

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

In life the printer composes, in death he decomposes.—*Boston Star*.

The way of the transgressor leads straight to Newark, N. J.—*Boston Star*.

While stingy husbands are not popular, every maiden likes to have her beau very close.—*N. Y. News*.

A French critic says it takes a genius to use short words, but that a parrot can learn to repeat long words.—*The Judge*.

Milwaukee has thus far escaped small-pox, but we understand vaccination is prevailing to a terrible extent.—*Peck's Sun*.

Young man, in beginning the journey of life, don't take the train from the wrong deep-owe.—*Whitehall Times*.

The female looks for bargains in dry goods, but the female looks for bar gains in wet goods.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

Some cold-hearted people could take lessons in shaking hands by watching a respectable dog wag his tail.—*Steubenville Herald*.

Polygamy in this country looks to foreign nations just as a huge grease spot would on the snowy surface of a bride's satin robe.—*Chaff*.

Bliffers says the young lady on his street plays the piano with a good deal of feeling—around after the right keys.—*Yankee Straus*.

The small-pox is a very rash thing, and is very humorous, but no one can see where the laugh comes in when it breaks out.—*Bloomington Eye*.

What is home without a night key?—*Lowell Citizen*. It's equivalent to a ticket to a first-class lecture or a symphony in white.—*Boston Times*.

A girl has been arrested in Kansas City for flirting with the mourners in a funeral procession. That girl takes the cranberry tart.—*Peck's Sun*.

Bread and butter is the dress of the world; love and kisses its trimming. Young people, put this in your pipe and smoke it.—*Steubenville Herald*.

From the persistency with which Vanderbilt waters his stock, it is thought that at one time he must have been a milkman.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The man whose chances in the matrimonial lottery secured him a scolding helpmeet, declared "he had a fall-smart wife."—*Gouverneur Herald*.

Save your coins with holes in them for the church missionary collections. The heathen can easily string them together for necklaces.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

"Smile whenever you can," says Henry Ward Beecher. No wonder the young men of the day bankrupt themselves buying gloves.—*New York Press*.

A girl was vaccinated with matter taken from the arm of a silly lover of hers. She said she preferred matter right from the calf.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

Rochester Express: We have often heard ministers advocate the "elevation of the stage." Their motive is plain—they can't see over the big hats.

"If the good die young," asks the Modern Argo, "how do you account for bald-headed editors?" We presume they also must have dyed young.—*New York News*.

"Junius:" No, it is scarcely possible that the milk was put into the cocoa nut after the nut was grown; it must have got in some udder way.—*Syracuse Times*.

A correspondent asks: "Where is the best place to be vaccinated?" At the city physician's office, if you have not a doctor of your own.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

It is the fashion to throw old shoes after the bride at a wedding. After the marriage the husband keeps up the custom, only he tosses them with his foot.—*Webster Times*.

Kate Field doesn't think a press club worthy of the name, that ignores the existence of women. But how can it be a press club, Kate, without the ladies?—*Webster Times*.

We found the same old thing in our Christmas stocking that we always do, but it was smaller than last year. We stayed in bed till it was darned over.—*Gilbert's Argus*.

Life is made up of small things, the smallest being the man who runs in debt for his newspaper, and then orders his paper stopped before paying his dues.—*Whitehall Times*.

Counter attraction—a pretty saleswoman.—*Yonkers Gazette*. All right, Brother Holden, but have a care how you look at one, else you may en-counter Mrs. H.—*Hartford Journal*.

Thus "Imperial Caesar turned to clay,
Now stops a hole to keep the wind away."
And Garfield, murdered by a cranky scamp,
Is busted to adorn a postage stamp.
—*Fall River Advance*

They are going to illuminate Hell Gate with the electric light. It has been generally understood that hell's gate has been previously illuminated by red noses.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

Charles Edwards Smith of Barkhamstead has asked the legislature to change his name to Charles Smith Edwards. Charles is probably on the back of some heavy note.—*Danbury News*.

Much time is spent in discussing the best way to get to the North Pole. Suppose we consider the question how those who go there are ever going to get back.—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says: "Some one wants to know if England is sending us veal in exchange for American beef." No. England has sent us Oscar Wilde, but no veal.—*Peck's Sun*.

