



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Frogs have opened the season of croak-eh?—*Waterloo Observer*.

"Dissolution"—a return to your original constituents.—*Punch*.

Can a bow-legged man be said to be in limbo?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Bad habits are formed by inexperienced garment makers.—*Ed. Adams*.

An eagle on a five dollar gold piece is worth a hundred in the air.—*Erie Herald*.

In many modern marriages Cupid is conquered by cupidity.—*P. I. Man*.

Footpads are said to limber up rheumatic joints amazingly.—*Cin. Star*.

If a ship arrives in port a second too late they dock it.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The bricklayer frequently has an arch-way about him.—*Boston Transcript*.

Some of the sweetest music comes from the sourest men.—*Ky. State Journal*.

The only profanity good deacons indulge in is a little circussing sometimes.—*Cin. Commercial*.

The *Norristown Herald* thinks that the game of from twenty-five to forty will puzzle the census-taker.

"I'll take the responsibility," as JENKS said when he held out his hands for the baby.—*Carl Prezel's Weekly*.

Racy.—Little Maggie (in a railway carriage)—"Mary, dear, if there is a collision, I hope our train will win."—*Fun*.

The reason a circus clown cracks jokes is because they are so old they won't bear handling.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

A man with fame is like a man with a corn. The larger it grows the more apt it is to be stepped on.—*Whitchell Times*.

Some women who can run from neighbor to neighbor a whole day are too weak to stand two minutes in a street-car.—*Ky. State Journal*.

A good many of us admire most in others the visible effects of our smartness upon them. It is strictly human nature.—*McGregor News*.

A boy must decide upon his profession before he leaves college, whether it is to be law, medicine, divinity or base-ball.—*N. O. Picayune*.

Special artists secure their battle-sketches by talking with men who started out for a canteen of water as the firing commenced.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Nihilists are evidently at work on the Gem Puzzle. No attempts have been made during the past week to assassinate the Czar.—*Kokomo Tribune*.

"Like father, like son," as the young lady remarked, when she decided to accept the young for the sake of the old man's money.—*Rockland Courier*.

It looks real easy and home-like to see the baby at the table invariably eat its bread with a spoon, while it picks up molasses with its fingers.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

Mrs. SOUTHWORTH, the lady who writes a novel between each meal, has never known a well day. This accounts for the quality of some of her books.—*Steubenville Herald*.

"See, mamma!" exclaimed a little one, as puss, with arching spine and elevated rudder, strutted around the table, "See, kitty's eat so much she can't shut her tail down."

If Bismarck insists on his resignation, the Emperor William knows our address. Up two flights of stairs, and knock at the right-hand door. Don't kick the panels.—*Burdette*.

Paragraphers generally have a good deal of fun at the expense of the women: but then they don't have a bit more than the women do at the expense of the men.—*Ky. State Journal*.

When a man's wife comes in and sees him razor in hand and with his face all lather, and asks him, "Are you shaving?" it's a provoking thing in him to answer, "No, I'm blacking the stove!"—*Strayed*.

"What struck you as the most touching thing in the academy?" asked a lady of a youth who had just been expelled from boarding school. "The teachers rattan," sadly replied the boy.—*Hackensack Republican*.

One of our dry-goods dealers advertises "something new in corsets." We do not know what it can be that is any better than what was in them before. Not any new thing in corsets for us, if you please.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun*.

Behold that man with lordly gait: Why does he hold his head so straight? 'Tis not for pride of wealth or fame, nor glory of ancestral name, nor yet that gems his garments deck—He's got a boil upon his neck.—*Cincinnati Star*.

A lady subscriber writes a poem for our paper which for private reasons we must decline. She says: "The sunshine is stealing my youth and beauty away." Why don't you begin an action for petty larceny, you goose, you.—*McGregor News*.

The average young lady of the period will pierce her ears, bang her hair, and pinch up her waist until she resembles an attenuated wasp; yet if asked to wash the dishes or sweep out a room, she will reply that she cannot possibly stand such violent and torturing exercise.—*Waterloo Observer*.

When spelling is "reformed," she'll write:
"I'm sailing on the oshun;
The se is hi, no sale in site.
It tilz me with emoshun."
But one "spell" will not change its name,
For she'll be se sik just the same!
—*American Queen*.

