



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Over halls—roofs, of course.—*Owego Record*.
The fan market is slighty.—*Wheeling Leader*.
The debentures of the city of Cork should be floated easily.
The church is the pew rest place on earth.—*Steubenville Herald*.
Gets the best of grub—Paris Green.—*Boston Jour. of Commerce*.
The shades of night go about dewing good.—*New Orleans Picayune*.
Maybe it was an idea that struck Billy PATERSON.—*Salem Sunbeam*.
The dandy who means well is not a mean swell.—*H. Clay Lukens*.
Now, gardeners, bring in your truck; and your sunstruck, too.—*Kokomo Tribune*.
Waving a red petticoat before a fierce bull gives the animal the scarlet fever.
Don't despise the lowly. The under jaw does all the work.—*Boston Transcript*.
The *Detroit Free Press* asks:—"Is a clothing store a coterie, a pantry or a vestry?"
Stiggles says there is too much roam-ants about camp life, to please him.—*Syracuse Times*.
Missouri girls are sweet Mo-lasses, but cannot be called syrup-titious.—*Keokuk Constitution*.
The bathing suit levels all ranks. Even sex and age approaches equality.—*Salem Sunbeam*.
Because an old man looks fine and sere that doesn't make him a financier.—*Fat Contributor*.
How many young men there are, who like corn, turn white when they pop.—*Whitehall Times*.
The best kind of liniment for Mexican bandits is the Mexican must-hang.—*Whitehall Times*.
There would be more Arctic expeditions if there were women at the poles.—*Cin. Saturday Night*.
Goat milk should be termed butter-milk because the goat is an acknowledged butter.—*Derrick*.
Fashion notes—Those that go to pay dress-makers' and milliners' bills.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.
An old thermometer is never very popular. Nobody wants to see a thermometer over seventy.—*Seth Spicer*.
A woman who has four sons, all sailors, compares herself with a year, because she has four seasons.—*Kokomo Tribune*.
Many a woman toxophilite before marriage who put sin the sharp arrows of quivering conversation thereafter.—*Yonkers Gazette*.
A man who was sparking a vinegar-faced old maid said he was trying to make his favorite drink. He referred to sour mash.—*Argo*.
Beans are not very largely cultivated in Russia owing to the irreconcilable aversion that exists there to the poles.—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.
The man who advertises for a lost umbrella and expects to see it again, expects what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.—*Breakfast Table*.

It's small use for some people to be laying up treasures in heaven. They will not get a chance to take an invoice of them.—*Bloomington Eye*.

"What are the wild waves saying?"
"Nothing, love. You have probably taken too many hard boiled eggs for supper."—*Gate City*.

No wonder young ladies are so strongly in favor of bay windows, for they are such nice harbors at night for smacks.—*Lowell Sun*.

A Binghamton young man who is sparking a Dutch girl over in the 5th ward, talks wisely of foreign courts and foreign relations.—*Ed L. Adams*.

The greenback party has now simmered down to almost its original constituents—bull-frogs and lizards, and they are mighty slippery.—*Every Saturday*.

The United States are about to be swallowed up by Great Britain, at least the country will be captured by the Hancock and English—men.—*Waterloo Observer*.

A temperance lecturer may present a very strong argument, but he cannot always make those who differ with him "take water."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The Bernhardt makes no bones of announcing that she has a skeleton in her closet, and will bring the same to this side for advertising purposes.—*Lockport Union*.

If lawyers offered prayers to Heaven one half as often as they offer them to the court, there might be some chance of one or two of them getting in.—*Every Saturday*.

When a tramp desires a glass of water now, he steps up to the front door, rings the bell gently, and politely asks for a Dr. TANNER breakfast.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

Young ladies who wish to have small mouths are advised to repeat this at frequent intervals: "FANNY FINCH fried five floundering frogs for FRANCIS FOWLER's father."

NO SAMUE, although we grieve to be the means of blasting your high toned hopes, you are not a Duchess merely because your husband is a Dutchman.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

A hen-pecked husband said in extenuation of his wife's raids upon his scalp: "You see, she takes her hair off so easily, she doesn't know how it hurts to have mine pulled out."