"Make Somebody Glad" urges a recent poem. Hundreds of young men can comply with this request by simply bidding her good night two or three hours earlier Sunday nights.—*Norristown Herald*.

A man in St. Louis has gone crazy on account of witnessing a hanging. We know a man in New York who went crazy on account of seeing one. It was his wife, and she was hanging on another man's arm.—*The Judge*.

The Oil City *Derrick* says a great many people don't go to church for fear they may catch the small-pox. There is danger that the disease might "mark" the perfect man.—*Boston Transcript*.

If Caesar had met Oscar Wilde on the fatal day he went to the Senate Chamber, he never would have said, "Et tu Brute." He would have remarked instead, "Et tu tu."—*Steubenville Herald*.

Days are getting longer, but they are still so short that a thirty day note comes due in about two weeks, and they are not half so short as the fellow who gives the note usually is.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

The kind-hearted farmer can easily be detected. When it is very cold he takes the

blanket off his wife's shoulders and puts it over his horses when he comes to town in his wagon.—*Texas Siftings*.

Professor Williams, of Yale, who lived forty years in China, discredits the report about the beheading of a returned Chinese student at Hong Kong, for the crime of wishing to marry a New Haven girl.—*Puck*.

To think that after all my historic triumphs I should live to have pickled cucumbers thrown at me by a mob! And why, forsooth! Because I am a Jewess, and ha! ha! don't, ha! ha! eat any ha! ha! ha! pork!!!!!! O, this is ter-r-r-rible!—*Sarah Bernhardt*.

Gen. Terry, who has never yet been known to do anything to bring his name into reproach, in reporting the Indian troubles in Montana, is represented as saying of the Mussel Shell Valley that, until the Indians are removed, some kind of a Mussel be going on all the time.—*Rome Sentinel*.

It was in a smoking car. Seeing a party playing at cards, a gentleman stopped to look on a moment. Turning to another who sat in the next seat, he said, interrogatively, "All fours?" "All fours!" was the reply; all jackasses, I should say. They have been at it for the last twenty miles." Evidently he was not a lover of cards.—*Boston Transcript*.

What is that noise we hear, mother? That is a man learning to play the violin, my child. Is he sick, mother? No; he is not sick, my child, as you suppose, but everyone in the neighbourhood is. They wish he would be sick and die. Will he die, mother? No, my child, he will not die. He will keep on in this way for years, and finally get so he can play second fiddle in a very poor orchestra.—*Hartford Globe*.

Twenty years ago a man with hair was looked upon as a crack-brained spiritualist. Nowadays he must be regarded as an æsthetic yearner after the beautiful. As far as the brain is concerned, however, there is very little difference.—*Norristown Herald*.

He slipped quietly in at the door, but catching sight of an enquiring face over the stair rail, said: "Sorry so late, my dear; couldn't get a car before." "So the cars were full, too," said the lady; and further remarks were unnecessary.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

"But I pass," said a minister recently in dismissing a theme of his subject to take up another. "Then I make it spades," yelled a man from the gallery, who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of euchre. It is needless to say that he went out on the next deal, assisted by one of the deacons.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

Short Dialogue in a Fur-rin Tongue.

OVERHEARD BY A SACRILEGIOUS REPORTER.

ANGELINA.—"Adolphus, darling, if you love me supremely you'll make me a present of a \$300 seal sacque."

ADOLPHUS.—"I should beavery much pleased to do so, Angelina, deer, but the price is too otterly otter. How would one made of squirrel strike you?"

ANGELINA.—"Oh! you are just horrid, and I can hardly con-seal my dislike for you."

ADOLPHUS.—"Don't think, love, that I'm mink-cape-able of appreciating your affection for me, but how can you expect a poor bank-clerk like me to afford such luxuries?"

ANGELINA.—"Oh! Adolphus, darling, I never thought of that. The squirrel will look just consummately lovely. Let us seal it with a kiss."

BOTH IN CHORUS.—"Yum, yum."
(Drop Curtain).