A man out West obtained a divorce from his wife, and married again within three days after the decree was granted. An Irishman commenting upon the man's action, remarked: "Bedad, he couldn't have had much respit for his first wife, to be marryin' again so soon after lavin' her."—*Rome Sentinel*.

When you see a mother of a ten-year-old boy making rapid progress in the direction of the river with a good stout bean pole in her hand, you will not be far out of the way should you conclude she is going fishing. She is going on a "whaling" voyage, providing she can find the boy.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

COLONEL INGERSOLL says he doesn't see "how it is possible for a man to die worth \$5,000,000 or \$10,000,000 in a city full of want." Nor do we. Editors should club together and resolve not to die worth \$5,000,000 or \$10,000,000. We would rather not die at all than to leave this world worth that much money.—*Norristown Herald*.

The English language is rich in synonymous terms. A mechanic in search of work is "out of a job;" a clerk in the same predicament is "disengaged," and a professional man similarly placed is "at leisure." The mechanic "gets work," the clerk "connects" himself with some establishment, and the professional man "resumes" practice.—*Philadelphia News*.

A 5 year-old daughter of one of our citizens observed to him, in presence of company, at breakfast, "You musn't go off without kissing me, papa?" "I never forget to do it, do I?" he asked, surprised. "You may not forget it but sometimes you go off mad, you know," she artlessly replied. The company consulted their coffee.—*Danbury News*.

In front of an avenue residence in this city is the carved figure of a black boy who does duty as a conduit to a spouting stream of water. The other day as HAREBRAIN and a friend were strolling up the avenue they caught sight of the dark-skinned lad, and HAREBRAIN instantly ejaculated, "I declare, there's HEBER's Afric's sonny fountain," as sure as I'm alive!"—*Cleveland Voice*.

The mule stood on his off fore leg.

Whence all but he had fled,

And kicked a fierce gun cotton keg,

Right on its bottom head.

The keg it burst with grievous sound,

The mule, oh! where was he?

Go, ask him, for he stood his ground,

And still kicks mulefully

Brooklyn Eagle.

"After all," remarked the young man, skimming lightly over the gravel walk in the general direction of the front gate, "after all, what boots it?" And the muscular looking old gentleman at the top of the porch steps, with his spectacles jostled a little crooked, said that if the young man himself didn't know, he didn't know anybody in that township that did.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

That old sun bonnet will soon be brought to light again, and the fond wife and devoted mother may be seen delving in the dirt, and the sickly consumptive-looking plants in tomato cans and broken cups, that have been an eyesore to the husband all winter, will be carried out from their position on the window shelf and mantelpiece, and jammed into the ground, with the exclamation, "You won't grow in the house, see if you will grow out here."—*Yonker's Gazette*.

He stood twirling his hat in his hand in the hallway. It was about time for the morning stars to begin their song together. "Well," and he moved one step nearer the door. "Well," she replied, as she stepped toward the door also. "Well, I—I—must be going. If—" "That's right, John, if," and she leaned her head on his shoulder, "if—you have—any—conundrums—to—ask—ask—them now." He was measured for a new plug hat and a pair of kid gloves that same day.—*Andrew's American Queen*.

There is a man in our town, and he is wondrous wise; whenever he writes the printer man he dotteth all his i's.—*Toledo Commercial*. And when he's dotted all of them with great sang froid and ease he punctuates each paragraph, and crosses all his t's.—*New Haven Register*. Upon one side alone he writes, and never rolls his leaves; and from the men of ink a smile, and mark "insert" receives.—*Cincinnati Commercial*. And when a question he doth ask, (taught wisely he hath been,) he doth the goodly three-cent stamp, for postage back, put in.

HARPER'S *Drawer* gives the following anecdote concerning the recent registration of female voters in Boston, and says its accuracy is vouched for: Enter old lady of certain age. "I wish to register, sir." "Your name, please?" "ALBIRA JANE SIMPSON." "Your age?" "Beg pardon." "Your age?" "Do I understand that I must give my age." "Yes, miss, the law requires it." "Worlds, sir, would not tempt me to give it! Not that I care. No; I had as leaf wear it on my bonnet, as a backman does his number; but I'm a twin, and if my sister has a weakness, it is that she dislikes any reference made to her age, and I could not give my own because I don't wish to offend her."