



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Tan-bark—A terrier's yelp.—*Staubenville Herald*.

A pen may be driven, but a pencil does best when it is lead.—*Boston Transcript*.

The mosquito, like the rest of the nabobs, will soon make his hum by the sea.—*Waterloo Observer*.

Jockeys must all have some throat affection, for they always talk horse.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

The New Haven Register thinks the Northwest passage contains too much ice to the amount of water.

In selecting a barber, remember that a fullness under the eyes denotes language.—*Cincinnati Inquirer*.

An hour is soon passed; in fact it goes "like sixty," and so let it be recorded on the minutes.—*N. Y. News*.

It is a notable fact that the man who eats the smallest meal will invariably take the most toothpicks.—*N. Y. Star*.

"You follow the legal profession, I believe, sir?" Lawyer Pompus: "No, sir—I lead it."—*Boston Advertiser*.

If you wish to make the weather cooler, just say "Ph-e-e-w!" every time you meet a friend. It is an old and well tried recipe.—*Et.*

One swallow doesn't make a summer; but let us see, how many freckles do the young ladies consider the maximum for the season?—*Et.*

No matter how great a philosopher a man may be, he can never withstand the temptation to kick an empty tomato can.—*Uncle Sam*.

ELI PERKINS is in the Indian country. The savages would have "raised" his hair but they knew it was false.—*New Haven Register*.

A poor apology is about as unsatisfactory to the average human being as a ten-cent plate of limber ice-cream.—*Hackensack Republican*.

The happiest moment in a boy's life is when he can smoke cigarettes in the presence of his parents without endangering his life.—*Exchange*.

Etiquette says a call should not be less than fifteen minutes in length.—*N. O. Picayune*. This rule does not apply to newspaper offices.—*Boston Post*.

An up-country church society offers a reward for the arrest of the person who surreptitiously introduced a hornet's nest into the grab-bag.—*Boston Post*.

It is a dismal sight to see thousands of well-meaning people shivering on the sea shore in June under the impression that that is summer recreation.—*N. Y. Star*.

Probably no man so fully realizes the hollowness of life and human ambition as the man who ladles a teaspoonful of new-laid horseradish into his mouth, under the impression that it is ice-cream.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

A Chicago man's nightmare turned out to be the shadow of his wife's foot on the bedroom wall, instead of an unearthly monster with five horns.—*Chn. Saturday Night*.

The distinguished Americans now in Europe are *Parole*, the runner; *HANLAN*, the sculler; *WESTON*, the walker, and *TALMAGE*, the talker.—*New Haven Register*.

Brass passes for gold in Africa; and by the way, it does here, too.—*Buffalo Express*. Colorado is a young State; but she is unrivaled for her big bugs.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

A new novel is called "Cupid on Crutches." It is evidently a lame production. The breezy little god, perhaps, didn't know his bow and arrow were loaded.—*Nor. Herald*.

The commencement crop is being harvested. Prices quoted yesterday were \$40 for best claw-hammers and \$102.07 for superfine long-train-lace-trimmed dimity.—*Lockport Union*.

They were talking about quick jobs, when CHARLEY TRADOLLAR intimated that he never saw anything pushed forward more rapidly than a cow-catcher of an express train.—*N. Y. News*.

A Troy factory turns out about three million dozens of men's collars in a year, not one of which will stand up to its work properly through a hot summer's day.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"Women," quoth JONES, "are the salad of life, at once a boon and a blessing." "In one way they're salad, indeed," replied BROWN; "they take so much time in their dressing?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

A servant girl may be a splendid cook and a thoroughgoing Christian; but, at the same time, she will never hesitate to split up an ironing-board to kindle the fire with in a case of emergency.—*N. Y. Star*.

A boat race that doesn't bring out the lean and slipped puns "the last rows of summer," or "the rows that all are praising," or "there is no rows without a thorn," may be regarded as only a partial success.—*Norristown Herald*.

