



## THE JOKER CLUB

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Funny items are made by adroit turns of the humor-wrist.—*N. Y. News.*

To keep apples from decaying, put them in a cool place—where there is a large family of children.—*Ex.*

It rains alike on the just and the unjust—on the just mainly because the unjust have borrowed their umbrellas.—*Ex.*

The SMITH family recently held a reunion in New Jersey. Their principal sentiment was: "Pocahontas, the preserver of our race."—*Ex.*

A drunken man at Fort Worth, Tex., entered a circus and patted the big lion on the head. The arm he has left will do to turn a hand-organ.

"What a blessin' it is," said a hard-working Irishman, "that night never comes on till late in the day, when a man is tired and can't work any at all, at all."—*Ex.*

It is said that we spend more for tobacco than for bread. This seems a little hard to believe when everyone depends upon his friends for the former.—*Wild Oats.*

"I say," said a dandy to an intelligent mechanic, "I have got an idea in my head." "Well," replied the other, "if you don't cherish it with great care, it will die for the want of companions."

"We wish," says a Texas newspaper, "that a few of our citizens could be permitted to live till they die a natural death, so as to show the world what a magnificently healthy country Texas really is."—*Ex.*

"If I have ever used any unkind words, HANNAH," said Mr. SMILEY reflectively, "I take them all back." "Yes, I suppose you want to use them over again," was the not very soothing reply.—*New Haven Register.*

"Pa," said a little boy, "a horse is worth a great deal more, isn't it, after it's broke?" "Yes, my son. Why do you ask such a question?" "Because I broke the new rocking-horse you gave me this morning."—*Ex.*

"I never thought but once," said old Deacon WEBBING, "that it was a sin to steal an umbrella." "And when was that?" asked a friend. "It was when some pesky thief stole my new silk one," answered the deacon.—*Ex.*

A person meeting an old man with silver hair, and a very black, bushy beard, asked him, "how it happened that his beard was not so grey as the hair on his head?" "Because," said the old gentleman, "it's twenty years younger."—*Exchange.*

"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.*

CAPABILITY BROWN WAS GEORGE III.'s head gardener and exercised within his domain an autocratic rule, which, while fully admitted, was secretly resented. In course of time BROWN died, and the king made haste to visit his emancipated gardens. "Ha! JOHN," said His Majesty to the working gardener, gleefully rubbing his hands, "now that old BROWN is dead you and I can do as we please!"

A poor loafer on hearing that they charged five dollars a day for board in California, said he should go there to live, as he wished to get in some place where he could get his board charged to him. He is not particular about the price.—*Ex.*

A shrewd little fellow lived with an uncle who barely afforded him the necessities of life. One day the two were out together and saw a very thin greyhound, and the man asked his nephew what made the dog so poor. "I expect," replied the boy, "he lives with his uncle."—*Ex.*

At a church, in Southwark, there was a christening. After the ceremony, and while the minister was making out the certificate, he happened to say: "Let me see, this is the 30th?" "Thirtieth?" exclaimed the indignant mother, "indeed it is only the thirteenth!"—*Exchange.*

A Whitehall man has invented a patent hen cackle suppressor. It is attached to the hen's beak, and when it cackles in the early morn, the sound that disturbs sleepers is returned down the hen's throat and converted into egg shell. It is really a great invention.—*W. A. Watkins.*

A little girl found a shellless egg under the currant bushes in the garden, and in a high state of excitement brought it and showed it to her aunt. "See auntie," said she, "what I found under the currant bushes? And I know the old hen that laid it. I'm just going to put it back in the nest and make her finish it!"—*Ex.*

"Massa says you must sartan pay de bill today," said a negro to a New Orleans shop-keeper. "Why, he isn't afraid I'm going to run away, is he?" was the reply. "Not e'xactly dat; but look a here," said the darkey, slyly and mysteriously, "he's gwine to run away heseff, an' darfore wants to make a big raise."—*Ex.*

"Ish dere some ledder here for me?" inquired a German at the general delivery-window of the Post Office, the other day. "No, none here," was the reply. "Vhell, dot is queer," he continued, getting his head into the window; "my neighbor gets somedimes dree ledders in one day, and I get none. I bays more taxes as he does, and I have never got one ledder yet. How comes dose dings?"—*Ex.*

