



THE JOKER CLUB

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

An old wisacre—a decayed wisdom tooth.—*Puck*.

Dead issues—old newspapers.—*Steukenville Herald*.

A good side-show—A pretty check.—*Go-randa Enterprise*.

The home stretch: Putting up a clothes line.—*N. Y. News*.

Just as the pen is bent the paper is ink lined.—*Ed. Adams*.

Domestics belong to the hire class of society.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

Dumb-belle exercise—Talking with a deaf and dumb girl.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

It is in a base drum that two heads are better than one.—*Cin. Saturday Night*.

What this country wants just now is less Colonels and more corn.—*Owego Record*.

Whiskey is a bad juice, and you can't make good use of it, either.—*Marathon Independent*.

The man who brews beer brews trouble for many a poor fellow as well.—*Ottawa Republican*.

A dairyman could furnish clean milk if he would only strain a pint to accommodate you.—*N. O. Picayune*.

The reason that persons file their marriage intentions is that everything may pass off smoothly.—*Yankee Strasser*.

The best Boston culchaw now says: "I'm wretchedly, thank you," if it has the toothache.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

The piano makers of New York city are on a strike, but the manufacturers still hold the forte.—*Waterloo Observer*.

"I say stranger, can you tell me how far it is to the asylum?" "Just 13 blocks, sir! 13 blocks!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Let the frogs have a monopoly of croaking this spring, and every man make the most of his business.—*Fon du Lac Reporter*.

"Honesty is the best policy," but too many people claim that they can not afford the best of anything.—*Modern Argo*.

A man who had a bad cold said he had just set up a rig of his own. It was a little hoarse and a hack.—*Meriden Recorder*.

Fishes go in schools. And it is asserted, by persons with piscatorial tendencies, that some play "hooky."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

If brooks are, as the poets call them, the most joyous things in nature, what are they always murmuring about?—*Danbury Globe*.

You can always tell a clerk in a dry goods store from the millionaire proprietor, by the good clothes the clerk wears.—*Steukenville Herald*.

"Life on the Plains," a book just out, won't be much of a success. Only six Indians killed in the first chapter.—*New York Express*.

The youth who speaks of his incipient fuzz as his moustache, is "giving to hairy nothing a local habitation and a name."—*Salem Sunbeam*.

"No cash paid out after business hours," said SMYTHEKINS to the midnight highwayman who suggested the transfer of his purse.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

If it is true that the proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the feet, what giantesses the Chicago girls must be!—*Somerville Journal*.

"Is it amphibious?" the visitor asked the keeper of the museum. "No, it swallows its food whole," responded sed intelligens keeperis.—*McGregor News*.

In reading the personals and departures in the newspapers, one discovers that distinguished visitors like loose powder go off with a puff.—*Steukenville Herald*.

Here is spring again, and how to come out in a brand-new suit without spending any money is a problem that knocks most young men dizzy.—*New York Express*.

Four thousand piano makers are locked out in New York, says a despatch. Why can they not take their piano keys and let themselves in?—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

"Hump!" said a young gentleman at a play with a young lady. "I could play the lover better than that myself." "I would like to see you try," was the naive reply.—*Boston Journal*.

The total cost of the Zulu war is £5,138,000.—The total gain is—pshaw! we have mislaid our memorandum. What did you say the total gain was, Mr. Beaconsfield?—*Albany Journal*.

"I'll teach you to tear your clothes so," said an irate father reaching for the family urehin chastiser. "It is unnecessary," said the mother. "He knows too well already."—*McGregor News*.

The lady poets of Vassar are very refused about their art embroidery. When they want a fresh supply of sage-green worsted, they always ask for a Henry—they consider "hank" vulgar.—*Puck*.

The butcher who sent tender lines to his sweet heart is now disconsolate because the maiden has rejected his suet.—*Lowell Courier*. It's tough to steak one's all and meat such treatment.—*Boston Globe*.

"Soled again," as the cobbler said when he finished tapping a pair of shoes.—*Rome Sentinel*. "Got the tin," as the dog remarked, when he flew down the street with a kettle attached to his tail.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

Washington never told a lie, but if the gem puzzle had existed in his day we fear that he might have—said, "Oh, I've done it, done it lots of times; but I can't tell just how."—*Boston Transcript*.

A citizen of Racine, we learn from one of the papers, who was working on a model which he designed getting patented, filed his caveat. People can not be too careful while working with edged tools.—*Peck's Sun*.

"Nothing overcomes passion more than silence," says a philosopher. Yes; and it is said that time will overcome it too; but a good raw-hide has been known to work pretty well in some cases.—*Rome Sentinel*.

A red-dy answer: Very red-haired passenger—"I say, guard, why on earth don't the train go on?" Guard—"Good gracious, sir! put your head in, how can you expect to go on while the danger signal is out?"—*Fun*.

Heavy Swell.—(to a customer of the house) "I think I have seen you before; your face seems quite familiar to me."

Customer.—Very likely, sir; I was long a Sheriff's officer. (Gent collapses).—*Glasgow Bailie*.

On the Emperor WILLIAM's birthday, congratulations flocked in as thick as the cheers when a ball-player makes a tally on curved pitching. It means something now-a-days when a King scores another year.—*Rochester Express*.

The *Marathon Independent* says "the difference between a railroad ticket and an egg is that the ticket is good until used." And so is an egg if you live in a district infested with book agents, and know how to properly apply them.—*Oil City Derrick*.

"We men of the Bourse," said a Paris stock broker to his friends, "are much calumnyed. I have now been at the Bourse for more than ten years, and I never knew but two rascals who amounted to anything." "And who is the other?" asked the friend.

Mr. GLADSTONE writes: "I am placed in constant difficulty by calls to deny unproved charges which have been denied over and over again." He ought not to complain. American statesmen are continually being called upon to deny charges that have been proved.—*N. O. Picayune*.

Young men and maidens who are holding back from getting married until they are rich enough should remember that Adam and Eve had no such squeamish notions.—*Buffalo Express*. What ignorance! Why, they were the undisputed owners of the whole world.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

"Milk—What is it?" asks the *American Agriculturist*, with evidently an honest desire to learn. Sometimes it is water and chalk, with just enough extract of cow to take off the rank taste. Sometimes it is eight cents a quart. Either of these answers would satisfy the committee.—*Rockland Courier*.

A young man may know that his girl is in need of a tooth brush, and yet if he gives her one she'll take it as an insult; but let him give her a bouquet that will wither in a few hours and she'll think he's just too nice for anything. But that fellow will marry that girl, because he wants a practical wife.—*Boston Post*.

A small boy, whose deportment at school had always ranked 100 per centum, came home one night with his standing reduced to 98. "What have you been doing, my son?" asked the mother. "Been doing," replied young hopeful: "been doing just as I have all along, only the teacher caught me this time."—*American Punch for April*.

The rage for old and next to worthless furniture has become so great among American bric-a-brac lovers that an enterprising Yankee has started a manufactory to supply the demand, and he will make you a chair brought over by the Pilgrim fathers while you wait for it. P. S.—Name this paper when you visit his shop.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE CHINAMAN'S REVENGE.

I.

—Chinaman, Chinaman,
Allee samee Melican,
Hangee upee sock.
Thinkee gettee rats and mice,
Any way little rice;
Loungee come
Melican bum,
Puttee in rock.

II.

Bimeby Melican
Sendee washee Chinaman—
Shirtee, collar, cuff,
Chinaman him gettee crack,
Tearee shirtee upee back,
Lose a collar,
Charge a dollar,
And ironee buttons off.

—N. Y. Star.