a class, governed by certain bile laws, to which they are obliged to conform.—"I presume you understand my business," said the con-us taker to the acrobat. "I merely wish to know your occupation." "Oh, yes! I tumble," replied the acrobat.—Eighty million dollars' worth of hogs have been sold to Europe the past year.—"Lardy dah."—*New Haven Register.* Weaver notion that the Register "tried" this pork kind of a pun to bring out "scraps" from the rest of the boys.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

The train had run into a snow-drift, and the engine was butting its head in vain against a six-foot bank.

"For once the iron horse appears to be beaten," remarked a fat woman near the centre of the car.

"You shouldn't call it an iron horse," mildly reproved a solemn-faced man across the aisle.

"Why not?" asked the fat woman in some surprise.

"Because it's block tin," softly murmured the solemn-faced man, as he gazed out the window and across the wintry waste with a far-away look in his eye.

The fat woman gasped, while the conductor was astonished to such a degree that he went out of the car without slamming the door.—*Rockland (Me.) Courier.*

The other night as the Buffalo express was whirling off the Erie, a queer looking old man, who might have escaped from the curiosity department of the Historical Society, got up from his seat in the sleeping car and shouted: "Is there a doctor in the car?" Commotion and excitement immediately ensued, and as there was no medical man in that particular car, several passengers hurried through the train, and finally found one. "What's the matter?" he said to the little old man. "Nothing," said he, "but in case I'm sick and yell out like thunder in my sleep, my bunk's No. 20, now, don't forget it!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

What makes a paling fence pale?—Lapland ought to produce good pedestrians.—There is only one married State—Mrs. Sippi.—Snow shoes, indeed! They are better things than shoes if they are to come down to us that way.—Does the Water Department use paper with a water-line? Here's a chance for an investigation, Mr. Caven!—The people of Santa Fe, New Mexico, are rejoicing over gas-light. When the three month's bills are presented, they will think the gas is heavy instead of light!—A boy in London, Canada, swallowed a goose-quill, but, instead of being all write with him, it was all wrong.—[Ex. In other words, he made a goose of himself!—Tennyson is losing his popularity: his poetical productions only command penny-a-liner prices.—[Ex. He ought to change his name to Pennyson, then.—Who is the greatest liar? He who speaks most of himself.—[Ex. If this is accepted, we suppose the greatest truth-teller is one who is perpetually lying about somebody else!—*Philadelphia Item.*

It was just three o'clock in the afternoon—just the hour when old soakers put down their mid-watch dram. Seven or eight men were seated around the stove when one of them suddenly remarked:

"There comes Jim. Poor fellow, I feel sorry for him."

"What's the matter with Jim?" asked two or three at once.

"He swore off on the first, and he seems bound to stick to it."

"Swore off, eh? He doesn't look as if he had the sand to stick to it."

"Oh, but he has. It would make him feel awful bad to be invited up to the bar, but Jim is in earnest this time."

Jim entered the place, nodded to all hands, and was warming his toes when one of the men moved over to the bar, winked at the rest, and said:

"Er? Jim—take sunthin' with me?"

Jim sauntered over to the bar, poured out a stiff glass of whiskey, and sent it down without a sigh. The other looked at him for half a minute, and then asked:

"Didn't you swear off on New Year's?"

"Yes."

"On what?"

"On drinking water!" replied James, as he calmly wiped his mouth on his elbow.