

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

To remove weeds:—Marry a widow.—*Ex.*
Modern politics is a game of grab.—*Webster Times.*

No man can climb the ladder of fame feet first.—*Whitehall Times.*

Invisible netting—the profit on selling short.—*McGregor News.*

The turkey now commences to observe the calendar.—*Lockport Times.*

It was ordained "binate"-ure that people should marry.—*The Book-keeper.*

"That's what's staggers us," as brains remarked of brandy.—*New York News.*

The Vacuum Cure is the latest. Apply at any boarding house.—*Lockport Union.*

Horse thieves are generally high-strung individuals out in the territories.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

Capturing the wild bore—subduing the angry visitor to an editor's sanctum.—*Toledo American.*

Go West, young man, rob a train, get your name in the papers and be respectable. Why stand ye hear idle?—*Detroit Free Press.*

Virginia wants duelling substituted for base ball as the national game, because the former is less destructive of life and limb.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Pekin, Ill., man's wife has given birth to a boy every Fourth of July for four years. Methods of celebration are a matter of taste.—*Boston Post.*

A candidate before election
Always feels his oats;
But when the polls at last are closed,
He wants to feel his votes.
—*Keokuk Gate City.*

Guiteau must die.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.* So? It was supposed that his infamous notoriety had given him a lease on immortality.—*Argo.*

It is estimated that \$100,000,000 is annually expended in the United States for funerals. If people would only discontinue dying, what a saving could be effected.—*Oil City Derrick.*

The hangman's plant—the art-choke—*American Queen.* The parson's plant—to-mate her.—*Springfield Sunday News.* The gambler's plant—Turn-up.—*Des Moines Saturday Evening Mail.* The loafer's plant—beat.—*Bay City Box.*

If a fish line is to catch fish, is a hack line to catch backs?—*Springfield Sunday News.* Or a tender line to catch suckers.—*Jamestown Sunday Leader.* Or a clothes line to catch a man under the chin.—*Frankford Herald.*

It is understood that the form of oath to be used at the Yorktown Centennial will vary little from the Old "Continental damn.".... The battle to be fought over this week—Brandy wine.... The orator of the day—The Dec orator.—*Richmond Baton.*

The young aesthetic who was kicked out by the girl's father thought the act was too utterly toe base for any use.... A new brand of feminine hose is called "Charity." This is no doubt because it covers a multitude of shins.—*Lloyd Breeze in Chaff.*

"Still water runs deep," said a quiet looking six-footer as he swallowed his glass of whiskey, and was preparing to depart without settling. "I don't think you shallow for it, either," returned the bar-keeper as he collared him for the pay.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

"Can you let me have some clabber?" asked a traveller at a farm house not far from Austin. "You can't have any," replied the honest farmer, "I've just give it to the hogs. First come first served, you know."—*Texas Siftings.*

Bee-ware—honey comb.... Egotism is an affection of the I.... A loan-some life—a pawn-broker's.... A sea-dog is always ready to bight.... A queer one—a counterfeit dollar.... The hardest city on record—Castile.... Rolling tens-pins is a bowled game.—*Toledo Saturday American.*

"What yer chewin' on?" queried one boot-black of another at the post-office yesterday. "Gum." "What else?" "Terbacker." "Go 'em both on the same side o' yer mouth?" "Yum." "Like 'em that way?" "Well, not overmuch, but it saves half a day of chawin'."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Lay off your overcoat or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of a western inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "That's what I'm afraid of," returned the man. "The last time I was here I laid off my overcoat. I didn't feel it when I went out, and I haven't felt it since."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A sprightly young maid of Toulouse
Could squak like a gander or goose;
She'd hiss out "Quack, quack!"
Behind the doc's back—
And yell with delight at her rouse.
—*Cleveland Sunday Sun.*

"I'll meet you more than half way," said the goat.

"But you musn't," expostulated the man.