It is very natural for the city clergy to want a vacation and go off to the cool mountains in hot weather. Their business is to preach against hot places.—*Gowanda Enterprise*.

The busiest man in the world is the one who has no employment of his own. He feels compelled to give such minute attention to the details of other people's business.—*Fulton Times*.

The editor wrote "A minister without a charge," but the compositor who set it up "A minister without change," knew as much about religion as the editor—if not more.—*Norristown Herald*.

Mrs. URSULA HUMPHREYVILLE, of Northfield, over a 100 years old, recently sat four times for her photograph, and came out of the ordeal in full possession of all her faculties.—*Danbury News*.

Said JONES: "FRED GRANT won't have so soft a thing as he has had." "I don't know," replied ROBINSON, "he'll have a soft thing so long as he keeps cool and don't lose his head."—*Lowell Sun*.

TANNER's fast is not original. The old gentleman, NOAH, lived forty days on water.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*. But was eager at the end to Mount Ararat he could get hold of. Shem on you for reviving such memories!—*New York News*.

He called her a lazy, good-for-nothing slattern, and she only javed back; but when he finally said she was a miserable diaphanous monad, she just went off to her own room and wept.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

It seems that New York city is sinking beneath the waves at the rate of several inches each century, and the *Rochester Herald* is already beginning to worry about the future fate of the obelisk.—*Buffalo Courier*.

SMITH to BROWN, going home from the club in the small hours of the morning: "I am awfully late, BROWN; what'll you say to your wife?" BROWN: "Oh, not much; good morning, my dear, or something of that sort; She'll say the rest."

"How do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y?" the teacher asked the young gentleman nearest the foot of the class. And the smart bad boy stood up and said it depends a great deal whether it is applied to a man or a bee. Go to the head, young fellow.

The remarks of Mr. NEPTUNE as he sits on his gigantic clam shell and views through his trident the bathing costumes, and the pump forms inside, would—well they would not look well in so moral a paper as the *Union*.—*Lockport Union*.

"By gemini! its twins," said an astronomical father. And he cogitated how he could planet to support them.—*American Punch*. Smart astronomer, that, not to know that the only proper way is the milky way.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

"Has the cooking book any pictures?" asked a young lady of a bookseller. "Not one," replied the dealer in books. "Why," exclaimed the witty miss, "what is the use of telling us how to make a dinner if you give us no plates?"—*Exchange*.

A learned man says that one of the hieroglyphics on Cleopatra's Needle may be translated: "Is it hot enough for you?" And, strange to say, right underneath it is a grave-stone device, giving the writer's age and date of his death.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

Pat: "Well, Dan, and have ye heard the news—have ye heard that Rory, the miller's dead?" Dan: "Rory the miller is it that's dead now? but ye don't say so, and he was a young man too." Pat: "Faith, an' that's thrue for ye, Dan: he was such a young man, now, that I expected to see him at my own funeral instead of me going to his."

A clergyman asked his Sunday-school: "With what remarkable weapon did Samson at one time slay a number of Philistines?" For a while there was no answer; and the clergyman, to assist the children a little, commenced tapping his jaw with the tip of his finger, at the same time saying, "What's this? what's this?" Quick as thought, a little fellow innocently replied, "The jaw bone of an ass, sir."

The people of a New Hampshire town are so fearfully lazy that when the wife of a minister who had just settled in that town asked a prominent citizen if the inhabitants generally respected the Sabbath and refrained from business, he replied: "Confound it, ma'am, they don't do enough work in a whole week to break the Sabbath, if it was all done on that day."—*Post*.

"Bub, did you ever stop to think," said a grocer recently, as he measured out a half a peck of potatoes, "that these potatoes contain sugar, water, and starch?" "No, I didn't," replied the boy, "but I heard mother say you put peas and beans in your coffee, and about a pint of water in every quart of milk you sold." The subject of natural philosophy was dropped right there.