



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Germans are but a children of a lager growth.—*N. Y. Mail.*

The archery craze is here, and the girls are all trying target beaus.—*Philadelphia Item.*

With merchants the road to wealth is through the buyways and highweighs.—*Whitehall Times.*

"Extremes meet," as the man said when he made a dinner of ox tail soup and calves-head stew.—*Uncle Sam.*

Now nicely the amateur fisherman's bait now worms itself into the confidence of the foolish bullhead.—*New York News.*

"I think I know your phiz," as the soda water fountain remarked to an opposition fountain next door.—*Braintree Era.*

When an unmarried woman of uncertain age says she has remained single from choice, she means that she is self-maid.—*Boston Transcript.*

A man in Utica has been detected in the act of translating *Pinafore* into Welsh. Wght! nvr! wjell hrdg!y evjr.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

When a baby stuffs his toe into his mouth, he little realizes how hard it will be for him in later years to make both ends meet.—*New Haven Register.*

An axiom in the philosophy of the young lady whose dresses are a little too thin: "There's no effect without gauze."—*Hackensack Republican.*

A mud fountain recently erupted at Sarnia, Ont. A stream of mud shot up 150 feet. There must have been a political stump speaker at the bottom of it.—*Nor. Herald.*

The Quincy *Modern Argo* has a column of selected funny items headed 'why we laugh,' and those editors whose items do not appear in the column wonder why it is.—*Peck's Sun.*

And now an Indiana man has eaten twenty four goose eggs on a wager, Good enough; but isn't there something herein smacking of cannibalism?—*Boston Transcript.*

A scolding woman, like a train conductor, is pretty much on the rail.—*Modern Argo.* And a smiling young widow, very much like the rail, is pretty much on the tie.—*Koekuk Constitution.*

A bursting soda-water fountain killed a North Carolina man, a few days ago. Young women, beware how you lead young men up to a loaded soda fountain.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

Circumstances alter cases. The man who is on the train thinks it carries too long at way stations: not so the one who is half a block away and coming rapidly towards it when the whistle toots.—*Puck.*

All the bread yet unearthed at Pompeii shows evidences that the emptying had soured and that the loaves were heavy. They must have had cooks at \$4 per week in those days as well as these.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"There is truth in my remarks," yelled out a scolding wife to her suffering husband, and he meekly answered, "I'll grant all the truth there is in your remarks if you will only put fewer remarks into your truth."—*Bridgport Standard.*

"JOHNNIE, what is a noun?" "Name of a person, place, or thing." "Very good, JOHNNIE, give an example." "Hand-organ grinder." "And why is hand-organ grinder a noun?" "Because he's a person plays a thing."—*Springfield Union.*

A new song is called "The Old Wooden Pitcher." It is evidently intended to be sung by base ball clubs. There are a great many wooden pitchers among them. And these "pitchers," by the way don't hold the "batter."—*Norristown Herald.*

When a young man is riding along with his adorable, and is speaking to her in the softest of soft tones, and is giving her all manner of sweet taffy, it takes all the poetry out of the scene for him suddenly to discover that a gamuin is hanging on behind taking it all in.—*Salem Suburban.*

Said BROWN to PARKER:—I say, PARKER, what is the difference between a ripe water-melon and a decayed head of cabbage? "Give it up; can't tell?" BROWN laughed softly as he said, "You'd be a nice man to send to buy a water-melon, you would."—*Stacy Paragraph.*

The boy who thinks himself killed when asked to saw a stick of wood at home will go over to JOHNNY BRIGGS's house, and not only saw all the wood he can lay hands on, but split it and pile it up in the bargain, and come home and tell what a "good time" he has had.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Nothing seems to me so ill-bred," says a young man, "as to smoke in the presence of ladies."

"Well," a friend asks, "how do you manage when there are ladies present and you want to smoke?"

"How do I manage? Why, I seem ill-bred."—*Each Witticism.*

*Milwaukee Sun:* The Waupun *Leader* contains an article informing its readers "when to eat pickarel." We did not read the article but suppose of course that the *Leader* says, eat pickarel at meal times. Nothing appears so much out of place as to see a man in business hours walking along the street picking the bones out of a piece of pickarel.

"Why, what are you good for?" petulantly exclaimed a mother, when her daughter who was reading the *New York Sickly*, said she didn't know how to iron a shirt. And then she added sneeringly, "Why I don't believe you could even play JOSEPHINE in *Pinafore*!" No doubt the mother underestimated her daughter's ability.—*Nor. Herald.*

Six years ago a man arrived in this country with five dollars in his pocket. He started a patent outside newspaper in a country town, and last week he died and left property in the town valued at two millions of dollars. He left it because he couldn't take it with him. And the owners of the property would not have permitted him to take it if he could.—*Nor. Herald.*

A correspondent wants to know if wearing a hat tends to make a person bald. We believe it does. Women don't wear hats and they are not bald—at least they don't wear them on their heads, and so they are not bald there. Hats destroy hair. A woman's hat is worn on the back of her head, and that is the reason women have to buy so much back hair.—*Danby News.*

It is only when the foreman says he lacks just four lines for the funny column and must have it in a minute, that the paragraphist realizes how serious is the business of getting up fun to order.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Some persons have a great faculty for getting on in the world. The little shaver who stood at the foot of his class when we were schoolboys together now proudly guards the left field in some crack base ball club, and is playing for a field average of .976.—*New Haven Register.*

It's getting around toward that season of the year when young men in colleges, who usually study the girls instead of their books, and know more about tobacco and beer in a minute than they do about science in four years, begin to brace up for the preparation of an essay on "protoplasmic evolution of the molecule, as manifested in the development of the homogenous and undifferentiated Cosmos."—*Stubenville Herald.*

When a bee brings pollen into the hive, he advances to the cell in which it is to be deposited and kicks it off; another bee, one of the indoor hands, comes along and runs it down with his head and packs it into the cell as a dairy maid packs butter into a firkin.—*John Burroughs.* We would prefer not to have any dairy-maid pack our butter that way.—*Travelers Record.* If our butter must be packed in that way, let it be done by a bald headed dairy-maid.—*Rome Sentinel.*

An agricultural journal tells how to make a very pretty window ornament. Take a good-sized sponge, it says, sow it full of rice, oats or grass seed, and place it in a dish of water. The sponge will absorb the water, and when the seeds begin to sprout, attach a cord to the sponge and suspend it in a window. We should like to serve some of the good-sized "sponges" in this neighborhood in the manner described, but the difficulty is they are already very seedy, and will not absorb water worth a cent.—*Norristown Herald.*

### A Pundit's Catechism.

When may ladies who are enjoying themselves be said to look wretched? When at the opera, as then they are in tiers.

What is the difference between a bee-hive and a diseased potato? None at all, as one is a bee-holder, and the other a speck'd tater.

Why are lawyers such uneasy sleepers? Because they lie first on one side and then on the other, and remain wide awake all the time.

Why are ladies' eyes like persons separated by the Atlantic ocean? Because although they may correspond they never meet.

Why are the actions of men like great rivers? Because we see the course they take, but not the source from whence they spring.

In a letter to a friend, a young lady states that she is not engaged, but she sees a cloud above the horizon about as large as a man's hand.

Why is JOSEPH GILLOTT a very bad man? Because he wishes to accustom the public to steel pens, and then tries to persuade them that they do write.

Why was the whale that swallowed JONAH like a milkman who has retired on an independence? Because he took a great profit out of the waters.

Why is a short man struggling to kiss a tall woman like an Irishman going up Vesuvius? Because, sure, he is trying to get at the mouth of the crater.—*Exchange.*