



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Held for further hearing—The car trumpet.—*N. Y. News.*

The New Orleans *Picayune* thinks that all dinners are remembered according to their deserts.

To win, a base-ball club must start well. It all depends on good big innings.—*N. O. Picayune.*

There is something saddening about a pair of scissors—alas! they meet but to sever.—*Cleveland Voice.*

Correspondent: "What is the Order of the Bath?" Go and soak your head.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The difference between COURTNEY and an oyster is that the former is not good in a half shell.—*Rhinebeck Gazette.*

But few men can handle a hot lamp chimney and say there is no place like home at the same time.—*Osnego Times.*

No matter how finely a dentist's parlor is furnished, no one cares to take a seat in his drawing room.—*Lockport Union.*

The amount of space occupied by a woman when she calls at the post office is simply remarkable.—*Oil City Derrick.*

The most "tony" thing in the kitchen is the rolling pin, because it rolls right over the upper crust.—*American Punch.*

For Sale: A full set of resolutions: new the first of the year, but considerably out of repair now.—*Middleton Transcript.*

Trying to get a bashful young lady at a party to give you a song is, in one respect, a please-sing matter.—*Ottawa Republican.*

The milk of human kindness wells up from the heart, but cow's milk comes from the udder place.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

Everything at Niagara Falls has been fenced in, with the exception of the roar of the falls and the hackmen.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

He said he was a banker, and when they went to see him they found him in a sand bank digging away like a good fellow.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Nothing looks more melancholy than the variegated quack medicine advertisement on the side of a maroon barn on a drizzly day.—*New York Star.*

As many women learn to know their husbands, they wish they had learned to "No" them when they were only sweethearts.—*Steubenville Herald.*

"A tail that is tolled," remarked the gatekeeper when he caught a horse by the conclusion while he made the rider pay the fare.—*Steubenville Herald.*

In some cities, where the blue ribbon does not prevail over-much, the other side of the soda fountain does the most business.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

The man who had a boil on his right hip and was obliged to lie on his left side a couple of weeks realized that it is a long lain that has no turn.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

Student, fresh from college, to conductor: "I wish to get on the penultimate car." Conductor: "We have no peanut car; you can take the smoker."—*Rochester Express.*

"I never argy agin a success. When I see a rattlesnake's head sticking out of a hole, I bear off to the left and say to myself, that hole belongs to that snake."—*Josh Billings.*

Every time two women meet on the street and kiss, the thermometer sinks seventeen degrees and people hustle around and bank up their cellar windows.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

The average woman can lay her hands on about 1000 receipts for cookery, and the average family clings to the same dishes known for three generations past.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A commercial report says: "The fall of leather causes an uneasy feeling in hides." We have often remarked this in youth while laying across the maternal knee.—*Modern Argo.*

"My darling," said he, "what a delicious taste your lips have." Then she jumped up and yelled, "Goodness, JOHN, you haven't been eating my lip salve?"—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

Reject not the trifles. One single tear seen gently flowing down a fond mother's cheek will often produce far deeper feelings than two-hundred admonitions.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Mr. EDISON should hurry up his electric light. Thousands are anxiously waiting to see how the shining skull of a bald-headed man will glitter in the new illumination.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

The reason why the ancients took the owl for an emblem of wisdom was because he saved his talk and filled his stomach. Remember this when you are invited to a banquet.—*Detroit Free Press.*

They call it a romantic marriage in Michigan when a couple of the neighbors get the bride's father into a back room and sit on him to prevent his interrupting and breaking up the wedding.—*Boston Post.*

Let us then be up and clipping,

With an eye for every jest;

Still a-pasting, still a-snipping,

Fill our paper with the best.

—*Toledo Blade.*

"Hey, Jim, let's be oarsmen." "Oarsmen! Humph, you can't row." "Who said anything about rowing? Do HANLAN and COURTNEY row? And ain't they the greatest oarsmen in the country?"—*Oil City Derrick.*

Said one of society's smart ornaments to a lady friend: "This is leap year, I suppose you will be asking some one to marry you?" "Oh, no," was the reply, "My finances won't permit me to support a husband."—*Oil City Derrick.*

"What does 12mo mean?" asked a pupil of her teacher, a few days since. "12mo; why don't you know what that means? It means the same as d&wewoly. Haven't you seen it in advertisements in a newspaper?"—*Osnego Times.*

Nothing makes a woman so mad as to go to a shoe store to buy a cheap pair of slippers for her husband and have a clerk try to sell her the identical pair she had just worked for a Christmas present to her minister.—*Binghampton Republican.*

"Thro' all these shining winter days, I cannot sing to you," writes FANNY DRISCOLL, the poetess. We are very sorry, FANNY. We had arranged for a vacation with the expectation that you would come and warble to us all winter.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

"What is your name?" asked a teacher of a boy. "My name is JULE," was the reply; whereupon the teacher impressively said: "You should have said, 'JULIUS, sir.' And now, my lad," turned to another boy, "what is your name?" "BILLIOUS sir."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A young lady who came in last week to advertise for kitchen help said with a sigh and a wring of her dainty, gloved hands: "Oh! I do hope we'll get one soon. For it does almost break my heart to see mother wash dishes, with rheumatism, too."—*McGregor News.*

About these days the local politician reaps his reward. He marches proudly to the common council chamber, is sworn in, and in the name of humanity, justice and equal rights demands that a new street shall be cut through his father-in-law's peat meadow.—*New Haven Register.*

"The Unwilling Bride" is the title of a *Ledger* story. We have not read it, but we think if the bride was unwilling to get up mornings, bring in the coal and start the kitchen fire that ROBERT BONNER should not encourage our wives by upholding such conduct.—*Whitehall Times.*

Does the court understand you to say, Mr. JONES, that you saw the editor of *The Auger of Freedom* intoxicated? "Not at all, sir; I merely said that I had frequently seen him so hurried in his mind that he would undertake to cut out copy with the snuffers—that's all."—*New York Star.*

ROBERT, who fears he is rejected—"But you know, REBECCA, we are commanded to love everybody." REBECCA—"Yes; so I do love everybody." "ROBERT—pinaforically—" "What, everybody?" REBECCA, shyly—"Well you know, present company is always excepted."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

There are a half a dozen 'great financiers' in this village so engrossed in making arrangements to 'pay the national debt' that they forget to pay any of their own debts. The credulous grocer who trusts any of them to the extent of a No 3 mackerel will be a sadder and a wiser man.—*Catskill Recorder.*

"Youth will ne'er return," says the poet, but we guess he's wrong, for in our own personal experience we knew a youth who had absorbed the ideas of BUFFALO BILL, and with a dollar and a half shot gun started West to hunt the savage to his lair; but he returned, and the Indian question was left undisturbed for an indefinite period.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

A Hastings debating club is discussing the question: "Resolved, that woman is man's political equal." If any woman down there who holds this opinion will come to Stillwater the night before an election, and make the grand rounds with the boys, she will immediately decide that she is not man's political equal, and does not want to be.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

A four-year-old neighbor of ours lately said a good thing. His mother had promised that in a few days she would communicate something that would make him very happy, provided he was a very good boy in the meantime. But he did not want to wait. So he urged her to tell it now, promising not to repeat it, and offering other inducements. Finding that everything failed, he said, as his last argument, "Whisper it to me, mamma, and I'll forget it."—*Yonkers Statesman.*