"I'm bent on it," returned the goat, lowering his horns.

"You are very head-strong," said the man, when he had stopped revolving.—*Et. Ry. Journal.*

There is only one woman we know of who can let other women pass by her without looking after them to see whether their polonaises are shirred in the elbow and cut bias on the watch pocket. The woman in question is a tobacco sign on Pine street.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.* We know another, poor, dear old blind soul!—*Modern Argo.*

A member of the New Hampshire legislature denounced a bill that was under discussion as "treacherous as was the stabbing of Cæsar by Judas in the Roman capital." Then he got out of it by saying that he used "by Judas" as a sort of oath, just as he would say "by George" or "by tunket." He knew well enough it was Hannibal who stabbed Cæsar.—*Lockport Union.*

Speak gently, it is better far
To whisper soft and low,
When talking to the girl you love
Because you do not know
Who may be listening unobserved,
To hear what you may say
And then, through cussedness so pure,
Give both of you away! —*Hartford Journal.*

It's a wicked woman who elips out about midnight and rubs tallow on the coal-hole cover, and then gleefully lies awake listening for her hubby's return from the lodge, and chuckles and stuffs the pillow in her mouth as she hears all the windows of the neighbourhood go up for people to find out who that awful profane man is sitting on the walk.—*Melnotte Tarheel in Chaff.*

Circular drafts—Cyclones.... When is man on sentry like a tree in spring?—When he is about to be re-lieved.... What indispensable article of female attire does a rabbit's legs remind one of? Why, hare-pins, of course!... "What's the matter with your eye, Tommy?" "Oh, it's only been going through an operation at the hands of an knockulist, that's all."—*Kansas City Saturday Evening Saturday.*

"Of what great truth does this remind you?" said the teacher, stretching the lad across his knee and vigorously applying the rattan to a dusty waste of exposed pantaloons.

"Every tub on his own bottom," answered the boy, and the teacher was so well pleased that he told him that he needn't sit down again until his trowsers had had time to cool.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A firm advertises for "live" agents. This is wise; a dead one isn't good for much.... When a stream of German comes in over the telephone, it makes a hella girl stagger.... The papers are printing outs of David Davis. A mighty fat "take" for the composers.... "Take Jones Care all," shouts Jones, "one trial will be sufficient." That's it—generally is.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

In the spring musicians' fancies
Turn to sea-shore hops and dances.
—*The Score.*

Or else they travel o'er our land,
As members of some circus band.
—*Fulton Times.*

Now the "season" has begun,
Most are on the homeward run.
—*Richmond Baton.*

"I don't think a majority of the members of church choirs ever get to Heaven," observed an old lady who was accustomed to construe her Bible very literally. This opinion very naturally occasioned some surprise, and she was asked why she thought so. "Because," said she, "all angels are required to sing, and that's something most of the members of church choirs can't do."—*Galveston News.*

"Making a call the other day," writes a fair correspondent, "I casually opened a Bible on the drawing-room table while waiting for my friend. There was a folded piece of paper inside, and it was marked, I couldn't help seeing it, 'receipt for puuches.' My friend entered at the moment and I handed it to her. 'Why, where in the world did you get that?' she asked, 'I've been looking for it six months.'"—*Ex.*

What made By-ron?—*McGregor News.* Probably a Bul-ber after him.—*Modern Argo.* Or a Cow-per-haps. Being a Swift runner he got Scott free, and caused his pursuer like the Dickens.—*Ex.* He must have become "D'zzy," or at least have been troubled with an Ake-aside, and he did not probably, like Oliver, cry for "Moore."—*Quiz.* But to branch off again, let us ask what made Thack-hurry?—"Buz." The boys have all Spencer much time getting off these jokes, that we have just time to take a Chaw, sir.



WEIGHTY INDIGNATION!
A.D. B.—x.—B.—Does the *Globe* mean to insinuate that the Board of Works Committee is not square?