A Long Island Dutchman in reading an account of a meeting in New York city, came to the words, "The meeting then dissolved." He could not define the meaning of the last, so he referred to a dictionary, and felt satisfied. In a few minutes a friend came in, when the Dutchman said: "Dey must have very hot wedder in New York. I ret an argout of a meeting vere all the people had melted away."—*Ex.*

By a steamboat explosion on a Western river (says an exchange), a passenger was thrown unhurt into the water, and at once struck out lustily for the shore, blowing like a porpoise the while. He reached the bank almost exhausted, and was caught by a by-stander and drawn out, panting. "Well, oid fellow," said his friend, "had a hard time, eh?" "Ye-yes, pre-pretty hard, considerin'. Wasn't doin' it for myself, though; was a-workin' for one o' them insurance offices in New York. Got a policy on my life, and I wanted to save them. I didn't care."—*Ex.*

When the peddler rang Mr. BRAD's doorbell the other day, Mr. BRAD himself opened the door. Mr. BRAD had the baby under his arm, and there were four other children at his heels.

"Is the lady of the house in?" asked the peddler.

"Certainly she isn't!" replied BRAD,—"she is out: she is perennially and eternally out!"

"Guess she'll be in shortly?"

"No fear, old chap; she'll do nothing of the sort."

"Where can I see her?"

"Why, go down to the Woman Suffrage Club room; and if she isn't there, go to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, or to the Anti-Vivisection Association; and if she isn't there go to the Society for the Alleviating the Miseries of the Senegambians; and if she has disposed of these interesting creatures, look up the Society for Evangelizing the Maoris, and you'll probably find her surrounded with tracts, and pictures of TE KOORI and TROKOWAN, and if she has finished up there, look for her at the Church Aid Society, or at the Ward Soup-house, or at the American Indian Sewing Society, or at the Home of the One-legged, or at the Hospital for the Asthmatic, or at the St. Polycarp Orphan Asylum, or at some of those mission houses. If you get on her track you'll see more paupers and strong-minded women, and underclothing for the heathen, than you ever saw in the whole course of your life."

"I wanted to sell her a cold-handled flatiron, just out. Do you think she'll buy one?"

"She will if you can prove that the naked cannibals of Senegaubia or Fiji are yearning for cold-handled flat-irons. She would buy diamond breast-pins for those niggers, if they wanted them, I believe."

"I intended also to offer her a new kind of hair-pin, which—"

"All right; You must go down to the Home for One-legged, and persuade those cripples to cry for immovable hair pins, and she'll order them by the ton."

"I have also got a new kind of instrument that—"

"Right you are. TE WITTI wants a brass band at Taranaki."

"Has she any children?"

"Well, I'm the one that appears to have 'em just now, anyhow."

"Because I have a gum-top for a feeding bottle that is the nicest thing you ever saw."

"Now," said Mr. BRAD, "I'll tell you what to do. You get those paupers to swear they can't eat the soup they get at the soup house with spoons, they must have it from bottles with a rubber muzzle; and Mrs. BRAD will keep you so busy supplying the demand that you won't have time to sleep. You must try it. Buy up the paupers! Bribe 'em! Bribe 'em, I say."

"How'll I know her if I see her?"

"Why, she is a large women with a bent nose, and she talks all the time. You'll hear her talking as soon as you get within a mile of her. She'll ask you to subscribe to the Senegambian Fund, and to the Asthmatic Asylum, or Fiji Mission, before you can get your breath. Probably she'll read you four or five letters from reformed cannibals. But don't mind 'em. My opinion is she wrote 'em herself. It don't make any difference, but you might mention that since she left home the baby has had four fits, JOHNNY has fallen out of the pear tree and cracked his skull, MARV and JIM both have something like the croup, and TOMMY has been bitten by JONES's dog. It won't excite her. She won't care a cent; but I'd like her to have the latest news. Tell her if she can manage to drop in here for a minute between this and New Year's day, she might maybe wash the baby, and give the other children a chance to remember how she looks. But she needn't come if it will interfere with the happiness of the one-legged medicants or make her asthmatic patients miserable. Mind to mention it to her, now, will you?"

"I will."

"All right, then. I'll go in and put some fresh sticking-plaster to JOHNNY's skull."

And with the baby singing a vociferous solo, and other children clinging to his leg, Mr. BRAD retreated and shut the door. The peddler had determined to propose to a girl that night. He changed his mind and resolved to remain a bachelor.—*Wairoa Free Press.*