



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

It is believed that the word "never" has been crippled for life.—*Danbury News.*

There are few men who can catch a six-inch trout and not lie about it.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Since the foot produces ache-corns, what kind of fruit will the negro?—*Keokuk Gate City.*

Speaking across a garden fence admits of a good deal being said on both sides.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

"My work's dun," remarked the collector as he started out in the morning.—*Marathon Independent.*

A Rockland man calls his wife "green fruit," because she never agrees with him.—*Rockland Courier.*

The politician wanted the newspapers filed because they were so rough on him.—*Waterloo Observer.*

An authority in such matters says love levels all ranks, except rank butter.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

"Farewell, my hone," sang the barber, as he saw a thief making off with it.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

JOAQUIN MILLER is said to be busy writing a war poem. Mr. MILLER was very recently married.—*New York Commercial.*

The marriage of a deaf and dumb couple is always the result of a mutual admiration.—*Philadelphia Item.*

The old M. Ds. see to it that graves are occupied, and the young M. Ds. that they are emptied.—*Lockport Union.*

The circus times are upon us, and already there is a noticeable falling off in the church contributions.—*Kbokuk Constitution.*

Authors are spoken of as dwelling in attics, because so few of them are able to live on their first story.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

Once more the busy bumble bee
Bumbleth his bumbling song:
And the small boy army seeketh he
'Bout 40,000 strong.—*Augusta Mail.*

Figures can not lie, but if a bad man knows how to use them they will help him cover up an embezzlement for a long time.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A young Darwinian, Jack (to his married sister)—"Hi! POLLY!! Look!!! Here's your baby trying to walk on its hind legs!!!!—*London Punch.*

Eleven million dollars was spent in this country last year for hair restoratives, and we can't see one more hair than the year before.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It is suspected that when the great buzz went up from assembled thousands on the occasion of HANLAN'S victory, COURTNEY the great buzz saw.—*Corey Press.*

We see at last that we must cease making jokes. When it gets so they are liable to explode and scare horses it is time to stop.—*Rockland Courier.*

All things are ordered wisely. No sooner does the grass get robust enough to soil light pants than the tailors begin making the article.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

The need of many an editor,
From long time immemorial,
Is a pair of double action shears
That can write an editorial.
Hackensack Republican.

As far as we are informed, there is nothing in the appearance of a church contribution box to derange any one, but it is well known that it turns men's heads—the other way.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

When you see a man take off his hat to you it is a sign that he respects you. But when he is seen divesting himself of his coat you can make up your mind that he intends you shall respect him.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

When lovely woman hears strange news,
What form of speech so efficacious,
To give expression to her views,
As this plain English—"Goodness Gracious!"
Chicago Journal.

VANDERBILT is worth over fifty millions. He can go to the first church strawberry festival of the season, treat half a dozen young ladies, and have enough money left for next morning's marketing.—*Norristown Herald.*

Did it ever occur to you why a lawyer who is conducting a disputed will case is like a trapeze performer in a circus? Didn't? Well, its because he flies through the air with the greatest of ease.—*Unidentified Exchange.*

A five cent piece and a foolish man dond hale an ackwaindance pooty long, dhen, it vas pooty good to been foolishness and hafe plenty five cent pieces introduced to you, and it?—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
He loves not new-baked gingerbread?
Who, stepping through the kitchen door,
On baking day, sees goodly store
Of fragrant, amber-shadowed cake,
And—half unconscious—does not break
A ragged chunk?
California Paper.

Here is the way a Vallejo girl puts up her back hair: "Ri tum de iddle, de iddle de lay; where is a hair pinny de liddle de lay; oh, ain't I killing rum tiddy de liddle de lay; and I'm going to the picnicky er rickety de lickety de lay."—*Vallejo Chronicle.*

A Georgia man in California was boasting of the size of southern productions. Pointing to a barrel he said, "We raise larger watermelons than those." "Watermelons!" exclaimed the Californian, "why, those are only huckleberries."—*New York Herald.*

This is the time of year when the industrious young man resolves to get up very early every morning and take a walk, or read history, or do something awfully commendable, and then oversleeps himself and is late to business twenty-seven days in the month.—*New York Mail.*