Jersey boy to bald headed father, who has a long beard: "Papa, why don't my hair go in on my head, and come out on my chin?" Here the worried father is supposed to tell his little boy not to ask so many questions.—*Camden Post*.

A great deal of poetry has been written about "snow white sails on a shimmering, sunlit sea," but the sails on most of the craft that we have observed look as if they had been used for circus canvass in a very wet and muddy season. There's no whiteness about them.—*New Haven Register*.

The sea-serpent observed at Sheephead bay was pronounced by those who saw it to be 102 feet long. As the creature was threatening the lives of the party at the time, the precision of this measurement must be accepted as one of the most signal triumphs of coolness and self-possession on record.—*New York Star*.

A college graduate who has over two thousand dollars worth of education went to Leadville to seek his fortune, and didn't earn enough in six weeks to pay three days' board; while a neighbor of his who accompanied him, and signed his name with an "X," made five hundred dollars the day after his arrival. The ignorant man understood the game of "poker" and the college graduate didn't, having neglected this branch for the less useful one of rowing a boat.—*Norristown Herald*.

When BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was an editor he was in the habit of writing to the young ladies who sent in poetry, saying in honeyed language that owing to the crowded state of his columns, etc., but he would endeavor to circulate their productions in manuscript. And then he tied the poems to the tail of his kite for "bobs."—*Uncle Sam*.

"Ma," said a little schoolboy on his return home one day this week. "I guess my teacher has got some pay on her salary at last." "How so, my son?" queried the mother. "Oh, she didn't go for me once to day," was the earnest reply—"the first time for three months that I haven't been afraid of my life!"—*Chicago Journal*.

The boy that to his mother says,  
As he the pantry passes,  
And sights the tempting syrup cup,  
"Oh! gimme some molasses!"  
Advanced to riper years, still cries,  
When weaned from his classes,  
And lounging at some waiting place,  
"Oh! give me summer lasses!"  
—*Yonker's Gazette*.

Examining a candidate for the gendarmerie: "Suppose you were going along the road with two prisoners and one of them ran away, what would you do?" "What would I do? Why, I'd shoot the other one and pursue the fugitive." He is at once admitted to the force and assigned to the twenty-ninth arrondissement.—*Paris Witicism*.

It is these bright evenings, when VENUS looks like a locomotive head light, and the moon like burnished brass, that stirs the poetic feelings in the breast of the young folks. By the way, it is on these same kind of evenings that Professor SWIFT goes down to tend his comet trap and finds that he has caught one of the celestial luminaries by its vaporous tail.—*Et.*

Talk of the bravery of the sterner sex! Do you remember the first time you asked her, "Will you take my arm?" While you trembled all over like the narrative of a stump-tail dog and experienced the sensation of having swallowed your ADAM's apple, what did she do? Why, she took your arm as coolly as she would eat a pickle.—*Boston Transcript*.

The Principal of Vassar College stepped suddenly into one of the recitation rooms and said, "That person who is chewing gum will please step forward and put it on the desk." The whole school stepped forward with one accord towards the desk, while the teacher slipped her quid under her tongue and said:—"Leally guls, I'm surprised!"—*Oil City Derrick*.

YAWCOB STRAUSS was a poet mit genius,  
Und inzight und such dings like dot,  
A himmel-vard, oop soaring shpirt,  
But scheweitzer und brod musht be got;  
Und ash poems was flat on der market,  
Like dey been in der most of events,  
He keeps him a sthore und zells all ginds of dings,  
Und der brice all der dime ish five cents.  
—*Phillips Thompson in Somerville Journal*.

TALLBOYS says he is afraid it's all up between him and Miss RUBILERS. She had three or four pieces of court plaster on her face at the ball the other night, and he whispered to her that sulphur and molasses was what his mother always gave him when he had a humor, and perhaps it would be good for her—dry up all her pimples right off. TALLBOYS says she gave him such a look, and he hasn't got a sight at her since.—*Boston Transcript*.