A teacher asked a bright little girl, "What country is opposite us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir," was the answer. "Well, now," pursued the teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in it at this end, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, sir," replied the pupil, with an air of triumph.—*Lowell Sun.*

She has, as usual yearly, commenced work on the front spring flower garden. She can't find the hoe, rake and trowel used last year. She never can. She buys a new hoe, rake and trowel. She has done this for nine successive seasons. Also, garden gloves and a new watering pot. Yesterday the old ones were found where they were safely put away last fall in the barn loft. Now there are two sets to work with.—*New York Graphic.*

"Sir," roared a man out in Nebraska, striding up to a neighbor, "Sir, you are a liar." "I am?" exclaimed the astonished neighbor. "How do you know I am?" "Because I know it; because I have found it out." "How long have you been living here?" "Six weeks." Neighbor, tranquilly adding his head: "Oh, well, probably you do know it then. I didn't think you had been in town so long." There was no fight.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

She painted on china and silk, she talked science and art day and night, she read RUSKIN, CARLYLE and that ilk, and combed her hair like a fright. She wrote essays and papers and such, on the cosmic, the real, and ideal, she was linguistic from English to Dutch, and her stockings were out at the heel.—*Stuebenville Herald.*

If the person who called at this office some time ago and had the following verse printed upon a display card, and who failed subsequently to call for the job or to pay for it, will now lend his doleful presence to this establishment he will learn something to his advantage.—

"Since man to man is oft unjust
I do not know what man to trust.
I've trusted some, and to my sorrow,
You pay to-day; I'll trust to-morrow."
Rome Sentinel.

MRS. PARTINGTON AT THE SOCIABLE.

[B. P. SHILLABER in the Cambridge Avenue.]

There was no mistaking the costume, and the fact that the venerable dame led a small boy by the hand confirmed the impression that Mrs. PARTINGTON was indeed in the assemblage. There was a momentary lull in the buzz of conversation, and the party gathered around the new comer, eager to shake her by the hand. "Bless me!" said she, with a beaming smile, which played over her face like sunshine over a lake. "Bless me! how salutary you are!—just as you ought to be at a time like this, when nothing harmonious should be allowed to disturb your hostilities. You are very kind, I'm sure, and I am glad to see you trying to enjoy yourselves. We had no church sociables in my young days, but we had huskin' bees, and quiltn' bees, and apple bees, and—" "Bumble bees," said IRE, breaking in like a boy on thin ice—"and though we had good times, and sociable enough, goodness knows, when the red ears were found, they were nothing to the superfluity of this." There was a slight disturbance in the circle, as IRE in his restlessness placed his heel on a circumjacent toe, but it was stilled as the master of ceremonies came up to introduce the minister. "Glad to see you, madam," said the minister. "I hope you may find the hour spent with us a happy one." "I know I shall, sir," replied she, "for happiness depends very much on how we enjoy ourselves, and enough of anything always satisfies me. Why shouldn't I enjoy myself in a scene of such life and animosity as this?" "Very true, madam." "And then the lights, blazing like consternation, and the music and flowers make it seem like Pharaoh land." The minister was called away, and the master of ceremonies asked Mrs. P. if she would like "an ice," which she faintly heard. "A nice —?" she replied, looking at him and hanging on the long—, as if it were the top bar of a gate; "oh, very." A rush by the contestants in a game here broke in between them, the band gave a crash which seemed to start the roof, the mass of people waded to and fro, IRE started off with a new cry in quest of some suggested peanuts, and Mrs. PARTINGTON backed into the seat. She looked pleasantly upon the moving spectacle through her own parabolas, her fingers beat time to the music, and her olfactories inhaled the breath of flowers and the smell of coffee from an adjacent room, till she was becoming "lost," when she realized that a figure was standing before her, and a cold spoon was being thrust into her right hand. It was the attentive manager again with an ice cream, which he invited her to take. "You are very surprising, sir," said she, smiling. "I was unconscionable at the moment. Thank you. I will. I am very partially fond of ice cream, and this is manilla, too, which is my favorite." She ate with a sense of enjoyment caught from the scene, and went away soon after, when IRE had joined her, with plecthoric pockets, bidding the manager convey a good night from her to the party, saying she had enjoyed a real sociable time.